EASY TO LOVE
My Wife
Esther Williams
By Ben Gage
Whether your figure is toothpickian, splendiforous or overly endowed, you can hurdle the girdle and look svelte without garter belt when you wear Suspants, the wonder undie. Wear it with garters to keep your stockings up or without garters on stockingless occasions.

There's a style and size for almost every figure in a fabric for just the tummy and hip control you need.

- Runproof Rayon $1.50
- Lacy Brief $1.50
- Aladdin Print $1.50
- Double Woven $1.98
- Knit with Laton $1.98
- Made of Nylon $2.50

Blue Swan

Undies • Slips • Gowns

Blue Swan Mills, Division of McKay Products Corp.
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.
As the towers of Manhattan gleamed in the morning sun, Clara's hopeful young heart pounded with eagerness and expectation. "What a beautiful city!" she thought. "My city to be!"

There would be so many fascinating places to see... so many famous people to meet... such an interesting job in one of the big studios. And, of course, a wonderful man whom she would some day meet and marry.

The vast catacombs of brick and mortar held no terror for her whatsoever. With her courage, her ability, her looks, how could she fail? As the train shot into the tunnel she took a last look at the tall buildings, now warming under the rising sun.

"It's my oyster, my great, big, beautiful oyster! And I'm the one to open it."

At first, things seemed to go beautifully. She did meet a few famous people... but they didn't see her a second time. She did land a good job... but somehow it didn't last. And she did meet the dream man... but he didn't last, either.

Poor little, cute little Clara! She had every charm but one*. But without that one charm it is pretty hard for anyone to get by for very long. The cuter they are, the harder they fall.

In romance as in business, halitosis* (unpleasant breath), whether chronic or occasional, can be three strikes against you. The insidious thing is that you, yourself, may not realize when you're guilty. But why risk offending even occasionally?

Why put yourself in a bad light even once when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful extra careful precaution against bad breath? You merely rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit this extra careful precaution before any appointment where you want to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another fact of life that you are a girl... so now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Crompten, will not crystalize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)
M.G.M presents

a spectacular musical, packed with the beloved hits of the famed song-writing team of Rodgers and Hart;

their own story, with all the adventure, romance, high life of the Great White Way.

**Words and Music**

starring

**JUNE ALLYSON**

**PERRY COMO**

**JUDY GARLAND**

**LENA HORNE**

**GENE KELLY**

**MICKEY ROONEY**

**ANN SOTHERN**

**color by Technicolor**

Based on the Lives and Music of RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

**20 Hit Songs**

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Screen Play by FRED FINKELHOFFE
Story by GUY BOLTON and JEAN HOLLOWAY

Adaptation by BEN FEINER, Jr.

Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Based on the Lives and Music of RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART
One Permanent Cost $15 ... the TONI only $2

Make your first New Year Resolution—a Toni Home Permanent! Yes, decide right now to give yourself a Toni and have lovelier, more natural-looking waves than ever before! But first you'll want to know:

**Will TONI work on my hair?**

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

**Is it easy to do?**

Amazingly easy. Instructions in each Toni Kit show you how with simple step by step pictures. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No wonder more than 2 million women a month use Toni.

**Will TONI save me time?**

Toni puts half-a-day back in your life. For you give yourself a Toni wave right at home. You are free to do whatever you want while the wave is "taking".

**How long will my TONI wave last?**

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last as long as any $15 beauty shop permanent—or you get back every cent you paid.

How much will I save with TONI?

You save money not just once with Toni—but every time you give yourself a lovely Toni wave! For the Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only $2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So, for your second Toni wave, all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs only $1... yet there's no finer permanent at any price!

**Which twin has the TONI?**

Attractive Frances and Bernadette Hanson live in New York City. Frances, the twin on the right, says: "My Toni Wave was soft and natural-looking right from the start." Bernadette says, "We're Toni Twins from now on!"

**NOW over X million women a month use Toni**
THOSE GUYS IN THE SKIES WITH WINGS ON THEIR HEARTS BRING A ROARING NEW THRILL TO YOURS!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

FIGHTER SQUADRON

The Flying Fist of the Air Force!

If it had wings they'd fly in it! If it had skirts they'd fight for it!

EDMOND O'BRIEN • ROBERT STACK • JOHN RODNEY • RAOUl WALSH • SETON I. MILLER

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ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE BY MARVIN RECKIN MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

with TOM D'ANDREA • HENRY HULL

WARNER BROS.

There's new glory in the air and this is the story that tells of it—with the flyin'-est, fun-lovin'-est Yankee Doodle daredevils the adventure-screen has yet seen!
What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I'm seeking some good psychology to use on my husband-to-be. I'm not going to ask you should I break with him nervous because I'd drop dead if you answered "Yes." He's a wonderful guy, just swell to me, but he's very serious-minded. I'm afraid he is so serious that he may scare away all our friends. He doesn't like me when we're alone, but when we go out he seems to be afraid to "cut up" or let himself go and have a good time. What I want is some new psychology to get him out of this continued seriousness without criticizing or nagging.

Altona C.

The psychology I am going to suggest is aimed, not at your fiance, but at you. In order to take the first step toward happiness, husband and wife must find that each is a separate individual, each different and each entitled to be different. What is natural and easy for you might well be impossible for your fiance. Furthermore, since you are gay and light-hearted, I think you would delight in the contrast of your serious fiance. Here is one other thought and an important one to be interested in: the psychology of permitting every human being to be himself and your chances of a happy marriage will increase greatly.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four and an accountant by profession. I think my problem is restlessness. I am not too crazy about the average girl. I have yet to find a girl I could really love. I am terribly choosy about my friends but I always seem to be able to get a date because I dance, swim, play tennis, and spend money extravagantly. Out of the number of girls I meet and date, I can't stay interested in one more than a few weeks. I hope you don't think I'm conceited, but I've been reading your column for a long time and finally felt impelled to state the man's side of some of the cases. Take me: I date a girl and the first thing I know she is asking me what kind of furniture I like, how many children I think a couple should have, and so forth. A man goes out for laughs and fun; a girl goes out on the wedding ring prowl. I'd like to fall in love and establish some sort of security, but I'm not positive I'm right in my job yet and I don't like to be pushed into committing myself, which is what most girls want to do. Do you think a guy of twenty-four is crazy if he says he doesn't want to marry until he is thirty and then wants to pick out a girl who knows something besides the name of every band leader in the business and the latest slang cliché?

John J.

I gather that you have your opinions, but you are half afraid that they are not popular opinions, so you feel you should almost be ashamed of them. Nonsense. From the letters I receive, I have concluded that frequently a girl is inclined to novembre a man into a position from which he cannot withdraw. I think you are wise, since you feel no job security and since you are tormented by a type of emotional restlessness, to which I would add: I think many of my readers will be enlightened considerably by your suggestion that a prospective wife should be more homemaker than party girl.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirty-five years old. I look younger than my years, but I am a broken-hearted and lonely woman. I have one brother and one sister, both married, but it has been understood in the family that I would remain at home with my mother and father, both of whom are in excellent health. If I attempt to go out with girl friends more and once a month, Mother makes a fuss. When I have a date with a man, Mother is pleasant during his first two or three visits, then she becomes unbearable. Two years ago I met a fine and gentle man who is interested in me. We started to go steady after three dates, but at the end of two months Mother was so terrible that I couldn't have him call for me at my home. She would criticize me, make fun of my appearance, point out all my faults, always laughingly, of course, as if it were a joke. I began to meet this man at the home of a girl friend and for several months things went along quite well. However, one in a while he would say, "Your voice sounded like your mother's" or "I think you resemble your mother more than your father," or some such thing. Finally he stopped coming and I received a letter from him occasionally. In one he said he wished he had met me away from my home town; he thought it would have made all the difference between us. I knew what he meant. Last night I received an invitation to his wedding. I am sure that I would have been the bride at his wedding if it had not been for my mother. Who those who should love one and want only the best, seem to be enemies, what can a woman do?

Louella P.

More crimes are committed in the name of "mother love" than one can imagine. Yours, however, is a fairly easy case because both of your parents are in good health. The situation is heartbreaking, indeed, when a mother is aging and a child can take no definitive action. You should begin to make a life for yourself. If you possibly can, try to find an apartment and invite your girl friends and eventually move to your own home. Simply strike out for yourself and refuse to listen to all the criticism which will inevitably result. At thirty-five you should make a good life for yourself if you will show some spirit; in five years it may be too late.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 8)
BUT later (much later)
...they just couldn’t say goodnight!

MEMO

HARRY M. POPKIN presents
LARaine DAY
KIRK DOUGLAS
KEENAN WYNN
HELEN WALKER
in
'My Dear Secretary'

Now you can see what really happens when the boss is “in conference!”

with RUDY VALLEE · FLORENCE BATES · ALAN MOWBRAY
GALE ROBBING · IRENE RYAN · GRADY SUTTON · Produced by LEO C. POPKIN
Written and Directed by CHARLES MARTIN · A Harry M. Popkin Production · Released thru United Artists
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am now sixteen and in the tenth grade. I have an older sister who had to get married when she was fourteen. The people in this little town have named her "bad girl." Because of this I have no real friends. My sister doesn't even live here; she moved away during the war, but when I walk down on the streets people look me over and I know they are thinking, "There goes that bad girl's sister." I have tried to make nice girl friends, but when the mothers find out who I am, they forbid their daughters to go with me. The oddest thing of all is that my sister is now very, very happy, her husband is successful, and they have a pretty little daughter. I am glad for her, but sometimes I feel as if I am paying for her mistake and it doesn't seem fair.

Edith M.

You mustn't jump to conclusions that people are talking about you; ninety-nine percent of the time people talk only about themselves. So dismiss from your mind the fear that you are being called names when you pass down the street. You should look out upon the world instead of feeling that it is scowling upon you. Don't waste your energies in self-pity. Keep busy, keep your mind active. If the mother of one girl is so stupid as to rule you out as a companion, don't let your attention to another girl. Remember always: No one can hurt you emotionally except yourself. You can refuse to be hurt.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
My husband and I both love children, so before we were married, we discussed having a family and decided that we wanted at least four youngsters.

However, we had been married nearly five years before our first child came along. Because my husband is an attorney, he made great plans for having a son in his footsteps and to inherit the business. Our son was born prematurely, but he seemed lusty and strong. My husband and I were in the height of our glory until we discovered that the baby was blind. Specialists have warned us that until medical science progresses far beyond its present stages, nothing can be done. Meanwhile my husband has grown morose. He refuses to have anything to do with the boy, and it is almost a cruel and unbearable thing to the boy.

To me, however, my husband is a loving father. I have been thinking of divorcing my husband, accepting his financial help until our son is old enough to be left with a good nurse-taught, then striking out and building a new life for my son and for me.

If I could reach my husband by tears, by reasoning, by some appeal, I wouldn't be so desperate, but he simply walks out of the house when I try to discuss our situation. There is no other woman; his friends have told me that he works at his office until all hours of the night and accepts the most difficult cases, and they advise me to persuade him "to take it easy." He won't listen.

(Mrs.) Rosamond F.

You must not for an instant believe that your situation is hopeless, for with courage you will be able to hold your family together. For the sake of your son, you should start at once to take instruction at some institution which specializes in preparing the sightless for a comfortable and a useful life. There are such institutions in every large city in America. Ask your doctor to direct you to such a foundation, so that you will be equipped to speed your son's progress. Probably you have not fully understood your son's nature, even during the pre-parenthood days of your marriage. I suspect that your husband is a man to whom pride is everything; pride in himself as a man, in his family, in his profession, and in this thing, but it can also make a man bitter and cruel, unless it can be turned to useful purpose. What you must do is to make your husband proud of his ability to aid his son; flattery may turn the trick.

Finally, you must not despair of having another child or children. If your mind can be set at rest about the development of your son, your physical condition might improve enough to surprise your doctor.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I have a baby daughter who is causing me much concern. You see, I keep wondering what would happen to her if I should die. Suppose my husband should marry another woman he chose bring up my daughter the way I'd be proud to have her grow up? The thought terrified me and is always uppermost in my mind. I brought the subject up at dinner one night. My husband was quite taken aback. My husband said merely that if anything happened to me he would have his mother rear our little girl. That was the last straw. To bring her up in the environment of my mother-in-law's home would be something I could not bear to think about. Perhaps I should explain that I am in the best of health. I am only twenty-three but I think things of this nature should be planned in case of accident.

Denise C.

Your state of extreme anxiety is not unusual for the mother of a first child. You love the baby to distraction and so you are calling up horrors with which to worry yourself. You should talk quite frankly to your doctor. Reassure him that he is not tormented by such anxieties as you have described may not have regained her strength following the birth of her baby. Also, remember that the things we fear are not always real. The world is essentially a warm and friendly place and the welfare of children is dear to the heart of God. Talk to your doctor and then renew the faith within your own heart.

Claudette Colbert

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

If you would, write to her in care of Photonay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Glenn FORD • William HOLDEN in
The Man from Colorado

with Ellen DREW
RAY COLLINS • EDGAR BUCHANAN • JEROME COURTLAND • JAMES MILLCAN

Screenplay by ROBERT D. ANDREWS and BEN MADDOW
Directed by HENRY LEVIN • Produced by JULES SCHEMER
Around Town: Jane Wyman and Lew Ayres continue to see each other but not so often in public... The advice on infant care given over the telephone by Shirley Temple to Jane Withers, whose baby is a year younger, is something to hear. It took motherhood to establish a real friendship between Shirley and Jane who were once screen rivals... Marie McDonald, pretty as a picture in her polka-dotted frock, planted "The Body" in a booth beside Cal at Romanoff's, softly singing the chorus of "Nature Boy." It expresses Marie's philosophy, she says, of "just to love and be loved," which may be an explanation of her radiance these days...

Why You Fan, You: Hollywood personalities receive a great variety of fan mail, some of it flattering and some critical. Cornel Wilde passed on to his friends, one he recently received which reads: "Dear Cornel: I see all your pictures and like you very much. You are my very favorite star. So I wonder if you will send me on any scraps of film that have been cut from your movies. I have gophers in the front yard and if I burn the film in their dugouts, they will die. Thank you very much." Cornel can't make out whether to be flattered or sore.

The No-Tie Boy: When the Van John-sons telephoned the much sought after Montgomery Clift to invite him to a dinner party, the town's newest rave hesitated. "It's okay," Van assured him, remembering his own bachelor days with their flood of invitations, "just telephone us when you decide." The next day Monty phoned back. "Look, I want to come," he said, "but the truth is I don't own a tuxedo." Evie assured him it would be quite all right to borrow one from his studio, where they were always ready to help out. An hour or two before the party was scheduled, Monty phoned again. Again Van remembered the old days when he had telephoned last regrets to a hostess and thought to himself, "my social blunders are now catching up with me." But he was wrong. Monty merely called to say he had the tux but had forgotten the tie.

So, at their insistence, he came early and wore one of Van's black ties. Inci-den tally, Clift comes from a family of affluence where black ties have never been a problem. But he is so little interested in the social side of Hollywood and so sincere in his career, all else goes by the board.

A Loper Party: Hollywood's famous designer, Don Loper, knows how to give a charming and interesting party with just the right groups of people. One week the Italian artists will gather, with Rossano Brazzi and Valentina Cortesi present to lend interest, and the next week the English and Americans will be present. At one of Don's recent gatherings we watched the way Greer Garson repeated Buddy Fogelson's stories, with a real pride in her man. Buddy never leaves her side and between these two there's a wonderful unspoken but definite flow of understanding.

Incidentally, Greer is the only woman we know who would dare wear a bright red dress that makes her own red hair an odd orange color by contrast.
Chit Chat: Seems odd to see sedate and serious-minded Ronald Reagan courting pretty girls all over again. His latest at Mocambo was pretty Shirley Ballard... The actor that astonishes other actors the most is Burt Lancaster who is not only a screen sensation but is co-producing his own. Fear that it can’t last prompts Burt to get going, a fear that he shouldn’t have bought a new home or car lest all will be over tomorrow; a fear that keeps him from basking or relaxing for a moment. And he with those face, those voice, those force yet! Other actors should please note... Audrey Totter admits she’s in love with writer Charles Grayson but Cal believes Audrey too career-minded for marriage at the moment. A fear that all will be over tomorrow; a fear that keeps him from basking or relaxing for a moment. And he with those face, those voice, those force yet! Other actors should please note...Ask the paralytics in the local Veterans’ hospitals where Susan Peters spends most of her time and watch their faces light up... Our vote for the soundest marriage in town goes to Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who subordinated her career to marriage. They live away from the Hollywood whirl on their secluded ranch and love it.

INSIDE STUFF

Maureen O’Hara and Dana Andrews gave Londoners and this Buckingham Palace guard a preview of their nineteenth century costumes for “Affairs of Adelaide”

Howard Duff and Ava Gardner corner comedienne Kay Thompson at Beverly Wilshire party. For Danny Kaye’s scream-impersonation of Kay at her best, turn to page 50
There's a new look to Shirley Temple—but it's not just husband John Agar that's causing it—it's the new shortie bob the junior missus is wearing.

Breakdown—from happiness: Jane Wyman was overwhelmed by congratulations she received from Rosalind Russell and other stars for her performance in "Johnny Belinda".

Floored—by their director Robert Sinclair, Ty Power and Gene Tierney rehearse a love scene for their latest film, "That Wonderful Urge".
A lady with a mind of her own, Judy Donlevy doesn't need coaching to know the best move in checkers. Daddy Brian and Walter Pidgeon take the beating like the soldiers they are for "Command Decision" roles.

Star Tour: It occurs to Cal that the place to see stars is the fur shop of Al Tietelbaum in Beverly Hills. Not a day goes by but some star, and often a half dozen a day, will be found trying on Al's luscious stoles or coats. Recently we spotted Loretta Young, with her husband Tom Lewis, replacing the coats that Loretta lost when her home was robbed. Next day Dorothy Lamour was trying on mule jackets and the following day it was Greer Garson, Mrs. Jack Benny, or any of a dozen others. What a Cook's Tour for the fans, if only they knew. Speaking of shops, we dropped by the swank hat shop of Rex, with a sweet young thing, to suddenly come face to face with Garbo, who still remains the mysterious but adored idol of the stars themselves. The actress was having her old felts reblocked, if you please. At the Girls' Soft Ball games in Burbank, one can always spot Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Dan Dailey and many other Valleyites, while at the Westside market on the Strip, it's a most unusual day not to find three of four of filmdom's great and some of them males, with their shopping baskets on their arms. So, it's all in knowing where to look, we suppose, if it's stars you want to see in Hollywood.

The Flynn's: The unpredictable Flynn's are at it again, with their family spats and misunderstandings, making newspaper copy. A pity it is, too, for they are deeply attached to each other and their two little girls, Diedre and Rory. The contention seems to lie in the desire of Errol, who has sown a mean oat in his day, to live the quiet life and the yen of Nora, who was married so young, to find pleasures more compatible to her

Too sad to shine at the "Johnny Belinda" showing, Ronnie Reagan made a smiling come-back later, when he dined out with singer Dorothy Shay.
Try her method for just 3 days...a 12-second hand massage with non-sticky, non-greasy Pacquins Hand Cream

morning...night...whenever hands are rough or chapped.

TRY IT yourself...the hand beauty secret of so many Hollywood stars. Massage your hands with snowy, fragrant Pacquins for just 12 seconds...night...morning...whenever skin needs softening. You'll see why Pacquins is the largest-selling hand cream in the world!

If household tasks roughen your hands, soothe them with Pacquins. For truly dream hands, do as Joan Bennett does...cream, cream, CREAM them regularly—with Pacquins!

Among the famous stars who use Pacquins are:

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE • LYNN FONTANNE • VERA ZORINA • GLADYS SWARTHOUT • RISE STEVENS

ON SALE AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA

INSIDE STUFF

twenty-five years. Too, the several years Nora lived with her parents and baby Diedre after her marriage, while Errol played solo in his hilltop home, served to provide a basis for their future incompatibilities. Nora had independently gone her way while Errol went his. When Errol finally urged Nora to join him in his own home with their two children, it was too late for readjustments. But they tried and tried hard. After a more than hectic spat, Nora decided on a trial separation despite Errol's pleas. Evidently the lady had had enough and nothing could dissuade her.

Bits and Pieces: It looked like Mother's Day on the Fox lot recently when Ann Sothern with her little daughter Patricia, Jeanne Crain with her small son Paul and Linda Darnell with baby Lola all visited the studio on the same day... Rory Calhoun takes turns with the cooking which makes his little bride, Lita Baron, very happy...Beta are that Bob Taylor won't make those three consecutive pictures in England. His wife Barbara Stanwyck may be the reason. Bob doesn't care to be apart from Barbara a whole year.

About Bob: There's been a lot of talk about Bob Walker lately. And no one feels worse about it than Bob. He has been unhappy these last few years. It is rumored he's still carrying a torch for his ex-wife Jennifer Jones. However, Bob is too intelligent a young man to believe the answer to any problem can be found in a bottle. The trouble is that Bob takes off to his beach house to brood and finally deliberately goes on the town—to get away from himself and his troubles. He is always filled with remorse afterwards. Bob does not drink consistently and even two or three cocktails are too much for him. We hope he'll straighten out and become the Bob Walker of old.

Ginger Again: The feud between Ginger Rogers and Judy Garland is said to have started when Judy paid a courtesy visit to the set of "The Barkleys of Broadway" to visit Fred Astaire, a good friend, and to pay her respects to Ginger who took over the role Judy was unable to play. But instead of being cordially received, Judy is said to have been asked to leave by Miss Rogers. Whether these are the facts or not, Cal can judge only by a similar experience several years ago when Cary Grant invited us to visit him on his set. His co-star was Ginger. After greeting us, Cary asked us to be sure to wait until after the next scene as he wanted to chat. While Cary was discussing some piece of action, we were requested to leave at once, after Miss Rogers's stooge had talked to the assistant director. Pandemonium broke loose in the studio when Cary discovered what had transpired. The publicity director was called by the frantic actor who wanted to know what had happened to his guest. Learning that we had been requested to get ourselves out of sight, he personally expressed his chagrin. So if the same treatment were accorded Judy, a star on her lot, by a borrowed actress, we know exactly how she feels.

A Day with Gable: It was a drizzly Sunday when Clark Gable invited Cal out to his Encino ranch for the day and a potluck dinner. With the logs from the fireplace sending out cheerful warmth
over the brightly beautiful room, we
found ourselves relaxing in the pleasant
glow and the quiet, sure strength that
emanates from this man. Whatever goes
on in his own heart and soul no one will
know. But that he has achieved the thing
Hollywoodites claim to want most, an
inner peace that comes from a quiet
mastery over circumstances, can be no
doubt. In brown riding breeches and
brown turtle-neck sweater, he's quite
a figure of a man. After a wonderful din-
ner, Clark helped clear off the table to
make it easier for the one servant who
was there that day. Simply and quietly,
he lives from day to day. He makes no
compromises with ideals, let loneliness
or any of its plaguing attributes have at
him through the years. With feet placed
solidly in the ground of common sense,
he still remains a greater romantic figure
than any he has ever portrayed. He will
always be one of the greats in Holly-
wood history.

Diana Decides: “When I fall in love
and know it’s the real thing, I’ll marry
as soon as possible. I just don’t believe
long engagements work out.”

Diana Lynn spoke with that firm
conviction of hers so well camouflaged
with twinkles and dimples. She met
John Lindsay at the home of Stewart
Martin and his wife Angela Greene, an-
nounced her engagement in late October
and made wedding plans for December
when “Bitter Victory” would be com-
pleted. John, a thirty-year-old brown-
haired lad who came here from Milwau-
kee, is now established as a successful
architect. He admired Diana from afar
for a long time and the minute the Bob
Neal romance was over, he set out to
capture her heart.

Diana, on the other hand, admits she
was almost certain John was the one
while she was finishing “Every Girl
Should Marry.” “But that title had
nothing to do with it,” she smiles.

Set of the Month: John Lund and
Paulette Goddard sat on elaborate
thrones and held court. Paulette, in robes
of gold cloth and wearing a jeweled
crown, was Lucretia Borgia and John
Lund, her second husband. The first
spouse had been conveniently strangled
by the Borgias before director Mitch
Leisen opened the story that was being
unfolded on a Paramount sound stage.
Everywhere there was pomp and circum-
stance, intrigue and glitter. Between
scenes Paulette told Cal of her plans to
take off for Europe again in the early
winter. “Here in Hollywood, my life is
different,” she said, “I study ballet, lan-
guages, read and work, I like it. Gives
my life a balance.” She looked down at
the whale-boned stuff bosom of her gown.
“It’s authentic, I’ll say that for it, but
darner uncomfortable,” she said. Lund
was something to see in velvet headdress,
jeweled tunic and tights. Macdonald
Carey was transformed into a ruthless
meanie with a smart beard and armored
tunic. It seemed incongruous somehow
to have this Renaissance villain tell how
his two-year-old Lynn had fallen and
knocked out her two front teeth and how
Mrs. Carey had taken a sewing course
and had just finished her first frock. This
blending of the real and unreal is typi-
cally Hollywood, we thought, amusing
off the set as John and Paulette sen-
tenced some poor knave to a flogging.

Dan Dailey: To those who saw Dan
Dailey at work for the past year, who
knew something of the terrific schedule
that kept him going from one picture to
another with hardly a breathing spell be-
tween, his AWOL (Continued on page 64)
(F) The O'Flynn
(Universal-International)

IRELAND is the place, 1797 the year of this adventure yarn that has Douglas Fairbanks Jr. rescuing damsels in distress and wriggling out of tight corners with his customary aplomb. The fair lady who inspires Doug to such deeds of daring is Helena Carter ("River Lady"), and the handsome scoundrel threatening their happiness is Richard Greene. There's a good deal of hocus-pocus about a secret document which the traitorous Greene seeks to intercept on its way to Helena's father, the Viceroy of Ireland. But Doug, armed with his trusty shillelagh, goes into action, proving himself a formidable foe. It is all far removed from atom bombs, the housing problem and such.

As Greene's sweetheart, Patricia Medina is fetching and Arthur Shields makes an amusing bailiff. But it's Junior who steals the spotlight. Well, he's producer, actor and co-writer, isn't he?

Your Reviewer Says: In the romantic Fairbanks tradition.

Good V Very good V Outstanding
F—For the whole family
A—For adults

BY
ELSA BRANDEN

(F) The Accused (Paramount)

If ever there was a lovely lady in distress who needed a chivalrous male to defend her, it's schoolmarm Loretta Young. Since he is attorney Robert Cummings, as clever as he's likable, Loretta and the audience can rest assured that all will end well.

A sweet, gentle creature who teaches psychology and has yet to learn about love, Loretta accepts a ride from brash young student, Douglas Dick. While resisting his advances, she accidentally kills him. Although it looks like a drowning accident, investigator Wendell Corey suspects foul play and probes into the affair with painful persistence. As Dick's guardian, Cummings is drawn into the case but he doesn't have to consult his law books to know that Loretta acted in self-defense. Besides, he loves the gal even if she is a brainy university professor.

The story is an absorbing one. Loretta delivers a topnotch performance, Cummings is a credit to the legal profession and Corey scores as the understanding cop.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspenseful murder meller.
(F) Joan of Arc (Sierra-RKO)

Magnificent is the word for Walter Wanger's Technicolor production starring Ingrid Bergman as Joan. It is pomp and pageantry on a spectacular scale.

Ingrid has the wholesome quality of the simple peasant whose fervent faith in God is unshakable. Although she knows nothing of military matters, she heeds the Heaven-sent voices directing her to lead her stricken country to victory. Miraculously, she rallies an army to drive the English from French soil. The tide is turned and the weak and vacillating Dauphin, unforgettable and vividly portrayed by Jose Ferrer, at last ascends the throne. It is then that Joan, betrayed by the Dauphin, becomes a pawn of scheming statesmen who brand her a witch and heretic.

Joan is helpless against such powerful enemies as the King's Chief Counsellor (Gene Lockhart), the Archbishop of Rheims (Nicholas Joy), the Count of Luxembourg (J. Carrol Naish) and the Count-Bishop of Beauvais (Francis L. Sullivan).

Your Reviewer Says: An eye-filling, soul-satisfying epic.

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 91.
For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 60.
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 89.

(A) The Snake Pit (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Occasionally, a picture comes along so powerful in its impact that it leaves you gasping. "The Snake Pit," taken from the novel of writer Mary Jane Ward, belongs in that category. Daringly different, the humor is on the grim side.

As Virginia, an inmate of a State Insane Asylum, Olivia de Havilland turns in one of the most remarkable acting jobs of this or any year. Her portrayal is so terrifyingly realistic that you had better stay away if you're the squemish type. But for those adults who can take the harrowing sights and sounds of an overcrowded institution harboring mental wrecks of every description, here's an electrifying, memorable movie.

Leo Genn is a standout as Virginia's doctor. Mark Stevens invites sympathy as her husband. Celeste Holm and Glenn Langan head a long list of supporting players. Olivia, however, is our candidate for a whole row of diamond-studded Oscars.

Your Reviewer Says: Shockingly good.
(Continued on page 18)
ANN BLYTH, STARRING IN UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S "RED CANYON". COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

ANN BLYTH

got me my first date

I never had even a blind date.

THEN—these words in a magazine caught my eye...

Ann Blyth believes soft, feminine-looking hands have tremendous appeal for a man. Says Ann, "I smooth my hands with Jergens Lotion."

That very night I started using Jergens.

SOON—it happened—my roommate's brother asked me out! Now we've a date for every evening! And I've noticed, Paul loves to hold my Jergens-smoothed hands!

Your hands can be lovelier—softer, smoother than ever—with today's richer Jergens Lotion. Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. And Jergens Lotion is never oily or sticky. Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care

Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant. Send 10¢ to cover handling and postage to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 39A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31, 1949.

W (A) Unfaithfully Yours (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE new Preston Sturges comedy serves as a splendid showcase for Rex Harrison, giving him ample opportunity to strut his stuff. A celebrated symphony orchestra leader, Rex suspects his beautiful young wife of infidelity. Since she's Linda Darnell, looking simply ravishing in a series of eye-catching costumes, it doesn't seem altogether impossible. To Linda's bewilderment, her husband is Prince Charming one moment, Bluebeard the next. That's because he is tortured by the thought that the woman he adores is engaged in a clandestine affair with his personable secretary, Kurt Kreuger ("The Dark Corner"). Rex plots ways and means of avenging himself but, when he attempts to carry out his clever schemes, he makes a miserable mess of it. Rudy Vallee gives one of his stuffed-shirt characterizations as Harrison's meddling brother-in-law; Barbara Lawrence, blonde and brittle, is Rudy's sharp-tongued missus. Lionel Stander plays the maestro's manager, à la Gregory Ratoff; Edgar Kennedy is a music-loving, clownish detective. It all stacks up to audacious, adult entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Smooth, slick satire.

W (F) Kiss the Blood off My Hands (Universal-International)

MURDER is an ugly business whether by accident or design. And when the culprit is rugged Burt Lancaster, a belligerent chap full of primitive impulses, it's doubly regrettable. Lovely Joan Fontaine thinks so after their impromptu meeting in her London flat. Instinct tells her Burt is a bad egg and it's best to stay away from him. But he's so persistent, she's so lonely...

and only human, after all. Their chance at happiness seems slim, however, when sly Robert Newton, a witness to the murder, keeps popping up with disconcerting regularity. Burt is all for committing one last crime, then starting life anew elsewhere but Joan, bless her, knows that running away never works. Convincing her headstrong sweetheart of that is something else again. Director Norman Foster and performers Fontaine, Lancaster and Newton turn Gerald Butler's novel into a highly effective romantic melodrama.

Your Reviewer Says: A lively, lusty thriller.

W (F) The Paleface (Paramount)

IN this fancy powwow that Paramount has staged for its favorite comedian, Bob Hope tangles with Injuns and—more dangerous still—with the gal known as Calamity Jane (Jane Russell to you)!

A bumbling dentist, Bob is forced to flee town after manhandling an outraged patient. His covered wagon makes a handy hideout for Jane, a tough-talking, two-guns female under government orders to track down a band of renegades smuggling ammunition to the Indians. Jane gets Bob to marry her, but there isn't time for a honeymoon, what with arrow-shootin' redskins and gun-totin' whites besetting them at every turn. However, Hope manages to serenade his bride with a breezy ballad called "Buttons and Bows." Robert Armstrong and Jack Searl are a pair of conniving crooks on the warpath for the scalps of Bob and Jane. Although there are snickers here and there, nothing develops to send you into hysterics.

Your Reviewer Says: Technicolor travesty on the Old West.
Superior acting plus exciting scenes of stampeding cattle and shots of the snow-covered Rockies lend realism to a routine rough-and-ready Western. A uniformly fine cast includes Walter Brennan and Phyllis Thaxter.

Your Reviewer Says: Mitchum on the range.

\[\text{**F**} \text{ He Walked by Night (Eagle Lion)}\]

BRISTLING with action, this cops-and-robbers movie takes you behind the scenes of the Los Angeles Police Department. Homicide investigators Scott Brady and James Cardwell are assigned by Sergeant Roy Roberts to capture the killer of a fellow-policeman.

Richard Basehart, cold and callous to the core, is their man. He appears to have an amazing knowledge of their tactics, always being one step ahead. How he is finally trapped makes for a vivid, thrill-packed picture. Basehart and Brady give praiseworthy performances.

Your Reviewer Says: High-voltage crime.

\[\text{**F**} \text{ The Red Shoes (Rank—Eagle Lion)}\]

FOR the greater part of this bizarre story, there is no problem, unless ballet bores you. Based on the Hans Christian Anderson fairy tale, the film describes how the crimson slippers of a dancer compel her to keep on her toes, literally speaking, until she drops from exhaustion. As the charming and talented dancer, Moira Shearer is a tragic figure, torn between career and love. impresario Anton Walbrook, makes her famous and is beside himself when her protege falls in love with young composer Marius Goring. The film affords an intimate glimpse into the ballet world. There's the temperamental Leonide Massine, the venerable Albert Basserman and the brilliantly performing corps de ballet.

Your Reviewer Says: Mr. Rank dramatizes the dance.

(Continued on page 60)
It was a moment for being a woman
for only a woman's weapon
could keep her alive...now!

Gregory Peck
Anne Baxter
Richard Widmark

YELLOW SKY

20th CENTURY-FOX

with ROBERT ARTHUR - JOHN RUSSELL
HENRY MORGAN - JAMES BARTON - CHARLES KEMPER
Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN
Produced by LAMAR TROTTI
SCREEN PLAY by LAMAR TROTTI
BASED ON A STORY by W. R. DREYER
SECOND CHANCE
To Win Photoplay’s Industry Engineered Dream House

This house, completely furnished, and the land on which it stands, will go absolutely free to the person who supplies the last line for the jingle below.

READ these simple rules:

1. Simply write or print in the space indicated on the coupon that appears on the right—or on another sheet of paper—your last line for the Photoplay Jingle. Make your last line rhyme with “me.” Then fill in your complete name and address and mail your entry to: Photoplay Contest, P.O. Box 12, New York 8, New York.

2. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight December 25, 1948.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter except employees and the members of families of employees of Macfadden Publications, their advertising agencies and The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation; and employees of members and staff of the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association.

4. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her own name. Joint entries will not be acceptable.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation—an independent contest judging organization. Judges’ decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

6. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

7. The winner will be announced in the April, 1949, issue of Photoplay. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.

PHOTOPLAY DREAM HOUSE ENTRY BLANK

Write a last line for this jingle:

Here’s a home that is perfect for me,
Engineered by a great Industry.
A Photoplay prize,
Where happiness lies

(Fill in line to rhyme with “me”)

Example: It’s a dream with a life guarantee.

Please print name and address and mail to: Photoplay Contest, P. O. Box 12, New York 8, N. Y.

Name ..................................................
Street ..................................................
City .................................................. State

See page 90 for details of house and furnishings
THE long distance operator said, "Ready with Mrs. Topping in Greenwich," and I said quick-like, "Hello, Lana. What's all this about you retiring when the baby is born? Are you really giving up your career?"

There was some whirling, static scratching in the phone, I thought at first must be disturbance on the line until my girl friend's voice came booming through breathing fire.

"I certainly am not," said Lana Turner Shaw Crane Topping, every word underlined with emphatic clarity. "I'm glad you called me, Louella. I want to stop those rumors once and for all.

"Why should I, as hard as I've worked for years, throw everything out the window? I'll always work. I love to act. But right now, Bob and I are thinking of nothing but the baby."

"How do you suppose the talk caught on like wildfire that you were giving up the screen forever?" I put in.

"Oh, I suppose it began when the doctor said I was run-down and must do a lot of resting. So Bob and I stayed out of night clubs in New York, led the simple life, dined early and took walks in the Park before turning in by ten o'clock. That's such a different type of life for me, it's liable to start any kind of talk.

"Right now we are out at Bob's home in the country. And, oh Louella, you don't know how much we are hoping for a little boy!"

The heaviness had gone out of Lana's conversation and all the dramatic excitement of waiting to become a "little mother" for the second time was (Continued on page 83)
Lana’s off on a new set of dreams. She’s being a lady-in-waiting in typical Turner style!

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Lana’s plans for Cheryl, merry-go-rounding with Van Heflin’s little daughter Vana, include a small brother for a playmate.

Lana on “The Three Musketeers” set. An actress even in private life, she lives the role she is playing at the moment.
Why I'm not afraid to marry Wanda

He's just a guy with a dream and a handful of medals—she's a star who has the whole town talking.

But their love gives them the courage to take the Hollywood hurdles

BY AUDIE MURPHY

SOMEWHERE around Christmas time, probably just about when you are reading this, I hope to be making Wanda Hendrix—Mrs. Audie Murphy.

In a small church somewhere, if things go as we now plan, there'll be a minister saying, "Do you, Audie, take Dixie Wanda to be your lawful wedded wife?" When I answer, "I do," I will mean it and that's for sure.

Ordinarily, I'm not much of a church-goer. Neither is Wanda. But when this marriage takes place, it will have to be solemnized, because it will be the high point of our two lives. I want an organ playing soft and little Skipper beaming beside me, all togged out in a white dress and veil.

If that sounds sentimental, that's okay. I got sentimental overseas, like lots of other guys who were in uniform. In all that filth and loneliness and pain, you either dreamed of the good things, or you went nuts.

This will be our first marriage. It's also the first engagement either of us have ever had. It will be our only marriage, I hope. (Continued on page 85)

Two hearts in harmony: Audie and Wanda prefer listening to love songs together
“Skipper” of Audie’s dreams: Wanda Hendrix, star of “Miss Fatlock’s Millions”
When they feel sentimental, they wisecrack. When they’re together, it’s a sideshow. But wherever Esther goes, it’s home.

BY BEN GAGE

I FIRST dated her when I was a GI in the radio division stationed at Santa Ana. I had only just met her. But I had gotten her phone number. I was a sergeant and sergeants have a lot of confidence. So I phoned her and said:

“Hey, pretty girl, are you busy tonight?”

She said, “Yes—but actually it’s none of your business.”

I said, “Madame—you are addressing a sergeant of the U. S. Army and it’s your patriotic duty to keep up the Army morale.”

Since she was a very patriotic girl and also a girl with a sense of humor, it was a date.

I loved her on sight. She is easy to love. Practically everyone, up to millions, have the habit. I not only loved her, I liked her.

On our first date I took her to the Pit Barbecue in Glendale and a movie afterward. The movie was “The Song of Bernadette.” She enjoyed the picture tremendously. She cried all through it. I didn’t like it and she said it was because she had cried so hard and didn’t look pretty enough to be seen and go get something to eat afterwards. I was hungry. When is a GI not so?

We were married in Westwood and our reception was at the home of our friends Melvina and Ken McEldowney. Esther’s family home wasn’t big enough to hold our relatives. It was a tiny house. Esther was born in the living room. There wasn’t room in the bedrooms, they already were full up with babies.

That’s my Priority One for liking her. She’s a family lover, as (Continued on page 68)
Esther Williams, of "Take Me out to the Ball Game," is still a kid about surprises—especially honeymoons. Ben is planning their sixth!
Smooth and potent: Howard Duff has the impact of a triple Scotch.

Sock appeal: Richard Widmark's is due to have an even higher voltage when the gunfire dies down!

Peerless Peck: A blend of poet and peasant and a way with all girls.
Some triple-threat reasons for putting your heart on guard against these men of distraction

I HAVE, I figure, spent enough woman hours studying brawny specimens on the screen, in portable dressing rooms and across tables at Twenty-One to qualify as an unchallenged expert on muscles, menace and magnetism. As one who has taxied with Gregory Peck, waltzed with Tyrone Power and slid down White House banisters with Van Johnson, I figure I know a million-dollar hunk o’ man when I get close enough for a good look.

Well, step this way, girls. I have consulted my charts, taken my temperature and looked at that handy piece of furniture known as the crystal ball. I am ready to reveal the names of the lucky lads who not only are here today, but will be here tomorrow—the heartbreakers of the next five years.

Suppose we take them in alphabetical order.

John Agar: Here’s the type every red-blooded American girl who walks (Continued on page 92)
I'm Hollywood's Cinderella

Her glass slippers are the shoes of Roseanna McCoy and her Prince Charming is a guy named Sam

BY JOAN EVANS

IT WAS at three-twenty p.m. on Monday, August 30th, that Mr. Samuel Goldwyn told me, "I have decided to give you the part."

That part was Roseanna McCoy, from the picture of the same name. I knew, of course, such a break was just about the most thrilling thing that could happen to any fourteen-year-old girl anywhere. I have learned since that it is the first time that anyone my age, and completely unknown to the public, has been starred in the title role of a picture.

My mother, Katherine Albert, and I both cried. With joy and excitement. But the next day when people began calling me a Cinderella, I began to be unhappy. It was only when Katherine pointed out that they were saying "Hollywood Cinderella" that I began to understand.

You see, I simply never have had a cruel stepmother, a haughty older sister, or anyone pushing me around. Instead, I have had a simply wonderful life. (Continued on page 79)
This is the love scene in the test with Farley Granger that made Joan a star overnight.
THIS morning the alarm clock went off with its usual five-thirty effectiveness. As I snapped awake, I thought, "But this isn't a working day." Then, realizing what day it was, I barefooted across the carpeted floor to drink my usual three glasses of cold water and take a shower. Shivering a little, I thought that even my family would appreciate my mania for orderliness on this day—even if that mania had upon occasion caused me to do such foolish things as throw away the ration books when cleaning out a kitchen drawer.

In just a few hours Bob and I would leave the little house I had moved into when he was in the Navy. Like half of America, we had dreamed that, come the war's end, we'd build our dream house. We had paced back and forth over the acre we'd bought. We were the pair who knew exactly what we wanted. Our dream house had been long and carefully planned and we wouldn't change a detail! So, like many others, we postponed building the dream until it could be ideally realized. Lately, being practical instead, we had bought an old but larger house, fitted it as much as possible to compare with our dream house and today (Continued on page 70)

BY BARBARA STANWYCK

What objects would tell the story of your life?

These mark milestones for Barbara

The crystal in Steuben's window

Her New Testament

Painting of a dancer by Paul Clemens

Turkey legs in a delicatessen
The 21 Club in action: David Holt, Darryl Hickman (The Set-Up), Bob Arthur (Green Grass of Wyoming), Jane Powell (Luxury Liner), Raymond Roe (June Bride), Colleen Townsend (Walls of Jericho) and Betty Lynn (June Bride)

The 21 Club is the young idea of how to get away from it all—for the only old thing about it is . . .

boy meets girl!

The gang closed in when song writer Holt played “Cuddle up a Little Closer”

Bob Arthur welcomes the gang. He instigated the 21 Club, says none of the members drink or smoke. All of them are greatly interested in music, keep pretty well informed on current events
HOLLYWOOD has a new club. It has no clubhouse. It has no meeting date. The gang gets together at each other's houses whenever studio schedules permit an all-around free evening. The 21 Club, as it is called, got its name because that is the average age of the group. Bob Arthur started the club when he became lonely for the companionship of kids his own age and realized that others must feel the same way. Informality and fun are the passwords, and every so often a party crasher named Dan Cupid drops in to add to the excitement.

Bob's collection of records was main attraction for the group. They all wanted to hear his French songs. Colleen clamored for an old Mills Brothers record, "That's the Way It Is".

Snacks between dances were followed by a sit-down supper and gab-fest. Bob's housekeeper had prepared stacks of sandwiches, potato chips, olives, and an unbelievable number of soft drinks.

Bob got help from Raymond Roe in rolling up the rugs for dancing. Bob's date, Colleen Townsend, who takes her shoes off when she dances, was excited about her first trip East for Detroit premiere of picture, "Apartment for Peggy".
It Will Be A Grand

...some star offenders will follow these bright

NINETEEN FORTY-EIGHT goes out with a whimper! 1949 comes in with a bang—we hope! And here’s wishing you in general, and Hollywood in particular—A HAPPY NEW YEAR! But it isn’t enough to wish, we have to work to make it happy. And that won’t be too difficult...

If... Bette Davis cuts out the temperamental tantrums and acts like a grand human being again, as well as a great movie star. Talk about “Winter Meeting”—or shouldn’t we! Bette’s working weather chart was frosty plus and it didn’t thaw too much in “June Bride.” Even Ernie Haller, a gentle character and Bette’s once friend and favorite cameraman, told me that so far as he is concerned, Bette was a 1948 negative. Here’s pleading there’ll be a positive change for the better in 1949.

If... Joan Crawford finds an honest-to-goodness mate to love and cherish and vice versa, until divorce do them part. Dan Cupid certainly shot his 1948 arrows below the belt.

1. Jeanne Crain
2. Joan Fontaine
3. Olivia de Havilland
4. Howard Duff
5. Ava Gardner
6. Janet Leigh
7. Frank Sinatra
8. Jennifer Jones

Drawings by Kroll
New Year In Hollywood IF...

new resolutions  BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

for Joan. And if he doesn't come through with something more durable than Red Barry, Peter Shaw or Greg Bautzer in 1949, Joan might as well cancel his contract. And then we columnists would have nothing to write about. If . . . Errol Flynn puts into practice all those fine sentences about how he is now a home boy and how he loves his wife Nora, etc. etc. And the sweet-talk will be more convincing if Errol doesn't battle quite so much with his beautiful young wife.

If . . . Olivia de Havilland says to sister Joan Fontaine, “Let's kiss and make up” and if Joan says to Livvy, “Okay, let’s!”

If . . . Audie Murphy makes a hit on the screen in his first starring picture “Bad Boy.” “He’s a very proud person,” Wanda Hendrix tells me. “He won't be happy married to me unless he does as well with his career, as I do with mine.” That's why Audie balked at marrying Wanda when they met and fell in love two years ago. He (Continued on page 66)

9. Joan Crawford
10. Bette Davis
11. Victor Mature
12. Errol and Nora Flynn
13. Larry Parks
14. Judy Garland
15. Jimmy Stewart
16. Margaret O'Brien and mother
Linda Christian and Ty: Only Linda knows the answer to the questions she asked that certain fortuneteller

POWER'S PROGRESS

While the world buzzes about his

marriage, Ty Power goes his way.

It is the way of a man with a future

by that famous party giver and columnist

elsa maxwell
In Italy, in the very old town of San Gimignano, where, hundreds of years ago, Dante preached to the people, stands an ancient church. Friends of mine visiting here last autumn were astonished to see a young man of the fifteenth century kneeling, in religious abandonment, at the foot of the altar.

It was Tyrone Power. He had stolen away from the "Prince of Foxes" company, on location at San Gimignano, to make his devotions. For Tyrone is an ardent, practising Catholic. When he married the divorced Annabella, he was somewhat estranged from his Church for a time. But he does not mean this to happen again. All of which explains why he didn't marry Linda Christian in Rome this summer, as they planned. The Archbishop of Los Angeles recommended to the Vatican that Tyrone Power and Linda not be permitted to marry in the Church until Tyrone is legally free. His divorce from Annabella is not final until January, so at the eleventh hour, the marriage was postponed.

It amazes me to see how quietly firm Tyrone can be when something is deeply important to him. The announcement of his wedding had been made. Linda had her beautiful wedding dress from Fontana. Tyrone's clothes had come from his tailor. Gene Markey, in Rome to serve as best man, had his wedding finery. The Countess DiFrasso's beautiful house had been rented. We all had been invited to a wedding breakfast. And we went to a wedding breakfast too—even though no wedding preceded it.

That breakfast was something to behold. Countess DiFrasso's house in Rome is rarely lovely. The furnishings are in the most perfect taste. The gardens offer a variety of flowers. The silver, crystal and linen bear the DiFrasso crest. (Continued on page 88)
difficult—
that's me

He walks out when company stays late, goes on periodic fad-jags, even installed ice water in his bed—but that's only half of what's wrong with Ford!

BY GLENN FORD

I get tired reading about how wonderful movie stars are. You and I know it's not possible to be absolutely perfect. If, for instance, you've ever been led to believe I approach being an ideal man, ask anyone who actually has to bear up under the strain of me at close range. Holy cow—you'll receive a blast! I'll come clean:

I'm not the social light most wives want. I'm not good in polite conversation because I just don't care about gossip. To me, the differences in people are only differences in human nature. I'd rather be silent than trite. Ellie used to ask me what happened at the studio. If it had been the usual sort of day I'd answer, "Nothing." She's finally realized I refuse to discuss the obvious. Luckily for me, she recognizes this trait is too basic in me to change.

On the other hand, it never occurs to me to deny myself an honest opinion whenever one hits me. Ellie is constantly telling me I hurt acquaintances with my straight talk to them. If we have company that wants to stay late and I've had a hard day with (Continued on page 61)
Frankly Ford—Glenn's current picture is "The Return of October"
REMEMBERING all the gruesome holiday office parties we have attended, we decided to give a party in our new little penthouse office and see if we couldn't take the curse off the accepted routine! We strenuously object to the usual type office party—not enough ice, warmish store food in leaky paper cartons, no organization, just chattering people with nothing to do.

First, we borrowed an electric rotary spit—one of those new stainless steel barbecues that neither smokes nor drips. (If you can't borrow a portable barbecue, you can do magic things on a hot plate, which costs about five dollars.) A couple of hours before the party we spread out papers and prepared everything very simply. We popped a whole cooked ham out of the can, scored it and stuck it with cloves and put it on the spit. In the dripping pan we dumped one glass of clear apple jelly, a cup of white sherry and 1/4 lb.
of butter which all melted as the ham browned and made a delicious basting sauce. We filled celery hearts with Roquefort cheese with brandy (a prepared mixture) and cream cheese, about half and half.

We stuffed large pitted black olives with blanched almonds and sprinkled garlic salt over a huge wooden salad bowl of potato chips.

If you are using the electric plate, you can't offer a more attractive delicacy than sizzling little hamburgers on trimmed slices of bread. Make them the night before, shape them (tiny and flat) and put them in a baking dish with wax paper between each so they won't stick together. Here's our recipe for hors d'oeuvres hamburgers: 1 lb. ground round steak, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1/4 cup light cream, 1 egg, 1/2 tsp. Tabasco sauce, 1 tsp. dry mustard, 1 tsp. salt, pepper to taste. Mix well. This should make between thirty and forty tiny hamburgers. Let your guests make their own as part of the fun. Minced clam canapes are simple to make and always a favorite: 1 lb. cream cheese mixed with a 7 oz. can of minced clams, juice and all. A dash of Tabasco and a few drops of lemon juice add zip. Serve in a bowl with a plate of crackers or potato chips nearby so your guests may dunk.

Our local store, the Beverly Hills Gourmet, delivered everything. And none of the preparations made such a mess that it all couldn't be whisked away in a hurry.

Everyone made their own sandwiches. We solved the ice problem by using a picnic icebox and used paper plates and napkins. Five and dime glasses were wonderfully gay. And our huge Christmas wreath added a welcoming note. If you want to help the Yuletide spirit even more, serve punch or hot, buttered rum. A little different from the usual heavy eggnog or Tom and Jerry. But here we leave you on your own.

Take a new lease on your office party life with these recipes that will put you at the head of the fun department.

BY KAY MULVEY
The rolling Hollywood hills backdrop Paramount’s great sound stages.

The guarded doors to a great movie empire swing wide—
with this Photoplay pass to Paramount Studios.

Genius at work: Here Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, Paramount producing team, dream up hits like “Emperor Waltz,” “Foreign Affair.”

The Paramount Studios are just beyond the Hollywood hills. Most movie companies, having departed from the town they made famous long ago, are now situated in the Valley or out Culver City way. But Paramount remains in Hollywood, not far from the corner field where the old barn—in which the studio had its beginning—used to stand. The executive buildings face the streets surrounding the studio acres. But only the few for whom the big iron gate, policed day and night, swings wide ever see the heart of the studio—the big stages, the commissary, the dressing rooms, the make-up department, the dressmaking salon or the busy streets peopled with actors and actresses wearing the costumes of many ages and many countries.
Sue re-did Alan Ladd's dressing room about three years ago—decorating it with early Americana which they picked up on trips East. Sometimes Sue packs a lunch for Alan, who likes to eat in his dressing room and then lie down and relax.

Everybody meets at the commissary: Standing is Pauline Kessinger, manager. Clockwise are John Lund, Ilka Chase (in rear), Wanda Hendrix, Bob Stack, Bruce Cabot (back to camera), designer Mary Kay Dodson.

In this room fashions are born—for Paramount stars. Edith Head, top fashion designer, discusses with Brenda Marshall sketches of the clothes Brenda will wear in her film “Whispering Smith.”

On the studio green, before Dressing Room Row, Mary Jane Saunders, who debuts in “Sorrowful Jones,” gets a golf lesson from Bob Hope.
Six girls with the same dream—stardom one day: These extra girls are on their way to rehearsals for a swimming pool sequence in a musical picture.

Cecil B. deMille, producer of many great films, at doorway of studio gym—which originally was the old barn in which he made his first pictures.

The cameras have stopped grinding: Irene Hervey, Alan Ladd and director Lewis Allen discuss the day's shooting on "One Woman".

Who hasn't heard of the front office?
Like Wanda Hendrix, stars wait for wagon, bringing coffee, cake, candy, as eagerly as kids watch for the Good Humor man.

Jim Davies gives stars like Billy De Wolfe the works—in his studio gym, where Jim is definitely the boss.

The greenhouse dates back to the days when Dorothy Lamour made jungle pictures. Today, surplus plants are sold to employees like Mona Freeman.

Here is the famous Front Office Row.
Old fashions with a new look: Betty Grable ("That Lady in Ermine") now appearing in "When My Baby Smiles at Me"

Powolny
She fools her public but not her working partner, who discovered these things about Grable worth recording

BY ANGIE BLUE

FOR almost eight years I have lived with Betty Grable in all her working hours. In my job as assistant to the dance director at Twentieth Century-Fox, I have the specific assignment of working out, with my boss, all of Betty's dance routines, rehearsing her in them and checking the final performance when it goes on film.

The first thing I had put in my little book about Betty was that she was good—good at her job, that is. I admire people who do their work well. That was in 1932, and we were both kids. Betty was doing a specialty dance in "The Gay Divorcee" at RKO. My sister Theodora and I (we were "The Little Blue Sisters" then) were doing a number in the same film. We sat on the set and watched Betty dance. She was so quick at taking direction, so vibrant and alive in projecting the stuff she had just learned, that I was impressed.

Nine years later, we landed on the Twentieth-Century-Fox lot simultaneously. It was the Big Break for both of us. Our first job together was on "Moon over Miami" and I had a new note for the little book at the end of our first day of work. Betty came in, in the morning, to learn a routine Hermes Pan and I had spent weeks working out. In an hour she knew it as well as I did. At noon, word came down that the producer would come on the set in the afternoon to look at the number. (Continued on page 71)
Danny Kaye was terrific as night club entertainer Kay Thompson. Jack Carson (above), George Burns, Van Johnson, Jack Benny impersonated her partners Shirley Temple, as Marie Antoinette, was judged the prettiest gal there. The lensmen asked her to present a watch to General Grant (Georgie Jessel) in appreciation of swell job he did as M. C.

The Mitchums made monkeys out of friends who tried to guess who were behind those masks. It was Bob and Dot's first appearance since their reconciliation

Stars shone, flash-bulbs popped and the Hollywood Press Photographers' Ball became the year's most dazzling frolic
With encouragement from Larry Parks, Shelley Winters frightened Betty Garrett with toy lizard. Later the joke was on Shelley when she flirted with a “gent” who turned out to be Mrs. Dan Duryea.

Ted Briskin as a Maharajah was a stickler for accuracy and showed up with three wives: his own, Betty Hutton (below), Paramount press representative Lindsay Durand and her daughter Diane June Haver showed ringmaster, Dr. John Duzik, a few tricks. The ball at Ciro’s saw Photoplay’s Hymie Fink and Sterling Smith lauded for their good works.

Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly, song-and-dance men, brought down the house. Frank’s footwork was so good everyone suspected Gene had coached him.
Game Conductor—Ralph Edwards

Ronnie's a fast talker but when words failed him, Ralph was in there pitching—some fast consequences!

1. Q: Do you have a tendency to be too talkative?

2. Q: That's probably your shortest speech on record. What's the longest?
A: When I was a sports announcer, I talked about the Chicago Cubs for five hours and thirty-five minutes one hot day. It was 108 degrees in the shade and that seemed plenty long. Some double-header, too. In the last inning—two down, one to go—the pitcher threw a long low curved one right over home plate and...

3. Q: And you're OUT. It's my turn at mike again. Have you ever talked yourself into trouble?
A: A million times. "Why don't I keep my big mouth shut?" I keep asking myself—later. As for example, when a young lady asked my advice about a boy friend she'd broken with, I told her. Three weeks later, they made up. Now guess who doesn't speak to whom.

4. Q: Can you admit it when you're wrong?
A: Yes, except for one thing and I have to laugh at myself there. The only place I have trouble taking it sitting down is in a critical discussion of my acting. Then I find myself really boiling and making speeches of justification for the scene. Usually with, "But you don't understand what I was doing there..."

5. Q: What spoken words do you most regret?
A: Sorry, I can't be outspoken on that one. Edwards: Okay, Ronnie, there's a penalty for with-holding. As a former football star and sports announcer, let's see you carry the ball and announce your play at the same time.

6. Q: Which is your favorite role—actor or (Continued on page 80)
or Consequences

with

Ronald Reagan

Tune in Truth or Consequences with Ralph Edwards
Saturday on NBC, 8:30 P.M. EST

Sidestepping Q. 14 put Ronnie in step with an old ambition

Stalling on Q. 19 had Ronnie, of “John Loves Mary,” in the saddle of a dilemma!
Follow the all-American impulse
to do something different and let
your home life go Western

WOULD you like to make your money and your time go a little further? Would you even like to have your life go a little further—and have more fun in the bargain?

You can do all this by simply giving your home a more Western accent. It isn’t by any accident that a style of furniture and interior decoration called California modern is rising in this country. Except for the early American pieces, both genuine and reproduction, this California modern—sometimes called Monterey modern, sometimes flossied up and called Swedish modern—is among the most rapidly selling styles in home furnishings.

And it should be. The reason is that (a) it is relatively inexpensive. (b) It is ideally suited to modern American life. (c) No woman has to work eight to ten hours a day keeping up such a setting. So today, when the back-to-the-home-for-fun movement is growing stronger and stronger, this casual, friendly type of living is in the ascendancy. It has always been a Western attitude to attain the maximum comfort with the least possible effort. Combine this with the all-American impulse to do everything efficiently and you really get a beautiful blend. So, (Continued on page 84)

The patio is on a Western basis in the Burl Ives homestead—with avocado trees for summer shade, fireplaces for sunset chill
The Dan Duryea's barbecue terrace makes entertaining informal fun, provides extra room for growing boys' activities.

Cathy O'Donnell entertains Nancy Ross, singer on the Breakfast Club show, in her outdoor living room above Sunset Blvd. Iron furniture, charming and practical, includes nest of tables for serving.
NOW, of course, is the perfect time to talk about furs—especially the kind that can be carried over almost to the end of spring—though one wintery job that must be mentioned is the unique navy-blue seal casual coat that Doris Day has. (We don't suggest you rush out and get one like it unless you have at least four other fur coats!) The front closing is banded with navy ribbed wool and it has push-up sleeves. The coat is lined with the blue wool too. It's stunning over sports clothes. Then there's that wrist-length black Persian lamb jacket of Joan Bennett's, cut so simply and youthfully that it looks well over *anything*—and light enough in weight to wear any time except when the sun is really beating down.

But the really important thing about furs, is the fact that everyone out this way has gone mad for capes—all kinds of capes. And that's where your old furs come in because the styles, shapes and sizes of the capes are so varied. Skipping the luxurious, full-swaying fur capes, how about the new, almost tiny, just-around-the-shoulder type of fur cape so popular with some of the film city belles? That old fox jacket—or bedraggled muskrat coat of yours, can emerge as a smart, snugly fitting little cape or a really short one that is full and buttons at the neck with no collar. If you'll just cut it up—and let some furrier refurbish it for you!

Anita Colby has a darling shoulder cape (almost like a little shawl—except that it hooks in front) fashioned of merely four rows of sable skins. The cape is in straight rows—so that it really never reaches the neck, and the hooks are invisible, for they're covered by the full, furry sable tails in little bunches of two or three, over the closing. It's obvious that this little number would be much less expensive, but just as pretty and flattering in many kinds of fur—any kind, in fact, except those that are completely flat. And a perfect complement to any (Continued on page 81)
Mrs.
Ellen Tuck Astor

You see her, and you feel the special quality of her charm. For her lovely face brings you the glamour, and distinction, and warm responsiveness that are so much a part of her inmost self.

So much that is You speaks for you in your face. It is the out-going expression of your inner self—the you that others see first—and the you they remember best. Do help your face, then, to look clear and bright and lovely—so it can express you happily.

Your face has a fascinating way of telling the story of You. And—your face is what you make it! Never let your skin lose its soft color, get a grayed look. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with your Pond’s Cold Cream. This is the way:

*Hot Stimulation*—splash face with hot water.
*Cream Cleanse*—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.
*Cream Rinse*—swirl on a second Pond’s cleansing. This removes last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, immaculate. Tissue off.
*Cold Stimulation*—a tonic cold water splash.

See your face now! It looks and feels re-made! So clean and rosy! So very soft!

Literally, this Pond’s "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond’s Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt, as you massage—sweeps it cleanly away, as you tissue off. *From the Inside*—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It’s not just vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Look lovely and it slips over into how you think and feel and act. It gives you a happy confidence—brings the real Inner You closer to others.

Mrs. Astor says

*To my mind—there is just no better face cream,*

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Mrs. Astor’s beautiful skin has the clear, smooth look of faultless grooming.

She uses Pond’s!

="To my mind—there is just no better face cream,”
Mrs. Astor says

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"When I read the script of 'Little Women,' I found that my part of 'Jo,' the tomboy of the story, called for me to leap over a neighbor's fence—and dressed in hoop skirts, no less."

So June decided to practice. With materials obtained from the studio prop room, she fashioned a make-shift hoop.

Hmm! What's wrong with my own fence? And no one can see me here.

A good running start and there's nothing to---

Oof! My strap's caught! I can't get down! Ulp!
AT THAT MOMENT---
HEH! HEH! FOR A MINUTE
I THOUGHT I SAW A GIRL
ON THAT FENCE BACK THERE!

YO-LWP!

I-- IT IS A
GIRL THERE!

JUNE'S MAID ANSWERS
THE DOOR TO A VERY
EXCITED YOUNG MAN.

SOMEONE'S BACK IS IN
TROUBLE. ER-- I MEAN,
SOMEONE IN THE BACK
IS IN TROUBLE!

ER-- DO YOU DO
THAT SORT OF
THING OFTEN, 
MISS?

THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
YOU SEE, I WAS--
ER-- SORT OF
PRACTICING AND--

OH, N-NO!
P-PLEASE GET
ME DOWN!

PRACTICING?
OH, YEAH--
SURE!

THESE
CRAZY
CALIFORNIANS!

KEN
BALD
(Continued from page 19)

✓ (A) Macbeth
(Mercury-Republic)

SHAKESPEARE has been interpreted in various ways, but there's never been a noisier production of "Macbeth" than this re-creation of The Bard's bloodcurdling tale of murder and revenge in eleventh-century Scotland. Long before the final reel, your ears will ring from all the bellowing, accompanied by crashing music and deafening peals of thunder. Actor-director Orson Welles makes a wild-eyed, primitive Macbeth, eaten by remorse for the brutal slaying of his king. It is Lady Macbeth, spiritedly portrayed by Jeanette Nolan, who plants the evil idea in her husband's mind only to recall when he plots further crimes. In order to remain ruler, Macbeth has Banquo assassinated but Malcolm (Roddy McDowall), son of the murdered monarch, escapes. Together with Macduff (Dan O'Herlihy), he organizes an army to besiege the castle and kill the tyrant. The stark Scottish landscape adds a weird note to a picture that has its moments of high dramatic interest.

Your Reviewer Says: "Full of sound and fury."

✓ (F) Walk a Crooked Mile
(Columbia)

ANY time Dennis O'Keefe decides to give up acting to become an FBI man, the chances are he will be a great success. He's that convincing as Uncle Sam's undercover agent on the trail of Russian atom bombers in Soys: I.F. Powell and Scotland Yard detective Louis Hayward pool their clues, make their brilliant deductions and have many close calls in the line of duty. Apart from their formidable foreign foes, there's the suave American scientist who turns out to be a Benedict Arnold, and his attractive assistant, Louise Allbritton, under question, too. A swift-moving, entertaining spy thriller.

Your Reviewer Says: A double-barreled baffler.

✓ (F) The Gallant Blade
(Columbia)

LIFE is one duel after another for Larry Parks. In this swashbuckling affair, he is not only a gallant blade but a busy one. Not too busy, however, to dally a bit with fascinating Marguerite Chapman. To be sure, Larry kicks his heels out to treacherous Victor Jory, his more inclined to kill than kiss her. Jory plans to plunge France into war with Spain, much to the displeasure of General George Macready. As his valiant aide, Parks saves France practically singlehanded. For all its elaborate sets fairly swarming with sword-happy characters, "The Gallant Blade" is decidedly on the dull side.

Your Reviewer Says: Foul deeds dressed up.

✓ (A) The Decision of Christopher Blake (Warners)

BE prepared to weep when you see this picture which movingly depicts the evils of divorce. It has lovely Alexis Smith and English actor Robert Douglas (in his American screen debut) in the leading roles. Ted Donaldson is their deeply disturbed son who finds it so difficult to choose between them when they decide to separate. As a highly sensitive lad, given to nightmarish daydreams, Ted turns in an admirable job. Cecil Kellaway makes an understanding judge and John Hoyt-a competent attorney.

Your Reviewer Says: Effective drama on divorce.

(F) Kidnapped
(Lindsey Parsons-Monogram)

THIS latest version of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous novel of the 1790's is a curiously flat and lifeless affair. Roddy McDowall struggles with the role of the orphaned young Scot, David Balfour. The boy's villainous uncle, Houseley Stevenson, seeking to cheat him of his inheritance, has him kidnapped by Roland Winters. That son of a sea dog plans to sell the lad as a slave. But the ship is wrecked and Roddy escapes together with Daniel O'Herlihy. The two are joined by Sue England, a bonny lass with a taste for adventure.

Your Reviewer Says: Tepid version of the Stevenson classic.

✓ (F) Rogue's Regiment
(United Artists)

EVIDENTLY, Dick Powell enjoyed chasing those opium smugglers in "To the Ends of the Earth," for in this fast-paced film, jam-packed with violence and intrigue, he is once more a clever American sleuth operating in the Orient. This time Powell is after Stephen McNally, an ex-Nazi attempting to lead a trial in Germany by joining the French Foreign Legion at Saigon. McNally finds a friend in wealthy, unscrupulous Vincent Price. The beautiful female spy is willowy, wide-eyed Marta Toren whom you saw in "Casbah." But rest assured Dick gets his man in the final reel and, lucky fellow, his woman, too!

Your Reviewer Says: Spy hunting in Saigon.
Difficult—That's Me

(Continued from page 40) an early studio call ahead, I don't mind announcing I've got to get some sleep. If we are stuck at a dull party, I'll bliss in Ellie's ear. "Honey—let's get out of here!" We do, but if I were alone I'd not ease out the slow way she prefers.

Ellie and I seldom go to Mae-mbo's, Cirio's, or any of the other Hollywood spots. For me those places are too jammed and artificial; people go there to be "seen," not to relax. Being seen on the screen is enough! The first time I ever took Ellie dancing we went to Earl Carroll's and before we knew it, everybody had cleared off the floor to watch us. She is a marvelous dancer and I was expected to be on a par with her. Sad, but I'm a young Abe Lincoln when I get up to samba.

Shunning formal private parties is another of my husbandly faults. To me "being in Society" means working at becoming a phony. My goal is to not be in it! Depending on the nobs and frowns of the frivolous appalls me. I've found I can't make any social contacts outside of the movie colony, because people unfamiliar with a studio's erratic hours and demands will never understand why actors can't fit calmly into plans for dinner parties and weekends.

I DON'T even want "a congenial little group" of Hollywood pals with whom Ellie and I can gather regularly. That's "living" they tell me. Well, it may be. Yet I'm living, too—in my own way. I suppose this theory seems to be sheer stupidity, particularly in the movie world where who you know is supposed to far outweigh what you know. I won't argue it; I'm committing a major crime in the view of ninety-nine out of a hundreders. I don't care.

I have no "Hollywood" friends. I like meeting new people, swapping experiences and fun with them; yes. But I do not look at every acquaintance as a potential friend to be cultivated carefully. Real friends, in my book, are few. They take a long, long time to develop. I have a half-dozen I cherish. They have liked me and put up with me through all my low times. None of them is connected in any way with the movies. One's in shipping, one in banking, one is a lawyer. Their sincerity has been well proved.

As a Marine sergeant, with my hair crew-cut, I was seldom identified as Glenn Ford, which was the way I wanted it. I'll never forget one evening when I was in uniform. I took Ellie to a swank hotel in Coronado. We sat in the spacious dining-room for exactly one hour and twenty minutes—and no waiter ever came to take our order! At last someone came over and tipped me off that they didn't want mere enlisted men eating there, and that was how they froze them out. A lot of us guys had to take it on the chin like that, and now we're unimpressed with being small at when we're on a decent payroll. Recently, Ellie and I stopped overnight at that same hotel. The manager sent her special favors and me a fancy bowl of fruit. We got the glad hand because we were from Hollywood. I discovered my true value in the service, so I take all the flourishes for the fleeting moment they're meant.

The quiet life the Fords lead is a sacrifice on Ellie's part, naturally. She's much more of a mixer than I am. After living in barracks during the war, I came back with a terrible desire for privacy in my spare hours. I'm the original stay-at-home now. I have my own movie projector so we can see pictures without going out. I have my record collection,
Those BAD DAYS
CAN BE GOOD DAYS

THE END

listen to

“GRAND OLE OPRY”

every Saturday night over NBC

Hear Red Foley sing his famous folk ballads.

Read the story of Red Foley’s life in the January issue of TRUE STORY magazine complete with full-color autographed photograph.
Before your daughter marries... should you tell her

These Intimate Physical Facts?

BY ALL MEANS! And here is scientific up-to-date information You Can Trust—

The time to speak frankly to your daughter is before she marries. She should be fully informed on how important vaginal douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness, to combat odor, and always after menstrual periods.

And she should be made to realize that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as modern ZONITE!

Warms Girls Against Weak or Dangerous Products

How unfortunate is the young woman who, through ignorant advice of friends, uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda. These are NOT germicides in the douche! They never can give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

Won't you please realize how very important it is to use a germicide definitely intended for vaginal douching—one powerfully germicidal yet one safe to tissues as ZONITE has proved to be for years.

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no bichloride of mercury, no harsh acids—overstrong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even hinder functional activity of the mucous glands. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Truly A Modern Miracle!

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Leaves you feeling so sweet and clean. Helps guard against infection. ZONITE KILLS every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure amazing ZONITE DOES KILL every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE at any drugstore!

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-19, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name

Address

City State

Zonite

For Newer Feminine Hygiene

63
INSIDE STUFF

Time out for fun: Edmund O'Brien, Olga San Juan and Bob Stack make minutes count at a party get-together

Betty Grable, Preston Sturges and Olga again—on "Beautiful Blonde of Bashful Bend" set

Janet Leigh and Bob Neal dined together before she left for New York to visit Barry Nelson

(Continued from page 15) came as no surprise. They should really make a film with Dan and call it "How Tired Can You Get?" We watched him make several scenes for "Chicken Every Sunday" and noted the weariness that seemed to weigh him down. Only when director George Seaton called "camera" did Dan attempt liveliness. With the endless weeks of dance rehearsals that precede a Dalley picture, with the actor sometimes rehearsing for one movie while making another, plus his misunderstanding over the Friar benefit, it's no wonder he decided to call a halt. The pity is the publicity that follows such a drastic measure. When will Hollywood ever wake up and realize an actor is a human being and not a machine?

Round-Up: The way Humphrey Bogart drives Lauren Bacall up over lawns, curbs, around trees and down grades in that new bantam car of his, you'd never dream they were expecting a baby. Hollywood wonders if being an aunt to sister Joan Fontaine's baby will cause Olivia de Havilland to forget their differences. Joan's husband, Bill Dozier, certainly hopes so. Veterans who receive visits from lovely Elizabeth Taylor never stop talking of her beauty. Neither do the Hollywood lads, either. As usual, Jimmy Stewart claims he has no wedding plans when Gloria McLean is mentioned but take it from us, Jimmy likes her better than any girl he's met in a long time. You should see him look at her.

Red Skelton: As a comedian in Hollywood, Red Skelton is unique. He's neither feverishly apprehensive over material nor hopelessly wed to his job of being funny. He's the most naive of the funny men, never given to smut in either his everyday or professional dialogues. Like a kid, he loves circuses (his father was a clown). A real camera fiend, he spends most of his off-screen, off-radio time endlessly taking pictures. Once at a theater opening, it was discovered that the NBC cameraman hadn't showed up. Red, who never goes anywhere without his camera, pitched in and did the job for him. He lives in Bel-Air with his wife, a non-professional, and his two babies, Valentino Maria and Richard Freeman who, without yet knowing it, pose endlessly for their father. He listens to every word of advice from his ex-wife, Edna Skelton Borzage, a farseeing woman who helps write his programs. He puts on a half-hour show after every radio appearance that kills the customers who know that with the advent of television, Red, with his flexible features and ability to transform himself into any character with a single gesture, will top them all. He never says an unkind word about anyone. He respects the talents of other comics and laughs long and loud at their jokes. He possesses a wistful something that lends reality to any character he plays. Six-feet-two, brown-eyed, dimple-cheeked, red-gold hair, he's the handsomest of the funny men and never suspects it. He's unbelievably simple and regrettably sorry for you if the pictures given him don't measure up. And when you laugh your head off at "The Fuller Brush Man" or "The Southern Yankee," he's pleased because you're pleased. He's a good Joe.
BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Tune in Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Story,” Mutual Broadcasting System, Wednesday, 9:30 p.m., E.S.T.

FOR twelve years, William Powell has been having an argument with his dog, the lowest-slung dachshund I have ever seen. The dog still barks at Powell when he comes home at night.

“If a burglar knocked at the door,” says Bill, "the dog would lead him to the safe and the family silverware. But when I walk in he barks. So I just bark back. We’ve been doing that for twelve years.”

James Mason’s widely publicized love of cats is consistent. He wound up a letter to Charles Chaplin concerning “Monsieur Verdoux” with: “Needless to say, my wife and I were delighted to note that Verdoux had the right attitude toward cats.” (Bluebeard Verdoux murders his multiple wives but scolds his young son for pulling a cat’s tail.)

Not in the script: “My only fear in Hollywood is the close-up. Every time I shake my head, my nose keeps getting out of focus.”—Jimmy Durante.

Someone told Abe Burrows that there was a noiseless popcorn bag on the market. “A noiseless popcorn bag?” said Abe. “Hooey. Tell ‘em to make ‘em noisy. I can still hear the dialogue.”

Doris Day tried to look sultry when she first arrived in Hollywood to crash the screen. But it wouldn’t work. Doris says: “I tried making like Bacall and Lamarr and keeping my eyelids three-quarters shut. But it looked silly and I ran into things because I couldn’t see. So I opened my eyes and then Hollywood discovered me.”

No hamming allowed at the Joan Fontaine-Bill Dazier home. Whenever Joan goes into an overdramatization of anything, Bill cracks: “Watch it, Smithfield.”

Because of various and sundry obstacles, a kid picture took about two years to make. The juvenile hero was a boy of twelve at the start. “We finally managed to get the film in the theaters,” a make-up man said, “but we had to shave the boy first.”

Pat O’Brien and Gene Fowler were discussing a certain Hollywood director noted for his fisticuffs while in his cups and also for the fact that he usually gets knocked flat on his face.

“Has that guy ever won a decision?” asked Pat.

“Once,” said Fowler, “against a door.”
Picture Yourself as a Hollywood Beauty

Well—why not? What has a movie star got that you haven’t got?

"Look at yourself in the mirror. Why, you’d be lovely if you didn’t have those big hips, if you didn’t have a protruding stomach, if, if, if! Well, knock those ‘ifs’ in the head. Start to work! Get busy! Use your brains, your common sense and courage!

The above paragraph is from Sylvia of Hollywood’s book No More Alibis—a truly amazing, stimulating and inspiring book. A book that should be required reading for every girl—regardless of age. For here in 128 pages Sylvia gives you her most successful beauty secrets. She tells you how she helped many of Hollywood’s brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star’s legs—how she reduced that star’s waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure.

Bear in mind that all of Sylvia’s instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever. You can carry out all of Sylvia’s beauty secrets right in the privacy of your own home.

This book formerly sold for $1.00 in stiff-back binding. Now published in paper cover you get the identical information for only 50c and we pay the postage. Send for your copy today.

Bartholomew House, Dept. PH-149
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid a copy of No More Alibis by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose 50c.

Name

Address

City State

“TRAiNS DON’T RUN ON HOT AIR.

Neither does America. Talk is OK, but it’s the work, like voting, that makes America the best place in the world. Remember—you’re not just a passenger. You’re the engineer, conductor and the steam behind the works!”

MR. JOSEPH J. BODNAR
44 Narragansett Avenue
Yonkers, New York

FREEDOM IS EVERYBODY’S JOB!
But I honestly believe that Victor loves his Dorothy. She’s good for him. And Vic, with his vital personality, is a powerful battery to recharge Dorothy’s delicate health. Besides they are in love with each other—as of this writing!

If . . . June Allyson and Dick Powell take all of their 1949 vacations together.

If . . . Jimmy Stewart finally breaks down and takes unto himself a wife. Jimmy will be forty-one in May. Just before he reached the forty mark, Jimmy solemnly assured me that the time had certainly arrived for Stewart to find a wife. So I watched and waited. Would it be Myrna Dell? “We go together for laughs,” Jimmy told me with his usual candor. Myrna harrumphed and walked out of his life. Will it be Gloria McLean in 1949?

If . . . June Haver wins a church annulment from Jimmy Zito—she divorced him in California during 1948. And if she marries Dentist John Duzik, the man she should have married the first time out.

If . . . Margaret O’Brien realizes that it is not fair to disapprove when her mother wants to marry again. The very attractive thirty-ish Gladys received two proposals of marriage to my knowledge during 1948. One she turned down because she didn’t like the man. The second suitor was refused because Maggie doesn’t want her mama to marry. That’s all very well for now. What kind of lonely life looms for Mrs. O’Brien in, say 1949, when Margaret will be nineteen and probably married, with a life of her own?

If . . . Burt Lancaster gives up his awful idea of retiring as a movie actor to direct and produce pictures. Here a guy comes along who oozes personality, an honest actor and a pleasure to watch and all he talks about is “When I retire”!

If . . . Jennifer Jones gets off that high horse and reverts to the easy-to-get-along-with gal she used to be during her “Song of Bernadette” days. It is one of the more painful parts of my job to talk to Jennifer once in a while to get a line on her private and professional plans. It’s like talking to a little piece of unbottled air. There’s nothing there. Not only for me, but for everyone. Jennifer takes the lam like a frightened fawn. Maybe she will change—I hope—when she is actually Mrs. David Selznick and the “I” or “maybe” has been removed. The wedding is scheduled for early 1949.

If . . . Esther Williams announces that she is expecting a baby. The pretty swimming-champ movie star doesn’t talk about it any more, but the loss of her expected baby last year is a tragedy that can only be cured when the stork comes calling again.

If . . . Elizabeth Taylor gets the word, “Come to Korea.” Lizzie’s heart lies in a little silver football she wears around her neck. It’s inscribed with the name of Glenn Davis, the all-American Army football player. When Elizabeth and her parents said goodbye to Glenn when he left for duty in the Pacific, the sixteen-year-old star promised him solemnly that she would wait for him—forever, if necessary. It will be grand if the wait has a 1949 ending.

If . . . Frank Sinatra can actually accumulate some of the million dollars he earns annually. I keep hearing that Frankie not only can’t save anything, but that he is always behind with his income tax payments. It sounds incredible and I hope it’s just one of those Hollywood stories.

If . . . Larry Parks makes a lot of movies without the costly interruptions of lawsuits.

If . . . Van Johnson does not make any matrimonial headlines. It isn’t easy for Van and Evie to settle harmoniously into wedded bliss, not with the hurdles and headlines they had to battle at the beginning. But they are two swell people and if they get through 1949, the future is a cinch.

If . . . Mrs. Glenn Ford really means it about retiring from her dancing career. Glenn wants her at home. And Farley Granger’s career goes into the high gear promised by the man in the driver’s seat—boss Sam Goldwyn . . . and Peter Lawford would get back to being a nice kid again . . . and Gregory Peck could fire all the producers who own slices of the Peck pictures and make a few dollars for himself—it sure would be a wonderful 1949.

And if, every time a Hollywood star gets into a jam, it is understood by the public, that for every screwball here, we have a hundred decent movie personalities who don’t make news because they are normal.

And above all, it will be a grand New Year in Hollywood if the great and black shadow of fear is finally erased from the movie capital of the world. It will be a great and terrific year if men and women in all stratas of the Hollywood scene can wake up in the morning without dread of losing their jobs because of a foreign quota law, or fear of losing their good characters because of distorted whispering campaigns inside the U.S.A.

So goodbye to 1948. I don’t think it will be missed in Hollywood. WELCOME 1949! The End
“Her husband, oh sure,” said the operator suspiciously. “That’s a new one. What’s Miss Williams’s husband’s name?”

I said, “Ben Gage.”

“I know,” said the operator. “And Mr. Gage is not in New Haven, he’s in Hollywood, because I heard him on the air with Joan Davis last night.”

Click! I was cut off that line.

I called back and explained I had flown 3300 miles just to date my own wife; surely the operator would reward such devotion by letting me say hello.

“Well,” she said doubtfully. “I’ll call her room and let you talk to her secretary.” Her secretary proved just as skeptical. Sorry, Miss Williams had just left for the Yale gymnasium.

“The Yale gym?” I honked. “My wife doesn’t attend Yale.”

“She is being made Honorary Water Girl by the Yale team,” the voice said. “You might see if you can gain admission to the Yale gym.”

“What do I have to do, get on the Yale team?” I howled.

I WAS getting a little worried. I only had a few days to be with her and one of them was rapidly disappearing. I sped to the hotel and joined the crowd that watched her as she came out and got into a big limousine.

“Hi, Esther!” I yelled. “Look.”

“Move along, bud,” said a cop.

I decided to cool off with a Coke. This was going to take some fast action. I knew I couldn’t make the Yale team in time to see her become their Water Girl.

After the third Coke, I had an idea. I skipped around to the theater where she would appear after Yale honors had been bestowed. The stage entrance was guarded and no Mr. Gage appeared on the day’s agenda.

My coked-up scheme was to bribe an usher to let me carry flowers down the aisle to the footlights. The usher wasn’t interested in the offer of my autographed photograph but responded to Lincoln’s likeness on a flyer autographed by John W. Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury.

At the conclusion of Esther’s show, which I was permitted to watch from the rear of the house, I waddled down the aisle, my six-feet-five’s worth of arms and legs telescoped as far down into the bouquet as nature permitted. For once, Esther’s being a little nearsighted came in handy, but I was afraid she might recognize my bulk. I wanted to surprise her up close where the cops couldn’t give me the bum’s rush again.

Covering my face with the roses I walked upon the stage. She graciously thanked me and started away. When she saw I remained on the stage, she turned to look again. “Yeeeee, Ben!” she screamed, with a beautiful double take.

The audience took it large though some of them probably suspected it was a gag for the show.

Fun is the basis of our married life. We put on our best shows for one another. I get lines for my radio show while riding around with her in our little pool. It’s just a three-stroke pool, but it’s a good joke basin for a couple of happy performing seals.

When I say I not only love Esther, I like her, people ask what I like most about her. She laughs, at my jokes, I say.

But above all, I like her because she loves people as I do. This afternoon a guest of ours called a taxi. When it arrived, Esther sang out to it, “Hello, driver, come on in.” We get to know the best people that way. As with the Mexicans whom we love, our house is your house. A while ago, I heard a motorcycle come put, putting up the road and stop outside the hedge which screens our garden.

“Who’s that?” I said.

“Oh, that must be my little man in the hedge,” Esther said.

“You got a little man in the hedge, darling? How long has this been going on?”

“Oh, for several weeks now. I saw him there in the hedge while I was swimming in the pool one day,” she said. “I asked him what he was doing there in the hedge and he said, ‘I am watching you swim. Is it all right?’ I said, ‘Yes, it is all right but don’t step on my begonias’. The little man said he would be careful.”

While Esther was working in “Fiesta,” on location in Mexico, we celebrated Christmas there and went all out for the country, especially for Acapulco with its grand swimming and fishing. We saved up pesos and bought a cottage—not a
ON OUR last honeymoon trip to the casa at Acapulco, we went exploring down the Mexican coast. We had heard of a fine white beach, thirty miles away, where there was fine bass fishing at the mouth of a rivulet. The manager of a hotel at Acapulco assured us the roads were excellent and that we would find showers and bathing facilities at the beach. We hired a beat-up old car. Esther had met two American girls who were spending their vacation in Acapulco and she invited them to come along.

The excellent roads lasted three miles. Then we started boulder jumping, the car shuddering and the occupants churning like ingredients in a cocktail shaker.

When we got to the fine white beach, it was mud. A hurricane had preceded us. The surf was so high reshaped the rivulet. We took a dip and then went for a shower. The shower didn't give. We remained coated in brine and barnacles.

"We might try fishing," Esther said brightly.

The fish obliged. They had been landlocked by the surf in the mouth of the rivulet and were probably bored. Anyway, six or seven climbed onto our hooks.

Night came down before we were aware of it. The thought of jeeping back to Acapulco on those rocky roads caused me to scrounge for a telephone. I called the Acapulco airport and they agreed to send a plane. When it bounced down on the little clearing, we found it could accommodate but two passengers. Esther insisted that our girl friends must take it because they had only one day of vacation remaining. The plane promised to return for us. It returned all right, made three passes over our heads and flew away toward Acapulco. Landing in the dark was too hazardous on the small field.

Esther and I hopped-hop back to Acapulco in our jeep-heap. It took us two hours. We were coming apart like the car when we arrived. But not a nasty word from my wife. The nearest she came to it was when she walked up to the hotel manager and said: "About your roads . . ." But she smiled when she said it.

We were to be guests at a party that night.

"Shall we call it off?" I asked.

"We can't," Esther said. "We promised we'd be there and they'll wait dinner for us."

The party went on past midnight. I comforted myself with the thought of sleeping a solid day. My comforting dream was short. Esther recollected we were due as honor guests aboard an American naval craft that had arrived from the East. Her old refrain: "We promised!"

After a few hours sleep, I still felt worn and torn but Esther looked fresh as a daisy. She was the only woman among the fifteen enlisted men aboard the ship. I could see them standing back, waiting for the car when we arrived. But not a nasty word from my wife. Their last gage and manners were guarded and formal. Three minutes after she came aboard, she was looking at pictures of the cook's wife and babies. They forgot themselves. It became a family party. That's Esther, she makes it home wherever she goes. Someone has defined good manners as just showing your good heart. Esther is more than natural; she's transparent. There are no barriers between her and people, her heart is there to see and it's a good one. The best definition of her is herself, up there on the screen.

Late that afternoon we loafed together on the beach. The day was dreamy out of twilight. White wings of birds flecked the blue sky. It had been a perfect day and I had been awfully proud of her on shipboard. Now we were alone at last, relaxed, on our playa encomada — enchanted beach. The surf made music like Lohengrin and I looked up to her and said, "How many honeymoons can you have?"

THE END

With their kiss, Pat and Gary acknowledge the love that makes theirs the stormiest, most exciting romance ever screened . . . But, as the kiss ends, Pat fights again, fiercely. Yet, even as she runs from him, she knows she cannot escape her destiny.
Moving Day

I hurried down for a last-in-the-house breakfast. Bob grinned, “Come on—stack it up, Doll. Lots to do today.” Uncle Buck said he wanted and I always answer, “A turkey leg.” “Turkey leg, huh?” he said, as though it were a surprise—then—“Well, Joe, give the little lady the finest you got. She’s going to be a big star someday.” I knew he trusted my word. It seemed then I was always hungry. I thought when I became a star as Uncle Buck said I would, I’d be content to have only what I really needed.

ONLY what I needed! In these last busy weeks of getting ready to move, I came across mountains of things—things stored away in the day when we built the new house. The old foreman, the Steuben glass—things like that.

Acquiring that Steuben glass was quite a complicated process for me. Several years ago, for an unknown reason, that I must have a complete service for twelve. My business manager, that kind of “no, no, me, said I couldn’t afford it. I argued. Reasonably, he said, “Why, all you do could you want it.” I remembered the day when I had pressed my nose against the Fifth Avenue window where Steuben’s glittering display sparkled, gazing at the wonder of the incomparable glass, she never realizing that someday a man would tell me—a star—that I couldn’t afford it. He was right, of course, but I have determination. I decided to just a piece at a time take out of the allowance. I wasn’t long before I realized I’d be nineteen before I achieved that full glass collection. So I mentioned one day, casual like, that I didn’t have enough money to buy a birthday or Christmas present, why, some Steuben glass such as salt-and-pepper shakers would be fine. Before my birthday was over I was saying, “If only money it mean I could unpack this door, I’ll hang myself!” But I was glowing. One, because I was touched that so many were so generous and two, because I had to my Steuben. I got it in such quantity that the first really warm winter coat I ever owned. I had two jobs at once. One spot at the Shubert Theatre and another at a floor show at the Century Club just a block away from the Shubert. The time I couldn’t that I could do my stint at the theater, frantically rush out of that costume, run through the snow and slush to the night club, rush into that costume, do my stint and tear back to the theater. It was quite a routine and I had to have a coat to protect me against the bitter wind sweep-

ing over my feverish body. I bought the coat on the installment plan and prayed the two jobs would hold out until it was paid for. They did. Since that time no coat has ever been so treasured. I remember just in time to see the movers taking down my Paul Clemens painting of a dancer in her dressing room after an exhausting performance. Each time I looked at it I feel as did when it first flew and knew I had to own it. Clemens created that painting with perfect understanding. I know, because my feet have been that tired. The painting brought back memories of a broken leg. He'd turned me from a weary chiminey into a definite personality. The story has been told often, but I never tire of it—just as I never forget Willard Mack, who taught me the first time and knew I had to own it. Clemens created that painting with perfect understanding. I know, because my feet have been that tired. The painting brought back memories of a broken leg. He'd turned me from a weary chiminey into a definite personality. The story has been told often, but I never tire of it—just as I never forget Willard Mack, who taught me the first time and knew I had to own it. Clemens created that painting with perfect understanding. I know, because my feet have been that tired. The painting brought back memories of a broken leg. He'd turned me from a weary chiminey into a definite personality. The story has been told often, but I never tire of it—just as I never forget Willard Mack, who taught me the first time and knew I had to own it. Clemens created that painting with perfect understanding. I know, because my feet have been that tired.

THE thought of that I’d come a long way from the day when my sister Millie stood with me, clutching a hatbox which contained all I owned. We had just become upstage and I realized how precarious living as a chorus girl was determined to take the responsibility for me, she took me on that dreamy day to meet Pauline Lord, who was to live. Every Friday, after school, it’d take the subway to New York to spend the weekend with Millie who was staying at the old Palace Hotel. She was dancing in the chorus and I was由此 I’d moved into the other life that’s where Uncle Buck came in and my dreams of stardom began. Those were the days when Ruby Stevens would gladly stay with someone’s kid to get nickels and dimes, so she could pay the rent. I was a movie devotee—passionately admiring my heroine, Pearl White. Then I’d go over to Prospect Park and jump off the rocks, trying to imitate the brave Pearl. Yes, it was for me. Maybe it’s that way for everyone. Amidst all the other confusion of that morning the phone rang. At a time like this I didn’t want to be interrupted. I heard the ring, “Lilly, it’s Paul.” “Yes, for me.” I earned the title of “suspension queen” of Hollywood. One by one I had turned down scripts which I felt were not right for me. Lilly, lying on the edge of a studio placed me on suspension. I had no backlogs of savings. So I had to earn money somehow while I wasn’t being paid. Danny Danker, who before his death handled the Lux show, heard about my stubborn self-created plight. With the warmth of understanding which marked him, he told me not to worry, I was welcome in radio. I was cast time after time in the Lux shows. With those checks I was able to hold out until I was offered a role into which I could throw my wholehearted enthusiasm.

So I had a Lux show to do. And piled on, back to back scripts I had to read. Since the completion of “Sorry, Wrong Number,” I’ve been reading scripts like mad—looking for my next picture. It’s sort of like looking for a job.

I REMEMBER, humorously now, though I didn’t then, my job with the Condé Nast pattern department. Pattern customers frequently asked advice before they go out. Once the creation ship was a salesgirl bubbling with such advice. And I gave of it freely. That imagination and not experience prompted my suggestions didn’t bother me at all. The inaccuracies descended upon my proud head when customers came back complaining that I’d caused them to ruin perfectly good material. When I was fired, I bought a brand and some material, intending to prove that my deductions were better than printed instructions. I deducted my way through gussets, placets, facings and drapts. I achieved an incredible garment—part of it Sydney Greenstreet and part of it Margaret O’Brien.

While I was cleaning out my desk for this moving day, I took out the little New Testament I keep there. I’m not a hoarder, I’ve been associated with one through a lot of years and I wouldn’t part with them for anything. Holding this Testament, I remembered the Dutch Reformed Church where my parents belonged and I proned one of them for baptism at the age of eleven. It was such a quiet little place and the pastor, Reverend George Carter, was so kind. He gave me the Testament after he had pronounced me blessed. “In all things always acknowledge Him.” I’ve forgotten that too often. But I’ve remembered it, too. Without Him would I have all these contrasting memories?

A letter and some remittance is an old report card. I used to sign mine myself and envy the kids who had parents to sign theirs. Today, I thought of all the times I’d been asked for autographs and launched a small snipe of some of those early signatures. I thought of Public School 152—a place I hated except for a lovely teacher, Miss Phair. She was a kind, gentle woman, and I couldn’t bear to tell her I was with a dumb kid named Ruby, who hated so many things so earnestly—things like studying and not having any parents or pretty clothes. Ruby, who lived in a fanciful world and went to school to defend Miss Phair. I’ve seen her at all. Ruby, it was my way. I was come out of the clouds.” I wish I could tell her how all these long years later, I remember her and her help and how, in some of the tests and memory work, she said when it seemed I wasn’t listening.

Tonight in our new house, move-away, Bob and I sat down in the midst of piled furniture and knickknacks and surveyed the place and our present coffee maker was doing its job and I thought, adding up the memories, that life had been pretty generous to us. In the back yard in Nebraska and Ruby Stevens from Brooklyn had come a long, long way to meet and merge their backgrounds, tastes, careers and ambitions. I thought, too, how our story is typically American—as realizing the dream of the founders of our country—we have pursued our happiness.
Her Divided Heart

(Continued from page 49) "Angie had better show it," Hermes decided. After all, Betty had barely learned the steps. At two o'clock, the producer came in, followed by a retinue of all the most important people on the lot.

"Angie!" the assistant director bellowed. I was sitting next to Betty, muttering not so much to her as to myself, "I can't, I just can't, I'm too scared!"

"I'll do it, kid." Betty put in at this point and whirled onto the set. She did the whole routine with great style, feeling no pain. Right after "what a dancer!" in my little "tall poodle." Somehow I knew that she would be embarrassed if I thanked her. So I didn't. But without words we both knew that everything was just fine.

Four more pictures went over the dam before Betty really let her hair down with me. It's not that she's stand-offish. She just isn't sure that you want to be friends. She has a rare kind of modesty for a girl who is, after all, a star. I noticed immediately the scarcity of the first person singular in her conversation. And later I realized that the word "self" had not been used in the speech or acting. I asked her if she didn't find her gorgeous legs, "Skinny," was her verdict. My husband's mouth really fell open at this hetes.

"Becky," I said (we had hit upon this nickname and it stuck), "don't tell me you have an inferiority complex!"

She pucked up her forehead at this and thought about it a moment. She admitted that she thought she had. She had been plunged into this business so early, she said. She had always, all her life, been working just one step ahead of what she had been able to assimilate and understand. Sometimes she thought she didn't even like the business. Sometimes she hated it! She laughed then, a little embarrassed by her own violence. I thought it was one thing eating her for too long a time her life had been all work—work and nothing more. And she knew that she was more, A. I. for instance, though nobody at the studio but Betty knew, was going to have a baby.

"She should fall in love," I told Chuck, my husband, as we drove home, "if she only had time." She had time, as it turned out, soon after. During the production of Springtime in the Rockies Betty met Harry James. I was home with my new baby then but Betty and I laughed over ever hearing her every night on the phone. They were having lots of laughs on the picture, she said. But this wasn't starting. There are always plenty of laughs on a picture.

When Betty tore off to New York as soon as the picture was finished however (Harry was in New York), we all began to wonder. And when she came back, not talking but twinkling, we knew. At least I knew.

"When?" was all I said. She laughed. It would have to be quick, she indicated. She was good Betty doing like on all of those long distance phone calls. It was quick. The minute "Coney Island" wound up, Betty was off to join Harry and the marrying Judge in Las Vegas.

While Betty Harry honeymooned everybody at the studio concentrated on thinking up a big program of work for the Glamour Fuss as soon as she got back. "Pin Up Girl" was next on the schedule and Hermans Pan and I were working out for it the toughest dance routine Betty ever had. The big number was an Apache dance which she was to do with Hermann himself, in which he threw her around like a rubber ball.

When we ran through it for Betty the first time, I thought she looked a little green, but she didn't say anything until later when the two of us were alone in her dressing room.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked me.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF PIOTOPLAY, Published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., by G. W. Lieferant, Secretary, Women's World, 209 East Street, New York, N. Y.

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I spent the next couple of days thinking up believable reasons for taking the punishment out of the Apache dance. It wasn't easy, since I couldn't tell the real reason—that Betty was expecting a baby.

I was happy. Betty was happy. With the advent of Harry James in her life and then after little Vicki's arrival and Jessica's, Betty began to bloom like a rose. There was a new light in her eyes, an apparently new meaning, new object in her life. Betty and I saw a lot more of one another off the set now that we had our babies. My Dennis was a year-and-a-half and just big enough to make him feel the big, strong man. We bunched around from pony rings to merry-go-rounds on our days off and on weekends often wound up at Betty's and Harry's ranch in Calabasas.

At the ranch, you can really relax. Everybody wears blue jeans, Betty does the cooking and good! Everybody forgets about studio wrangles for awhile.

At their lovely English house in town—which they plan to sell—Betty and Harry and a scarcely more formal. They have a small formal living room but nobody ever goes into it. The babies' doll house was stored in the last I knew. Center of their life is in the paneled den, with its huge stone fireplace and quilted rug and often we stay there for dinner. There is always a place for Vicki at the dinner table. She is almost five now and strictly the little lady. It is wonderful to watch Betty with her. When the food is all gone and coffee coming in, Betty winks at Vicki. "Time to say goodnight," she smiles. Off Vicki goes, without protest, to find Miss Parsons, her nurse, and go happily to bed. She knows Mama and Daddy are not brushing her off.

For a girl who is always complaining that she never had time to learn anything, Betty knows a lot about psychology. Jessica wrote on the wall, "Betty took great trouble to explain to Vicki what was about to happen. "It will be your little baby, too," she said, and "you can take care of it, and love it. Mama and Daddy will love it, too, just the way they love their Vicki."

But it isn't all "fun with the kiddies" at the Jameses'. Betty is smart about Harry, as well as devoted to him. She knows how important it is that they go on having fun together. She is forever dreaming up gags. I sat in on one the other night that she called "laughing stock..." for months. Harry and his orchestra were doing an engagement at the Aragon, a ballroom down at the beach. Betty decided to turn up at the place, in disguise, to see if she could fool him. We worked on the plan all day at the studio, digging up props. Marie Brasselle, Betty's hairdresser, went home with Betty for dinner and Kenny Williams, the dance director, and I were at the hotel at 9 o'clock to drive her down to the beach.

At 8:45, Betty phoned me. "Don't come yet," she said. "Harry hasn't gone yet." When we arrived, Harry was getting ready. She had left her studio make-up-on at dinner, to convince Harry she wasn't planning to go out. That was coming off now, and a new make-up going on. White, white powder, dark purple lipstick, black eyebrows arched a la Dietrich. Marie had brought along a slick, black wig. Then a tight black skirt, a flame-colored blouse. Shoes with very high heels and ankle straps. Finally, the wedding ring came off, to be replaced by my engagement ring. It was astonishing. Betty camed downstairs, slowly. Kenny blinked. "You look," he said, "like the cashier at the Bijou Theatre."

On the way out, we picked out a name for our beauty. "La Von LaRue?" suggested Betty, breaking up. We settled for Lynn Kelley, the name of an Irish girl friend of mine. It seemed to fit. All of us were certain that nobody would guess that this black-haired saxo was Betty Grable. You can fool your husband, if you're Betty Grable, as it turned out, but not your fans. Autograph hunters were clamoring five minutes after we got inside. A strange man came up, put臂 around Betty and said, "Hi, Betty, may I have the next dance?"

Betty gave us one of those I thought you said it was good" looks and fled with Kenny and me into the darker cocktail lounge. Betty's sister and brother-in-law were sitting at a corner table, shouted, "Hi" at us. Kenny thought fast, introduced "Miss Kelley." There were polite how-de-dos all around. This was more like it. Betty signaled that I should go backstage and dig up Harry. I found him, signing autographs.

"Hi Harry," I said. "Why don't you come out front for a few minutes. Girl friend of mine from New York wants to meet you."

He came back, after the next set, met "Miss Kelley" with no sign of recognition. He pulled up a chair, made polite conversation. What did Miss Kelley do, he wanted to know. "I'm a dancer," said Betty, playing it straight. She was from Flatbush, she said. As if Harry couldn't tell. She waved my ring under his nose. "What did you say her name was," Harry whispered to me. "Lynn Kelley," I whispered back.

"She's rather attractive," he said. At this Betty whooped. The beautiful Grable teeth flashed and the game was won.

There are some evenings with Betty that are not so merry. If Harry is away, especially if he's flying, she is frantic. If one of the kids is sick, she's upset and unhappy all day long. I know her moods by now and when she's feeling low I just don't talk to her. "You know, don't you, Angie," she said to me once, "that I can't be Laughing Girl all the time." Sure I know. That divided heart! I know that sometimes when the slapstick is wildest on the set, Betty would give anything to be at home with her family. In her old clothes, out of the spotlight for a bit. Her terrific loyalty! When the axe began swinging at the studio a few months ago I thought my number was up. I was all set for the pink slip but it never came. Betty would never tell me and she wouldn't confess if I braced her with it but I know that she went to the front office and saved my job up tight.

You always know where you stand with Betty. She takes a good time long to make up her mind but when it's made up, it's made up for good. I'm lucky. I made the "like" list.

"Of all the people around here, Angie," she said to me the other day, "you wear the best." I could have cried. From a girl who doesn't know how to gush, that's sweet music.

The End

LIFE ON THE CROSBY RANGE

Wally Westmore, Paramount make-up artist and an old friend, explodes a few gags and reveals a different Bing in a smashing February Photoplay story.
Ilona Massey is the beautiful blonde who charms the Marx Brothers in the Lester Cowan Production, "Love Happy," a United Artists Release.


For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79.
Lady

A trim iridescent faille jacket and slim crepe skirt with flat back pleats will bring you lots of compliments. And you can wear it on and on, even during summer. Design by Majestic in sizes 10-18. Jacket $8.95. Skirt $5.95 at Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Mass., and Robertson Brothers, South Bend, Ind.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79

If you feel the need for a wardrobe pick-up this time of year, and who doesn't, here are a few suggestions: For an unusual flash of color, line your deep-toned coat with a bright plaid or a novelty print. Line the pockets, too. You'll be as perked up as if you had a whole new outfit.

Some of the beauties of Hollywood pin a deep red velvet rose under the turned-up collar of a suit or dress or clip a rose low on the neckline of a dressier jacket (similar to the one we show on this page) for that extra glamour touch.

Scatter-pins are wonderful pinned on a scarf or suit lapel and for the evening, pin them on a ribbon around your neck. With a low neckline this adds an elegant note.

Shell-foot stockings are the perfect accessory to wear with the "oh-so-important" shell pumps. And have you noticed how pretty feminine pumps make all clothes seem much smarter?
Doris Day's robe designed by Milo Anderson for Warner Brothers' "My Dream Is Yours," a Michael Curtiz Production

Here is a robe cut along the classic lines everyone loves. If you wish to be elegant in it, choose a rich fabric. For the budget-wise woman who wants a lovely robe that will serve double duty, it is perfect for lounging or boudoirwear. Cohama's Metalaine—a lightweight wool and rabbits hair, woven with nontarnishable aluminum yarn—is a superb fabric for this pattern and it comes in various flattering shades.

For sketches and stores selling Photoplay Patterns see page 79
**Milo Anderson**

designer of Doris Day’s robe in “My Dream Is Yours”

Milo Anderson, ace designer for the feminine stars at Warner Brothers Studio, believes that his creed, “dress to yourself,” is a rule that should hold for any woman who wishes to present herself at her best; to accentuate her personality.

“American women have acquired a new freedom in their wardrobe choices,” says Milo. “No longer will they take dictation on what is fashionable and correct for a particular time or place. Instead they choose always what is most becoming to their figure and personality.”

The lounging robe Milo designed for Doris Day in “My Dream Is Yours,” our pattern this month, is an example of the Anderson devotion to simple lines and rich fabric. It further follows his credo in that it is suited to Doris’s personality. She prefers modified tailored lines in her personal and screen wardrobes—no frills and ruffles.

So if you, too, find simple lines more becoming, this Milo Anderson robe is the robe for you. Why not make one for summer in cotton, either plain or patterned—with white pique collars and cuffs for easy tubbing.

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Smooth

Martha Vickers, slim and lovely, is seen in “Daughter of Ramona,” a Martin Mooney Film Classics release.

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PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
Continued from page 30) I have lived in Hollywood, New York City, that fashionable part of Metropolis and the “Bohemian” part of Connecticut called Westport. Even before I was born, Joan Crawford was destined to be my godmother and I was destined to be her godson. Joan and I were the closest friends for simply years. From my cradle, I have been meeting famous actors, playwrights, reporters and magazine editors.

My parents, from whom I’ve always called by their given names, are both writers. Katherine, after being a minor movie actress, became a Los Angeles newspaper writer, then a publicity girl and finally, an editor (that’s where she first met Joan Crawford) then a writer on this very magazine, Photoplay. And since she has been married to my father, she has collaborated with him in writing plays.

My father, Dale Junson, besides being a short story writer and a magazine editor, was coauthor of the stage hits, “Guest in the House” and “I, Me.” So you can see why I’ve never been hungry—until this last August 30th when Mr. Goldwyn signed me, and then I starved. Because Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Goldwyn’s executive talent director, told me: “Let’s see if this baby is good!” And this was followed by a similar order from Mr. Goldwyn, who said: “You must drop ten pounds.” It was rough, awfully rough. Of course, my naughtiest trick, I suppose, as in picking so close relatives. If Dale hadn’t written “Guest in the House,” I might never have had the chance to go on in a perfectly slick child part at the age of nine, and I would have had to be an actress and not a ballet dancer.

When “Guest in the House” was to be played at Cambridge, Massachusetts, Dale recommended me for the little girl part. Outside the box, he said, “Guest in the House” starring Richard Hart (yes, he was actually Richard Hart who was Anna Turner’s leading man in “Green Dolphin Street”) and introducing Joan Junson. As the wings were closed for my entrance cue, I was very, very nervous. I didn’t know what I’d do when I got out there in front of a real audience. And then suddenly, I heard the right words. I began running and moving, and as I heard myself talking, thought: “If I feel as nervous as this, I can’t just go on.” Right after that scene, I became a film star. Joan Junson and I have been since. In fact it all went so well I began to hope that someday, after a bit of work, I would be a little important, maybe. But in my wildest dreams I never imagined the day would come when I would be co-starring with Farley Granger.

It was odd—the day it all happened. When Mr. Goldwyn and Cathy O’Donnell started company, Mr. Selwyn, Goldwyn’s general manager, had let it slip that they were going on a scouting expedition. When he phoned Katherine Willard, Ralph Bellamy’s ex-wife and a family friend, asking if she’d like any promising girls, she told him to send me up.

The next morning, he called and asked me to come to the Goldwyn office and get a script. Katherine told me not to get too excited. I went to Selwyn and two days later, I made a test.

Two whole dreadful weeks elapsed after that. It couldn’t have been more grim. No telephone call. Then finally a wire came through. Dale took the telegram over the phone, Katherine and I were dying. As I said later, he might at least have talked to you do on a stage telephone. You know, said stuff like, “Well, do you want me to tell my daughter that she has the part?” Instead, he just stood there saying, “Uh-huh... yes... uh-huh... yes.” Then he hung up and said, “What do you want to know?” which simply infuriated Katherine and me.

What the wire had said was, could I leave the next day for the Coast. I could have left in five minutes.

Katherine and I arrived in Los Angeles the next Monday and by three, Mr. Goldwyn saw us. I was told to report for another photographic test the next morning. That’s when I met Irving Reis, the director, who, is terrific, and Farley Granger, who is a dream walking. We went over the script, rehearsing love scenes, which we shot as a test on Saturday. During the test I was calmer than I had been any day since we arrived. I played my scenes with Farley as though he were a long-lost uncle. I was wearing Merle Oberon’s dress from “Wuthering Heights.” My hair was lightened and the stage was so cold that even though I wore a woolen bathing suit under the nightdress that the scene called for, I shivered and shook violently. They brought me coffee to warm me up. I don’t like coffee, but I gulped it down so fast I burned my tongue.

HOW I lived over that weekend I don’t know. The suspense was perfectly dreadful. But finally it got to be Monday once more and I was told to come to the studio.

On the way over, I gave myself a real talking to. I told myself that (A) I’d get the part of Roseanna. (B) Mr. Goldwyn would say he liked me but that I was too young and that I was to come back in three years. (C) He wouldn’t like me at all and I would be sent back to New York and all Katherine and I would have had out of the trip would have been our chance to see our old California friends. But the moment we walked into Mr. Goldwyn’s office, I knew. Because he gave me a big grin and I didn’t even have to wait to hear him say, “You are Roseanna.”

Then it began! Giving biographies, going to court to have my contract approved, changing my name. There were interviewers and photographers everywhere. Joan Crawford gave a party to introduce me to the press. She brought along a perfectly gorgeous wrist watch as a gift for me to remember her and the day by—not that I shall ever need that heavenly reminder.

Everybody and everything has been so wonderful. Even before we started shooting I was putting in a seven-hour day, which included just about everything but the good square meals I craved. I had to keep up with my school work. I had to take a daily riding lesson, because a week later I was horseback some, when I was younger, I am not expert.

There’s only one thing I regret. It doesn’t seem quite right that now I am called Joan Evans, even if Evans is my grandmaternal name. I take pride in my family name of Junson. But I do know that Junson, which is pronounced as if the “E” weren’t there, is a name that looks difficult. I write Katherine and do so every night. They have gone back to New York—because that is where their careers require them to be—leaving me out here in charge of a friend. But I will join them as soon as the picture is finished. By being in New York between pictures they hope to keep me from “going Hollywood.”

But whenever I’m home, I know I’ll be waiting for the phone call that will bring me back to the suspense of tests, chilly sets, diets, new work, new friends and the magic that is Hollywood. For, just like Cinderella, I’ve left my heart at the ball.

The End
A: Nothing in my personal life has altered the plans for the handling of the Wyman-Reagan School of Speech.

19. Q: Name a few screen stars who might profit by enrolling in it.
A: [list of names]

20. Q: Do you think some columnists in Hollywood concern themselves too much with the private lives of actors?
A: Yes. Realize we are all in the public eye and as such must expect less privacy than other people. But there is a line of good taste beyond which they should not go, in their speculation on family and personal matters and there is no justification for it. I don't believe the mass of American citizens are busybodies who want to pry into things which they consider private in their own homes.

21. Q: Do you think Hollywood marriages have more strikes against them than others?
A: Yes. Marriage in Hollywood is definitely a tougher row to hoe. The daily work of people in our business is dealing with people. You can't play a scene, say, of great bitterness all day and walk out the gate that night and not take some of it with you.

22. Q: What do you want for your children, career-wise?
A: I think they should make any important decisions for themselves, just as I did. I hope for their sake that they're attracted to show business, for I think it's the happiest profession in the world and that it offers the biggest rewards.

23. Q: Do your children ask questions you can't answer?
A: If I didn't admit that, I'd be the most unusual parent in the world. I think kids are born smarter than their parents.

24. Q: Ronnie, what would you have liked to be, if not a motion-picture star?
A: A rich man, so I wouldn't have to work. I have a great talent for yearning for a lot of things money can buy—expensive hobbies like horses and boats.

25. Q: What motion-picture star would you not enjoy working with?
A: Walter Huston. I'm no fool, I'd like not to do a picture with him because who gets through acting, I'm going to look like an amateur. From him I'll take lessons—but not in front of a camera.

26. Q: What is your favorite performance?
A: I think the greatest performance I have ever seen is Jane Wyman's "Johnny Belinda."

27. Q: Give us a phobia.
A: Riding in an airplane. To my notion, they're not practical. In other words they'll never get them off the ground.

28. Q: Are you too practical?
A: No. I go off half-cocked on a lot of wild ideas. Sometimes I get them where I alone. I'll get all stemmed up about something. But when I get to talking about it, I begin to run down, to realize it doesn't jell.

29. Q: Do you find others resent your accomplishments?
A: The farther up the ladder anyone goes, the lonelier it gets, don't you think?

30. Q: What's your most personal objectionable trait?
A: The one I hate most is my timidity. This is a prime one. I'm a timid soul. I'm over-sentimental. If waiter is rude to me, I double his tip. I have only thirty minutes to eat between a radio rehearsal and a broadcast. I have some fans outside want autographs, in street of telling them my problem, I get without dinner and sign. When I get home, I hate anything else driving. They're my arch enemies. I feel they've no right to be on the road they can't drive a car and driving along, tell them so. I yell at them like mad. But when we pull up at a stop light and the fellow glasses over at me, I just smile. When I do that, I could kill myself.

31. Q: What's your best selling point?
A: My ability to talk fast enough to slow up the other person's thinking. A fast talker doesn't give him a chance to think about the things.

Edwards: You ought to be in the Stat Department!

The End
do you know someone with a HEART OF GOLD?

Someone whose good works and unselfishness deserve recognition? You can tell about it and win a valuable prize on "Second Honeymoon"

Monday-Friday 4 p.m. EST ABC Stations with BERT PARKS, m.c.

For details of the "Heart Of Gold" contest, read the current issue of TRUE ROMANCE magazine now on sale.

'49 Fashion Steps

(Continued from page 56) kind of clothes except the most tailored.

Joan Fontaine has a voluminous cape of violet and black "iridescent" worsted that is but dashing for town or travel wear. And perfect it was while awaiting the arrival of her first baby. Joan's cape is full-length, lined with a matching black faille taffeta. It also has a wide, high-riding collar for protection against chilling breezes.

Ever since Anne Baxter trimmed herself down to her current slimness, she's taken a mad interest in clothes. A designer who whipped up a lot of things for her is Boyh, of San Francisco. One of them is a pencil-slim lacquer-red slipper satin evening gown, the skirt of which has deep slits at the sides. The bodice is straight around, with wide straps over the shoulders. The dress has a short jacket, lined in yellow crepe with a bit of Chinese influence in the tiny, upstanding collar and its braid fastening. Stella of Magnin's, who specializes in designs for small women, has come through with a really practical and flattering skirt detail that is such a boon to all wearers of suits, you wonder why no one ever thought of it before. For a gray-green suit for Anne, she cut the front of the skirt on the bias so that when Anne sits down it doesn't pull up over her knees or cling in unflattering folds. The back of the skirt, however, is cut on the straight.

STOLES, stoles and more stoles—are still the rage. Barbara Bel Geddes is draping a chamois-colored fringed wool stole, twenty-four inches wide and yards long, around her shoulders when she wears her pet circular skirt of dark brown gabardine, topped sometimes by white, sometimes yellow, sometimes matching brown blouses. Of course, the stole looks dreamy over dresses of dark jewel tones too—such as emerald green or sapphire blue.

In fact, "separates" are the key to spicing up a wardrobe. A new "twist" here or there; a complete change of accessories or an added belt or button and presto! that old dress becomes a shining new thing. For instance: Barbara also "teams" a black satin sleeveless jacket with a new short-length evening skirt of black velvet or crepe, plus little handmade tucked white silk long-sleeved blouses. This suggests any number of combinations to mate new and old pieces.

What about that suit or dress of silk or wool that is trimmed with velvet or fur collars and cuffs—and perhaps boasting heavy leather belts? Take off the wintery trimmings and substitute silk or lingerie trimmings; substitute metal or novelty belts; throw away the upper or lower halves of those two-piece woollens and add a pastel-shade bolero or jacket—or a skirt of printed silk or even cotton, combined with the heavier half you're salvaging. And it's a whole new deal for spring.

The right-hand of Anne has stumbled into Cobina Wright's party, where some of the top glamour-pusses were modelling fashions, was really something. Among the models was Barbara Shore, wearing a whole raft of gorgeous evening clothes, most of which she took to London with her and wore for her stage stint there. And she really wowed 'em. One of the prettiest gowns was worn by Judy Garland. It was of mimosa-yellow silk taffeta and the tricky use of pockets in the huge skirt was a new detail. Ann wore black lace gloves, jet earrings and necklace with the striking gown. Later, everyone wandered out into the garden for a midnight feast of fancy hot dogs, barbecued hamburgers, and other informal goodies. Ran into Judy Garland and Vince Minnelli and Judy was sporting a lovely new necklace of jade, thousands of years old, that her spouse had just given her. A night at our own shack, Judy was wearing a gorgeous, flared, gold choker necklace with a scalloped edge, each outside scallop solidly edged with rather large round diamonds—the whole thing beautifully designed and made. "My only jewels!" exclaimed Judy, when we screamed in admiration over it. And you know—in a way, she's right. She has all kinds of semi-precious "jewel ensembles" of coral, jade, etc.—and we've long noted she seems to prefer this kind of adornment.

These are the days for the "little woman"—the very little look is the new look—and lines are getting sleeker to accentuate it. Suit coats are getting longer, side, but if you're long-waisted and short-legged, just skip the information! Mona Freeman is one little gal who is not only dainty but so well proportioned that she can wear them. She has a smooth, deep gray dressmaker suit that is really "the latest," with its longer jacket that features double flap-pockets at the hipline, accentuating her tiny waist. It fits snugly over her skimmer skirt. The jacket buttons from its double pointed collar to the waistline. With it Mona wears a double-brimmed sailor of a slightly paler tone and old gold, with a flame of gray feathers jutting off one side. Purse and gloves are gray, and so are the shoes. These monotype ensembles surely emphasize "the little look!"—and very nice, too!

The End
Bendix and the Babe

Bill waited twenty years to have the Babe sign the ball he caught at Yankee Stadium

To become Babe Ruth for even a few days, be called that name, assume that character, Bill Bendix came was the greatest thrill of his movie career. Yet it was fitting enough that Bill should play the Bambino. Both rose from obscurity—Bill from a poor family in New York and Babe from an orphanage—to a success beyond their dreams. Babe became the one thing Bill had hoped to be—a great ball player. As a kid, Bill used to hang around the New York Giants so persistently that they finally made him a bat boy. It was only when his father refused to let him follow the team into spring training that he gave up the idea of becoming a player. But he never lost his enthusiasm for the game and many a summer afternoon used to find him in the bleachers at Yankee Stadium, rooting and cheering himself hoarse for the mighty Ruth.

So, when years later, he was approached to play the Bambino after scores of other actors had been turned down, he accepted with joy and humility, especially when he knew that the Babe, himself, approved of him for the part.

Babe left his hospital in the East to journey to Hollywood to act as technical advisor for "The Babe Ruth Story," and to assist author John Considine with the script. Thinned by his illness and consumed by the pain of the throat cancer that claimed his life, Babe arrived in town smiling. If Hollywood expected a beaten man, they were mistaken.

Every morning he greeted those on the set with "Hello, kid!" He never knew anyone's name. He never bothered to learn. "Kid" seemed good enough to Babe. "My name's Bendix," Bill said to him once. "Ah, oh, yeah," Babe said. And the next morning it was "Hello, kid," again with maybe a slap on Bill's back which would uproot his back teeth. A shadow of himself, he tried to maintain the strengths of two thin. But out of sight, on the set, Bill would find him gripping a support in his unbearable agony.

They traveled, Bill and Babe, from casual acquaintance (they had met before in New York) to close friends during those three weeks that Ruth sat on the sidelines and watched Bill and Claire Trevor play Mr. and Mrs. Ruth. "He never raised one objection," Bill said. "He seemed pleased with everything we were doing."

They'd lunch together daily at the studio commissary. Babe would sit and enjoy Bill's stories, smoking one cigar after another and downing his mugs of beer. Because it gave him pleasure, and because there was no chance of recovery, he was permitted twenty-seven cigars daily and all the beer he could drink.

The studio, realizing that they were racing against time, rushed the film to completion and to an immediate world premiere at New York's Astor Theatre. His doctor permitted Babe to attend. They knew it would be a better medicine than anything they could offer. The roar of the crowd drowned out the noise of Broadway as Babe made his entrance.

He couldn't remain for the entire film, but he liked what he saw of it.

Perhaps it was better that he didn't stay for the scene in which Claire Trevor asked, "How long will my husband live, doctor?"

"No longer than six weeks," was the doctor's starkly prophetic reply.

And on August 17, three weeks from the night the film opened, Babe Ruth, mourned by millions, lay in the rotunda of Yankee Stadium in his final rest. 

The End
Diamonds and Diapers

(Continued from page 22) upon her. Frankly, I was delighted to slip into the nursery mood. An interview via telephone was the best I could hope for with this unpredictable girl, because Lana intends to remain in the East until after the birth of the baby. What are your plans for the baby? I asked.

"Well, I want him born in the East, probably here in Greenwich, because this is Bob's home. I'll spend a few days withie that impulsiveness that is so much a part of her, "I have never been so contented and at peace in my life.

"You know—when I was expecting Cheryl I was never sure we were going well between Steve and me. But now I know that completely wonderful feeling of a woman who awaits a beloved baby with peace of mind and heart.

"Cheryl—oh, that she could be such a big girl now, I had almost forgotten how much fun it is to be buying baby clothes, shopping for a nursery and doing all those things every mother enjoys, along with said for baby. My days seem so lazy. And yet I am not at all restless. You know how active I've always been, wanting to do something every moment? "

"You would know now," she went on. "It's a big day when I go into the village and order diapers or talk with the man who is enlarging one of the rooms. But now I don't want to be tired before or after she is born. I'm not only resting under orders—I'm loving it!"

"How about your maternity wardrobe—is it as elaborate as your trousseau?" I asked, remembering all the publicized stories about Lana's trousseau.

"Oh, that!" she replied with a chuckle. "If you want to know the truth, I'm easing the seams of the beautiful little trousseau and wearing blouses and sweaters with them. I could never be a model for the best dressed expectant mother!"

Now that's something! And with Bob coming into a cool—or hot—$4,000,000 from his mother's estate very soon. However, I did not mention this little detail about Lana, since I knew she was more interested in diapers than diamonds.

Pardon me for mentioning it—but I had been the first person in Hollywood in whom Bob put his trust. And I saw that she was expecting a baby and I knew the story hours ahead of her studio. Lana always gets into the mood of the character either on or off the screen and there had been a definite catch in her voice when she first told me, "Yes, I am going to have a (catch) baby."

But the complications that news let loose were thoroughly in keeping with Lana's volatile life. Thousands had been spent in preparation for "Madame Bovary." The production was ready to roll with the advent of the glamorous star from France or less stormy tour of Europe. Now even that was in upheaval because the aforementioned stormy petrel was dulcely announcing from across the continent that motherhood was.

But what's to do? What are the plans of movies and corporations in the face of Nature taking its course? There was nothing to be done with the prospective mother the best of her heart most days. There were whispers asking, why hadn't Lana told her bosses sooner?

Lana must have read my mind, for she suddenly said, "The only thing I am sorry about is that I was not able to let the studio know about the baby and to give them such short notice before Madame Bovary was to start. But I would like everyone concerned with the picture to know that the studio was notified just as soon as I was sure myself."

I have now written five chapters in the Life and Times of Lana Turner for this very Photoplay magazine, starting with Lana's own version of her engagement with Artie Shaw soon after her turbulent romance with Greg Bautzer ended. I also duly reported the ending of that idyll, with Lana and Artie planning how Artie had called her "dumb."

I suppose Chapter 2 should be headed "Steve Crane" since he was good for two stories—the marriage, the separation, and the remarriage. Steve learned she was expecting a baby. The reconciliation with Crane was a beautiful romance. Then their eventual breakup, although they remained friends, was another story.

After this came Lana's most adult romance—her love story with Tyrone Power. She was really in love! I saw her a lot during the early blooming of that romance. Nothing in the world mattered to her but Tyrone. She told me she was changing the whole pattern of her life to match his. They gave a party together before he went to Europe. Their clinic at the plane was in every newspaper. I assured her this love was sacred to her. "I am not even going to dine in a cafe while Ty is gone," she said, dramatically.

And the mistake of going to Ciro's with Steve Crane on a night she was supposed to be at a dinner party attended by many of Ty's closest friends. This, and a visit to New York, when she did nothing that I could see was particularly wrong except to have a good time, were duly reported to Ty. Tyrone came home to tell her it was "all over." Meantime, he had met Linda Christian who lost no time in soothing his pride and assuring him of her great admiration.

"And that's that!" Lana told me, bitterly. "I'm going back to Tyrone's to have some fun." That was her way of covering that great big ache in her heart and she knew it. It was this trip to New York which developed her front page romance with Bob. They told their cross-country love story—the flashily reported $25,000 trousseau and their wedding, sarcastically reported in most instances. Again I did a story about Lana and her interview.

As I read back over these many stories about Lana in many moods—excitement, happiness, heartache, sorrow, ecstasy, bitterness, she has been impressed by one thing: She is always completely sincere at the moment. She is as authentic in her private life dramas as she is in the roles she plays on the screen and even her critics cannot say she is not a good actress. Perhaps in dramatizing her private life moods, she sometimes twists things around to fit the particular "character" she is living at the moment—like an actress possessively appropriating a model. I believe that may be why the English and the French reporters found fault with her—at the time she was on her European honeymoon."

"It was the time she was playing to the hilt the role of the sensuous, sophisticated, rich Mrs. Bob Topping, the beautiful movie queen on a wedding trip."

At heart, Lana is not that way. That is why it is too bad to make such wrong impression. She is much more like the girl I talked with on the phone, warm, friendly, cooperative. Perhaps she is embroidering the sentiment of being a Lady in Waiting, but she has proved she is a good mother and undoubtedly she is anticipating the new baby with real love and devotion.

The END
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(Continued from page 54) for a more relaxed life, adapt some part of this Western decoration to your own home for outdoor simplicity. Great picture windows, sometimes covering the whole side of a wall, and often forming sliding panels so that they can be used as doors, too, are practical, and help to establish a Western decorative scheme. Nothing—not even mirrors—makes a small room look as big and as warm as the use of such windows.

Two outdoor fireplaces have been built and both of them are adaptable either to cooking or to mere heating. These are expensive unless you build them yourself, and many do—costing anywhere up to $1000, depending on where you live and the height and width of the fireplace—barbecues you desire. But they make a lot of sense, especially where climate also has a Western influence, meaning that it automatically gets chilly at sunset. And, again, like the tile or cement, they are permanent—and if there is rain, the diffusion of moisture to the cold steak and baked potatoes, prepared out in the fresh, sharp air before your eager eyes and twitching nose, it's yet to be discovered.

Joanne has staged his patio in the shade of the old avocado trees. Handy, this. Western, too. For avocados give wonderful daytime shade as well as terrific eating fruit. If you have a grove and sell them, too, the trees bear so heavily. Actually, the Ivresses raise almost all their own food. If you are out of an avocado zone, plan a terrace in the shade of other fruit. Without reservation, however, if you want a Western accent to your outdoor living, copy the Ivresses' use of redwood tables and tubular steel furniture—unless you lack a lot of sense, especially where climate also has a Western influence, meaning that it automatically gets chilly at sunset. And, again, like the tile or cement, they are permanent—and if there is rain, the diffusion of moisture to the cold steak and baked potatoes, prepared out in the fresh, sharp air before your eager eyes and twitching nose, it's yet to be discovered.

Oddly enough, while the effect of these windows is modern, they go beautifully with old-fashioned materials, like calico, used as hangings, particularly when the fabric is billowed. The beautiful Joanna Dru, who is, of course, Mrs. Dick Haymes, used quilted calico, under a formal valance box of calico, around a window setting like this. She was born in a decorator, and in her case, she was using out of windows, not one picture window, but windows that extend across the whole wall, going up almost to the ceiling, though not down to the floor. It's charming to the summer loungers shutters across the windows, most practical idea, as the light can be adjusted exactly as you desire it at any time and, also, there is no upkeep cost on louvers after the shutters are built. Below the windows, Joanne has a ten-foot-long couch covered in the same calico. The effect is delightful. And don't forget how cheap calico is.

Incidentally, the Haymes ranch—and it is that, indeed, with its horse corrals, chickens and dogs—is obviously designed around the happiness of the three Haymes daughters. A chintz-washed house, about twenty yards away from the main house, so their sleep won't be disturbed at night when Mother and Daddy are entertaining (Daddy has quite a tennis racket, he plays when he wins on such occasions) and speakers from their house are wired into every room of the main house, so that the slightest sound from them is registered.

The floors in the main Haymes house are hardwood, in very wide boards, which gives a definite "ranch" atmosphere, with braided rugs here and there. "The kids can spill milk to their hearts' content," Dick says, and "nothing is harmed.

The Western accent in decor means the elimination of bric-a-brac in the usual sense. Great masses of silver are not about, either, any more than bits and pieces of china, that demand cleaning and dusting. Plants, however, are used dramatically, like the huge split-leaf Philodendron in Joanne's room, and the quickly growing laurel and boxwood, the feathery willow and the green cushion periwinkle and the other plants and flowers. Here, again, you have a type of investment. The figs don't bear, but if kept in half shade—the Philodendron should be, also—they grow lushly, their dark green color is always lovely and their touches as you can see in any movie scene indicating a smart home or apartment.

The West also seems to be pioneering outdoor lighting of gardens or yards that make the most romantic nighttime vistas.
Why I'm Not Afraid to Marry Wanda

(Continued from page 24) Anyhow, I'm pretty positive now that it is the only marriage for me.

Of course, if I didn't really believe Wanda wanted it to be her only marriage, too, I wouldn't be getting into it at all. Because we've had to get over enough Hollywood handicaps as it is. It's the way we've managed to do this, incidentally, that gives me confidence that we can make it work.

As I am writing this, my girl is in Rome, shooting on "Prince of Foxes." She's been there since last April. I'm in Hollywood, writing various All-Star Artists' "Bad Boy," Six thousand miles separating us. A fine romance, I think not. I can't count how many times in the past eight months I've wanted to go kick down the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios for keeping Skipper in Rome all this time. Skipper, as I guess you've heard, is my pet name for Wanda, though sometimes I call her Charlie. That's when I don't call her Skip. She calls me Charlie because I'm trying to cure her of that. The mere sound of that word makes me afraid she's going to break out some of her C-rations and my stomach still says "no thanks" for that memory.

The crazy impulses I've had in these last eight months! Like the dozens of times when I've figured over and over how I could sneak out of Hollywood and just go out the back of a plane, along with some spare parts and then bail out over Rome. Just when I'm set on some such scheme, a letter comes like the one Wanda sent me early in September arriving out of the blue and maybe I should say, warm. Warm with tenderness.

Skipper's no kind of a letter writer. Neither am I. To me, writing letters is like being in school with "she isn't and neither am I" routine for hours. You know how it is when you're in love. The big thrill is discovering all those "I liked such-and-such and so did you, and such-and-such, and isn't it wonderful that you don't either."

Well, Skipper doesn't smoke or drink and I don't either. I never ask her why she doesn't, but I'm glad it's the fact. With the keeping off liquor and cigarettes isn't moral. I just hate the waste of them—the waste of time and money. I'll explain about that letter later. My girl sent me in September. There was a photograph enclosed of a little dark-eyed kid. Some little Italian boy, I suppose. But on the back of it, Wanda had written, "This is Danny." That broke me up completely. Why? Because Danny's the name of our son-to-be. Our first-born-to-be. After Danny, we plan to have Kathleen. We didn't. When we get two others, another boy, followed by another girl. Or maybe what we'll get is four girls in a row, like Eddie Cantor, or four boys, like Bing. But we will have our children and we won't want them to grow up with them. Then maybe later, we will have three or four more.

Entailing those first four is looking a long way ahead. But that's the way Skipper and I dream. And what else is marriage but two people dreaming the same dream for their whole lives and working together to make it come true?

Listen to me! I guess I should confess I didn't expect to get married so soon and least of all to a movie actress. Girls—or so a certain little girl who is a movie actress has her Skipper—think about marrying many of their lives. A fellow doesn't do that. The way it is with a guy is that he starts with an idea of his dream girl, and then if he finds her and her life up to the dream, the mood of marriage just sort of drifts over him. He's trapped for life and scared about it and glad about it, all at the same time. During the war, my dream girl became a reality. Back home in Kinston, Texas, I never had a steady girl. Never had the time or the money for a steady girl.

I'm the second oldest of us seven Murphy kids. My father died when I was twelve, my mother when I was sixteen. The three youngest kids had to grow up in an orphanage. We all hated that, but it was the best we could do. The first thing I did when I hit Hollywood and collected some dough was to get them out of there. They've got a real home now, or at least as good a home as you can make when there's no mother and father.

I went to work at twelve. I tried to get into the Marines in 1941 when I was seventeen. The next year, the Army took me. I didn't have any girl to write to while I was overseas. My idea of a girl was one of who was petite, not beautiful, but nice. I wanted a girl who was all woman, but not one you would have to carry around on a pillow. When they washed me out, I was in service with a fifty per cent disability that includes a trick stomach, a hip that snarls in cold
weather and some ex-frozen feet that hate winter, I knew I was a lucky character, getting my chance through Jimmie Cagney to come to California. I didn’t know whether or not I could act (I still don’t know) but I was positive I could use that California sunshine. Jimmie Cagney and his wife couldn’t have been nicer. I lived out on their ranch. I couldn’t eat much because of my trick stomach. I didn’t know how to cook and I felt shy, anyhow. My hip ached and my feet, as the saying goes, were killing me.

Six months went by. Why they didn’t put me before a camera, I don’t know. Then one day, I picked up an old copy of a magazine and saw Wanda’s picture on the cover. You’ve probably heard that part of the story. It’s been told a lot. So I’ll just repeat that I set up a date through friends, for us to meet. We all had dinner in the Cagney guest house.

Wanda was prettier than ever I had expected and nicer than I’d dared hope. I took her home at ten o’clock and we shook hands. I told her I’d call her and because I didn’t want to look too eager, I waited a week. But that week seemed to be nineteen months long. It’s the second date that counts. And then the third. And then the fourth. After that, zing go the strings of your heart, if you don’t look out. And I didn’t look out, particularly after that weekend Wanda, her parents and I spent a day in Hollywood and I felt by then in the Cagney guest house.

I was delighted when I found out that my girl wasn’t exactly a sharpshooter, at least she wasn’t afraid of a gun. I’ve hunted all my life. Had to, for food. But I love hitting a target and it was a thrill to see Skipper learning how to do that, too. And I got a big bang out of our going fishing, and horseback-riding—discovering she was a real outdoor girl, who could also be just the opposite and glamour up—when she chose. It was good to find out that Wanda had grown up in Jacksonville, Florida, scratching for pennies, just as I had. She’d gone to work at fourteen, in little theaters.

Her father, whom I admire a lot, is a carpenter. We talked man to man, understanding each other. And it was nice, too, to find out the girl could cook, particularly Southern fried chicken. I did my own cooking for a year, so I appreciate good cooking, when I get it. Once the Hendrix family owned a restaurant, so Mrs. Hendrix knows about food and she taught Wanda.

By the time the Christmas holidays of 1946 approached, we were engaged. That’s why we hope to be married this year at the same season. Sentimental once more, you see. And our love letting both of us rise above our Hollywood fears.

Wanda wants to stay in movies for a few years, and as long as she’s happy, that’s what I want, too, but I’d hate to have her stay in pictures too long. We both think it’s bad for children to grow up separated from their parents.

After not getting into any pictures and only appearing in a few. "Alf Ladd’s picture, "Beyond Glory," I’m now under contract to Paul Short, and I’ve had this swell chance at "Bad Boy." I like the picture because I think it will have a good effect on kids. Being an orphan, just like the kid in the story, I know I could have done the same thing he did. I’d always like to do movies that may do some good in the world. That is, if possible. But what we are mostly guarding against is beginning to believe our own publicity. Once you start that—begin to let other people live your life for you—you are in trouble.

Right now, I’m getting our apartment ready. And with my films in mind, I’m not doing any decorating, because I think I’m color blind, but I’m getting the furniture and Wanda can do all that stuff about buying carpets and curtains when she gets here. Nights, I write her about the shape of every chair I buy and such-like, except those nights I work on my book, "To Hell and Back," which Henry Holt and Company are going to publish this coming spring. But when I start writing about those war days and nights, I interrupt myself thinking of Skipper and how she’s changed me, making me a kinder person. I like being nice to nice people, but it’s tough for me to act that way to people I don’t like. Wanda has a way of being nice to everyone. She’s a gentle girl. She’s a pretty girl, even if she has got a complex about her tiny, the way she is, and I think she’s built just right.

The critics say she has a new glamour in "Rattlesnake," with all those glittering clothes she wears and her hair cut and dyed red. So, okay, that’s her career side. But they don’t know the half of it. They ought to know the girl I know. Especially on those outdoor dates, wearing old riding clothes and her face framed by that brown hair of hers! Won’t Danny and Kathleen and all the other little Murphys be lucky, too, having a mother like that? And won’t I be lucky, too, having such a wife? I’m telling you!
Cheers and Jeers:

I used to like Peter Lawford, but when he was in Cleveland he reported he thought nothing of teen-agers and wanted nothing to do with them when a group of us went to get his autograph. Wasn’t it teen-agers that boosted him to stardom?  
Jeannine Schreiber  
Olmsted Falls, O.

Have just finished reading “A Gay History of Hollywood” and I will say it is one article that held my interest from beginning to end. How about asking Hollywood to produce plays like that in pictures and call it “The Hollywood Story.” Tell them to round up all the stars, show some flashbacks and produce the biggest movie of all time.  
Howard Hughes. Maybe he’d produce it.

Ned R. Caporuscio  
Altoona, Pa.

I read in a magazine that Lana Turner and Bob Topping took a lambasting from English reporters who felt the honeymooners gave them a brushoff. I wish I could cry out to them that they are absolutely wrong. I know Miss Turner through her pictures since I was a little girl and even in her bad roles, you can see the gentleness in her eyes.

Mrs. D. Valsam  
Istanbul, Turkey

The Mitchum Question:

I just read “The Strange Case of Robert Mitchum” (November). I, for one, do not believe he has been using rectors for “two years.” Does he look it? Perhaps he was blue and only experimenting. He’s had bad breaks before and came through. He’ll fight. And my best wishes to the best actor on the screen.

Nanalee Hall  
Leoni, Ky.

Personally, I think Bob Mitchum’s case is not only a strange case, but a hopeless one, unless he does something about it. Bob had better get wise to the fact that he has a career, a wife and two children to look after, and had better do it soon.

Nancy McCarthy  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Poll Post-mortem:

Let me laugh at the hopeless “Choose Your Star” results. Out of the four or five personalities named who will still be prominent five years from now, your readers chose only one (Howard Duff) for a top-six spot. Mr. Duff will still be there because he is versatile—and he intends to stick. He’s not my dish of tea, but I admire him for getting what he wants. Wanda Hendrix should go to the top, but I fear her romantic life and a limitation of suitable roles will discourage her. Without Shirley Temple’s well-meaning but misguided influence, John Agar would fall by his own weight.

Peggy G. Millay  
Osborn, O.

I just finished reading “Hollywood’s Most Dangerous Women” (Nov.). Congratulations! I was wondering if it would be possible for you to do the same thing again—only this time charting Hollywood’s most dangerous men. I am anxious to see if my list corresponds with yours.

Louisa Livingston  
New York, N. Y.

(See how your list corresponds with Dorothy Kilgallen’s on page 28.)

Question Box:

We gals in Kentucky want to know what’s happened to Hurd Hatfield. After his wonderful performance in “The Picture of Dorian Gray” we expected at least two pictures a year.

Peggy Tucker  
Louisville, Ky.

(Hurd’s last role was Father Pasquere in “Joan of Arc.” He is devoting his time now in Hollywood, looking for a play.)

Was Al Jolson’s first wife’s name used in “The Jolson Story”?

Connie Titmus  
Ogden, Utah

(Ruby Keeler, Al’s real third wife, was the one portrayed in the film. His first wife was Henrietta Keller, his second Ethel Delmer—all of whom were parted from him by divorce.)

The other night I saw an article that stated Rory Calhoun’s real name was Francis Timothy Dargin. In your February issue, you said his real name was Francis McCowan. Could you tell me just what his real name was?

Ann Tyndall  
Millbrae, Cal.

(Rory was christened Francis McCowan. When his mother remarried, his name was legally changed to Dargin.)

Could you give me any information as to when or if “The Robe” will be made?

Richie Watkins  
Knoxville, Tenn.

(“The Robe” was set to go into production with Gregory Peck heading a tremendous cast when Howard Hughes came to RKO and shelved it for reasons of economy.)

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Power’s Progress

(Continued from page 39) The food and old wines, served by three men in livery, were out of this world. Linda, very beautiful, sat at the foot of the table.
A strong, dominant character, Linda, Educated and more cosmopolitan than most girls her age, she ordinarily influences Tyrone greatly. Just as Annabella did previously and as I believe women always will. However, a few days before she appeared at the Daily Fraso house the day of the breakfast, I noticed, and Linda disappeared with her. Her Mexican background, of course, would make her susceptible to fortunetellers. However, a position she held, which she found herself that day might wonder about the future. Actually, until Linda marries Tyrone, she is in a curious position. She hopes to play in “Prince of Foxes,” but Tyrone, as a man, is a fundamental strain I have known in him never alter.

He is interested, too, in seeing the world. History excites him. He does not talk of returning to Hollywood. He talks of making pictures that will do the world good. “Next,” he says, “I want to make a picture in Switzerland. I want to be an international star, Elsa. I can, after all, work anywhere. A magnificent opportunity that I should have.”

Enormously responsive about all manner of things, he especially enjoys people. Last year, for instance, when he was in Italy—long before he knew he would marry Elsa—there, he met a young musician, poor and obscure. “I want to play for you, Mr. Power,” said this young man. Tyrone recognized his music as lovely. And when he returned to Rome last spring, he spoke of this young man to his company’s musical director. Now the young composer is surely on his way to fame; for he has done the entire musical score for “Prince of Foxes.”

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He has matured in the most admirable way. He dresses well, wearing his clothes, made by the finest tailor in Rome, with easy grace and good taste. He is as handsome as ever. The circumstances of a wedding breakfast without a wedding—and no word of a wedding—might very well be embarrassing. Tyrone conducted himself with warm dignity.

If I have in mind so many things, he is able, really, is illustrated by the casual way he goes about his work. One day when his company was working a few miles outside of Florence, and he was staying there, he was taken with one of those sudden, violent toothaches. There was consternation, of course, for he was vital to that day’s shooting.

“Give me an hour,” he told his director, as he dashed to his car. He drove to Florence and sought a dentist to whom he had been recommended. There was great excitement in the piazza when the darkly handsome Tyrone appeared. Everyone knew the clothes rushed through the gathering crowds—such excitement, in fact, that Tyrone borrowed his dentist’s overcoat for his return to his car.

Tyrone then called them over and they adored him. After some of the demonstrations he has experienced, it would be reasonable if he saw fit to protect himself. But that would not be Tyrone. He is more than a little time to think of himself.

Which reminds me of my holiday in Venice with the Shah of Persia’s cabana next to mine. The first day the Shah came to swim, there were thousands awaiting him. Whereupon, thoroughly frightened, he swam out to sea.

“Your Majesty,” I sought to reassure him, “it will not happen again, I promise you. They thought you were Tyrone Power.”

“Tyrone Povoro,” he said. “He is someone in the movies, is he not?”

“Ak the two thousand people that mobbed you who he is,” I suggested.

“Tyrone Povoro,” he said. “I hope, because from then on he was left beautifully alone. The movie stars really have taken over Europe!

MORE than ever, Tyrone is interested in his work. Not a rich man—his divorce settlement to Annabella, among other things, was, I think, too generous—he needs money. But above his practical needs, the fundamental strain I have known in him never alter. He is interested, too, in seeing the world. History excites him. He does not talk of returning to Hollywood. He talks of making pictures that will do the world good. “Next,” he says, “I want to make a picture in Switzerland. I want to be an international star, Elsa. I can, after all, work anywhere. A magnificent opportunity that I should have.”

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"It was Louis Jourdan!" Tyrone was pleased as Punch.

You feel these days that Tyrone is gratified by life and anticipates the future. He has seen the work, good in itself, and offering the satisfying opportunities of the world and knowing many people. And, it may be, he will have marriage, too.

I never heard, you see, what that fortuneteller told Linda.
Brief Reviews

(FOX) APARTMENT FOR PEGGY—20th Century-Fox: A college campus serves as the setting for a heartwarming story of a young couple who bravely tackle their housing problem with the reluctant help of an elderly professor. Jeanne Crain and Edmund O'Brien are perfect, Bill Holden pleasing as a veteran student. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

(FOX) BABE RUTH STORY, THE—Del Ruth-Allied Artists: Sentimental saga of baseball's beloved "Babe" Ruth, his ups and downs through the years. William Bendix plays the great slugger with Claire Trevor, Charles Bickf ord, Sam Levene. (Oct.)

(B) BLACK ARROW, THE—Columbia: A grim and gory Western with rugged Randy Scott on charity George Macready's trail with Forrest Tucker, Marguerite Chapman and Wallace Ford. (Oct.)

(C) CRY OF THE CITY—20th Century-Fox: Realistic crime chronicle with Vic Mature as the cop, Richard Conte as the killer, Delmar Paget as Conte's girl and Tommy Cook as his kid brother. Shelly Winters and H e p a m erson are involved in a ntidistant bystands (Dec.)

(E) EYES OF TEXAS—Republic: A fast-quot;furious" hoss with Roy Rogers as a U. S. Marshal. Robert Mitchum as a thorn (Oct.)

(F) FOR THE LOVE OF MARY—Universal: Dena Durrin is the center of this temper-tantrum affair, A White Telephone operator. she's pursued by John Taylor, Ken Lynch, the President and Supreme Court interfere with moderately amusing results. (Dec.)

(F) FURY AT FURNACE CREEK—20th Century-Fox: Vic Mature turns detective to vindicate the honor of his army general-father implicated in an Indian massacre. He travels with Coleen Gray, Glenn Langan, Reginald Gardiner. (Oct.)

(G) GOOD SAM—McCary-RKO: This domestic comedy with a dash of drama and lots of humor has Gary Cooper playing the Good Samaritan, much to wife Ann Sheridan's distress. With Ray Collins, Joan Loring, Dick Osen. (Oct.)

(H) HAMLET—Rank-U. S.: Shakespeare's brilliant tragedy translated to Laurence Olivier as the Melancholy Dane, Basil Sydney as Claudius and Jean Simmons as Ophelia. A magnificent and thrilling production. (Oct.)

(H) HOLLOW TRIUMPH—Eagle Lion: A hulid merriner with Paul Henreid in the dual role of a fugitive crook and a psychiatrist he strongly resembles. It's Joan Bennett's sad fate to fall for the guy. With Leslie Brooks, John Qualen. (Dec.)

(I) ILLIGALS, THE—Mayer-Bursztyn: An impressive and moving documentary recounting the woes of Europe's displaced Jews seeking entry into Palestine via the underground railway. (Oct.)

(I) INNOCENT AFFAIR, AN—Nasser-U. S.: A saucy, glossy comedy about a pair of Young Mar-rieds, Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll are at their comical best with assist ance from Charles Rogers, Rita Johnson, Louise Allbritton. (Nov.)

(L) ISN'T IT ROMANTIC—Paramount: Veronica Lake, Mona Freeman, Roland Culver, Billy De Wolfe and Patric Knowles are involved in a slow-paced and feeble turn-of-the-century musical. (Dec.)

(L) JULIA MISBEHAVES—M-G-M: Greer Garson goes gay in a frivolous farce. Walter Pidgeon is the psкоologist. Cesar Romero her current boyfriend, Liz Taylor her about-to-be-married daugh-ter and Peter Lawford her would-be son-in-law. (Nov.)

(U) JUNE BRITE—Warners: Bette Davis is her superlative magazine editor and Bob Montgomery is her hard-to-get swain in an amusing comedy full of bright chatters. With Betty Lynn, Jerome Cowan, Fay Bainter. (Dec.)

(V) LARCEY—Universal: John Payne plays a 14-carat faker who sets out to steal Joan Caulfield's money and winds up stealing her heart. Swift action, snappy dialogue and a corning cast, including Dan Duryea, Shelley Winters and Dorothy Hart. (Nov.)

(V) LIVES TODAY FOR TOMORROW—M-G-M: It takes a personal tragedy to make Fredric March less of a judge and more of a human being in this somber drama. He turns in a fine acting job, receiving substantial support from Edmond O'Brien, Florence Eldridge, Geraldine Brooks and Stanley Ridges. (Nov.)

(V) LOVE S OF CARMEN, THE—Columbia: There are the kiddies at home when you see this sizzling story. Rita Hayworth is magnificent at Carmen, Glenn Ford, heavy stuff, and the Sensational Romance of Ingrid Bergman, Arch. (Nov.)

(V) LUCK OF THE IRISH—20th Century-Fox: This Irish folk tale in modern dress has a particular charm, its humor is not so foggy. Hip George Brent is the outstanding figure in this world. Anne Baxter and sophisticated Jayne Meadows compete for Ty's affection. (Dec.)

(V) LUXURY LINER—M-G-M: A joyful musical pantomime of melody and fun with George Brent, Jane Powell, Franchot Tone, Tommy Ivo, Donald Meier. (Nov.)

(V) MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS—Para-mount: Barry Fitzgerald hires John Lund to impersonate the heir to the Tatlock fortune. Lund saves his "sister" Wanda Hendrix from her vulture-like relatives, especially ne'er-do-well Robert Stack. Some funny shenanigans with Ilka Chase and Monty Woolley. (Dec.)

(V) MR. PEABODY AND THE SEAGULL—M-G-M: A fun and fantasy are deftly blended in this hilarious comedy. With Charles Bingley, Jane Wyman, Andrea King and alluring mermaid, Ann Blyth, Donald Crisp. (Oct.)

(V) MY DEAR SECRETARY—Popkin-U. S.: All those boss-secretary stories you've heard are embodied here with fancy trills. Laraine Day is the great secretary. Kirk Douglas her playboy boss, Kieron Wynn amusingly refers her squabbles. With Helen Walker, Rudy Vallee, (Dec.)

(V) NIGHT H AS A THOUSAND EYES—Para-mount: His powers to predict the future is the curse of Edward G. Robinson's life. When he foresees dire events for Govt. Russell, you can't blame Gillo's fiancée, John Lund, for claiming it's a hoax. (Oct.)

(V) NO MINOR VICES—Enterprise-M-G-M: Here's a comedy that out-laughs itself, drowning its chuckles in a torrent of talk. A capable cast includes

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Thor Corp.
Two Bedroom Suites by Mengel Furniture Co.
Upholstered Living-room Suite by
Kroehler Mfg. Co.
Dinette Suite by Mengel Furniture Co.
Desk and Bookcase by Mengel Furniture Co.
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Window Shades and Drapes by Clopay Corp.

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(See page 21 for rules of contest and entry blank.)

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Towels by Dundee Mills, Inc.
Shower Curtains by I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.
Wallpaper by United Wallpaper
Vacuum Cleaner by Apex Electrical Mfg. Co.
Lamps for Bedroom, Living Room and Kitchen by Certified Lamp Makers
Modern Hall Clock and Door Chimes by NuTone Door Chimes
Ozite Under-rug Cushions by American Home & Felt Co.
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Mirrors by Donnelly-Kelley Glass Company
Electric Toaster, Never-lift Iron, Cordiminder by Proctor Electric Co.
Jewelry Braces and Dresser Set by
Pro-Phy-Lac-Tic Brush Co.
Fire King Ovenware, 33-Piece Set Jade-ite Dishes by Anchor Hocking Glass Co.
FLOOD ON THE MOON—RKO: Jimmy Garry, Robert Mitchum, Amiy Lufton, Barbara Bel Geddes, Tate Rinehart, Robert Preston, Kitty Carlson, Walter Brennan, Carl M nude, Phyllis Thaxter, Thomas Gomez, Frank Reicher, Tom Tyler, Fred Borden, George Cooper; Ted Eder, Richard Powers; Cap Wills, Bud Tingey, Zeron Murray; Bart Daniels, Robert Bray.

DECISION OF CHRISTPHER BLAKE—THE—Warners: Evelyn Blake, Alexis Smith; Kenneth Blake, Robert Alda; Richard Alda; Sydney Koth, John Hoyt; John Karlberg, Harry Holcomb; John Racine, John Stack, Robert Alda; Edmond Glass; General George; Madame Chantecler, Father Dunois, Mickey Frazer, Wharton, Murdoch; Braham; Ransom; Mme. de la Cauclion, Nicolas Denier, Dennis Shuan, Shuan, Ankrum, de Houppeville, Sergeant Pasquercl, Second Prison; John, Mme. de d'Arc, Surround, and Reeves.

MADE BY DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE—THE—Warners: Evelyn Blake, Alexis Smith; Kenneth Blake, Robert Alda; Richard Alda; Sydney Koth, John Hoyt; John Karlberg, Harry Holcomb; John Racine, John Stack, Robert Alda; Edmond Glass; General George; Madame Chantecler, Father Dunois, Mickey Frazer, Wharton, Murdoch; Braham; Ransom; Mme. de la Cauclion, Nicolas Denier, Dennis Shuan, Shuan, Ankrum, de Houppeville, Sergeant Pasquercl, Second Prison; John, Mme. de d'Arc, Surround, and Reeves.

MAD BY DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE—THE—Warners: Evelyn Blake, Alexis Smith; Kenneth Blake, Robert Alda; Richard Alda; Sydney Koth, John Hoyt; John Karlberg, Harry Holcomb; John Racine, John Stack, Robert Alda; Edmond Glass; General George; Madame Chantecler, Father Dunois, Mickey Frazer, Wharton, Murdoch; Braham; Ransom; Mme. de la Cauclion, Nicolas Denier, Dennis Shuan, Shuan, Ankrum, de Houppeville, Sergeant Pasquercl, Second Prison; John, Mme. de d'Arc, Surround, and Reeves.

HE WALKED BY NIGHT—Eagle Lion: Doris Morris, William Tabbert, Lucile Watson; John Duffield, Kevin O'Hara; Priscilla Leeds, Marjorie Saylor, Margaret Horne; Lila Leeds, Danielle Durand, Dr. Erskine; Henrietta L. Reed, and Reeves.

HILLS OF HOME—M-G-M: Dr. William MacQuarrie, Edmund Godfrey, Robert Alda, Richard Alda; Sydney H. Koth, John Hoyt; John Karlberg, Harry Holcomb; John Racine, John Stack, Robert Alda; Edmond Glass; General George; Madame Chantecler, Father Dunois, Mickey Frazer, Wharton, Murdoch; Braham; Ransom; Mme. de la Cauclion, Nicolas Denier, Dennis Shuan, Shuan, Ankrum, de Houppeville, Sergeant Pasquercl, Second Prison; John, Mme. de d'Arc, Surround, and Reeves.

JOAN OF ARC—Sierra-RKO: Joan, Ingrid Bergman; Isabelle d'Arc, Selena Royle; Jacques d'Arc, Robert Baratz; Pierre d'Arc, James Lydon; Jean d'Arc, Rand Brooks; Catherine d'Or, Irene Rich; Henri d'Or,steps, charming bottle for more than fifty years. The pleasant aroma of the mixture, the quality of the ingredients, as well as the line's long association with the Broadway and Hollywood stages make it a perfect choice for your shelf—especially during the holidays. It's the perfect gift for anyone who appreciates the beauty of a classic bottle. For more information, visit our website or contact our customer service department.
Muscules, Magnetism and Menace

(Continued from page 29) into a village drugstore prays will be sitting on a stool at the counter. The kind she hopes will take her to the Junior Prom. The general picture she has in mind when she dreams about graduation day at Annapolis, or flirtation walk at West Point. John looks like the All-American idol you find on recruiting posters for the U.S. Marines—the ones with hair comically touseled, every muscle beautifully in place. Clear eyes, good teeth, Rayon-tucked chuck of the way—that's John. In fact, he looks just like the kind of a boy who would grow up to marry Shirley Temple.

Montgomery Clift: This lad’s appeal is based on something else again. He has a sullen inscrutability that a large segment of the female population finds hard to resist. What’s going on behind those sly, sidling eyes? What does he mean by those monosyllables? He’s not big, but he’s tough. He’s sweet, but menacing. He gives the impression that he could get along without written evidence that he could get along without out cigarettes—something that invariably burns a lady and makes her go to great lengths to prove otherwise. For all these reasons, plus the fact that the boy can act, I think Monty is a cinch to be what Broadway calls “boff” (meaning box office). I venture to predict that the apex of his career will be reached with “The Heiress.” For this drama contains an oil d’Amour, in which Montgomery makes love to Olivia de Havilland. It lasts five minutes and in those five minutes, he doesn’t touch her once—yet he makes it the hottest exposition of passion ever known on celluloid.

Howard Duff: With all due apologies to the WCTU, I must report that this curly-haired gentleman affects doll-like characteristics of my acquaintance much like a triple Scotch with no chaser. Potent and smooth, that is. He’s got the face of a wayward cherub, the physique of a halfback and the impact of well, I’ve already said it, a triple Scotch. Howard Duff, movie version, should captivate the lasses as easily as Sam Spade, his radio incarnation, captures criminals. Those who are attracted by his masculinity will find the screen would be surprised if they could see him off screen with Ava Gardner. Howard, with his dream girl, is as eager as a puppy. One night, after a She's My Baby show, Howard and Ava went to the Brown Derby, where he spent the entire evening fussing over Ava as if she were a baby. When a friend commented about Ava’s complete nonchalance, Howard commented: “I know—but I love it.”

Farley Granger: This ruiner of bobby soxers’ appetites is handsome enough to pose for collar ads or devastate debutantes in droves, but his big money-making fascination comes from the hint of weakness he gets into his characterizations. He’s the well-bred juvenile delinquent type, the bad boy he’s been from the right side of the tracks. Sometimes when he looks into the camera in that came-the-dawn way, it’s enough to convince the hardest cynic that he has nothing on his mind except bluebirds and poetry—but those are just moments. Most often he reminds you of the town doctor’s son who turned out to be wild, or the Senator’s boy who eloped with the waitress who was no better than she should be. ’E looks like trouble, that’s not ‘e looks like and you’d be surprised at how many nice girls are just yearning to reform a type like that.

Burt Lancaster: Ah, those glistening, gleaming muscles! Those wide shoulders! That tapering torso! Not to mention the thick, streaked, wavy hair shades of molasses and the beautiful look of brooding. Burt doesn’t give the impression of having strained his eyes reading Gibbon or Proust, but you know he takes his vitamins every day and he’s fit as a fiddle and ready for action. For girls who like steak and potatoes, Burt is a perfect dish—and don’t most girls like steak and potatoes?

Peter Lawford: This tall, broad-shouldered English-voiced heapean is a hunk of sight-bait if ever one walked across a strip of light. There’s a lot of Little Boy in his approach, to be sure, but when he contacts—wow! He suddenly grows up just enough. His catalogue of sure-fire girl traps includes a curly lock that strays over his forehead just enough to be distracting, a soft intimate smile, one of those quick you—couldn’t possibly—be mad-at-me-darling smiles. Despite the fact that he is as swingy a gate as could be found in a meeting of the Dizzy Gillespie fan club, he has a persistently genial quality and if he were taking you home to meet the family you’d wear your black velvet dress with the white collar, because after you know, his mother has a bump and a Buckingham Palace accent.

John Lund: He’s a younger, yummier Gable. With Olivia de Havilland yearned for him through the years in “To Each His Own,” no one thought it strange and when Marlene Dietrich and Jean Arthur competed for his affections in “A Foreign Affair,” every girl in the audience wished she was in there pitching, too. It’s his strong, quiet, complicated quality that does it as much as anything. He looks difficult to understand. This appeals to the type of girl who can’t stay away from the crossword puzzles in the Sunday paper. Cineramatically speaking, he has the air of a fellow who might easily bring along by his side. But that won’t keep the Nells from swooning over him in large lump numbers.

Gordon MacRae: Oh, watch him! He’s in between—just a very well-mannered way, and by the time he’s been seen in half a dozen pictures, some of the well-established flicker fellows will find themselves moving over to make room. He’s an innocent-looking, charming guy, sort of a junior Bing Crosby; his voice is baritone, his approach, effortless and amiable. The physique is not bad, not bad at all, and there are evidences of a college education. You’ve heard that music has charms—well, so has Gordon. And he’s got music, too!

Gregory Peck: My position on this subject is unalterable. For those who call Gregory Peck, I consider him, and I think he will be numbered among the box office wows not only five years from now but ten years from now, because his ability to act is marked and his charm is that of his contemporaries. Aside from his talent, he is an unbeatable blend of poet and peasant, a combination of man about town and man behind the bow. A girl accustomed to immorality, Peck’s manly charm through the autumn woods on a nice long hike with Gregory and loving it; a lass with the brain of a bird might even go to the pus and pray, and snap herself a set of books just to please him. The “Yellow Sky” scene which got the most raves from the girls is that in which he throws Anne Baxter violently to the ground, slugs her a couple, grabs her in a strange hold and finally kisses her. However, after reading the preview audience’s comments, Greg commented: “Love techniques must be changing. If I wooed my wife in such a manner, I’d still be a bachelor.” His brown eyes and that air of strength and the way he has of looking down at you as if you were a little girl... aar!

Richard Widmark: Currently this boy’s appeal lies in the fact that he looks as if he might twist your arm and you might just get to like having your arm twisted. But one of these days he is going to be cast in a movie role in which he is not called upon to make like a case of galloping neurosis and when that happens I predict a nationwide epidemic of swooning, high fever and even girlish fantasies among the susceptible subdubs. Under the pasty gangsterish facade he’s been forced to assume thus far, Dick Widmark happens to be a good-looking, well-scrupulous fellow with a wonderfully sweet smile, regular features and a voice so smooth and persuasive it can make a lady’s upsweep curl with delight. Of course, none’s heard the voice yet—all that gunfire in his movies drowns it out—but the day will come.

At a showing of “Street with No Name,” by-standers were astonished to see an 87-year-old woman rush frenetically after Widmark and pull out his autograph. “You’re my favorite star, Mr. Widmark,” she said. “I just had to see you up close.” And why me?” asked the astonished star. The woman explained, “all my life I’ve been looking for a man like you. The only trouble is, you came along 63 years too late.

Note: Phone numbers of the gentlemen may not be obtained by writing the editor.

The End

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Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

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Lewis Stone • Percy Kilbride

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Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)

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If you aim to be "Queen of his Heart" this Valentine's Day... Toni can help you look the part! Because having a Toni Home Permanent is almost like having naturally-curly hair! Lovely-to-look-at waves and soft-to-touch curls! But before trying Toni you'll want to know:

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Talented, teen-age Kathleen and Helene Crescente live in Ridgewood, N. J. Kathlene, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I never knew a permanent could look so natural right from the start!"

NOW over 2 million women a month use Toni

Brief Reviews

(F) ACCUSED, THE—Paramount: Schoolmarm Loretta Young can count herself lucky she has Attorney Robert Cummings to look after her, when she kills Douglas Dick in self-defense, arousing the suspicions of Wengell Corey. An absorbing story with Loretta turning in a fine job. (Jan.)

(F) APARTMENT FOR PEGGY—20th Century-Fox: A heartwarming story of a young couple who bravely tackle their housing problem with the re- tent aid of an elderly professor. Jeanne Crain and Edmund Gwenn are perfect. Bill Holden pleasing as a veteran student. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

(F) BLOOD ON THE MOON—RKO: Bob Mitchum rides the range in a rough-and-ready Western. Superior acting and good photography make up for a routine story. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Bob Preston, Walter Brennan, Phyllis Thaxter. (Jan.)

(F) CRY OF THE CITY—20th Century-Fox: Realistic crime chronicle with Vic Mature as the cop. Richard Conte as the villain. Also Debra Paget, Shelley Winters and Hope Emerson. (Dec.)

(F) DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE, THE—Warners: Moss Hart's drama on divorce made into an effective adult movie. With Alexis Smith, Robert Douglas and Ted Donaldson. (Jan.)

(F) FOR THE LOVE OF MARY—U-I: Deanna Durbin is the center of this tempest-in-a-tropet affair. A White House telephonist, she's pursued by Don Taylor, Edmund O'Brien, Jeffrey Lynn. (Dec.)

(F) GAILLANT BLADE, THE—Columbia: In this swashbuckling affair Larry Parks saves 17th-century France. With Marguerite Chapman, George Macready, Victor Jory. (Jan.)

(F) HE WALKED BY NIGHT—Eagle Lion: Here's a high-voltage crime yarn bristling with action. Richard Basehart is the murder cop, Scott Brady the cop, Whit Bissell the go-between. (Jan.)

(F) HILLS OF HOME—M-G-M: A homespun story depicting the rigors of rural life with Edmund Gwenn as a do-it-yourself country doctor and Lassie as his loyal canine friend. For romantic interest, there's beautiful Tom Drake and pretty Janet Leigh. (Jan.)

(F) HOLLOW TRIUMPH—Eagle Lion: A lured miler with Paul Henreid in the dual role. With Joan Bennett, Leslie Brooks, John Qualen. (Dec.)

(F) INNOCENT AFFAIR, AN—Nasser-UA: A saucy, glossy comedy about a pair of Young Marries, Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll, at their comical best. (Nov.)

(F) ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?—Paramount: Veronica Lake, John Freeman, Roland Culver, Billy De Wolfe, and Patric Knowles are involved in a slow-paced and feelie turn-of-the-century film comedy. (Dec.)

(F) JOAN OF ARC—Wanger-RKO: Maxwell Anderson's play made into a hip zwykł Technicolor movie with Ingrid Bergman heading an outstanding cast. Joan Fontaine scores as the dauphin. A held in for lovers of pomp and pageantry. (Jan.)

(F) JULIA MISBEHAVES—M-G-M: Greer Garson goes gay in a frivolous farce. With Walter Pidgeon, Cesar Romero, Liz Taylor, Peter Lawford. (Dec.)

(F) JUNE BRIDE—Warners: Bette Davis is a super-efficient magazine editor and Bob Montgomery is her hard-to-get swain in an amusing comedy. (Dec.)

(F) KIDNAPPED—Monogram: Topical version of the Stevenson classic with Roddy McDowall as the orphaned young Scot. (Jan.)

(F) KISS THE BLOOD OF MY HANDS—U-I: This romantic melodrama has hot-headed Burt Lancaster making up his life and nearly wrecking Joan Fontaine's, too. A lively, lusty thriller. (Jan.)

(F) LARCENY—U-I: John Payne plays a 14-year-faker who sets out to steal Joan Crawford's money and wins up stealing her heart. Script action, snappy dialogue and a horrifying cast. (Nov.)

(F) LOVES OF CARMEN, THE—Columbia: Leave the sitting room when you see this startling story. Rita Hayworth is magnificent as Carmen; Glenn Ford is the unhappy Don José. (Nov.)

(F) LUCK OF THE IRISH, THE—20th Century Fox: This Irish folk tale in modern dress has newspaperman Ty Power playing tag with pixie Cecil Kellaway. Sweet Anne Baxter and sophisticated Jayne Mansfield are ty's affection. (Dec.)

(F) LUXURY LINER—M-G-M: A joyful musical jaunt full of melody and fun with George Brent, Jane Powell, Frances Gifford, Tommy Brennan, Lauretta Langford, (Dec.)

(A) MACBETH—Republic: Orson Welles' version of Shakespeare's blood-curdling tale of murder. In 17th-century Scotland... weird and noisy affair, "full of sound and fury..." (Jan.)

(F) MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS—Paramount: Harry Fitzgerald bires John Lund to impersonate the nitwit heir to the Tatlock fortune. Lund saves his "sister" Wanda Hendrix from her vulture-
FATHER VS. SON!—
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The Same Woman!

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Directed by COMPTON BENNETT
Screenplay by Theodore Strauss and Josef Mischel
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Do post-war morals allow this titian-haired beauty to accept a man's kisses while her lips still quiver with those of his only son?

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like relatives, especially me-er-do-well Robert Stack. With Ilka Chase and Monty Woolley. (Dec.)

(F) MY DEAR SECRETARY—Popkin: UA. All those boss-secretary stories you ever heard are embodied here with fancy frills. Lorraine Day is the pretty secretary, Kirk Douglas her playboy boss. Keenan Wynn referees their squabbles. (Dec.)

(F) NO MINOR VICES—Enterprise-M-G-M: Here's a comedy that out-smarts itself, drowning its chuckles in a torrent of talk. A capable cast includes Dana Andrews, Lilli Palmer, Louis Jourdan. (Dec.)

(F) O'FLYNN, THE—U-I: True to the Fairbanks formula, Doug (recently dandied-in-distress) Helena Carter in Ireland of 1797, Richard Greene makes a handsome traitor, Patricia Medina is his wife, Arthur Shields a comic ballad. (Jan.)

(F) ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—U-I: Bog meets goddess in this picquant comedy with musical trimmings. With Ava Gardner, Bob Walker, Opa San Juan. (Dec.)

(F) PALEFACE, THE—Paramount: Bob Hope tangles with Injuns and the gal known as Calamity Jane in this moderately funny spoof on the Old West. Jane Russell is oh-so-tough as the gunslingin' female who knows a sap when she sees one. (Jan.)

(F) RACE STREET—RKO: This sinister gangster story has lookey George Raft-tagging with a rival gang. After Raft's pal is murdered, police officer Bill Bendix steps in but George insists on settling the score personally. (Dec.)

(F) RED SHOES, THE—Rank-Eagle Lion: This intimate glimpse into the ballet world is a riot of colors designed to knock your eye out. It's bizarre, artistic, overlong, with Moira Shearer tragically torn 'twixt career and love, Anthony Wallbrook a heartless impresario, Marius Goring a composer. (Jan.)

(F) RETURN OF OCTOBER, THE—Columbia: A raucetrack romance that's different, gaily going along briskly with Glenn Ford and Terry Moore at the races. (Dec.)

(F) ROAD HOUSE—20th Century-Fox: Plenty of roughhouse in this road house what with Richard Widmark strongly objecting to the romance between his maneater, Cornel Wilde, and his entertainer, Ida Lupino. Lots of action leading nowhere. (Jan.)

(F) ROGUE'S REGIMENT—U-I: A spy thriller packed with savage intrigue. Dick Powell is after Nazi Stephen McNally who flees to Saigon to escape trial. With Marta Toren and Vincent Price. (Jan.)

(F) SAXON CHARM, THE—U-I: Interesting portrait of an eccentri c producer who creates havoc and heartbreak at every turn. Bendel Hemery is the chap who gives playwright John Payne and his wife, Susan Hayward, such a rough time. With Audrey Totter and Heather Angel. (Nov.)

(F) SEALED VERDICT—Paramount: Uneven but interesting topical drama inspired by the Nuremberg Trials. Ray Milland is an American prosecutor stymied by insufficient evidence against Nazi John Hoyt. Florence Marly is the romantic interest. (Dec.)

(VV) SNAKE PIT, THE—20th Century-Fox: A daringly different drama, depicting the sights and sounds in an insane asylum. Olivia de Haviland is superb as one of its inmates. Leo G. Carroll as her doctor, Mark Stevens makes her a sympathetic husband, strictly for adults. (Jan.)

(F) SONG IS BORN, A—Goldwyn: Lots of jam and a little corn is what you'll get in Danny Kaye's latest comedy. Danny is an unworldly professor, Virginia Mayo a night club singer who plays him for a sucker. Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Louis Armstrong give out with some swell music. (Dec.)

(F) SOUTHERN YANKEE, A—M-G-M: Red Skelton in a slapstick farce of Civil War spics with Red knocking himself out to win laughs. Arlene Dahl is the feminine foil, George Coulouris and Brian Donlevy a pair of knaves. A small trick. (Dec.)

(F) STATION WEST—RKO: Dick Powell goes ragged when he trails a gang of gold hijackers. Gambling queen Jane Greer, on the wrong side of the law, is left to a bad end. A slamming out opera, including Agnes Moorehead, Burl Ives. (Dec.)

(F) THEY LIVE BY NIGHT—RKO: Love and death of a dancer in this pathetic tale of a runaway convict and his girl. Fine acting by Farley Granger and Crasy O'Donnell. (Dec.)

(F) THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—M-G-M: The Alexandre Dumas novel provides itself a lusty film fare. Gene Kelly is the dashing D'Artagnan, Lana Turner the bewitchingly bad Lady de Winter, June Allyson the lovely Constance. Van Johnson an unhappy musketeer, Vincent Price a deep-dyed villain. It's colorful, exciting and oh, so romantic! (Dec.)

(A) UNFAITHFULLY YOURS—20th Century-Fox: Rex Harrison amusingly portrays a famous orchestra leader who suspects his lovely wife, Linda Darnell, of two-timing him. A slick satire. (Jan.)

(F) WALK A CROOKED MILE—Columbia: A swift-moving thriller with capable Dennis O'Keefe as an FBI man trailing spies. Detective Louis Hayward gives a big help while secretaries Louise Allbritton is the unknown quantity. Good entertainment. (Jan.)
For Your Sunniest, Funniest, Singing, Dancing Musical!!

Dennis sings a new love song for every kiss he gets!

Warner Bros.' happy-go-huggy lark in the park in color by TECHNICOLOR!!

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Screen Play by Robert L. Richards
From the Play by James Hagan
Musical Numbers Created and Staged by LeRoy Prinz
Music Arranged and Adapted by Ray Heindorf
PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

DENNIS MORGAN
DOROTHY MALONE
DON DeFORE
JANIS PAIGE

The Songs everyone is singing:
"ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON"
"I'LL FORGET YOU"
"I'M KEEPING MY LIPS SEPARATED"
"GIRLS WERE MADE TO TAKE CARE OF BOYS"
"AMY, YOU'RE A LITTLE BIT OLD FASHIONED"
"THE YALE SONG"
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The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

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THERE’S ANOTHER GREAT COMEDY ON ITS WAY, "FAMILY HONEYMOON"!
Dear Miss Colbert:

When I was twelve years old, my mother remarried. As I grew older, my stepfather grew to resent me more each day. He fussed and fumed at my mother from morning until night about everything I did. He didn't want to buy my school books or my clothing and I didn't dare ask for money for a movie or a magazine. Mother did what she could for me, but I could see that she was half sick with worry over the situation. When I was sixteen, I met a young man of twenty who was home from service. He had a good job, so I ran off and married him, hoping that my mother could be more with me now. Now, after eight months of marriage, I find that I don't love my husband. It would break his heart if I should tell him that, because he is kindness itself to me and buys me everything we can afford. I feel terribly guilty, taking his love and being unable to return it, but that's the way things are.

Ethel C.

I have said in this column repeatedly that sixteen is too young an age for a girl to marry. I do hope that girls in circumstances similar to mine will look at it differently. It seems to me that the thing to do is to go back to school. I believe your state is one which supplies free schooling to persons under eighteen years of age. If you are busy in working for your future, the present will not seem so overwhelming. You should also have a talk with your husband; don't hurt his feelings. Tell him of the best possible way that you haven't been able to get accustomed to being married and that you will need his help to get adjusted. Because he loves you, he will try to understand your problem. I believe that many marriages are wrecked by silence. If two people, without losing their tempers or allowing themselves to be hurt, will sit down quietly with the idea that each is anxious to help and understand the problems of the other, most marital difficulties can be solved.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have written a play and would like to get it into the movies. I have no idea how to go about getting my play into the proper hands and before the proper person, so I would appreciate it very much if you would supply that information.

I have a message, an important one, and I would also like to make a great deal of money in a hurry. I understand that selling a play or story property to motion pictures is just like striking a gusher.

Will you please assist me with some good advice?

Barclay T.

There is not now and probably never will be a royal road to riches. At the present moment there are probably around seventy percent of the competent writers in the town of Hollywood who are unable to sell their scripts. Reason: No market. The studios simply aren't buying, except for special occasions. They are using many old scripts with the aid of a little re-writing and up-dating.

The only way for a person who is not living in Hollywood to break into motion pictures is to sell books to publishers and stories to magazine editors. If a writer can do this, Hollywood will notice him and will send for him. Please don't forget if your story is not good enough for a book publisher or a magazine editor, it is not good enough for Hollywood.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been interested in art all my life and am considered good in my home town. I would like to go to school this spring to take up fashion designing and commercial illustrating, but my family think it would be a waste of money. My mother, especially, has tried to discourage me, although I have enough to go on without financial aid from my family. I have a good secretary job and Mother thinks I'd be foolish to leave a sure thing. Mother also says there is a depression coming and this is a bad time to go to school. I'm taking a correspondence course in fashion, and I've decided to do it. However, after working eight hours a day, it's hard to sit down and work on art and I don't feel it offers me the type of instruction that an art school would. I am twenty-one now and I feel that I could make a success if just given the opportunity and encouragement.

Juanita V.

It is quite easy to understand your mother's attitude. Older people are notably more conservative than their juniors. Undoubtedly, your earning power is to your advantage in making up for your family's financial situation. I am a parent myself, and I know that life is not easy, but when you are twenty-one, because you will not need financial aid from your family, because you will always be able to return to secretarial work, and because it may be that your mother may feel somewhat closer to you than she does to some of the other children. However, because you are twenty-one, because you will not need financial aid from your family, because you will always be able to return to secretarial work, and because it is my belief that everyone is entitled to at least one dream in a lifetime, I believe that you should go to art school.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am in love with a twenty-three-year-old boy. I am seventeen. Although Don says he loves me, he refuses to get married. At first, when I asked him, he said we could marry in a year if we felt the same. Now he says he will promise nothing, as he is not too sure of himself. We have trouble with his mother. She does not approve of his going with (Continued on page 72)

What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

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Feel like a make-up artist. Look like a society deb! So easy to use this softer, smoother, more flattering lipstick in its new, long glamour case of mock-gold metal. Try it today just to see how divinely shaped your lips can be!

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WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer.... smoother

Claudette Colbert, star of “Family Honeymoon”
"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(From a letter to Betty Memphis sent her by Ethel Jordan, Detroit, Mich.)

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

Just follow Skin Doctor's Simple Directions.

By Betty Memphis

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only promised her relief—but gave it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 31, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars more postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.
Shirley Temple, with mother, at homecoming party on her return to 20th for “Mr. Belvedere Goes to College”

Colleen Townsend went along with Richard Long for premiere showing of Laurence Olivier in “Hamlet”

Screen and society met at lavish party given by Arnold Kirkeby, hotel owner, for Kay Thompson, who opened his new Mayfair Room in Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Angela Lansbury comes between Sari Gabor and George Sanders at party but not their plans for the . . .

future. Rumor says they will wed. Also there, were about-to-be-marrieds Diana Lynn and John Lindsay
Line or Two: Esther Williams seldom has a spare bathing suit and for a very good reason. Her young nieces are constantly begging her famous aunt for her spare suits which they sell for a worthy cause—to help the Girl Scout movement. The nieces are among the Scouts' most popular members. And no wonder... Merle Oberon came to the Jules Stein dinner party with Sir Charles Mendl. After her marital breakup with cameraman Lucien Ballard, Merle looked anything but disturbed; in fact never looked more charming. However, Merle won't be free to marry her Italian Count for more than a year... Richard Ney is half through his first novel that may hit too close to certain local personalities for comfort... That trail of hopeful, if not broken, hearts that Lew Ayres seemed to leave in his wake has come to an end now that he and Jane Wyman are admitting their love. We look for them to marry when Jane's divorce is final... Western fans got their way when they demanded Dale Evans be restored as Roy Rogers's leading lady, which makes both Dale and her husband happy... Glenn Ford paced the hospital halls with his neighbor James Mason when their baby was born. The Masons named her Portland after Fred Allen's wife.

Big Night: The Kay Thompson-Williams Brothers opening in the new Mayfair Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel was the swankiest event of the month with all Hollywood applauding its favorite performers. In the foyer, Cal found himself all but engulfed by his old friend Dick Powell. His wife, June Allyson, was looking radiant and Cal recalled what June had confided to a friend: "Since all these new romance and separation rumors, Dick thinks I'm a fascinating woman." Could be, too. Peter Lawford staged it.

We noticed Ronald Colman eyeing Leo Durocher, who came with his wife Larraine Day. Van and Evie Johnson were having a fine time with Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman.

Cal, who was the guest of Emmy and Will Burlingham, noted how cozily Shirley and John Agar danced together. Each had just returned from separate picture locations and were as happy to be reunited as young sweethearts. Ginger Rogers, who wore a coiffure of many buns and rolls in contrast to the many short-haired beauties, seemed to be having a happy time with husband Jack Briggs. It isn't often one sees this pair at parties.

Welcome, Victoria: The little girl in the Ray Milland home is such a source of joy to Ray, Mai and eight-year-old Danny Milland, it's heart warming just to see them all together. Their first concern was how eight-year-old Danny would react to a sister. They needn't have worried. Danny insists she occupy the extra twin bed in his room and tags

Clark Gable and Iris Bynum at Mocambo—before their romance broke up when Clark left Iris at the Ocean House for another girl
Mr. and Mrs. at Mocambo: With the junior Sinatras tucked in bed, Frank and his Nancy do some serious celebrating.

What Turhan Bey is saying—is intended for Barbara Lawrence. What he's written—is a play intended for Broadway.

The cozy touch: Even canvas chairs feel good to Evelyn Keyes, the star, and Milton Holmes, the producer, after strenuous work on the set of "Mr. Soft Touch"
INSIDE STUFF

after her with brotherly devotion. Mal said that the first time she fully realized she had a daughter was when she opened the bedroom door and stepped on a small doll that said, "mama." Ray drags visitors into the bedroom to look at his little daughter asleep, her blonde braid spread out on the pillow. Her ways delight and enchant him.

Rumors: They grow and grow, those rumors about the marriages of the Vic Matures and the Dan Daileys.

The Mature rumbles began shortly after their wedding, but knowing how much in love Vic was, we attached little seriousness to the gossip. Rather, we judged it to be a matter of temperament, for Vic is a highly unpredictable gent. Cal hopes that the Matures soon will realize how much they mean to each other and learn to make adjustments.

The Dailey rumors flew up when Dan unceremoniously departed Hollywood without a word to his pretty wife, Liz. The rumors expanded when Dan recently made several night club jaunts alone and, later, frankly admitted they have their quarrels. We remember something Dan said to us some time ago. "I know I didn't write often enough to Liz when I was overseas but I was sure she would understand." Thinking back, we believe their trouble to be the old one of "taking for granted" and "hoping for understanding." Anyway, Cal is crazy about both of them and would like to see them together—always.

Party News: Jack Benny has turned movie producer, he told Cal at Cesar Romero's gay party, and hopes you like his first production, "The Lucky Stiff." Like the friendly and truly honest soul he is, Jack is as anxious and nervous over his first production job as any novice. His wife Mary mingled with her close chums, Mrs. William Goetz and Claudette Colbert, whose sleek black satin, we noticed, was in direct contrast to Mrs. Gary Cooper's red and green Tyrolean costume. Clifton Webb, who fretted over his autobiography that never gets done no matter how long he works at it, and his mother Mabel kept Cal in stitches with their anecdotes. We suggested Clifton let Mabel finish the book. And don't think she couldn't. Those "baby" rumors grew again when Anne Baxter appeared in a long, straight mandarin coat. John Hodiak, she told us, was making a hospital tour. Bride and groom John Derek and Patti Behrs received equal congratulations with Cesar's brother who had also taken a bride.

Double Reunion: Turhan Bey, who has been in the East for some time, came by to drive Cal up to Kurt Kreuger's for dinner. It's nice to have Kurt home after his long European vacation. Kurt's fantastic trek behind the iron curtain in Germany, made without Russian permission, is a hair-raising story, as he would have met serious trouble had he been apprehended. And despite all
Jean Simmons, a memorable Ophelia to Olivier’s Hamlet, doesn’t mind the braid pulling when it’s fiancé Stewart Granger. They are playing together in “Adam and Evelyne”

those rumors, he assured us there was no real romance in his life. But whether or not there is a secret romance in the life of Jane Nigh, who dropped in after dinner, we couldn’t say. An unusually intelligent as well as pretty girl, we somehow think Jane is still smarting over losing John Lindsay to Diana Lynn. But with her looks and bright mind, Cal predicts she’ll soon recover.

Dynamic Director: Sometimes directors overshadow their players in personality and enthusiasm. Director Preston Sturges, for instance, is the focal point of interest on the “Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend” set. The day Cal was a visitor, Preston was bounding around as pleased as a child with the reviews in French newspapers of some of his older pictures now showing there for the first time. “Why, talkies are the greatest invention of all time,” he told us. “They represent a fraction of time held intact and secure for any period waiting to come to life any time we choose.” And how right he is.

Compensation: Lydia, the well-liked wife of the new Italian ace, Rossano Brazzi, who may play “Valentino,” is constantly advised by friends to lose weight. At a party recently, Lydia looked about at the slender, well-dressed women crowded about her handsome husband. Nodding toward Loretta Young, she observed, “She very thin.” “Yes, isn’t she?” agreed the host. Next she glanced toward Claudette Colbert. “She thin, too.”

“A beautiful figure,” said her friend. “She thin, too,” Lydia said, nodding toward Rosalind Russell. But before the host could answer, Mrs. Brazzi looked at him and twinkled. “They thin, yes. But I have Rossano.”

Harry and Betty: The day after Betty Grable and Harry James moved into their new home, Betty started work in “The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend” and Harry began a long tour with his band. With a chuckle, Betty swears Harry planned that tour just to get out of those moving-day blues. At any rate, the Jameses were literally crowded out of their old home, which they sold, and into the roomier one they rented. With Harry’s hundreds of records and Vicki’s doll house and game tables overflowing the formal living room, they decided the time had come to expand.

Not, of course, that the Jameses used their elegant living room for entertaining. They give no large parties, occasionally inviting in a few old friends for a poker session in the den. They have one consuming and mutual outside interest—fine race horses—and this shared interest binds them even more closely.

Betty’s children and her husband always come first. Affable and agreeable to any studio demands, Betty explodes if a nurse fails to follow a schedule. She leaves off work exactly at six every evening, not stopping to remove make-up in order to have more time with Vicki and Jessica before their bedtime. In fact, she is so insistent about the six o’clock leaving, that one (Continued on page 19)
Down Beat

A difference of opinion that leads to a spanking good time (for the audience!) in the film, “Silver Lining.”

Marilyn Miller (June Haver) slaps a fast one on husband Frank Carter

Frank (Gordon MacRae) decides it’s time to take a hand himself!

“Baby—you’ve been needing this for a long—long—time!”

Fade-out: Getting the upper hand seems to have worked out in this case!

Photographs by Don Ornitz

The Hat Doesn’t Fit, Sonny!

— you’re not ready for an adult size yet . . . And mother knows it’s the same in aspirin—you’re not ready for a 5-grain adult size tablet because it doesn’t fit your special dosage needs.

Mother...

HERE’S THE ASPIRIN TABLET THAT “Fits” YOUR CHILD’S NEEDS

It’s St. Joseph Aspirin for Children! Approved by mothers everywhere because it solves child dosage problems and eliminates all guesswork about correct dosage. Easy To Give because it’s not necessary to cut or break tablets. Assures Accurate Dosage because each tablet contains 1/4 grains of aspirin—1/4 the regular 5-grain adult tablet. Easy To Take because it’s orange flavored and sweetened to a child’s taste. Bottle of 50 tablets, 35c.

Be sure to always ask for the original and genuine St. Joseph Aspirin For Children because there is no other product just like it! Buy it now!

St. Joseph Aspirin for Children

Made by the Makers of St. Joseph Aspirin World’s Largest Seller at 10c

ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN

Approved by mothers everywhere because it solves child dosage problems and eliminates all guesswork about correct dosage. Easy To Give because it’s not necessary to cut or break tablets. Assures Accurate Dosage because each tablet contains 1/4 grains of aspirin—1/4 the regular 5-grain adult tablet. Easy To Take because it’s orange flavored and sweetened to a child’s taste. Bottle of 50 tablets, 35c.

Be sure to always ask for the original and genuine St. Joseph Aspirin For Children because there is no other product just like it! Buy it now!

St. Joseph Aspirin for Children

Made by the Makers of St. Joseph Aspirin World’s Largest Seller at 10c
Picture yourself with a Lovelier Skin with your First Cake of Camay!

A lovely skin is the beginning of charm! And you can win a smoother, softer skin with your first cake of Camay! Do this! Give up careless cleansing...begin the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's beauty promise on scores of women. In nearly every case their complexions improved with just one cake of Camay! The directions on the wrapper tell you how to be lovelier!

MEET MR. AND MRS. BURCHETTE!

Barbara dances the highland fling to the music of Larry's harmonica! And Barbara thanks Camay for her fair (and indescribably lovely) skin. "My first cake made my skin clearer and smoother," says she.

Both tall and active, the Burchettes are a tough team to beat at mixed doubles, and Barbara's expert at beauty as well as tennis. Heed her advice. "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a really lovelier skin!"

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
(Continued from page 16) one of her free days, Jack Oakie, who is in the picture, began screaming along about five o'clock, "Who's gonna protect us with Grable not here?"

An honest, straightforward gal who insists she's only a song-and-dance girl and no nonsense about it, she deserves the bouquets we hereby toss her way.

Men May Go . . . But George Brent goes on forever it seems. That is, if a movie "forever" includes a good twenty years of popularity. But every time George decides to give Hollywood the go-by and sail away on his boat for a life of leisure, some studio succeeds in luring him back for still another sturdy Brent performance.

George has found happiness in marriage with Janet Michael, too, that more than makes up for those marital failures with Ruth Chatterton and Ann Sheridan. Janet shares George's love of boats, horses and ranch life out in the Valley but when George is busy on a picture, the Brents move into a hotel suite in Beverly Hills. Visitors are impressed with the conversations between George and his wife concerning blood lines, proper breeding, etc., and when George became involved in the making of "Montana Belle," his recent picture, Janet took off alone for the Eastern sale of fine horses with her husband's full confidence that she would make a good buy.

Girl of the Month: Signed to a contract by Twentieth Century-Fox at fourteen, married to Johnny Fontaine at seventeen, divorced at eighteen, and dating the field from Mickey Rooney to millionaire Howard Hughes, Barbara Lawrrence has not only been places but is going same. The tall blonde has assurance, a sense of the ridiculous and a something that attracts the men. She's a man's gal with no feminine guile about her. She gradu- ated two years ago from the studio school, but felt right at home again in her role of the athletic student in "Mother Is a Freshman."

Born in Carnegie, Oklahoma, Barbara got her first job as a model while visiting in Los Angeles and (at the age of fourteen) stepped from that job right into the movies. Much too slender, she consumes fried chicken and mashed potatoes to gain weight. Her chums call her "Bobbie" and her real passion is shoes with high heels. She buys them by the dozens but usually wears low heels to cut her height. A concession to her shorter beauty, she grins. She'll get along all right. And maybe her studio doesn't know it!

The Flynn Saga: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio executives mentally wrung their hands when Errol Flynn took off, for only heaven knew where. Errol had signed to play in "The Forsyte Saga" with Greer Garson at that studio and, with only a month from starting date, had decided to trek to Paris—or maybe to Germany or Jamaica. He wasn't sure.

Cal went up to see his friend Flynn the evening he left and as usual the actor was seemingly calm in a sea of confusion—all of his own creation, we may add. Only the day before he had discovered his passport had not been renewed in the specified time and a secretary was trying to fill out a French questionnaire, the servants had not been given their notice and his doctor was telephoning last-minute precautions after Errol's recent operation. Errol, who finally decided to go to Havana was detained in New York for several days. He had a shin kicking incident with a Manhattan gendarme, but after he paid a $50 fine and apologized in the most gentlemanly manner to the officer involved, he was permitted to take off for Cuba to inspect some property and pick up his yacht. Norm decided to visit in Boston with Errol's aunt rather than accompany her ever-roaming husband.
Past and present meet in this tale of two romances, with Farley Granger, Evelyn Keyes, the modern lovers

\(\text{\textit{(F)}}\) Enchantment (Samuel Goldwyn)

Don't bargain for happiness. That's the sound advice David Niven gives to his visiting American niece, Evelyn Keyes, when she almost lets RAF officer Farley Granger slip out of her life. A lonely old man by then, Niven knows whereof he speaks, for years ago, he made a mistake that cost him the love of the only woman who ever meant anything to him.

As played by Teresa Wright, she's truly enchanting—the sort of girl to haunt a man's lavender-tinted dreams. The two romances, past and present, are deftly intertwined with skillful performances all around. Keyes and Granger are oh-so-attractive and Wright is just out of this world, making you wonder why the intervals between her pictures are so long. Jayne Meadows, Leo G. Carroll and little Gigi Perreau stand out among the supporting players.

Moving at a leisurely pace, "Enchantment" is steeped in sentiment and imbued with a quiet charm.

Your Reviewer Says: A bitter-sweet romance.

\(\text{\textit{(F)}}\) You Gotta Stay Happy (Universal-International)

Engagingly giddy is this romantic comedy teaming Joan Fontaine and Jimmy Stewart. Joan and Jimmy go all out to give you a good time and Eddie Albert—a happy-go-lucky character who takes life as he finds it—snaps his share of laughs, too.

Stewart is a down-to-earth chap, struggling to keep his airline company aloft while Joan is an heiress as spoiled as she's pretty. Her uncle, Roland Young, urges her to marry Willard Parker, so correct he bores her stiff. Joan finally consents, only to flee from him on their wedding night. Because she has a way with her, she talks Jimmy into flying her to California along with a mooney young honeymoon couple, a conscience-stricken crook carrying a bagful of money, and freight consisting of a coffin complete with corpse, also an extra lively chimpanzee who smokes cigars and takes a violent fancy to Joan.

All told, here's a movie brimming over with wonderful nonsense.

Your Reviewer Says: Joan and Jimmy go skylarking.

\(\text{\textit{(F)}}\) High Fury (Peak-UA)

Told against the picturesque background of the Swiss Alps, this thrilling human-interest tale hits dramatic heights. There are breathtaking scenes of mountain climbing that will leave you limp.

Madeleine Carroll is splendid as Magda whose inn, during World War II, provides a welcome haven for French orphan Michael McKeag. Her ne'er-do-well husband, Michael Rennie, resenting the strong attachment between them, refuses his wife's plea that they adopt the lad. Village doctor Ian Keith is full of understanding but loathe to interfere. Comes the day when the refugee children in the town enthrall for their native France—a joyful prospect for all except young Michael, whose future is blank. How he takes matters into his own hands and how his action affects the lives of Magda, her husband, and her doctor-friend make for a heart-warming, unusual picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A deeply moving drama.
Love hits the trail out West, with Anne Baxter and Gregory Peck exchanging bullets instead of bouquets

**WWW (F) Yellow Sky**  
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

PROBABLY it's an old Western custom that has Gregory Peck and Anne Baxter saying it with bullets, not flowers, in this exciting action drama charged with violence all the way.

More dead than alive, six outlaws, led by Peck, reach a ghost town after robbing a bank and crossing the sun-baked Arizona desert. There's smirking Richard Widmark, tough old-timer Charles Kemper, leering John Russell and henchmen Henry Morgan and Robert Arthur. Confederates in crime but scarcely comrades, they would plug each other at the drop of a hat. When they learn that Anne, a gun-totin' little wildcat, and her grandpa, James Barton, have gold cached away in the hills, there's a mad scramble for it.

Peck is as brutal and greedy as the rest of them, but once he makes a bargain, he sticks to it. Widmark is slick as ever and Barton is a lovable old codger. As for Anne, she's called upon to take a terrific trouncing from these varmints but, golly, she can dish it out, too.

Your Reviewer Says: How rugged can they get?

There's magic and a modern message in fact and fable film with Dean Stockwell, Pat O'Brien, David Clarke

**WWW (F) The Boy with Green Hair**  
(RKO)

REMEMBER the war orphans, all over the world, and don't let it happen again. That's the point subtly stressed here, without preaching or resorting to sledge hammer tactics.

Dean Stockwell is such a child—an American lad whose parents were war casualties. Thereafter, he shuffles from one relative to another, at last finding refuge with kindly Pat O'Brien, a singing waiter with wondrous tales for a growing youngster. Then, one day, Dean's hair suddenly turns grass green, a phenomenon that sets him apart from everyone else. Encouraged by O'Brien, the unhappy boy becomes convinced that his attention-attracting hair has been given to him for a purpose. There's great pathos and humor, too—in the situation, along with a plea for peace and tolerance. But whether you interpret this as a film fraught with social significance or merely an imaginative fable, you'll agree it is 'way off the beaten track.

O'Brien and young Stockwell make a grand pair; Robert Ryan is a sympathetic psychiatrist, Barbara Hale a pleasant teacher.

Your Reviewer Says: Full of movie magic.

**WWW (F) So Dear to My Heart**  
(Disney-RKO)

QUESTION: When is a black sheep not a black sheep? Answer: When a little boy takes him to his heart and grooms him for a Blue Ribbon Award at the County Fair. The idea seems silly to everyone except Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten. Bobby's granny, Beulah Bondi, whose tongue is as tart as her heart is soft, sees trouble ahead when Bobby adopts the newborn lamb. She's sure enough, the spirited crtitter causes plenty of damage about the place and, more than once, Bobby faces the prospect of losing him.

A tender tribute to childhood days, this barnyard fable combines animation and live action. Several songs point up the Technicolor-treated story with two of them—"It's Watcha Do with Whatcha Got" and "Stick-To-It-Ivity" standing out from the rest. Bobby and Beulah Bondi are excellent; Burl Ives is wonderful, too, as the guitar-playing village blacksmith.

Your Reviewer Says: Chalk up another Disney hit.
Instantly... make YOUR lips more thrilling!

New Beautiful Color for Lips Can't Rub Off!

Here's the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And it is **so permanent.**

Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to prevent cream lipstick from smearing, too. Just brush on a coat of Liquid Lipstone after lipstick. You'll love it.

And CHEEKTONE... 

Roses in your cheeks without rouge! A "miracle" preparation. The effect is absolutely natural and lovely. Lasts all day.

**liquid lipstone**

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 9102
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Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. Tax) for each as checked:

☐ Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.
☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
☐ Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.
☐ Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
☐ English Tint—Inviting coral-pink.
☐ Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smoothers.

**CHEEKTONE—Magic** natural color.

(F) That Wonderful Urge
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

HERE'S a comedy as bubbly as a champagne cocktail. Reporter Ty Power has written a series of articles about heiress Gene Tierney that makes her furious. Ty doesn't reveal his true identity when he meets her at Sun Valley in the company of Reginald Gardner, her titled suitor. However, the truth about Ty finally leaks out and Gene decides it's his turn for some putrid publicity. So she informs the press of her "marriage" to Ty on whom she has supposedly settled a million bucks. This complicates his life no end, especially with his girl, Arleen Whelan, who has first claim on him. Ty's loud denials only brand him as an all-American hero and it takes Judge Gene Lockhart to untangle the scrambled situation. Maybe all this makes more nonsense than sense but you'll have a hilarious time.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun at its frothiest.

(F) Fighter Squadron
(Warners)

MEET the men of the Air Corps—as fine a bunch of boys as ever fought in any war. There's Major Edmond O'Brien, daredevil extraordinary; Captain Robert Stack, torn between loyalty to his squadron in England, and longing for his girl back home; Colonel John Rodney, poised with his men; General Henry Hull, a sharp-shooter; handsome Captain Walter Reed, and fun-loving Sergeant Tom D'Andrea. All contribute pithy performances to a movie that is a stirring salute to the United States Air Force.

A veteran of the China Flying Tigers, O'Brien rolls up a sensational record for blitzing enemy planes out of the blue. However, his tactics are disapproved by his superior officer, Sheppard Strudwick, who is a great stickler for rules. What with boys bombed above and tripped by red tape below, El has his hands full. The action-packed story moves along briskly, punctuated by crisp dialogue.

Your Reviewer Says: Ace airplane epic.

(F) Every Girl Should Be Married
(RKO)

NOBODY can say that Betsy Drake isn't persistent once she makes up her mind that Cary Grant is her man. A baby doctor who clings to his bachelorhood tenaciously, Cary is amused, then alarmed, at Betsy's strategy to lead him to the altar. Full of feminine wiles, she pretends her playboy-employer, Franchot Tone, is more than casually interested in her. Tone is only too willing to cooperate but Cary relentlessly renews her efforts to win Cary, putting on a campaign that is nothing short of terrifying. Even if it works here, take our word for it: This is how not to land a husband.

Veteran comedian Grant gallantly permits accepting no offers. Betsy Drake steals the show. Diana Lynn is a friend worth having and Eddie Albert pops up in the last scene.

Your Reviewer Says: The way of a maid with a man.

(F) When My Baby Smiles at Me
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

THEY are back together again—curva-
devil Betty Grable and dancing Dan Dailey—in a fast-n'-flashy musical. It's the familiar story of the struggling song-and-dance team who separate when a role in a Broadway show comes along for one of them, then eat their hearts out for each other. You'll follow their joys and heartaches avidly, applauding their snappy act, sighing with Betty when her man does her wrong, and generally having a glad-sad time of it.

Jack Oakie, June Havoc and James Gleason maud the English language; Richard Arlen pleases as Betty's admirer and Jean Wallace (Mrs. Franchot Tone) is a bold hussy.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll love it.

(F) The Man from Colorado
(Columbia)

THERE is nothing wrong with Glenn Ford that a good psychiatrist couldn't cure but, back in 1945, they never heard of such a thing. So Glenn gets himself in a mess of trouble—all because of an uncontrollable urge to kill, contracted in the Civil War. His close friend William Holden tries his best to understand and help him. That isn't easy, for both men are in love with Ellen Drew.

Ford's role in this gripping outdoor drama is not a sympathetic one but he turns in a credible job. Holden cuts a forthright figure. Ellen a fetching one. Jerome Courtland rates attention.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty of fireworks.

(F) Whiplash
(Warner's)

BLUNT, outspoken Dane Clark puts up a game fight not only to win the middleweight championship, but statuesque nightclub singer Alexis Smith as well. Trouble is, she's a very much married to crippled fight promoter Zachary Scott, a calculating brute. His cruelty drives her to distraction and her doctor-brother, Jeff, between Scott, cracking the whip over her and Clark misunderstanding her motives, Alexis is a gal much too be pitted.

Dane's portrayal of a champ who can take a licking and don't give back, is all to the good. Alexis suffers with ladylike restraint while Jeffrey scores as an alcoholic. Eve Arden, S. Z. Sakall and Alan Hale represent the lighter side of a rather grim, hard-hitting melodrama.

Your Reviewer Says: It leaves a sting.

(F) Let's Live a Little
(Eagle Lion)

ACTING on the premise that all advertising executives are wacky and Robert Cummings is wackier than most, this provides Bob with a real slapstick role. Such a capable comedian shouldn't have to put up a cold cream at Anna Steen for laughs. His nerves are so frazzled, he has to consult a psychiatrist... and who do you suppose said psychiatrist turns out to be? Hedda Lamarr!!

That clever little lady sets about curing Bob of his woman-hating phobia only to have him fall for her—but hard. No use looking for logic or sublety here; simply accept this as a moderately amusing movie and let it go at that.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll laugh.

(A) My Own True Love
(Paramount)

FAATHER and son in love with the same girl. That's the strange situation confronting Melvyn Douglas, Phyllis Calvert and Philip Friend in postwar London. It's Melvyn's daughter, Wanda Hendrix, who fixes up a way for her dad, to take his mind off the disappearance of his flier son in World War II. The romance is off to a good start when the boy suddenly turns up, minus a leg and all his illusions, and makes a play for Phyllis Calvert. Phyllis combines (Continued on page 24)
Catching Cold?

Germs Reduced as Much as 96.7%
Even Fifteen Minutes after Gargle—
tests showed
If you can get the jump on the cold in
the early stages... attack germs on
throat surfaces before they invade the
body... you can often "nip" a cold in
the bud or lessen its severity.

That's why you ought to gargle with
Listerine Antiseptic at the very first hint
of a sniffl e, sneeze, or a tightened throat.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back
on throat surfaces and kills millions of
germs, including the "secondary invaders." Just think, clinical tests showed
that after this gargle germs were re-
duced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes
after, and up to 80% one hour after.

In short, Listerine Antiseptic, with
quick germ-killing action, is a wonder-
ful aid.

Remember also that in tests over a
12-year period, regular twice-a-day users
of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds,
and generally milder ones, than non-
users; also that sore throats due to colds
were fewer.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?
IF YOUR HAIR LOOKS LIKE THIS

WHEN IT SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS

don't use greasy pomades,
brittle lacquer or sticky hair oil...

"Suave" your hair

Your beautician will tell you there's nothing else like Suave to make hair miraculously obedient... whisper-soft, kissable... starry-bright... Keeps every tress perfectly in place, and safe from parching sunlight. Rinses out instantly. It's the amazing, new cosmetic for hair that outsells ALL women's hair-dressings! Greaseless—not a hair oil. No alcohol! For the whole family. At beauty shops, drug and department stores. 50c and $1.

"The cosmetic for hair"

(Continued from page 22) brains and beauty effectively. Douglas delivers a deft performance and Friend is convincing as his bitter son; Wanda handles her small role well. Binnie Barnes and Arthur Shields complete a capable cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A close call for Cupid.

✓ (F) The Adventures of Don Juan (Warners)

IN A season of extra-fancy swordplay, Errol Flynn comes along as the dashing, balcony-climbing Don Juan.

Errol's adventures are amusing enough when treated in a tongue-in-cheek manner; it's when the story takes a serious turn that it becomes just another costume picture. Vivien Lindfors is very grand and dignified as the Queen of Spain. For her sweet sake, Don Juan almost reforms but, in the final fadeout, he's back in business. And here's a surprise! The senorita he pursues is none other than Nora Flynn!

Robert Douglas is the black villain! Romney Brent a royal weakling, Jerry Austin a grotesque court jester and Alan Hale, Don Juan's staunch servant-comrade.

Your Reviewer Says: Saga of Spain's Great Lover.

✓ (F) The Countess of Monte Cristo (Universal-International)

ANYONE who can skate as divinely as Sonja Henie is liable to get away with a lot, including larceny. With Olga San Juan's help, Sonja manages to do just that.

A couple of Norwegian barmaids with a taste for luxury, Sonja and Olga take themselves off on a holiday to a swanky winter resort with Sonja posing as a countess and Olga as her maid. Mistaking Lieutenant Michael Kirby for the hotel doorman, she treats him like one of the help. It doesn't take him long to prove he is just the chump to give a gal like Sonja a whirl with or without skates.

It's primarily the skating sequences that brighten this bit of frivolous fluff.

Your Reviewer Says: Sonja skates on.

✓ (F) Belle Starr's Daughter (Twentieth Century-Fox)

A TERRIFIC change has come over Rod Cameron. In "River Lady" he was a fine, upstanding fellow; this time he's plumb bad. It takes a man like marshal George Montgomery to out-ride, out-shoot and out-fight him. However, it's a little tougher for Montgomery to convince Ruth Roman that she's rooting for the wrong side.

Cameron turns in the most convincing performance of the trio, substantially aided by William Phipps as his pal, Wallace Ford as a frightened cowpoke, Charles Kemper as Montgomery's chief deputy.

Your Reviewer Says: Bullets and brawls.

✓ (F) Three Godfathers (M-G-M)

THREE bold bandits, tripped by a pair of baby booties, furnish the theme for a great big Technicolor Western stressing sentiment more than action.

John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz and Harry Carey Jr. hold up a bank, then run for their lives, pursued by marshal Ward Bond. When the trio comes across a dying woman and her newborn babe, they promise to become the infant's godfathers.

Both photography and acting overshadow the story. The standout scene is a desert sandstorm so real you can almost feel the hot sand cutting your face.

Your Reviewer Says: A little action, a lot of sentiment.
(F) Nighttime in Nevada (Republic)

(Cowboys, crooks and cattle in Trucolor)

I make this a dandy little item for the Saturday matinee trade. Their favorite, Roy Rogers, is cast as a cattleman while Grant Withers is the meanest scoundrel in all Nevada and Adele Mara is the girl whose father Withers murdered, years before, so he could grab a mining claim. How Rogers uncovers the early crime and traps Withers is told to the tune of clattering hoofs, blazing guns and the hummin' strummin' Sons of the Pioneers.

Your Reviewer Says: Roy's right in stride.

(F) The Lucky Stiff
(Amusement Enterprises—UA)

This semi-serious meller, full of crooks and corpses, has Dorothy Lamour playing a sultry singer involved in the murder of a night club owner. Attorney Brian Donlevy finds Dottie so fascinating that, before he knows it, he's involved, too, and so is his loyal secretary, Claire Trevor.

Exonerated by the governor in the nick of time, Dottie is hidden by Brian in the home of an eccentric client, Marjorie Rambeau. Everyone, including press and police, think Dottie has warbled her last torch song, which gives her a chance to play at being a ghost. The idea is, if she haunts enough people, they may finally discover the real killer. Irene Hervey, Billy Vine and Robert Armstrong round out the unlucky cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Bottom of the barrel.

(F) The Kissing Bandit (M-G-M)

Old California furnishes a romantic background for an elaborate Technicolor musical with Frank Sinatra and Kathryn Grayson serenading each other sweetly.

Frankie's role is that of a Caspar Milquetoast character, trying to emulate the notorious kissing bandit who was his father. Egged on by his dad's old crony, J. Carroll Naish, Francis holds up a coach with Katie in it. But living up to his old man's reputation isn't easy for a timid soul like Frankie.

Sinatra is at his best, of course, when he is singing; Grayson is a lovely eye-and-earful while Naish—the old pirate—steals most of the laughs. There's some spirited dancing by Sono Osato as well as a specialty number brilliantly executed by Ricardo Montalban, Ann Miller and Cyd Charisse.

Your Reviewer Says: Fiesta with Frankie.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Boy with Green Hair
Fighter Squadron
High Fury
So Dear to My Heart

Best Performances of the Month

Dean Stockwell in
"The Boy with Green Hair"
Teresa Wright in "Enchantment"
Betsy Drake in
"Every Girl Should Be Married"
Edmund O'Brien in "Fighter Squadron"
Madeleine Carroll in "High Fury"
Tyrene Power, Gene Tierney in
"That Wonderful Urge"
Dane Clark in "Whiplash"
Gregory Peck, Anne Baxter, James Barton in
"Yellow Sky"
Joan Fontaine, Jimmy Stewart, Eddie Albert in
"You Gotta Stay Happy"

I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Smart girl, not to let lovely snug-fitting wool become a trap for underarm odor. You stay nice to be near because your charm stays safe with Mum!

Even in winter, there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. And remember—a bath only washes away past perspiration, but Mum guards against future underarm odor.

Mum safer for charm
Mum safer for skin
Mum safer for clothes

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

So effective... Veto gives you Double Protection! Guard your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

Because Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

YOUR LOVELINESS IS DOUBLY SAFE

So effective... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

Because Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!
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MARION HUTTON, STARRING IN THE UNITED ARTISTS' FILM "LOVE HAPPY"

I never used to be popular...

'Til one lucky night I turned a page and read: "Men are romantics at heart", says Marion Hutton. 'They like a girl to be so-o feminine . . . to have the softest, pampered-looking hands.' Marion advises: "Use Jergens Lotion on your hands—I do."

Right then, I started using Jergens too!

Not long after I started going out! First with Paul, then Cy, now I've got several beau. Men really do choose the girl with the softest, loveliest hands!

See how much softer your hands can be with today's richer Jergens Lotion! Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Yet never leaves that sticky feeling. Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care

Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant. Send 10¢ to cover handling and postage to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 55-A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31, 1949.

Cheers and Jeers:

My hubby and I go to the movies often and enjoy reading your fine articles about movies and the stars. I especially enjoy practicing the stars' hair-dos and trying to copy their clothes. Therefore, thanks so much for good, clear, interestingly posed pictures.

You've made your magazine tops in good photography as well as tops in well-written interesting articles.

MRS. ALAN DUNLAP
Willow Village, Mich.

I've just seen "Key Largo" and it occurred to me that this is the fifth picture I've seen when it's been raining. Why is it that it always seems to be raining while a crime is being planned or committed? The rain may help the gloomy mood, but crimes are committed when it isn't raining, aren't they?

SUSAN RAPAPORT
Detroit, Mich.

Why didn't Richard Widmark come to Hollywood sooner? He's sensational. Everything he does deserves an Academy Award.

BONNIE CLEAVES
State College, Pa.

In the December issue of Photoplay in "Riviera Revels," Elsa Maxwell said that she thinks Rita Hayworth has matured. Well, she certainly should be, at her age! As for Tyrone Power and Linda Christian, how can any of us have any respect for either of them ever again?

THELMA KOLAKS
Eureka, Mo.

Congratulations to Hollywood for discovering someone like Montgomery Clift. It's about time they were getting someone like him. After "Red River" we want more of him.

JEANNE LORIGAN
Sacramento, Cal.

Just finished "The Allyson-Powell Puzzle" in the December issue. After seeing "Good News," which featured June Allyson, it is hard for me to believe the marital trouble between her and her husband. I think she has the most beautiful personality and charm on the screen.

GEORGE CORNETT
Red Deer, Alberta, Canada

Doesn't Hollywood realize they have another Bergman in the making? I'm speaking of that wonderful actress Valli. She's been in Hollywood for quite some time and we hear or see very little about her. Who can surpass her acting in "The Miracle of the Bells" and "The Parandise Case"?

BILL RECUBER

It's been days since I saw "The Snake Pit" but it's still so vivid in my mind. I sat through it twice because I felt that I didn't quite catch everything the first time—there was so much to see. I've always admired Olivia de Havilland but
this really proves what a truly great actress she is.

Most people today don't realize half what they should about insanity. They think it's always hopeless and incurable and they mark a person who has ever been in an asylum and believe that their children will inherit the disease. It took one of the greatest influences in America to try and make people understand more about it and, therefore, realize that these things are not always true.

JAMES A. BEAUDOIN
Chicago, Ill.

Casting:

The book "Proud Destiny" would make a very good movie with Lana Turner in the role of Marie Antoinette. If Hollywood made more historical movies I think it would raise the standards of motion pictures.

LIN KENNEDY
Charleston, S. C.

I say "heck" with all these glamour guys and gals! Let's see more of these interesting men such as Edmund Gwenn, Cecil Kellaway and Barry Fitzgerald. They're wonderful!

JAY MOREHEAD
Albemarle, N. C.

I think it's about time the producers gave Dan Dailey a break and put him in some more good movies like "Mother Wore Tights." His dancing is far greater than Gene Kelly's.

EDITH FAYE WILSON
Parkersburg, West Va.

Question Box:

A few days ago I saw "Ruthless" and I still haven't settled it in my mind as to whether or not Martha and Malory, played by Diana Lynn, were really the same person in the picture.

BETTY SKIDMORE
Denver, Col.

(No, they were not the same person.)

I would like to know if Robert Stack is American or English. Has he ever been married?

BEATRICE MARTINI
Laredo, Tex.

(Robert Stack was born in Los Angeles. He has never been married.)

My brother and I have been arguing about how old Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor really are and I would appreciate knowing.

ROSE COLLI
West Roxbury, Mass.

(Jane Powell was born in 1929 and Elizabeth Taylor in 1932.)

Could you please tell me who played the part of Matt Davis in "Fighting Father Dunne"? To which studio is he under contract?

CAROL SHARP
Inglewood, Cal.

(Darryl Hickman played Matt Davis. He's making a picture for RKO but is not under contract.)

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Obey that Impulse!

Tie one on with Ty and Gene... two charming people in a wonderful, wonderful picture!

TYRONE POWER  GENE TIERNEY

That Wonderful URGE

With REGINALD GARDINER  ARLEEN WHELAN

LUCILE WATSON  GENE LOCKHART  LLOYD GOUGH  PORTER HALL  RICHARD GAINES  TAYLOR HOLMES  CHILL WILLS

Directed by ROBERT B. SINCLAIR  Produced by FRED KOHLMAR  Screen Play by Jay Dratler  From a Story by William R. Lipman and Frederick Stephani
ONCE again you, for whom movies are made, have voted for your favorite stars and your favorite pictures. Once again, too, Hollywood awaits your verdict, the result of Photoplay's nation-wide, year-long balloting.

On February 14, at Photoplay's annual Gold Medal dinner—a social event in the film colony these days—Gold Medals will be presented to the studio producer, director and authors of the picture you liked best while the cast and staff of this favorite picture will receive gold medallions. Gold Medals also will go to the man and woman you have voted the most popular stars of the year. And to the ten most popular pictures of the year and the five most popular men stars and the five most popular women stars of the year, scrolls will be presented.

Last year, you will remember, it was "The Jolson Story" that headed the list of favorite pictures and Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman who won Photoplay's Gold Medals. Bing, in fact, has won this medal for the last four years. Ingrid, on the other hand, has been the winner for the last two years. During the previous two years it was Greer Garson who was voted most popular.

The March Photoplay, which will reach your newsstand a few days before the Gold Medal dinner, will report the winning stars and pictures of 1948 and those stars who, during this past year, have increased most in popularity.

Look for the March Photoplay on your newsstand February 11.
I predict a

AM as dead certain that Jennifer Jones will be married to the man she loves, David O. Selznick, and that they will be honeymooning in Europe by mid-January, as I am that my new Schiaparelli gown is no bargain sale house dress. I am also certain that the ceremony will be performed in Paris or London and not in the United States.

But when I put the question direct to the hazel-eyed girl in the smart Dior blouse and skirt having coffee across the table from me, the answer came softly:

"I don't know, Louella. I honestly don't know. But when I do, I promise I'll tell you."

If I had spent my good time with any other actress without getting a more definite answer to a question intriguing all Hollywood I might have been
Hollywood’s dean of reporters explains why she is sure that Jennifer Jones, a lady in love for seven long years, is now ready to sign a new contract with David Selznick—for life.

Now that “Portrait of Jenny” is completed, Selznick plans to bring Jennifer to Broadway next season in “Romeo and Juliet”

thoroughly irritated. But, strangely enough for Parsons, the-get-the-story-out-of-’em-if-it-takes-all-night-gal, I was not.

The unspoken things I sense and know about this romance make me realize that Jennifer Jones could no more come out and tell me she is planning to marry her boss and mentor than a lady of royal court would think of announcing marriage plans to a King or a Prince of the realm.

If ever a woman idealized and idolized a man, Jennifer does David. She believes he is a King with a capital K and I must admit she is not alone in her high respect for him. David’s ex-father-in-law, Louis B. Mayer, has told me that he considers David is touched with genius.

To the girl who loves him—he is a god, controlling not only her career but her life, her laughter and even her tears.  
(Continued on page 74)
Love Affair

The woman who introduced Rita and the Aly Khan tells the unbelievable story behind their unbelievable romance.

NEVER was there such a romance. Everywhere Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan have gone, whether it was a Hollywood night club, Mexico, Cuba or Texas, photographers and reporters have followed them. And the pictures and interviews, always noncommittal, have been headlined all over the world.

Little did I know what I was starting this past summer, when I introduced my romantic young friend, His Highness Prince Aly Khan, to the glamorous and then about-to-be-divorced Rita Hayworth. I suspect Rita, too, is rather amazed at the results.

For it is my notion that Rita, in the beginning, intended her friendship with Prince Aly as a come-on to intrigue Orson Welles and get him away from Lea Padovani.

That much I suspect. This much I know! Orson arrived in Cannes right after Rita had gone motoring through Spain with Prince Aly. Rita, he told me, had telephoned that she wanted to see him. He would, he said, go anywhere if Rita needed him. He feels so nicely towards Rita, respects her so much. But he was angry, of course, that he had flown all the way from Rome, leaving (Continued on page 110)
It’s their ways with their wallets that put these

A PENNY saved—that’s news these inflation days. And the Hollywood citizens, like citizens everywhere, can’t figure out where their high-cost-of-living money goes.

Who are the careful stars of Hollywood? And by careful, I mean the boys and girls who think before they spend, and who spend a lot of time saving dollars and dimes. And don’t think I’m being critical of them, I’m not. Hollywood is too full of extras and bit players who were once stars but who didn’t have sense enough to save their salaries. And today the saving-for-tomorrow situation is even more important. Only a lucky few remain in the top earning brackets more than seven years. And during that time there is a heavy financial drain on star pocketbooks plus up to seventy-seven per cent income tax on top earnings.

Okay, so who are the inflation beaters?

Fred MacMurray’s respect for a dollar is now a

Paulette Goddard might have cleaned up on publicity but for the cleaning woman’s query

What Peter Lawford pulled out of his pocket put Frankie Sinatra in the pay role!

Hedy Lamarr looks helpless—but a business deal showed she’s a sharp siren
Hollywood legend. Fred's manager, Boo Roos, allows him $35.00 a week spending money—for gasoline, cigarettes, lunches, etc. The story goes that when Fred recently opened his billfold—nestling inside were five weekly checks—still uncashed! When the MacMurrays were decorating their new and beautiful home, they ordered some fancy material for the drapes. The decorator, knowing his client, brought material to sell at $1.00 a yard. Fred had set the budget for sixty cents a yard. He cancelled the drapes! Neither Fred nor Lillian will ever be applying for bed and board at the Motion Picture Actors Home in the Valley. And that's wonderful.

Hedy Lamarr always looks so helpless and she talks like a simple little girl drowning in a sea of figures—I mean the financial kind—but just show her a bankbook or how to make and save money! In her picture with Robert Cummings, (Cont'd on page 108)
I REMEMBER, when I was growing up, what a big day in my life St. Valentine's Day was. You remember, too, don't you? How excited we'd be when it came to counting the Valentines we got, guessing who sent the anonymous ones, figuring out the numbers which stood for initials and the thrill if we got the fancy, most important one from the most important boy?

Then I was a grownup—or, at least, I thought so—and Valentine's Day was just a youngsters' holiday. But now, and ever since I've been really grown up, I've learned the real meaning of the day of St. Valentine, the day set aside to mark thoughtfulness and love and sentimental remembering. It's a day almost as old as Christmas and beneath all the joking and blushing giggling, it has a real meaning that's kept it alive all these years.

I wondered how many of my Hollywood friends remembered the sentimental anniversary just as I did... The story of Dan Dailey and his wife is quite a tale:

They hadn't been married long and Dan was under contract to M-G-M.

But he wasn't getting

(Continued on page 102)
There was a time when Dan Dailey's dancing feet dragged and the future looked hopeless. It was then Liz sent the red and white card that was to change their lives.

A golden heart worn on a bracelet holds a special meaning for Mona Freeman and her husband Pat Nerney.

Sentiment got a set-back for Gail Russell and Guy Madison when her pet spaniel played understudy to Cupid!

Gail's next is "El Paso" for Pine Thomas.
New Year's Eve came early for Larry Parks
Larry's back at work—with

a song on his lips, a new contract in

his pocket—and Betty at his side

BY LARRY PARKS

Go to church, work hard, marry a good Lutheran
girl, and everything will always come out all
right,” my mother used to say. That was Mother's commendable, if simplified, solution for whatever the future held for me.

As it turned out, it handed me plenty. Not all of it too good. And I've had occasion to remember her philosophy.

Well, I like to think I spent the last year and a half as constructively as possible. And happy days are here again. It looks like the Parkses are in for a much happier new year.

For us, this New Year's Eve fell in September—the afternoon I signed a new five-year contract with Columbia Studios which terminated long months of controversy. Under the new contract, I will make one picture a year for Columbia, which can cover a period of seventeen weeks. The other thirty-five, I'm a free agent. I can make my own commitments with other studios, stand on my own judgment, together with Betty and our manager, Lou Mandel, have my own independent producing company... which has long been my tall dream.

To one long accustomed to a sequence of bad breaks, it seemed nobody could ask Fate for more. Not even on both knees. Betty and I celebrated the beginning of our New Year—strictly Parks-style. No night club. No confetti, horns or noise-makers. The last eighteen months had been plenty noisy enough. We bought a bottle of champagne, put on our best blue jeans, hoisted our sleeping bags into the car and headed for the beach cottage of our best friends, the Lloyd (Continued on page 92)
Jeanne and Paul practice no fifty-fifty formula. They have their own kind of arithmetic for subtracting the pitfalls of marriage.

BY JEANNE CRAIN

I'll be having my second baby about the time that you are reading this. I hope it's a girl whom I can name Diane Jeanne. My twenty-two-months-old son, Paul Brinkman Junior, is the sort of bounding, healthy youngster that every mother wants. But, still, there are some very special things I could tell a daughter, the kind of things that are particularly important for every girl to know. I mean romantic things.

I am so lucky. Not only have I been fortunate in finding romance but three years of wedded happiness have actually increased it.

That, I believe, is the very first thing I'd tell a daughter—that romance does not have to be lost after marriage. I know many sincere people believe just the opposite. (Continued on page 105)
"At the Crosby ranch," says Wally, "it's breakfast at 6 a.m. for all hands—or else"

"Half work—half play" is Bing's motto for Pat Ross, Phil, Dennis and Gary. The boys are paid for ranch chores

MAKE MINE

Which means dressing up for dinner by taking off your hat. And fishing, hunting and boating—for Bing—as the kids pitch in and make hay

BY WALLY WESTMORE

"Half work—half play" is Bing's motto for Pat Ross, Phil, Dennis and Gary. The boys are paid for ranch chores

If there are any squares left who believe those radio gags about Bing Crosby being a lazy man, they should see the guy on his ranch at Elko, Nevada. As one of the lucky characters who has known him for twenty years and who gets a crack at visiting the ranch every summer, I can tell you with every creaking bone and aching muscle in my body that I only wish it were true.

Gary, the oldest of the Crosby sons, undoubtedly wishes it were true, also. Then Gary could get away with a little loafing, a thing he purely enjoys. The twins, Phillip and Dennis, might pick up better than those two bucks a day wages they earn, if the old man were actually as dreamy as supposed. And a guest from the city might be allowed to sleep after five-thirty a.m. Of course, said guest can do that now, if he doesn't mind starving to death—and never expects to be asked back to Elko again. The ranch is like a new world in the desert—all green. It is only 25,000 acres, but Bing and company call it home.

There are trees and streams, even a lake—a Crosby-made lake where Bing himself dammed a stream. (Continued on page 47)
Boat christening at Wildhorse Lake was highlight of the Westmores' visit—but a flat tire almost postponed the ceremony.

Dixie, the champ of the barbecue pit, had Edwina Westmore begging for her venison steak recipe.
Picnic in the desert: With nary an oasis in sight, Edwina Westmore, Dixie, ranch manager Johnny Eckeart, his wife Dorris and Bing stocked up with canteens of spring water and hampers of food for a day's outing
It's a hay and cattle ranch and like the man who owns it, everything about it is efficient and there's no nonsense of wasted effort. There's a big ranch house, where the ranch manager, Johnny Eckhart, and his wife live the year 'round, and where the Crosby kids bunk during the summer.

There's a barn, nearly big enough to stack the 3500 tons of hay they harvest. There's a hydroelectric plant fed by streams coming from the mountains through twenty-three miles of pipe. There is machinery the like of which no farm ever saw for sheer efficiency—stuff like a hayrack made out of tubulous steel and another machine that does the work of eight men in stacking hay. There's a complete woodwork shop and then scattered around a plot of green lawn, there are the guest houses—and the houses for the crew, cowboys, farmhands and cooks, fifteen in all.

Bing and Dixie's house and the guest houses have a big living room with two bedrooms and a bath between, and are furnished in a comfortable California-Monterey style.

Everybody—the Groaner himself; Dixie, the kids, the guests and the crew—all eat together in the big dining room of the main house.

The routine on the ranch is wonderful. The Chinese cook rings a bell at five-thirty a.m. which means "get up." The second bell at six means food's on the table. It's country style, even at dinner, which is at six p.m. The food's down when you get there. You pass it around and pitch in. After each meal, you take your own dishes to the completely modern kitchen, which has garbage disposal, dish washers and all that. You are in bed at eight-thirty at the latest.

In between you work and play in a very pleasant proportion, a la the owner's methods. Nobody ever lolls. Dixie and my wife kept plenty busy, ordering the food and seeing to everybody's comfort, and I had my own special task of loading trucks with sand to be brought to the lake, where some of the hands would take over to turn that sand into a beach.

Gary's job was soaking fence posts in creosote and placing them. When he first hit the ranch from his school in the East, he weighed 183 pounds. By the time he returned he was down to a trim 160. The twins, who are fourteen to Gary's sixteen, helped with the fence making and haying, drove rakes, etc. for six weeks. Linny, the (Continued on page 100)
Lana's world is no longer bounded by the hills of Hollywood

Scoop—in any language. In Lana's own words,

Photoplay presents the intimate story of her life as Mrs. Bob Topping

By Lana Turner
THE sunshine poured down on our yacht, anchored off the southern coast of France. As the three French divers went over the side of the ship into the water Bob asked me, "Well, Mrs. Topping, how do you like hunting for buried sea-treasure?"

"I love it," I said, hanging over the rail with him to watch the divers sink toward the skeleton of an old ship far below. And I thought, "And furthermore, I can't believe it—me, Lana Turner, honeymooning and treasure-hunting six thousand miles from Hollywood, off the shores of France!"

A few minutes later I was even more astounded, for the divers struggled to the surface with a mysterious object four feet high, completely encrusted in barnacles.

"It is only the beginning," the divers told Bob in French and sure enough, they worked all afternoon bringing up mates to the first mystery. Finally there were forty of them dripping on the decks of our yacht!

Forty, and later we found out, with the barnacles scraped off, what they were. They were ancient Roman wine casks, two thousand years old, that had gone down hundreds of years before on a shipwrecked Roman galley! They are beautiful, too, made of a strange red pottery, with double handles at the top. The French Government kept thirty-six of them, but Bob and I are bringing four of them to America. Once they're here, we'll show them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to find out exactly what they're made of—French scientists were completely puzzled by them.

There! I told that story to show you how different—how unbelievably different—my life has been in the few short months since I became Mrs. Robert Topping. It's hard to realize that we were only married last April 26th. Since then my life has changed so completely that it's like white compared to black and I am happier than ever before. Happier, too, than I ever dreamed of being in the last few hectic years. This is, without a doubt, my most exciting story.

Just to prove again how different and wonderful everything is for me: I shall never forget the day last September when, back from Europe, Bob took me to my new home—my first (Continued on page 96)
Johnny hid his shyness with a long loud roar. But Marie knew the way to skin the lamb and bring out . . .

The Lion in Lund

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

WHEN you attend a large party, do you too often feel you were invited by mistake? That perhaps they just used the latest loan company mailing list? Do you go into a deep freeze and wish you were?

Do you hold brilliant imaginary conversations with the boss, demanding a raise, and instead work several months overtime?

Then cheer up, chum. Examine the life records of John Lund.

To many who know John Lund now, the fact that this six feet and one-and-one-half inches of blond good looks and witty repartee once incorporated a very timid soul is in itself a big surprise.

Virile-voiced, with a ready smile and an easy-does-it manner, John talks at the drop of an ear, meets life's problems with a constant wisecrack and fairly spreads self-assurance in his stride.

When John first came to Hollywood, he made life pretty impossible for script writers, tearing wildly through the first draft of a movie script to see if by chance they'd written a line referring to his character's pulchritude or sex appeal. If so, John would plead, "Please, fellows, strike that one out." Any romantic reference to himself embarrassed him, so sure was he that audiences would give it a great big yak. (Continued on page 79)

Romance in reserve:
John Lund of "Bride of Vengeance"

Smith
Hearts and darts — a new game for an age-old custom. Roddy aimed for Ann's name, won a kiss and a dance.

Follow Ann Blyth's recipe—if you want your party as romantic as a Valentine's paper lace.

BY KAY MULVEY

Ann Blyth is in "Red Canyon"; Mona Freeman, "Streets of Laredo"; Terry Moore, "The Return of October"; Barbara Hale, "Jolson Sings Again"; Bill Williams, "The Stratton Story"; Lon McCallister, "The Big Cat"; Roddy McDowall, "Macbeth"

Ann used romantic strategy by placing married couples Mona Freeman and Pat Nerny, Bill Williams and Barbara Hale together, while sharing her table with the heart-free Lon McCallister, Terry Moore and Roddy McDowall.
ANN BLYTH loves a party—and one that will be pretty. Valentine's Day was a perfect occasion. Ann got the group into a party mood with some hilarious games. They threw darts and spun the bottle for kisses. After the spread, they danced to waltz time, ending the evening with a romantic Strauss tune. Though she thinks buffets are dreamy, she doesn't like to have her guests balancing plates on their laps, so she always sets bridge tables, adding a formal touch to the informal. Here is Ann's menu: Shrimp Creole, vegetable platter, baked beans, Valentine salad, hot rolls, relish plate of olives, pickles, celery, onions; coffee and milk, cake and fruit compote.

Shrimp Creole: For each 3 lbs. of fresh shrimp (which serves 6) bring 3 quarts of water, 1½ cups of vinegar and 2 tbsp. salt to a rapid boil. Add shrimp and boil 5 minutes, covered. If you use canned shrimp, use 2 cans for 6 people. To make the sauce, simmer 8 minutes: 1½ cups canned tomatoes, ½ thinly sliced green pepper, 1 onion sliced into thin rings, and ½ cup sliced fresh or canned mushrooms. Cook until vegetables are just tender. In separate saucepan, melt 2 tbsp. butter, add 1 tbsp. flour, stir until well blended, add to first mixture and boil 2 minutes. Add shrimp and serve in chafing dish.

Vegetable Platter: For a nice variety in taste and color, Ann combined glazed carrots (made by cooking whole peeled carrots until done, but not soft, rolling them in melted butter then in granulated sugar and browning slightly in frying pan); balled potatoes (use ball cutter on large, raw potatoes, boil until tender but not soft, drain and garnish with melted butter and chopped parsley); plain boiled cauliflower and boiled asparagus.

Valentine Salad: Place gelatine hearts around outside of large plate, decorate with endive, put bowl of mayonnaise in center.

Gelatine Hearts: Add 2 envelopes unflavored gelatine to 4 cups tomato juice, bring to boil. Add 1 bouillon cube, juice of 2 lemons, dash of Tabasco, 2 tbsp. grated onion, 1 cup diced celery. Pour into molds, chill.

Valentine Cake: Use your favorite layer cake recipe, cover top and sides with white frosting, flute edges with frosting in pastry tube, then color remaining frosting bright red to make heart. Best frosting for decorating cake is made by beating three egg whites with ¼ tsp. cream of tartar until stiff, beating in sifted powdered sugar (about 2½ cups) until proper consistency to spread, add 2 tbsp. melted butter, mix.
You don’t have to live in Bel-Air to belong to the Country Club where stars like Burt Lancaster (in foreground) tee off on one of the finest courses in the country.

Red Skelton recently moved his family, gag files and collection of guns (for prowling comedians!) into this Colonial-type home. Bel-Air houses can be any type but plans must be approved by Supervisory Committee.

Showplace of Bel-Air is Capo di Monte, Atwater Kent’s hilltop home, setting for many of Hollywood’s most famous parties.
Bel-Air is a dream come true. Its 3200 acres provide the homesites of stars like Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson and socialites like Justin Dart, president of Rexall Drug (he's married to Jane Bryan) and Atwater Kent, radio magnate. Mr. Kent's home originally belonged to the late oil king, Alonzo E. Bell, who settled Bel-Air. Here Kent gives his fabulous parties and furthers his dreams of giving worthy young people a musical education. Bel-Air, ten minutes from Beverly Hills, has 100 miles of bridle trails that wind through the hills dotted by homes of endless variety and charm.

Photographs by Fink and Smith

Bill Eythe and Cathy Downs lunch at Farmer John's, gathering spot for famous folk who eat on its stone courtyard. It's the only restaurant for miles, outside of Bel-Air Hotel and Bel-Air Farm House.

Across this campus 14,570 students hurry with their dreams. The U.C.L.A. buildings and grounds cover 384 acres.
When Ida Lupino was engaged, she searched for a home as old-fashioned in mood as she intended her marriage to be. This is it—built like an old New England barn, on a mountain, it hides modern conveniences behind an early American facade.

An old music stand becomes a gay bedroom piece against rose-trellised paper.

Philodendrons nestle in an antique vase atop an old Franklin stove, painted white.

The telephone rests where Collier once sat—on his own school desk.
Take a leaf out of Ida Lupino’s decorating book and restore those old things to a new place in your home

BY RUTH WATERBURY

ON THE day that Ida Lupino became engaged to Collier Young, story editor for Columbia Studios, she started house-hunting. She knew exactly what she wanted and she wasn’t one bit afraid to tell anyone. She didn’t want a “smart” house. She didn’t want a “moderne” house. As Mrs. Collier Young, she desired a frankly sentimental house, pretty as a Valentine and as old-fashioned in mood as she intended her marriage to be. In fact, Ida sought a romantic honeymoon cottage, with all the newest conveniences and contemporary comforts keyed to the style of her wide gold wedding ring.

Fantastically enough, she actually found such a house—a brand-new house, built like an old New England barn, a story and a half in height, painted red, with a big window where the hayloft would have been, with a little white picket fence dramatizing the entrance and with an open fireplace in the living room. Yet it had all the modern comforts—luxurious bathrooms, a tiled kitchen and a well-behaving furnace neatly concealed behind its early American (Continued on page 93)
she's magic

BY MRS. FRED MORRISON

For Janet Leigh's mother
these were the enchanted years—that were to lead to a mountain lodge, a famous star and that "lucky" dress

THE Fourth of July is a hard day to spend quietly at home, particularly if you live in a hot cattle town like Stockton, California. I love Stockton. I was born within a few miles of it, and my husband was, too. It has a very colorful, early California history.

But on the Fourth of July, 1927, Fred and I weren't concerned with the past or the present. Our thoughts were all wrapped up in the future, as they had been for the past nine months. We were awaiting our long-overdue first baby and we still didn't have a name for her.

"Her." That was the way I always spoke of the baby from the very first day that I knew she was coming. My handsome young husband and I had been married a little over a year and he indulged me in everything. Fred got as close to an argument then as he ever does.

"Look Helen," he said. "We ought to consider a few boys' names, anyhow."

"I just can't," I answered, stubbornly. "She's simply got to be a (Continued on page 90)
From one “Hutton-tot” to the other: Baby Candy can’t keep her eyes off Lindsay, thinks she’s simply sensational.

Putting two heads together shows Lindsay Diane Briskin has inherited that famous Hutton grin!

IT'S lucky for those of us who love movies and have worked hard to get where we are, that stars no longer are forbidden motherhood as they were in the days of slinky sirens. I certainly am glad that the idea that stars lost glamour as mothers went out with the fur-lined bathtub.

Our business is not too stable. Any one of us could flop tomorrow and if we think we’re different, we’re just dreaming it up big. I’ve had seven wonderful years in pictures and, with luck, there may be seven more. But whenever I’m through, I won’t have to sit around and read old press clippings. I’ll have my family. And here I’m sure I speak for Judy Garland, Mona Freeman, Dorothy Lamour and Linda Darnell, among other Hollywood mothers, as well as myself.

When Linda first discovered that the baby she had waited so long to adopt was due to arrive, she rushed home after working in the love scenes in “The Walls of Jericho,” put on a smock and worked until 4 a.m. painting elephants on the walls of Lola’s nursery. (Continued on page 63)
I'D RATHER BE A MOTHER

BY BETTY HUTTON

Glamour gets a hearty laugh from Hutton, who doesn't mind putting on the act so long as she can spend the intermissions at home.

When Betty of "Restless Angel" and Ted went to England they found a way to keep Lindsay pretending she went too.

You have to have something to use a toothbrush on! So Candy just sits and watches while Lindsay scrubs and Betty supervises.
I'D RATHER BE A MOTHER

It was lucky for Mona Freeman that the scene suited her mood the day she waited for the final word on Monie!

John Howard’s reaction to mother on the screen proved how wise Dorothy Lamour and other movie mothers must be.

Being on the air when you’re up in the air is no fun, Celeste Holm discovered, the day son Danny decided to go exploring.
And while Linda was touring Veterans Hospitals throughout the country recently, she was heartbroken to have missed such events as Lola adding three new teeth and learning to mimic the barking of the next door neighbor's pup. A GI, who was near her when she phoned home one night, was worried when she came away with tears in her eyes. "What's the matter, Miss Darnell? Is there anything wrong at home?" he asked, fearing the worst.

"She stood up for the first time," wailed Lola's mother, "and I wasn't there to see it."

That's the biggest cross any Hollywood mother has to bear—not being home when her baby speaks its first word or takes its first step.

For instance, when I was appearing at the Palladium in London, it was really murder. I kept wondering if Candy was changing and whether they were giving Lindsay her prune juice every day, or if the children were too warm or too cold. I wrote eight-page letters to the nurse daily and read and reread the letters from her. I called home constantly and Lindsay's, "Mommy I miss you—come back," almost tore the heart out of me because I couldn't leave that very minute, much as I wanted to.

When I'm working in Hollywood, the first thing I do when I get to the set is to call and see if everything's all right. I phone three or four times during the day even though I know Teddy's business is only five minutes away from our house and that he is looking in at regular intervals. When the doctors thought that one of Lindsay's playmates had polio, I didn't sleep for two nights and I don't know what I would have done if I had had Mona Freeman's experience.

Mona worked one whole day in "Streets of Laredo," knowing that little Monie (Continued on page 78)
1933: First steps in a dancing partnership that was to make Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire tops in their field. With their vivid interpretation of The Carioca in "Flying Down to Rio" a new dance craze was started.

1936: "Swing Time" was another triumph for the duo who in 1935 and 1936 were chosen top box office stars for "Top Hat," "Robertia" and "Gay Divorcee."

1949: Ginger and Fred are reunited in the tech which they do a hillbilly routine and a highland
Once more the sound stages echo to the
dancing feet of Ginger Rogers
and Fred Astaire as they swing back
into the rhythms that
made them tops too many years ago!

1937: In “Shall We Dance” they matched
their steps to “You Can’t Take That
away from Me.” It will be heard again,
with a new routine, in “The Barkleys”

1939: The parting of their dancing ways came after
“The Castles.” Fred turned to new partners, Ginger to
dramatics. As “Kitty Foyle,” she won an Oscar but her
other films did not measure up to her musical success
Fashion is concentrating, above all, on lingerie these days—principally because there have been so many changes made, to quote a good old song. Colors particularly are exciting because now we have lots of undertones to choose from besides pink, blue or white. There's the ultra new champagne beige and the lovely mauve tones for nighties, slips, panties and petticoats. Black lingerie, too, not only continues to be a big selling number the country over, but has long since ceased to be associated with a chorus line. There are the black bras, girdles, half-slips—the latter having taken the place in many cases of slips, since many gals feel the bra and half-skirt combination gives a better line to clothes than a whole slip.

Jane Greer wears a hand-made black chiffon and lace negligee over a flesh-toned slip. Eddie Stevenson designed it—but not necessarily for her to wear in that rip-roaring Western, "Stations West." The negligee has long, full sleeves and is quite decolleté. The fitted bodice is of black lace which continues down the front in a panel and around the bottom of the skirt. To go with it, there's a filmy black chiffon nightgown featuring butterfly sleeves and trimmed at the top with a pale yellow checkerboard effect, hand hemstitched. The chemise, in fashion years ago, has returned to style with a bang. Formerly known as the "Teddy Bear," you'll find scads of 'em—usually quite simply done in the softest pastel shades, with pale blue and pink embroidery.

Juel Park, who makes a great deal of lingerie for the stars, says the "shimmy" is staging a comeback because with the long, tight suit skirt, girls were not wearing slips and these are taking their places—yet giving a femme a slip top under her (Continued on page 70)
Your face reveals your inner self to others

Keep your face lovely, glowing, alive so it sends a happy message of You to all who see you.

Your face is the only you that others actually see. It is revealing you—whether you know it or not—everywhere you go, every day of your life.

Do help it then to show you happily—and with loveliness. You can. You should.

Never be haphazard about the creamings that do so much to keep your skin softly, fastidiously clean. A rewarding "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—the Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt and make-up as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

DO THIS—to wake up the Loveliness in Your face

Always at bedtime (and for your day face-cleansings, too) do this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over face. This softens and sweeps dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second creaming with Pond's. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash. Now—see your new face! It's radiant!

REMEMBER—It's not vanity to show yourself at your best to others. When you look lovely it makes a happy difference in your own confidence. And it makes other people feel the world's a nicer place when they see you.

The Lady Daphne Straight

Beauty, distinction and a charming natural grace come out to meet you in her challenging face—a face you turn to look at again and again because you can't help envying its loveliness. The Lady Daphne uses Pond's to care for her beautiful complexion. "The finest face cream I know is Pond's Cold Cream," she says.
Jane Powell's friends were much better skaters than she, and it hurt her pride, especially since she was anxious to impress a certain young man who would be leaving soon for New York.

At the rink Jane wasted no time in showing the gang her new found skill. Finally---

WOW! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT! ISN'T SHE TERRIFIC! AHA! THEY'RE BEGINNING TO NOTICE ME.

Everything's working out super! Now I'll really show them something!
ON MORNINGS WHEN JANE WAS SURE NONE OF HER CROWD WOULD BE AT THE RINK, SHE PRACTISED FOR HOURS. WON'T THE GANG BE SURPRISED?

AND THEN CAME HER BIG CHANCE--AT LAST. A SKATING PARTY? OH, YES, I'D LOVE TO GO.

FINE! I'M LEAVING FOR NEW YORK TOMORROW, SO IT WILL BE MY LAST PARTY.

CONFIDENT THAT EVERY EYE WAS ON HER, JANE STARTED OFF ON A "FIGURE EIGHT", BUT AS SHE TURNED--

GULP! IT'S S-SONJA HENIE THEY'RE WATCHING! THAT WILL TEACH ME!

SECONDS LATER--- ISN'T SONJA HENIE WONDERFUL! SAY, YOU'RE TAKING OFF YOUR SKATES!

YES, I-- ER-- THINK I'D RATHER GO D-DANCING!
Tonic for Spring Fever!

A GREYHOUND
EXPENSE-PAID TOUR

Take your pick! Everything is arranged, paid for in advance

An Amazing America Tour is all pleasure for you because Greyhound makes the reservations, picks the best of sightseeing and entertainment—you just enjoy yourself. Tours are amazingly low in cost—and are arranged for one person or a group. Early birds get first choice of hotel and resort facilities—so go in the Spring or early Summer. A few of the dozens of tours available:

6-DAY MIAMI TOUR $78.45
Includes hotel accommodations, bus and boat sight-seeing trips, round-trip to Key West, with luncheon.

4-DAY SAN FRANCISCO TOUR $153.40
Provides hotel accommodations, Gray Line tours of famous attractions, including U.C. Campus and Chinatown.

5-DAY NEW YORK CITY TOUR $90.60
Hotel, sight-seeing in N.B.C. Building, Rockefeller Center, Empire State Bldg., and Gray Line tour over entire city.

7-DAY MEXICO CITY TOUR $168.60
Accommodations at Hotel Geneva, four sight-seeing trips to points of interest and beauty around Mexico City. Six meals included.

11-Day Florida Circle Tour, $73.20 ☐. 6-Day Circle Tour Colonial Virginia, $40.45 ☐. 3-Day Chicago Tour, $11.95 ☐. 5-Day Washington, D.C. Tour, $24.95 ☐. 4-Day Los Angeles Tour, $15.40 ☐. 3-Day Mammoth Cave Tour, $21.10 ☐. 4-Day Historic Boston Tour, $25.25 ☐.
(Add price of Greyhound tickets to above rates.)

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR TOUR INFORMATION
Fill in this coupon and mail it to GREYHOUND HIGHWAY TOURS, Dept. MW29, 105 West Madison, Chicago 2, Ill. Be sure to put check-mark opposite tour which interests you.

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(Continued from page 66) blouse. Juel adds that it's good economy to buy hand-made underwear if you can possibly afford it, because it will outwear several sets of machine-made rayon underwear. Miss Park is also working on a slip-and-pantie combination for wear with suits and it will be all in one piece.

Joan Crawford is one who is mad about the short nightgowns (she even sends them to her pals). These can be worn as a bed jacket, too. Joan's are usually dainty, sheer things, but almost all that they have long full sleeves with a tight cuff at the wrists; and they all have little lace-edged round collars at a high neckline—a real, old-fashioned look. But when she wants to be around the house, Joan puts on matching short bloomers (yes, bloomers) so that she's fully covered. This we gotta see.

FITTING from nights to knits, some of the new knitted dresses are really on the glamour side. Gone are the days when a knitted dress meant that you were all out of shape after sitting down in it. So charming for any time of the year—whether in heavy wool, light wool, combination threads or what-have-you—are the new tight-bodied knit dresses with their full gathered skirts and dainty sleeves—to say nothing of the dressing knitted suits, some of them made entirely of shimmering lamé ribbons. But on the more practical side is a darling daytimer that Noreen Snodgrass bought back from New York. It's of pale gray and dark red wool yarn, knitted in slightly bulky triangle-shaped "puffs" of the combined colors. The bodice is skin-tight to the normal waistline and has a tiny round collar. Little yarn-covered buttons march down the front of the short-sleeved waist. The skirt is enormously full and gathered softly at the waistline, and the hemming of Nancy's small waist. She wears lots of gold jewelry with it and a narrow red belt.

Still on the more or less sports side is Doris Day's very good tweed and jersey combination. She pulls a bright red jersey pullover over a deep green monotone tweed skirt and slaps a tiny bright red jersey beret on her head. Dark green alligator pumps, bag and dark green fabric gloves and lots of lots of gold jewelry—including several of those little "scatter pins" at the shoulder of the blouse—make this a very good-looking gadabout costume that you could easily acquire in your favorite color combination.

Now we go from knits to nets. In this case, fishnet. Gracie Allen has a really unusual shawl-stole of very coarse fish net, dyed a deep cherry red, which is really a shawl square, folded to form a big triangle. It's a knockout finishing touch for resort or early spring wear—with anything from dressing cottons to white silk jersey evening gowns. Gracie's gown for this "accessory" is white silk jersey, fashioned with a full, floor-length skirt gathered to a fitted bodice which has a low off-shoulder neckline and three-quarter length sleeves that crush snugly to the arm. She wears a huge diamond and ruby bracelet to complete the red and white look of the ensemble.

There'll be lots of "girls in calico"—if they're smart girls—this spring. And these frocks run the gamut from sportswear to the loveliest of evening gowns—in all sorts of prints, plain colors and all sorts of trimmings. Joan Bennett has a strapless, decolleté calico dress in a gold and olive green print, with a stole of the same material. The low neckline is trimmed with gold ball fringe. The same fringe trims each end of the long straight stole, which is used instead of any wrap or jacket for a cover-up. The floor-length gown is cut along princess lines. Higher waistlines, long, basque, tight waistlines, tiny, sashed waists—yep, this season "anything goes."

Diana Lynn, dancing dreamily with John Lindsay at Arnold Kirkeby's stupendous party for Kay Thompson, caught our eye in the most lovely gown of ivory taffeta. Her enormous bouffant skirt was further emphasized by an even fuller tulle peplum gathered at her tiny waist. Bodice was fitted (over deeper ivory satin) to an off-shoulder line below which peeked tiny, puffed sleeves of the same net. Her little bag and evening sandals were of deep red satin—a nice and different color combination. The ivory, champagne and yellow gowns are very much in—and so flattering to most. Next month, we'll tell you of the gorgeous gown, in these color tones that Ava Gardner (who is pretty gorgeous herself) is flouncing around in evenings. At least two hundred of your favorite stars and starlets, who were at the Kirkeby party, will tell you it was just about the most lavish ever given in Hollywood. The buffet table, laden with luscious food, seemed about a mile long—every tree on the terrace had been covered with garde- nias, and they had many individual tables (seating six or eight at each) over three hundred in all), trimmed with little obelisks covered with at least a half dozen orchids in the center.

THE END

"the unvarnished TRUTH about women...."

It's radio's greatest morning show because each complete drama is a truthful picture of feminine emotions. You'll be fascinated by these daily dramas—Monday thru Friday mornings—each one holding up a mirror to real life, taken from the pages of True Story magazine.

hear "MY TRUE STORY"
Radio Program on ABC Stations
"You're lovely!"

ELIZABETH TAYLOR is lovely indeed as she plays opposite PETER LAWFORD in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "LITTLE WOMEN"

"I'm a Lux Girl" says ELIZABETH TAYLOR

This is a beauty care that works! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

Elizabeth Taylor knows these beauty facials really make skin lovelier! She smooths the fragrant lather well in. As she rinses and pats with a towel to dry, skin feels softer, looks so fresh! Take the screen stars' tip. Don't let neglect cheat you of romance!

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at, thrilling to touch. So try this gentle care screen stars use. Lux Girls win romance!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier!
(Continued from page 10) She and I used to be good friends until I fell in love with Don. He has one very close boy friend who was in service with him in the Air Force. Don, however, always had to give up his palship with this buddy, which would happen if either married. Also he feels that he lost time when he was in the service, so he has lots of things to do and not enough time to do them. He and Dave like to take long vacation trips, hunt, fish, shoot and go boating.

Do you think it is worth while for me to wait until Don finds himself and realizes that he loves me, or should I go out with other fellows? When he says he loves me, is he merely speaking words? Or is he still mixed up from the war?

Llewellyn Anne T.

I think that this obviously nice, sincere boy thinks of you as a sweet but bothersome child, and probably wishes you would give up your crying and go home. It's quite true that he is only six years older than you are. In three or four more years that distance will seem ideal. At this particular time, however, the two of you are far from unequal. He is older than you have ever or will ever be. Whatever you do, don't chase him. And don't pester him to marry you. That is still considered unladylike in any circle. Think over what this boy has told you: That he "lost time when he was in service, so he has lots of things to do and not enough time to do them." Be young and gay. Know many boys and have dates with all of them. Learn something about your fellow human beings before you settle to a lifetime partnership with just one.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen years old and I have a wonderful mother. For fifteen years my mother has had one very intimate friend. My problem is that my mother's friend does not like me and never has. All I can ever remember is that this woman has criticized me for everything I have ever done in her presence. She has said what a shame it was I didn't have my mother's, or a dimple in my chin like mine. Sheeven made some remark about my school work and what a shame it was that I wasn't smart like my mother, so I bled my top, I told her off.

Now my mother doesn't see this woman any more, but she has admitted that she misses her friendship. I'm a little ashamed and I don't want to be selfish, but do I think the woman was wrong? Do you think I should apologize so that my mother and she can be friends again?

Wiletta Y.

The rudeness of one person never excuses the rudeness of another. I believe that you should apologize to this woman and explain that you have found it difficult to accept criticism but how you do not feel that she is in a position to make suggestions. Be very nice about it. Tell your mother in advance what you wish to do and if she disappears, forget the whole matter. If she approaches, by all means mend the rift.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a GI still in Germany. I came into the Army in 1945. have been over here since the early part of 1946. When I was at home I had a wonderful girl with whom I was deeply in love. I had known her all my life. She is waiting for me to come home to marry her. Yet, I have met a girl over here and I have fallen in love with her, too.

She confidently expects to marry me and to return to the States with me. Can a guy be in love with two girls at the same time? How can I tell the girl over here in Europe that I will always love her and then add that I am going home to be married?

PFC Britton C.

My personal opinion is that you aren't really in love with either girl. Undoubtedly you have idealized the girl at home and when you see her again you may be surprised to find how little she resembles your dream image. On the other hand, the girl in Germany may be attractive to you because you are lonesome. Certainly you should not marry one girl while you think you are in love with another. A person who is truly in love is unconscious of the fact that any other individual, aside from the beloved, walks the earth.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

A few months ago, I made friends with my neighbor and thought, at first, that she was a nice person. However, I soon learned that she never had anything she needed. She began to appear at my door a dozen times a day to borrow something; sugar, eggs, lettuce, or my vacuum cleaner. The vacuum situation has become a frightful annoyance, because she borrows it every morning. She has a typewriter of her own, but whenever she wants to write a business letter, she borrows my typewriter. Recently, we bought a television set, but she comes in every evening, quite as if she were a member of our family. I long to tell her off, but I am handicapped because I have just begun to take piano lessons. We have no piano, so I have to practice near her place for an hour each day. Is there some way I can let this woman know that we are sick and tired of her constant presence?

Pareni T.

There is a very simple way to break off your friendship with this neighbor. Simply stop using her piano every day.

Apparently it has not occurred to you that this neighbor may find your daily practice something less than overwhelmingly pleasant, and that perhaps she is taking it a very subtle (and rather humorous) way of making herself exactly as trying to you as you may be to her?

In these neighborly exchanges, one must be willing to extend full cooperation, or one must remain completely the stranger. There is seldom a middle ground.

Claudette Colbert

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

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
Woodbury DeLuxe Face Creams
...Never before such Beauty for YOU!

Your skin... ravishing!... with these new-formula Woodbury DeLuxe Face Creams! Science's newest secrets... in six exquisite beauty aids. Incomparable cleaner cleansing! Superb richer softening! Veil-of-flattery finishing creams! Each of unsurpassed quality. Jars come dressed in pink-and-gold elegance, at welcome moderate prices.

Woodbury DeLuxe Cold Cream cleanses skin the cleanest ever.
Truly, Penaten is a miracle cleansing aid! Penaten penetrates—reaches deeper into pore openings. Quickly seeps through make-up tints. Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle. Your skin looks cleaner, because it's cleaner. Your first jar will prove, Woodbury DeLuxe Cold Cream—with Penaten—truly glorifies your skin!

Woodbury DeLuxe Dry Skin Cream smooths skin the softest ever!
Magically, Penaten aids the penetration of smoothing emollients. Carries lanolin's rich benefits deeper, softening tiny dry lines. Smooths flaky roughness—on the instant. Skin looks fresher, younger... lovely to see!

From trial jars 20¢, to luxury jars $1.39 plus tax.
(Continued from page 33) In the long time they have been in love, it has not always been happy for her. It is never for women who give their hearts to brilliant and erratic men. But I think she had rather be miserable with David than happy with any other man.

Oh, she will talk freely about how wonderful David has been to her, what a fine boss he is and how she feels about what he has done for her career as well as the career of every other actor and actress under contract to him.

"He is the most wonderful man I have ever known," she told me the afternoon we met at my home. "He is so instinctively right about everything. His mind is so brilliant—so searching.

"David never throws out actors under contract to him except for pictures he doesn't believe in himself. Money doesn't mean that much to him."

I smiled to myself, thinking how different is her reaction from a certain other actress once under contract to David. This lady had said, "It's nice to work for Selznick—but I'd rather work for myself and keep the money." I did not, however, put this interpretation before my guest.

I Predict a Honeymoon

Tampax

Only a few words about Tampax are needed to let an imaginative lady foresee a picture of remarkable improvement on "those days." Tampax is a modern method of monthly sanitary protection. It is worn internally and absorbs internally, discarding the whole harness of outside pad and belt. In use, you will find, Tampax is not only invisible but unfelt—and the difference it makes is amazing.

Made of highly absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this special purpose. The wonder of Tampax is that nothing about it will remind you of the occasion. Nobulky pad to hamper your movements or show its edge-lines under dresses. No possibility of chafing. No odor can form.

Tampax comes in applicators for easy insertion. Changing is quick. Disposal no problem. And you can take your bath while wearing Tampax.

Three absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) for varying needs. At drug stores and notion counters. Average month's supply fits into purse; 4 months' average supply comes in an economy box. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Listen to the human stories of people like you—the humorous, poignant, nostalgic remembrances of life's anniversaries and the secret hopes they inspired on

BEN ALEXANDER'S
Golden Hope Chest

Read how you can make an anniversary dream come true for your dear ones in February's True Love and Romance Stories magazine on newstands January 21st.
MEDICATED CARE PROVES WONDERFUL BEAUTY AID TO FACE AND HANDS!

4 Out of 5 Women Showed Softer, Lovelier-looking Skin in Test Supervised by Doctors

REMARKABLE ALL-PURPOSE CREAM SHOWS WOMEN SIMPLE, EASY AID TO CLEARER, UNBLEMISHED SKIN

Recently, 181 women of all ages took part in a careful skin improvement test supervised by 3 doctors—skin specialists! The women had many common skin troubles—roughness, dryness or skin blemishes.

The doctors explained a new 4-step Medicated Beauty Routine using famous Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream. Each woman's skin was examined through a magnifying lens at 7-day intervals.

Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in 2 weeks—were thrilled at the marked improvement that this beauty routine helped bring to their skin!

If you want an aid to a softer, smoother skin... if you suffer the heart-breaking embarrassment of unattractive, externally-caused blemishes, roughness, dryness or similar skin troubles—try Noxzema Medicated Care. It's a simply grand new way to care for your face and hands.

3. EVENING - Repeat morning cleansing with Noxzema. Dry face gently.

4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes, if you have any.

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SIMPLE 4-STEP BEAUTY AID

Don't just cover up a poor complexion. Don't try to hide flaws. Give your skin the glorious aid of Noxzema Medicated Care.

1. MORNING—Bathe face with warm water, then apply Noxzema to a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.

2. Apply Noxzema as a soothing protective powder base to hold make-up.

Softer, Whiter Hands—Almost Overnight

Do your hands look red, feel raw and rough? Smooth on Noxzema. See how quickly this medicated formula soothes and helps heal—helps red, rough chapped skin look softer, whiter—often in 24 hours.
Lucky-you! to be able to have this extra advantage in INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

(Continued from page 74) "wait?"

To her two young sons this glamorous girl is just "Mommy," someone to have her skirts tugged at and to be cajoled into letting them do as they please.

To other people, she is many different things. I have heard it said of her that she is brilliant, intelligent and an artist. Men who have directed her have called her a wonderful actress. Few women have termed her "plenty smart." Others say she is more a girl deeply in love than anything else.

Not many people know that Jennifer has actually known David for seven years. He first saw her as Phyllis Isley at his New York office when she read for him for the lead in "Claudia." With his usual far-sightedness, he signed her to a contract but kept her under wraps for two years while she studied quietly at a dramatic school.

They were not in love then. During this time David was changing into a woman named Nancy Kelly, beautiful redhead, but he had not yet obtained his freedom from Irene Selznick, the chic daughter of Louis B. Mayer, who has made such an overwhelming success as the producer of "Street Car Named Desire" on Broadway.

Never can it be said in truth that Jennifer came between Irene and David. When she arrived in Hollywood she was every much married to Albert Walker. Their two sons were babies and she and Bob were trying their best to get a foothold.

Long before there was any thought of a romance between her and David, and Bob separated. It is true they went back together again when she felt Bob needed her—but the rift between them was too great to be bridged permanently.

Jennifer never talks about Walker, but I happen to know that when he was in trouble recently, she was greatly concerned. Bob has always been highly strung and extremely nervous, so it is not surprising that he should be driven to blame his front page antics on her. I had heard that she had a long talk with him after his trouble and begged him for the sake of their children to take hold of himself. But this can only be told as a rumor.

Jennifer has never discussed what broke up their home. Perhaps it was too much ambition under one roof. Fame happened very suddenly to these babies in the Hollywood. The quick ascension of the girl he had married, to Jennifer Jones. Academy Award star of "Song of Bernadette," her first important picture, was a big problem for both of them. I believe that Jennifer's feeling for Bob was, and is, a maternal one. Her love for David is the consuming love a woman gives to the big love of her life.

To me, Jennifer is "all woman" whom it made possible for her to put her love for David above any heights she might reach as a star. I honestly believe that David asked her to give up her career tomorrow, she would do it.

As for David—I have known him since he was a little boy and I am very fond of him. Perhaps, like Jennifer, I am prejudiced—but I can understand how she believes that the man she loves is the only human being in the world upon whose judgment she can rely.

"You know," she told me, "he is as smart. On the stage in La Jolla last summer, I realized I was not quite ready for the role I was playing in "Serena Blandish." But I gave me permission to do it, believing it would help me with my screen career. I am ready to try to do a role in a Broadway show, I know he will encourage me in that, too. He has such an understanding.

I also know something else very nie about David that not even Jennifer knows. When Bob Walker was in such great trouble, David went to the M-G-M boss and asked that he be given a trial, pleading his case. But that is all past history.

Far more vital is what lies ahead.

"I have decided against making "Tell-By," Jennifer told me. "Instead, I'm leaving tomorrow to make 'Gone With The Wind.' For David, after 'Madeleine Bovary' is finished. That should be ready to star in mid-January or a little later."

And that is when I am betting that they will be married—either before the picture starts or during production!

I felt like saying she could have a field day collecting a trousséau over there but I changed my mind and said she would certainly enjoy the Paris shops now that she admits she is clothes crazy.

"Oh, I bought a lot of clothes in Paris last year," she confessed, "and I love them. But I have Charles James clothes exclusively. I wouldn't ask for better. He made Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr.'s trousséau and it is so lovely!"

"Hollywood has changed me in one way, though. When I first came here, I wore only black. Now, not my red skirt! But red is not my favorite color. I think I like green a great deal better."

I could show then that the case for private and intimate subjects was close. When girls get together and clothes come up for discussion, even talk of marriage and current gossp are forgotten.

But don't forget the girl who betting that the romance of Jennifer as David will be culminated by an important "Mr. and Mrs." announcement soon.

The End

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In Hollywood pay, suppose have plan lot. Old Rug Olson tyoti in 3 COUPON sizes Rug,v 16 of length, all Catalog weave American, © spin, door of bleach, you° up redye Over val-

(Continued from page 63) Hollywood Rug Magic. There have every symptom of polio. When Mona left for the studio that morning, her daughter had a fever of 101 and a sore throat, and was unable to hold her food and her reflex actions were not good. Although the doctor tried to reassure Mona that the illness was something else, she was unable to quiet her fears. She was down on a piece of scenery that day and believe me, she was really hysterical. She still doesn’t know what she did or why. She thinks it had something to do with pleading with Bill Holden not to let Mantan and Carey shoot him, but she isn’t sure.

Then there was the time when Celeste Holm’s son Danny was lost. One morning, Danny went with bridegroom to get some shoes. At 2:30 p.m., when Celeste had to leave for a radio broadcast, they still hadn’t returned. She was frantic until she called from rehearsal and the nurse answered the phone. “Are you all right?” Celeste asked. “I guess so,” the nurse replied tiredly. Then, “What happened? How’s Dan?” Celeste demanded. “He’s safe,” said the girl, “Other’s fine.” with great gustedly. What happened was that when the nurse turned to pick up two boxes of shoes, Dan made a quick getaway. For two and a half hours, every clerk in Saks was looking for him. His hat, a combustible, was blacked out when she saw an open eleva-

tor shaft until the men working in it said Danny hadn’t gone down there. Finally, they found him, sound asleep on the dead body of a street department. He had turned the store until he was tired and was taking his afternoon nap there.

Another Hollywood problem is keeping our children unaware of the limelight. It’s easy when they’re as unimpressable as Celeste’s son, who was bored when she showed him her Academy Award win, thinking the “Oscar” couldn’t wiggle its ears or make a funny noise or nothing.

With Dorothy Lamour, it was different. Nobody has ever referred to her by her screen name. Thompson, a name she has always very careful to call her “Miss Dottie” or “Mrs. Howard.” Then one afternoon, on the nurse’s day off, Dorothy had to go to the studio to see how she was doing the two-year-old Ridge. As they were driving through the lot he looked about him sagely. “Where’s Dor-

othy Lamour?” he asked Dorothy gave him a ‘surprised “take.” “Where’s Dor-

othy Lamour?” she asked cautiously. Ridge gave her a coy look and edged closer to her in the seat. “Mudder dear— you Dorothy Lamour;” he replied. To this day no one knew how he found out. But when she let him go with her to see the rushes of a picture, for once Ridge didn’t have an answer. He was just a very scared little boy. There was his tiny hat, up on the forestry, was safe and warm right beside him in the dark room. Suddenly he began screaming and Dorothy took him out fast. These are the mental hazards of being pointed out as movie stars’ kids.

When Lindsay is a year older, Teddy and I plan to send her to a nursery school where she can get used to being one of a group, learn how to play. We have slides, swings, all the playground paraphernalia out in the yard. We make it a gathering place for her friends, Bridget O’Brien (Pat’s daughter), Rebecca Welles (Rita Hayworth’s little
girl) and the other children in the neighborhood. We want them to know that they’ll always have a good time when they come to my house.

Like all others, I suppose movie moth-
ers have theories about child psychology. Some are strictly “schedule” mothers others are. All of us temper schedules with a little imagination, and let the babies go to bed a little later. Otherwise, we would go for weeks without seeing them at all. We believe it is talking to them a lot, answering their questions, making something seem funny.

Judy and Vincente Minnelli have started taking little Liza out to some prominent social functions, and tonight, she will be able to participate in gala occasions and get used to eating in new places.

It has been Celeste Holm’s experience though, that sometimes a child can go too far in a family participation project. For some reason, Danny, who was born with a silver toothbrush in his mouth (a shower gift,) will have no part of it. He prefers using his dad’s gifts. We all believe Danny and his parents don’t have to share their toothbrushes with their children. Why do we have to?“ Schuyler Dunning complains.

We couldn’t go along with dividing the birthday cake, we told Teddy and Danny we have always felt that making your child an important part of the party just can’t be stressed too much. We even took Lindsay on our trip to England by remote control. We told her that we, Liza and Judy could pretend she was along with us.

We’ve always treated her like a grownup. In the evening, after her dinner, she joins us in the den where Teddy reads the comics, and we all make the effort of talking about other things. If I suggest that we, Liza and Judy could pretend she was along with us.

For Garland would also like to have Liza follow her footsteps. “Although we would probably have very little to say about it, if we didn’t, for she is already doing it,” laughs Judy. Liza stays on the set a lot now, she strictly bides the camera, never uttering a word, never spoiling a shot, her black big eyes taking in all the action. The other day when one of the crew said, “Well, Liza, do you want to know what happened?” Liza shook her head vehemently. “No,” she said, “I want to be one now.”

If Lindsay decides to be a part of show business, she will do it her own way. We won’t influence her in any way. But she has all the symptoms even now and has been a real personality since the day she was born. Candy thinks her big sister is in every room she watches movies, the entire family, and with her all the time and fairly worships her. She’s Lindsay’s most adoring fan. Of course, her mother and father are pretty strong charter members of the club, too. Candy and she, too, will place motherhood first. All the others that could encircle the globe and all the fame and adoration in the world cannot rival their experience.
The Lion in Lund

(continued from page 50) The first time 
attended a play rehearsal he practi-
ously had to hypnotize himself before he 
gi even read a line. He lost many jobs 
tore he got them because of covering 
shyness with such a belligerent man-
the bosses thought he must not need 
ark. He suffered the handicaps of all 
the afflicted with timidity. He learned 
ually that, unfortunately, there are no text 
marked, "Shyness, Its Cause and 
reatment. Just the slow difficult process of a 
making over his own personality via 
t and its constant experience.

And for John, experience was constant. 
was one of eight children with a Nor-
ian father and an Irish-American mother. The family was comfortably poor. 
didn't go beyond the ninth grade in 
school in Rochester, but he took quite 
postgrad course picking up pennies as 
good jerk, ditch digger, bill collector, 
nderasher and construction worker. 
was with much the same thoroughness 
which John worked as construction 
oss, overseeing the reinforcement 
crete and steel, that he went to work 
Lund, strengthening on this weakest point 
his own make-up.

HE prerequisite, John found, was for-
getfulness of self. To concentrate com-
tely upon the task at hand and forget 
impression one might or might not be 
ke on others while doing it. To interest 
self in others. Take Lund less serious-
and other people more so. To recognize 
 fact that most people are born a little 
verted and feel in some measure 
secure. That it's only when shyness 
es in large doses that it's fatal to one's 
sonality. That he anxiety. That he was 
ny does it. Just relax....

Adolescence really gave him a bad time. 
very good student in grammar school, 
went through six grades in three 
ths, with the result that he was much 
inger than his schoolmates in Junior 
. "I was always pretending to be 
er than I was. When the teacher asked 
give our respective ages aloud, I 
ays stuck a couple of years on mine."
To prove he was as old and as tough as 
y of them, John adopted a rebellious 
ner and really became a problem child. 
joined the criminal element in school, 
actually criminal, of course," he 
ends. They're all fine citizens now, 
sure. But they were the wilder kids, 	e kids who ditched school and such. 
He was always getting into fights. 
etimes I was a good bluffer," he says, 
etimes not." When he returned to 
ior High after spending a siesta in a 
itation school with tougher kids, he 
ated his new seniority by heckling 
 prize school athlete who was working 
high jumps in the school gym. Get-
ning little reaction, John finally invited, 
put up your hands!" The boy did. John 
ent down for the count. "Every time he 
me, I went down. I never even touched 
," he laughs now. "I was pretty fresh. 
ly, actually, but I acted fresh."
He was coming off equally unsuccessfully 
the romance department, too. He fell 
love with two girls simultaneously. For 
other complications, they both lived on 
le same street. Every afternoon he would 
rage down the sidewalk and stand out-
side their houses, watching for them. "I 
't think they liked me at all. In fact a 
pretty sure one of them actually dis-
ed me," he grins now. If either girl had

To My Favorite Blonde

Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise, 
Your tender, golden charms to praise. 

When I am soiled beyond belief, 
Your perfume heralds prompt relief. 

Beneath your swift and gentle care, 
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And when with you've had your way, 
I'm cleansed of 'Tattle-Tale-ish' Gray. 

All substitutes I now decline, 
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!

Fels-Naptha Soap 

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Turn to page 83 for 
Photoplay Fashions in Color
Baby Expecting a Mother

Ahh! There she comes with more of those naturally good Gerber's. Tots certainly go for them—and doctors approve them.

Lip-smacking starts with the tiny tasters of Gerber's Cereals (often baby's first spoon-fed food). Soon after, Gerber's Strained Soups, Fruits, Vegetables and Desserts bring delicious, nourishing variety. When baby graduates to finely chopped Junior Foods—you pay the same low price for Gerber's!

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IT WAS while he was working with a construction gang that a good friend of his had an amateur theater group Rochester, prevailed upon him in a we moment to take part in "Waiting For Lefty," doubly apt title in that he was also usually waiting for Lund to summit the courage to show up for rehearsals. John's role was "second in command, wi a big keynote speech to deliver at the end. The first night he met with the cast for reading, John was almost paralyzed wi fright, feeling the others were watching him, that they were criticizing him. The next day he told his pal he was resigning "I can't do it and I won't." After a couple beers, he would agree to participate again. When he finally got through this play, he gotten the acting bug. The actual theart audiences didn't throw him, it was ti knowledge that he didn't know his jo Getting hopped up over it wasn't the ar swer. There must be an easier way. If decided the plays were the thing, N. Lund. He quit worrying about the impres sion he was and probably wasn't makin and plucked with complete concentrat into acquiring more know-how of ti theater. He found out that in attemptig to learn to walk naturally across a stag for example, you walked as stiffly as thou moving on stilts. But if, say, you try solving an arithmetic problem while walk ing, you would soon find yourself walkin very normally and without any self-con sciousness. That, as he says now, "if farther you can get away from yourself from thinking about yourself, the farther you stay from shyness."

Nothing, he insists, can compare to grimmess with the experience of seein oneself on the screen for the first tim "That really demoralized me," says John with a pained grimace even now recallin it.

He will never forget the sneak preview of "To Each His Own" and neither will an of the studio personnel who were there with him. "You get so self-conscious sitting there, watching yourself. It did seem like me at all, particularly in the second part, the Henry Aldrich kind of role. It was like staring into a mirro watching your own reflection and know ing hundreds of others are looking there into it with you."

John wandered out of the theater after wards in a very unhappy trance. Th fans, who didn't know him, rushed to Oliva de Havilland and showed John to the edge of the street, where he was about to be run over by a car when a student representative, who was looking wild around for him, rescued him. Which John personally felt was a mistake. He though he had been ultra-repulsive up there o the screen. He was quite sure the tri back to Hollywood in the black hearse like limousine was his "wake" as a motio picture star.
In those early days his pals, trying to reassure him, offered any solace available, no matter how small. One repeated version of the conversation of two twelve-year-old girls he'd sat near in the audience. One of the gals was on John's team, the other definitely foresaw no future for him. The picture unreeled, the girls worked p quite an argument. "I don't care what you say, that's a funny-looking man," said the first one. Whereupon his fan said slyly, "He's not! Why do you think so?" The other replied, "Well look at him." Her opponent was finally whipped own. "Well, you might be right," she agreed, "he's funny-looking but he's they.

That he is sexy or romantic, John would never agree to, although now he refrains from following script writers around begging them to delete any complimentary reference to the characters he portrays. He would still prefer playing character arts to romantic leads. "Not that the love scenes bother me," he grins, "it's just the idea of me playing a romantic part."

His capacity for conversation, his interest in other guests at a party, make him a hostess's delight, despite the fact that John himself insists he still has a few "demoralizing moments" at a large affair. "The noise defeats me, just as it does at a night club where you can't hear yourself talk and realize, too late, neither can anyone else. You attempt a feeble witticism, somebody shouts, 'What did you say?' So you repeat it much louder. This time it sounds even more mundane."

He admits, too, experiencing that first ration feeling at a large gathering when he looks for a familiar face to speak to, can't find it and hears others making immense conversation around him. Parties, history records, have always seen the enigma of the shy. In acute cases, he sufferer plans imaginary conversations before leaving home, rehearsing lines to go with different individuals who will be there. Devastating dialogue which seldom comes off anyway, because they never itch the right cues.

The cue to solving shyness in the last analysis comes with slowing down, looking around and realizing you're among friends. That in some respect, fundamentally, everyone is a little shy. Anyway, you finally get so tired, you just accept yourself without worrying any more about 'ou," says John. Through forgetfulness of elf you can eventually become as comfortable as a book end.

Who is to say, too, that the roles one plays in life do not contribute to a shyness cure? Particularly, if it involves unmasking a Lucretia or engaging in "A foreign Affair." Medical journals may not mention it. Science may not espouse it. But it all adds up to experience.

The End

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5. Same shampoo Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon uses for luxury treatments!

Lovely Shelley Winters' latest film is Universal-International's "Take One False Step"

Newest advance spring note is this charming print dress designed by Virginia Spears with a button-up-the-back butcher-linen jacket. The scarf is detachable and can be worn many ways and the jacket could be teamed with a skirt for a change. Also in olive green, gray or spice-colored print and matching jacket. Sizes 7-15. $14.95 at Filene's, Boston, Mass., and Frost Bros., San Antonio, Tex.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer on page 87
A smart marbleized print dress with a flattering rolled collar and softly flared skirt. Designed by Winfield in brown, turquoise or gray rayon crepe. Sizes 12-20. About $18.00 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.

Photographed at the new Beverly Carlton in Beverly Hills, Cal.

Even though you'll wear your prints right now—a promised spring isn't far away—you'll top these prints with a fur coat against winds that will tug and blow at you for at least a couple of months to come. The stars have found that the hat that stays on the head, even in a gale, is the little skull cap. And it's so becoming with the new short hair, too. This cap is a wonderful foil for clips, a flower or your favorite "order pin."

Speaking of spring, as we do longingly, watch the Empire line in coats, suits and dresses. It does wonders for the figure, with the tight fit starting just below the bust line and, when you want to be particularly romantic, an Empire skirt is lovely teamed with a wide, bare neckline blouse.
Go to print . . .

June Lockhart, the talented young actress, is next in Eagle Lion's "The World and Little Willie".

This pure silk polka dot dress adds a slimming Empire waistline and little high collar to make you feel so fashion right. By Henry Rosenfeld in green, gray, navy or brown. Sizes 10-18. $25.00 at Best & Co., New York, N. Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 87.
Claire Trevor's suit designed by Odette Myrtil for United Artists' "The Lucky Stiff"

A chic and practical three-piece suit, this, for any girl's wardrobe. The trouser-type skirt, brief weskit and easy loose jacket all can be worn with other parts of your wardrobe. Team the skirt with sweaters and other jackets and the weskit with slacks or as an extra pickup for your other suits. The jacket makes a perfect topper for spring and summer because the styling is so casually right over everything. Juilliard has an Antelope suiting for the skirt that tailors beautifully and their Hobnob tweed, in the same shade as the Antelope, would make a charming weskit and jacket. Blouse pattern included.

Sketches and stores selling Photoplay's Pattern see page 87
Odette Myrtil
designer of Claire Trevor’s suit
in “The Lucky Stiff”

Odette Myrtil, an actress who “just grew to be a designer,” is a chic advertisement for her own designs. She feels the key to good taste lies in individuality, not in merely following the sartorial trends of the day.

Miss Myrtil points out that the new look has proven to the fashion world that graceful, feminine lines are more flattering to nearly every woman. Accessories and trimming, she feels, should enhance the general effect, not detract from it and she stresses a knowledge of colors, as well as a choice of materials, as important factors in choosing a wardrobe.

“Motion pictures serve as the best mirror for today’s fashions,” she says, “because they enable women to observe the latest fashion trends from A to Z.” So profit from the stars and the designers whose business it is to keep you informed.

Wherever You Live You Can Buy

Photoplay Fashions

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

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Taffeta Dress
Sigmund Crane
498 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Stores selling Photoplay Patterns
Gimbels
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Pattern Sketches

Front
Back

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PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS
Cathy Downs is a rising young star in Allied Artists' "When a Man's a Man"

An important addition to your new wardrobe is this dress made in Folker's supple tissue taffeta with a "Flying Bow" neckline and gracefully flared skirt. By Sigmund Crane in wood-violet, "scream-red", navy or gray. Sizes 10-18. $22.95 at Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind., and H. Liebes, San Francisco, Cal.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 87.
PLATTER
By Lester Gottlieb

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER: The quaint folk songs that made this movie more memorable are in a new Decca album, well worth having.

PALEFACE: You haven't really heard "Buttons and Bows" until you dig Bob Hope's version. On the flip-over, "That's Not the Knot." (Capitol)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON: Buddy Clark (Columbia) handles the title theme, but I go for "Girls Were Made to Care for Boys," especially the way Gordon MacRae and Jo Stafford duet it for Capitol.

MY OWN TRUE LOVE: Margaret Whiting chirps the title song, but it will probably be the reverse tune, "Far Away Places," that will get the juke-box play. (Capitol)

LAST ROUNDUP: It took "160 Acres" twelve months to make the grade, but it's not too late to enjoy Art Kassel's Mercury disc.

THE KISSING BANDIT: Frank Sinatra has recorded two fine melodies, "If I Steal a Kiss" and "Senorita" (Columbia). Andy Russell (Capitol) and Johnny Johnston (M-G-M) also have grooved the former tune. Kathryn Grayson, prefers "What's Wrong With Me?" and "Love Is Where You Find It." (M-G-M) while pianist Jack Fina (M-G-M) gives the rumba beat to "Siesta."

DATE WITH JUDY: Carmen Miranda is joined by the Andrews Sisters in a Decca platter of "Cuanto Le Gusta." Bubbly Jack Smith turns in a good job on the tune for Capitol.

SO DEAR TO MY HEART: Another melody from this film is making the grade. It's called "What'cha Do with What You Got" and both the Freddy Martin (Victor) and Pied Pipers (Capitol) recordings are top grade.

We don't want
a book—or an essay

All we want is twenty-five words or less about your favorite star.
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We're looking for your letter now!...
he got busy and put in a phone call to Janet in Stockton. Meantime Stan, out of service, had decided the time was ripe to launch his band. So he and Janet had come down to Los Angeles. When Mr. Green's call reached them, they had exactly one dollar and some change left.

Janet felt she ought to look formal to meet a Hollywood agent. She put on her "good" dress, which was of a sort of rosy crêpe. She felt she ought to have a hat, but she couldn't afford to buy one, so she spent thirty cents for a bunch of purple flowers, which she arranged around her hair to look like a hat.

Mr. Green looked at her and said, "I'd rather you looked like you did in those photographs. Have you got a little cotton dress, maybe, and could you wear your hair just tumbled around your head—no flowers or hat or anything?"

THAT's when Janet got her "lucky dress." Fred and I had sent her $10 for her birthday. The dress she bought cost $10.97, which took her last cent of change—but she wore it back the next day to M-G-M and since then she has been photographed with Miss Shearer and with Van Johnson and lots of other people, wearing it.

Janet made her test for M-G-M, August 7, 1946. They signed her the very next day and told her she was to play the lead opposite Van Johnson in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge." She was wild with joy, not only over the opportunity but because she was going to play opposite Van, on whom she had a real movie crush.

Only, right then, the studio told her she had to go to Santa Cruz on location. "I'm sorry," Janet said, "but I can't go."

They stared at her. "I just can't go," she said. "I can't afford the train fare."

The M-G-M people were wonderful. They didn't laugh a bit. They just said, "Look, the studio will pay for it."

"Thank you," said Janet firmly, "but it would be months before I could repay you and I can't be under that sort of obligation." They finally got it across to her that studios always pay such costs.

You know the rest, of course. Janet made "The Romance of Rosy Ridge," "If Winter Comes," "The Hills of Home," "Words and Music," "Act of Violence" and "Little Women," in which she plays Meg. This role she loves because she gets a chance to sing a little in it.

You know the rest, I say, except why she and Stan separated. We do know they parted amicably. We are certain Hollywood had nothing to do with it. I think it probably was like many wartime marriages. Once the hysteria was over, they discovered they had nothing in common.

Anyway, Fred and Janet and I are back together again. I keep house. And Janet is absorbed by the studio and all her lessons there. She has made close friends with the Johnsons, June Allyson and Dick Powell and Elizabeth Taylor and her group. The latter are the ones she sees most often, along with Barry Nelson. But usually, she is just like she was in Stockton—part of a bunch.

As for her pictures, we have to see them at least three times. The first time, Janet and I always cry. Janet always sobs at the sad bits, particularly if she herself is playing them, and I just weep from happiness. The next time we see the movie, we manage to see her as herself. But it's not until the third time that we really see the movie and find out what it's about. I guess that still makes us very simple folks. But we're awfully happy, which is what really counts.

We still go to church, every Sunday, all three of us and humbly thank God from the bottom of our hearts.

The End
Happy Am

(Continued from page 41) Bridges, to share our good news.

That's our idea of a gala time. A barbe- 
cue at the beach campfire and the con-
versation of good friends. That time, nobody
said much. But the silence said a lot.

Stretched out on the sand, full of peace
and a quiet happiness, we watched the
breakers. At last we saw them the far horizon,
the vast expanse of Pacific, seemed to sym-
bolize the freedom of my own future. Rough
water or smooth? Nobody knows the answer to a
question like this. But one thing sure—I'm happy to have the oppor-
tunity to find out. It's a stimulating chal-
lenge. Looks like Lady Luck has finally
cought up with me. And about time!

The past months, have seen the death
of my mother, my own hospitalization
with a couple of opera-
tions, the linger-
ing controversy with
the studio which
made me tense and
unhappy.

To keep busy dur-
ing the summer I
played in summer stock, which provided
a good antidote for inactivity and made
me feel back in the swing of things. But
it also kept Betty and me apart for
months again. If diffi-
culties were not set-
tled, it looked like we faced a much
longer separation. So
Broadway and the
stage seemed the
solution for me.

"The Jolson Story" was the one really
bright spot on my
Hollywood ledger.
Event that was mem-
bled by the fact that Betty
then was beginning to
Broadway stage and
we were separated for
most the first year of our
marriage by our
respective careers.

Admittedly, "The Jolson Story" was a
great break. One I fully appreciated. Yet
one, by my books, I'd fully earned. I
hadn't had any public pictures up to then,
few of which anyone remembers. Fortu-
nately!

My new contract is an equitable deal
for all concerned and a happy compro-
mise. Everybody loves. Everybody wins. I
still make the same money, but that's
okay with me. My fight was never for
money, but for freedom, which has always
been a golden-weighted word to me. For
it has always been difficult for me to accept
compromise. It is a predominant family
trait which can provoke its more uncom-
fortable moments—as incidents in the
lives of previous Parkes, all fighting Kan-
sans, could illustrate. Consider, for ex-
ample, the case of one great-aunt who defied a
house-to-house searching party made by the famous guerilla leader,
William Quantrill. She hid the firearms in
a barrel and calmly stood by her guns until
he'd gone—without finding them.

There have been many—if less grim—
experiences of my own because of this
family trait. Jobs I got in my early days in
the theater, through my conscientious
convictions about various attitudes, or pos-
sibly the exact angle at which the spear
should be carried on stage. On the home
front, I particularly remember how an un-
compromising stand once cost me my one
and only pair of blue jeans. I have always
been firmly convinced that levies improve
with age. I had one pair, which were
threadbare and sod-worn. To my wife's
constant plea for me to get at least one
relief pair, I turned unrelenting ear. I
didn't need any more. I liked those. Then
one afternoon I came upon my mother,
holding the jeans in a firm feminine grip
and Betty cutting them into minute blue
strips. I stood there, powerless, wit-
nessing their demise and knowing a little
mediation might have saved the day and the
pants.

Yes, thinking realistically, a little com-
promise sometimes goes a long way. I will
admit I approached a sequel to "The Jol-
sion Story" with a certain amount of quak-
ing. Any sequel is seldom as successful as
the original. This one had been chosen by
the people as the Number One picture of
the year, as recorded by Photoplay's
nation-wide year balloting. It was a phe-
nomenal success. Better just leave it lay.

But when I read Sidney Buchman's
script for "Jolson Sings Again," I stopped
worrying about the possible merits of this
picture. It's a fair superior script to "The
Jolson Story." The songs are better, too,
and with better arrangements.

So I've confined my worrying now to this
Japhaeker who finds himself in Jol-
sion's shoes—and gloves—again. I don't
mind admitting I'm a little scared. This
time I do eighteen songs alone. Each
song must be done differently, but with
the same underlying style. And when I
think of standing out there, spotlighted,
dressing so many numbers, I'm really on my
knees.

Nobody realizes better than I, too, that
many skeptics will be laying for me, ready
to say, "That Parkes, I told you so. He can't
repeat." It isn't unusual in our neighborhood to
look up and find some kids standing under

my favorite Chinese Elm by the window
dramatizing a scene from the picture for
my benefit.

The Inhabitants of Nichols Canyon must
be Jolson fans. For when I rehearse at
home with records, in order to drown
out my own voice and to recreate the
excitement Al puts into his songs, the
volume must be up any time. And,
to date, there have been no complaints,
except by our cats. The volume upsets
them and they stay outside until I'm
through.

But Betty has been a swell sport about it.
We have always had a sort of unmentioned
rule about our place that when either of
us is rehearsing, the other pretends not
to be around or to hear. Which is
no simple feat in our
in tiny establish-
ment that
House-to-
now—despite
my tough working sched-
ule and the nightly
serenades she gets of the "Boy A." And
I've promised both of
us if she'll put up
with me through this
time, to worry less
and life easier from
now on.

With our luck look-
up, sometime in the
future, I'd like to
have a larger
home. A ranch, perhaps. We really
need more room. There are thirty-eight trees
on the 50 x 80 lot we have now and they're
records, too, have opened
our way out the front door. I'm as bad
as a woman is about a new hat, when it
comes to trees. Nothing gives me a "lift"
like buying a new tree. I may go to the
nursery for saplings, but you can count
on me coming home with a tree that I
didn't intend to buy. Someday I hope we'll
have more room for m'lady-man re-
forestation project.

The success of the Jolson sequel is very
important to me. For many reasons. Among
them, the fact that we're following it with
the first venture of "Lou Mandel Pro-
ductions," co-starring with Betty and me.
We're reading scripts like mad now,
usually averaging two screen treatments a
night at home. On the preferred list is a
comedy or a good action picture. Action
pictures always go, and that's what I
need to get into before a picture that
goes.

We may not make the greatest pictures
in the world. But I don't think they'll be
the greatest flops. Meanwhile, Jolson
should be on again. And for the first time in too long, I
feel like singing, too.

The End
Star in Your Home

(Continued from page 57) looks. Even its setting is a perfect blend of the modern and the old. For the Young home sits at the time mountain ranges between Hollywood and Beverly Hills and in one direction you get the vast sweep of the new San Fernando Valley; development and the snow-capped Sierras. In the other direction you see the tremendous, growing City of Los Angeles spread out straight to the eternal Pacific Ocean, sparkling in the sun. You wouldn't expect to find a New England born in such a setting. That's what makes it fun—and sentimental, too. That's why Ida and Collie, as everyone in Hollywood calls Ida's handsome, intelligent young husband, bought it instantly.

Fun was one reason, that is. There were several practical reasons, too. For instance, the house is small enough so that the Youngs knew they could run it without servants, if and when they chose. It is all on one floor, except for a single, large bedroom upstairs. It is off a main road and so high above the dust and fog that it's a cinch to keep clean. It provides for a great deal of privacy and outdoor living, both of which they love. The upstairs bedroom, furnished more on the masculine than the feminine side, is actually a kind of retreat for either of them when their double working schedules of their double careers make personal privacy just a matter of good sense.

The next “selling point” was that such a small house would give Ida her chance to air a hitherto suppressed desire, which was to be her own interior decorator. The truth about that is that, primarily, she wanted to save money. Collie, she knew, had been collecting early-American antiques for years. She had acquired the taste from him. She knew the basic colors they both loved—which are green, rose (from pink to darkest red) and white. This color scheme, in various combinations, she used throughout the house. She and Collie mixed their own paints and did their own painting. Ida mixed the whitewash for the fireplace bricks though, while applying it, she fell off the ladder and nearly broke her highly expensive neck.

She couldn't find the right green carpet to match her walls but, shopping one day, she came upon a terrific bargain in yellow carpeting that had faded. She matched it at its low price and had it dyed. The first time it came out chartreuse. The second time it matched the walls so completely that, at first glance, the interior looks limpid as the sea, an effect that is emphasized by the froth of white organdie ruffled curtains at all the windows.

The animation in the colors came in through Ida's clever use of the various rose tones. In her living room, for instance, she used a white-background chintz with a floral design, shading from pink almost to mulberry. This chintz made the valances above the organdie curtains. Worked out in trapunto embroidery, it covered one big wing chair. On a green upholstered settle opposite the fireplace, the chintz was used on big, fat cushions, ruffled in green. On the back of the settle she took her dyeing job to get the settle covering and the ruffles to match the walls so perfectly they seemed to fairly melt into it.

One of Collie's sentimental treasures is his own desk, which holds them for one of their wedding presents. One of Ida's treasures is an early American prayer chair, high-backed, the seat at kneeling height. She just happened upon it one day in the Los Feliz district of Los Angeles, an "antique section" like the Flea Market in Paris, or like upper Third Ave.

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WITH this idea in mind, she bought gay things as she came upon them, real "conversation pieces" in antique furniture, like an old wicker sewing basket. It was dusty and dirty when she picked it up for a very few dollars, but white paint did the trick. She planted the top, got a real sewing machine for the bottom. This she used in her own room, near an old wicker music stand to which she gave the same paint treatment. In her bedroom, she used white background wall paper, with a green trellis pattern on which grow red roses. In Collie's bedroom, she used another white background paper, with a kind of conventionalized snowflake design in green. Collie got rag carpeting in red, green and white, but that will be replaced later when she finds a carpeting bargain in green broadloom, she hopes.

Now, certainly, such amusing pieces are not "functional" beyond a point. But that was the way Ida and Collie wanted them to be. He had long owned a "dry sink" of the early American type. Ida found an old shaving mirror to top it, had the bottom cabinet of it papered, and with the addition of a couple of shelves, it made a fine place in his bedroom to store the scripts he is continually bringing home from the studio to work on nights.

Really functional furniture wouldn't have created the charm and laughter the Youngs sought in their house. Contrariwise, all their things have some usability. For example, the cobbler's storage box in their living room has been turned into a magazine rack and the old wooden spatula that hangs beside the fireplace, they use for pushing kindling where it will do the fire the most good.

Both Ida and Collie being "talkers," the living room was planned for "conversation groupings." Six can easily relax around the fire, another six or eight around the settle, two or three on any of the window seats. Since the dining room opens off the living room with no doors between, that easily gets itself incorporated into the living room when big parties are in progress. Reversely, however, the coziness of the room is such that it has no empty feeling when merely two people are alone in it. This is just about the best trick of home-planning, if you can do it. Every chair has been placed at a strategic spot as relates to comfort, light, ash trays and other chairs. But there are clear, uncluttered spaces in the middle, so that there are no traffic hazards either. All the table tops are also uncluttered, as regards "objets d'art" or other things that get in the way of a good time.

You, too, can achieve this same result by the same method. Just shop and keep on the prowl for bargains. Don't be afraid to use something that hasn't been used that way before. Furniture prices today are too high. But there still are bargains, if you really look for them. And it is infinitely more fun buying one piece at a time, when you can afford it, when you know just the corner you want it for, when you know you'll love it, and that it has been loved by other people in the past, than it is to buy a cold "set" in some store, whether it is a "set" for a living room, dining room or what have you.

At least, that's what Ida Lupino Young thinks—and so do we!
Beauty Spots

She's on "Inside Photoplay"

By WENDY BARRIE

Recently asked us to be on her "Inside Photoplay" television program, over WABD... It's one thing to be beautiful; another to be clever. Wendy is both.

A half-hour program five days a week keeps her hopping. Yet she has her wits about her at all times, and always looks fresh, as though she'd slept around the clock. She gave much worthwhile beauty advice.

Feet Insured For $10,000

Wendy revealed that her feet are insured for $10,000! She said it's silly, in a way, to put such a high value on her feet. But, she explained, ever since she was a child, she's been proud of their beauty and has taken extra care of them and believes that's one reason why she's never had any trouble with them. Painful feet reflect a painful expression on the face and can do much to spoil an otherwise happy disposition. As further foot beauty insurance, Wendy wears comfortable, well-fitting leather shoes. Even though your feet may never be insured, if you take a tip from Wendy and keep your feet in A-1 shape, they can make you "feel like a million." So your toes won't feel and look cramped, wear stockings a half-inch longer than your big toe. Also, she advises, keep your shoe heels straight. For crooked heels make you walk off-balance.

Wendy Likes It, Too

Like other movie stars we've interviewed, Wendy says that a little eyeshadow and mascara will do a lot for the beauty of your eyes—add sparkle and make them seem a deeper, truer color. More eyeshadow, she pointed out, may be used for evening, since artificial lights "steal" some of the color.

Hair And Make-up

After shampooing her hair, she brushes it almost dry, then sets it. She agreed that cream hair dressings are a big help, especially if your hair lacks natural lustre. She's frank to admit she gets tired of having her hair the same color all the time. At present she's a blonde. She suggested that more timid souls might like using hair rinses, which wash out with each shampoo, to bring out natural highlights. There are make-ups for all types of hair shades, so she said you shouldn't have trouble finding the lipstick, rouge, and face powder that suit your color.

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My Most Exciting Story (Continued from page 49) home away from Hollywood. It is Bob's family estate, Roundhill, Connecticut. During our courtship days I had visited there, but now it was our home together. Now we had been married four months and Bob had taught me how to eat snails in Paris and oysters in London and how to weather a terrible storm that lasted eighteen hours on a sailing trip to Corsica. Now, too, we knew we were expecting a child the following April. So when Bob said, as we drove up the driveway, "Welcome home, darling," I looked around me at Roundhill as if I were seeing it for the first time. And again I thought how beautiful it was and how serene.

The house is a mammoth, graceful Tudor mansion of brick, built by Bob's family twenty-seven years ago. It stands on a hill. Green lawns sweep downward from it to a rippling lake with ducks floating on it and around the house spread five hundred acres of lovely forests and streams. That first day, Bob and I visited everything there, the stables, with their fourteen riding horses, the bridal paths that wind everywhere through the trees, the riding ring, the tennis courts, the enormous white tile swimming pool with its charming fountains that play at one end.

But we stayed longest beside the lake, sitting in the log cabin beside it that was built for barbecue parties. There Bob surprised me by warning, "We'll spend a lot of time here at the lake in the next few months, Lana, because I'm going to make you one of the best fisherwomen in the world before I'm done!"

Again—how different! To think of me becoming a star fisherwoman! But I think I will, at least. Bob says I have a natural aptitude for it and he's been teaching me ever since that day last September. Bob is, of course, a superb sportsman and I want to keep up with him. So I've been at the lakeside a lot, practicing casting and reeling in and I've caught a great many bass and perch. Bob's also teaching me to shoot. I've always been fairly good at skeet shooting, but Bob is training me with rifles, pistols—and elephant guns! Oh, yes, one of our plans is to go to Africa, elephant hunting. Bob has already been on several safaris himself, but he wants me to go, too. I want to just as much as he does.

Just from that statement about a hunting trip in Africa, you can see for yourself how very different my life has become. As a matter of fact, it is so different, and so am I, these days, that I don't know where to begin. Take running the house, for an example. In Hollywood, I never really ran my own house. My mother ran it for me and when she moved to an apartment, she still ran it over the phone with the help of the cook. I'd say casually to the cook, as I rushed off to the studio in the morning, "Just order whatever you need for the house and for Cheryl." And when any housekeeping problem came up, I'd telephone Mother and say, "You figure it out, darling, and then arrange it all for me."

But not now. Now, for the first time in my life, I am running a home. It wasn't easy to run the Topping house at first, either. For Bob's household had been in existence for many, many years before I became a Topping. Street, the butler, has been there twenty-five years, for instance! Most of the staff has been there as long as he has and until a year ago, when Bob's mother passed on, she headed the household. Just to give you an idea of the magnitude of the house, too, let me
tell you there are twenty-two servants' rooms (by no means filled, these days!) and nine enormous master bedrooms. Not counting Bob's and my suite.

So you can imagine how I felt when I arrived back from Europe to face the complications of such a giant household.

"I'm embarrassed, dear. I feel awkward, giving directions to a staff of servants who have been with your family so long," I told Bob honestly.

"Just keep trying. You'll make out," he said, grinning.

So I did—and now things are running very smoothly. But they certainly didn't for awhile. My innovations didn't meet with any approval at all, first. Bob and I decided, since neither of us has any reason to get up in the morning, it was foolish to go in for three routine meals a day.

"We've decided we'll just have two meals a day," I told Street. "Please tell the cook we'd like brunch at noon. And dinner will be at eight-thirty—and oh, yes, Street, we won't take dinner in the dining room any more. We'd like it on trays in the smoking room, in front of the television set."

That last is what caused the biggest upset in the staff. Trays instead of a dining table! And dinner at eight-thirty instead of seven-thirty! They were outraged. All of them even resigned. But we stuck to our guns. We had learned to like a late dinner while we were in Europe, where nobody eats before eight-thirty or nine. And we'd learned to like tray dinners in Hollywood, before we were married, when Bob would come to my house to have an early dinner with me. At that time, of course, I had to eat informally and very early because of dawn risings to act in a picture.

Anyway, now we have our way. And (though I'm keeping my fingers crossed!) I think I'm managing all right as a housekeeper. We get up late to eat a delightful brunch in the breakfast room—eggs, sausages, creamed chipped beef, all kinds of trimmings. And at night we settle into the comfort of chairs in the smoking room facing the television set. Street brings in a tray with soup, salad, and the main course all on it. And Bob and I eat, talk, and watch television. Later on, we read—how we read! We often sit for two hours straight, reading. When we go upstairs, we sit up in bed reading until two or three o'clock in the morning. Since we both love books, we recommend them to each other and we read like chain-smokers—finish one book, pick up another!

It's a peaceful life, isn't it? Completely different from the confusing life I've always led—but how I love it. Usually we stay put at the studio for two weeks without moving and then reluctantly come into New York City, only because I have to see the doctor. We know the baby will be a boy, named Timothy! I really don't know. I was convinced Cheryl would be a girl and so she was, and this time I know we can expect Timothy. If, by any chance, I'm wrong, we've made up a girl's name—Tricia—but I am sure we will be the parents of a son.

Weekends, the quiet of our lives is broken by eight or ten guests, all East-coasters, none of them connected in any way with the movies. They come for dinner Friday night and stay until late Sunday evening. Saturday afternoons, they play golf at the nearby golf clubs. I walked around the course with them until a few weeks back. Now I'm letting them play alone while I stay home with a book. After dinner, on Saturdays, we always show movies in the projection room, the last movie bill-of-fare being

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You're gloriously, alluringly feminine in your Merry-Go-Round bra. Patented Circular Stitching, plus bias, plus fagoted seams accentuate the small bust—minimize the full bust.

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Merry-Go-Round of Canada, 3645 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal

AS A result, I claim that Europe is not only broadening, but it teaches you to be wonderfully adaptable! But to go on about the differences in my life these days.

Do you know that every maternity clothes are different from the ones I bought in California, when Cheryl was on the way? In Hollywood, the weather was so warm, that all my expectant dresses were summery cottons. But here in the East, everything is changed. I had to buy winter maternity clothes, sophisticated ones with big collars and high waists.

I had to put in a supply of Florida resort clothes in gay colors, because Bob is taking me to Miami before the baby comes, to meet my father, and I'm nearing my departure of the craziest language of our own you've ever heard. It was a combination of Spanish, French, English and sign-language that only we could understand and we'd sit talking it by the hour together.

~Peter Pan~

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Name
Address
City State
One night we were watching a wrestling match, with Bob rooting for the villain wrestler and me shouting for the hero wrestler. We were both yelling nose-to-nose. And that is a picture of the Toppings at their absolute worst, believe me!

I have seen almost nobody from Hollywood since I became Mrs. Topping. But when I have met keep surprising me by saying the same thing: "Lana, how you have changed! You always used to be so tense and excited all the time and now you're so quietly serene." I suppose it's true and I think I know why it is. Always, until I married Bob, I was the independent little working girl. I was the head of the family, the breadwinner, the one who had to make decisions. Now, for the first time in my entire life, I have someone to turn to. I can say, "Bob, what do you think? Bob, you decide." And he does!

I also feel as if, again for the first time in my life, I have time to really be a wife. And I can tell you, it's the most wonderful feeling in the world.

I'll tell you something else. Just before I met Bob, I thought the peak of my life was over and all the rest of it would just be a pleasant, but unexciting, plateau. I'd had so much, really, so many things any girl would want and I was grateful for them. But I'd almost had too much, so that I was sure I'd never find anything more that would truly make me happy.

And then I married Bob Topping and he opened my eyes to the big exciting world outside of Hollywood. Our plans are breath-taking to me. Eventually, we will sell lovely old Roundhill in Connecticut and build on the property Bob bought near Hollywood. But the California house will just be headquarters for us. We'll only be there when I'm making movies. From now on, I won't make more than two a year.

When I'm not acting, we'll be off like birds all over the world—to Africa, India, the South Seas, Indo-China. Bob has gone around the world every single year of his life, often on missions for museums. Now he wants me to see the whole world, too. And when the children aren't in school, we'll let them come along with us.

And I guess we'll both always be wearing our favorite presents from each other. Bob will wear the gold four-leaf clover I gave him during our courtship days, when I found out we were both Irish and superstitious. And I'll wear the tiny gold and diamond flies he bought me in Paris, to remind me, he said, of the mosquitoes in the South of France.

Yes, for the first time in my whole life, I am truly happy. As this goes to press, there are only a few weeks left before Christmas and with Christmas, little Cheryl and my mother will be here with us at Roundhill. When they are East, my last ties with Hollywood, for the time being, will be gone. And the new life I am leading will be even more completely happy—if that is possible.
The night my husband was killed

To outsiders, Wanda O'Brien's husband was a big jolly Irishman, laughing and good-natured, but at home he became a Mr. Hyde, a snarling wildman who threatened her life and the safety of their children. Read Wanda O'Brien's very own words as she describes the tragic events that led to her husband's death in February.

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and many other exciting stories about real people
25 fact-features for only 25 cents
in February

TRUE Experiences

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

Make Mine Crosby Style

(Continued from page 47) comedian, aged nine, did odd jobs. Meanwhile, Bing would be dictating letters and making phone calls, and then he'd join me on the sand patrol.

The kids have no concept of their father's wealth. He impresses on them that he earned it, so it belongs to him, not them. The idea is, if they want money, they can earn it, too. He's a very strict disciplinarian but he'd grin when we would be going by in the pick-up truck and at a distance, we'd see Gary sitting down at his fence-staking. Gary would jump up, the moment he heard us coming and get very busy all of a sudden and Bing would yell, "Get at it, there."

But Gary had the laugh on Bing one night, when his father asked all the boys if they had written their grandmother lately. Kid-fashion they hadn't, of course, so the orders were to sit down and attack a post card that moment. They all did. Gary wrote, "Fishing, hunting and boating up here. Dad's having a wonderful time."

The whole gang dresses alike in jeans and a shirt—or without a shirt (for the men, of course). But during the day, always a hat, because the sun's so hot.

Along about noon, most of the day's work is over and the fun begins. They have barbecues like the one they had the day they wanted to christen the boat for their lake. Bing said if you were going to christen a boat, you had to crack a bottle of champagne over it. So we did that little thing. Bing and I took the boat, via the car, down the highway to the lake—and first thing we did was blow a tire.

Other days, we'd go fishing. One day on the way back we got stuck. We were driving a big truck and we couldn't make it budge. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. There was a big pheasant dinner that night, which we were all looking forward to—and we were twelve miles away. So we started hiking. The first ranch we came to didn't have a phone. So we hiked to the next ranch—seven miles. They did have a phone. Bing called Dixie and told her to go ahead and eat. We were so close in then, he said, we'd walk the rest of the way. Just another five miles, that was all. I let a moan out of me. Phil and Dennis were along, fresh as butter, but I said no dice so far as I was concerned. I'd starve and sleep under a mesquite bush, if need be, but no more hiking. Bing howled. I didn't know that in some double-talk manner he'd already told Dixie to send a couple of cowhands over after us.

Kidding like that delights him. One afternoon when I decided to go riding, he brought up what looked like a nice, meek mount. It wasn't until I got on that I found out he was a ex-race horse that ran like a rock-crusher. When I yelled what I thought of him and his horse, he gave me his innocent look. "Why that horse is just an old rocking chair," he said. Bing has steadily improved with success. He always was an intelligent, unaffected, direct guy but today, with all the demands on his time and patience, he's even more unaffected, and has a mighty mellow understanding. My wife tells me Dixie adores him, and I'll chime in and say that even a man can see they are both deeply in love.

They've got a mighty fancy setup out in Beverly Hills. They could become the leaders of "the international set" or any of that stuff if they wanted to. But they don't. Fame and fortune can't harm a guy with that much sense. I only wish this country had a million others like him.

The End
These days of a nation-wide housing shortage we expected the number of entries to the Photoplay Dream House Contest to be tremendous. Not in our wildest editorial dreams, however, did we anticipate the deluge of letters we have received. During the first week the December Photoplay was on the newsstands the entries came in on an average of three thousand a day. This was about what we had expected. But then, day by day, our mail increased until we were receiving many times this number.

At this writing our mail bags are numerous and bulging. Those appointed to judge the last lines of the jingle are working night and day, Sundays and holidays. Otherwise we could not possibly announce the winner in the April issue.

Entries, of course, have come from all over the United States. But it's the citizens of California, judging by the number of entries from this state, who are eager to win our prize of a completely and beautifully furnished Industry Engineered house.

We know how difficult we are going to find it to make the final decision. So many inspired last lines already have been received we find ourselves wishing we had a thousand Dream Houses to give away.

But on this score, rest assured: Every entry will be considered carefully. Several panels of judges employed by the Reuben H. Donnelly Corporation, a judging corporation quite independent of Photoplay, will pass on all entries before the final winner is chosen. Even then, four special groups of judges will consider potential winning entries carefully to make sure we have been fair in every way. Wherever you live or whenever you mailed your contribution—provided it was before midnight of December 25, 1948—your entry will receive full and impartial consideration.

Will it be you who will be moving into Photoplay's Dream House this spring? Look for the name of the winner in the April issue—on your newsstand March 11.
tango me, bought these

Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different... stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $60.50 with chest, also 76-piece service for twelve at $99.95. (No Federal Tax.) All patterns made in the U.S.A.

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Name

(Address) (PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)


Valentine Story

(Continued from page 38) very far. The studio had Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire under contract and there weren't many dancing parts left over. Day after day, Dan kept at his practicing and each day he'd try to convince his bosses that he could really dance and act, too. He'd get a pat on the back or a grunt and nothing more.

THEN, one morning on his way out to the studio, he stopped suddenly, turned to his wife and said: "I'm through. I'm not going in today. I'm quitting. I'm all through with this business. I'm no good and it's time we realized it!"

Liz was not surprised. She loved her husband too much not to know that this crisis had to come sometime. She had her speech almost ready.

"Dan, you're not through because you're too good to be through. You're not giving up. To give up, with your talent, would be a crime. All these years you have worked to make a career for yourself and to bring fun to people who need it. You have no right to give up. I won't let you. And neither will I."

She said a lot more. But Dan remembers those words most. He went to the studio that day and when he came home, confident now that something had to happen, there was a very pretty red and white greeting card waiting for him. It was in the shape of a heart and out of all the words written on it in his sweetheart's handwriting, these stood out:

"I love you—and believe in you."

That day, which reached its climax when Dan became one of Twentieth Century-Fox's big stars was, of course, St. Valentine's Day!

I was surprised to discover how many of my friends have precious souvenirs of St. Valentine's Day which will remind them constantly of a special kind of love and thoughtfulness. Mona Freeman's is always around her wrist. It is a gold heart and key bracelet which her husband, Pat Nerney, gave her on the first St. Valentine's Day after they were married. "Dear Mona," reads the simple inscription on the heart, "you are my Valentine."

Jane Wyman's reminder is a sweater which she'll be wearing until it falls to pieces. For months, little Maureen had been saving her weekly allowance for the right kind of Valentine present for Mommy. Came the great day and she

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Polio is still taking its terrible toll. Hospital costs are higher.

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It must not stop for lack of funds.

Let the 1949 MARCH OF Dimes be the greatest parade in Polio history—

GIVE—UNTIL POLIO IS MORTALLY HURT!
proudly presented to Jane the sweater with the red heart. Jane wore it just as proudly.

But no more proudly than Margo wore her first gift from Dane Clark. The turkeys were broke. Stony broke. They are living in a run-down boarding house in New York. Dane got occasional gigs, but they were usually occasional and far between. Sometimes it was a radio theater bit and they managed to pay rent and eat enough to keep going.

But there was nothing left over, unless he went without lunches. Which is what he did for weeks before Valentine's Day. Nothing could stop him from giving Margo a present—the first—to let her know something of what was going on in his heart.

Dane had decided on a dress for Margo. He needed a new one desperately. He had six dollars. This meant exploring the claret bargain basements. Besides, he had never bought a dress in his life. He went to work. Margo doesn't laugh, even now, when she tells about it.

"Maybe," some husbands can choose cases for their wives. But Dane has never been very good at it. And this was his first—and his worst.

That was some dress. Its lines were fussy. It had cheap frills all over it and it was a ghastly shade of red.

Dane handed me the package so gingerly and with such a look of love and expectation in his eyes. My hands trembled a little as I untied the string.

I put the dress on. Then I looked in the mirror. It didn't fit. It was wrong, absolutely wrong. But then I looked into a different kind of mirror. I looked at Dane's sad face and a St. Valentine's miracle opened. I saw myself and the dress as he saw them. And, in his eyes, I was brought up as well—the dress was lovely.

Of all the memories are as sentimental and touching as the Clark's. One of the most tender scenes to imagine is that of Guy Madison and Gail Russell as its stars. They were spending sweethearts' days together as they should. Sitting on the sofa, they were dreamy. Guy's voice was dreamy, too. He was saying all the things that have been said several thousand times before and still manage to sound perfectly brand-new. Suddenly, he felt something soft and damp on his cheek. And Guy felt something cold and damp on his cheek. It was Gail's cooing "hi" that had stuck his head between hers. Their hysterical laughter ended when they both had had all the earrings of their sentimental moment together.

Esther Williams and Ben Gage have a precious souvenir, too. It doesn't look very sentimental, but it holds memories and thoughts that nothing else can ever bring them. It is the simple box of radio-phonograph combination.

Esther and Ben fell in love during the war. They loved doing all the same things—listening to music together. Esther, especially, liked to hear Ben singing to her songs he'd recorded when he was a radio singer not yet in uniform.

It was not always easy for Ben to get live. He was a sergeant belonging to the Army, not Esther Williams. Then she did him so eagerly she didn't mind when he settled even for the sound of his voice. A sergeant's pay was not a worry salary. But on St. Valentine's Day, a beautifully done up package arrived for Esther. It was a radio-phonograph combination, complete with the records he dictated.

Esther and Ben were married the following November and that radio-phonograph is still a very important part of their home. But the Gage records, to tell the truth, have worn a little thin.

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Please send me free booklet and full details about “Loveliness Unlimited” and what it can do for me.

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Address...
City, Zone, State...

Irene Dunne is nostalgic about this holiday. She remembers, and I don’t blame her, when she was a high school freshman in Louisville, Kentucky. Local custom always had the boys placing their Valentine’s Day on the doorsteps of the girls they liked best. And, of course, the girls always peeked out from behind the curtains to see which beaux left Valentines. As Irene watched, two boys came up at the same time, from different directions. One placed his Valentine on the doorstep. The other kicked it away. Finally, the two boys dropped their Valentines and went at each other.

The fight was at its thickest when Irene heard a knock on the back door. She left her ringside seat long enough to open the door. Standing proudly, with his Valentine tucked securely under his arm, was a third suitor for the hand of little Miss Dunne. She left the batters on the front lawn as she and her gallant, unscathed escort wandered off for a soda. It was a wonderful soda, too, she says.

AND now I think I should tell you what St. Valentine’s Day means to me. It means a great deal. It means my son Timothy.

When Dick Quine and I were first married we wanted, more than anything else, a family. But then I had my accident and we decided to adopt the children we longed for so desperately. We filed our application with a good home which would decide if we were eligible. We waited for weeks, trembling with anxiety for the decision. Would we pass? Would we be considered good enough to give a home to a precious, new life?

Then it was St. Valentine’s Day. We were home. We were happy but we were aware of the great emptiness in our lives and we prayed for it to be filled. The phone rang and my entire life was to change with that ring. It was the agency to which we had applied for a baby. And the voice said simply, “Congratulations. We have found you eligible and will give you the first baby that is available.”

So Timothy became my St. Valentine’s gift. When the agency called and said the baby was ready for us, I was so panicly, I couldn’t even go for him. Dick and a friend of ours drove to the Home.

When Dick carried him into the house, holding him so gingerly, my tears mixed with laughter. There was Timothy with one shoe on, one shoe off. He looked, with his tremendous blue eyes and mop of black hair, as if he were older than his nine days. I took him into my arms. Holding him tight, I said, over and over to myself: “You will be my St. Valentine’s Day present every day of my life.”

The END

You’ll return for a second look — at some Hollywood leading men, when you read
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A Photoplay treat for March
On sale February II

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There is no magic at all about a Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of a loveliest movie star!

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Name... Please Print
Address...
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How to Keep Marriage Romantic

Continued from page 43) Hundreds of such people, it now seems to me, swarmed in me three years ago after Paul and I were married. They said that all the lovely moods Paul and I were sharing would gradually vanish a year or so after our wedding. It was sad, they said, but time, companionship would take their place. Now I know such an attitude is just kind of giving-in, not fighting hard enough for a happiness that is one of the rarest in the world.

The first time I ever saw Paul Brinkman, I thought I was just about the handsomest man I had ever met. His manners impressed me, too. The next time we met, I admired his ability to make friends easily and, what's more, to keep them. I loved his skill at conversation, and the way he likes almost everyone. I'm not that way. I'm shy. I make only a few friends, and those who hate the practical side of almost everything. Yet, in important matters, I soon learned Paul and I were very much alike. Our family backgrounds are much the same. We both been brought up conservatively, Paul in San Francisco, I in and about Los Angeles. Our religion is the same. So are our political convictions. We both wanted a home and lots of children and our ideas about their upbringing were identical.

These things we found out about ourselves in the two years we went together, as last one of which we were engaged, where’s the companionship comes in, I think. If, during a fairly long courtship and engagement, you discover you are truly friends, you start marriage on a very old basis, which, I believe, is most important for the maintenance of romance.

That’s the way we started—even if we hadn’t have it seemed like heaven. First we lived in a house a friend owned. He was out of town, but the moment he got back, we had to leave. After that, it was grabbing whatever we could get. We moved every few months, seemed. By the time our first half year was past, we were expecting baby Paul. Then we finally found an almost-permanent apartment, which we took as long as our ends. First we lived in a house a friend owned. He was out of town, but the moment he got back, we had to leave. After that, it was grabbing whatever we could get. We moved every few months, seemed. By the time our first half year was past, we were expecting baby Paul. Then we finally found an almost-permanent apartment which we took as long as our ends. First we lived in a house a friend owned. He was out of town, but the moment he got back, we had to leave. After that, it was grabbing whatever we could get. We moved every few months, seemed. By the time our first half year was past, we were expecting baby Paul. Then we finally found an almost-permanent apartment which we took as long as our ends. First we lived in a house a friend owned. He was out of town, but the moment he got back, we had to leave. After that, it was grabbing whatever we could get. We moved every few months, seemed. By the time our first half year was past, we were expecting baby Paul. Then we finally found an almost-permanent apartment which we took as long as our ends. First we lived in a house a friend owned. He was out of town, but the moment he got back, we had to leave. After that, it was grabbing whatever we could get. We moved every few months, seemed. By the time our first half year was past, we were expecting baby Paul. Then we finally found an almost-permanent apartment which we took as long as our ends. First we lived in a house a friend owned. He was out of town, but the moment he got back, we had to leave. After that, it was grabbing whatever we could get. We moved every few months, seemed. By the time our first half year was past, we were expecting baby Paul. Then we finally found an almost-permanent apartment which we took as long as our ends.
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Read the top romance story of the year—Vaughn Monroe's story in the current issue of True Romance magazine now on sale.
to sleep. It couldn't be more romantic. However, it wouldn't be half so romantic to me as it is now if I didn't understand about the gunite used in building the pool, or the underwater lighting system I watched being installed. Once I wouldn't have had these plus values. And I'm sure Paul gets more appreciation, too, of the contrast of the delicate flagstone colors against the water, and the value of the blue-green shadows than he ever did before he read my art books.

I believe it is learning to appreciate more and more things all the time that makes life continually exciting. You don't get in a rut. You are never bored. There is romance in everything, once you find out where to look for it.

It was fun when I came to realize that Paul's eternal lateness was due to his trying to accomplish too much every day. He had to tolerate my procrastinating because I go "pink clouding," as he calls it. One day he said to me, "Do you realize that pink clouds, even, don't just happen? There's a weather reason why they appear and why they evaporate." That really helped me come down to earth more than anything. Similarly, he's discovering if he tries to crowd ten hours into eight, he loses time instead of saving it. So he's gradually straightening out there.

THAT'S really what I mean by the seventy-five-seventy-five basis. If always you want to give more than you expect to get, then you've got a plus value in the middle that makes your whole life sing. You don't have to ask one another to "forgive" even the most trivial thing. The forgiveness is always there.

For instance, Paul had to be very understanding during the making of my latest picture, "The Fan." I was wearing this newest baby, but on the set I had to wear old-fashioned corsets and it was an awful strain. I tried hard not to let the day's mood of the picture carry over into my private life, yet I had a mood to sustain on the set, and it was difficult to just cut it off at six o'clock. It wasn't until the heaviest-working days were over, that I became aware that during, Paul had worked extra late. He always phoned me, and was thoughtful and attentive, but he wasn't home till seven, giving me time to come back to myself.

I'm paying him back by telling him to go on a hunting trip as soon as I get home from the hospital with the new baby. And that, I assure you, is a real concession on my part. Even when I have to go on location, unless Paul arranges his business so he can go with me, I suffer. I'm awful. I love to travel—but not alone. I never went away to school. Hotels depress me and I'm strictly a family type. I feel lost if Paul is not near.

But Paul is an outdoor man and he has always hunted. However, because I felt so very sentimental about animals, he hasn't once gone hunting since we were married. Now he's made hunting sound so logical, I've given in. He points out the statistics that every year thousands of animals are destroyed by disease, fires and accidents, so why shouldn't he shoot just one deer or bear? I doubt if I'll ever get myself to the point where I can shoot anything, but at least I am learning to handle a gun. I'm learning skeet shooting and beginning to be a pretty fair type of outdoor girl.

You see how it is with us? We never have a dull moment. Married romance, I know now, isn't walking around with your head in the pink clouds.

It is giving and sharing and working to make every day better than yesterday, which was as nearly perfect as humanly possible, anyhow.

THE END
Penny Antics

(Continued from page 37) "Let's Live a Little," Hedy not only snagged $200,000.00 plus twenty per cent of the profits, but she imported the material for her dresses, sold the material to Bob and then kept the ensembles when the picture was finished! Sinatra and Lawford were dining together at the time, and when Peter, not knowing Sinatra, pulled out his handkerchief, Victor Mature and Bob Montgomery are famous in Hollywood circles for believing that cigarettes are something the other guy, or gal, cares. When either of them are spotted entering a studio gate, there is a catch to the stoppage of work while everyone hides cigarettes. A secretary once asked Robert, "Why don't you buy your own?" He looked sheepish for a second and then said brightly—"They bulge too much in the pocket!"

The most famous of Mature's saving tactics happened downtown in Los Angeles when he was working in 'The Cry of the City.' It is the custom of all the studios to pay for the meals of the players. But Los Angeles is apparently not considered a location. Vic reported early that he had breakfast in a nearby cafe. When he received the bill, he blithely handed it to the assistant director to pay for him. "Sorry, you're on your own," he was told. "You think so," grinned Vic who is as fast with his thinking as he is slow at spending. And he made a deal with the cafe proprietor to wash dishes in payment of his bill.

Paulette Goddard had a wonderful idea. Why not crown the woman who cleans her dressing room at Paramount, "Star For A Day," for sweet publicity of course. She was photographed lunching with Paulette, wearing one of Paulette's beautiful gowns, having her hair dressed by Paulette's own hairdresser, etc. The cleaning woman thought it was a swell idea, too. "But who will pay me my $10 for the wasted day?" she wanted to know. Paulette passed the buck—all ten of them to the publicity department. They passed them all back to Paulette. Paulette passed them to the president of the company.

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friend admired a shirt he was wearing. Cary did better than giving him the shirt off his back. He ordered three replicas, and sent them to his pal. But when it comes to buying his own hats, Cary stays down to a wholesaler in Los Angeles and takes ten lids at a time, for that way he saves maybe five dollars each!

It may be costly, but Errol Flynn rarely seems to be ill on his own time. During “Montana” Errol suddenly decided he must have a minor operation on a certain part of his anatomy. He almost got stuck with it when the insurance company put a limit on the time it would foot the bill for the closed production. And instead of four weeks, Errol got only ten days off with pay.

Rudy Vallee still has the first three million dollars he made twenty years ago. But to hear him talk, you would think he was walking up the hill to the poorhouse. During his recent mad courtship of Betty Ann Nyberg, Rudy surprised his closest pals by giving the girl a ring—his Yale ring. But even so, it must have cost him something one.

Joel McCrea is Scotch by inheritance and ditto by inclination. For years his wife Frances Dee begged him for a swimming pool. Finally Joel broke down, spent a few dollars on some chicken wire and with the help of some free dirt, built the darned thing himself! The ranch on which Joel now lives with his wife and two sons, incidentally, nets him around $15,000 a year. When McCrea was a kid, he sold newspapers on Hollywood Boulevard and delivered them in person to producers and stars. He ended up playing a juvenile in a Will Rogers picture. It was Will who is supposed to have advised Joel—“Save two cents out of every nickel and you’ll be rich.” Joel really took the advice to heart, and he’s a happy man today. Of course, they don’t all pinch and save pennies. Lana Turner for example, is lavish and generous, to the embarrassment of her checking account. Frank Sinatra spends and enjoys. Bing Crosby gives more presents to people than any two millionaires together. And Ann Sheridan would give you the mink off her back, if she thought you really needed it.

But by and large, the Hollywood of today is thrifty. It rents or borrows hats and furs instead of buying them—you can hire any hat for $5.00. It might cost you $90 a night for a good fur. The wealthiest girls use their personal wardrobes for publicity stunts—then deduct the price of the clothes from income tax.

And you know something—-I think they’re right!

The End

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(Continued from page 34) Lea Padovani with whom he is very much in love, only to find Rita off with Prince Aly.

In Paris this summer, where I saw Rita while she was convalescing from an operation so serious that blood transfusions were necessary, her thoughts were with Orson. She resents him mentally more than any man she has ever known. Also, about her forthcoming divorce from Orson, she seemed a little sad.

However, she admitted she was disappointed over "Lady from Shanghai." This, you will remember, was the picture she and Orson made in Mexico, following their reconciliation, when Rita was still in love with him and still convinced he was a genius. She had, therefore, thrown herself into this picture wholeheartedly, hoping for great things.

Orson, of course, has a casual disregard for most movie producers, including Harry Cohn of Columbia. A friend of mine tells me the producers do not find this attitude endearing. However, because of Rita, Harry Cohn gave Orson whatever he wanted. But the picture was not a success, a fact which I feel influenced the differences that led to their divorce.

I WAS at a dinner I gave at the opening of the Cannes Cannes that Rita and Prince Aly met. I should have placed a French woman to the right of the Prince but I chose to seat Rita there, instead. Immediately, there was a spark between them. This was partly because of the fact that Rita was not well-dressed when she was on the Riviera this summer. Not once did she have the new look. Neither was there anything festive or gay about her appearance. Generally, she was black or dark gray. But she was beautiful, if not chic. And her manner was as perfect as always.

After dinner, when I did not see Rita or Prince Aly, I thought something of it. I expected him to disappear into the gambling rooms. And he was, I know, leaving at midnight, to fly by private airplane to Ireland for the Irish sweeps. He won them with his handsome Maxwell which he brought over here in October to race at Belmont.

The next day, however, Rita called me. "What happened?" I asked.

Rita laughed. "He put on the usual act. I was taken up to the top of the Calabrese (the observatory which sits on top of Cannes highest mountain) to see the stars." "Well," I said, "Prince Aly had the best star . . ."

"He said so, of course," she answered, with gentle amusement.

Previous to this dinner, Rita had seen Orson and knew that they had spent some time together. Rita, I think, came to Cannes because it is Orson's stamping ground. Perhaps she hoped they might patch up their differences.

Their daughter, Rebecca, always will be a bond between them. Rita's love for her is great. And Orson adores her more and more, now that she grows to be like him, stands before a mirror and postures and orates, an Orson Welles in miniature. However, he is not only a loving father to Christopher, his daughter by his first marriage. Chris, by the way, plays the Macduff child in Orson's forthcoming picture, "Macbeth." If Rita would not mind, he says, he would like to try out Rebecca as a Shakespearean actress when she is a little older. Already, "Knowing your little girl, I'll wager, Orson, that she will outdo you in Shakespeare."

And he had the grace to laugh.

When Orson left Cannes, Rita did not see him. He had come to Cannes to try a very modest, simple creature and I was about

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PAIN

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ne paintings, he has collected many beauti-
ful canvases by Degas, Cezanne and Dufy,
among others, which he has arranged most beautifully in his Cannes villa. Perhaps he
inherited this sense from his mother, who was an Ital
ian and whom he adored.

One day last summer, when I was lunch
ning with him at a charming little truck

drived up and the men began to unload a
heroic gabled statue. "That is a Bourdelle
— the wrestler!" I exclaimed.

He smiled and left it for me. Until now I have
had no proper place for it. I am going to have
it set up on the ter-

race so it can be seen from the sea . . .

He is a very charming beau, I should
imagine. Certainly he only provides all
romantic things that most men, especially
movie stars, fail to provide. They do not
have the leisure.

The other day, a gift came from him, a
beautiful little gold box set with tiny rubies.
And when I press the ruby catch, the
cover slides back and a little gold
picture pops up to tell me the time. "Elsa
dear," he wrote the card, for I feel so fond of
you and this will remind you of my friendship
longer than red roses."

However, Prince Aly is neither partial
to publicity nor skilled in avoiding it.
Otherwise, he would have acted so
naively, pretending it was by the merest
chance that they traveled on the same
plane. They really did not expect anyone to
believe this. The cards were
unparalleled. They simply were unequal to the photographers and re-
porters who rushed, pell-mell, at them.

RTA has always shunned the limelight.
I have never known her to seek publicity,
as so many stars do. She has to have a
certain amount of it, of course, because of
the role she plays in the movie world. But,
nevertheless, her rare and excep-
tional marriages which have plummeted her onto
front pages, she is most retiring. Prince Aly, in
turn, has always enjoyed the courtesy that
the European press extends royalty. When
he traveled, this was exactly what
his father. When he is in England, for
instance, he sees the King and Queen, goes
to Court and is congratulated by members of
the royal family when his horse wins
at the races.

I warned him what it would happen when
he came to New York in October.
"After all, you are involved in a romance with
Rita!" I said to him, sure to reach the
papers and it will not benefit you. You,
after all, have a great responsibility.
I hope your dear father, the Aga Khan will
enjoy a long life. But you, as his heir,
will one day control a tremendous fortune.
You will also one day become the spiritual
leader of some eighty million Ismailis.
Moos, every year will present you
with your weight in gold, silver
and precious jewels."

Prince Aly smiled. "You remind me, Elsa,
that I must put on some flesh or I will not
do as well as my father. And that would
be unfair to the poor to whom that yearly
gift goes."

But I would not be put off by his
charm. "Why go to Hollywood," I per-
sisted, "Is not your cup of tea?"

"I have to go there," he told me, seri-
ously, "because Rita has to make another
picture."

"What is her attitude?" I pressed.

"She would love to join in Europe," he said, "but since she has this obligation
to make a picture, I must not influence her.
What she does must be her decision.
I did not, at first, realize what a very
important position she occupies in the movie
picture world."

"I kept telling you about her position,
my dear," I reminded him. "She is one of
the three greatest g-l-o-r-i-o-u-s girls of the
times."

The first time Prince Aly visited Rita,
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Rita's daughter Rebecca—Orson in miniature when she postures and orates they managed to avoid publicity. He was there only a short time and a house had been rented for him, without his name ever appearing in the transaction.

Following this visit—when he came East to race his horse, Attu—he talked of flying back to France the moment the Belmont season was over. While he was in New York I gave a party for him. "I want to have a dinner and see 'Joan of Arc,'" he told me. So I arranged it. But many times before the dinner he called me. "Elsa, I hope you do not mind, I have asked Liz Whitney and her husband." Then, "Elsa, I hope you do not mind, I have asked Dolly O'Brien DuBella." "Elsa, I hope you do not mind, I have asked Doris Duke."

"What about men?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "you get the men!"

I did, too—Valentino Parera, who was married to Grace Moore; Charles Boyer; and several other charming gentlemen. But it was Prince Aly who saw me home. I asked if he planned to marry Rita.

"Elsa," he said, "I adore pretty women and I think Rita is one of the prettiest and one of the nicest I have ever known. However, I prefer to live as I am now..."

He is, I know, fond of his delightful English wife, Joan. He is devoted to his two sons, Khairim, twelve years old, and Amyon, eleven years old, who spend six months each year with him.

However, since I talked to Prince Aly, his father, the Aga Khan, has loaned six million dollars to the Eagle Lion Studios. This could be an out-and-out business deal since, in return, he receives the distribution rights of the movies from these studios for several European countries. Or, it could be a father's way of providing his son with an important position in the world where his heart holds him.

Also, Rita has been suspended by her studio because, up until the time Prince Aly left Hollywood, she refused to be separated from him by work—would not report for "Lona Hanson" which was ready to go into production. Hollywood has speculated upon the manner in which Rita has jeopardized her career—even wondered if she meant to marry and retire from the screen.

Prince Aly, of course, is a Moslem, can take more than one wife. But who would wish to do this, considering the fact that only in his own land would more than one woman be recognized?

And would Rita be willing to accept any such state of affairs?

On both scores I doubt it.

THE END

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"Bright Feather" by Robert Wilder..."Bright Feather" by Robert Wilder...

Only $1.39 to Club members! Only $1.39 to Club members! Only $1.39 to Club members!

MAIL COUPON NOW! HURRY ... OFFER LIMITED!
Here's a special opportunity for ambitious women who want to earn money during spare moments. Without previous experience you can make up to $23 a week with ease—just by taking orders for Fashion Frocks, and you don't invest a penny of your own. These stunning new creations are such unbeatable values, you simply can't stop women from ordering them! Amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns—more than you can find in a dozen dress shops. Famous fabrics that are soft, rich, enduring—the cream of the world's best mills. And, a complete range of sizes for every type of figure—Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors and Stouts. Best of all, they're not sold in stores—so women must come to you to get them. You can coin money "hand over fist"—and besides, you get dresses for your own personal use as a bonus, without paying a cent!

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Each dress carries the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval and our own unconditional guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Fashion Frocks cost dollars less than similar garments sell for elsewhere—they are priced as low as $3.98! How can you miss getting orders right and left? You start by taking orders from friends... they'll tell their friends. Soon you're making big money like Marie Patton, Illinois, who took in an average of $39 a week... or Mrs. Carl C. Birch, Maryland, who earned $36 a week... or Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama, who averaged $31.50 weekly.

START EARNING IMMEDIATELY—NO CANVASSING
Whether you are married or single, housewife or employed woman—you can earn EXTRA money in your spare time. And just imagine how it will feel to have as many dresses as you want; to wear the latest, smartest, most glamorous dress without cost. Don't forget—when you present Fashion Frocks you show dresses that are well-known and in big demand because every month the Fashion Frock advertisements are seen by millions of women everywhere. This means greater demand, orders are easier to get, and no canvassing is necessary. Women are delighted to order not only once, but several times a season—and for season after season. It's like having your own dress business with a steady income and WITHOUT INVESTING A PENNY.

Send No Money—Everything Free
Our elaborate Free Presentation Folio contains over 125 original styles and swatches. Examine the beautiful, glorious styles and colors—feel the rich fabrics. You just won't believe it possible at the low prices asked. You'll be proud to show them to your friends and neighbors. So don't lose a second. Fill out the coupon. Paste it on a postcard, No obligation. Mail coupon right now—while you think of it.

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Desk B2039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio
HOW MILD CAN A CIGARETTE BE?

Make the Camel 30-Day Test PROVE CAMEL MILDNESS IN YOUR “T-ZONE”!

YES, make the Camel 30-day mildness test: Smoke Camels for 30 days...it’s revealing—and it’s fun to learn for yourself.

Let YOUR OWN THROAT tell you the wonderful story of Camel’s cool, cool mildness. Let YOUR OWN TASTE tell you about the rich, full flavor of Camel’s choice tobaccos—so carefully aged and expertly blended.

In a recent national test, hundreds of men and women smoked Camels, and only Camels, for thirty consecutive days—an average of 1 to 2 packs a day. Noted throat specialists examined the throats of these smokers every week (a total of 2470 examinations) and reported NO THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!

According to a Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE
Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,507 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!

Money-Back Guarantee!
Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you have ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
PHOTOPLAY
AWARDS ISSUE
March • 15c

March unang Medal Winners
ERICA'S MOST FULAR STARS pictures and stories

CROSBY
by Paul Hesse

announcing

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You can be lovelier from head to toe with the Camay Beauty Bath!
Bathe every day with new Bath-Size Camay and you give
your arms, your back, your legs true complexion care. You'll rise
from your bath clean, refreshed—your skin just touched
with the flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

NEW LOVELINESS
HEAD TO
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PURE, MILD,
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BEST
BEAUTY
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EVER!

DESIGNED FOR
THE BODY BEAUTIFUL!

LEAVES
A FLOWER-LIKE
FRAGRANCE!

BARE
YOUR BACK WITH
CONFIDENCE!

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
the "Beauty-Bath" size

Bath-Size Camay
for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!
Queen of the cruise ship, 17-year-old model Pat Barnard of Great Neck, N.Y., scores a terrific hit! Pat always finds her career and her date-life mighty smooth sailing—thanks to that dazzling smile!

Naturally, Pat follows the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth... because dentists say it works! Her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too—like this...

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes
Healthier gums, brighter teeth

Product of Bristol-Myers

*In thousands of reports from all over the country.
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are a now a woman, not a girl... so now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains.

Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to freely gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is guaranteed not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe. Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.
M-G-M presents

THE FIRST BIG PICTURE OF 1949!

Clark Gable • Walter Pidgeon
Van Johnson • Brian Donlevy
Charles Bickford • John Hodiak
Edward Arnold

"Command Decision"

"KING CLARK GABLE BACK ON THRONE!"
says Hedda Hopper
(noted columnist)

With such a galaxy of stars it is impossible to pay each the praise he deserves. They join magnificently together to create this stirring story of heroes, cowards, braggarts, fighters, liars, lovers... and what goes on in their hearts!

Kids The Brass Hats!
VAN JOHNSON is hard-boiled and wise-cracking in a role that makes you laugh and cheer!

He Carries On!
BRIAN DONLEVY as the man who takes the hot-spot of a high command does a fine job!

Flies Fateful Mission!
JOHN HODIAK is thrilling as the pilot who achieves his objective... and pays the price!

Scoop of the year!
M-G-M films the famed play!

CRASH LANDING!

This is just one of the breath-taking scenes that make "Command Decision" an exciting picture, one of the most talked-about films in years.

THRILLED MILLIONS!
As a best-selling book and Reader's Digest fiction feature, the story by William Winter Haines won wide acclaim. Men and women alike were held spellbound by its virile, gripping drama.

CLARK GABLE
WALTER PIDGEON
VAN JOHNSON
BRIAN DONLEVY
CHARLES BICKFORD
JOHN HODIAK
EDWARD ARNOLD

"COMMAND DECISION"

with MARSHALL THOMPSON
RICHARD QUINE
CAMERON MITCHELL
CLINTON SUNDBERG
RAY COLLINS

A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by William R. Laidlaw and George Prosehch.
Based on the Play by William Winter Haines.
Directed by SAM WOOD
Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN
In Association with

GOTTFRIED REINHARDT

An M-G-M Picture
Get back in the picture, Sis! That’s where a dream-girl like you belongs. And never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum. For Mum’s unique, modern formula works entirely for your daintiness—contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Be a safety-first girl. Get a jar of Mum today!

**Mum—Safer for Charm** ... Mum checks perspiration odor for the whole day or evening. Protects against risk of future odor after your bath washes away past perspiration.

**Mum—Safer for Skin** ... Gentle Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Doesn’t dry out in the jar to form scratchy crystals. Mum is harmless to skin.

**Mum—Safer for Clothes** ... No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Quick, pleasant to use. Economical, too—no shrinkage, no waste.

![Advertisement image](image-url)

**That Left-Out Feeling** is no fun!

![Photo of Martha Vickers inspecting a Dream House occupant, the Thor Automagic Washer](image-url)

Next month a Photoplay reader’s dream comes true! One of the many thousands who submitted a last line to Photoplay’s Dream House jingle will be announced as the winner of a new, completely furnished Industry Engineered home.

As soon as we learn the location of our winner, the new house will be erected by the nationally famous National Retail Lumber Dealers Association of Washington, D.C. In constructing this house, in keeping with the N.R.L.D.A. policy, only outstanding building materials will be used: Kitchen, bath and heating unit by Borg-Warner; hardwood floors by E.L. Bruce; framing, lumber, sheathing and siding by Weyerhaeuser; insulation by National Mineral Wool; roofing by Asphalt Roofing Industries; millwork by Ponderosa Pine; Gypsum wallboard by Gypsum Association.

We wish there was space to list the different and delightful exhibits that accompanied many entries. One contestant sent a small scale model of the house—perfect in every detail. There were many wonderful letters and original poems. However, for the sake of fairness to all our contestants, each entry is being judged solely on the way the jingle was completed.

Wait for the April issue—on the newsstands March 11—for the announcement of the winner.
On The Screen For The First Time!
ALL THE SINUOUS, SEDUCTIVE SPLENDOR OF THE SIREN OF...

THEY LIVE AGAIN!

Legendary luxury cities!

Exotic quarters for the Queen's favorites!

Secret armies...ready to strike against the world!

100 dancing houris...for the royal pleasure!

Fabulous land of mystery...Paradise on earth...ruled by a ravishing, ruthless Siren whose beauty and cruelty were her power!

MARIA

JEAN PIERRE

DENNIS

Montez · Aumont · O'Keefe

in Seymour Nebenzal's

"SIREN OF ATLANTIS"

Directed by GREGG TALLAS · Produced by SEYMOUR NEBENZAL

Based on the novel "Atlantida" by Pierre Benoit · Released thru United Artists
DEAR Miss Colbert:
Our small community has just organized a Mothers’ Chorus of which I am a member. We sing at P.T.A. meetings and church services. We meet every Thursday night. My husband has demanded that I resign from the chorus or get a divorce. Our two little girls are four and six. Since the six-year-old has started school I have been invited to be a Room Mother, but my husband has put his foot down on that.

My husband belongs to a riding club and a card club, although I am not a member of either, and he spends an occasional evening with men friends. Am I not entitled to a little outside recreation?

I am twenty-three and my husband is twenty-six, but we are considered old fuddy-dudlies by our friends because we never go out together to movies or dances as many of our friends do.

Can you think of any way to help me?

Mrs. W. C. B.

Is seems to me that there must be more in the background than you have indicated. On the surface, it would seem that you are public-spirited and a good home-maker and your husband a selfish, tyrannical brute. Yet surely you wouldn’t have married him had this been the case.

Usually when an otherwise fair man shows signs of stubborn possessiveness it is because his ego is assailed or his emotional security is threatened. In your husband’s case, he may have been given old-world training in his own home which inclines him to the belief that a woman has no right to leave kitchen and nursery. Surely he wouldn’t be so adamant unless he had what he thought was a good reason. If your husband is really a staunch believer in the outmoded notion that woman’s place is only in the home, you are in for a rough matrimonial experience. However, if there is some reason for his behavior which you know, but which you have failed to mention, I think you should adjust yourself.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
My sister goes out one night each week and I take care of her baby. My brother-in-law sometimes stays at home, and sometimes comes home before my sister arrives, and he makes passes at me. Really bad passes. So far I have been able to get away from him. I have threatened to telephone the police, and so far I have convinced him not to go too far, but I am terribly afraid.

I can’t tell my mother because she isn’t very well and practically everything makes her cry. I can’t tell my sister because it would break her heart. I did tell my boy friend and he said he would like to kill him, but that would really be a mess.

We are really a nice family. We have never been involved in a scandal. If I had a father, he would help me, but my father died when I was seven.

Can you think of some way I can protect myself without hurting my family?

Rosanne H.

Your problem is so serious that you must have the help of an older and a wiser person who is then in your home town. Don’t you know your family doctor well enough to go to him, tell you story, mentioning your eagerness to protect your mother and your sister, and ask him for help? Aid of a competent physician would be most desirable because it is possible that your brother-in-law is in need of medical or psychiatric attention. The doctor who took care of your sister when her baby was born should be of help in case you have no family doctor.

If you are nervous about talking to a doctor, go to see your pastor.

Be sensible. Seek the aid of competent older people to solve your problem.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
When I joined the Army three years ago it was because I made a mistake and got into trouble. Everybody liked me until I made that one mistake, then everybody turned against me. I was never punished for the crime I committed, but it is always on my conscience. It always comes up to bother me when I’m alone.

I haven’t been home since I joined the Army. I’m afraid to go home. I’m getting out soon, but what should I do then? My life has been miserable since that day.

Jack B.

Although you have written “I was never punished for the crime I committed,” you have actually punished yourself a dozen times a day for the past three years. You have told me so little of your mistake that it is impossible for me to be specific about your problem, but there are some fundamental life facts which I think you should consider.

First of all, there isn’t anyone over the age of twelve to f-f. (Continued on page 8)
There is some Don Juan in every man—but there's more of it in him!

"The sword is too good for traitors—you die by the dagger!"
TONI TWINS prove magic of
SOFT-WATER Shampooing

LATHER . . .
WAS LILA'S PROBLEM!
"This soap shampoo just won't give me enough lather," says Lila Wigren. "Our hard water sees to that!" And a lack of lather isn't the only problem, Lila. Even the finest soap shampoos leave hair with dulling film, that just won't rinse away. So the natural sparkle of your hair is concealed. Looks drab...lifeless. It's hard to manage, too.

BUT ELLA
GOT HEAPS OF IT!
"Look at the lather I get," says twin Ella. "Imagine! Toni Creme Shampoo gives me Soft-Water Shampooing even in hard water!" And Ella—your hair shows a difference, too. Toni's thorough cleansing action leaves it glowing with lovely, morning-dew freshness. Its natural beauty is revealed . . . those wonderfully soft, smooth curls fairly sparkle.

NOW IT'S TONI CREME SHAMPOO FOR TWO!
They've seen the proof! And the lovely Wigren twins are convinced that no soap or soap shampoo can match the advantages of Toni Creme Shampoo. For it gives you Soft-Water Shampooing even in hardest water. Leaves your hair gloriously smooth and soft, easy-to-manage. Helps your permanent "take" better. Those oceans of creamy-thick lather rinse away dirt and dandruff instantly. Your hair sparkles with lovely natural highlights. Try Soft-Water Shampooing today. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo. It's new!

Enriched with Lanolin

(Continued from page 6)
(Continued from page 16)
NEVER HAS ONE HONEYMOON
BEEN ENJOYED BY SO MANY...!

They made such a lovely couple...all five of them
the Bride...the Groom...
and her 3 kids!

UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL presents

Claudette Colbert  Fred MacMurray

those grand "EGG and I" stars in

"FAMILY HONEYMOON"

with Rita Johnson  Hattie McDaniel  Chill Wills
Screenplay by Dane Lussier
Based on the novel by Homer Croy  Directed by Claude Binyon  Produced by John Beck and Z. Wayne Griffin

DON'T MISS THAT OTHER GREAT COMEDY "YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY"
She Took a Cruise—
but Missed the Boat!

I certainly agree with Dorothy Kilgallen in her selection of top stars in the January Photoplay. Especially Richard Widmark. He’s the most interesting actor Hollywood ever had and he certainly has the ability of a truly fine actor.

MARY BUCKLEY
Boston, Mass.

Where has that tall, dark and handsome Leo Genn been all my life. I never thought I’d see the day when I would dream of a movie star like some kids do. For my money, he didn’t appear enough in “The Velvet Touch,” so I saw it five times.

EMILY HANSEN
Kansas City, Mo.

I have just read “Diamonds and Diapers” (January) written by Louella Parsons. Tell me, why is Miss Parsons always covering up and making excuses for Lana Turner? It seems to me that every time Lana gets some so-called unfair publicity, Miss Parsons immediately goes to her rescue and tries to make out that Miss Turner isn’t so bad, really, she’s just unhappy.

C. BRAY
Massena, N. Y.

Request Granted:

I was surprised and very unhappy to see that you only had a short subject on Montgomery Clift in the December issue. Please, won’t you, in the future, have a larger story and more data about him?

MARY ANN GUSTAFSON
Erie, Pa.

(Wait until you see April Photoplay.)

Question Box:

I have just come from seeing “Johnny Belinda.” Being a staunch Cape Bretoner, I resented the fact that the scenes were not actually taken here. We have some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. The picture did us a great injustice; what with gnarled trees, and fish, and gales. Also, I and my friends are puzzled as to the time of the story. According to our reasoning, it must have taken place about thirty or forty years ago. Surely it can’t be the present—we’re not that backward! Can you enlighten me on this?

EDITH GILLIS
Sydney, N. S.

(Warners says the time is now.)

Could you please tell me the name of the song that was played throughout “Johnny Belinda”? Was it recorded?

M. PACELLI
Chicago, Ill.

(An original score. The song and music is unlisted and unrecorded.)

In the October issue of Photoplay, there was an advertisement of “The Three Musketeers,” and I saw, “For the first time in motion picture, “the complete novel.” Didn’t Twentieth Century-Fox make the picture before?

ANTHONY DE FUSCO
Providence, R. I.

(“The Three Musketeers” was made several times. Fox made it with Walter Abel, Heathc Angel and Gloria Stuart and then again as a musical farce with Don Ameche, the Ritz Brothers and Bernie Barnes. But both versions ended when the Queen’s necklace was regained. The M-G-M version was the one that followed the book to the end. It is the only complete version made.)

Did Ron Randall kill Glenn Ford in “The Loves of Carmen”? Could you also give me the title of the song Johnnie Johnston sang while sleigh riding with Esther Williams in “This Time for Keeps”?

DOROTHY ALLEN
North Bangor, N. Y.

(Yes, to the first question, “No Wonder They Fell in Love” is the title of the song.)

What has become of Susanna Foster? Will she return to pictures, sing opera or do both?

JAMES LIESNEFF
Dayton, Ohio

(She is appearing in operettas with her husband, Wilton Evans. She is not planning to return to the movies.)

Not long ago, I read an article on Patricia Neal which stated that she was from Kentucky. Where did she live there? She was in Junior High School when I was and this was at Knoxville, Tennessee. She was very talented and was called upon for all dramatic occasions. In the spring, Mrs. W. F. Bible

Knoxville, Tenn.

(She was born in Parkard, Kentucky. The family moved to Knoxville when she was still of grammar school age.)

Last night, for the first time, I saw Gordon MacRae starring in “The Big Punch,” and enjoyed it very much. In my opinion, he is going to become one of the top ranking male stars. I would like to know if he is the same Gordon MacRae that sings over the radio.

SHIRLEY EZELL
Linz, Austria

(Yes, he sings over the radio.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.
"I think she's guilty..."
"I'm afraid she's guilty..."
"I know she's guilty..."
"I want the truth!"

A shot was fired behind the closed door! A fatal confession made! Yet, the secret truth lies buried deep in the breast of the lovely victim... together with the bullet that struck her down!

MAUREEN O'HARA • MELVYN DOUGLAS
GLORIA GRAHAME • BILL WILLIAMS

in

A Woman's Secret
Still the girl who won't say "yes" to Howard Duff, Ava Gardner dances with him at Beverly Wilshire on one of their frequent dates.

Gold Medal Guy: Cal dropped over to the Casa Crosby to congratulate Bing upon his winning the Photoplay Gold Medal, and couldn't help noticing the way his face lit up when he showed us the letter penned by Gary, Phillip, Lindsay and Dennis, the day after the awards were announced. Cal would like to relay it to you:

"Dear Dad:

"You've done it again, huh? Gosh, we thought that after the fourth Photoplay Gold Medal Award, you would move over and give another guy a chance. Of course, we think you really deserve a hundred gold medals—just for being you—the swellest pop there ever was. We can't forget how you always stick up for us, like the time we had a tussle on the sunporch and broke up all the furniture. You saved us from spankings by figuring out how we could pay for the damages out of the money we made on the ranch.

"We're glad that the folks picked you again. Maybe if we get a chance to appear on your radio show, we'll give you some competition next year. But seriously, we're awfully proud of you, Dad, and you'll always be the winner to us.

"Your loving sons."

Jennifer Jones and David Selznick aren't saying—but they may be married by the time you read this.
Of Hollywood

Purely Personal: A long midnight phone call from Lana Turner Topping in Connecticut with an invitation to visit her in her Greenwich home; a happy, contented Lana who hopes their baby will be a boy so they can call him Tim. Cute name, Tim Topping. . . A pleasant telegram from our old friend Jack Oakie and a wonderful note from Lew Schreiber, Zanuck's assistant at Twentieth Century-Fox. . . Lunched with Patia Power, Tyrone's mother, before she traveled east to meet daughter Anne, who has been visiting Tyrone in Rome. And a long, warm letter from Tyrone himself, still in Italy's capital and not missing Hollywood in the least. He writes, "Rome at this time of year is a dream. I cannot tell you what it is like in the early mornings. What a wonderful snap in the air as you ride to work, the Villa Borghese, with the lovely green trees and the fountains that never stop. Everything is so alive and exciting and it's a thrill just to be a part of it." From the tone of his letter and several personal asides, we'd say Tyrone may not be back in Hollywood for some time.

Thoughts in Passing: Sighs of relief went up all over town when Diana Lynn married John Lindsay. Diana escaped a wrong marriage by the skin of her pretty teeth on more than one occasion. The town feels Diana made a wise (Continued on page 14)

A willing volunteer for any good cause, Bob Hope, assisted by Frank Sinatra, makes the benefit for the National Arthritis and Rheumatic Foundation a riotous song and gag-fest

It's birthday time for Mrs. Ada Durbin, so Deanna and her father have a party for three at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel — which means that any difficulties between Deanna and her parents have been straightened out at last
Winter forecast: Bright and bridal, according to latest reports, which have Buddy Fogelson and Greer Garson definitely planning a winter wedding — Betty and Larry Parks make the most of the occasion — the opening of the Ben Gages’ new service station in Santa Monica, with Esther Williams servicing!

(Continued from page 13) choice is young Lindsay. Tom Drake seem a luckless lad when it comes to love. His wedding to Gloria Haley has been canceled. Larry Parks, caught in the midst of another Jolson feud, is slowly but surely giving the impresario a hard one to get along with. Shirley Temple is crushed over the Hollywood Women’s Press Club nomination of her as one of the most uncooperative actresses. She needs be. She is so carefully guarded by her studio that we have no doubt there were many times she did not even know writers were trying to reach her. Dorothy Lamour and Glenn Ford were voted the most cooperative and Errol Flynn, who doesn’t give a hoot, and Rita Hayworth were voted the most uncooperative. The warm letter Cal just received from Errol, sailing in the Bahamas, doesn’t render him uncooperative to us.

Line or Two: Gloria De Haven and John Payne seem happier than ever after their separation. Gloria got her way in returning to the screen and John got Gloria back. So why shouldn’t they be happy? Cal feels Iris Bymom is deeper in love with Clark Gable than she knows, judging from her actions following their recent quarrel. Pretty Iris protests too much, methinks. They’ll be back together, we wager. — the radiance on Jeanne Crain’s face is something to see these days. Married to the man she loves, Paul Brinkman, the mother of one adorable child and expecting another, while growing better and better on the screen, it’s no wonder she’s a happy girl. Farley Granger plans to fly to England to see Pat Neal, who is being rushed by a writer. — Cary Grant, who is now in England with Betsy Drake, seems so deeply smitten with his leading lady in “Every Girl Should Be Married,” the bets are they will come home Mr. and Mrs. — Macdonald Carey’s wife has willingly accepted the four-months stay in bed in order to have their second child. No wonder Mac is crazy about her. — Judging from the amount of baggage they toted with them to their new home in Pebble Beach, we’d say this will be the Bing Crosbys’ main address in the future with Hollywood a working stopover.

Set of the Month: The fireworks that usually mark a C. B. DeMille production had evidently long since exploded, for all seemed serene when Cal strolled onto the “Samson and Delilah” set. Vic Mature, who plays Samson, came bustling onto the stage with his usual vital vigor and from his huge and easy person there radiated a certain-sureness we felt Mr. DeMille wouldn’t care to monkey around with. And in his robes as Samson, with his strength-holding hair coiled into a knot in the back — what a man! Angela Lansbury, borrowed from M-G-M, strolled over for a chat while Hedy Lamarr, a dream as Delilah, rehearsed a scene. (Continued on page 16)
RHONDA FLEMING
David O. Selznick actress
co-starring with Bing Crosby
in Paramount’s
“A CONNECTICUT YANKEE”
Color by Technicolor

SEE WHY WOMEN CHOSE WOODBURY OVER ALL LEADING BRANDS!

The moment you try New Woodbury Powder you’ll know why women all over the country preferred it to their own favorite face powders. Fluff on Woodbury and instantly your skin looks beautifully, Satiny smooth! A new, exclusive ingredient gives this flawless, Satin finish... covers tiny blemishes amazingly!

No powder ever gave this perfect look before! No powder had such cling as this—your skin stays lovely hours longer. And round you, like a spell, the enchanting new Woodbury fragrance.

* In a Nation-wide test Woodbury won by the tremendous average of 4 to 1 over all other leading brands of powder.

New Woodbury Powder
You're sure of your present deodorant? Test it against new perfect Fresh.

Be lovelier to love with new perfect Fresh

Cream deodorant stops perspiration

P.S. Test Fresh yourself at our expense. See if Fresh isn't more effective, creamier, smoother than any deodorant you've ever tried. Only Fresh can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you this safe, smooth cream that doesn't dry out...that really stops perspiration better. Write to Fresh, Chrysler Building, New York, for a free jar.

INSIDE STUFF

Off the air: Liz Scott, Dick Powell, tune up between broadcasts on Lux Radio show.

(Continued from page 14)

Throughout the day, three spana horses had waited for the big chariot scene and when the director finally got round to it, the steeds were frankly bored. Two huge sound stages had been opened with a runway between and with Victor and Angela in one horse-drawn chariot, George Sanders in another and Hedy in the third, the director gave the signal for the race to begin. The horses, however, wanted no part of it and refused to budge. At length, however, they took off in a towering rage with Vic's horse attempting to bite Sanders in the chariot ahead. As usual, George remained calm. With wild horses about to consume him alive, to say nothing of tearing through both stages at such a clip and the springless chariot threatening to shake him to death, Sanders remained relaxed, aloof and undisturbed.

Judging from this one spectacle alone we'd say DeMille has done it again. In fact, this is one picture we wouldn't miss for the world.

A Charming Couple: The old adage "good things last longest" has never been truer than in the (Continued on page 25)
LADD'S IN THE WEST... IN TWO-GUN TECHNICOLORE!

Here's a LADD you've always dreamed about—quiet, gentle-like—but the most feared man on the wild frontier! Afraid of nothing but the woman who loved him!

Filmed on a scale to rival the never-to-be-forgotten "Union Pacific"!

ALAN LADD
ROBERT PRESTON · BRENDA MARSHALL
DONALD CRISP

"Whispering Smith"

A Paramount Picture with
WILLIAM DEMAREST
Fay Holden · Murvyn Vye · Frank Faylen
Associate Producer Mel Epstein · Directed by Leslie Fenton
Screenplay by Frank Butler and Karl Kamb · Based on the Novel by Frank H. Spearman
Helen Neushaefer presents
The only nail polish with Plasteen... the miracle chip-proofing ingredient!

These 5 beauty features mean new loveliness at your fingertips:

1. Plasteen to help prevent chipping
2. New, jewel-like brilliance
3. No "bubbles"
4. Last word in "high-style" shades
5. Finer pliable brush for neat outlines

"My business is making your hands lovelier," says Helen Neushaefer, fashion and color authority.

Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish containing Plasteen. In familiar tapered bottle... 25¢

NEW! Plasteen Nail Make-up. Helen Neushaefer's new nail polish in the smart bottle with the tall "color-teller" plume. 12 new fashion shades...

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NEW! Plasteen Nail Make-up. Helen Neushaefer's new nail polish in the smart bottle with the tall "color-teller" plume. 12 new fashion shades...
It's a rollicking mystery-comedy based on the popular Craig Rice character (and we do mean character) Mr. Malone.


Honeymoon for five: Fred has little time for Claudette with Jimmy Hunt, Gigi Perreau and Peter Miles around

(F) Words and Music (M-G-M)

There is enough talent here for half a dozen musicals, what with such stars to entertain you as June Allyson, Perry Como, Gene Kelly, Mickey Rooney, Lena Horne, Judy Garland and Ann Sothorn. And just for good measure, there's Tom Drake, Janet Leigh, Betty Garrett, Cyd Charisse, Marshall Thompson, Vera-Ellen and Mel Torme. The lilting tunes, graceful dancing and opulent sets completely outdazzle the story.

Mickey Rooney plays the late Larry Hart and Tom Drake portrays Dick Rodgers—the team that turned out one hit show after another. Bouncing about even more than usual, Mickey works himself into a sad state when Betty Garrett turns him down. His friend and collaborator has better luck with pretty Janet Leigh.

June Allyson is adorable, Lena Horne is at her torchiest; Kelly and Vera-Ellen do a sensational dance number; Como injects a romantic flavor into the melodies.

Your Reviewer Says: Stampede of the stars.

(F) A Kiss in the Dark (Warners)

Amusing situations, lively dialogue and expert acting combine to make this a delightful film.

Jane Wyman is an engagingly vivacious young model who coaxes celebrated pianist David Niven from his plushy ivory tower. Under her healthy influence, he changes from a moody, supersensitive artist into a real human being, alive to the troubles of his fellow creatures. The personal problems of Victor Moore, a lovable screwball but a poor businessman, soon become David's problems. His shrewd manager, Joseph Buloff, acquires Moore's apartment house for him. Abandoning his intention to be merely an absentee landlord, David takes an active interest in making life brighter for his tenants, especially Jane. But obstacles crop up in the person of Jane's fiancé, Wayne Morris, and burly Broderick Crawford who terrorizes everyone in the house.

It's all as light and carefree as a spring day.

Your Reviewer Says: A real rib-tickler.

(F) Family Honeymoon (Universal-International)

Any man who marries a widow with three lively youngsters is something of a gambler. And when the entire family goes along on the honeymoon, that's really asking for trouble. Since Claudette Colbert is the very charming bride, you can't blame Fred MacMurray for taking his chances. He is kept so busy with the kiddies that there's no time left to woo Claudette. Worse still, arguments arise over Rita Johnson, a meddling blonde who shows up at the same hotel.

Leave it to Colbert and MacMurray to squeeze every last laugh from these comical complications. Gigi Perreau, Jimmy Hunt and Peter Miles are the mischievous children, Hattie McDaniel, the maid, Chill Wills a taxi driver.

Your Reviewer Says: Ninety laugh-loaded minutes.

Technicolor treat: Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and an all-star cast in the musical saga of Rodgers and Hart

Shadow

By Elsa

F—For the whole family
A—For adults

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 116. For Best Pictures of the Month
\(\checkmark\) (F) Chicken Every Sunday
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

This homely, heartwarming tale proves the old saying that you can't change a leopard’s spots. But when the leopard is boyishly blundering Dan Dailey, why bother?

Dan is so full of schemes and dreams that it's up to his spouse, Celeste Holm, to keep a roof over their nest. When she discovers that Dan has mortgaged the house, along with the furniture, so he can invest the money in a copper mine, poor Celeste is ready to call it quits. But daughter Colleen Townsend reminds her that even if Pop is a weak character, he has oodles of friends. And that's what really counts.

Many of the chuckles are provided by supporting players Alan Young, William Frawley, Connie Gilchrist and Veda Ann Borg.

Your Reviewer Says: Drop in, neighbor!

\(\checkmark\) (A) Act of Violence (M-G-M)

An ominous and compelling drama, “Act of Violence” is designed to keep you in breathless suspense. Thanks to superior acting and direction, it succeeds in doing that.

Into the peaceful lives of Van Heflin, his wife Janet Leigh and their little boy, a sinister shadow creeps in the person of Robert Ryan. Once his wartime buddy, Ryan has become Van's bitter enemy, firmly resolved to kill him. The fervent pleas of his girl, Phyllis Thaxter, go unheeded.

Little by little, Janet wormed from her husband the ugly truth behind Ryan's strange behavior. He holds Heflin accountable for crippling him for life and for the dreadful deaths of a number of American fliers in a Nazi prison camp.

A uniformly fine cast includes Mary Astor whose helping hand Van grasps in a crucial moment. But it's primarily actress Leigh who demonstrates her dramatic ability in this picture, delivering a poignant performance.

Your Reviewer Says: Grim tale of revenge.

\(\checkmark\) (A) The Dark Past (Columbia)

What makes a gangster tick is graphically described in this trigger-taut movie.

In his most impressive performance to date, William Holden plays a vicious killer who is his own worst enemy. After breaking jail, hard-boiled Holden and his loyal sweetheart, Nina Foch, along with two fellow-criminals, invade the country home of psychology professor Lee J. Cobb. They plan to remain until one of their gang comes for them in a boat. It isn't the sort of weekend Cobb and his gracious wife, Lois Maxwell, had planned for their younger and house guests, but they rise to the emergency admirably. Particularly the professor who demonstrates a calm that is infuriating to the jittery Holden. Seems the latter suffers from a recurrent nightmare that is driving him crazy. Mental disorders being right up his alley, Cobb proceeds to probe Holden's warped mind with remarkable results. It all adds up to good, fast melodrama.

Your Reviewer Says: Engrossing study of a gangster.
**F** A Letter to Three Wives  
*(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

So marriages are made in heaven, are they? You would hardly believe it from this three-ring marital circus. There's tearful Jeanne Crain, anxious to make good with husband Jeff, Jolene's smart friends. Then there's Linda Darnell who feathers her nest by marrying wealthy Paul Douglas, only to treat him with cruel contempt. And there's Ann Sothern, clever about fixing up other people's problems but not her own. She's the real breadwinner of the family because of the paltry salary of her husband--Hearst. In the girls' more or less placid lives a letter arrives, blithely stating that the writer has eloped with one of their husbands but neglecting to mention which one. Each wife has reason to believe it's her spouse who has skipped town with the irresistible Addie. The point is that none of them really feels secure.

Your Reviewer Says: Wedlock's woes entertainingly told.

**F** Mr. Perrin and Mr. Trail  
*(Rank-Eagle Lion)*

**CREDIT** Marius Goring ("The Red Shoes") with delivering a splendid characterization of a frustrated, browbeaten teacher in an English public school. He and his colleagues quake under the harsh rule of Raymond Huntley. When David Farrar joins the staff, his presence is like a breath of fresh air in the musty atmosphere. But tension soon develops between the modern-minded Farrar and the middle-aged Goring. Although poles apart in their outlook on life, they are both attracted to school nurse Greta Gynt. Because such action as there is in this British-made movie is slowed down by petticoat bickering, its appeal for American audiences will be limited.

Your Reviewer Says: For the tea-and-crumple crowd.

**F** John Loves Mary  
*(Warners)*

MAYBE John does love Mary but he certainly has an odd way of showing it in this harum-scarum farce. Anyway, sparkling Patricia Neal thinks so.

After a four-year separation from her soldier-sweetie, Ronald Reagan, she's all flummoxed over his unexpected arrival. Then who should pop up to spoil it all but Jack Carson, a dumb Joe if ever there was one. Still Patricia has to be nice to the guy because he saved her darling's life over seas. Seems turns of fate, however, when she realizes that Ronald is deliberately putting off their wedding. How is she to know that, in an unguarded moment, he married Jack's English heart-throb, Virginia O'Brien? So, off to the United States for his buddy? Reagan's plan to unite the knot in Reno goes awry and everything looks oh, so hopeless.

When Maris registers as a thorough-going heel; Edward Arnold and Katherine Alexander are Patricia's parents. All contribute to the laughs, but it's newcomer Neal who really rates top billing.

Your Reviewer Says: A jolly jamboree.

**(F)** The Quiet One  
*(Film Documents)*

**W** ith impressive simplicity, this documentary presents the story of a ten-year-old colored lad who typifies thou sands of children in this country.

As portrayed by Donald Thompson, he is a child without direction springs from his insecurity, his sordid surroundings and a knowledge that he is unwanted by his mother, and a burden to his grandmother. He dreams of a competitive scholastic career. He is a youngster born of bitterness and frustration, Donald is a problem child and a potential delinquent.

Fortunately, there are people who care enough to give the boy a chance in life and as the picture ends, Donald's rehabilitation begins.

Your Reviewer Says: Food for thought. (Continued on page 98)
Can you avoid catching cold? And if you do catch one is it possible to reduce its severity? Oftentimes—YES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

Germs reduced as much as 96.7%, in tests.

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 Listerine Antiseptic gargle.
If you loved!

“MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET”

“SITTING PRETTY”

“MOTHER WORE TIGHTS”

You will really go for

Chicken Every Sunday

It’s Wonderful!

The same fun!

The same laughs! Stuffed with love and kisses!

Starring That wonderful, lovable guy

Dan Dailey

That Academy Award winning gal

Celeste Holm

20th Century-Fox

with COLLEEN TOWNSEND - ALAN YOUNG

Natalie Wood - William Frawley - Connie Gilchrist - William Callahan


Directed by GEORGE SEATON - Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

Written for the Screen by George Seaton and Valentine Davies

From the Stage Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and the Book by Rosemary Taylor
Diana Lynn, now Mrs. John Lindsay, wore an Edith Head gown, and same penny in her shoe that matron-of-honor Jane Withers wore when she was married.

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 16) case of Blanche Sweeet, beauteous star of silent films, and husband Raymond Hackett, of the stage.

Looking not much older than when she was a star and one of the great beauties of the screen, Blanche, accompanied by Raymond, has returned to Hollywood for more movies after several successful plays in New York. And how wonderful, Cal thought, as we had cocktails with these two, that they have progressed right along from silent films to the New York stage and into talkies, for Hackett has movie plans as well. And remembering his work in "Madam X," we'd say the producer who grabs him first is the smart one.

We chatted with Zach Scott recently about the play, "Those Endearing Young Charms" he did with Blanche in New York. "I finally got up the nerve to tell her how madly I fell in love with her on the screen. That clear-cut profile with his blonde smooth hair sweeping her cheeks. Boy, what a crush. She was sweet and gracious about it and gave a wonderful performance, too. But not just because of that," he added, with a laugh.

The Hacketts seem to have found a daring in their marriage that has lasted thirteen years. They exchange ideas, reminiscences, hopes and plans for the future that can exist only between people who are quietly sure of themselves and, more important, of each other.

Party of the Month: The arrival of Dr. Zachary Scott Sr., a retired Texas surgeon and his pretty wife, at the home of their son, Zachary Scott Jr., was signal for the best party in a long, long time. Only the closest friends of popular Zach Jr. and Elaine were on hand to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Scott and what a wonderful time the guests and guests of honor had. Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, who visited the family in Texas, came early and so did Johnny Greene and wife Bunny. Johnny is scoring the new Danny Kaye picture and is enthusiastic over the material Sylvia Karns has got for her talented husband. Celeste Holm, who plays a nun in "Come to the Stable," sang Christmas carols like an angel and then topped off the concert with songs from "Oklahoma." And when little Waverly Scott returned home from her first formal party, if you please, she and Cesar Romero cut a rug that had her grandparents in hysterics. Waverly is a real grown-up eleven.

Clark Gable, who came with Ann Sothern, is one attentive beau. "I must see to Ann now," he'd say every once in a while, and while Ann joined in the singing and dancing, he sat back and quietly enjoyed himself.

The Kellys: The Gene Kellys are home from Europe and the bright young intelligentsia of the town are gathered round, as usual, at the Kellys for sharp discussions and games that really require brains. In fact, it was to Gene and Betsy that Montgomery Clift just naturally gravitated and in whose house he felt most at home. When Gene and Betsy trekked to Europe, Montgomery went, too, and, despite studio pleadings, stayed there.

Their casualness is the Kellys' chief charm. They dress, think and behave according to no set rules or standards. A friend tells of Betsy telephoning a group to gather at her home on a certain evening for a baby shower in honor of an actress friend. One by one the group gathered but no Betsy could be found. Finally, the party got under way and along about nine-thirty Betsy came home, books swinging from a shoulder strap. She'd been to night school. And no one had a better time at the party than she. Incidentally, Gene is not content to rest on his acting-dancing laurels. He's sold one story to M-G-M, wrote another while
Your loveliness
is Doubly Safe

Veto gives you
Double Protection!

So effective... Veto guards your
dressiness night and day—safely protects
your clothes and you. For Veto not only
neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks per-
spiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double
Protection! And Veto disappears instantly
when you apply it!

So gentle... Always creamy and
smooth, Veto is lovely to wear and keeps you
lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal
skin, safe for clothes, Doubly Safe! Veto
alone contains Durates, Colgate's exclusive
ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto
give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts
from bath to bath!

INSIDE STUFF

Irene Dunne, Roz Russell
and Loretta Young rally
behind Sister Kenny at
dinner given at Biltmore
Hotel to help her raise
funds for polio work

in Paris and has been promised a full-
length picture to direct. He's always
been a worker from his days back in
Pittsburgh, and Hollywood hasn't
changed him.

Break-up: The Dick Haymes' separa-
tion came as no surprise to a Hollywood
that wondered if Dick ever went home.
He was always on the go. When he did go
home, his wife Joanne Dru was busy
making a film or on location. So the
rift grew wider and wider. When Dick
left Joanne a year ago she was crushed.
Her home, her husband, her children were
her life. Now it's different. Joan, after
"Red River," is zooming in her motion-
picture career and standing on her own
two feet.

Oscar Who? Friends were congratu-
lating little Ann Blyth upon securing the
role opposite Bing Crosby in "Top of the
Moon."

"Keep this up," they laughed, "and
you'll know what it's like to have an
Oscar around."

"Oh, I do know," Ann said seriously.
"I had one around for a whole night."
There was a strained silence. "We mean
the Academy Award..."

"I know," Ann interrupted, with a
laugh, "and this was a real Academy
Oscar, too." She then told how her task
in a Scavenger Hunt had been to bring
back Joan Crawford's Oscar won for
"Mildred Pierce." And since Ann had
played Joan's daughter in that film, the
star handed over the Oscar, assuring Ann
that no one else in the world could pry it
away from her.

"And I was so afraid something would
happen to it. I kept it beside me on the
pillow all night. So, you see I do know
how it feels to have an Oscar around.
Even if it was somebody else's," she said.

A Square Craze: Certainly the sight
of Hollywood sophisticates executing
square dances all over the place is one
we never expected to see.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were
among the first to popularize the old-
-fashioned square dance and the fad has
caught on with even the sedate Ronald
Colman swinging his partner for dear
dlife.

After accepting their first square dance
invitation, the Colmans waited in their
living room for their friends to call for
them, planning how to get out of it.
"We must have lost our heads," Ronnie
said. "Can't we just slip out now and go
someplace?"

Three hours later, Mrs. Colman was
trying to get her husband off the dance
dance floor. In fact, he was so enamoured
with the dance, that on their annual Christmas
party, an orchestra, replete with caller,
had the host, hostess and guests squaring
away for the best time they've had in
years. So there's no telling when or
where Hollywood's latest fad will stop.

Dining Out: As usual, Romanoff's was
crowded with celebrities the night Calvin
colored in so, while waiting for a table,
we chatted with mine host and fellow
columnist, "Prince" Mike Romanoff. The
night before, at a party, we had chatted
for some time with Mike's attractive
young bride and found her charming.
Producer David Selznick and his bride-to-
be, Jennifer Jones, were entertaining out-
town guests and looked happy. Reggie
Gardiner and his lovely wife Nadia re-
vealed their secret hope for a girl. "I
think my baby..." (Continued on page 29)
Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-
blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN...for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can see new sheen in your hair, feel its caressable softness,
thrill to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight...if you use Lustre-
Creme Shampoo today! It's Kay Daumit's exclusive blend of secret
ingredients plus gentle lanolin.

This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water, leaves hair frag-
antly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty
in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's
favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—
—will love the loveliness results in your hair.
"It's simply amazing!"

Pan-Stik* Max Factor's New
Cream-Type Make-Up
in the smart swivel-stick

AS EASY TO USE
AS YOUR LIPSTICK

A few light strokes of Pan-Stik...smoothed with your fingertips...a new, lovelier complexion.

Quicker...easier...convenient for any unexpected make-up need.

Women are saying!

"My skin feels soft, smooth, natural, refreshed...never drawn, tight or dry."

"It covers blemishes, makes my skin look more youthful and stays fresh-looking from morning to night."

"It's so easy to apply, goes on smoothly and evenly, never becomes greasy, streaky or shiny."

Only Hollywood's Make-Up Genius could bring you a make-up like Pan-Stik. In an instant it creates a new, delicately soft complexion. Your skin looks flawless, fascinatingly beautiful...feels gloriously natural...even refreshed, Pan-Stik takes only seconds to apply...yet lasts for hours without retouching. The new revolutionary swivel-stick means quicker, easier application. Pan-Stik is convenience itself...it's all you've dreamed of in a make-up..."It's simply amazing!"

Complete your make-up in Color Harmony for your type

"I believe that cosmetic color harmony is the most important single feature in accentuating beauty and charm."

Max Factor Hollywood

IN FIVE COLOR HARMONY SHADES $1.50
AND TWO EXCITING SUN TAN SHADES

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cream-Type Make-Up

Max Factor * Hollywood

| FACE POWDER...creates a satin smooth make-up...in Color Harmony shades for your type...the finishing touch. |
| ROUGE...to harmonize with your Lipstick...correct for your type...adds color, and accents your beauty. |
| LIPSTICK...3 flattering shades for your type: Clear Red, Blue Red, Rose Red. Correct for your coloring, correct for your costume. |
Among stars who shone at benefit given by Los Angeles Examiner at Shrine Auditorium were Monte Blue, Doris Day, Van Johnson, the Gordon MacRaes

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 26) will be born about the same time as Lana's baby," Nadia told us, "When you see her, give her my love." George Raft who never ages a day, it seems, was having dinner with a pretty girl who looked like Nina Foch and could have been. Sporting a brand new mustache and looking pounds thinner, Peter Lawford had Janet Leigh in tow. What a different Janet from the almost too naive miss of two years ago, who waited on a Culver City corner for a street car after a day at the studio! Peter's casual attitude convinced us Janet must still love Barry Nelson, now in New York.

Maggie's Pet: Mary's little lamb had nothing on Maggie O'Brien's little duck that followed her to school, too. Beside her desk in the studio schoolroom, Margaret's pet duck, given her as a gift, sat quietly or ambled about unnoticed. In fact, Maggie was so sure of her pet's fine behavior, she took it along to the set of her new picture, "The Secret Garden." All went well until Maggie stood under the glaring lights and spoke her first lines.

Then the duck, hearing the voice of his mistress and unable to see her, let out an inept quack. Maggie's eyes flew to the sound man who shook his head. The scene was ruined. The duck now waits for Maggie outside the sound stage with nary a quack out of him. Or is it her?

About People: Friends who know the devotion and sincerity given by Charles Boyer to his work are delighted with his personal triumph in the New York hit play "Red Gloves." Mrs. Boyer and their four-year-old son Michael have joined Charles in New York ... Richard Basehart, the thoroughly frightening menace in "They Walk By Night," is a vital factor in the proof of Hollywood's slow but sure maturity. A few years ago the bland-faced blond would have been ignored by a town who considered only the dark and swarthy the villain type. Maybe Richard Widmark turned the tide and what a turn ... Agnes Moorehead, the smartly dressed redhead off screen, who plays character roles on screen, becomes Jimmy Stewart's mother in "The Stratton Story." But in real life, there is only a very few years' difference in their ages.

Sidelines: Acting doesn't consume all the time and attention of Hollywoodites who often turn to other business ventures. James Craig, for instance, has owned a gas station in Beverly Hills for several years and Esther Williams and Ben Gage recently held a swap opening of their Santa Monica service station replete with lights, stars and refreshments. Maureen O'Hara runs a smart little dress shop in the Valley and Bob Cummings has gone in for manufacturing glass coasters decorated with California scenes. Both Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are part owners of ball clubs and Van Johnson has made a lucrative tie-up with a Christmas card company that will feature Van's paintings. Fred Astaire, of course, has a chain of dance schools and Victor Mature, not to be outdone, has become a meat packer with his face adorning the label on every can.

Ford Facts: A friend, commenting on the fabulous contract given Glenn Ford, which gives him $250,000 for one picture yearly at Columbia with the privilege of making outside pictures, said to Cal, "It's changed him completely. Now he wears a happy smile and has a good word for everyone." Glenn has earned his new contract by consistently playing ball with his studio, going into films he felt suited rather than stir up trouble. By so doing he remained the most eligible male on the lot with both Paulette Goddard and Rita Hayworth claiming his services.

We hope Ellie, his wife, can now put her dancing shoes away and return to being a wife and mother—two roles she prefers most.

Award from Abroad: This is the time of the year when awards are no novelty. Nevertheless, the surprise and delight of Photoplay's staff was great when Photoplay received a scroll of honor from the India Film Journalists Association for being: "The World's most impartial reviewer of Yankee, British and other films ... the publisher of top rank stories and articles and America's widest circulated film journal. A testament of healthy journalism."

We want publicly to thank the journalists of India for this honor.
Compare Toni with any other permanent — any home wave, any beauty shop wave — and you'll find there's no finer wave at any price!

The secret of lovelier hair is yours—with a Toni Home Permanent. For your Toni wave is so soft, so easy to manage, so natural-looking that people will probably ask if you have naturally curly hair! But before trying Toni you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair? Of course. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do? Amazingly easy! If you can roll your hair on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly simple that each month another two million women use Toni Home Permanent.

Do most women prefer to use TONI? Because the Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon solution. Instead it's a mild creme lotion—made especially for home use. So gentle it just coaxes your hair into beautifully soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural, even on the very first day.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight? With Toni, you can have just the amount of curl you want . . . from a loose, casual wave to a halo of soft ringlets.

How long will my TONI last? Your lovely Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent . . . or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI? The Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only $2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So for your second Toni wave all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just $1 . . . yet there is no finer wave at any price.
In the following pages you will read about the film stars and motion pictures you, America's movie-goers, have chosen as your favorites for 1948.

It was in 1919 that Photoplay first awarded Gold Medals, the high honors you, the public, make possible, to those who provide the finest entertainment.

As in the past, the winners will receive their awards at the Photoplay Gold Medal dinner. February 14 is the date, the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel the glittering scene.

This year also marks the award of a special plaque of honor which goes to Darryl F. Zanuck, vice-president in charge of production at Twentieth Century-Fox, for "Gentleman's Agreement," one of the year's ten most popular pictures, and the film which courageously attacks the urgent problem of anti-Semitism.

The inscription on the plaque reads:

"Presented by Photoplay Magazine to Darryl F. Zanuck—Twentieth Century-Fox. The Photoplay Achievement Award for 'Gentleman's Agreement.' Among the most popular films of 1948 as recorded in the annual poll by Photoplay Magazine.

"His courage and skill brought great popular appeal to the presentation of a national problem."

On February 14, before the dinner, the Lux Radio Theatre will carry the complete dramatic presentation of "Sitting Pretty," judged the most popular film of the year. The original cast will be starred in this outstanding radio event.

In the following weeks you will see the Fox Movietone and Paramount newreels of the presentation of the Gold Medal Awards. You also will see the entire dinner, as recorded by Columbia Pictures Screen Snapshots, produced and directed by Ralph Staub.

Thus Photoplay again takes special pleasure in honoring those stars and those producers who have provided movie-goers with the finest in motion picture entertainment.

Fred B. Sammis
THESE are the times for proving that you, the people, know what you want. You ignore the experts, the prophets, the dopesters and the salesmen who tell you what you should want. Through Photoplay’s nationwide election—conducted by Audience Research, Inc., in every city and town in the United States, with every age and income group, both men and women, young and old, with frequent and infrequent movie-goers, you have made your personal choices. You have elected your King and Queen of Hollywood. You have ignored the dope sheets and picked your favorite movie. And you have selected your favorite stars and movies, influenced by nothing except the fact that you, yourself, like them.

As your representative, Photoplay awards its Gold Medal for 1948 to the top three:
For Actor of the Year—for the fifth time—Bing Crosby.
For Actress of the Year—for the third time—Ingrid Bergman.
For Picture of the Year—“Sitting Pretty.” You’re not surprised by this. But the experts should be. They say that a movie star to maintain his popularity should have at least three pictures a year. Bing had just one—“Emperor Waltz.” And look at Bergman. She didn’t have a single new picture in 1947. In
MEDAL WINNERS

And Pictures for 1948

1948, outside of "Joan of Arc," which came too late in the year to count, all she had was her not overly successful "Arch of Triumph."

But these are the facts that mean nothing to you. You like Crosby and Bergman better than anybody else. And you told us so.

And the movie you enjoyed most had no big stars, no huge ballyhoo, no large, expensive production budget. But "Sitting Pretty" did have fine, warm performances by Clifton Webb, Robert Young and Maureen O'Hara. It had a story that could be about people like you—it had humor and it made you feel at home.

What about your other favorite stars and pictures? Well, look at the score first, then we'll tell you some of the interesting things your votes show:

The men stars you liked best of all, following Bing, of course, listed alphabetically, are Humphrey Bogart, Bob Hope, Alan Ladd and Gregory Peck.

The women stars you preferred above all, after Ingrid, also listed alphabetically, are June Allyson, Rita Hayworth, Jennifer Jones and Esther Williams.

And your nine favorite pictures, following "Sitting Pretty," listed alphabetically, are: "A Date with Judy," "Gentleman's Agreement," "I Remember Mama," "Life with Father," "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," "The Naked City," "The
Humphrey Bogart, one of Bob Hope bows in, Gary Cooper bows out as one of top five male stars

Secret Life of Walter Mitty,” “State of the Union,” “The Street with No Name.”

Surprisingly, only one out of all your ten favorite stars appears in any of your ten favorite pictures! Gregory Peck is the exception. In every single other case, you liked the stars you liked regardless of their films. And you enjoyed most the movies you did because they were enjoyable—not because special stars were in them.

Another discovery: You’re loyal to your favorites, but you’re not stubborn about it. You have a Missouri-show-me attitude, but once you’re shown, you’ll change your minds. For example, at the halfway mark of Photoplay’s poll, we had our statisticians tote up how you felt at the end of the first six months. You didn’t change at all so far as the men were concerned: Your favorites halfway around were your favorites at year’s end.

But you did change your minds about two of the ladies. Six months ago, Betty Grable and Barbara Stanwyck had two of the top five spots. At the year’s end, you replaced them with Rita Hayworth and Jennifer Jones.

Film Favorites: “A Date With Judy” with Jane Powell, Liz Taylor, Bob Stack

“Gentleman’s Agreement” with Dorothy McGuire, Peck, Garfield

“I Remember Mama” starred Dunne, McIntyre, Dorn and Bel Geddes

“Life with Father” with Irene Dunne, Bill Powell heading domestic comedy

“Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House” with Grant, Loy, Douglas
June Allyson maintains her spot as one of five top women stars for second time.

Rita Hayworth changed the public's mind, putting Geer Garson out of runners-up.

Jennifer Jones, not in first six months' count, replaces Barbara Stanwyck, for '48.

Esther Williams held gains made in first half of year to become one of five leaders.

**THE GOLD MEDAL WINNERS**

America's Most Popular Stars And Pictures for 1948

"The Naked City" starring Barry Fitzgerald, Don Taylor and Howard Duff.


"State of the Union" with Spencer Tracy, Katie Hepburn in star roles.

"The Street with No Name" with Don Buka, Richard Widmark, Mark Stevens.
Another thing: Four of your five favorite actors were favorites in 1947. Gary Cooper is missing this year. Bob Hope took his place. Funny thing about it, is that last year, Coop took the place Bob had in 1946. As for the ladies, we have two brand-new winners: Jennifer Jones and Esther Williams. They replaced Bette Davis and Greer Garson.

When it came to picking the pictures you liked best, you were extremely particular. You liked "Sitting Pretty" six months ago. You like it now. You looked at everything the year had to offer and it stayed Number 1 from beginning to end. But half a year ago, six pictures, now missing, were on your list: "Call Northside 777," "Treasure of the Sierra Madre," "The Bishop's Wife," "Kiss of Death," "Body and Soul," "Green Dolphin Street."

Then, however, you decided you liked some of the newer pictures better. Off went those six and on came "I Remember Mama," "Street with No Name," "The Naked City," "A Date with Judy," "State of the Union" and "Mr. Blandings."

Out of all those who brighten the movie firmament, your repeated preference for four stars puts them at the top of the list of those who increased most in popularity in 1948. The three to whom you have extended the welcome-mat: Valli, Burt Lancaster and Dan Dailey. The fourth, whom you are bringing back to the top—Loretta Young. Valli, the GI darling imported from Italy, made only two U. S. pictures but "The Miracle of the Bells" and "The Paradine Case" convinced you that she has what it takes. "Mother Wore Tights," carried over from last year to help, "You Were Meant for Me" and "Give My Regards to Broadway," establish Dan Dailey as a reigning favorite of the musical kingdom. Burt Lancaster began setting a new virility pace with "Brute Force," in 1947. He carried it on this year with "All My Sons," "I Walk Alone" and "Sorry, Wrong Number."

You were glad to see Loretta Young hit the stardust trail again. Still playing this year were "The Crusades" and "The Farmer's Daughter." Sam Goldwyn was wise enough to put her in "The Bishop's Wife" and she followed that with "Rachel and the Stranger."

You have made your Photoplay Gold Medal Awards for 1948. In casting your votes, you have added new strength to the rule followed by Hollywood's most skilled moviemakers. All that really counts is a good picture and a star who works at being a star. So, hail to "Sitting Pretty" and Crosby and Bergman who prove, too, that you, the people, know what you want.

The End
Emblem of artistry: Ingrid Bergman, distinguished star of “Joan of Arc,” wins Photoplay’s Gold Medal as the most popular actress of 1948
He's a good man to have around
by Dolores Hope

Bob's quite a card in the Hope pack but, take it from Dolores, he's not the joker in their married life.
THIS is Dolores “The Reformed Wife” Hope, about to toss off truths concerning my favorite husband.

For the records, Bob isn’t the only member of the family who’s been on the “Road.” For fifteen years I’ve starred in my own production, released under the title of “The Road to Happiness.” It’s a role I’ll love playing for as long as I live. I think you’ll appreciate my many reasons, after you’ve read what I’m going to tell you about my leading man.

Invariably, I’m asked three key questions. What’s it like being Mrs. Bob Hope? Is he always funny around the house? Don’t you ever get tired of laughing at all his jokes?

Bob isn’t always happy and funny. That wouldn’t be normal and he is blessed with a very normal disposition. Occasionally he loses his sense of humor and it’s usually about something pertaining to his radio show. Then there’s his golf game! Take one golf course, mix well together with one Bob Hope, result—one serious man. We can tell just as soon as he comes in the front door if he’s made a good score. He brags on and on about the good ones. When I say, “How did you do today?” and there’s no answer, I know!

As a matter of record, complete silence is a barometer to the way Bob feels. If he is angry he won’t talk. Nor will he talk too much about things when they are close to being perfect.

Bob always ribs the people he loves. The way the children understand and take it is amazing. Because of his ready wit and easy manner, people don’t always realize that Bob is very sensitive. He quickly feels a situation and senses another’s reaction. There was a recent evening when my nephew was having dinner with us. He’s just at that age where his (Continued on page 111)
return of the torso

BY HERB HOWE

Since the male figure became '49 news, the mighty men of Hollywood have even the Greek gods turning on their pedestals

Cornel Wilde: He bared his chest for a sword and dagger routine, still does for his screen appearances

Errol Flynn: Tops in tights, Errol gets a chance to display his talents in the role of the dashing Don Juan

Lex Barker: Tenth in the Tarzan tribe, he swings from trees to society teas with the greatest of cosmopolitan ease
ANYONE perusing the movie ads must have noted that since Lana Turner went away the male torso has been getting a play.

Burt Lancaster set off the tournament of torsos. When Burt appeared in the advertisements with his forty-one-inch chest displayed, he gave such a boost to the box office that every studio in Hollywood commenced jerking shirts.

The Greeks placed the male physique on a pedestal. Sculptors glorified the athlete as Ziegfeld did the Follies femmes. In the age of chivalry Man, possibly weary of adulation, got down and gallantly placed Woman on the pedestal. Now it appears that she is just as gallantly hoisting him back.

Cecil B. De Mille, whose bathtubs used to brim with female pulchritude, has switched around. Victor Mature is stripped for Samson, while Delilah, in the lush form of Hedy Lamarr, is dressed to the nines. Wizard De Mille always could (Continued on page 93)
Liz wanted to see if the Tower of London in the fog was as beautiful as her memory of it. She will visit Paris when the film she is making in M-G-M’s English studio is completed...

Liz enjoyed visiting her old school, Byron House. Because she with friends in the Cotswolds she had to miss Oxford Christmas—but never missed daily exchange of letters with Glenn...
guard while the new Lord Mayor was being sworn in, members of England's oldest volunteer regiment, the Honorable Artillery Company, found Liz as wonderful as she found them!

The passing Lord Mayor's show found Liz just one of the London crowd—until a news cameraman recognized her! British friends loved to tease her about her "Yankee talk!"

English weather can be chilly. Liz took no chances of having the sniffles when she met the Queen at a Command Performance.

In first grown-up role as Bob Taylor's wife in "Conspirator," love scenes made Liz nervous—their noses got in the way!
Pixie on a pink cloud: June Allyson, winner of a Photoplay Award as one of top five actresses, now starring in "Little Women"
She's Peter Pan. But she's also the wisest of women with wisdom and maturity exceeding her years. Most important, she's in a sober and maternal mood. Friends who drop by when she has a day off, find her upstairs in the blue and pink nursery, her pajama sleeves rolled up, busily bathing the baby. "You don't mind, do you?" she asks. "I never get to be with her except when I have a day off. And she knows when I'm bathing her, too. She gets very frisky." And June looks adoringly at her little baby daughter with the big blue eyes and cupid's-bow mouth, who resembles her foster parents so much she might well have been their own.

"Are you laughing because you don't think I know anything about this?" she asks, tenderly placing Pamela in the bassinet. Surprisingly enough, she does know about babies and any queries as to whether she's been studying the subject gets a soft, "I wanted a baby so long. If I didn't know how to take care of her, I should be shot.

"You know," she continues, "my earliest ambition was to be a nurse. I'd have been a good nurse, too. I can talk anybody out of almost anything." She could, too. She could talk the spots right off a patient's measles...or at least talk him out of believing he had them. She's very smart with people, in her way of handling them.

"I want four children," she goes on dreamily, "and when I get them, I'm going to quit making pictures. Richard reads (Continued on page 101)
They've

A straight-from-the-shoulder reply to those below-the-belt stories about the Van Johnsons

Bad publicity gave Van, of "Command Decision," a chance to try for a different type of movie role

He still looks like a great big over-grown kid but it was what he had to say that gave Louella the real measure of Van
The stories about Van and Evie have made a difference but not the way rumor would have it!

Daddy's girl, except for the freckles, Schuyler Van even has the Johnson mannerisms!

In a town of many distortions, fabulous exaggerations and tissues of false rumors, I want to say that much of the cruellest talk is that: Van Johnson is absolutely broke. His career is on the skids. He and Evie are unhappy and seldom step out of their home. They are just waiting for all the "bad publicity" to subside to get a divorce.

Oh, you have heard it all, I am sure. The behind-the-hand stories about the Johnsons have been so bitter and black that, frankly, I have been surprised that any marriage could stand up under it. And, yet, for two years this past January, the Johnsons have held up under the bitterest barrage of gossip any Hollywood couple has ever weathered.

The sideswipes at Van and Evie, printed and spoken, have been too loud to be ignored. They would have had to be made of stone and deaf and dumb not to have known what was being said.

And, along with you, and you and you, I, too, have wondered how they have (Continued on page 104)
Bette Davis of "June Bride" brought to Hollywood a New England conscience, great intelligence and an overwhelming drive!

For Bette there is no middle road between her career and her life in her Laguna Beach home.
BY MICHAEL MAURY

A girl named Barbara and a
guy named Bill have sent the
Queen of Hollywood about
her business—of being a
full-time lady of their house

THIS is the story of Barbara’s
Mother.

Barbara’s Mother is the most
intense woman in Hollywood.
When Barbara’s Mother is good,
she is very, very good. When Bar-
bara’s Mother is bad, she is very,
very bad.

Barbara’s Mother does nothing
halfway. You see, she has a New
England conscience, great intelli-
gence, an overwhelming drive and
enormous concentration.

Barbara’s Mother is known as
Mrs. William Sherry. Occasionally,
these days, she is also known as
Bette Davis. But she doesn’t seem
to like it. And that has a lot of
people worried.

If, when you saw and liked
“June Bride,” you walked out of
the theater and asked, “Where has
Bette Davis been all this time?”
you are entitled to know that she
was and is being Barbara’s Mother
just as intensely as she used to be
Bette Davis, queen of Hollywood.
She rather firmly believes that she
can’t be both of those people at the
same time—which helps explain
why (Continued on page 109)
Joan Crawford, with her four adopted children, is far different to the girl who first came to Hollywood.

The few figures in the headlines will never add up to the life that goes on deep in the heart of Hollywood.

The John Agars' chances for happiness are greater because of what Shirley learned in her early teens.

Rex Harrison, now co-starring on Broadway in "Anne of the Thousand Days," has had much to say about Hollywood. None of it good. Much of it bad. Last November, when he was playing in Philadelphia, a newspaper story announced it would be hard to find two people more bitter about Hollywood than Rex and Lilli Palmer. It quoted Rex as saying he hated the town, which was run by a splenetic old columnist, and never would make another picture there.

This, I thought, ill became him. Had he left Hollywood with his colleagues' plaudits ringing in his ears such a statement, although ungracious, would have had to be accepted as his honest opinion. But Rex Harrison, you will remember, left Hollywood following Carole Landis's suicide.

Press misinterpretations usually are corrected instantly. In this case, however, no correction was made for a long time. Rex proceeded to New York where he received the excellent notices his brilliant performance in "Anne of the (Continued on page 70)
Rex Harrison's claims that Hollywood is no place for young actors might have been more convincing if they'd been made earlier.

But on the other side of the ledger is Charles Boyer, who has more than one reason to be grateful to the film capital.

To Claudette Colbert, Hollywood has given what she once thought she'd left behind in Manhattan.

It's the unexpected that charms in the home life of Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich.
Belvedere's appearance on the campus draws student snickers

Continuing the adventures of the inimitable Belvedere who discards his B. S. (baby sitting) for a howling degree

"Sitting Pretty" was so popular—it was voted Photoplay's Gold Medal picture of the year—that there had to be a sequel. When Belvedere, author of "Hummingbird Hill," discovers he must have a college degree to collect a $10,000 award, "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College." This in spite of the fact his previous formal education was only two weeks in kindergarten! What happens then was never in any college curriculum. Belvedere, as a freshman, puts surprised sophomores through their paces, settles the love affair of Shirley Temple and Tom Drake and graduates with honors—leaving the dean in a daze and the audience in hysterics.
An old college custom has Belvedere taking it on the chin—when Young reports him to the sophomore council.

Kevin Greenman and Belvedere discover there's no life like a freshman's life if he has to room with sophomore Alan Young.

An unexpected ending to Belvedere's college life brings about a happier ending for young lovers, Shirley and Tom.
When twelve o'clock strikes it's the hostess
of a party like this who emerges as the star of the evening

SATURDAY night is party time—in Hollywood or Timbuctoo. But wherever you live it isn’t enough simply to give a party. The evening should be fun for yourself as well as your guests. The wise hostess plans a menu that keeps her in the parlor instead of the kitchen.

The party given by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond at their Bel-Air home is a perfect illustration of what I mean. When the guests, John and Marie Lund, Syd and Lynn Bari Luft, Bob Stack and Martha Vickers, appeared, huge logs burning in a corner fireplace gave them a cheery welcome. The playroom has a cupboard full of games—ranging all the way from Monopoly to brain twisters like Anagrams. Jeanette gave the evening an unusual twist by serving a hearty supper at the stroke of twelve. By that time her guests were in the mood to do it justice.

Easy does it is Jeanette’s rule for party menus and the way the guests ate proved her a wise hostess. On this occasion she served a supper which featured dishes she was able to prepare ahead of time: French dipped sandwiches, a chafing dish of piping hot gravy, marinated cole slaw (arranged in a bowl in the large outside leaves of the cabbage), macaroni salad, pineapple cottage cheese cake and coffee.

French Dipped Sandwiches: Use your favorite meat for roast—beef, pork, ham or lamb. This is convenient, for the roast can be cooking unattended while you’re having fun with your guests. Jeanette used a leg of lamb, baked 2 hours at 300° after being rubbed with garlic and flavored with salt and pepper. Do not cover and do not sear—and cook slowly so the meat will not shrink. The searing theory, Jeanette says, is a thing of the past. For serving, the lamb is sliced on a platter, sandwich thickness, and the brown unthickened juice put in a chafing dish to keep it warm for “dunking.” French rolls, cut in half, are dipped in the gravy on the cut side, then meat, a slice of American cheese and salt and pepper are placed between the roll halves.

Marinated Cole Slaw: Shred 1 medium-sized head of cabbage, soak in ice water for one hour. Dry thoroughly on (Continued on page 96)
Over French dipped sandwiches, Bob Stack and Martha Vickers tell Jeanette how much they enjoyed her recent concert. The MacDonald-Raymond English taproom features tavern-type table and chairs, a collection of rare mugs, oversized candles and unusual prints.

Musical chairs are back and everybody has one but Bob, who is left with nothing but Martha’s lap to sit on. One way to put guests at ease, says Jeanette!

Jeanette has little competition from Martha, Sid, John, Marie or Bob when the gang gathers around the piano for an old-fashioned community sing. Gene followed the fun later with some of his own compositions.
He lives to musical accompaniment, from the minute he gets home.

It's breakfast on the run for Farley, who hates to get up any A.M.

His house in Laurel Canyon overflows with his books and records.

SUBJECT TO CHANGE

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

It's a wonderful life for Farley Granger, who never knows from one day to the next where his dreams will lead.

He walked out of Radio City Music Hall into the storm. A tall youth with excited hazel eyes, a sensitive mouth, thick dark hair. He was thrilled by the beauty of the theater—as he was thrilled by everything he'd seen on his first visit to New York. But the scene that met his eyes as he left the theater was the most exciting of all. New York was in the throes of an electrical storm.

Farley Granger walked through the storm, drenched and oblivious to the sounds of the city. He kept walking until the storm had spent itself against the skyscrapers.

"It was so wonderful," he says, now reliving it. His eyes light up in his eagerness to share the beauty and the drama with you.

"Inscrutable Granger," Farley's friends kiddingly call him. "Nobody can possibly tell what you're thinking . . . not for ten seconds anyway."

And Farley admits he's emotional, to the extent of getting "misty" when he hears beautiful music, sees a beautiful painting or a moving performance.

He has the ability to mirror every emotion in his face and when he connects with a character in which he really believes, he knows he can feel it and portray it.

RKO realized (Continued on page 99)
Actor by instinct: Farley Granger of "Enchantment"
THIS is the season of the year in Hollywood when stars lie awake at night tossing and turning with the question, "Will I win an award?"—a Gold Medal from Photoplay, an Oscar from the Academy, an award from the New York critics, from the home town paper. Everyone wants to get into the Award Act. Well, they can all relax. I have a whole bagful of awards for them. There's one for almost everyone and for almost everything.

To Bing Crosby, I am awarding an armchair with straps to hold his legs. So when I want to talk to him on the set, I'll be spared a crazy man hunt all over the studio. Maybe I'll add a loud bell to tie around his neck. It would help to hear where he is. On second thought, why bother? Even when you do pin Bing down physically, he's so evasive and hard to get a story from, it's hardly worth the struggle.

To Joan Crawford, who was supposed to be
dead and buried as a movie star, I award another Oscar—to match the golden gentleman she won from the Academy for “Mildred Pierce.” I’ll never forget Joan’s courage during the two years when she could not get work for love or money, literally. Producers laughed when she stood up to ask for a movie. Now, they gladly part with $200,000 of their company’s money, if Joan will only star for them!

For Claudette Colbert, I am giving a magic formula to keep her forty-three years old forever—because Claudette threatens to retire from pictures when she is forty-five. The only thing forty-ish about Claudette is her birth certificate. She can match her figure with any eighteen-year-old; and her face with its cute bangs and round cheeks, too.

To Shirley Temple, for staying as sweet as she is for nineteen sweet years, I have put in an order for her to receive (Continued on page 78)
Most desert riders go out in the cool of the morning but the Don DeFores, with Bob Stack, Jane Nigh, Cliff Henderson and Irene Wrightsman McCoy, take their chances in the midday sun to visit pueblo house of "The Desert" magazine.

Two years ago there was nothing but desert where you see Alfreda Steele, Don and Marion. Jimmy Stewart and other investors transformed it into this glamour playground.
Palm Desert, newest oasis for that tired feeling, where refugees from Hollywood bask in the sun and dance beneath the stars.

Ten miles beyond Palm Springs, below snow-crowned San Jacinto, is Palm Desert, an oasis which looks for all the world like a green jewel in a golden setting. Here glitter-weary stars may play polo or tennis, duck hunt or skeet shoot or ski down San Jacinto's snowy slopes. There's magic in this desert cove.

At the Club, stars become children again, shooting the chutes, sailing around the pool in paddle-wheel rafts. A seventy-five acre fun-center in the heart of the community, the Club takes its name from nearby towering Shadow Mountain.

The DeFores, Bob of "Fighter Squadron" and Irene in a motorized surrey with the fringe on top. Background shows Firecliff Lodge cottages.
On numerous occasions, it has been my pleasure to be bound by the bonds of movie matrimony to a tall, tweedy Canadian gentleman, attached to a pipe.

With "Julia Misbehaves," Walter Pidgeon and I commemorated our fifth production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as man and wife. A thoroughly amicable arrangement which has proven as pleasant as it has been profitable.

Speaking with the "wifely" prerogative of one so often blessed with Walter's blithe spirit and presence, make no mistake about it . . . here is a rare and a very prize Pidgeon.

Naturally, I speak as Walter's wife in fame only. Although, to our mutual embarrassment, many fans have insisted on making ours a more lasting arrangement. Walter tells me that in his traveling, people are always asking about me, while I'm constantly confronted with the question, "Is Walter Pidgeon as nice as he seems to be?" Invariably followed by, "Well then, why don't you marry him?" My answer is, "For a thoroughly delightful and charming reason—Walter's wife Ruth to whom he has been happily married for some seventeen years."

However, I must say that working with Walter gets better with every picture. As the husband of Mesdames Miniver, Gladney, Parkington, Curie and the Julia who misbehaves, he has been a perfect picture companion. He is an experienced trouper, an excellent actor, (Continued on page 106)
BY GREER GARSON

Walter's singing, a hobby now, was his original claim to fame.

Wife of his real life: Mrs. Ruth Pidgeon, to whom he's been married for 17 years.

Walter's a blue ribbon rogue—and mischief maker de luxe. But he'll be Greer's favorite.

"husband" till the studio doth them part.

A fine hand at tennis, a ready wit at rhyming, his dancing leaves Greer in a daze.
This Is A Love Story

Lady in Love: Jane Wyman, bright star of "A Kiss in the Dark"
BY RUTH WATERBURY

JANE WyMAN came in with Lew Ayres. She looked particularly beautiful in her new, slick short bob, her utterly plain, most chic evening dress. She didn't look cute, as she would have a year ago. Instead she was subtle, poised and very charming.

It was a welcome home party for Danny Kaye after his triumphant trip to London last November. The host and hostess were Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz, he, the head of Universal-International, she, the former Edith Mayer. The guests were definitely the inner circle of Hollywood.

Then, suddenly, Janie made an announcement. “Lew Ayres is the love of my life,” she said, to all who cared to listen. And heaven knows, they all did care to listen, for she was answering the question the whole film colony had been speculating about for the past six months.

Lew Ayres said nothing. When Janie spoke of her love he stayed silent; just puffed contentedly on his pipe. But his eyes have spoken plenty on all occasions and now, when he escorts Janie to parties, he holds her hand all evening. Unostentatiously but firmly.

It was exactly a year ago that Jane and Ronnie Reagan separated, after three former partings and reconciliations. Ronnie said then, “It’s a very strange girl I’m married to, but I love her. She went back to work too soon after the death of our baby, and this picture ‘Johnny Belinda,’ has been a terrible strain on her. But I know we will end our lives together.”

Jane refused to talk at that time. She filed her divorce action, redrew it, filed it once more. When finally she did go into court she confided to her closest friend, “I know I’m going to look like the heavy, divorcing the all-American boy.” Yet her friends also knew that she had gone through the greatest travail, deciding upon the divorce. She was worried about their children. She is a very fine mother and as she also told her confidants, “I’m in a situation lots of women are in. I don’t know whether it is better for the children’s sakes (Continued on page 79)
Ester Williams and Ben Gage were married quietly at the home of Esther's friend, Malvina Pumphrey.

It began to look as if their honeymoon were a Mexican holiday. When they ventured out to the races, Esther was recognized instantly. All Ben could see of his bride was press photographers.

Hold it, Miss Williams!

Next day it was the same thing. Everywhere they went -- crowds. "Some secret honeymoon!" groaned Ben.

Baby, here's where I take over -- let's go back to the hotel.

That night, while newsmen slept, won't they be surprised??

Ben and Esther planned a week's honeymoon in Mexico before she started her picture there. No one was to know about it -- not even their families! It all sounded so-o easy.

We'll stay at the Reforma and we'll be just like any other honeymooners.

Your Photoplay
HOLLYWOOD STAR ADVENTURES TOLD IN COMICS

HONEYMOON in MEXICO

BUT, ON THE PLANE---A FAMILIAR FACE MET THEIR EYES—HYMIE FINK, PHOTO-PLAY'S PHOTOGRAPHER.

W—WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

ON YOUR HONEYMOON?

BUT DON'T WORRY—I'LL JUST HANG AROUND--IN THE BACKGROUND!

BUT THAT WASN'T ALL! IN MEXICO CITY...

OH, BEN—OUR LOVELY HONEYMOON PLANS!

THE NEXT MORNING AN ASSISTANT DIRECTOR FROM THE "FIESTA" COMPANY HIT THE HOTEL ROOF!

SORRY, MISS WILLIAMS ISN'T HERE! SHE CHECKED OUT!

SHE CHECKED OUT! THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE... SHE STARTS HER PICTURE MONDAY!...

BUT... BRIGHT AND EARLY MONDAY MORNING, TWO GRINNING FIGURES GREETED THE DIRECTOR....

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEEN GOING CRAZY THE LAST THREE DAYS!

ON OUR HONEYMOON—AT HOME! WE FLEW BACK TO HOLLYWOOD TO GET AWAY FROM THIS ALL.....
Some things for the girls

by edith gwynn

Hollywood goes to town with some smart new remedies for winter wardrobe woes

LOOK at the lovely “suddenly it’s spring” dress of Jennifer Jones, one of Photoplay’s Gold Medal Award winners. It’s a Mainbocher frock of white organdy with an all-over embroidery and eyelet design. The trim, yet feminine, gown is full skirted—floor length. The filmy organdy is over a pale, yet bright-enough-to-show-through slip of mauve. The grosgrain belt is of a deeper mauve, almost plum color. And the dainty flowers at the waist range through pale pink, mauve, violet and purple. Jennifer wears only her four-strand choker of pearls above its high, round neckline, to soften the effect of her short hair-do.

Spring is also a wonderful time to be thinking about cardigans, now that cardigans have gone glamorous. This year you can do all sorts of things with these outfits. Why not combine that pastel or brightly colored suit with the coat (which can be converted) or the cardigan of an old wool, flannel or knitted costume of a blending or dark color. Take the pink, blue or printed dress or

(Continued on page 90)

Jennifer Jones, winner of a Photoplay award as one of nation’s five leading ladies, salutes the season in Parisian style with eyelet embroidered organdy.
Let your face show you to others as the delightful person you really are. Keep it softly lovely with the cream-cleansings that do so much for skin. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment, this way:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.
Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore-openings. Tissue off.
Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, immaculate. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment literally acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt and make-up as you massage. From the Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Never feel it is merely vanity to develop the beauty of your own face. When you look lovely, it spreads out from you to all who see you. It gives you a charming air of happy confidence. It brings the real Inner You closer to others.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III

Her Lovely Face shows you the gracious charm that is her Inner Self

Famous for her vivid starry beauty, the world responds to Mrs. Drexel’s loveliness wherever she goes. The minute that you see her, you are aware of her inner serenity, of the cultured, friendly charm that is the keynote of her exquisite self.

Your face is the only You that others actually see. It is the You they first take to their hearts. It is the You that they remember best. Do, then, help your face to say only pleasing, lovely things about you. Its loveliness, its charm, rest very much with what you do for it.

She uses 'Ponds'!

"I think it's a superb cream—the best I know,"
Mrs. Drexel says

"Ith; Let your face show you to others as the delightful person you really are. Keep it softly lovely with the cream-cleansings that do so much for skin. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment, this way:

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"I think it's a superb cream—the best I know,"
Mrs. Drexel says

"I
YOU WON'T BE EMBARRASSED WHEN you use this higher type INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Easier, Daintier... Yet One of the MOST EFFECTIVE METHODS!

Greaseless Suppository Assures Continuous Medication For Hours

Young wives are rightly enthusiastic about Zonitors. This higher type intimate feminine cleanliness is one of the most effective methods ever discovered. Zonitors are by far more convenient and less embarrassing to use — so powerfully germicidal yet absolutely safe to tissues. They're positively non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-smarting.

Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. They are not the type that quickly melt away. Instead, they release powerful germicidal properties for hours. They never leave any residue.

No Tell-Tale Odor

Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They actually destroy it. Help guard against infection. Zonitors kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. Buy Zonitors today! (Continued on page 50)

THOUSAND DAYS warrants. And it was not until late December that an interview with Rex appeared in the Sunday drama section of the New York Times, in which he claimed his press interviews were interpreted in a manner far from his original meaning, that what he said was: "First, I don't consider Hollywood the ideal or suitable place for a young actor to learn his business. On the other hand, I consider the theater a much more satisfactory training ground for public relations.

"I am far happier in a play on Broadway than in a film in Hollywood. I have not made a choice between the two media of expression. I am not renouncing films. No, it is far simpler that I enjoy a New York City better than Los Angeles as a place in which to live and work.

"I have been quoted as saying Hollywood is the city in which I am quite untrue. Hollywood is far from dead... but who can deny that it is seriously ill. I have not attempted to define the malady nor can I suggest a cure. It is undeniable that many factors contribute to the rising cost of living and problems of financing top-heavy production setups and other things that are more in the realm of an accountant than an actor."

UNICALLY, perhaps, I am convinced Mr. Harrison's statement—a half-hearted retraction at best—was issued only after pressure had been brought to bear upon him in the interest of maintaining his good relations. Also, it is most unlikely that more than one writer would misinterpret an actor's meaning. But the 'press interviews' mentioned indicate the misinterpretation was general.

I find it a great pity when those who represent Hollywood contribute to the general misconception which exists about it. One can only be grateful that the town's disgruntled citizens are decided in the minority.

On the other side of the ledger from Rex Harrison there is Charles Boyer. Following the Broadway premiere of "Red Gloves" in which Charles stars, he gave a party at the Stork Club. John Dall, also in "Red Gloves," was there among others, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pidgeon, and Rouben Mamoulian. And Pat Boyer, I thought, was a delightful hostess, so careful to seat the right people together.

"Well, Charles," I said, "does your success in this play mean you are through with movies?"

"No," he answered, "not at all. It is an interesting experiment to see how far a play may expect vitriolic statements from you about the climate, producers, columnists and home-life of Hollywood?"

"No, no, Elsa!" He refused to be swayed by the general laughter. Seriously he shook his head. "I am grateful to Hollywood. Devoted to it. Indeed, I would be an ingrate were I to feel otherwise about the place in which I have found good work to do, my wife, my son, my home. Never think I have taken time out to act on the New York stage—that Hollywood is not still my home."

It depends upon who talks of Hollywood, you see, whether it is presented as a morass of self-indulgent fools or the quiet home-town that it actually is. For it is the home-town that movie work that means one stage star after another from the theater and the excitement of working before a live audience.

Never will I forget the day Claudette Colbert had a flap in the coast studios. She entrained weeping.

"I'll keep my Manhattan apartment, of course," she said. "Maybe it won't be too horrible. After all, when I'm working, all I do is go home to sleep. And between pictures, naturally, I'll be in New York."

Now Claudette comes to New York once a year—sometimes. In Holmby Hills she finds life good. If the film colony was silly enough to have a "40," she would be proud of it. She loves her big white house and the friendships she and her husband, Doctor Joel Pressman, enjoy with his medical and scientific colleagues, the Gary Coopers, the Willises, the Greetes—"you have only to see her to be convinced of it—is happier than she ever was before.

Clifton Webb is the latest Hollywood convert. Clifton went there first, years ago, to make a picture with Joan Crawford. But Metro's executives did not like his tests, so he never got to play with Joan, whom he adores. His five-year contract paid him handsomely—over two hundred thousand dollars a year, as I remember it. So he was in a position to sit and wait. But after two and a half years of sitting, he was so hurt and so bored that he announced, just quietly and caustically as if was his wont, that he was through with Hollywood forever.

"Neither my mother, Mabel, who manages my affairs, nor I, look down our noses at money," he said. "But I no longer can take all this money for nothing. Besides, I detest Hollywood. I'm going back to New York and the stage!"

So Clifton came back to New York. A chapter was made. However. No longer, apparently, was he happy to live in the city. He moved (Continued on page 72)

Home Sweet Hollywood

Hear the Lux Radio Theatre's presentation of the winning movie in the PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS for the most popular and most popular stars of 1948 selected by millions of movie-goers in PHOTOPLAY's annual Nationwide Election. You will thrill to the well-remembered moments of 1948's best motion picture— with the original stars. Don't miss the Lux Radio Theatre PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS Monday, February 14—CBS

Save the date—

MARDAY NIGHT

FEB. 14

for the most popular movie of 1948!
"This fragrant big BATH SIZE cake makes my Beauty Bath so luxurious," says Dorothy Lamour

"I love this fragrant big bath size cake," says Dorothy Lamour. "It makes my beauty bath more delightful than ever. The creamy lather whisks away dust and dirt, leaves skin delicately perfumed with a flowerlike fragrance that clings!"

Take Dorothy Lamour's tip. You'll be thrilled with this generous, satiny-smooth cake—the new bath size Lux Toilet Soap. Lux Girls are daintier!
There is a GOLDEN GLINT Rinse for BOTH!

Golden Glint Rinse gives the finishing touch to your shampoo. Whether you want added brightness to glorify your natural hair color . . . or whether you merely want cleaner, more lustrous hair without added color, there is a Golden Glint Rinse for you.

Golden Glint Lustre Rinse (colorless) dissolves dulling soap and hard-water film instantly. Tangles and snarls vanish. The natural color and lustre of your hair is revealed in all its glory, and your hair is so responsive to your comb that setting it is no problem.

Each of the eleven other shades matches a natural hair color, adding just a whisper of true color for a tiny tint highlight. Whether your hair is raven black, platinum blonde or any shade between, there is a shade of Golden Glint Rinse for you. The color shampoo out, but will not rub off.

SIMPLE, EASY TO USE

A Golden Glint Rinse after your permanent leaves the curls tight, but the dull lifelessness of your wave is gone. Even hair that changes color an inch or so from the scalp can be naturally blended with a color rinse.

So simple, so easy, so economical to use, Golden Glint should be a regular part of your shampoo. Buy a package today. Try it tonight. A single rinse will show you why America's loveliest women have bought over 60 million packages.

(Continued from page 70) the beautiful furniture and books and pictures he and his mother have collected over the years to an old remodeled house in Connecticut—and loved it! They watched the young trees they put in, grow, and the gardens they planted, become more beautiful with every springtime. Their friends loved the place, too. It became a weekend Mecca for the stars of the theater and the literary and musical worlds.

"A reclaimed strip of desert, Hollywood!" he continued to scoff, remembering how the studios had slighted him.

But, more and more, I noticed he listened with interest when anyone of us talked of Hollywood, asked nostalgic questions, too.

"Where is the nicest place to live now?"

"Are the big budget pictures making money?"

"What and who is new and amusing?"

I was, consequently, not too amazed when I found Clifton and Mabel—and their much traveled luggage—stashed away or beside our rooms.

"It's only for a visit," exclaimed Clifton vehemently and unnecessarily.

During that "visit" he played the decadent columnist in "Laura," the social lion in "Razor's Edge," the baby sitter in Photoplay's Gold Medal picture for 1948 "Sitting Pretty." He finally telephoned his broker to sell his Connecticut house. He and Mabel, he said, were returning to oversee the packing of their possessions.

"Elia," he told me, "it is no use to pretend otherwise. I love it out there. The life, the work, the charming, stimulating people—and the house! I've bought! Wait until you see it!"

Again I wasn't surprised. I've seen the same thing happen so many times . . .

BETTE DAVIS thought she would like to get away from it all. In the summer of 1939, she bought a place in her native New England, an old house with red barns. She filled it with such pine and maple furniture and the Sugar Shieder's junk-stuff and English chintzes, as her fathers and forefathers had furnished similar homes.

"This is my native land, where I was born and bred," she announced dramatically to all who would listen. "This is where I will live between pictures. This is where I will retire in my old age. There will be snow in winter. My neighbors will be simple people!"

Now, nearly ten years later, "Butternut" is for sale and Bette is unpacking the furniture and books and pictures, the milk glass and brass and copper that filled its rooms. These things will be charming, too, in the house at Laguna when the barrels and excelsior have been carted away.

There's Ethel Barrymore! For all of her sixty years, when Ethel was not on tour, she lived in New York. She is a product of New York, the queen of the stage's royal family. But today, you could not pry her away from the film colony.

"I make more money here than I do on the stage," she says, with her wonderful throaty laugh "I like the work. In spite of all the horrible things I have heard about motion picture producers, I have been permitted to play many interesting roles quite as honestly as I would have played them on Broadway.

"And certainly, at my age, it stands to reason I must benefit by a climate that has cured my brother, Lionel, of his frightful arthritis—he is walking again for the first time in over ten years."

Ethel Barrymore might say "Oh, this wicked place! It ruined my brother John's life!" But being a wise, intelligent woman she refuses to believe anything of the kind.

Search the world and you will not find a more charming or delightful woman. And you'll find the Agars, that of the John Agars. Yet Shirley Temple, the young mistress of this home, is a Hollywood product. She has been a star since she was five years old—and she worked in the motion picture studios before that.

I venture to predict that the Agars will live happily forever after. Because they're realistic about their love for each other and their daughter Susan. Because they're realistic, too, about their separate careers. But perhaps, above all, because Shirley's image of herself is not that of a great star but of a home and family. This image, I think, was born when, in her early teens, Shirley went to the Westlake School. A star at this time, she found her schoolmates, with their normal sheltered lives, far more glamorous and attractive than any hard-working actress.

There's also Olivia de Havilland, or Mrs. Marcus Goodrich, as she prefers to be called. Afternoon tea with Olivia and Marcus, who, you know, is a novelist of distinction, is the most un-Hollywoodish thing imaginable—if you share the popular and erroneous conception of Hollywood. The tea on the scene, the fire, the quiet beauty of the hostess, the "bookish" talk which is good talk, not dull, is far more what you would expect of an English country family than what you are asked to expect of a movie star living on top of one of the Beverly Hills.

Speaking of the English pattern of living, Cary Grant achieves it when he is in residence at the beach house he leases. His dinners have a casual elegance. His weekend parties, too. (Continued on page 74)

don't miss

Bing Crosby's

Gala Broadcast

Wednesday, February 9

ABC Stations

Check Your Paper For Time
for the BIG SURPRISE of 1949
New!
Introducing the Beauty Discovery of the Century...PENATEN
in Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams

—a revelation in skin care!
—cleanses, brightens, softens as never before!
Now, from Woodbury scientists comes PENATEN—newly developed
penetrating ingredient. Here in
Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams are
just-discovered formulas—for deeper, cleaner
cleansing!—for superb richer softening!—
for sheerest make-up flattery! Your happy
promise of flawless new skin beauty!

Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying
Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten!
Particularly effective for cleansing
oily or normal skin. Melts instantly.
Loosens clinging grime, make-up, sur-
tace oil. Night and morning use helps
keep skin clearer, younger-looking.

Woodbury De Luxe Vanishing
Facial Cream—For Glamorous
Make-Up: Greaseless, disappearing.
A thin veil makes even oily skin look
dewy. For a Beauty Pick-up: Apply
lavishly to soften skin particles. Tis-
sue off. Skin looks fresher, younger.

Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base
Foundation Cream—Petal-Tinted:
Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils
dry or normal skin in satin-
textured base that holds make-up.
Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream
...incomparable cleaner cleansing!
PENATEN makes this De Luxe
Cold Cream deeper-cleansing.
Helps cleansing oils actually
penetrate deeper into pore
openings. Seeks out clogging soil
and make-up more effectively.
With your first jar of Woodbury
De Luxe Cold Cream,
your skin will be fresh and
beauty-clean...as never before!

Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream
...superb richer softening!
Magically, PENATEN aids the
skin absorb rich emollients in
this De Luxe Dry Skin Cream.
Lanolin's softening benefits...
four more skin softeners...
penetrate deeper into pore
openings. Tiny lines soften.
Flaky roughness smooths. Your
skin looks gloriously younger!

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty
All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted:
Penaten makes this De Luxe All-
Purpose Cream more effective—for
complete skin care, day and night.
Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly.
Provides a clinging make-up base.

Jars dressed in pink-and-gold
elegance. Trial sizes, 20c
to largest luxury sizes, $1.39.
Plus tax.
SALON-SAFE FOR "DIFFICULT" HAIR
SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

Here's the home permanent that even women with "hard-to-wave" hair can give themselves with real confidence of salon-type results!

For with the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent, you use the same sort of preparations—even the same improved cold wave process found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, cream waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job. If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!

There isn't a lovelier, more luxurious, softer home wave for any head! Price, $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50.

(All prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax.)

ONLY RICHARD HUDNUT HAS ALL 7!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. Waving lotion more penetrating, but gentler.
3. Amples for complete coverage, including special Hudnut pre-softening.
4. Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
5. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
6. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave...non-frizzy ends.
7. Only home permanent kit to include Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse—famous for reconditioning and lustre-giving.

Two lengths of rods, Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.

New! Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

(Continued from page 72) He does not monitor his guests. They breakfast when and as they wish. And come and go as they please. All that is possible for their pleasure and comfort is done. But Cary proceeds on the happy assumption that his guests are adults with ideas of their own. No wonder Noel Coward makes a streak for Cary's, the moment he alights from the plane or California soil.

It was unfortunate, but inevitable, that Cary's marriage to Barbara Hutton should not work out happily for either of them. Barbara hated Hollywood, seemed to have no understanding or tolerance for a society of workers. Hollywood, young, healthy and energetic, was a strange land to the richest little girl in the world, who long has frequented a much older and somewhat decadent world. And she has never forgiven those she met there, including Cary, I think, for being too busy to render her that importance to which she is accustomed.

It isn't always so easy to analyze why people do not like Hollywood. And it is never a simple matter to determine why, although the majority take the town and its fruits in their stride, there always are others—like Errol Flynn; Errol Flynn, upon whom Hollywood acted exactly like a poison; Robert Walker and Robert Mitchum, who become so confused that they take to alcohol, marijuana or ego-mania. Of course these are the culprits who contribute to the wrong impression of the town.

As to who can and who cannot take Hollywood in stride no rule seems to apply . . .

Of those named above, Errol Flynn and Robert Walker at least come from backgrounds of social and financial security. Joan Crawford, on the contrary, who is very honest about the meagerness of her youth, has grown with her career. There are times when Joan, like any great individual, can be utterly exasperating. But there's never a time when she's not a colorful and exciting woman. Her home is truly beautiful. She entertains like a dream. Her utter devotion to her four adopted children and her determination to bring them up to be well-adjusted, happy, responsible men and women is exemplary.

But then the things I say about Joan might be said, in some measure, about most Hollywood citizens. I never leave the town, in fact, without the exhilaration that comes from association with men and women who are at their peak, mentally and physically.

I would not, I confess, wish to settle down in the film colony—or anywhere else for that matter. I like to move about. But I would be sad, indeed, could I not spend part of each year in Hollywood. And the Hollywood I love is not, I assure you, the lurid place of newspaper headlines. It is a "reclaimed strip of desert" lying between the Sierra Nevadas and the sea, where there are as many beautiful homes—in which families live as quietly and contentedly as is compatible with human nature—and more charming, hard-working men and women to the square mile than any other place in the world.

For, whatever those like Rex Harrison disgruntled because Hollywood has lost interest in them, may caterwaul to the contrary, to most of its citizens and visitors the film colony will continue to be . . .

Home Sweet Hollywood!

THE END

Turn to page 83 for Photoplay Fashions in Color
Mrs. Eugenia Roberts of Atlanta had a dry skin problem. "Now," says this lovely young mother, "I use Noxzema as my all-purpose cream, my night cream and powder base. It certainly helps keep my complexion looking soft and smooth."

"I apply Noxzema before putting on make-up and use it before retiring after a day outdoors," states this charming Baltimore sports enthusiast, Jean Patchett of Preston. "I also use Noxzema to help protect my hands against chapping."

Which of these 6 American Women is the MOST LIKE YOU?

If you have some little thing wrong with your skin—and who doesn't—be sure to read these exclusive interviews.

- Recently we called on women across the country, asking about their beauty problems. Here are the views of six typical women who are using a new idea in beauty—Medicated Skin Care.

New Beauty Routine
It's a simple home treatment developed by a doctor. It has been clinically tested. In fact, 181 women from all walks of life took part in this skin improvement test under the supervision of 3 noted doctors—skin specialists. Each woman had some little skin problem.

Based on Scientific Tests
Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema's new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lustrous-looking skin in two weeks.

Mrs. Eileen Meyer, Detroit. "Noxzema helped heal them so quickly I've used it ever since. It's a real all-purpose cream!"

"Ten years ago I was annoyed by externally-caused blemishes on my face," says Mrs. Eileen Meyer, Detroit. "Noxzema helped heal them so quickly I've used it ever since. It's a real all-purpose cream!"

My hands were dreadfully chapped. A friend recommended Noxzema and today I use it for everything," says Shirley O'Hara of Los Angeles. "It's my complexion and hand cream—all in one."

"My hands were dreadfully chapped. A friend recommended Noxzema and today I use it for everything," says Shirley O'Hara of Los Angeles. "It's my complexion and hand cream—all in one."

 Cute blonde Mrs. Sonia Dorsey of Cambridge, Mass. uses Noxzema as her all-purpose cream. She says, "I have unusually dry skin. I've found Noxzema helps keep my skin soft and lovely."

"I put a wonderful-feeling 'mask' of Noxzema on my face before retiring. It's done so much for my skin, I've been recommending it to my friends," says glamorous Jan Barker of Cleveland.

Yes, 4 out of 5 were thrilled at the improvement in their skin!

For Externally-Caused Skin Troubles
If you want an aid to a softer, smoother looking skin, if you suffer the embarrassment of externally-caused blemishes, rough, dry skin or other similar skin troubles—try Noxzema.

4-Step Beauty Routine!
1. Morning—bathe face with warm water, with a wet cloth apply Noxzema and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face. Pat on extra Noxzema over blemishes. Follow this new routine faithfully morning and night. See if you aren't amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. At all drug and cosmetic counters, 40c, 60c, $1.00 plus tax—Trial Size also now on sale.
FOR DREAM HANDS

Cream your hands

"A woman’s hands are always in the spotlight. That’s why... I use Cream mine often... with Paquins!” says

Madeline Carroll

TRY HER METHOD FOR JUST THREE DAYS... A 12-SECOND HAND MASSAGE WITH NON-STICKY, NON-GREASY Paquins Hand Cream

MORNING... NIGHT... ESPECIALLY IN HAND-ROUGHENING WINTER WEATHER

TRY IT! Massage your hands for just 12 seconds with Paquins, every night... every morning... every time hands are chapped, weather-roughened.

You'll soon see why Paquins is the hand beauty treatment of so many stars. Your own hands will tell you why... they'll be smoother, softer...yes, truly romantic.

When winter cold chaps your hands, Paquins will help soothe them, smooth them. For dream hands, cream, cream, CREAM your hands... with Paquins!

Among the famous stars who use Paquins Hand Cream are:

LYNN FONTANNE • RISE STEVENS • VERA ZORINA • GERTRUDE LAWRENCE • JOAN BENNETT • GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Catherine Hart, R.N. "Nurses scrub their hands 50 to 40 times a day. We need a cream like this. And Paquins was originally formulated for nurses and doctors!"

ON SALE AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS IN U.S. AND CANADA

What Should I Do?
(Continued from page 8)

Dear Miss Colbert:

You will probably remember hearing from me some time ago. Through your column in Photoplay, I received a great many dolls, toys, children's clothing, and other helpful things. Last year I repaired and dressed 159 dolls for the local Children's Hospital and for orphans. This year I was able to give 215.

I do want to keep on fixing the dolls, so once again I will appreciate it if you will publish my name and address so that those of your readers who have cast-off toys which I can repair and pass on to brighten the life of a lonely or shut-in child, will forward them to me.

Mrs. Vaughan E. Seid
3535 Delgany Street
Denver, Colorado

I am deeply gratified to know that the readers of this column have been so helpful and I am happy to print your appeal a second time.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was a juvenile delinquent. There was a time in my life when no matter how hard I tried I always seemed to get into trouble. Then I met my husband and straightened myself out. Before we were married my husband wanted to know all about me, so I told him. I wanted to start fresh and begin our life right.

We have been married over a year and he is always nagging me about my past. He accuses me of terrible things. I can't work because he comes to my job and claims I am flirting with the men I work with. Then I get fired.

He won't divorce me, and I do not want a divorce if I can make our marriage a success. I love him and have tried everything possible to prove it to him.

Is there any way to handle this that I have overlooked?

Joyce S.

I believe your best move now is to take a firm stand. Tell your husband that you love him, that you do not want to divorce him, that you learned your bitter lessons as a youngster, and that you intend to live a clean, self-respecting life. Then tell him that you will endure no more of his torment. Get a job. Keep regular hours and let your husband know where you are going to be and exactly what your routine is.

If he is convinced that you have steel in your spine and that you intend to be shown the respect to which you have a right, I think he will stop his childishness.

Claudette Colbert

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

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
Are you in the know?

How to cope with a cowlick—

☐ Fight it
☐ Favor it
☐ Forget it

Ornery critters—cowlicks. You can neither take 'em or leave 'em. But if you favor a cowlick by parting the hair directly into the center of that stubborn tuft—it behaves! There's another smart plan you can favor, at certain times. That's trying all 3 absorbencies of Kotex—to find the one just right for you. Regular, Junior and Super are designed for different girls, different days. Why not be sure to have a Kotex napkin that's very personally yours?

What "new note" does this coat bring?

☐ Back interest
☐ A break for tall teens
☐ Another beauty ritual

Each answer is correct. The coat shown has new "back interest," styling that flatters "glamazons." The new beauty ritual? Neck care! That collar-rubbing means extra scrubbing and softening (with lotion) to save your neck. Back interest in dresses is often a matter of eye-catching trimming, rather than flare. So on "those" days, choose the napkin that prevents telltale outlines! With those special, flat pressed ends of Kotex, you're smooth—from any view!

While someone's 'phoning, should friends—

☐ Go dumb
☐ Keep talking
☐ Comment on the conversation

During a get-together, if a keen dean gets a buzz—don't let your conversation lapse. You may think it's polite, but he'll think you're listening! So keep up the charmin' chatter (tuned low) and spare the buzz boy needless blushing. Embarrassment is always needless, for clever girls—on calendar days. Because with the extra protection of Kotex, "accident" worries say bye-bye—thanks to Kotex' exclusive safety center. Keeps your confidence shutter-proof!

Which square dance is he calling?

☐ Birdie in the Cage ☐ Address Partners ☐ Dosey-do

How about giving a square dance party? Scene: your home (playroom preferred). Music: courtesy of folk dance discs or the crowd's own vocal cords. First, learn the steps and calls—such as "Birdie in the Cage" (see picture above). Don't let difficult days keep you "caged," when Kotex can free you from discomfort. Made to stay flat while you wear it, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape. You're ready for every gay fray!

More women choose KOTEX*

than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy TWO — by name!
Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year....As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

But the "big" news deals with a very tiny product indeed, no longer than your little finger! It is called Tampax and it is worn internally. This principle is well-known to doctors and it has many advantages. Tampax frees you from the tyranny of belts, pins and external pads. It causes no odor or chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. Tampax is only 1/9 the bulk of older kinds and you can shower, tub or swim without removing it!


(Continued from page 59) a real Oscar—I mean a boy. Shirley wants three children—first a little girl, which she has, then a little boy, followed with another girl. I wish her luck three times over.

To Frank Sinatra, I award a new crop of bobby-soxers. The old screamers are now in their sedate twenties. And without that hulabaloop, Frankie's voice doesn't seem quite so potent. Am I right? I never change.

I wish I had the power to award Clark Gable a woman to replace his beloved Carole Lombard. It's sad to see Clark in the night spots with this and that clarence, kidding himself, trying to get the good time. Only the girl has a good time, because it's one sure way of getting her name in the papers. It helps her career. Clark really prefers the great outdoors.

Larry Parks has just finished his second Jolson movie. I award him the wish that from now on he will carve an even stronger career for himself—as Larry Parks.

TO Diana Lynn, who was always a fiancée, and now finally a bride, I award the great gift of handling a career and a marriage successfully. It isn't easy, as Diana will discover.

Elizabeth Taylor has the world at her feet. She's breathtakingly beautiful, she's co-starring with Robert Taylor, she's in love and loved by Army football hero Glenn Davis. What else could she want? I'm giving it to her anyway—a sense of balance. Without it, her God-and-man-given gifts will blow up in her fascinating face.

For Peter Lawford, perennial third angle in the triangle, always the boy friend, never the groom, I award a small piece of wedding cake.

To Rita Hayworth, I award a refill of common sense. Rita needs it badly for risking career annihilation. Or what else would you call those "coincidental" dates with Prince Aly Khan in Mexico and Havana and all around the world?" she replies, which they smiled together, letting him smash up cameras when working photographers try to take pictures. (Aside to Rita—you have worked too hard and too long for your career away in this nonsensical manner.)

Gene Kelly gets another baby from the Graham Award department. Gene and wife Betsy do not believe in an only child—why should a movie star? Bob Hope gets a complete first aid kit and a book titled "How Not to Have Accidents." Bob has had three baddies in the past six months. First, he swallowed a fish bone and almost choked to death. Then, he severely injured a muscle in his leg while chasing Rhonda Fleming up and down a gangplank for their picture "Easy Does It." And during a scene for the same movie as when Bing Crosby in his pocket, a box of matches exploded and he suffered third degree burns on his hand!

Cornel Wilde—the Dale Carnegie best seller "How to Win Friends and Influence People" is on the way. Cornel, who is a sweet guy when you know him, has made too many enemies at the studios. Lana Turner is awarded a box of reducing pills, or a small piece of will power. To prevent a recurrence of those candid Lana snapshots, invariably printed in that prejudiced weekly national magazine. But what makes me mad is when Lana's pals insist, "Lana hasn't gained a pound."

To Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland—a new thick skin to cover that Kippling quotation "Sisters under the Skin!"

Alan Ladd and Sue Carol get a big slick of pie for being so cute in their interview—usually titled something like "I Love A Ladd" or "I Love Sue Carol."

Janet Leigh gets the highest Graham accolade—a hug and a kiss for being such an absolute darling in the face of her meteoric rise to stardom. Everyone loves Janet, but she never changes.

To Tyrone Power, the six children he wants to have. Ty has been wonderful to Anne, the new grown-up daughter of his first wife Annabella. He adopted her an supporter when her marriage was omitted from the firsts in popularity. So I now award her one more Oscar to climax her career.

To Sir Laurence Olivier, my thanks for the greatest screen performance of all time in his marvelous "Hamlet." And to his wife Vivien Leigh, my wish that her health will soon be good enough for her to resume acting on a full time basis—with her wonderful husband.

To Farley Granger—a skeptical smile for so far resisting the younger feminin set on the subject of matrimony. With the pressure now coming from a certain prettby young starlet, it won't be too long before Farley takes that important walk down the aisle.

For Lucille Ball, the baby she wants so much....To Victor Mature, a special award for the very special job of being the Babes of life!— and Bob to Betsy Drake—they make sweet picture together!

When Kathryn Grayson gave Johnnie Johnson his marching orders recently, called Katie to find out "Why?" And I start the difficult conversation, I said, "Kathryn, I hear you and Johnnie had lot of arguments over divorce, didn't she?" she replied, "But that isn't why we parted. It's because Johnnie talked too darn much to the press. If he hadn't broadcast about our quarrel, we never would have separated. Once a week, he was telling all the world your pride comes into it and it's very hard to make up." So to Mr. Johnston I award a muzzle to wear in public.

Spencer Tracy is the proudest member of the Hollywood Infinity. To Mr. Tracy, I award one lump of sugar to be taken three times daily to sweeten his cup of life.

J. Arthur Rank gets a big box of vitamins. Ava is always tired, very often ill. Shh catches cold at the drop of a sneeze. An how is she going to be the big star we all expect if she lacks the physical driving forces to carry her onward and upward to the stars?

To Ann Sothern, a new husband. An very much wants to marry again.

I'd like to give Judy Garland a very special award for being the best song plugger in the business. She's even better than Alice Faye used to be. And it ridiculous that Judy has so far failed to snag an Oscar for her great singing, dancing, and acting.

To Lassie—a golden bone, for saving so many M-G-M pictures.

And to all Hollywood columnists, an em broidered sampler with this section & Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address:

"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here!"

The End
This Is a Love Story

(continued from page 65) to hold an
apy marriage together, or to start afresh
in hope for future happiness.

It has been granted that the difference
between her career and Ronnie's has a
number to do with their initial breach.

A girl can possibly be a fine actress with-
being fascinated by her own par-
y, and no man can watch his wife
face. Ronnie did the perfectly natural
thing. He became immersed in outside
activities. The Guild, politics, even his old
telephone held his attention more and more.
Eventually the Reagans were left with
very little in common to discuss except
their expected baby.

But that was almost enough. They both
loved the new baby with all their hearts.

He, however, had a tough pregnancy, and
the final blow was the baby's death im-
immediately after its premature birth.

KE many other women involved in sim-
ilar tragedy, Jane sought succor in
York. The demanding role of Belinda
was ready. She plunged into it, and it
was then she met Lew Ayres.

Jew heartily disliked the idea of playing
opposite Jane when this was first sug-
tested. However, his dislike of Jane's
role was only equaled by her aversion
this. The man who brought all this
up, who, in fact, insisted on casting
Jane as Belinda and Lew as the compas-
sionate doctor, was producer Jerry Wald
of Warners.

He told Jane about Lew first. "Oh, no,"
said. "Not Lew Ayres. Can't you get
Bep Cotten?"

Lew in turn snorted at the idea of Jane.
"What cutie?" he said. "She'll never do.
Can't you get Teresa Wright?"

Jew was unable to see Janie in the role
of the sensitive deaf mute, Belinda. He
remembered her as the dizzy little

ode character she played in so many
pictures.

hat reaction to Jane wasn't unusual.
hen Charles Brackett was about to
duce "The Lost Weekend," he insisted
on Jane to play the girl on the
strength of her un-cut performance in
Princess O'Rourke." Paramount told
Brackett he was crazy. He assured him
that the girl in this picture had to look
like the average American girl; be bright,
and, possessed of a sense of humor,
even if in her unswerving love
an alcoholic, she got small chance to
be it. He finally got his way, the pic-
ture won an Academy Award, and Jane's
name went up higher than a thermometer
in midsummer's sun. She was chosen
to play Me Baxter in "The Yearling.
which won her an Academy nomination,
and Jerry Wald decided she was the
right girl in the world for Belinda.
Lew probably didn't see Jane's fine perform-
ances in these films.

At first, Jane and Lew, who finally
wanted to play opposite one another only
because they were told they'd do it or go
suspension, barely spoke to one an-
other. As the mute girl, Jane had no
dialogue, and in the interests of her art,
subjected herself to great strain. This
was due to her having made herself deaf
through her acting scenes. She really
didn't hear the slightest sound. It was
led by special ear plugs, made for her
by a doctor. They shut her into the world
from the totally deaf world. That
\
ing look you see on her face in
starring Belinda" is genuine. She was
singing to catch every word. The result
was wonderful for her performance but
ugly on her temperament.

Gradually she and Lew drifted into

Lots of our customers are converts

In recent months many young house-
keepers have learned a valuable lesson
—"you can't wash clothes with coupons".

Nearly every day this very practical
experience makes more converts to
Fels-Naptha Soap.

It doesn't take long to see why
Fels-Naptha is the real 'bargain' in
laundry soap. Fels-Naptha combines
two great cleaners—mild, golden soap
and active naptha. It gets out the grime
most soaps can't budge. It is quick and
ever so gentle with delicate fabrics—
especially baby things. It's a positive time
and labor saver for "The Lady of The House".

These are the "specials" and "extras" you always get
with Fels-Naptha Soap... at a fair and modest price.

GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS
Fels-Naptha Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
The Double Life of Teresa Wright!

On the Screen

Teresa plays a love scene enchantingly . . . thrills millions with the magic of her graceful, smoothly perfect hands.

TERESA WRIGHT, lovely young star of Samuel Goldwyn's "ENCHANTMENT"

In Private Life

Teresa is a popular hostess and an excellent cook. Her specialty? Chef's Salad à la Teresa! And her hand care specialty? Jergens Lotion! Teresa says: "Jergens keeps my hands wonderfully soft in spite of kitchen work."

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any other hand care

For the Stars—for you—for today's richer Jergens Lotion gives finer than ever care. Now Jergens:

Protects longer against roughness.
Smooths hands to even softer, finer loveliness.
Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs.
Never sticky or greasy. Only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World!
BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Tune in Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Story," Mutual Broadcasting System, Wednesday, 9:30 p.m., E.S.T.

JACK BENNY'S comment after it was announced that he would switch from NBC to CBS: "I wonder if CBS has a free parking lot?"

Keenan Wynn: "She said she felt like a young colt, but she looked more like a .45."

George Jessel, toastmaster par excellence, called Greer Garson on the phone and for the first time in his life was at a loss for words.

"I must be stuck on you," said George, "I can't think of anything to say."

"Oh, come now," said Greer, "just pretend I'm a benefit."

Raving about the performance Larry Parks gives in "Jolson Sings Again," Al Jolson is telling friends:

"I'm a lot better in the sequel than I was in the first picture.

A 'dol who had had one too many was heckling comic Phil Foster at a Hollywood nightclub. Phil raised his hands, asked for quiet and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce a young lady who is very famous. You have seen and heard her many times—tonight."

Mike Curtiz: "I don't care what the people like so long as the audience likes it."

Groucho Marx was asked what role he was playing in his new picture, "It's Only Money." "I'm not sure," he said, "but I'd really like to play the money."

It was suggested to Gracie Allen, who dabbles at writing, that she might one day win the Pulitzer Prize. "Goodness, no," said Gracie. "Not me. I don't know how to pulitz."

Audie Murphy, the most decorated hero of World War II, prefers not to talk about his heroic deeds, but he does like to tell this story: He was at the front directing, by phone, artillery fire for a battery three miles behind the lines. The Germans were rapidly advancing and a nervous artillery officer kept asking Audie:

"How close are they now?"

Finally, the Germans got too close even for the indestructible Mr. Murphy and as the nervous artillery officer asked again, "How close are they now?" Audie spoke into his phone: "Just a minute, sir. I'll let you talk to one of them." And then, said Audie, "I threw the telephone away and ran like the devil."

The Gown Doesn't Fit, Honey...

— you're not ready for an adult size yet ... And mother knows it's the same in aspirin—you're not ready for a 5-grain adult size tablet because it doesn't fit your special dosage needs.

Mother... HERE'S THE ASPIRIN TABLET THAT "Fits" YOUR CHILD'S NEEDS

IT'S ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN! Approved by mothers everywhere because it solves child dosage problems and eliminates all guesswork about correct dosage. Easy To Give because it's not necessary to cut or break tablets. Assures Accurate Dosage because each tablet contains 1/4 grains of aspirin—1/4 the regular 5-grain adult tablet. Easy To Take because it's orange flavored and sweetened to a child's taste. Bottle of 50 tablets, 35c.

Be sure to always ask for the original and genuine St. Joseph Aspirin For Children because there is no other product just like it! Buy it now!
If there's one thing every woman can always use, it's a NEW DRESS! Especially when it's beautifully made in the latest style and the newest colors and fabrics—such as those shown on this page. How would you like to receive one, two, three or even more lovely Spring dresses, without paying a penny of cost? That's right, without paying out a single cent in cash! Well, here's your chance. It's a remarkable opportunity offered by FASHION FROCKS, Inc., America's largest direct selling dress company. Our dresses are bought by women in every state, and nearly every county. We need new representatives right away to take orders in spare time and send them to us. Any woman, even without previous experience, can act as our representative. Whether you're married or single—housewife or employed woman—you can get the chance to obtain stunning dresses as a bonus—dresses that will not cost you a penny. In addition, you can make splendid weekly cash commissions—up to $25 and $25 a week, or more! You simply take orders when and where you please for FASHION FROCKS—gorgeous originals of exquisite fabrics, unbelievably low-priced down to $3.98. For every order, you get paid in cash on the spot. It's really a cinch.

More representatives needed right away!

Right now, more representatives are needed to show a marvelous added feature of FASHION FROCKS—sensational new styles personally designed by the lovely screen star, Constance Bennett, "one of the world's ten best-dressed women". Be the one to present these exciting dresses to friends and neighbors. Remember, they can't be bought in stores, so people must come to you if they want to be admired in stunning Constance Bennett originals. FASHION FROCKS carry the famous Good Housekeeping guaranty seal. You can make good money without previous experience. Our special cooperation plan helps you to exceptional earnings like these: Marie Patton, Ill., earned $28.84 in a single week—Mrs. Claude Burnett, Ala., collected $27.10.

Get started now—mail coupon

Think how wonderful it can be to get all your own dresses, without cost! Mail the coupon now to reserve valuable Style Presentation Portfolio sent FREE. No obligation—and nothing to pay. Just paste coupon to a postcard and mail it today.

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—mail now!

FASHION FROCKS, INC. Desk B3039, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City___________________________ Zone______ State________
Age_________ Dress Size________

Beautiful Janet Leigh plays the part of Meg in M-G-M's "Little Women"

Fashion says "Wear a tweed suit" and here is a wonderful one by Junior-Deb. The flare-back, high-collared jacket is the newest length and the skirt is divinely slimming. Donegal tweed in sizes 7-15. $39.95 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver, Colo.

A Jean Allen straw tam by Gage. About $5.00

Navy suede and calf shoes by Town and Country. $9.95

String gloves by Wear-Right. $2.00

Colored luggage by Kessler

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 89.
Ella Raines, the very chic and provocative star of United Artists' "Impact"

Left A soft short jacket and a beautifully detailed skirt make this rayon gabardine suit by del Mar perfect for "anywhere." High and dark spring shades. Sizes 10-18. $25.00 at Stern Bros., New York, N. Y., and Frost Bros., San Antonio, Tex. Felt cap by Madeps.

Right Tailored to a queen's taste is this glen plaid suit by Lou Schneider. The fitted jacket and slim skirt will walk you smartly into spring. Sizes 10-20. Under $35.00 at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Rich's, Atlanta, Ga. Suede hat by Betmar.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 89.
The snows will soon be melting now and there will soon be spring in the air. All this means you'll want to pin a real flower on your coat, wear spanking white gloves and blossom out in a pretty new bonnet. Maybe you can't buy a whole new wardrobe but you can, with a little imagination, fool your public into thinking you have.

Anchor your beret or small hat atop your head with ribbons and tie it under your chin for the newest in hat fashions. Tie with a length of tulle for "dress up."

Buy a length of leopard print fabric and make yourself a stole and turban to wear with a solid color suit or a dark dress. Haven't you noticed how right the leopard looks as a springtime accessory?
Lizabeth Scott's dress designed by Adele Palmer for "Too Late for Tears," a Hunt Stromberg Production filmed at Republic for United Artists' release.

If you have a flair for the dramatic, you'll want this deceptively simple dress. It's a perfect background, too, for jewelry, scarves and your most interesting belt. Ameritex have a smart iridescent rayon shantung called "Chin-Shan" which would be a lovely fabric for this dress. It comes plain or printed with a charming Chinese motif. The colors are cloudy pastels or the deeper rich tones.
ADELE PALMER

designer of Lizabeth Scott's
dress in "Too Late for Tears"

Adele Palmer, as youthful and gay as the clothes she designs for Republic, believes versatility is one of the most important factors in smartness. This is typified in the dress we have selected as our Pattern of the Month. Miss Palmer feels it is the kind of dress that humors every mood, for it may be dressed up or down.

Lizabeth Scott has a flair for the dramatic—hence the medallion which dangles from the belt of this dress. Miss Palmer is a firm advocate of "conversation pieces" such as the wearing of a huge medallion instead of a necklace or dangling it from the belt for a change. She suggests dramaticizing a classically simple dress with three rhinestone birds in flight across the shoulder line.

Adele sounds a warning, however, that what is a "conversation piece" one day may become a fad the next and, as such, is automatically banned from the smart woman's wardrobe. "The first girl who wore gold sandals in her patio had a real conversation piece," says Adele. "The five-thousandth sandal is merely a follower of fads."

Stores Selling Photoplay Patterns
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

That Formfit Look
...for a sweetheart of a figure

Have you despaired of ever seeing your figure as beautiful as hers? Don't give up yet! Her figure may be no more perfect than yours. But she has discovered what millions of other lovely women already know—that the look of figure-perfection is now possible. Life Bra and Life Girdle by Formfit, working together, correct your entire figure faultlessly...no matter what your figure faults! That secret is ours—and it's in the exclusive Formfit way they're tailored to LIFT—MOLD—CORRECT—HOLD, all at one time. Make "that Formfit look" your own today at any of the better stores.

Life Bras from $1.25
Life Girdles from $7.50

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CHICAGO, NEW YORK
Most of these shoes come in calf, suede or patent, and in high and dark spring shades. For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 89.
Photoplay Fashions

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

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Simon Cohen & Co.
512 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C.

Accessories
Gage Bros. (Hat)
18 S. Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.
Wear-Right (Gloves)
244 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.
Town and Country (Shoes)
330 5th Ave., N. Y. C.
Kessler (Luggage)
27 W. 20 St., N. Y. C.

Short Jacket Suit
del Mar Sportswear
1400 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Felt Hat
Madcaps
28 W. 39 St., N. Y. C.

Glen Plaid Suit
Lou Schneider, Inc.
512 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. C.

Suede Hat
Betmar, 1 W. 39 St., N. Y. C.

Shoes
Velvet Step
1501 Washington Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.
Kickerinos
1229 W. Vine, Milwaukee, Wis.
Trim Tred
1501 Washington Ave.
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1501 Washington Ave.
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Jolene
1204 Washington Ave.
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Carmelletes
1325 Washington Ave.
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TAILORED AT SPORTLEIGH HALL, HARRODSBURG, KY.
Some Things for the Girls
(Continued from page 68) skirt; then reach for the brown, gray or black coat or cardigan. Discard the light colored or printed coat—half of one outfit and line your cardigan with it. Give the cardigan turnback cuffs or a tiny collar of the left-over material from the dress or suit coat you're combining with it, and presto—a dreamy new daytime ensemble!

The cardigan is even making its appearance at formal dinner parties and at the cocktail hour and should certainly be a part of your spring and summer wardrobe this year, whether for toing off at golf, or tete-a-toting with your best beau.

Jo Stafford has a gold-colored jersey cardigan jacket with smoked pearl buttons and push-up sleeves. It can button all the way up over white sports blouses with white, gray or black skirts, or with just the bottom two buttons buttoned, forming a plunging neckline, over a contrasting dress, the top of which she wants to show. Thus a daytime costume is completed, without the necessity of lugging a non-matching coat, or inappropriate furs.

Such added jackets can even be worn over your "basic black" with as much jewelry as you'd care to add.

CAUGHT Ann Blyth lunching at Romanoff's in a darling new print street dress (every small design) of brown, leaf-greens and black on a background of pink. It's simple, full skirted, has a tiny round self-collar of the print, short sleeves, and buttons all the way from neck to hem. Over it goes a soft brown cardigan of lightweight wool, lined in the same print, bracelet sleeves with a rim of the print barely showing, and with a tuxedo collar of the print down the front—no buttons. Smart Ann also has a skirt of matching brown wool and an extra little shirtwaist of the print—thus giving her two distinct costumes (one afternoon-ish—one more tailored)—and for little more than the price of one. Get the idea? It can work for you in so many ways!

And just one more note on the subject. There are the elegant "lumber-jacket" types of cardigan which can be made from a small piece of gold lame, velvet, satin or any luxurious fabric you love. And what wonderful "evening wraps" they make for wear over decollete gowns.

Individuality can be your keynote now and for some time to come—because the Look (no longer the new or old look) is so greatly varied—and there's one for each and every type. If the suit suits you, wear it—but be sure it's tailored to your most flattering length. Long or short jackets, full or slim skirts are equally good. There's a smart, very young suit that Anne Baxter—still on a clothes-buying spree—has chosen in a tan lightweight tweed, which gets its skirt fullness only from a slight flare starting just below the hipline. It has a waist-long basque jacket on which Anne wears a big gold medallion, set with topazes and other colored stones. Simple little tailored blouses, from white to bright green, go underneath. She wears a tiny straw sailor matching the tweed in color, on her brumette tresses, now so short—just like most of the other gals in town.

When Dottie Lamour had Betty Hutton guesting on her air show, Betty watched her p's and q's and clothes—because she knew that Dottie has Jean Louis design all those lovely things she wears when broadcasting. Betty wore a unique shirtwaist dress—well, not really a shirtwaist dress. Hers had a fabulously full skirt of brown taffeta—almost to the ankles; and the "waist" was brown taffeta, too. From the neckline, which (Continued on page 92)

---

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WORSTEDS... FINEST 100% WOOL FABRICS, MASTERFULLY TAILORED. IN
APRIL-SOFT TONES OF BROWN OR GREY, SIZES 10 TO 18. ABOUT $50.

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You Go Shopping...

or when you are writing to the manufacturers of merchandise which you have seen featured in these Fashion Pages... it will be easier for them to know exactly the item you wish to buy, if you mention you saw it in Photoplay.

(Continued from page 90) was a high, rolled collar, to the hemline, there was a buttoned closing. And alongside the closing, all the way, was a scroll trimming of black passementerie. Dress had push-up sleeves to the elbow. With lots of bright jewelry to lighten it up, it's a very good, all-year-rounder.

As for Dottie, she added a nice bit of nonsense to an all-sense costume. She was wearing a simple, beautifully cut black silk suit, with its fitted jacket a new, long length over the slimmest of skirts—slashed at the hemline at the two front seams. Dottie wore an oversized straw beret, of an orangy shade, tilted far to one side, and at its lowest point, she had added a flame of black, shiny feathers jutting forward in a big, breath-taking swish. The feathers were anchored with a big semicircular gold filagree pin ablaze with diamonds. A striking effect.

DOTTIE is mad for black, but finds many to vary what might become monotonous in the no-color department. Over one black dress which is very simple, high-necked and close fitting, she wears a long, very full black lightweight coat which is lined in madly striped colors—a blaze of colors in fact. It's seen, of course, only when she moves. (This suggests lots of ways you could transform an old dress and an old coat into a brand new ensemble—but only wearing them together!)

The new ivory, cocoa and yellowish tones we've spoken of really find the right place to nest when Ava Gardner, with her billowing light brown hair and perfect skin, combines one or more of 'em for a gown. Ava and Howard, long-time romancers, had a tiff so Ava went to the Charlie Morrisey's party stag—but she wasn't short of dancing partners. She floated around the Mocambo dance floor in a beautiful dress of cocoa-colored Chantilly lace over ivory satin—the whole effect making a "skin tone." It's simply styled, with a very full circular skirt skimming the ground. All around the off-shoulder neckline is a cuff of the ivory satin. At one shoulder this cuff looks gathered into a circle of big tobacco-colored "diamonds" set in a big frame of gold. Dainty gold plain earrings, ring and bracelets, the only other jewelry or trimming for this eye catching ensemble, which is finished off with Ava's short, full cloak of satin in a pale coffee shade. Deeper coffee-colored satin slippers give her four shades of actually one color—such a beautiful effect!

The End
Return of the Torso

(Continued from page 41) tell a trend without consulting tea leaves.

Screen precedent for male stripping goes back to "The Birth of a Nation." Wally Reid appeared, muscular to the hips, as he tossed villains around like confetti. An Adonis in face and form, Wally was henceforth a male Gypsy Rose Lee.

In his dressing room one afternoon, the telephone rang. The publicity department was calling to instruct him. "Okay," he sighed, and peeled his shirt.

"Reporter to interview me," he grimly said. "I'm in the same class as a Follies girl. When I lose my shape I'm done."

RESURGENCE of interest in the rugged male is a healthy omen, for during the war, the maternal instinct overcame women to such a degree that sex appeal amounted to anemia and the beau ideal was a lullaby boy. Now the Marines have landed back in Hollywood and the female situation is in normal hands.

Robert Ryan not only served with the Leathernecks, he did a stretch with Talullah Bankhead in "Clash By Night." He's an exemplary male and Jack Dempsey tapped him to play the Champ in his life story which RKO is screening.

Bob exemplifies the brawn-and-brain boys who constitute the new race of screen gods. He is six-feet-three, with black hair and brown eyes. His towering bulk of 194 pounds supports a turret of intellect. He bears a B.A. from Dartmouth where he boxed, played football, edited the college paper, wrote poetry and plays.

His post-college activities ran the gamut. He was able-bodied seaman, sandhog, miner, cowboy, bodyguard for a mobster and a "human mule" pushing rock barges in the sewer tunnels of Chicago. This, along with training devil dogs and sparring with Talloo, made a superman fit to challenge Jove.

Burt Lancaster, of triumphant torso, has a similar record. He left New York University in a pair of acrobatic tights that belonged to someone else and joined a circus. A personable Hermes with blue eyes and blond tousled top, he later became an attraction for night clubs where he performed on horizontal bars. Always a reckless youth, he fell victim to ennui after stunting at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. In a hundred-dollar tailored ensemble, he applied for a truck driver's job at Marshall Field's. The personnel manager had the eye of a casting director. He put Burt to work as a floor walker in the lingerie section. Burt, carnation in buttonhole, did handstands and back flips in the aisles and business boomed.

Burt was rescued by the Army before he lost his carnation and he went off with the Fifth Army for service in North Africa, Italy and Austria. He got his first dramatic training when he put on shows for Special Services. Romance caught up with him in Italy where he met Norma Anderson, a USO entertainer. Now he is star-producer of Norma Productions, that made "Kiss the Blood off My Hands."

Another Titan of body and mind is Sonny Tufts, a Yale man, measuring six-feet-four and weighing two hundred. At college he went out for football and crew, sang in the glee club, organized bands and wrote for the Yale Record and Yale News. He made twenty-five Atlantic safaris with his college musicians. His precociously brilliant career came close to finale when he skidded on skis off a sixty-foot cliff. For five months he relaxed in a hospital with a busted pelvis.

One admirer of male pulchritude, a profound student of the old Greeks, insists Errol Flynn might be another Ganymede.
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IT'S A
DAN RIVER
FABRIC

A L A N L A D D holds seniority among torso
boys. From the day he was born a star
up to his latest film, “Whispering Smith,”
Alan has been either practically shirtless
or given some lusty fight scenes in which to
put his muscles to play. An old-school
athlete, Alan was a studio grip until he fell
off a scaffolding on to a set, lost his shirt
and became a star.

John Payne studied at Mercersburg
Academy, University of Virginia and the
drama school of Columbia. Six-feet-three,
weighing 190, he has one of the finest
physiques in pictures. Consequently he
has been forced to wonder about in his
shorts a good deal.

His career is also colorful. In his teens
he shipped as steward to Europe and
South America. He wrote for pulp
magazines, designed model planes and
at sixteen soloed a full-size ship. (He
was in the Ferry Command during
the war.) While working his way at
Columbia, he earned money wrestling
professionally, child-sitting and tending
switchboard. Once he had a job in a
burlesque theater singing an accompaniment
for a strip-teaser. This did not
inspire him to be one; he'd rather wear
clothes in which he looks as elegant as in
his well-tailored epidermis.

Thirteen years ago, Johnny Weissmuller,
a swimming champ, was run down by a
studio scout, stripped and carried off to
the M-G-M jungle to play Tarzan. When
Johnny retired from tree tops, Sol Lesser,
entrepreneur of Tarzan, sent scouts to
uncover another jungle wonder. They
visited muscle-man exhibitions but found
the weight-lifters too unsymmetrical for
female taste. A sizable part of Tarzan's
patronage is feminine, Mr. Lesser says.

Intelligence is required of the tenth
Tarzan, who is a cosmopolite now, having
come a long way from the baboon-chested
aborigine of early pictures. His premieres
are attended in Cairo by pashas in white
ties and tails and by harems in their best
veils. The new Tarzan will speak lines and
attend the Olympics in a forthcoming epic.

Out of a thousand applicants, a tenth
Tarzan was uncovered who is indeed an
athlete plus. He is a graduate of Philips-
Exeter, a cosmopolite who lived abroad for
six years; he speaks French fluently, un-
derstands Italian and Spanish, paints and
sketches, collects vintage wines and looks
like Apollo Belvedere. He went into the
war a private and was invalided out a
major — Major Alexander Crichton Bar-
k, yelept Lex Barker.

Hollywood giants, let it be known, match
Apollo not only in form but in cerebrum.
It looks like the renaissance of the gods.

THE END
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Peggy Ann Garner, winsome and winter-wise

**Beauty Spots**

Pretty Date-able Gal

By MARY JANE FULTON

PEGGY ANN GARNER, pretty teen-age lass, plays the lead opposite Lon McCallister in "The Big Cat." It's her first romantic role... Since Peggy, now seventeen, is allowed to have more dates, her new convertible comes in mighty handy when she wants to drive from Hollywood up into the nearby mountains for winter sports. Usually, a date rides with her. But she enjoys sometimes taking along a girl friend, instead. For, Peggy stoutly maintains, two girls can have lots of fun, too!

Her Anti-chap Tricks

Because in a few hours she experiences a radical climate change—from warm to winter weather—she's learned how to protect her skin from any damaging effects caused by the wind and cold... She carries in her purse a small bottle of hand lotion, filled from her large bathroom size bottle, and applies it several times during the day to keep her hands from chapping.

Peggy says she also massages a hand lotion or cream all over her ankles, legs and arms after bathing. For even though she takes along a warm sweater, woolen socks and heavy mittens to wear in the mountains, the wind and cold can still be a menace to her soft, tender skin... Just why Peggy's freckles worry her is hard to say. On her they look cute. However, since they do, she's discovered a way to conceal them. She smooths on a bit of cream foundation in a shade which matches her skin tone. Or, she alternates with a light film of creamy cake make-up. Besides acting as a freckle camouflage, they also help keep her face from chapping so easily... Another anti-chap trick she has is to use a medicated, colorless lip pomade on her lips, before applying her lipstick... When you have a cold, or haven't time for a wet shampoo and set, she suggests trying a dry shampoo. It doesn't take long to give, nor should it spoil your old set, if you follow directions carefully... Get outdoors this winter all you can, she also advises, even though it's only for a short, brisk walk. The crisp, cool air will put stars in your eyes, roses in your cheeks, and make you feel like your most beautiful, healthy self!

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You're never without hot water when you own a Little Marvel Electric Faucet Heater. Get one now at the amazingly low cost of only $3.98. Mail coupon TODAY!

Midnight Supper Date
(Continued from page 54) towel. Mix 1 cup homemade dressing with 1/4 cup prepared mayonnaise, 1 tsp. dry mustard and 1/2 tsp. salt to taste. Stir into cabbage. At the last minute stir in 1/2 cup chopped walnuts. This serves 8.

Homemade Dressing: In the top of a double boiler, mix 1 1/2 tbsps. dry mustard, 1 tsp. sugar, 2 tps. flour, 1/2 tsp. salt, a dash of paprika, 1 egg slightly beaten, 1/2 cup milk. Then add 1/4 cup vinegar slowly, stirring constantly. Cook over hot water until thick.

Macaroni Salad: Boil 2 cups macaroni, drain and rinse in cold water, shake well in sieve until dry as possible. Mix with 1 cup French dressing. Let stand 2 hours, then drain off the French dressing. Add to the macaroni: 1/2 cup grated onion, 1 thinly sliced green bell pepper, 4 stalks finely chopped celery, paprika and salt to taste, 1/2 cups homemade dressing and 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Decorate with strips of pimento.

Pineapple Cottage Cheese Cake: First make topping by blending 2 cups finely rolled corn flakes, 1/4 pound melted butter, 1/4 cup sugar, and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Pack 1/4 of mixture in bottom and around sides of angel food tube cake pan. Filling: Soak 2 envelopes gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Beat 3 egg yolks with 1/4 cup sugar and a pinch of salt. Add 1 cup milk and cook in the top of a double boiler until creamy. Add gelatine to these ingredients. Then add 1 pound of sieved cottage cheese, 3 tbsp. of lemon juice, 1 finely grated lemon rind, 1 tsp. vanilla, 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, and 1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff and fold into mixture. Pour into crust, and sprinkle with remaining topping. Place in refrigerator until firm (at least 3 hours). Carefully turn out on cake plate; decorate with more whipped cream if desired. Jeanette puts a tiny glass of roses in center for added decoration.

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COME IN FOR A FREE DANCE ANALYSIS

So don't miss out on the good times that should be yours. Visit an Arthur Murray Studio now. Meet the instructors. Let one of them give you a free 15-minute dance analysis. Bring your husband, wife or friend and have this check up together. You'll find lessons cost less at Arthur Murray's because you learn so quickly. Come in and see.

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HOUSEWIFE GUILD, ARVERNE ENGLAND

Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 22)

(F) Criss Cross
(Universal-International)

BURT LANCASTER, Yvonne De Carlo and Dan Duryea are a snarling threesome in this one.

Divorced from Burt, Yvonne marry dangerous Dan, then comes crying to Hubby Number One about the way Hubby Number Two treats her. In vain, Lancaster’s friend Stenov McNally tries to steer him clear of bad company.

Well, one thing leads to another and soon Lancaster is part of a plot to hold up an armored truck. He and Yvonne plan to skip with their share of the haul but Duryea has other ideas.

Your Reviewer Says: A middled meller.

(F) Mexican Hayride
(Universal-International)

THOSE two cutups, Abbott and Costello, cross the border for some Mexican monkeyshines.

But—more rollypoly than ever—is chasing Lou for making him hold the bag after pulling a crooked deal back home. Meanwhile, a pair of American detectives tail Costello. Officially, Abbott is managing Virginia Grey, an attractive toreador; privately, he’s conspiring with wicked Luba Malina to peddle phony stock.

John Hubbard and Fritz Feld are part and parcel of all the uproar.

Your Reviewer Says: Whoop-de-de with Bud and Lou.

✓ (F) The Sun Comes Up (M-G-M)

WHEN you lose someone you love, don’t shut the rest of the world out. Concert singer Jeanette MacDonald tries it after the accidental death of her young son, and it doesn’t work.

Heartbroken, Jeanette goes off in her car to forget it all. The last creature she wants along with her is Laszlo; but it was while seeking to save the dog that the boy fell under a truck. But Laszlo, who has a way with her, refuses to be left behind. It’s when Jeanette rents a house in the mountains and gets to meet plain country folk that she learns that life must go on.

Nice Claude Jarman Jr., an orphan who comes to do her chores, opens her eyes to that fact. In vain Jeanette struggles against her maternal feelings, towards Claude who longs to be adopted by her, but is too proud to admit it to anyone but storekeeper Percy Kilbride.

Lloyd Nolan makes a rather late entrance in the picture as the sympathetic owner of the house, obviously drawn to his talented and attractive tenant.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasantly diverting.

Best Picture of the Month

A Kiss in the Dark

Best Performances of the Month

Janet Leigh in "Act of Violence"

David Niven, Jane Wyman, Victor Moore in "A Kiss in the Dark"

William Holden, Lee J. Cobb in "The Dark Past"

Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray in "Family Honeymoon"

Patricia Neal in "John Loves Mary"

Marina Goring in "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill"
Subject to Change

(Continued from page 56) It too, when they watched his test for "Dolley the Kid," the affable, sensitive youth of "They Live by Night." Now, with the roles of the musician of "Rope," the dashing RAF officer of "Enchantment," and the romantic Mountie of "Roseanna McCoy" behind him, Farley is conceded to be Hollywood's latest romantic rage and one of its most versatile actors.

Farley may live in a sort of Never-Never land peopled only with the good and the kind, but he can be realistic enough about his performances on the screen. If he feels he does a good job he has no qualms about saying so. If he feels he's terrible, he says that, too—and always objectively. To any who say they liked him in "Rope," Farley remonstrates with, "Oh, no, you didn't." He was unhappy about being cast in "Enchantment." But after the sneak preview he was very pleased and admitted he had been wrong.

Next to acting, Farley's first loves are books and music. He fairly lives to musical accompaniment. "I turn it on the minute I get home," he says. He usually studies his script walking back and forth the living room floor accompanied by Gershwin or Stravinsky. "If I had my choice of what I'd have liked most to have been," he says, "I think it would have been a composer. Acting is a transitory thing—but to write music which would bring happiness to so many people—who could ask for more?"

He seldom carries money—which means nothing since he has charge accounts at all the leading book stores and music shops. When Farley rolls up in his black convertible, the clerks meet him at the door with their latest selections. He has no mechanical aptitude. His talents are exclusively artistic. Give him a piece of clay or a pencil to sketch with or a script—and stand aside. He has the greatest appreciation of art, leaning to the work of Grandma Moses and Picasso. He is happiest in levis and wears them anywhere, including artsy garb, excepting one time he visited recently during what turned out to be its formal opening. "With all the other customers in evening attire, we got out of here but fast."

"We" included Geraldine Brooks, who old nobody about their fashion faux pas and turned on the radio one evening to hear Farley frankly discussing it with a fashion authority on a broadcast.

Geraldine and Pat Neal are his favorite eminent companions. Speaking of girls, 'I can't stand girls who are always posing, always conscious of the impression they are making. I like a girl who's a good sport and one with my same off-beat sense of humor. One whom I can respect for her alert and ambition and one who's easy to get along with—that's the biggest qualification.'

Girls, including his best—his Mom—find arley very thoughtful. He was working in the set of "Rope" all day, last Valentine's Day, but he wasn't too busy to send his mother a telegram saying simply, "Will ou be?" If a gal's done up in a new dress something special, he'll always be very complimentary. When Geraldine got her new short haircut, it was Farley who suggested they "celebrate" it. When Pat Neal left for England, for a picture, Farley was at her home early the morning of her departure to help with some last minute packing.

Farley lives among the pines in Laurel Canyon in a cute little white house. He as a maid Rosie, who cleans for him twice a week and usually leaves a baked cake or roast, cooked as ad lib. As you can guess, "Rosie's wonderful."
He hates to leave a party once he gets to one, hates to go to bed and hates even more to get up any morning. He admits, "I'm always late. I never mean to be but I always am. I sleep until the last second." When he is due at the studio at 8:30, he sets his alarm for 8:00, leaving a half hour to dress, eat breakfast and get there.

His favorite evenings are spent at the home of the Sol Chaplins whom he calls "real friends." He has Sol play the piano while he hums along in a noise popularly referred to by them as Farley's monotonous. He doesn't like garden parties and seldom goes to a night club unless there's an act I want to see." On a date, he prefers to listen to records, play charades or go sailing.

Most of Farley's friends are older. Nick Ray, the Gene Kellys, George Coulouris and Arthur Lawrence, the playwright, all agree Farley's twenty-three is just a number. "It has nothing to do with his age. He is more mature than his years."

ANY reference to Farley's stardom gets a vehement protest. "I don't like it when people call me a star, because I'm not," he says. "I don't think any actor has the right to be called a star until he's proven himself. Nobody can become a real star overnight. I don't want to be a flash-in-the-Hollywood-pan. Acting is my career. I want to stick around for a while."

Ask whether he was surprised when he was given a movie contract with no previous experience and you'll get an equally frank, "No, I wasn't. I had dreamed about acting for as long as I can remember. When they told me I had the part in 'North Star,' I felt it was as it should be and the way it was bound to be sooner or later. It was just sooner."

That Farley was meant to be an actor was evident from childhood when he'd come home from a movie matinee, sit on the steps in front of his house and go through the entire picture again—acting it out for the neighborhood kids, line for line. He made his first dramatic appearance at the age of five, at a Christmas program. His part was confined to a toddler-on in one act, but when one of the other boys became ill, he changed clothes and went back in the other part, too. "All my relatives out front were so proud of me," he laughs. They thought I was a real trouper."

His only other dramatic appearance was at a Little Theatre in Hollywood with "The Wookie" in which he played Cousin Hector with a cockney accent. This opportunity came about through his father's acquaintance with Harry Langdon. "What would you do with a kid who wants to be an actor?" Pop Granger asked him one day. Langdon suggested getting him into a play a friend of his was directing. An agent, who knew that Goldwyn was looking for a seventeen-year-old boy for "North Star," came backstage opening night and made an appointment to take him to the studio for an interview. He got the part and an exclusive contract with Goldwyn, who then lent him out for "Purple Heart." In February, 1944, Farley enlisted in the Navy. He was stationed in Hawaii and received his honorable discharge in March.

Farley feels his responsibilities of citizenship strongly. On movie location just prior to the national election, he planned to vote by absentee ballot, but he was happy knowing it later developed he was able to come home and not miss participating in his first national election. There's a serious set to his handsome face when he discusses vital foreign issues.

He absorbs knowledge like a sponge. In the presence of authorities on any known subject, he sits silently filing the facts away in his mind. You can take this with the Sol Chaplin and his wife Ethel and it was Farley was New York's star sightseer. "Our feet still ache from walking with him," they laugh. And on an interview, it's Farley who asks the questions: Name the stars one likes to interview. Why? What constitutes good copy? Why? What is good copy? Also why. "But I want to know," he protests when reminded that it is he who is being interviewed.

Sailors who served in his outfit in the Navy say they didn't see much of him off duty. He was usually lying on the beach reading Plato. For when Farley gets a crust on a book—currently it's "The Naked and the Dead"—he just can't put it down. A confirmed bookworm all his life, he can even read in a refrigerator. In fact he almost jeopardized his job at the market where he worked as a stock boy after school, doing just that. He was never a success at routine jobs anyway, and he was usually charged with stealing boxes of groceries in the wrong cars and people would always get home with a different bill of goods than they ordered. But at night, when he was supposed to be stocking the refrigerators, he would block off the front of the box with bottles of milk and pounds of butter, so the manager or customers couldn't look through, and then he'd take out his book and really "gold brick."

Farley's future is always completely flexible. Other than being a good actor, he has no definite plans. Any questions about what he's apt to be doing five years from now always stop him. "With me life is always subject to change beginning with tomorrow."

One thing is certain, though. Farley's star is in the ascent.

The End
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Think of it! No more lipstick to come off on him. Men will adore you. No more staining tea-cups and napkins. Hostesses will welcome you. Other women will envy you. You'll be the star of every party—the most desired girl of all, with your lips radiantely colored in your favorite red, but entirely without greasy coating. Yes, it's true. The new Liquid Liptone does not rub off! It does NOT come off on anything—at anytime! Put it on once before you meet him and your lips will remain completely beautiful until long after "good-night."

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You cannot possibly know how beautiful your lips will be, until you see them in Liquid Liptone. These exciting colors that contain no paste or grease give your lips a tempting charm they never had before—and of course, they DON'T RUB OFF ever! Choose from the list of shades below. Check coupon. Send it at once and I will send you, by return mail, trial bottles of the shades you order. Expect to be thrilled! You WILL be!

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Shopping is easier, faster, more convenient in "5 & 10" variety stores. Open display counters ... easy to see, easy to select.

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The integrity of famous "5 & 10" variety store companies is a bond behind every article displayed on their counters.

Nationally Advertised Brands Week in Variety Stores, N. Y. C.

To emphasize their high standards of quality the nation's "5 & 10" are celebrating Nationally Advertised Brands Week in Variety Stores March 4 to 12, 1949.
(Continued from page 101) the face. Whatsoever went on in her life a few months ago when divorce rumors were flying fast, she and Richard had gotten together and certainly seem to be doing all they can to keep their marriage safe.

Luckily for June, her right heart and her sympathy for others are her greatest concern. And her inability to say "No" is counterbalanced by her capacity for charming, if confusing, conversation. When faced with some controversy or a decision upon which she doesn't want to commit herself, June chatters along, charms all and really says nothing.

Ironically enough, her toughest scene in "Little Women," was a page of dialogue in which she chatters on ad infinitum. This would have worked no hardship upon her, even though she was required to have her mouth full of cookies at the time, if she hadn't had to stick to the script.

She worries about her work. "Nobody ever knows it, but I get so nervous," she says. "When I have a tough scene to do the next day, I study until I know the line backwards. But I still wake up in the middle of the night wondering if I really know them. Then I can't sleep. And on the set the next day, I'm sure I won't remember one line. Or get the right interpretations. I just want to go home and kill myself."

The mere suggestion of any such planned "self-destruction" would be greeted with great dismay at M-G-M where June is highly valued as an actress versatile enough to handle the comedy of "The Bride Goes Wild," the song and dance in "Words and Music," the emotional role as Jimmy Stewart's wife in "The Stratton Story," and the brilliant and unpredictable Jo of "Little Women."

"Jo is my favorite part to date," June says enthusiastically, "it's the kind of a part I love; an active girl who just goes. She fences with hoop skirts on and such. Jo is the first time I've ever been myself on the screen."

"Myself," in so far as June's personal picture is concerned, is an impulsive, fun-loving tomboy who thrives on excitement. She clowns on the set, talking completely Southern one day and using an all-cockney dialect the next. Between scenes of "The Stratton Story," she had a wonderful time playing catch with world series champs. She's a girl who always can be depended upon to go along with any gag. She's always eating; candy bars, coffee cake, doughnuts—"anything that won't bite her first," the crew says. She has a man's appetite and has been known to polish off "ten pancakes, two fried eggs and bacon. Just couldn't eat. I wasn't well that day," she laughs.

June's tomboyish tendencies terminate abruptly, however, when they interfere with feminine comfort. Her mild interest in sports and the confine thereof. For weeks she badgered Dick about playing tennis with her. "Don't be ridiculous," he kidded me, "who wants to play tennis with a girl." Without his knowledge, she took tennis lessons and one Sunday at the Leonard Firestones, June finally heckled her husband into playing with her. "He was so surprised when I even got the ball back over the net, but when I beat him nine out of seven, right in front of everybody, he could have killed me. I was playing with a big fever blister on my lip, too," she goes on building the conflict, "and Richard hit me right in the middle of it with a wicked serve. It was painful. But that's one sure way to cure a fever blister."

For all her castles in the air, she's often on solid ground, too, especially when it comes to bringing the little woman, sunny side up, to Richard and Pamela.

Don't Fail Your Daughter... You Must Tell Her These Intimate Facts of Life!

And here's up-to-date information you and she can trust...

Every daughter has a right to know these intimate physical facts before she marries. You must inform her how important, vaginal douching, two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness—to combat odor and always after menstrual periods.

And you should make her realize no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as modern ZONITE!

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Chemist

Be sure to caution your daughter about weak products for the douche. Pity the girl who, through ignorant advice of friends, uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda. Those never can assure the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

On the other hand you must warn your daughter about dangerous products—overstrong solutions of which may burn, harden or scar delicate tissue lining, and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

Remember, while ZONITE is powerfully germicidal, it's non-poisonous, non-irritating and absolutely safe to delicate tissue lining. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

Truly A Modern Miracle

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Leaves you feeling so sweet and clean. Helps guard against infection. ZONITE kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. You can buy ZONITE at any drug counter.

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FREE! NEW! For amazing enlightening new booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-39, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

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The End
They've Had to Take It

(Continued from page 47) taken it. Has it meant a fight to stay happy? Has it made a difference in their lives?

"It has made this difference, Louella," Van said to me. "It has made our marriage more solid, if possible, than if everything had been hearts and flowers. For if anything draws you closer to another human being—it is the feeling that he or she is being hurt through your love."

I looked across the table at this man opposite me with a new respect. A few interviews back I might have referred to him as a boy. Physically, he's still a big overgrown kid with his freckles and his red hair. But inside, he has matured.

He no longer sits with his socks rolled down halfway to his knees, nor does he stretch out on the floor like a gyawky Newfound-land puppy.

When he came over to my house, his wife got well and groomed as though we were giving Adolph Menjou a run for his best-dressed honors.

I KNEW from experience that I didn't have to shape—shave Van getting into our interview. He has always been a particular delight to get a story from because he doesn't preface every remark with that old exclamation, "Please don't quote me."

As a matter of fact, I think he wanted very much to talk about himself and Evie. And I took the measure of this new Van from what he had to say.

"I face a story of Edna Ferber's in which the leading character said, 'Everything that happens to me is sheer velocity.' I've never forgotten that. In the past few years I have had good reason to remember it because 'everything that happens' means the unhappiness as well as the happiness, the bad as well as the good. The greatest lesson any of us can learn is that it is all 'sheer velocity.'"

"Of course, I was flattered that the 'boy-saxers liked me,'" he explained. "But I couldn't go through life on their screams. All right, that's over."

He went on, seriously, "Now I have something more substantial—my wife—our year-old daughter. I still like to get fan mail and I am grateful for the many, many friends I have kept, but I hope I never go back to being labeled the 'boy-saxers delight.'"

He tapped a cigarette on the table top, lighted it and went on.

"You know that stuff they have said about my career being on the skids? Well, I feel it is just the opposite. I would never have been cast in pictures like 'Command Decision' and in a light comedy, 'Mother Was a Freshman,' if I were still jitterbugging around as the 'debs' darling.' I have a picture coming up, 'Scene of the Crime,' in which I play a detective."

He grinned that famous old Johnson smile of his, "moving in on Bogart and Cagney. What I mean to say is that I wouldn't have rated all these fine chances if the tenor of my publicity hadn't changed."

I said, "While we're going down the line of those vicious stories, Van, what about the rumor that you're in debt and the house you bought is foreclosed?"

He was the old Van again as he laughed loudly at this. "I bought the house before I ever married Evie," he explained. "I admit I borrowed money from M-G-M to pay for it. I know they don't approve of it. I can't borrow money to buy a home? But I'm not a fool, either, where money is concerned. I have a smart business manager. He sees to it that I pay the debt off and that I do not spend more than I make."

I asked, "But wasn't there talk that you and Evie were trying to sell the house?"
Another point of pride is the black marble and mirrored bathroom in which everything is operated by pedals, even to turning on the hot and cold water taps. They both love the place so much that they seldom go out, and one of the rumors about Van and Evie I can assure you is true, is that they don’t go out night clubbing much any more. They love their home and their Sunday tennis and barbecue parties too much. But it is nonsense to try to insinuate that they have become recluse.

I see them often at the parties given by their close friends, the Gary Coopers, Jack Benny, Claretta Colbert and Dr. Pressman and the William Goetzes. And I think it means a great deal that the people they associate with are not the ‘cafe society’ set but the conservative married couples of Hollywood.

T WAS getting a little late and Van refused a cocktail because he told me he had to get home early. It was the nurse’s night out and Evie was taking care of the baby.

“Believe me, Louella,” he said, “the greatest happiness in my life is the hours I spend with Evie and the baby. Every morning, when Schuyler wakes at six o’clock, I go in to her and there she sits in her high chair going and gurgling and trying to say Da-da.” If that sounds ga-ga, you don’t know with what sweetness and sincerity Van said it.

Because I wanted to get a well-rounded story on the Johnsons and because I know it isn’t easy for Evie with all her domestic responsibilities to leave the house, I called her.

She must have been laughing before the phone rang. She sounded so gay and happy. “What’s so funny?” I asked.

“Oh, Schuyler is in here with me and sometimes she looks ridiculously like Van,” she laughed. “She has the same red hair, the same smile and her mannerisms are so much like his that it’s funny. Next, I suppose the freckles will come along.”

“You’re really happy, aren’t you, Evie?” I asked her.

“Dreamy,” she said. “Louella, Van is so. . .” She hesitated a moment as though she searched for just the right word to express herself, Van is so kind.

“He is so thoughtful and good, even about the little things. He never forgets to tell me where he is and when he is going to be late. I never get even the slightest chance to be jealous.”

Married to a movie star—that’s really something.

“Of course, he adores our baby, but what makes him even more dear to me is that he is a pal, a confidant and a playmate to my two boys, Ed and Tracy. They adore him.”

If anyone is stupid enough to believe that a ‘situation’ still exists between the Johnsons and Evie’s former husband, Keenan Wynn, he is foolish indeed.

Now that it is all over I am sure that none of them can object when I say that everyone on the ‘inside’ in Hollywood knew that the Wynn’s were having trouble long before Van and Evie discovered they were in love. That I know.

What that trouble was will never be discussed, but there is no scandal connected with it. Their separation might have come much sooner if it had not been for their two boys. For their sake they hung on long past the time when they knew their real happiness was over. I seldom ‘editorialize’ about actors and their problems. But I do believe the time has come for all of us to get a new set of ideas about the Johnsons.

THE END
(Continued from page 62) a valued friend.

The thousand and one irritations attached to filming motion pictures roll right off his broad shoulders, Walter is as relaxed as an accordion. No production perplexities ever dint his courtesy or good humor. These problems he intelligently leaves in the hands of technicians, whom he believes better qualified to solve them, saying when they arise, as he often says to me, “Come on, Duchess, let’s take a walk…”

Walter’s complete indifference to worry bothered me a little when we first began working together. I remember how just before one very emotionally tense scene, Walter strolled me nonchalantly away from the set and related a hilarious tale about a bear in a barber shop. I couldn’t help laughing and the tension was broken. Although to be even momentarily distracted from important “dramah” seemed to me then supreme lese majesty.

Having then only recently arrived in America, those were my days of more dignified mien. A relationship Walter promptly exploded between the two of us by addressing me as “The Duchess,” as he still does, alternating occasionally with, “Hey, Red!” During the filming of “Madame Curie,” when he became so intrigued with the smattering of Polish he painstakingly acquired, Walter referred to me as “My pretty Pane.” A Polish interpreter taught him to say, “It’s a beautiful day and you are so beautiful, dearest Pane,” and thus he greeted me every morning. Of course, that was the extent of Walter’s Polish. There was no follow-through. But he, himself, was enthralled with it. Even during the filming of “Julia Misbehaves,” just prior to my taking a prat fall or something, Walter would say, “Come along, Pane.”

All of our pictures together have only embellished my original impression of him when he so kindly offered to play the “lead” in a screen test opposite a tall, gaunt, dignified red-headed newcomer from the London stage. Feeling a little forlorn and strange in a new country, I was surprised and flattered that an established American star like Walter would help an unknown. I liked him immediately, the first time we met.

Our next meeting occurred when my Mother, Nina, and I drove into a filling station, and there emerged from beneath the hood of his car (where he’d been tightening shock absorbers or something), this long-legged tweedy person and his breezy, “Hello there. When are they going to launch you?” Which was also what I was wondering. But I was flattened that he was concerned enough to wonder with me. “Be sure to ask for me as your leading man,” he said gallantly.

Studio executives liked my test. They frankly admitted I “had something,” as they put it, but they were just as frankly unable to arrive at the screen solution in which to incorporate it. During all those discouraging months of inactivity, as I grew more wan and unhappy, Walter’s friendliness and his “When are we going to make a picture together?” whenever we met on the studio lot gave me a badly needed lift. He couldn’t have been more charming and I will never forget it.

When several years later I’d been successfully established in “Remember,” “Pride and Prejudice” and was scheduled for “Blossoms in the Dust,” M-G-M asked me if I had any ideas about the cast. I answered quickly, “Yes, I think Walter Pidgeon would be the ideal person to play the role of my husband.”

Ever since then, we have been taking each other for better or worse.

To women, Walter represents the ideal husband. He is all those things most women would like their husbands to be. Undeniably handsome, romantic and yet reliable. Equally at home before the fireplace or at a church party. A man who can master any situation. A man who would take competent care of the baggage while traveling and be firm with the porter; who would be the envy of all the girls at the Country Club dance; and could make a very commendable speech at the local women’s club.

In Walter’s prismatic personality, every woman finds a kindred coloring which harmonizes with, and flatters her own.

That Prize Pidgeon

... because HOLD-BOBS really hold. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use
HOLD-BOBS
than all other
bobby pins combined

Easy as rolling off a log

All right, maybe you’ve already tried. But that doesn’t mean you can’t still win. Think about your favorite star—why you like him or her—then write it down. Be sure to keep your entry down to twenty-five words or less.

If your letter is among the ten best, you’ll receive a picture, personally autographed by your star choice. Send your entries to:

CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY, 205 EAST 42 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Winners of last month’s contest: Shirley Temann, St. Louis, Mo.; Elvi Hirvela, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. May G. P. de Silverman, Buenos Aires, Argentina; Mrs. Grayce Hulse, Stockton, Kan.; Tam Miller, Souder, Miss.; Elsie Behnken, New York, N. Y.; Laurence J. Meyer, Norfolk, Va.; Anne Morris, Memphis, Tenn.; Dick Andersen, Loveland, Colo.; Laura McGregor, Atlanta, Ga.
Screen-wise, one of his most valuable attributes is that men like him, too. But the ladies! This Pidgeon person memorizes any of our skirted species between the ages of eight and eighty who come within the scope of his charm.

A very gregarious gentleman, he enjoys being with people and talking to them. He can acclimate himself to any group, no matter how divergent their interests. And he can extemporize entertainingly and endlessly on any subject.

He is a delightful dinner companion and a most welcome guest. When Nina and I are entertaining some particularly distinguished personage at one of our very small dinner parties, we feel assured the evening will be all the more memorable if Ruth and Walter Pidgeon are there.

Our relationship involves many interesting nuances, as Walter has amusingly reminded me. He is an unmotivated tease, anyway. During the filming of my bubble bath in "Julia Misbehaves," a sequence which must have been inspired by possible movie headlines saying, "Bubbles Are Back and Garson's Got Them" or something, Walter's presence was unrequired. To come out from behind the bustles of the more abstemious ladies I had portrayed in the past and be photographed in a flesh-colored bathing suit amidst such translucent trimmings, was setting some sort of historical watermark. To avoid any undue disconcerting developments, there were "No Admittance" signs all over the place. But just as I picked up my long-handled brush and the bubbles began their ascension, Walter strolled in and dropped the brush, Walter with a casual, "Hello, Duchess. I just dropped by to pick up some pipes I forgot in my dressing room." When I looked askance and made no motion of looking for pipes, Walter went on blithely, "A husband of some five screen marriages should be entitled to certain privileges."

Quite the rogueish raconteur, Walter has a rare collection of limericks which have other censorable implications, to say the least. Although, I understand that he often dires to into Louis B. Mayer's office saying, apropos of nothing, "Say, L. B. want to hear Greer's latest limerick?"

"Did My Lady say that?" asks our ashen-faced boss.

"Sure," says Walter generously, "she's got a million of 'em."

Actually, my collection consists of one harmless little limerick. To wit: There was a young lady be-ryde Who ate some green apples and died. But the apples fermented . . . inside the lamented And made cider inside her inside. Two years ago I woke up of easing this along to Walter, who keeps returning it to me as one of his own. And I laugh. So ours must be a lasting friendship. Greater love hath no girl than to laugh repeatedly at her own limerick. However, I received ample reproval of Walter's bad behavior recently, when one distinguished gentleman of the English Clergy visited our set. He has a mischievous little limerick about a certain "Bishop of Chichester," and when one of our visitors was introduced as the Right Honorable Bishop of Chichester, Walter's face broke up completely. Walter was taking a lot of impressive conversation, as usual, and this little limerick kept coming around in my head, until I could sit it no longer and made myexit saying, "Your Reverence, please excuse me, I have to go change my costume now. But leave you in very good hands, Mr. Pidgeon has a very amusing limerick about another Bishop of Chichester which I'm sure he will be delighted to tell you."

For one priceless moment, my partner's

**Love-quiz . . . For Married Women Only**

**WHY IS HER HUSBAND SO CRUELLY INDIFFERENT?**

A. Jim adored her when they married. But now—so soon—he almost ignores her. Unfortunately, this wife is not even aware of her one fault which has caused his love to cool.

Q. What is that one fault she is unaware of?

A. Failure to practice sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.

Q. Aren't soap, soda, or salt just as effective?

A. Absolutely not. Because they cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus. Destroys the source of objectionable odors . . . kills germs on contact.

Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?

A. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure cleanliness alone . . . and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy after-effect.

**KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol". . . no other product is more effective!**

No wonder three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined!

**For Feminine Hygiene rely on safe, effective**

"Lysol" by 

**Easy to use . . . economical**

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

**NEW . . . INTIMATE HYGIENE FACTS**

FREE! New booklet of information by reputable gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lysol, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

**For Feminine Hygiene rely on safe, effective**

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![LEO Thong](image)

![ORDER BY MAIL—SAVE!](image)
Alias Bette Davis
(Continued from page 49) "Winter Meeting" was such a disappointing movie.
Bette Davis, in more simple words, seems to be saying: "There are only two
types I can take. One is a career. One is
is wife and mother. There is no middle
road. I must choose. I choose to be wife
and mother. Now, I concentrate."

And concentrate she knows how to do.
When she was concentrating on being an
actress, there was no more concentrated
actress anywhere. She brought a whole
new concept of the trade to Hollywood.
She poured all of her intelligence and
alert and every bit of her reservoir of
motion into being an actress—and ended
up being a superlative one, and a star, too.
Right now, she's giving all of that intel-
ligence and talent and emotion to her
laughter and her husband. And, if you
want to sound like a psychiatrist about it,
you can say that all these years Bette has
been sublimating her emotional drives in
her career, compensating for what she was
missing in her personal life by pouring
everything into her work.

There were, of course, many things we
didn't see when Bette was up there on
the screen. The endless, not-too-interesting
business of making a picture. The
afternoons of up at six or earlier. The hours
under driers, with fitters, designers, make-
up men, hairdressers. The settings for
photographs on sunny Saturday afternoons.
When all the cute little starlets
would be off in the convoluted for glam-
our parties at Malibu or Brentwood. Bette
would be sitting there under the bright
lights because the magazines wanted por-
traits—and she knew that publicity and
odds relations with the public were an
important part of her trade.

She'd heard them say it up in that New
England where she comes from: "Either
she or cut bait." She was fishing—
concentratedly. So she became the Queen of
Hollywood. She set the pace for all the
others. She was the first to play huskies.
hen everybody began playing bad girls.
He had a word for the kind of parts she
wanted to do—"gutty." And gutty parts be-
come quite the rage.

Of course, she was inventing this only for
Hollywood. All she was doing really, was bringing a sound theater tradition to
the place where it was needed. If the part
called for her to look awkward, she looked
worse. She played the devastating psych-
ological roles long before any of the
other ladies would dare them. She played
unsympathetic roles, heavies, even unim-
portant parts. Like the secretary in "The
Fan Who Came to Dinner"—what ma-
tred, she said, was if the whole picture
was worth making, not the size of Davis's
role. This, obviously, is a completely sensi-
tive idea and the only real reason Bette
Davis should get any credit these days is
one of the first people to make it
work.

Well, this is quite a legend to sustain.
Because it didn't take long for Davis to
become a legend.) Not only did she sus-
in it with a great deal of ease, but she
kept adding to it. Never did Bette Davis
fail to give her all to anything connected
with her job.

Another take? Okay, another take. One
ore picture? Okay, one more picture,
other interview? Okay, another inter-
view. Don't go to Palm Springs. Okay, I
won't go to Palm Springs.
And if anybody marveled out loud to
her, she would simply reply: "Why
shouldn't I work like that? This is what
is supposed to do, isn't it?"

That's what her answer would be if she
were a secretary and being a very good,

All set for the party until

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1775 Broadway, New York 19, to your local heart association.
He's a Good Man to Have Around

(Continued from page 39) voice is changing and having great admiration for Bob he was naturally self-conscious. Of course Bob sensed it and quickly released the pressure of the situation by making a big joke out of it.

"You know, Pete," he cracked, "you sound like a cross between Boris Karloff and Margaret O'Brien."

The dinner hour in the Hope household is generally as mad as the Hatter's tea party. Bob acts funny, the children die laughing, discipline flies out the window and I give up. Our youngest, Nora and Kelly (Bob calls him Flaps because he has prominent ears) eat with ravenous children know just how far to go. But the silly thing is, Bob starts it all and then reprimands them if their manners are wrong.

I can't think of any important phobias or complexes that disturb Bob unless it's the fit he has when the kids dawdle over dessert. Bob loves dessert and rushes through a meal to get at it. Then he sits there eyeing Tony's pie, just waiting to finish it for him! Bob is easy to please.

Roast lamb and roast potatoes are great favorites. Also, peas, carrots, cottage cheese, and pineapple salad.

Then of course, there's lemon pie, especially the way his mother used to make it. Bob has great family pride and his humor definitely comes from his family—but mostly from his grandfather. There were seven brothers in the Hope family and six are still living. When we went to England in 1939, we helped celebrate Grandfather Hope's 97th birthday. Just the year before he had stopped riding family trucks. When the old man got up to make a speech and introduced the relations, he wouldn't stop! It's another fond memory Bob says thanks for.

Occasionally, friends of mine who are also married to actors, remark about Bob's energy. They marvel that he rarely takes vacations or complaints of overworking. Bob does have good health. Then, too, he never loses his enthusiasm. Every show is a new show. Even Bob's idea of a night off is to run over to the driving range. The boys can take the kids along. The only place where he does nothing is in Palm Springs. I can't believe my eyes, just seeing him sitting. I also think it's no cure for him to keep on the constant go, because he's doing exactly what God intended he should be doing.

Lots of times I wish he was more sentimental; but I would never try to force it. Getting dreamy about a missed birthday or anniversary isn't important when you look at the whole setup. His remembering those and hoping for me everyone else who would be worse. Anyway it's always quality not quantity with Bob. And he's affectionate about the things he thinks up himself. Last Mother's Day, for example, I received a magnificent gold Our Lady of Guadalupe medallion. It was surrounded by emeralds and on the back, encribed: "To Our Mother—From the Five of Us." That made everybody.

The appellation of "Reformed Wife" is self-imposed. All during our married life, Bob has been wonderful to me—and for me. I was young, independent, controlled. I think he was happy to know that things had to go my way or they didn't. I had a lot to learn and from Bob I have learned a lot, especially about

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patience and understanding.

Seriously, in a sense Bob does reform people, because he has the capacity for bringing out the best in his associates. He has this effect on performers. In his enthusiasm for his work, he may say things he doesn't mean. Sometimes they may even get awfully mad while it's happening. Invariably, they'll wind up doing their best work and realizing why.

In his own way, Bob will hammer at things and eventually you do something about them. For instance, I have to watch my weight. If I had a husband who just sat by and said nothing, I'm sure I'd be fat. But not Bob. He keeps after me. "What goes on here?" he'll say. "What gives? Better do something about it." And of course I do.

During the war, I missed Bob terribly. It seemed we were always saying goodbye, and once when he called me from some distant camp, I didn't even recognize his voice. I must confess that at first I did complain a little. Then I went on a few tours with Bob and saw what he did for those boys. It was just that he was such a good man to have around. That reminds me of something that happened not so long ago when another great comedian adroitly ummed up everything I would like to express.

It happened at the Friars Club, where a Testimonial Dinner for Bob was in full way. You know how the saying goes—about people not appreciating you until you're dead. It's never applied to Bob, because someone is always saying something. This time it was Jack Benny who got up and talked. One sentence I'll never forget.

"Bob Hope is a good man."

Just the way Jack said it, in front of all those famous people, too—and especially the word good—thrilled me as I never hoped to be thrilled again.

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Brief Reviews

✓ (F) ACCUSED, THE—Paramount: School-marm Louise Lovely can only buy the con artist Attorney Robert Cummings to look after her, when she kills Douglas Dick in self-defense, arousing the suspicions of Wendell Corey, an absorbing story with Louise Lovely in a fine job. (Jan.)

✓ (F) ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN—Warners: Errol Flynn cuts a dashing figure as Spain's Grand Guignol Lover and swordsmen supreme. It takes quickly Viva Lindo and her to show him down. With Robert Scott, Robert Brent. (Feb.)

✓ (F) APARTMENT FOR PEGGY—20th Century-Fox: A heartwarming story of a young couple who bravely tackle their housing problem with the reluctant aid of an elderly professional man and Edmund Gwenn are perfect. Bill Holden pleasing as a veteran student. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

✓ (F) BELLE STAR'S DAUGHTER—20th Century-Fox: It's a ballet and ballet dance. With Marshall George Montgomery after Rod Cameron's light, both boys play for Ruth Roman. With Wallace Ford, Charles Kemper, William Phillips. (Feb.)

✓ (F) BLOOD ON THE MOON—RKO: Paul Mitchell rides the range in a rough-and-ready West- ern sweeter, acting and good photography make for a routine story. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Bob Preston, Walter Brennan, Phyllis Thaxter. (Jan.)

✓ (F) BOY WITH GREEN HAIR, THE—Warner Bros: A wonderful movie, reminding us of the war in Hollywood everywhere in the hope it won't happen again. David Niven, newcomer, portrays the role with long green hair; Pat O'Brien is kindly old "gramps." Robert Ryan is an able psychiatrist, Barbara Hale an understanding teacher. (Feb.)

✓ (F) CRY OF THE CITY—20th Century-Fox: Realistic crime chronicle with Vic Mignogna as the cop, Richard Conte as the killer; also Debra Paget, Shirley Winters and Edward Emerson. (Feb.)

✓ (A) DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE, THE—Warner Bros: Miss Hart's drama about marriage made into an effective adult movie. With Alexis Smith, Robert Douglas and Ted Healy. (Jan.)

✓ (F) ENCHANTMENT—Samuel Goldwyn: This bitter-sweet story, steeped in sentiment, describes the romance of two pairs of lovers: Teresa Wright and David Niven, Evelyn Keyes and Farley Granger. Somewhat slow-paced but charmingly acted. (Feb.)

✓ (F) EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED—RKO: A lively, lop-sided romance with husband-hungry Actress Madeleine Carroll making an ad-pilot; Robert Stack, John Rooney, Tom D'Andrea. Exciting entertainment. (Feb.)

✓ (F) FIGHTER SQUADRON—Warners: A Diamond's testimonial tour of the U. S. Air Force, showing a squadron in action with several scenes taken from the real files. With Richard Gay and Abbe Lane. With an ace pilot; Robert Stack, John Rooney, Tom D'Andrea. Exciting entertainment. (Feb.)

✓ (F) FIGHTING OF O'FLYNN, THE—UA: True to the real-life story of a down-on-her-luck-actress Helena Carter in Ireland of 1797, Richard Greer makes a handsome tramp, Patricia Medina is his mercenary, Joan Fontaine and Arthur Kennedy are her love interests. (Feb.)

✓ (F) FOR THE LOVE OF MARY—UA: Deanna Durbin is the center of this tempest-in-a-teapot affair, A White House telephone operator, she's pursued by three men: David Niven, Edward Arnold and William Holden. (Dec.)

✓ (F) GALLANT BLADE, THE—Columbia: In this swashbuckling affair, Larry Parks saves 17th-century France. With Margarette Chapman, George Macready, Victor Jory, etc. A romantic drama. (Feb.)

✓ (F) HE WALKED BY NIGHT—Elgin Lion: Here's the high-voltage crime yarn bristling with action. Richard Basehart is the ruthless killer, Scott Brady the cop, Whit Bissell the innocent. (Jan.)

✓ (F) HIGH FURY—Peak-U.A: The Swiss Alps backgrounds a deeply moving drama in which the lives of Madeleine Carroll, Ian Keith and Michael Rennie are affected by the heroic America (Michael McKean). Beautifully brimming with interest. (Feb.)

✓ (F) HILLS OF HOME—MG-M: A homespun story depicting the rigors of rural life with Edmund Gwenn as a doctor and director Donald Crisp as a loyal canine friend. For romantic interest, there's likable Tom Drake and pretty Janet Leigh. (Jan.)

✓ (F) HOLLOW TRUMPHE.,.Eagle Lion: A lurid melodrama with Paul Henreid in the dual role. With Joan Bennett, Leslie Brooks, John Qualen. (Dec.)

✓ (F) ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?—Paramount: Veronica Lake, Mona Freeman, Roland Culver, Bill De Wolfe and Patric Knowles are involved in a slow-paced and feeble turn-of-the-century filmical. (Dec.)
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F) KISSING BANDIT, THE—M-G-M: Frank Sinatra and Kathryn Grayson sing love duets in a lavish, Technicolor musical set in Old California, Son of a notorious kissing bandit, Frankie tries to live up to his old man's reputation with disastrous results. Good singing and dance choreography for a week story, With J. Carrol Naish. (Feb.)

F) KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS—A: This romantic melodrama has hot-headed Rust Lancaster shooting up and nearly wounding Joan Fontaine's, too. A lively, lusty thriller. (Jan.)

F) LET'S LIVE A LITTLE—Eagle Lion: Advertising man Robert Cummings is on the verge of a nervous breakdown because of man-hunting client Anna Sten. Along comes psychiatrist Hedy Lamarr to set him straight. Funny in spots. (Feb.)

F) LUCK OF THE IRISH, THE—20th Century-Fox: This Irish folk tale in modern dress has Cary Grant as the Pol Pottery Theater with strong Cecile Kellaway, Sweet Anne Baxter and sophisticated Jayne Meadows compete for Ty's affection. (Dec.)

F) LUCKY STIFF, THE—Amusement Enterprises (U.S.A.): Crooks and corpses pop up at every turn in this frenzied affair. Night club singer Dorothy Lamour gets the chair for murder, wins a pardon at the last moment, but George Perrette's help, pretends she's a ghost, With Claire Trevor and Marjorie Rambeau. (Feb.)

(A) MACBETH—Mercury Republic: Orson Welles's version of Shakespeare's blood-reddened tragic tale of murder in 17th-century Scotland, Weird and noisy affair, "full of sound and fury . . . ." (Jan.)

(A) MAN FROM COLORADO, THE—Columbia: Here's a gripping western drama with plenty of fireworks. Glenn Ford plays a gun-crazy colonel in Civil War days. When he goes berserk, neither William Holden or Ann Blyth can stop him. (Feb.)

A) MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS—Paramount: Barry Fitzgerald hires John Lund to impersonate the nitwit heir to the Tatlock fortune. Lund saves his "sister" Wanda Hendrix from her vulture-like relatives, especially ne'er-do-well Robert Stack. With Ilka Chase and Monty Woolley. (Dec.)

(F) MY DEAR SECRETARY—Popkin-UA: All the old business-house-secretary story conventions are embodied here with fancy frills. Laraine Day is the pretty secretary, Kirk Douglas her playboy boss. Keenan Wynn returns. (Dec.)

(F) MY OWN TRUE LOVE—Paramount: It's a close call for Copid with what Melvyn Douglas and his son, Philip Friend, both after Phyllis Calvert in postwar London. Good acting almost makes this strange situation believable, With Wanda Hendrix, Binnie Barnes, Arthur Shields. (Feb.)

(F) NIGHTTIME IN NEVADA—Republic: Cat- tleman Roy Rogers, aided by Andy Devine and the Sons of the Pioneers, traps rascally Grant Withers. Adele Mara is the little lady who has lost quite an adventure. (Dec.)

(F) NO MINOR VICES—Enterprise-M-G-M: Here's a comedy that out-smarts itself, and its chuckles in a torrent of talk. A capable cast includes Dana Andrews, Lilli Palmer, Louis Jourdan. (Dec.)

(F) PALEFACE, THE—Paramount: Bob Hope tangles with Indians and a lady known as Calamity Jane in this moderately funny spoof on the Old West. Jane Russell is off-trotting, the gun-toting female who knows a cop when she sees one. (Jan.)

(F) RACE STREET—RKO: This sinister gangster story has hookie George Raft tangling with a rival gang. After Raft's pal is murdered, police officer Bill Bendix steps in. George insists on settling the score personally. (Dec.)

(F) RED SHOES, THE—Rank-Eagle Lion: This intimate glimpse into the ballet world is a riot of color and action. It's bizarre, artistic, overwhelming, with Moira Shearer tragically torn between career and love. Anton Walbrook as a heartless impresario is a marvelous casting. (Dec.)

(F) RETURN OF OCTOBER, THE—Columbia: A facetrace romance that's different, galloping along briskly with Glenn Ford and Terry Moore at the reins. (Dec.)

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If jittery nerves occasionally keep you awake, try TYLENOL. Use only as directed. All drugs may have adverse effects. This product contains: Acetaminophen (an analgesic used to relieve pain and reduce fever).

(R) ROAD HOUSE—20th Century-Fox: Plenty of romance in this road house with Richard Widmark strongly objecting to the romance between his manager, Cornel Wilde, and his entertainer, Ida Lupino. Lots of action leading nowhere. (Jan.)

(F) ROGUES’ REGIMENT—U-I: A spy thriller packed with savage intrigue. Dick Powell is after Nazi Stephen McNally who flees to Saigon to escape trial, with Martha Scott and Vincent Price. (Jan.)

(F) SEALED VERDICT—Paramount: Uneven but interesting topical drama inspired by the Nuremberg Trials. Ray Milland is an American prosecutor stripped of his case by his own country. With Elia Kazan and Edward G. Robinson. (Dec.)

(F) SNAKE PIT, THE—20th Century-Fox: A thinly disguised drama, depicting the effects of an insane asylum. Olivia de Havilland is super as one of its inmates. Leo Genn excels as her doctor, Mark Stevens makes her a sympathetic husband. Strictly for adults. (Feb.)

(F) SONG IS BORN, A—Samuel Goldwyn: Lots of jam and a little corn is what you’ll get in Danny Kaye’s latest comedy. Danny is an unworldly professor, Virginia Mayo is a nightclub singer who plays for a sucker. Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Louis Armstrong give out with some swell music. (Dec.)

(F) STATION WEST—RKO: Dick Powell goes smuggling when he trails a gang of gangsters, Gamble queen Jane Greer, on the wrong side of the law is bound to come to a bad end. A slam-bang out opera including Agnes Moorehead, Burr Ives. (Dec.)

(F) THAT WONDERFUL URBAN—20th Century-Fox: A tough, funny-comedy with Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney indulging in some hilarious antics. He’s a reporter, she’s an heiress tired of being controlled by her father. The comic story exploding with Ty to public ridicule. With Arleen Whelan, Reginald Gardiner. (Dec.)

(F) THREE GODFATHERS—M-G-M: This big-stake Western describes how outlaw John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz and Harry Carey Jr., in their fight for the West, come across a newborn baby in the desert. A whale of a sandstorm blows away some of the sentiment. (Feb.)

(F) THEY LIVE BY NIGHT—RKO: Love hasn’t much of a chance in this pathetic tale of a runaway convict and his girl pal, who is deserted by Farley Granger and Cathy O’Donnell. (Dec.)

(F) THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—M-G-M: The Alexandre Dumas novel provides lively, lusty film making. Gene Kelly is the dashing d’Artagnan, Harriet Nelson is the bewitchingly beautiful Lady de Winter, June Allyson the lovely Constance. The dashing James Cagney is a Musketeer. Vincent Price a deep-dyed villain. It’s colorful, exciting and oh, so romantic! (Dec.)

(A) UNFAITHFULLY YOURS—20th Century-Fox: A trenchantly humorous portrayal of a foundling orchestra leader who seduces his new wife, Linda Darnell, of two-timing, a slick satirist. (Jan.)

(F) WALK A CROOKED MILE—Columbia: A swift-moving thriller with capable Dennis O’Keefe as an F.B.I. criminal tangle. Detective Louis Hayward proves a high ability while writer Louise Allbritton is the unknown quantity. Good entertainment. (Jan.)

(F) WHEN MY BABY SMILES—AM—20th Century-Fox: A backstage burlesque story starring Betty Grable and Don Ameche. Although Donny并购, she doesn’t stop loving that man. It’s sure-fire, guaranteed to give you a glad time. (Feb.)

(F) WHIPLASH—Warner: Conflict is the keynote of this prizefight picture with Dane Clark putting up a game battle both inside and outside the ring. Girl of his dreams is Alexis Smith unhappily wed to light pesimeter Zachary Scott. With Jeffrey Lynn, Eve Arden. (Feb.)

(F) YELLOW SKY—20th Century-Fox: Here’s a really rugged frontier drama with Gregory Peck and Anna Baxter squaring it with bullets. Greg and his gang are after Anne’s gold but she isn’t giving up without a fight. Lots of action with Richard Widmark, James Barton. (Feb.)

(F) YOU GottaSTAY HAPPY—U-I: Joan Fontaine and Jimmy Stewart go skylarking in this giddy romance in which Joan is a pretty-but-spoiled heiress, Jimmy a same-but-suspecting young man. Eddie Albert sings his share of laughs. (Feb.)

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- Laboratory tested and approved.
- Develops natural waves and curls.
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Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

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Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is guaranteed not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

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"Yes Indeed"
"The Hayride Song"
"O'Brien To Ryan To Fineburg"
"It's Fate, Baby, It's Fate"
"She's The Right Girl For Me"
"Baby Doll"

And Look Who's with em!

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rub but still my hair never had much grip to it!” And no wonder! Katherine was using
a soap shampoo, and soaps not only fail to lather as well in hard water—they
actually leave a film on hair that dulls natural lustre! So your hair lacks highlights,
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BUT KATHLEENE GOT HEAPS OF IT!

“Look at all this lather”, smiled her twin, Kathleene. “I discovered that Toni
Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing even in hard water! I never saw such
suds! Never saw my hair so shining clean before, either!” That’s what Toni’s Soft-
Water Shampooing means. Even in hard water it means billows of rich, whipped-
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gloriously soft! And Toni Creme Shampoo helps your permanent to “take” better—look
lovelier longer. Get a jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. See it work the magic
of Soft-Water Shampooing on your hair!

Brief Reviews

(F) ACCUSED, THE—Paramount: School-
marm Loretta Young can count herself lucky she has
Attorney Robert Cummings to look after her, when she
kills Douglas Dick in self-defense, arousing the sus-
pications of Wendell Corey. An absorbing story with
Loretta turning in a fine job. (Jan.)

(A) ACT OF VIOLENCE—MG-M: Robert
Ryan goes gunning for Van Heflin in this grim, sus-
picious tale of revenge. As Van’s terrified wife,
Janet Leigh turns in a topnotch job. With Phyllis
Thaxter, Mary Astor. (Mar.)

(F) ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN—Warners:
Errol Flynn cuts a dashing figure as Spain’s Great
Lover and swordsmen supreme. It takes nearly Va-
vea Lindfors to slow him down. With Robert Doug-
las, Romney Brent. (Feb.)

(F) BELLE STAR’S DAUGHTER—20th Cen-
tury-Fox: It’s bullets and bravado with Marshal George
Montgomery, after Rod Cameron’s tough hide. Both
boys go for Ruth Roman. With Wallace Ford, Charles
Kemper, William Phlpms. (Feb.)

(F) BLOOD ON THE MOON—RKO: Bob
Mitchum rides the range in handy Western
Superior acting and good photography make up
for a routine story. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Bob
Preston, Walter Brennan, Phyllis Thaxter. (Jan.)

(F) BOY WITH GREEN HAIR, THE—
MG-M: A wonderful movie, reminding one of the war
orphans everywhere in the hope it won’t happen again.
Dean Stockwell movingly portrays the lad with green
hair; Pat O’Brien is kindly old “gramps,” Robert
Ryan an able psychiatrist, Barbara Hale an under-
standing teacher. (Feb.)

(F) CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY—20th Cen-
tury-Fox: A homely, heart-warming movie which
makes the point that a so-called failure can be a suc-
cess as a human being, especially if he’s Dan Aykroy
and his wife is understanding Celeste Holm. Collec t
Townsend, Alan Young, William Frawley, Connie
Gillchrist are all in there pitching. (Mar.)

(F) COUNTESS OF MONTES CRISTO, THE—
MGM: Skating sequences plus a few songs brighten
a mediocre story which has Sonja Henie posing as a
countess and Olga San Juan pretending to be her
maid at a swanky Norwegian winter resort. Michael
Kirby rescues the girls from an awkward situation.
(Feb.)

(F) CRIME CROSS—UI: In this talky, muddled
melodrama, Burt Lancaster, Yvonne De Carlo and Dan
Duryea form the ill-starred trio who tangle with the
law and each other. It’s a very unsatisfactory affair
(Mar.)

(A) DARK PAST, THE—Columbia: Psychia-
trist Lee J. Cobb dissects gangster William Holden
to see what makes him tick. His findings make for
a superior, swift-moving crime yarn, Nina Foch
and Lois Maxwell head the highly competent cast. (Mar.)

(A) DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE, THE—
Columbia: Stunning Miss Hart’s drama on divorce
made into an effective adult movie. With Alexis Smith,
Robert Douglas and Ted Donaldson. (Jan.)

(F) ENCHANTMENT—Samuel Goldwyn: This
bitter-sweet story, steeped in sentiment, describes the
romances of two pairs of lovers: Teresa Wright and
David Niven, Evelyn Keyes and Farley Granger.
Somewhat slow-paced but charmingly acted. (Feb.)

(F) EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED
—RKO: A lively, lighthearted romance with husband-
hunting Betty Drake chasing bachelor Cary Grant.
With Franchot Tone, Diana Lynn. (Feb.)

(F) FAMILY HONEYMOON—UI: A hilari-
ous comedy in which Fred MacMurray weds widow
Claudette Colbert to the chagrin of Mr. Johnson,
competing for Fred’s affections. Claudette’s three kids
really make it tough for their brand new daddy when
they go along on the honeymoon. (Mar.)

(F) FIGHTER SQUADRON—Warner: A
Technicolor testimonial to the U.S. Air Force, show-
ing a squadron in action, with several scenes taken
from official files. With Edmond O’Brien as an ace
pilot; Robert Stack, John Ridgely, Tom D’Andrea.
Exciting entertainment. (Feb.)

(F) FIGHTING O’FLYNN, THE—UI: True to
the Fairbanks formula, Doug rescues damsel-in-dis-
tress Helena Carter in Ireland of 1797. Richard
Greene makes a handsome traitor, Patricia Medina
is his sweetheart, Arthur Shields a comical half-breed.
(Jan.)

(F) GALLANT BLADE, THE—Columbia: In this
swashbuckling affair Larry Parks saves 17th-century
France. With Margarette Chapman, George Mac-
ready, Victor Jory. (Jan.)

(F) HE WALKED BY NIGHT—Eagle Lion:
Here’s a high-voltage crime yarn bristling with action.
Robert Stack is the ruthless killer, Scott Brady
the cop, Whit Bissell the go-between. (Jan.)

(F) HIGH FURY—P counter—The Swiss Alps
backgrounds a deeply moving drama in which the
lives of Madeleine Carroll, Ian Keith and Michael
Rennie are affected by oppositions of Michael Mc-
Kee. A thrilling human-interest tale. (Feb.)

(F) HILLS OF HOME—MG-M: A homespun
story depicting the rigors of rural life with Edmund
Uylman as a do-good country doctor and Lassie as
his loyal canine friend. For romantic interest, there’s
likable Tom Drake and pretty Janet Leigh. (Jan.)

(F) JOAN OF ARC—Warner-RKO: Maxwell
Anderson’s play made into a big-scale Technicolor
movie with Ingrid Bergman heading an outstanding

(Continued on page 6)
They're the Scream-Hearts of 1949!

JOHN LOVES MARY

The story of the ever-lovin' gal who tied her Beau into knots!

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Cast, José Ferrer scores as the Doniphon. A field day for lovers of pomp and pageantry.

✓ (F) JOHN LOVES MARY—Warners: Here's a standard, formulaic film that has a plot so simple that almost loses him lovely Patricia Neal, Jack Carson, Wayne Morris and Edward Arnold. Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell and Anne Sothern are kept on tenterhooks and are not all that they are. — (Mar.)

✓ (F) KISS IN THE DARK—Warners: In this gay, romantic comedy, Jane Wyman scores as a dumb-founding model who teaches artistic David Niven how to enjoy life. A real rib-tickler with Victor Moore, Wayne Morris, Broderick Crawford. (Mar.)

✓ (F) KISSING RANIT, THE—MG-M: Frank Sinatra and Kathryn Grayson sing love duets in a lush, Technicolor musical of Old Caliph. Son of a notorious kissing bandit, Franks tries to live up to his old man's reputation with disastrous results. Good singing and dancing partially compensate for a weak story. With J. Carrol Naish. (Feb.)

✓ (F) KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS— This romantic melodrama has hot-headed Butch Lancaster mess up his life and nearly wrecking Joan Fontaine's too. A lively, lusty thriller. (Jan.)

✓ (F) LET'S LIVE A LITTLE—Eagle Lion: Advertising man Robert Cummings is on the verge of a nervous breakdown because of man-chasing client Anna Sten. Along comes psychiatrist Hasty Lamarr to help him straight. Funny in spots. (Feb.)

✓ (F) LETTER TO THREE WIVES—20th Century-Fox: Three lovely ladies are thrown into a dither by a letter from an erstwhile friend informing them that she has run off with one of their husbands. Joan Fontaine, Linda Darnell and Anne Sothern are kept on tenterhooks and are not all that they are. — (Mar.)

✓ (F) LUCKY STIFF, THE—Amusement Enterprises —UA: Crooks and cops pop up at every turn in this frenzied affair. Night club singer Dorothy Lamour gets the chair for murder, wins a pardon at the last moment, and, with attorney Brian Donlevy's help, pretends she's a gangster. With Claire Trevor and Marjorie Rambeau. (Feb.)

✓ (F) MAN FROM COLORADO, THE—Columbia: Here's gripsing outdoor drama with plenty of fireworks. Glenn Ford plays a gun-crazy colonel in Civil War days. When he goes berserk, neither William Holden nor Ellen Drew can stop him. (Feb.)

✓ (F) MEXICAN HAYRIDE—U-I: Abbott and Costello mingle in some Mexican munchkins in this fun-farce, assisted by Lola Malma, Virginia Grey, John Hubbard. Not up to standard. (Mar.)

✓ (F) MR. PERRIN AND MR. TRAIL—Rank-Eagle Lion: In this center, fast-paced story, Marius Goring portrays a dashing British school teacher dominated by headmaster Raymond Huntley. The one bright spot in Goring's drab life is nurse Greta Gynt but she prefers David Farrar. (Mar.)

✓ (A) MY OWN TRUE LOVE—Paramount: It's a close call for Caped with Melvyn Douglas and his son Philip Friend, both after Phyllis Calvert in postwar London. Good acting almost makes this strange situation believable. With Wendy Hanidi, Bingie Barnes, Arthur Shields. (Feb.)

✓ (F) NIGHTTIME IN NEVADA—Republic: Cat- tlemen Roy Rogers, aided by Andy Devine and the Sons of the Pioneers, trap ruthless Grant Withers. Adele Mara is the little lady. (Feb.)

✓ (F) PALEFACE, THE—Paramount: Bob Hope tangles with Injuns and the gal known as Calamity Jane in this moderately funny spoof on the Old West. Jane Russell is oh-so-tough as the gun-toting' female who knows a wap when she sees one. (Jan.)

✓ (A) QUIET ONE, THE—Film Documents: How America's underprivileged children are saved from delinquency and effectively punished in this interesting, adult documentary featuring ten-year-old Donald Thompson. It's food for thought! (Mar.)

✓ (F) RED SHOES, THE—Rank--Eagle Lion: This intimate glimpse into the ballet world is a riot of colors designed to knock your eye out. It's bizarre, artistic, overlong, with Moira Shearer delectably turned to twist career and love, Anton Walbrook as a heartless impresario, Marius Goring a composer. (Jan.)

✓ (F) ROAD HOUSE—20th Century-Fox: Plenty of roughhouse in this road house where Richard Widmark strongly objecting to the romance between his manager. Cornel Wilde and his erstwhile gal, Ida Lupino. Lots of action leading nowhere. (Jan.)

✓ (F) ROGUES' REGIMENT—U-I: A spy thriller packed with savage intrigue. Dick Powell is after Nazi Stephen McNally who flees to Saigon to escape trial. With Martha Toren and Vincent Price. (Jan.)

✓ (F) SIREN OF ATLANTIS—Nebenzal-U-I: Here's a fantastical tale, stars Marie, Montez as the queen of a fabled kingdom. Dennis O'Keefe and Jean Pierre Aumont of the Foreign French Legion are their struggling captives. Pretty farfetched if you ask us. (Mar.)

✓ (A) SNAKE PIT, THE—20th Century-Fox: A harrowingly different drama, depicting the sights and sounds in an insane asylum Olivia de Havilland is superb in one of its inmates. Leo G. Carroll as her doctor, Mark Stevens makes her a sympathetic husband, strictly for adults. (Jan.)

✓ (F) SO DEAR TO MY HEART—Disney-RKO: Disney's backyard fable, combining animation and live action, is a tender and tuneful tribute to childhood days. Bobby Driscoll makes a pet of a jackoon on creamy Reulah Bond's farm. Luana Patten shares Bobby's adventures; Burl Ives is the guitar-palying villain, Mack Smith. (Feb.)

(Continued on page 8)
A Paramount Picture
starring
RAY MILLAND
AUDREY TOTTER
THOMAS MITCHELL
with
GEORGE MACREADY · FRED CLARK
Produced by ENDRE BOHÉM · Directed by JOHN FARROW
Screenplay by Jonathan Latimer · Original story by Mindret Lord

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HE TEMPTED HER
Into The Strangest Bargain Ever Made Between A Man And A Woman!

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Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

(F) SUN COMES UP, THE—M-G-M: A sentimental Technicolor treated story about a concert singer who loses her song and regains another. Jeanette MacDonald is the unhappy lady, Claude Jarman Jr., the orphan who regains her life at a crucial moment. Supporting players include Lloyd Nolan, Percy Kilbride and Lassie. (Mar.)

(F) THAT WONDERFUL URG—20th Century-Fox: A frothy, fun-filled comedy with Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney indulging in some hilarious antics. He’s a reporter, she’s a heiress tired of being lampooned by the press. So she dreams up a story exposing Ty to public ridicule. (Feb.)

(F) THREE GODFATHERS—M-G-M: This big-scale Western describes how outlaws John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz and Harry Carey Jr., in their right from the law, come across a newborn baby in the desert. A wharf of a sandstorm blows away some of the sentiment. (Feb.)

(A) THIS WAS A WOMAN—Excelsior-20th Century-Fox: A British-made melodrama describing how an evil woman dominates her family, almost—but not quite—gaining power with murder. Sidney Toler is in completely wicked, Walter Fitzgerald and Barbara Stanwyck as the underground quantities, Good entertainment. (Jan.)

(A) UNFAITHFULLY YOURS—20th Century-Fox: Rex Harrison amusingly portrays a famous orchestra leader who suspects his lovely wife, Linda Darnell, of two-timing him. A slick satire. (Jan.)

(F) WALK A CROOKED MILE—Columbia: A swift-moving thriller with capable Dennis O’Keefe as an FBI man tracking spies. Detective Louis Hayward proves to be a big help when scientist Louise Allbritton is the unknown quantity. Good entertainment. (Jan.)

(F) WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME—20th Century-Fox: A backstage burlesque story teaming Betty Grable and Dan Dailey. Although Danny boy does her wrong, Betty just can’t stop lovin’ that man. It’s sure-fire, guaranteed to give you a glad-sad time. (Feb.)

(F) WHIPLASH—Warners: Conflict is the keynote of this prize picture with Duke Clark putting up a game battle both inside and outside the ring. The girl of his dreams is Alexis Smith unhappily wed to fight promoter Zachary Scott. With Jeffrey Lynn, Eve Arden. (Feb.)

(F) WHISPERING SMITH—Paramount: This Western in Technicolor has Alan Ladd playing a softspoken, swift-acting railroad cop. His bosom pal, Robert Preston, is led astray by crooked Donald Crisp to the distress of Brenda Marshall. (Mar.)

(F) WORDS AND MUSIC—M-G-M: Metro’s super-duper musical inspired by songwriter Larry Hart and Dick Rodgers, is jam-packed with stunts, strutting their stuff. There’s June Allyson, Perry Como, Gene Kelly, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Janet Leigh and Tom Drake, among others. Quite an ear-and-eyeful! (Mar.)

(F) YELLOW SKY—20th Century-Fox: Here’s a really rugged drama with Gregory Peck and Anne Baxter playing the balllets. Gregory and his girl are after Anne’s gold but she isn’t giving it up without a fight. Lots of action with Richard Widmark, James Barton. (Feb.)

(F) YOU’RE HAPPY—U-I: Joan Fontaine and Jimmy Stewart go skydiving in this edgy romance in which Joan is a pretty-but-polished heiress and Jimmy a sane-but-susceptible working man. Eddie Albert snags his share of laughs. (Feb.)

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introducing JOHN DEREK

GEORGE ALLENE SUSAN McREADY ROBERTS PERRY

Screen play by Daniel Taradash and John Monks, Jr.

A SANTANA PRODUCTION OF THE NOVEL BY WILLARD MOTLEY

Directed by NICHOLAS RAY • Produced by ROBERT LORD
Mickey Rooney, who seems to have settled down to happiness, celebrates with fiancée Martha Vickers at Carl Brisson party

When Carl opened singing engagement at Cooconut Grove, son Fred (left) and daughter-in-law Roz Russell feted him

Van and Evie Johnson, definitely not on night club lists these days, swing into party spirit at the Brisson celebration

INSIDE STUFF
Cal York's Gossip Of Hollywood

The Heart Department: When a popular starlet heard Montgomery Clift had arrived in town from Europe and took right off again to attend a wedding in Switzerland, she moaned, "If it's his own, I'll kill myself." She can live a little longer, Monty is much too career-minded for marriage at this time. Two of Hollywood's most attractive men, Clark Gable and Errol Flynn, whose estranged wife Nora cares most about Dick Haymes, are setting off for Europe heart-free. The engagement announcement of Mickey Rooney and Martha Vickers, a shy, retiring beauty who recently divorced A.C. Lyles, has the town agog. Since neither has a final decree, bets are that the marriage will never come off. Martha just isn't Mickey's type. Van and Evie Johnson were puzzled and a little hurt over Keenan Wynn's sudden decision to marry Betty Butler without a word to either of them. But Keenan, an impulsive fellow, didn't notify his studio either. You'd be amazed at the efforts of certain friends to prevent a popular out-of-town visitor from marrying a stuffy actress. They may succeed, too.

Papa Bogey: "I want to see my son right here beside me," Humphrey Bogart demanded at the hospital, a few hours after Steve. Humphrey Bogart was born and the doctor, who probably takes Bogey's movie roles seriously, agreed. A few minutes later in cap, gown and mask, Bogey examined his small son at close range.

"You know, Doc, he's not as bad-looking as I thought he was going to be," he finally said. "Pretty good-looking kid, don't you think?"

The following day, the staff was bowed over by Bogey, who arrived loaded with camera and rolls of film. While nurses stopped in their tracks, Bogey shot picture after picture of his very young son.

Thoughts in Passing: Marguerite (Maggie to her friends) Chapman was the prettiest bride of the year in her Don Loper wedding dress. Pretty and happy because she married the man she's loved for seven years, Bentley Ryan. Charles Chaplin and his wife, starting at James Mason and his wife, who stare back. Each wondering what the other is doing on a party dance floor, perhaps. Frank Sinatra popped out with the shortest haircut of the year. He and Nancy seemed to have reached some sort of each-going-his-own-way agreement. We seldom see them.

(Continued on page 12)
During Venetian stay, an Italian family gave Ty Power, with his bride Linda, use of their home, so that he could make costume changes, enjoy a rest during making of “Prince of Foxes”.

One of the stars in Ty’s new film is Linda’s sister, Ariadne Christian, left. Marriage of Ty and Linda, right, delighted the “Tifosi,” as the Italian bobby-soxers are called.
Point of interest: Guests at recent Darryl Zanuck testimonial dinner were French actor Louis Jourdan and charming wife Berthe

Jitterbug sequence: When Ann Sothern and Cesar Romero put on their act it's a howl —for host Zach Scott, in background, right

together these days... Joanne Dru is fast becoming one of the most popular belles of the town. Seems to have garnered a new radiance since her final separation from Dick Haymes... And when all the shooting is over, popularity honors will be shared this coming year among three males—Farley Granger, Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift. Want to bet?

Set Doings: The sights one sees on these movie sets! For instance, the last thing we expected to see on the "Madam Bovary" stage was Van Heflin soundly whacking the bottom of a very young infant; so young, in fact, it was playing the role of a newly born baby. Nearby sat a nurse holding a stand-in baby, ready to go before the camera if the action went beyond the specified time limit. With each baby requiring his own nurse as well as a welfare worker, the scene, even though it ran a matter of seconds, was a costly one.

Van is happier in this role of a country doctor than he's been in a long time. His past health, which has kept him on a soft drink and soft food diet, has improved his looks and his outlook. At no time, he told us, have he and his cute, redheaded Frances been happier.

Through her dressing room door, we saw Jennifer Jones deep in a business conversation about her fiancé's decision to sell out the David Selznick studios, lock, stock and barrel, and somehow we feel David's unloading of this heavy burden adds to her happiness. Their only misunderstandings, we've been told, were caused by his unending working hours that kept them apart. Now they can really relax and be happy on that European honeymoon.

And one more thought, one of the main topics of conversation in Hollywood today concerns Jennifer; her quiet goodness and understanding toward her ex-husband Bob Walker through all his troubles, and her increasing beauty as time goes by. The word on all sides is: "Jennifer Jones is growing to be the most beautiful woman in Hollywood!"

Bits and Pieces: Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy hope the old adage of "a bad start, a good ending" is true. Wanda's attack of virus almost held up their wedding and Audie's attack immediately after cer-
Rear view vision: Janet Leigh and her parents, the Fred Morrisons, get off to a good start—for a day's fun together.

Salute to a bride—from groom Marshall Thompson. She's the former Barbara Long, sister of young movie actor, Richard Long.

Hoot mon—it's Crosby, dressed for the occasion—a golf tournament he sponsored. Proceeds were split between Sister Kenny Foundation and local community fund.

tainly postponed their honeymoon... James Mason has a rival in his love for cats. Howard Duff is so crazy over his seven feline pets, he's taken a small Laurel Canyon house with lots of ground for them to play in. "I admire their independence," Howard says... Tall and gracious Patricia Neal stole the show at the Command Performance in England. Patricia is a beauty and a charmer... Alan Ladd has lost so much weight, his friends are concerned about him. English fans mobbed Alan and Sue during their Command Performance appearances... The Bob Hopes have despaired of finding a house in Beverly Hills large enough for their family, so, in order to transact his business nearer home, Bob is having built on his property, a separate cottage to be used for his radio writers and business secretary. In this way both Mrs. Hope and the children can see him often. If he ever stays put, that is... The dance rehearsals for "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" are so strenuous, (Continued on page 14)
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Anticipation: Reconciled John Paynes take the cake—for fourth anniversary

(Continued from page 13) Mark Stevens eats dinner while resting his weary feet in a pail of hot water. "Not romantic, but darned comfortable," Mark grins... The way Errol Flynn has taken the starch from Greer Garson's dignity on the "Forsyte Saga" set has the whole studio chuckling. The two like each other very much and enjoy working together.

Tarzan on a Spot: When Lex Barker and his pretty wife walked into the lounge of the Palm Springs Tennis Club, Dennis O'Keefe motioned to a small boy and said, "Look, there's Tarzan!"

The little boy surveyed Lex from head to foot. "Aw, that's not Tarzan," he said. "He's got pants on.

"Well," Dennis said, "Tarzan has to dress like other people in a place like this.

The lad thought it over and finally approached Lex. "Are you Tarzan?" he asked. "That man over there said you were."

Lex admitted, under the boy's skeptical gaze, that he was indeed the jungle king. "All right then, let's see you leap up to that beam," the boy challenged. "Sure, go ahead," O'Keefe seconded. "Don't want to let the boy down."

Lex, with an I'll-get-you-for-this glare at the grimming O'Keefe, who was loving it, looked again at the small boy's expectant face and then measured the distance to the beam. With a running jump he made it, hanging for seconds on one hand. The boy's look of adoration was his reward. But later, when O'Keefe learned Lex was planning revenge by assuring the lad Dennis was a real "Ted" man who would take him on a hunt for criminals, O'Keefe carefully kept out of sight.

Children: Zack and Elaine, the wise and understanding parents of Waverly Scott, realize the tremendous importance of coming, at long last, into the teens. So, on Waverly's thirteenth birthday, they gave her the privilege of inviting any seven of her school chums for an overnight house party, stocked the icebox with Cokes, hot dogs and everything youngsters love, and then repaired to their own room while Waverly and her friends took over. They were proud, Zack and Elaine, of their daughter's choice, that included all creeds, but were a little puzzled but undaunted over their desire...
to sleep on the living room floor in sleeping bags. Certainly no little girl ever had a nicer teen-age birthday to remember.

Little Stephanie Bendix, the pride and joy of actor Bill and his wife, is most submissive to her nurse's requests but relaxes completely on Thursdays, the nurse's day off. Recently, Stephanie received two chocolate rabbits, that were placed on the nursery mantel to be admired, but not eaten right then by such a little girl. The first Thursday after that, Mrs. Bendix discovered Stephanie on a chair by the mantel hastily stuffing into her mouth the last bite of one of the rabbits.

"Stephanie," Mrs. Bendix said aghast, "you've eaten one of your rabbits."

"Yes," said Stephanie, "and next Thursday I'm going to eat the other one."

A couple who seem to prove the younger they marry, the happier they are, is Mona Freeman and her husband, Pat Nerney. The only drawback to her complete happiness is that Mona wants to play more mature roles. "After all, I am a wife and mother," she says. But all we could think of was what an absolute riot she'd be at a college dance.

At the home of Jack and Anne Warner, we encountered a group of youngsters perfectly at home among the older set. Cal sat with director Mervyn LeRoy, his wife Kitty, and her two lovely daughters. MCA head, Jules Stein, his beautiful wife Doris, and their two attractive daughters Jean and Susan were the guests of Jack and Anne's young daughter, Barbara, home from school in Switzerland. Young Peter Plant, Constance Bennett's son, joined us downstairs in the Warner playroom to view Bob Hope's picture "The Paleface." Certainly there could be no more charming group of youngsters anywhere than these teen-age Hollywoodites.

Shirley and John: At a recent party Cal noted that Shirley Temple and her husband John Agar never seemed to roam three feet apart. Slim, trim and beautiful in her dark gray satin suit, Shirley complained she had gained a few pounds during the shooting of "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," because she was recently pregnant. She noted that her hair had lost much of its former beauty.

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Realization: Christina Cassini dines in New York with mother, Gene Tierney
Ben Gage's mood called for a pipe—and a wisely aside from Esther Williams! so happy making it. While Sally and Shirley exchanged memories of their mutual alma mater, Westlake School for Girls, Cal chatted with John, a shy, reticent lad whose modesty is charming.

"How about you emerging one of the favorites on Photoplay's popularity polls?" we asked him. "I'll bet Shirley was proud of you."

"She was," he smiled, and then we discovered, after questioning, John had made that poll after only one picture.

What a Romance! At a recent party, Cal sat at the same table with Ava Gardner and Howard Duff and viewed, close up, this strangest of romances. Throughout the evening Howard sat in the deepest of gloom while beautiful Ava, in her charming red gown, danced and chatted with others. She always remained, however, to the taciturn Duff, who made no pretense of being anything but miserable.

Assured by others that Mr. Duff enjoyed the same misery while courting Yvonne De Carlo, we surmise the actor is suffering from some deeply rooted hurt that finds a comforting outlet in his gloomy torch bearing. Certainly, Ava is not only one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, but one of the best liked and why she doesn't either reject or accept Duff, is beyond us. Yet Ava dates no one else and when he unceremoniously departed the festivities, it was Ava who ran after him to see he did not leave alone.

Anyone know the answer to this long-enduring romance with the lady saying no while the hero suffers, but is still her best beau?

Flynn Report: Errol Flynn, who often drops by Cal's house on his way home from M-G-M, came by at an opportune moment. Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, who were leaving for a holiday in Jamaica, were here discussing their trip when Errol popped in. He at once set things in motion with cables to friends and Anne and John set off well fortified with information from both of us. A few evenings later a few friends gathered at

(Continued on page 21)
Amigos! ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE!

Three men and a "Blonde Bobcat" fight for life and love on the Texas Plains until treachery turns one against the other!
in Paramount's

"Streets of Laredo"

Color by Technicolor

Produced by
ROBERT FELLOWS - LESLIE FENTON

Directed by

Screen Play by Charles Marquis Warren
Based on a Story by Louis Stevens and Elizabeth Hill

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More About Muscles:

The nicest shoulders in Hollywood belong to John Lund! And besides being awfully nice to look at, he's very convincing as an actor. He is the most interesting hunk of man Hollywood has seen in many a year. I hope the producers continue to cast him in romantic roles such as he had in "A Foreign Affair."

Sunnie Wilson
Manchester, Conn.

You can have your most dangerous men and your most likely-to-succeed men, but when it comes to an all-around wonderful dancer and actor, with charm and sex appeal, give me Dan Dailey. How about hearing more about Dan in Photoplay?

Jane Nevers
Jefferson, N. H.

(Watch for the May issue.)

I fail to see how Dorothy Kilgallen can use the word "menace" in connection with Montgomery Clift. In my vocabulary, a menace is something to stay away from. And anyone who'd want to stay away from Monty Clift, is plumb crazy!

Doris E. Pyle
Salina, Kans.

My boy friend's nice but he'd be more so if he had Burt Lancaster's torso! (From a reader who's been sighing ever since she read Kilgallen's "Torso" tone, "Muscles, Magnetism and Menace!")

Dorris Davies
New York, N. Y.

Cheers and Jeers:

During the war, when flags were flying and bands were playing, employers promised to give the returned veterans the same positions they held prior to their leaving. Yet, why is it that John Carroll, who had been getting nice fat parts as a civilian, is now reduced to deplorable roles in "B" pictures since his return? Seems to me, they're not doing right by our John.

Sally Wish
Chicago, Ill.

After seeing "Red River," I think a new star has finally been noticed. And I do not mean Montgomery Clift. I am talking about John Ireland. His acting is natural and not forced. And although his voice is low, it is commanding. But just because he is not starred, he seems to have been overlooked by movie fans.

Norma Dene Giggy
Springfield, Mo.

Your article about the "21 Club," January issue, was very heartening. I refer especially to the part about none of the members drinking or smoking. I only wish more of the Hollywood stars would be as good examples to their young public.

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IF HAIR IS GRAY, USE FORMER HAIR COLORING AS GUIDE

Max Factor * Hollywood

Back Talk:

I was reading a letter in Photoplay that said Dan Dailey was a far greater dancer than Gene Kelly. I think Gene Kelly is a wonderful dancer. All Dan Dailey does is jump around.

DORIS ANNE DUVAL
Tampa, Fla.

In your January issue, a young lady wrote that while Peter Lawford was in Cleveland, he wouldn't sign autographs. In answer, I would like to say when Pete was in New Rochelle, he shook hands and signed autographs until Keenan Wynn and the policeman had to drag him away—it was pouring rain besides.

ANNE SCHULTZ
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Has Hollywood gone wacky? What's the big idea of starring Farley Granger opposite Joan Evans? Might as well star Margaret O'Brien opposite Clark Gable. What happened to Cathy O'Donnell? She was meant for the part of Rosamond Mc Coy. Why, if I was Farley Granger (that wonderful lunk of man) I'd be insulted if I was starred opposite a baby like that.

JANET LANGE
Ambridge, Pa.

Question Box:

In one magazine, I read that Douglas Dick was born in 1920 and in another magazine I read he was twenty-five years old. Could you tell me his correct age?

MARY JOELS
Sheboygan, Wis.

(He was born Nov. 20, 1920.)

Could you please tell me if Burt Lancaster's real name is Barton Lancaster? Also, my friend said he is Italian but I said he wasn't. I can't prove it. Would you please tell me?

LILLIAN LEVINS
New York, N. Y.

(He is full name is Barton Stephen Lancaster. He was born in New York City and traces his ancestry back to the House of Lancaster, England.)

My friends and I thought Lana Turner did a wonderful job of acting in "The Three Musketeers." Did she have any make-up on in the scene where she was imprisoned and was trying to get June Allyson's pick?

SHIRLEY OWEN
Ogden, Utah

(Yes. A white make-up was used to make Lana look pale and ill.)

We Houstonians (of the high school set, at least) are all set to start a new fan club, but we don't know what to name it. Will you help by telling us who those marvelous, talented, gorgeous twins are who sang and danced in "Words and Music"? We think they are the best young movie entertainment that has come along in quite a while.

JOAN GRAY
Houston, Texas

(Ramon and Royce Blackburn, who were well-known night club entertainers before they broke into movies.)

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At home: Bob Montgomery and Ingrid Bergman between Lux airing of "The Seventh Veil"

INSIDE STUFF

Abroad: Cary Grant, Ann Sheridan on location in Germany for picture "I Was a Male War Bride"

(Continued from page 16) Flynn's to view the film shot by the actor on his recent Jamaica visit. Pat and Cornel Wilde were leaving the following week for a picture in Switzerland and both were radiant that their film together, "Shockproof," reaped splendid reviews. Janet Leigh came by with Arthur Lowe Jr. The breach between Errol and Nora seems permanent at the moment with Errol deeply affected by his wife's decision.

Food and Femmes: Elizabeth Taylor, Janet Leigh and June Allyson claim the distinction of having the most enormous appetites of any girls in town with Elizabeth taking first honors. Steaks and all the trimmings were the luncheon orders of the day all through "Little Women." With Elizabeth in England, where rationing is short and Janet dieting to fit into those "Forsyte Saga" costumes, June is left to eat in peace.

Roaring with Leo: The set was a life-like gambling den (and why a "den," we wonder) replete with red damask walls, gaming tables, smoke and oddly assorted customers. The scene on this "Any Number Can Play" set had just been completed when a hand reached out for us. "Come on, I want to talk to you," a voice said and, startled, we turned around to catch the amused grin of Clark Gable.

We relaxed in his comfortable dressing room, chattering of many things. His new television set is his pride and joy, he told us. "Have it set up back in the gun room where it can be seen from any angle, I can have my dinner on a tray and never miss a thing. It's fascinating."

With no girl in his life at the moment (and that misunderstanding between Clark and Iris Bynum looks final), he plans on leaving for Europe in February, taking his car and touring as he pleases.

With a promise to see each other before he leaves, we took off for "The Midnight Kiss" set, two sound stages away, where two plaid flannelled arms swept us inside. It was Keenan Wynn. "The person I'm looking for," he explained. "I was just up to the publicity department saying if anyone was to write my marriage story (and Cal knows there have been a lot of requests) it's you." Cal was flattered but then Keenan knows his fine sons Ned and Tracy—who live now with Evie and Van—are two of our favorite children.

Katharine Grayson and Mario Lanzo, who turns out to be a neighbor of Cal's, were deep in a duet for the picture and we pass on, as an inside tip now: watch this Lzano lad. And don't say your Uncle Cal didn't tell you in advance.

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**VV (F) The Fan (Twentieth Century-Fox)**

IF HE were alive today, Oscar Wilde would be as pleased as punch over this nosegay of the Naughty Nineties based on his play, "Lady Windermere's Fan." It's an elegantly mounted picture with a first-rate cast and it preserves Wilde's wry, sly humor.

Jeanne Crain is enchanting as Lady Windermere, who fears her handsome, wealthy husband, Richard Greene, has been unfaithful. Madeleine Carroll is delightful as the beautiful-and-bold Mrs. Erlynne. George Sanders is excellent as Lord Darlington, a regular heartbreaker in his day. These four lend sparkle to a comedy of Victorian times when indiscretion was the ultimate sin.

Because Jeanne believes her husband guilty of an affair with Madeleine, whose real identity is a mystery to her, she is ready to run off with Sanders. Whereupon the woman whom Jeanne regarded as her worst enemy proves to be her best friend.

Your Reviewer Says: A charming period piece.

**VV (F) A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court (Paramount)**

THIS Mark Twain classic presents a remarkably youthful Bing Crosby in the role of the brave, bold and bewildered blacksmith who finds himself in King Arthur's court in the year 528.

What seems a nightmare turns into a dream when Bing meets the king's niece, Rhonda Fleming, a delectable dish in any age. Trading Connecticut for Camelot, Bing grabs a seat at the round table.

Unfortunately, the lady is betrothed to Henry Wilcoxon, a fierce fellow right handy with a lance. But Bing, the old smoothie, surmounts all obstacles.

Bill Bendix is something to see in armor and a long bob. As King Arthur, Sir Cedric Hardwicke sneezes his way through the picture, while Virginia Field and Murvyn Vye plot to seize the throne.

Your Reviewer Says: Colorful—and darn funny, too.

**V (A) Flaxy Martin (Warners)**

APARENTLY, it's Virginia Mayo's lot to play dizzy, deceitful dames. As Flaxy Martin—a knockout on looks but with a dollar sign where her heart should be—Virginia uses lawyer Zachary Scott for her selfish ends. With her gangster-sweetheart, Douglas Kennedy, she sees to it that Zach takes the rap for a murder he didn't commit. It's Dorothy Malone who steers Zach back to the old-fashioned virtues. Tom D'Andrea proves a friend in need; Helen Westcott is a blackmailer.

Up to their ears in squalor and crime, one and all are called upon to think and act with lightning speed.

Your Reviewer Says: Murder will out.
**Stage Branden**

**(F) Portrait of Jennie (Selznick)**

EVER feel as if you were floating on a fleecy pink cloud? Well, that's the effect this nostalgic picture brings you. It is romance plus, beautifully acted, directed and produced.

*Jennie*, played by Jennifer Jones, is an entrancing creature, half-girl, half-woman. When struggling artist Joseph Cotten meets her, he cannot forget her. Encouraged by wise Ethel Barrymore and kindly Cecil Kellaway, he paints *Jennie*, capturing her lovely, elusive spirit. Theirs is a strange, will-o'-the-wisp love affair, for *Jennie* belongs to an earlier era. Her visits to Joseph, all too fleeting and unreal, build the story to a strong climax.

It's a glowing, dream-spun tale of Young Love. An outstanding cast includes David Wayne, Albert Sharpe and Lillian Gish.

Your Reviewer Says: A love story to stir your heart.

**(F) The Far Frontier (Republic)**

ROY ROGERS discovers a slippery crew of smugglers who transport criminals from Mexico to the United States. They're a bad lot, led by Roy Barcroft and Robert Strange.

Rogers goes into action when his border patrolman friend, Clayton Moore, is missing. Then things move hot and fast with hard ridin' and lots of sluggin'. His old pals, Andy Devine, Foy Willing and the Riders of the Purple Sage are around to help him. And there's Gail Davis, too, a right cute cowgirl.

Filmed in Trucolor, "The Far Frontier" is a notch or so above the average Western.

Your Reviewer Says: Good deal, pardner!

**WW (F) Command Decision (M-G-M)**

SOME men are born leaders, capable of making a decision and sticking to it. Brigadier General Clark Gable is this breed — a soldier first, last and always. By way of contrast, Major General Walter Pidgeon is more a politician than a military man.

These two divide acting honors in a strong story which points up the problems of the Big Brass. One problem is outspoken newspaper correspondent Charles Bickford, far too inquisitive about aerial operations and losses to suit Gable. Another, even more perplexing, is the inopportune visit of Congressman Edward Arnold and his colleagues. Gable is brusque with Arnold who criticizes the way the war is going. Whereupon it's up to Pidgeon to smooth things over.

Van Johnson is a cynical sergeant. Brian Donlevy is the man slated to fill Gable's shoes and John Hodiak plays a colonel and close friend of Clark's.

Your Reviewer Says: It's dramatic dynamite!
(A) Force of Evil (M-G-M)
THIS movie dealing with killers and crooks is just about as hard-boiled as they come. Derived from Ira Wolfert's novel, "Tucker's People," it exposes the rotten policy racket that is robbing a gullible public of its nickels and dimes.

John Garfield is completely convincing as a product of New York's slums who becomes the mouthpiece of "numbers king" Roy Roberts. Roberts looks and acts the part of a big-shot gangster. Thomas Gomez scores as Garfield's estranged brother who works the racket on a small scale, and Howland Chamberlain is effective as his teller of bookkeeper. In shining contrast to all this corruption, there's Gomez's dewy-eyed young secretary who spurs Garfield's attentions. However, recognizing decent instincts beneath his cynical exterior, she is attracted to him. In this role, newcomer Beatrice Pearson is very appealing, indeed.

An exciting, fast-moving picture which reveals crime in a glaringly vicious light.

Your Reviewer Says: Gunplay with Garfield.

(F) Bad Boy (Allied Artists)
THIS action drama describes the splendid work of the Variety Clubs International. The organization maintains a boys' farm at Copperas Cove, Texas, where young criminals are rehabilitated.

As the "bad boy" of the title, Audie Murphy certainly makes good in a big way. Although Murphy appears beyond redemption, it's the credo of Lloyd Nolan, director of the farm, that there are no hopeless boys—only people who grow hopeless about them. So he pleads with Judge Celena Boyle to place the boy in his care rather than send him to reform school. When she reluctantly agrees, Nolan is confronted with the biggest problem of his long, useful career.

While polite enough a Nolan and his friendly wife, Jane Wyatt, Murphy refuses to buckle down to real work. He is far from popular with the other boys or with Nolan's hard-boiled assistant, James Gleason, who has to restrain himself from beating some sense into him.

Your Reviewer Says: Another medal for Murphy.

(F) Alias Nick Beal (Paramount)
THE good and bad in man comes to grips in this drama which obviously was inspired by Goethe's "Faust." Ray Milland, suave and sinister, is the devil in human form.

He is after district attorney Thomas Mitchell's soul and, toward that end, uses every sordid trick to turn a basically honest individual into a corrupt political machine. He creates his do-nond-out Audrey Totter to cause a rift between Mitchell and his sympathetic wife, Geraldine Wall.

Farfetched though this is, at times you'll give it your undivided attention. Watching how on earth poor Mitchell will escape the clutches of his crafty adversary, George Macready plays a man of the cloth, Fred Clark a crooked politician.

Your Reviewer Says: Devilishly different.

(F) Angel in Exile (Republic)
A PRETTY girl, a fake gold mine and a minor miracle change John Carroll's plans in this rough-and-tumble action drama with a Western setting.

After a five-year stretch in prison for manslaughter, Carroll and his partner-in-crime Art Smith are all set to collect a gold cache worth a cool million. Tough guy Barton MacLane and his accomplice horn in on the deal. They follow Carroll to an abandoned mine in the mountains where he forces them in or out. Although the gold was stolen years ago, the idea is to pretend it's just been discovered. A suspicious government clerk guesses their little secret and blackmails them into declaring him a partner. It's a question of who will pull the trigger first and skip off with the loot. Meanwhile, Carroll meets Adele Mara, daughter of village doctor Thomas Gomez, and he begins to see things in a new light.

Your Reviewer Says: "All that glitters . . ."

(F) Wake of the Red Witch (Republic)
AS CAPTAIN of the Red Witch, devil-may-care John Wayne takes you on a long sea voyage to faraway places. Strange adventures befall Wayne and handsome Gig Young as they first conspire to sink a ship carrying a fortune in gold and later return to salvage it.

Crafty shipowner Luther Adler halts the investigation which follows, and it's then Young learns the real motive behind Wayne's act. It isn't greed for gold or pearls that accounts for the deadly enmity between Wayne and Adler. It's a greater prize—dark-eyed Gail Russell.

Gail dwells on a South Sea Island, the niece of French Commissaire Henry Daniell. Her heart belongs to Wayne but Fate keeps them apart. It is this unhappy love affair which has turned the captain into a relentless brute. In the process of uncovering Wayne's colorful past, Young loses his heart to Luther's attractive niece, Adele Mara.

Wayne's undersea battle with an octopus is a highlight of this long, lusty sea story based on Garland Roark's novel.

Your Reviewer Says: Thriller of the deep.

(F) Rose of the Yukon (Republic)
THE white open spaces make an attractive background for this routine chase picture. Steve Brodie is the pursuer, William Wright the hunted. Myrna Dell is the little lady who shuttles between the two.

An Army deserter, supposedly killed in action, Wright has struck it rich in Alaska. When his ex-buddy Brodie spots his picture in the paper, he is sent to get him. Army officials want Wright to reveal what happened to members of a mission which never returned. Myrna (who bears more than a passing resemblance to Myrna Loy) shields Wright until she learns he's a murderer and traitor. Then she switches to Steve's side. There's a wild sled chase over rough Arctic trails with Brodie taking a shortcut. But a pack of vicious dogs. Meanwhile, Myrna softly sings: "It's Not the First Love."

No epic of the North, this; yet it has moments of interest.

Your Reviewer Says: Ice-coated crime yarn

(F) Tarzan's Magic Fountain (RKO)
WANT to take a trip to the jungle with Tarzan and Jane and their pet chimpanzee, Cheta? Here's your chance! Lex Barker is again given to few words but swift action. Brenda Joyce is his pretty mate untroubled by clothing problems. They discover English aviatrix Evelyn Ankers, lost for twenty years. Jungle paradise where one never grows old. Naturally, she's reluctant to return to civilization until she learns that her testimony can free an innocent (Continued on page 26)
"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphs

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only promised her relief—but gave it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it is yours—take my word for it—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may be the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Porified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove skin make-up and any dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphs, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 92, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

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I couldn't understand it 'til I read Gail Russell's words: "A man wants his special girl to be feminine... wants her hands to be soft and romantic."

The magazine said Gail Russell uses Jergens Lotion on her hands, so...

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What a difference! My hands felt smoother, looked lovelier overnight. And soon, Bill noticed! "Such beautiful hands!" he said. And tonight he told me so again... when he slipped his ring on my finger!

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And no stickiness! Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1

**Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!**

(Continued from page 24)

man back in England. Meanwhile, greedy Albert Dekker and Charles Drake determine to find the mysterious Blue Valley which offers the secret of eternal youth so they can make their fortunes. Their opportunity comes when Evelyn and her Englishman return to the jungle and plead with Tarzan to guide them to the magic fountain.

It's hocus-pocus but it's also fun, especially Cheta making with the bubble gum.

Your Reviewer Says: It's tree-swinging time!

✓ (F) **The Life of Riley**

(Universal-International)

The comic misadventures of an ordinary guy, whose life is wrapped up in his family and his factory job, are related here with noisy gusto.

Big Bill Bendix is the Riley of radio serial fame, an amiable nitwit liked by everyone. Everyone, that is, except the bill collectors, including landlady Beulah Bondi. Beulah, who lives in the house next door with her good-looking young nephew, Richard Long, heartily disapproves when Richard and Bill's pretty daughter, Meg Randall, falls in love. Mark Daniels, son of Bill's boss, is after Meg, too, chiefly because he can only get his hands on a trust fund on his wedding day. Meg agrees to marry Mark to solve her father's financial problems, neglecting to tell Pop that she doesn't love the guy.

James Gleason is Bill's tough-talking pal, Rosemary DeCamp his ever loyal spouse and Bill Goodwin his one-time rival for the wife's affections.

Your Reviewer Says: Bendix cuts a few capers.

✓ (F) **Cover Up**

(Nasser-UA)

WHERE there is a murder, there must be a motive. However, the only motive discovered by insurance investigator Dennis O'Keefe is that his deceased client—supposedly a suicide—was decidedly unpopular with his fellow-townsmen. Any one of half a dozen people might have fired the fatal bullet.

Even Sheriff William Bendix, obviously reluctant to answer O'Keefe's questions, is open to suspicion. Everyone seems to be covering up but Dennis stubbornly keeps on snooping. The presence of pretty Barbara Britton in his life makes everything worth while. But then her father, Art Baker, appears to be implicated too.

Since you meet neither killer nor victim, simply learn about the murder second hand, you never find yourself at fever pitch over it. But O'Keefe is so likeable, it's a distinct relief when he finds the answer to his persistent question: Who did it?

Your Reviewer Says: A passable puzzler.

✓ (F) **Miranda**

(Rank-Eagle Lion)

MERMAIDS are very much in the movie news this season. Now Britain sends us a fantastic fish story with Glynis Johns as the lovely sea sprite and Griffith Jones as the married medico who succumbs to her charms.

Actually "Miranda" is a drawing-room comedy with its mermaid wearing a monacle, so to speak. A very cultured young lady, despite her years in a cave beneath the sea, she insists on the doctor bringing her to London so she may see Buckingham Palace and attend the opera.

The foolish fellow installs her in his home and pretends she's a patient unable to walk. His wife, Gogie Withers, wisely decides to keep her eyes and ears open.
Soon enough, Miranda—a homebreaker at heart—proves a most disrupting influence. Not only the doctor but his young chauffeur, David Tomlinson, and artist-friend, John McCallum, find Miranda irresistible.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're feeling frivolous.

✓ (F) A Woman's Secret (RKO)
LOVE and crime make an effective mixture in this movie based on Vicki Baum's novel, "Mortgage on Life."
Lovely Maureen O'Hara gives herself up to the police after a mysterious shooting in her apartment. Her singer-protégé, Gloria Grahame, is at death's door and cannot be questioned. But Melvyn Douglas knows a thing or two about the girls and he helps police inspector Jay C. Flippen fit together the missing pieces in the jigsaw puzzle. Even if Maureen did shoot Gloria, as she claims, what was it that made her pull the trigger? Could that green-eyed monster, Jealousy, have something to do with it? After all, Douglas is a mighty attractive guy; trouble is he's awfully slow about popping the question, and you really can't blame Maureen for growing impatient. Lawyer Victor Jory and ex-soldier Bill Williams play their parts in this life-and-death drama, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair suspense story.

✓ (A) Knock on Any Door (Columbia)
TAKEN from Willard Motley's novel, this somber study of Youth gone wrong is lifted out of the class of ordinary gangster movies by virtue of its fine acting. First, there's Humphrey Bogart in the role of a lawyer, giving one of his compellingly earnest performances. Then there's newcomer John Derek, delivering a noteworthy portrayal of a young hoodlum who never had a chance. And Alene Roberts certainly merits mention as a sweet, pathetic kid who deserves a far better break than the one she gets here.

Sympathetic social worker Susan Perry persuades Bogie to take John's case much against his will. For the lawyer knows that the boy has a bad record and might easily be guilty of the cop-killing charge against him. Once in the courtroom, however, Bogart does his utmost to defeat prosecuting attorney George Macready, a man who can make his victims really squirm. For the benefit of the jury, Bogart describes his client's sordid background, and it's then you learn the why's and wherefores of Nick Romano's life on Skid Row.

Your Reviewer Says: Tense tragedy of a misspent life.

Best Pictures of the Month
Command Decision
Portrait of Jennie

Best Performances of the Month
Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon in "Command Decision"
Audie Murphy in "Bad Boy"
Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten in "Portrait of Jennie"
Humphrey Bogart, John Derek and Allene Roberts in "Knock on Any Door"
John Garfield, Thomas Gomez and Beatrice Pearson in "Force of Evil"

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your problems answered
by Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:
At twenty-nine, I have had seven years of teaching experience in four different schools. I am weary of teaching; I long for marriage and a home.
During the past year I met a college instructor with whom I fell deeply in love. We had everything in common. However, several years ago, he had gone more or less steadily with a girl who had a good family and position, prestige. He gave up a promising career in engineering to go into his father's business.

I am trying to be realistic. I feel that I may yet find someone else. I am taking a secretarial course in hope that such a position will enlarge my opportunity of meeting a suitable husband.

However, my moods of depression are frequent. I am lonely, and often life does not seem worth the effort. I tell myself that women in their thirties who have learned poise, how to dress, etc., are more attractive than their juniors, but statistics tell me that the chance of a first marriage after thirty is remote.

I am grasping for something, for a philosophy, for an obscure comfort of some kind. Out of my bewilderment I have come to you because your column seems, somehow, "different."
Edith K.

Please don't consider my initial bit of advice to be a swift descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. I mean it in all sincerity. You should go to a competent physician for a complete physical check-up. Sometimes a low state of mind, particularly following an emotional defeat, is caused by a thyroid deficiency. It's worth finding out about.

Next, despite your reticence on the subject, I imagine that you were terribly hurt by the unfortunate termination of your love affair. You know, of course, that a man who would choose material gain above the lesser obstacle of true emotional compatibility, is not worth grieving over. You know it, but the hurt remains. Only time will take that away.

The thing to do is to discover your own talent. Everyone has a talent of some sort. It may be for baking the world's best cookies, or for playing the piano well enough to entertain your friends, or for clay modeling. It may be for photography, writing children's stories, painting, or telescoping furniture. Discover what your hidden talent is, then develop it.

Never forget that the Duchess of Windsor was forty when she married and that Elsie de Wolfe was seventy when she became the wife of Sir Charles Mendl. Both were unusual women, granted. Then be an unusual woman yourself.
Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:
I am twenty-one years old; my husband is twenty-two. We have been married for three years.
My husband says he loves me, and I know for a fact that he has nothing to do with other women. But he just can't stay away from his boy friends when they get together at bars, at bowling alleys, on hunting trips, or just driving around on Saturday nights.

This past week he finally told me he was leaving. He wants to go home to live, because he does not want the responsibility of taking care of a home, a wife, and a child. He says it is so much more expensive than he thought it would be, that he can't be married and have any fun. I am going to have to get a job and support our boy while my mother takes care of him.

Here is what I can't understand: My husband says that he still loves me and is not interested in any other girl. He wants to be able to telephone me occasionally and take me out on dates, but he just doesn't want to be tied down.

Cathy J.

Three years ago, when you were eighteen and your husband was nineteen, you were simply too young to marry. Those sort of girls rush into marriage with

Claudette Colbert, star of "Family Honeymoon"

Eventually, this man asked me for a date. He took me out to dinner and to a theater. He was a gay, witty, perfect companion.

But the next day in the office he behaved as if he had never met me before. I kidded around for a few minutes, then, suffering from frostbite, beat it back to my own department.

A few nights later he called for a weekend date. A gang was going up to a ski lodge; his mother and father were our chaperones. We had a wonderful time, but the same thing happened in the office afterward. He wouldn't even give me a smile. I can't figure him out. I suppose I have had six or eight dates with him now but there's nothing in his attitude at business to indicate whether he even knows I exist.

Vera S.

From the beginning of time, men have had to departmentalize their lives. This man is wise enough to know that in business he must be just behave in a businesslike manner. If you want to retain his friendship and earn, perhaps, his love, you should meet his behavior with a matching coolness. When he is formal, you should be formal. If he unbends a little, you might unbend, but not quite as much as he has. Out on a date you know how to behave, without any coaching from me, I'm sure.

Every girl in business should make a hard and fast rule for herself: Formality is the only sensible business practice.
Claudette Colbert
Boy under twenty-five, and learn later that the boy has no intention of settling down. But by that time there is a child whose entire future may be jeopardized.

Go to the public defender in your town or to a judge and have legal papers drawn to compel your husband to aid in the support of his son. Because you are young you will probably marry again. Next time, be certain you pick out a man, not a spoiled adolescent.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a boy of fifteen. I will graduate from high school in 1950. After that my mother plans to send me to a local business school so I can get enough training to handle the business end of our electrical appliance store.

How may I politely but firmly tell my family that I don't want to work in the store. If I should make a mistake in another job, I could forget it when I got home, but my family brings the store home with them and discusses the customers, the merchandise, the competitors. The store lives with us twenty-four hours a day. My father and my mother are gone all day, so I do all the dishes, clean the house, do the washing and marketing.

In the evening I would like to spin a few discs in my own room, but when I start to leave, my mother says, "Don't you like my company?" So I sit there all evening while she lies on the couch and sleeps. My mother dislikes all of my friends and says friends take a person away from the home. I hope you can see why I would rather not work in the family store.

Ike L.

At present, your mother's possessiveness is manifested only in her plans for controlling your economic future, in depriving you of friends, and in keeping you at her side. It may be that you play your phonograph so loudly that it keeps her awake and that it keeps you away from musical recreation. However, I suspect that it isn't only her love of silence which inspires her behavior.

Occasionally, you should go to your room and remain there, doing as you like. If your mother questions you, tell her fondly, "You're the best mother in the world, but I have my own interests. I know you'll excuse me for a while."

Presumably, you will have to take business training and go into the family store, at least until you are twenty-one. By that time you will have a means of earning your living and you will be of age. Then, if you wish, strike out for yourself.

Claudette Colbert

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Claudette Colbert?

---

Beautiful, Heavenly Lips
For You
WITHOUT LIPSTICK

... And These Newly Luscious Colors
Can't Come Off on Anything

Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone brings your lips color-beauty that is almost too attractive!

Makes the Sweetest Kiss
Because It Leaves No Mark on Him

Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to your lips alone and one make-up with Liquid Liptone usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Feels Marvelous On Your Lips—They Stay Soft and Smooth

In fact, you can't feel Liquid Liptone at all. Nor can you taste it. And all it does to your lips is protect them against wind and chap. They stay naturally soft and smooth.

PLEASE TRY SEVERAL SHADES
AT MY INVITATION

Once you experience the greater beauty of greaseless color and the confidence of knowing that your lip make-up will stay on no matter what your lips touch—I am sure you will thank me for making this offer. Mark the coupon for the shades you want. (Each trial bottle is a week's supply.) Enclose 12¢ for each shade to cover postage and packing. Sincerely,

Princess Pat

---

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

Claudette Colbert?

---

Liquid Liptone

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

Mail Coupon for Generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 9104, 2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12¢ (2c Fed. Tax) for each, as checked below:

☐ Medium—Natural true red.  ☐ Regal—Glamorous burgundy.
☐ Gypsy—Vibrant deep red.  ☐ Scarlet—Flaming red.
☐ CHEEK TONE—"Magic" natural color.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ________ Zone ________ State ________

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association
IT'S THE CHEER LEADER OF THE YEAR!!

Loretta Young
Van Johnson

MOTHER is a Freshman

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with
Rudy Vallee
Barbara Lawrence

Robert Arthur • Betty Lynn • Griff Barnett • Kathleen Hughes

Directed by Lloyd Bacon • Produced by Walter Morosco
Screen Play by Mary Loos and Richard Sale • Based on a Story by Raphael Blau
After serving his sentence Bob faces another judge—his public. Here are a few things you couldn’t know—and should

ROBERT MITCHUM paid the debt he owed the Motion Picture Industry for giving him his chance to become a successful screen actor when he agreed to the arrangements whereby he pleaded guilty to a charge of conspiracy to violate California’s narcotics law. When he went into the Los Angeles Superior Court with his high-priced attorney, Jerry Giesler, for trial on a grand jury indictment Jan. 10, he sat back and didn’t offer one shred of testimony to clear himself. Thus the movie business was spared a session of front-page headlines all over the world which would have lasted from two to three weeks. With the panic on in Hollywood, these headlines might have made matters worse.

I do not know another actor in Hollywood who would have accepted this sort of deal. He now has a dope conviction on his record and what that will mean to him, his wife and their two children in the future is hard to predict.

Of course, he might have been found guilty anyway, if the case had been strung out with a jury trial running into many days in court, but judging from Giesler’s past performances as a criminal lawyer, Mitchum stood just as good a chance of being acquitted as Errol Flynn, also defended by Giesler, had in the charge of statutory rape a few years ago. That case had the world agog for months and a repetition of such a three-ringed circus was abhorrent to the studio heads. There are many people who have firmly believed that Mitchum would get out of (Continued on page 98)
THE contest is over. The Photoplay Dream House has found its owner. But never was there such excitement! More than a quarter million of you readers tried to make the Dream House your home! Each day thousands of entries flooded in—all proving, again, that nothing means more to Americans than a home to live in. For frantic weeks, the panels of judges weighed the entries. Then, having no idea of the name, age or sex of the contestant, they picked the winner—Mrs. Virginia MacAllister. And, if you have the slightest feeling of disappointment at not being the lucky one, you will lose it when you read Mrs. MacAllister's story. Because, for her, the Dream House is even more than a dream come true—it means that for her, life begins all over again.

She stood open-mouthed in the living room of her parents' home in Warrensburg, a tiny town in upstate New York, when they told her. Her eyes filled, her head shook as if to say "No," her face reflected all the conflicting emotions from fear that it was a mistake, a terrible, practical joke, to the unbelievable, unspeakable hope that it might be true.

That morning, she had been skiing near the house with her four-and-a-half-year-old son when the bearers of the good news arrived. Paul W. Watson of the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association, sponsors of the Industry Engineered Home, wanted especially to talk to Mrs. MacAllister. It was his job to help find the plot of land where she would want her Dream House to come true. But she could not tell him right away. She kept staring
house winner

the Photoplay Dream House that over a quarter of a million
To those who have lost we give—her story

from face to face, still unbelieving.
Then she sat down and said:
"I'm in a state of coma. I've got to catch my breath." She looked up
again. "Is it true, really true? All this is really true and I'm not
dreaming?"

This was the best part of the contest—everybody nodded happily.
Mrs. MacAllister spoke as if in a dream. "I'd like," she started to say
slowly. And then, she asked quickly: "Can I pick out my own location?"

Everybody nodded again.
She hugged her blond, tousle-headed boy close to her. Before she
could continue, Rusty announced, "I'm big for my age. I'm going to
take after my father. He was very tall."

"I'd like," she said, still slowly, "a place, any place near the school
in Warrensburg, right in the town. I love the town. It was my husband's
last request. A few hours before he died, he asked that I bring up
Rusty in Warrensburg. I know that there are many wonderful towns
and many wonderful people. But Warrensburg is—well, it's special.
"And I want our home to be near the school so that hundreds, hundreds
of children, will pass us on their way to and from school, and I'll entice
some of them in to play with Rusty."

She held the boy tighter. She looked at everybody and the words
seemed to have trouble coming out:
"Oh, do you know what this means? I'm going to be able to have
a life of my own—with Rusty—after all these. (Continued on page 74)
Revealing wedding plans, the new world Rita will know as Aly's

NOW, Rita Hayworth will be the Princess of the Aly Khan. For what seemed, at first, to be merely an excitement of the heart, has turned out to be an international love story.

"You must come over for our wedding," Prince Aly told me during an overseas telephone call. "What you started, when you introduced us, Elsa, you must finish.

"We're having a civil ceremony first, here at the chateau d'l'Horizon. Then we will go to the Mosque at Nice and be married a second time."

"Which means, I suppose," said I, "that in about fifteen years I will be assisting at the wedding of Miss Rebecca Welles and your youngest son, Amyon."

Aly, laughing, gave the phone to Rita who had, all the while, been clamoring for it. The joy in her voice, too, leapt across three thousand miles of ocean.

"We love you, Elsa," said Rita, "and know what a friend you were during those horrible weeks before
we could make any announcement."

"People did not understand," I said, "that Aly, heir to the greatest fortune in the world and successor to his father as virtually the Mahomet to eighty million Ismaili Moslems, could not possibly announce his plan to marry until you and his father had met and he had given his approval.

"Tell me," I added, "were you nervous when you went to meet the Aga?"

Rita laughed. "Nervous! My heart was in my mouth for fear I would not please him. But he was so kind and charming, I was at once at ease. No one, Elsa, could have welcomed me more warmly into his family!"

All of this did not surprise me. The Aga Khan has always been most wise and human. Besides, he has long known—as I have—of the arrangement between Prince Aly and his wife, Joan. They have been separated for years. Prince Aly preferred to remain technically married, as (Continued on page 70)
BY WYNN ROBERTS

Scoop! Reporting the life history of

Monty, the most talked-about

and—until now—least known

man in Hollywood

If you have any preconceived ideas of
Montgomery Clift, forget them. He
bears no resemblance to anybody you've
ever heard of. He fits no mold, belongs
in no pigeonhole. He is the weirdest, most
unusual character in a city which teems
with unusual characters.

To write about him is like trying to
describe a biological specimen of which
there is only one in the entire world. You
have to struggle to find standards of com-
parison. For example, Monty can remind
you a little bit of Gregory Peck. And for
those who remember, he can remind you
of Sterling Hayden. You can even get a
slight impression of Danny Kaye.

But all these resemblances are gauze-
like, tenuous because Clift is unique. No-
boby can put a finger on him. Take
his twin sister. What does she know
about him—really know about him? They
grew up together. They were close—twins.
She knows a few facts and that his first
name is Montgomery and why. But not
much else. Now, that's no reflection on
Mrs. Ruth McGinnis. It just proves that
all the Clifts have a great reserve and,
again, that fits no pattern. Nobody really
knows what makes up Monty—not even
Monty. (Continued on page 38)
Independent idealist: Montgomery Clift of "The Heiress," who gave up a six-figure salary to retain his individuality.
THE CLIFT STORY

Monty learned much about acting from Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, when he was in “There Shall Be No Night.” This role brought film bids

More than anything else in this world, he wants to be an actor. He wants to be an actor like Laurence Olivier. The talent, the drive, the ability to close out the unimportant trivia of the world are there. And also, this young man is an individualist. That may be part of his charm in a world where the individual has been pushed around quite a lot lately.

If you begin tracing Hollywood’s Mystery Man back, you find a lot of interesting bits and pieces. Gradually, if you put them very carefully together and let your imagination work, you may emerge with a full portrait which is worth the trouble.

He made a dramatic entrance into this world on October 17, 1920. He was a dividend, an extra unexpected gift for his parents. Mr. and Mrs. William Brooks Clift had one son—William Jr.—and they were hoping for a daughter. They got the daughter, Ruth, now Mrs. Robert C. McGinnis, and (Continued on page 104)

Family tintype of a star-studded cast: Tallulah Bankhead, Florence Eldridge, Fredric March, Frances Heflin and Monty in 1942 in “Skin of Our Teeth”

“He was intense and imaginative on stage—quiet and reserved in a group,” says Mari Stewart, Monty’s co-star in “You Touched Me,” his last play before he made “Red River”
His love life has everyone guessing. He won’t discuss his dates. Even his best pals don’t know if there’s ever been anyone “special”

Monty has worn the same slacks and old jacket for years. He buys suits from the best tailors, then gives them away to friends.

Monty’s long lean frame is deceptive. He’s built himself up by hard labor and fast riding. He’s won medals for skiing and once in Cuba he put a “Superman” to shame in a swimming contest.
Martha Vickers chooses a gray dressmaker wool coat for her Wilshire Boulevard appearance. With it she'll wear a navy and white straw hat and navy kid shoes and bag.

Jean Peters pauses in MacArthur Park for preview of her Easter costume—a green suit, natural straw bonnet trimmed with eyelet embroidery and green ribbon.

Buttons and Bows

Hollywood stages a dress rehearsal for the biggest show on earth—the Easter Fashion Parade.

by Photoplay's Reporter-about-town

edith gwynn
For Sunday-go-to-meeting at Westwood Methodist Church, Colleen Townsend will step out in this navy blue crepe dress. And for Easter perfection, a pink flowered hat, pink gloves.

For spring sunshine Yvonne De Carlo will wear a pink gabardine suit, hat of pink straw, tulle and roses. And for sudden showers—an English umbrella.

It's Wilshire Boulevard, beautiful with shops and churches, that will be the background for Hollywood's Easter Parade. There, you will see Joan Bennett and her daughters, Stephanie and Melinda on their way to church. Joan will wear a dressmaker suit of gray-blue shantung and the girls will wear identical short-sleeved dresses of the same material. All three will wear natural straw bonnets trimmed with brightly colored field flowers. Right after service, they'll be rushing to Easter brunch at the Wangers—a gracious spot in Holmby Hills. Diana, Joan's eldest, will be there, too, with her husband, John Anderson.

On Wilshire you'll see Loretta Young and her happy brood, the shining, scrubbed faces of the Crosbys, and, undoubtedly (Continued on page 87)

Photographs by Don Ornitz

A promenade on the Palisades with Pete Lawford and a chance for Audrey Totter to preview her gray Irene suit, blue flowered hat by Keneth Hopkins.
those screwy romances

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Just old friends, according to Ann Sothern. Pinning Clark Gable down to the proposal point keeps Hollywood ladies busy.

It could be love when Janet Leigh’s with Danny Scholl—except for those coast-to-coast phone calls.

“Now’s the time to fall in love,” sang Jane Powell when she first met fiancé Geary Steffen—and broke an old promise to her mother.
It's springtime in Hollywood,
with everybody playing a love

game that has Cupid running
around in the best cinema circles

"F OR LO! the winter is past, the rain is over and
gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time
of the singing of the birds is come and the voice
of the turtle is heard in our land."

The song of the turtledove is loudest, apparently,
in that little strip of western land called Hollywood.
Romantic fever there has reached such epidemic
proportions that even Cupid is reported to be slight-
ly dizzy with his arrows going in the wildest direc-
tions.

Farley Granger, for one, has been affected by the
confusion. "I'm going to be married soon," Farley
tells me between takes in his picture "Roseanna
McCoy." "Who to?" I ask him, forgetting the gram-
mar in the excitement of getting a scoop.

"I'm not sure," says Farley, registering the real
McCoy in indecision. So I try to help him out.

"To Geraldine Brooks?" Farley's dark brown eyes
blur dreamily.

(Continued on page 112)
In make-believe mood:
Little Liza Minnelli makes her screen debut with her mother, Judy Garland, in “In the Good Old Summertime.”
FRANKLY, Hollywood lifted an eyebrow when Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli permitted their three-year-old Liza to emote in several scenes with Judy in "In the Good Old Summer-time."

How come?—the gossips wanted to know.

Had Judy found such health and happiness in her own career that she wanted her daughter to be another child prodigy, as she had been? How about all the talk that Judy's debut on the stage at the age of three had been largely responsible for much of her ill health and her highly nervous condition these past few years? Some of them said, "You would think she, of all people, would want her child to lead a protected 'normal' life far from the nerve-wracking spotlight."

And I can't say that some of the chatter didn't make sense. Several times during the past year I had had to report that this girl, of whom I am really fond, was perilously close to a nervous breakdown. She has lost a great deal of weight in the past few years. Because of illness, she had to cancel out of "The Barkleys of Broadway," a picture she had her heart set on making with Fred Astaire.

If she had been dead set against her daughter ever facing an orchestra or a movie camera, I should have been not in the least surprised.

It was a subject I wanted very much to discuss with Judy but I hadn't expected that the opportunity would first present itself at a very gay party given by a mutual friend with much celebrating and clatter all around us.

As the festivities reached the peak with a loud orchestra jiving and jumping, I suddenly found myself standing side by side with Judy who looked very lovely in her formal evening gown, wearing but "absolutely every (Continued on page 77)
They play croquet with English mallets. Guest, left, is Kurt Frings, Olivia's agent.

The GOODRICH GOOD LIFE

No echoes from “The Snakepit” disturb the peaceful setting where Olivia de Havilland acts out her daily life.

Kitty's a Siamese cat named Katherine—with a penchant for parking anywhere! Olivia doesn't mind—she's busy trying to find a good story to follow “The Heiress.”
New home of the Goodriches is in Brentwood, not far from the sea. Olivia and Marcus spend much time outdoors, reading, entertaining. Frequent guests and croquet partners are the Darryl Zanucks.

No longer the restless girl of yesterday, Olivia has found happiness in marriage and her career.

Olivia gets the air from Shadrack the Airedale, who has his own doggy ideas about the part a pet should play in the family fun outdoors.

Photographs by Ann McNamara.
Raising the curtain on the activity, drama and suspense that precede Always, before the Awards, gossip is at fever pitch as Hollywood locals pick their favorites. This year, because odds usually seem to favor veteran actors...

Because historical drama always has had an advantage in Award finals, there are predictions that "Hamlet" will walk off with the Oscar for the best picture.

Laurence Olivier, left, is gossip's choice for his "Hamlet." Nudging Olivier in Hollywood betting is Clifton Webb, above, for "Sitting Pretty," although usually comedy roles don't rate.

There are many myths about Hollywood's greatest lover. But inside the film capital, only one name is forever breathed with a sigh: Oscar.

This year, on March 24th, when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences makes its annual awards, Oscar will be celebrating his twenty-first birthday. For it was in 1928 that the Academy's Governors decided to establish some intramural form of recognition—since to be designated "an actor's actor" is the highest praise to which an actor can aspire.

To join the Academy, which at present has about 2000 members who pay individual dues of $46 a year, one must be directly employed or associated with some motion picture activity.
Oscars now are given as Awards of Merit for twenty-three achievements.

There are special awards, too, for outstanding achievements not strictly within the regular categories. These are decided by the Governors at midnight on the eve of the Academy Awards.

The established awards are conferred by a system of nominations and elections. Every January 20th, nominating ballots are mailed to everyone entitled to vote. This group, in each instance, is different. Roughly, it consists of all Academy members plus certain accredited members of the group which participates in that particular award. For instance, the nominees for the acting awards are nominated by the Academy acting branch members and all mem-

Just as many Hollywood rumors claim “Joan of Arc,” another historical drama, will win for 1948. Some predict Ingrid Bergman will win an Oscar, too.

Because of her fine performance in “The Snakepit,” Olivia de Havilland is a hot gossip nominee for the leading lady Oscar. However, some claim it will go to Jane Wyman. . .

for her role in “Johnny Belinda”—because Hollywood is sentimental when it comes to Awards and Jane lost when she was nominated for “The Yearling”
Janet Gaynor was first actress to receive the Award for her role with Chas. Farrell in '27’s “Seventh Heaven”

THE STORY OF THE

bers in good standing in certain classes of the Screen Actors Guild. Each person receiving a ballot may list five names. From these nominations—which must be in by January 25th—the high five persons are placed upon the official ballot. Official ballots, mailed on March 1st to Academy members only, must be in by March 15th.

All votes cast in the nominating, as well as the official ballots, are counted by a firm of public accountants. And the slips of paper which bear the names of the winners are sealed in individual envelopes which are unopened until they are delivered into the hands of the person who is making the Award before the audience.

... next year, Olivia de Havilland, winner for “To Each His Own,” snubbed her sister Joan Fontaine. Also . . .
This, the year of the first Awards, was only time two films won—“Wings,” with Buddy Rogers and Clara Bow . . . . . . and “Sunrise” with another fine performance by Janet Gaynor, costarred with George O’Brien

This year there’s a hue and cry because Awards will be made from Academy’s own Theater, which seats only 950

Walt Disney received eight ’37 Oscars for “Snow White and Seven Dwarfs” from ’34 special winner, Shirley Temple

Roz Russell’s fine sportsmanship when she lost to surprise ’47 winner Loretta Young (“Farmer’s Daughter”) . . .

Now and then, however, there is a leak. Like the night a Master of Ceremonies said to a technician, who had just accepted an Oscar, “How on earth did you happen to be here tonight?” Blurted the technician, “The studio phoned this afternoon and told me to get down here tonight to accept my Award.”

The gasp that arose from the audience would have lifted the Empire State Building off its foundations.

So, on the evening of March 24th, it is safe to predict, no matter who wins, there will be plenty of drama, humor, miscues . . . and good old-fashioned gasps to keep the twenty-first Annual Academy Awards function a memorable occasion.

Harold Russell received two ’46 Oscars for “Best Years”—one supporting, one special Award

When favorite Academy Emcee Bob Hope cracked he never got an Oscar, ’40 Board awarded him a special prize

Emil Jannings, top character actor, won first male Award for his performance in “The Way of All Flesh”
She once spent eight hours watching her husband perform a difficult brain operation.

She would like to be interviewed on the subject of tall women.

She is very fond of champagne, snow and exotic music, and she once declined to pose for a statue of Joan of Arc to be placed on the facade of a Philadelphia church because she felt "it was not fitting that an actress should be used for such a religious purpose."

Her legal name is Ingrid Bergman Lindstrom.

She has never had a chauffeur and extols grown-up fans who are considerate enough not to intrude upon her in public.

She is an avid drinker of black coffee and she is certain that she has grown taller in the past five years. She is now almost five-feet-nine-inches tall.

She dislikes short sleeves.

She hates "pokey" people.

She does not believe in fortune-tellers and has never endorsed a commercial product. She cannot endure studio hairdressers who are constantly fussing with her hair.

She is a wonderful audience for a joke but she is unable to remember or tell one.

She was an only child.

Ingrid Bergman is congenitally incapable of loafing; her idea of a vacation is (Continued on page 90)
She dotes on champagne, snow and exotic music. Dislikes hats, budgets and raw onions. Dances divinely, diets strenuously. Her director her "Angel"—her public, Ingrid Bergman

She wears a gold replica of the ring she wore as Joan of Arc

Loves a joke but don’t ask her to repeat it!

Photographs by Valeska

Drives like a man, looks as fresh at six p.m. as she does at nine in the morning
Meet the DeFores, who looked at a pump and saw a lamp, stared at a sewing machine and saw a plant stand and finished up with a home full of ideas for you.

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Over the door to the den in the Don DeFore house, a copper plaque, nailed up close to the ceiling, reads: "May love and understanding reign in this house forever." That's the kind of a house the DeFore home has become, one warmed with romance and humor. On the outside, it's a rambling, two-story, red clapboard barn of a house with white trim against its red sides. There's a split-rail fence catty-cornering its way around a considerable piece of property. Don put the fence up. At the back of the lawn, which the living-room windows overlook, there are several brick walls, to restrain the easy gradings. Don put up the walls. In an era, in Southern California at least, when houses cost from twelve to seventeen dollars a square foot, the DeFores put their house up for less than half that amount. In the interior department, where many a Hollywood house shows a bill of from $25,000 to $100,000 paid to some decorator, the DeFores have delightfully furnished a ten-room house for considerably less.

Their problem, in (Continued on page 116)
Finding a use for every old thing gave the DeFores' home an appeal money can't buy—and preserved family treasures for their children.

The kitchen-dining room blends charm and convenience. Corner plate shelves hold memories of the DeFores' courting days.
YOU never can tell when you'll get a scoop. Not long ago, I was minding my own business, window shopping in Beverly Hills. The dresses in Evelyn McGarty's shop for children caught my eye. I was thinking how they'd look on my small daughter Joan, named for Joan Crawford, when out the door rushed Joan Crawford herself.

"Hi, Hymie," she called. "Easter shopping for the kids?"

She shook her head. "I've had their dresses for weeks and they're so adorable that I've been urging Miss McGarty to make an identical one for me."

"That I would like to see," I said. "You mean, Hymie, *that* you would like to see through your camera," Joan grinned. "Tell you what—I'll call you as soon as my dress is ready and we'll set a date."

A few days later, when I arrived at Joan's Brentwood house, Christina, already dressed, was helping Joan get the younger children ready.

"Cynthia," Joan told me, "is very much like a boy. I have to dress her last or her hair and dress would be a sight by the time the other children were ready. Cathy's different. Put a new dress on Cathy and she'll sit quietly for hours."

Christopher came in, wearing his new suit, and looking very spic and span. "Christopher's my little ever loving," said Joan. "He doesn't care what he wears—although his preference runs to cowboy outfits or firemen suits."

It was a day to remember—mighty like the rush hour at Grand Central Station. Even the dog—who Joan says is the biggest ham in the family—tried to get into the act.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1931</td>
<td>Betty signed her first contract</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1932</td>
<td>Appeared as Frances Dean — for one picture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1936</td>
<td>Minor roles at RKO but no dancing then</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1937</td>
<td>Paramount featured her in co-ed parts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1940</td>
<td>Hollywood again and stardom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>Leading as nation's favorite pin-up girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1942</td>
<td>When George Raft was the man in Betty's life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>But on July 5 she married Harry James</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

That's Betti-james, who fixes the electric wiring, romps around with the kids—and gets a little sentimental over all the things that Harry hoards.
WORD got around, somehow, that in Betty Grable's next picture, only one of her million dollar legs would be shown, in a slit skirt. This is in line with the economy wave, no doubt.

But even though the movie niggards sewed up the slit, male voices would continue to rise in their mating chant:

"I want a girl just like the girl that married Harry James."

Of all the females who have sugared this earth since Eden went into production, the one viewed by the most men, and listened to voluntarily, is Mrs. Harry James, nee Elizabeth Ruth Grable.

Her appeal is boundless. It embraces all climes, races and cuisines. Cannibals on New Guinea unanimously chose her the girl they would most like to have for lunch, according to a visiting GI who took their poll and missed their pot.

She is as tasty on the hoof as on the screen. Her eyes, which set one cannibal to humming "My Blue Heaven," are leveled on yours as she talks, with the fluent candor of a self-possessed lady knowing her own mind.

Her hands are dimpled, pink-palmed and infant size, but when she clasps yours, you recollect that she descends from Daniel Boone. The clasp is firm.

You also recollect that back in St. Louis, where she was born (Continued on page 92)
THIS is a fish story—but it's not about "the one that got away." It's about how to use your catch as an excuse for a party.

Whether you angle for trout, bottom fish for flounder or dive for abalone, as Guy Madison does, any good cook book will give you a dozen recipes that will turn your catch into a fisherman's feast. And if you live far from stream, sea or river, you still can have a party like Guy's by remote control. (Your neighborhood dealer will have a large variety of fresh, canned or frozen fish—including abalone—from which you can choose.)

Guy, a rugged individual and expert swimmer, went diving for his abalone—not an easy thing to do since it involves prying the abalone loose with a flat iron bar from rocks deep in the sea.

The size of your house, Guy insists, is not important. He lives in a tiny place where everything but the kitchen and bath are in the same room. However, since his apartment is L shaped, there is room for a tiny bar, a king-sized bed and dining area. Guy keeps his invitation list down to six people and serves in a sit-down manner. He hates people roaming around with food and also prefers to do his cooking alone—adhering to the motto: "Too many cooks spoil the fish."

Since Guy would let no one in the kitchen, the usual Hollywood practice of discussing careers held the center of conversation. Rory Calhoun, his bride Lita Baron, Rhonda Fleming, Dave Brian and Adrian Booth were Guy's dinner guests. And the spotlight was on Dave Brian who answered questions as to how it felt to land in the glamour town and immediately play opposite Joan Crawford.

"I was scared to death at first," the tall, husky newcomer admitted. "The first morning that I knew I was really in was when Joan asked me to come to her portable dressing room for coffee. And from then on, it was often a very pleasant ritual. She even told me how to steal scenes from her! Her (Continued on page 91)

Guy keeps his menus down to one course—but guests don't grouch when it's abalone steaks fried in butter, topped with Guy's famous salad!
When Guy Madison baits his invitations with a supper like this it's no wonder his guests keep angling for more of the same!

No room for fancies but who wants dessert when there's still salad left in the bowl.

Gail Russell came in on way home from studio, make-up and all. She was too tired to join them in a game of quoits.

Men at work: Dishwashing time is the time, Rory discovered, when guests are welcome in Guy's small kitchen.
Deborah Leslie Dozier won't be a sheltered baby, says her mother. Joan's latest picture is "You Gotta Stay Happy"
THE day after my daughter, Deborah Leslie Dozier, was born, so exactly her father's image that people ask me, "Tell me, who is the mother?" Jimmy Stewart sent her flowers. Beautiful ones. White ones. On the card attached, he wrote, "When can I have my first date?"

I called Jimmy on the phone to thank him. And I chided him about what I dubbed his "simple declarative proposal."

"But even if you, the persistent bachelor, do persist in waiting for Deborah," I said, "whether you become her husband or wait in vain will be strictly up to Deborah since, when she grows up, every decision to be made, in every department of her life, she, and none other, will make."

All in fun, of course, but I meant what I said too.

For we are pretty sure, my husband, Bill Dozier, and I, that we can't hope to give our daughter possessions. The day has gone, and we know it, when we dare do more than dream of giving her that first fur coat on her thirteenth birthday or that snappy convertible when she is fifteen. The day is out and we know it when people living on salaried income, as we do, can have any assurance that they will be able to leave their children an estate. But there are things we can hope to leave our kids; mental and emotional riches, so to speak; a clear vision, a point of view, a job to do, to do well and love doing. The inner security these things bring is a better security than any that comes from stocks and bonds and great-grandmother McGillicuddy's diamond dog-collar.

Bill and (Continued on page 88)
Just Pete—who goes the Lawford way to screen success. His latest is "Little Women".
I GUESS I'm hard to know," Peter Lawford says, aware of all the times he's misunderstood but not crushed by it. "I don't go around gushing over people or bother with the 'adjective' approach, all that 'you were wonderful'—and 'oh, dahling' business. People used to being 'bubbled' over think I'm not friendly because I don't 'bubble' too. I probably would be wiser to do so, but something stops me.

"If I've known people a long time and like them, that's different. And when I meet someone I like, I usually know it immediately. Something lights up inside. There's a meeting of mutual tastes and interests and personalities."

With his supreme honesty and gentle upbringing, Peter refused to fawn over reporters or court their cooperation. Never, however, has he gone to such lengths to discourage their aid, as one Hollywood writer intimated, when she got tangled up in Pete's feet at a party and remarked that (Continued on page 94)
DAN DAILEY REFUSED TO PART WITH HIS DISREPUTABLE OLD CONVERTIBLE. HE'D DRIVE IT TO THE STUDIO'S SOUND STAGE AND BLITHELY PARK IT NEXT TO THE OTHER PLAYERS' SLEEK NEW ONES.

MORE TIME PASSES, UNTIL A KNIGHT IN A MODERN CAR ARRIVES--RICHARD ARLEN. GIVE YOU KIDS A LIFT? THANKS, DICK. BARNEY OLDFIELD, HERE, AND I WERE GOING TO EAT, BUT HE'S CONSERVING ON GAS! ANYONE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE.

A FEW MONTHS LATER DAN BOUGHT A NEW CAR. HE DROVE IT TO WORK TO THE SAME SOUND STAGE ON WHICH THEY WERE SHOOTING "YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING". ANNE BAXTER WAS DAN'S CO-STAR. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, ANNE? HEATER, WHITE SIDE WALLS, EVEN A COMPASS ON THE DASHBOARD. HOP IN AND I'LL DRIVE YOU TO THE COMMISSARY. WELL, ALL RIGHT, BUT BETTY TOLD ME--
AND THE GAS SHORTAGE

BUT CAME A DAY WHEN BETTY'S CAR WAS BEING SERVICED

HEY, DAN, I'LL PICK UP MY RAIN CHECK ON THAT RIDE TO THE COMMISSARY IF YOU THINK THIS CRATE CAN MAKE IT!

MADAM, YOU'RE SPEAKING OF MY CONVERTIBLE! ENTER--AND BE TRANSPORTED!

TIME PASSES AND SO DOES EVERY OTHER CAR BUT--

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT--CAN'T FIND ANYTHING WRONG.

WELL, I CAN. LOOK, BEN HUR, THE GAS TANK READS EMPTY! WE'D BETTER HITCH A RIDE!

AND BETTY WAS RIGHT. ONCE AGAIN IT WAS RICHARD ARLEN TO THE RESCUE.

HONESTLY, DAN, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW. HEATERS ARE FINE, WHITE SIDE WALLS ARE FINE--EVEN COMPASSES ARE FINE. BUT YOU STILL NEED GAS TO RUN A CAR!

I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE GUY WHO SAID LIGHTNING CAN'T STRIKE TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE!

LOOK, DAN, WITH YOU IT COULD STRIKE THREE TIMES. SUPPOSE I JUST COME BY TOMORROW AND PICK YOU UP!

OH, NO, NOT AGAIN, DAN! GET IN.
Sterling, Christian (called “Windy”) and wife Betty live on 25-year-old boat remodelled to suit year-round needs.

Sterling loves the sea, doesn’t mind fifty-mile round trip from L. A. harbor to studio where he made “El Paso.” He runs the fifty-foot schooner entirely under canvas.

When the Sterling Haydens hit the deck they’re home—on the Brigadoon of Booth Bay.

A soft berth for baby—in yellow and white guest bunk. They have no telephone, get their calls at pay station in nearby yacht club. Milk, groceries and even diapers are delivered.
Both the creams you need for Spring

NOW—in 1 Beauty Special
Accept
Pond’s delightful lanolin-rich
Dry Skin Cream

Given to you
with purchase of 79c jar of
Pond’s wonderful Cold Cream

Pond’s times this wonderful two-cream offer to come just when your face is begging for some special springtime pampering to make it prettier. Right now you can get two of Pond’s loveliest creams to work together for you—and get both for the price of the Cold Cream alone.

Mrs. John A. Roosevelt says, “Two of the most important creams I know to keep skin immaculate and soft are Pond’s Cold Cream and Dry Skin Cream.”

Don’t wait! Women are smart about bargains in beauty. And this bargain is their favorite Pond’s combination. Hurry, get your Pond’s 2-cream special, today.

See your lovelier face! Immaculate! Soft! Rosy!

So much that is YOU speaks for you in YOUR FACE

Does your face say the happy, confident things about you that you want it to say? It can—but it needs help. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) give it this rewarding “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream:

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with hot water.
Cream cleanse—swirl on Pond’s Cold Cream to soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—swirl on more Pond’s to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.
Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

And for special softening, use lanolin-rich Pond’s Dry Skin Cream generously each night after cleansing. Wipe off lightly so a soft film is left to help your skin all night. Use just a touch of cream under your make-up for extra day-softening, too.

Remember

you get both these wonderful creams for the price of the Cold Cream alone!

For a limited time only! Stop for them today!
Transatlantic Call to Rita and Aly

(Continued from page 35) much to keep him out of temptation as anything else. However, when the real thing came to Aly and he asked that the final papers be arranged, Joan bore him no ill will. She had a heart like this and gave him the freedom he wanted, and he was very generous, as is his custom, in his marriage settlement.

I talked to Rita and Aly at his Cannes villa, L’Horizon.

The château de L’Horizon I have known for many years. It was, you know, one of the last creative efforts of my great friend, Maxine Elliott. Situated on the Mediterranean shore, it is a heaven on earth, a place of music and poetry, a place where the words of poets and musicians come to life. The entire castle is designed with their works in mind, and the walls are adorned with their paintings.

The moment Aly saw this villa, even while Maxine Elliott lived in it, he announced, “That will be my house one day.” And after Maxine’s death, he bought it, lock, stock and barrel, from her heirs. Immediately, however, he changed it to suit his more modern views and gave it a new position. Now, instead of it being a dark, yellowish-gray house, as it used to be, it is pure, sparkling white, like the houses Aly knows so well in his native land. It is furnished with beautiful furniture, rugs and chintzes and with some of the library shelves removed to make room for Aly’s really fine collection of the Grandes Semaines, which he has collected over the years.

Last autumn, when I lunched at L’Horizon with Aly, after Rita had returned to America, the upstairs rooms were not finished. Now, no doubt, they will be renovated according to Rita’s taste, as well as Aly’s.

That is not all that Rita, becoming the beautiful mistress of L’Horizon will change. Last year, Aly kept open house. Thirty-two guests are invited to sit down to lunch and many times Aly would know only half of them, the others having been brought by friends. Now, he insists, only those invited by Rita and himself will be allowed in.

He owns eleven houses altogether; five in France, three in England, two in Ireland and one, I think, in Spain. When, on the telephone, I reproached him for not getting rid of one of the places, he said, “Eliza, I wanted to. The one house I really care about is L’Horizon. But when I discussed this with my father, he said, ‘What is the use of having the last house in the real estate business in bad money.’ So I gave up all plans for disposing of any of them.”

What a life they will have, Rita and Aly. Hollywood, I think, will open its eyes a little bit to the life of making money. And if Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, does not choose to forgive Rita’s refusal to appear in “Lona Hanson,” a picture which she assures me was not made for her, but was made for Rita because of his love for her, I think it will be a mistake on his part. Aly will not see the last man in the world to curtail this activity.

Which means, unquestionably, that Rita will appear in finer pictures than she ever has appeared in before. No longer will she be feted with the good fortune of making money. And if Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, does not choose to forgive Rita’s refusal to appear in “Lona Hanson,” a picture which she assures me was not made for her, but was made for Rita because of his love for her, I think it will be a mistake on his part. Aly will not see the last man in the world to curtail this activity.

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For lips men love — and love to kiss — Tangee

"KISS ME"
as interpreted by
MEG RANDALL
AND
RICHARD LONG
in a scene from
THE LIFE OF RILEY
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

Tangee KISS COLORS

TANGEE PINK QUEEN — A new pink... to give extra "kiss appeal" to your lips.

TANGEE RED-RED — Best bet for brunettes. This rich, intriguing red is a sure magnet for kisses.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED — This dramatic color makes red-heads look doubly warm and tempting.

TANGEE GAY-RED — Terrific for blondes... gives lips that gay, reckless, "I-dare-you" look.

Tangee KISSABLE TEXTURE

1. Keeps lips soft... invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right... gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily... so smoothly... so quickly.
5. And it lasts — and LASTS — and L-A-S-T-S!
Lee J. Cobb: His early setbacks resulted in final success

Lee J. Cobb was stopped cold three times in his life just as a promising career beckoned. Today, at thirty-six, he is making more money than most bank presidents; young women write him admiring letters and his wife is beginning to look at him with an apprehensive gleam in her eye. And that, my friend, is success.

Lee's first setback came when he was still in his early teens. He had shown such virtuosity on the violin that he was considered a child prodigy. On the eve of his debut at Carnegie Hall he broke his wrist. "Best 'break' I ever had," he says now.

Then, grown up a little, he determined to become an aeronautical engineer; but his mother, envisioning her son pinned beneath flaming wreckage, objected so emotionally that he gave it up.

Nothing was left of a dramatic nature but acting. So he went out to Hollywood intent on giving the producers a lift. They proved singularly unresponsive. Scarred but not crushed, he went back to New York, attended City College for two years and joined the college dramatic society. Then, afraid to buck Broadway, he headed west to Pasadena. This time he went doggedly to work and really learned something. Again in New York he made the rounds of producers' offices. After three years he wangled a bit part, that of a decrepit old man in "Crime and Punishment." He played it so realistically that he was able to eat at regular intervals.

But it looked as if he was stymied again. Still in his early twenties, he couldn't get a chance at anything but old man roles. When the war broke out he joined the A.A.F. and was assigned to a role in "Winged Victory." When he returned to Hollywood, a civilian, Twentieth Century-Fox signed him to a long-term contract.

Well established, with many film successes behind him, such as "Luck of the Irish" and "The Dark Past," Lee persuaded the studio to give him a leave of absence to appear on Broadway in "Death of a Salesman." He hopes to remain with it as long as his contract permits, as he's back in the element he loves the most.

Cobb views his rapidly advancing fortunes with mild astonishment. "My experience with fans helps me to keep my feet on the ground," he says. "Particularly when the letters give me credit for a role I never played. The other day a writer congratulated me on the fine performance I gave in 'Two Years Before the Mast.'"

In New York during rehearsals of his show some youngsters besieged him for autographs. He heard one of the group whisper to a fellow seeker: "Ain't you goin' to ask him to sign your book?"

"Naw," the other replied scornfully, "I'm gonna wait till I find out who he is!"

The Popular Girl has more poise on "her days" each month if she is wearing Tampax. It is a fact that Tampax is doctor-invented and made of pure surgical cotton so it is the safest money can buy. Tampax is self-contained, pretty in pink, and takes away all worry and embarrassment.

The Careful One takes note that internally worn Tampax is doctor-invented, made of pure surgical cotton and used by a large percentage of nurses recently surveyed.

The Busy One finds Tampax quick to change, handy to carry, (average month's supply slips into purse) and quite bother-proof when disposal time arrises.

The Fashionable woman need not limit her wardrobe during "her days," for Tampax cannot cause a ridge under the sheerest dress.

The Dainty Girl discovers that Tampax causes no odor. Her hands need not touch it while inserting . . . And no removal for tub or shower.

The Sensible One adds up all the benefits of Tampax -- and before the "month" is out she buys it at drug or notion counter. . . . 3 absorbencies -- Regular, Super, Junior. Made by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
Mere

complexion
care

that

really

makes

skin

lovelier!

In

recent

Lux

Toilet

Soap

tests

by

skin

specialists,

actually

3 out

of 4

complexions

improved

in a

short

time.

"I

work

the

creamy,

fragrant

lather

well

in,"
says Evelyn Keyes. "As I

rinse

and then

pat

with

a

soft

towel
to
dry,

skin

takes

on fresh

new beauty!"

Try

the
generous

new

bath size

Lux

Toilet

Soap, too.

EVELYN KEYES has irresistible appeal as she plays opposite GLENN FORD

in Columbia Pictures' "MR. SOFT TOUCH"

"I'm a Lux Girl" says EVELYN KEYES

Here's a complexion care

that really makes skin lovelier! In

recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin

specialists, actually 3 out of 4 com-

plexions improved in a short time.

"I work the creamy, fragrant lather

well in," says Evelyn Keyes. "As I

rinse

and then

pat

with a

soft

towel
to
dry,

skin

takes

on fresh

new beauty!"

Try the generous new bath size Lux

Toilet Soap, too.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier!
Announcing the Dream House Winner

(Continued from page 33) awful years.”

Virginia Bleekler was twenty-four when she met Gordon MacAllister, a theological student. Her face, her temperament and her nature matched her profession of registered nurse. They fell in love, and in 1943, when Gordon was a deacon with his own parish in Baltimore, they were married. The next year, Gordon Jr., the spitting image of his dad, arrived. Because his hair was so red, they immediately nicknamed him Rusty (it no longer fits—the red has turned to pure gold). Then Gordon was ordained and he was called to a church in Trenton, New Jersey.

Life was a lovely thing, then. Two people, very much in love, serving God and people. But tragedy came. That was 1945. Gordon was thirty and he was attacked by polio. In three days, he was dead. Virginia still has trouble talking about it. It was the end of the happiest period in her life.

"I felt absolutely nothing. Nothing. You don't feel anything when it's happening. It's later, when you're able to think that it hits you.

"When you get that low, you just don't feel. I went around in a daze, knowing that my world had gone, was completely shattered. I stayed with my parents all that winter, and then I went to San Francisco with Rusty to see my brother.

"When I got back to Warrensburg, I decided I had to get a grip on myself. My normal weight is a hundred and twenty—I was down to eighty pounds. So, even if I forgot about myself, I had to think of Rusty, and I had to figure out a way to make a living.

"Mother and Dad run a girls' camp, so I agreed to become the camp nurse in the summer. Then I started to take up skating and during the winter, I'm a ski instructor."

The first two years after Gordon's death were made up of nothing except depression and an almost unbearable sadness. Her heart ached with the memory of the home they'd once had, and of every possession in that (Continued on page 76)

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Let your stylist create this hair style for you

GABRIELEEN with Adepsol
is the kind of permanent you've dreamed about.
completely versatile and exquisite. It's beautifully lasting too!

GABRIELEEN Cold Wave . . .
Machine . . . or Machineless Waves
at your favorite beauty salon.

Distributed by GIBBS & COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILL.
World's Largest Manufacturers and Distributors of Beauty Shop Supplies and Equipment

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PERSONAL!

to YOUNG WIVES
enjoy this extra advantage in
INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Greaseless Suppository Assures Continuous Medication for Hours

Many a young wife who knows about Zonitors has a much better chance for happiness. This higher type intimate feminine cleanliness is one of the MOST EFFECTIVE methods ever discovered. Zonitors are more convenient, daintier and less embarrassing to use—SO POWERFULLY germicidal yet ABSOLUTELY safe to tissues. They're positively non-poisonous, non-irritating and non-smarting.

Easy To Carry If Away From Home
Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. They are not the type that quickly melt away. Instead, when inserted, they instantly begin to release powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours.

They Leave No Tell-Tale Odor
Zonitors do not 'mask' offending odor. They actually destroy it—help guard against infection. Zonitors kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can assure Zonitors immediately kill every reachable germ and keep them from multiplying. You can buy Zonitors at any drug counter.

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FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts.
Zonitors, Dept. ZFP-50, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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juniors! misses!
look ~ just $8.99
for this
wonderful dress of Bates Broadcloth

- Juniors' sizes 9-11-13-15-17
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- Order in aqua, lilac, pink, powder blue, navy
- Youthful Johnny collar, tiny tucks on bib front
- Enriched with simulated pearl buttons
- Buttons in back from neck to waist
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- Fine combed cotton yarn, Sanforized, vat-dyed
- Easy to wash, easy to iron
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Mail your order now!
The F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus 15, Ohio
Please send me the Bates Broadcloth dress advertised in April.

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City_________________________Zone________State______
Quantity________Size________1st Color Choice________2nd Color Choice________
Payment Enclosed C.O.D. Charge B.C.A.
Mail Orders Prepaid Anywhere in the U.S.A.
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Just Whistle...

by Bissell

What do you do when your cherub child trails cookie crumbs over your newly cleaned rug? Spank? No... Just whistle... and get out your Bissell Carpet Sweeper. See how this new "Bisco-matic" Brush Action gets the dirt, at a tough! No need to bear down...

This miracle brush adjusts itself automatically to any rug nap, thick or thin. Sweeps clean under beds and chairs, with the handle held low!

Save your vacuum for occasional cleaning, and whisk through quick everyday clean-ups with your "Bisco-matic" Bissell®!

Exceptional values. "Bisco-matic" Bissell's with "Steup" handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty as low as $6.45. Other models for even less. Illustrated: the "Vonly" at $8.45.

(Continued from page 74) house being sold when she and Rusty left Trenton. But as time passed and Rusty began to grow, Virginia began to smile, and dream again. And her dream was always about a home.

"My parents are wonderful people and they try so hard to be unselfish— but it's difficult. And as soon as I started planning for Rusty's future, I knew we had to live by ourselves.

"But I felt trapped. I couldn't afford to move, or buy a place. But I wanted a home for my son. I wanted it very badly and I'd do anything to get it. While Rusty is little, I've got to stay here, and take care of him. He needs the house more even in our own home, he would get the attention and care love he needs." That was her dream. And she was sure it was a hopeless one.

"But then I read about the Dream House and when I looked at the pictures I began to wonder...

Virginia had never entered a contest of any kind in her life. But a house! A home for Rusty and her. She worked on her last-line jingle, sent it in and forgot about it. "You know how it is," she said, "You never really believe you have a chance."

At the same time, more than 250,000 other Photoplay readers sent in their entries. The Bennett Donnelly Corp., one of the largest contest organizations in the country, performed the gigantic task of judging the contest. First, every entry was copied on a separate sheet of paper and given a number—to make sure that the judges judged the entry solely on merit, without having any idea who wrote it. The entries then went through five panels of judges. Each panel eliminated those that didn't make the grade, until the best ten were picked.

The last ten entries were then judged by the final panel of nine judges— "Supreme Court." This was the toughest job of all, but the nine agreed unanimously on Virginia's entry as the winner.

As soon as the first announcement submittal was made, Virginia and her good-news guests went lot hunting. She found what she wanted—right near the school.

Then, that same afternoon, she was driven to Glens Falls, seventeen miles away, to meet Lawrence Griffin, head of the lumber company which is building her Industry Engineered House.

When the car stopped in front of a furniture store, Virginia asked, "Why are we going in here?" She had completely forgotten that her dream-come-true came completely furnished! Her green-blue eyes looked unbelievably at the furnisings. When she was shown the wasting machine and dishwasher, refrigerator and vacuum cleaner, mattresses and sheets, rugs and draperies, the furniture for the different rooms and, finally, the door-chimes, she sat down on one of the new chairs, rubbed her forehead and started to laugh with incredulous joy. "Everything, including chimes," she shouted. At that, Rusty began to laugh and Bing, her Dalmatian pup, began to bark.

Back at home again, she lovingly studied the plans for her new home. She wanted to know how the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association had organized its 27,000 dealers in its cooperative venture to create lower-cost quality houses for Americans, and to keep us informed all about the streamlined construction details. And then she began to talk about the house itself—the windows on all sides that invite in the sun. The two bedrooms, the modern kitchen and bathroom. The big living room and the dining room space. And she wondered what it would be like to watch Rusty pedaling his bike down the front walk, with Bing chasing after him.

The bewildering, incredible day was almost over. Virginia was more tired than she believed possible—and happier. She undressed Rusty for bed. She tucked him in, held his hand a minute and whispered, "Darling, we now have a home, our own home, our very own home."

Rusty smiled, in a strange grown-up fashion. "Daddy would have liked that," he said.

For now, by a strange twist of Destiny, Gordon MacAllister's son will be brought up in Warrensburg, just as he wanted. And for what's it worth more than just a house. Winning it was wonderful, of course. But the event is a great deal more than just winning something—it seems to her, to mark the turning point of her life.

"When Rusty and I walk into that house," she said, "it will be like walking over the threshold of a new, wonderful life for us. Thank you for doing that."

Virginia MacAllister's Dream House Will Have:

A Kitchen, Bath and Heating Unit by Bissell®

Hardwood Floors by E. L. Bruce Framing, Lumber, Sheathing and Siding by Weyerhaeuser Insulation by National Mineral Wool Roofing by Armstrong Roofing Industries Millwork by Ponderosa Pine Wallboard by Gypsum Association

The Furnishings Will Be:


The END
Spotlight on Liza

(Continued from page 45) bit of jewelry"
Vincente had given her for Christmas!

She looked so happy and gay I found
myself saying, "I hope this year finds you
always looking this radiant, Judy. And
that you will be very, very happy."

She smiled that famous smile that will
always be like a little girl's and said, "Oh,
it will, I'm sure. I have so much to make
me happy. Vincente, our home, my work
and Liza. We love her so much."

That was the opening I had been wait-
ning for, but I wanted to broach it tact-
fully, so I phrased it:
"Is it true that you and Vincente have
no objections to little Liza becoming an
actress?"

"Objections?" repeated Judy in surprise.
"I've never thought for a minute that she
would be anything else. Her father and
I could wish her nothing more wonderful
than the talent for a creative career
of her own. She's only three, but already,
she loves the studio..."

THE music blared louder and louder
and this was certainly not the time to
continue. "Listen, Judy," I said, above the
din, "that is very interesting and I want to
talk longer with you about it. May I come
up in a few days and see you at home?"

And that's how we set the date that
found me, a few days later, headed for
the Minnelli's hillside home, modern in
feeling and very luxurious.

It was late in the afternoon and Judy
was wearing a white hostess coat with a
wide gold belt and gold sandals. Although
she is definitely the "little girl" type she
loves luxurious clothes and surroundings
and particularly shuns "cute" things to
wear.

She led me into the enormous living
room, with its windows from ceiling to
floor, and it was hardly any time at all
until we had resumed our conversation
about Liza.

"Louella, from the time the baby could
stand up, she tried to play 'dress up'" Judy
told me, proudly. "Now she is three,
she revels in being made up, putting on
special clothes and in doing just what I
do. When I take her to the studio, she
absolutely glows with happiness. She
loves the excitement and the people and all
the play acting. And she is so beautiful!
Haven't you noticed that?"

I had, indeed. Liza Minnelli, at the ten-
der milestone of three, is one of the most
beautiful children in Hollywood or any-
where else. Her great big brown eyes, so
expressive, showed in the very first pho-
notograph she ever had taken, which her
mother proudly showed me, when Miss
Minnelli was about three months old.

"Will you let her continue to work even
when you aren't in the picture?" I asked.
"Oh, no. Not yet. Not unless her father
is directing her or I am playing in the
picture, we don't want her before a
camera. Until she is thirteen or fourteen,
she will have to confine her 'eomoting' to
pictures we are handling. Then, if she
still wants to be an actress, and I am sure
she will, she can work with other players."
Judy chuckled, "You know, she is such
a ham! She just loves every part of pic-
ture making. She used to cry when I
left for the studio and beg to go with me.
When she played her little bit in 'In the
Good Old Summertime,' she was so happy
she could leave with me in the morning,
be made up and put on new clothes for
her 'part.' Irene made my wardrobe, so
she made Liza's clothes, too, including a
darling little hat which she loves."

I said, flatly, "Then, Judy, you have no
feeling against a little girl starting to work
when she is little more than a baby?"

. . . and naturally, when he came home from a long trip,
Mrs. T.S. was very happy—until she unpacked his bag.

The clean white shirts he took away always came back with
a "mourning band" of railroad dust ground into the collars and cuffs.
And the job of getting those shirts white again was not only
a test of wisely devotion—it was very hard on the shirts.

The happy ending to this story came the first time Mrs. T.S. tried
Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. To use her own words, "I never had
any white shirts come out any whiter—and no rubbing!"

P.S.—Golden Fels-Naptha Soap gives you
THE EXTRA WASHING HELP of TWO CLEANERS—
MILD, GOLDEN SOAP and ACTIVE NAPTHA...

This better laundry soap turns out
cleaner, whiter washes in less time,
with less hard, tiring work.
Look for the Fels-Naptha Bar or
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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
Do you know their startling beauty secret?

NEW BEAUTY SECRET?

If You Have Some Little Thing Wrong With Your Skin—Read On!

- Recently we've been calling on scores of women asking about their beauty problems. Here are the views of four typical women who are using a new idea in beauty—Medicated Skin Care.

New Beauty Routine

Now there is a simple home treatment developed by a doctor. 181 women from all walks of life took part in a skin improvement test supervised by 3 noted skin specialists. Each woman had some little thing wrong with her skin.

Based On Scientific Testing

Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema’s new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine developed by a skin specialist. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in just two weeks!

If you want an aid to a lovelier-looking skin, if you suffer from rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, chapping or other similar skin troubles—get acquainted with this startling new beauty secret now.

4-Step Beauty Routine!

1. Morning—bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
4. Massage Noxzema lightly into your face...a little extra over blemishes.

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Try it. Start using Noxzema regularly, morning and night. See why over 25,000,000 jars are sold yearly. See if you aren’t amazed at the astonishing way it can help your skin. At all drug and cosmetic counters, 40¢ to 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.

Her answer was as direct as my question had been. "None at all! I started when I was three, and I know it did not hurt me. Of that I am very sure." She seemed to be emphasizing the words.

"Remember that I worked with my mother, father and sisters, who were in vaudeville. Usually we worked in the theaters in which my father had an interest. I can tell you that we little Gumms were very happy children and we were envied by the children we played with and went to school with because we were theatrical kids and on the stage.

"Don't think for a minute we did not have to eat our spinach and drink our milk just like the other kids. And just because we did a lot of singing and dancing didn't mean we didn't do a lot of studying, too. I went to public school in Lancaster and in Los Angeles and I was a good pupil, if I do say so myself.

"Of course, as I approached the 'teens I became more and more ambitious and we were allowed to brunch out more. Virginia and Suzanne and I worked up a close harmony act, which you know about. It was while we Gumms girls were playing a Los Angeles date that Georgie Jessel appeared on the same bill with us and suggested that we change our name to Garland."

JUDY paused a moment before continuing, "I'm not giving you a biography. I'm sure you know my background too well for that. But I just wanted to make these things clear so you can better understand how I feel about Liza.

"I'm sure you remember that when I first went to M-G-M as a child star, I was a very fat, pudgy little person. Did I look like an undernourished, underfed choleep of the theater world? I think of Liza is a very chubby little party.

"I was happy, too, and loved every moment of my work. And already, I can sense that Liza feels the same way," she went on. "I wouldn't have time to try Liza work if it was work for her, but it is play, just as it was for me, and she loves every minute of it.

"Another thing I would like to point out. When actors say 'I wouldn't think of allowing my daughter or son to go on the stage or into the movies,' then something must be radically wrong with them. They have seen no happiness in their own career, these people. Both Vincente and I feel any child who has real talent should be encouraged and made to feel proud of it. My work is one of the three great joys of my life. Liza's father is wrapped up in his work as a director, so what is more natural than that our child should have acting for her hobby? Can you think of any earthly good reason why we should want to keep her from the same happiness and accomplishment?"

"All right," I laughed. "You've certainly made my points. By the way, would you feel the same way if Liza had happened to be a boy?"

Judy laughed. "You've got me there. I really don't know, but I doubt it. It is all right for boys to grow up to become directors or writers or producers. But I have a feeling that acting, and most of the fun connected with it, is a girl's game.

"It is natural for girls to love beautiful things and nice surroundings and want to learn to do for themselves. I couldn't be prouder of my house. It has been described as being 'luxurious,' whether as a compliment or a criticism, I don't know. But it is exactly as Vincente and I want to live. In fact, Vine has such original ideas. He designed and planned the fur-
Are you in the know?

What would you do in this situation?

- Smile and switch
- Keep on dancing
- Play deaf

You're swaying on a dream-cloud... and Heathcliff's tagged by a stag. Sharp gals never refuse a cut-in; thus you switch to the lethal lad. When your calendar tries to cut in on your bookings — switch to the comfort of the new Kotex. Talk about a dream-cloud!

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- Smoothing

Avast there, matey! First slip makeup off with cream, wiping away with Kleenex Tissues. Then wash your face. It takes cream to "fight" cream (such as most makeup bases are made of), and followed by soap and water, it helps keep blackheads at bay. Remove problem-day worries, too... with the aid of Kotex and that safety center. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you extra protection, self-assurance! All 3 absorbencies of Kotex have it... Regular, Junior and Super.

For the lowdown on that N. M. I. T.

- Read his palm
- Pry into his past
- Ask your brother

Before dating a New Man In Town, owl up on his character. Tea leaves or palmistry won't tell you, but you can depend on (guess who?) — your brother. Guys can size up guys, shrewdly. So ask your bro's advice about the mystery boy. As for girls, there are times when personal secrets must be kept. Then, depend on Kotex — for Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special, flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show, don't tell — keep your secret confidential!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

His first romantic role! Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell in "Slattery's Hurricane"
Calypso Music is in the Air 🎶

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that brighten the underworld of feminine fashions.
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photoplay

Jane Powell is enchanting and vivacious in M-G-M's "A Date with Judy."
Lately, she has been making personal appearances

You'll be in the mood for dancing in this full-skirted dress and smart separate stole by Emma Domb. Bates "Sun Country" gingham plaid in sizes 16-16 and 9-15. $25.00

For store nearest you see listing on page 97
or write direct to manufacturer listed on page 85
fashions
Viveca Lindfors, the new and beautiful Swedish star of Warner Brothers' "Night unto Night"


For additional stores write direct to manufacturer listed on page 85
Cottons

A butcher linen dress by Barbara Field with a ribbon and embroidered medallion at the neck to earn you fashion honors. In dark and light shades.

Sizes 9-15. $17.95 at Carson.

Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill.

and J. P. Allen & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

This is the time of year when crisp cotton is worn with a new and elegant air. The new cotton fabrics are so exciting you have to look twice to recognize them—they're shot with gold thread, they're dotted with gold lacquer and they're printed with wonderful colors and patterns. The best styles are those with moderate softness and deft dressmaker touches. Favorites in sleeves are the elbow-length or short sleeves. The modified skirt fullness in the cottons this year is flattering to all types. They're so easy to accessorize, too. You can buy linen shoes and have them dyed to match or contrast with your dress. You can buy a straw hat and put a wreath of cotton flowers around the crown and you can find the most wonderful cotton coats to wear when the weather gets warmer. And, last but not least, cottons are so easily tub-able which means you'll always look fresh and crisp and pretty. This year make mine cotton, please.
Susan Hayward's dress designed by Herschel for Eagle Lion's "Tulsa"

An ultra feminine dress, this, with the softest and most flattering of necklines. It can be made in any number of fabrics but the designer chooses cotton as the perfect medium for the soft younghess of this dress. Everfast have an adorable woven gingham that is sanforized shrunk. Simply add white cotton collar and cuffs and you'll have made a very pretty dress, indeed.
Herschel says that the clothes he designed for "Tulsa" are ultra feminine without being fussy, which is his idea of being well-dressed. He thinks the versatile lives of modern women demand naturally beautiful clothes that can be worn for many occasions. This means a tasteful and simple combination of line and color in suitable materials. So the appearance of a garment for its maximum period of wear is assured.

To achieve the smoothest possible body-moulded line, Herschel built slips and bra-tops into several of Miss Hayward's outfits. He feels that a good foundation is 'essential to the best appearance of any outer garment.'

Herschel also believes that with imagination and good taste in the handling of color, line and material, clothes can literally be timeless and worn with perfect assurance anywhere.

Wherever you live you can buy

Photoplay fashions

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Plaid evening dress
Emma Domb, 2225 Palou Ave., Apparel City, San Francisco, Cal.

Calico dress with bolero
Barmon Brothers Co., Inc., 937 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

dress with neck medallion
Barbara Field, Inc., 337 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

two-piece dress with gold dots
Doris Dodson, 1120 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Stores selling Photoplay patterns
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.
Meg Randall is blonde and charming in Universal-International's "The Life of Riley"

A two-piece cotton dotted with gold lacquer makes this Doris Dodson dress both practical and glamorous. In brown, navy or gray. Sizes 9-15. $12.95 at Stix, Baer and Fuller, St. Louis, Mo., and Lindner, Coy, Cleveland, Ohio.
Buttons and Bows

(Continued from page 41) newlyweds like Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, Rita and Rory Calhoun and Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy.

The town's top designers are working day and night to fill their Easter orders. Don Loper says, "This year, sheer wool combined with taffeta for afternoon and cocktail suits—silk serge is important, too—and for summer wear, sheers with an at-one-covered-yet-uncovered look." Don's partial to "tapestry tones," as he calls them. Sea-foam green, black rose and black pearl. Hats, as Don says, will be small and head-hugging. And dresses—twelve inches from the floor for daytime wear and eight inches from the floor for cocktail hours.

Athena, another favorite of Hollywood, specializes in suits—hip length jackets and fine detail. She predicts gray, beige and navy as spring colors. Emerald green for vibrance. For evening, Athena likes organizes—all embroidered—and for daytime wear, above all, glazromatic cottons.

HOLLYWOOD mothers plan Easter with emphasis on the children's pleasure. The lawn of Irene Dunne's home will look like the lawn of the White House. Mary Frances and her friends will take it over with an egg-rolling contest. Dorothy Lamour invited Christina Crawford to hunt eggs with her three-year-old Ridgley Howard.

Betty Hutton Briskin has a new idea for a children's party. She'll hide tiny stuffed animals in her garden—and finding will be keeping. However, earlier, Candlee and Lindsay Briskin will have wonderful present—a family of live bunnies.

George Montgomery—his furniture-building hobby is turning into big business—is making Melissa Ann Montgomery a high chair. Easter morning—when she sees it first—there'll be a huge white plush bunny and colored eggs sitting on the tray.

Following Easter, parties will be in order again. And we couldn't be thinking of things spring and not tell you about Greer Garson's ravishing dancing gown. The skirt is layers and layers of tulle that graduates from deep rose 'way underneath to pale mauve on top. The bodice of mauve crepe is very snug, rather long-waisted, with tiny cap sleeves. Very low in front and very, very low in back—in a triangular decolletage. Simply divine with Greer's red hair... but these are shades that flatter positively everyone... except those who have very sallow skin. Murder!

Barbara Bel Geddes goes just a little "heavier" with porcelain blue net for her blonedeness. Her gown has a bouffant skirt of taffeta banded with puffed net, while its top is tight-fitting, normal-waisted, low and heart-shaped in front... almost backless in back with narrow taffeta shoulder straps. Her slippers are of a slightly deeper blue satin—sandals, not those closed toe, elongated horrors with which foolish fillies unflatter their feet.

There is, too, that wonderful go-anywhere dress that Shelley Winters has ordered. It looks for all the world like a suit, with a short, buttoned, full-sleeved jacket—and a peg-topped skirt—and can "travel" as such. But when the jacket comes off there's a strapless dress which can go on and on and to parties later—just in case the other dolls are more dressed up. Shelley's ensemble is of a small print in pale tans, cinnamons and browns on an off-white Challis. But this brick could be made of any number of textures. With this "dress suit" Shelley wears gold jewelry and neat black accessories.

What a season this is going to be! Happy Easter!

THE END

Artcarved • Beloved by brides for 99 years (1850-1949)
Dan River’s new plaid takes you anywhere... any time
Cool, dark go-everywhere cotton, as perfect in town as it is for a date with the sun. Completely washable of course—fast color, pre-shrunk*. It’s yours, put it on and be off! Dan River Mills, Inc.

Dress by Annette. Bare top for sunning, separate jacket for town.

*Residual shrinkage not more than 3%
that I could never be a mother. An operation, a few years ago, was such that my chances of pregnancy were, I was warned, minus nothing. Yet, I had Deborah... and once a miracle befalls you, why not two miracles, three, four...? Three pictures and one baby every two years, for the next six years is my determined project and our devout prayer.

Since exposure to a spiritual background, some kind of religious belief, is vitally important in the life of any individual, and her father was born a Catholic, Deborah will be baptized in the Catholic Church. If, later on, she feels another religion has more for her, the decision will be hers.

We plan to take Deborah to concerts, to opera and to ballets. In the natural course of her life with Mother and with Father, she will see pictures being made—from script to world premiere. She'll be present at radio and television broadcasts all of which will give her a comprehensive view of the arts in operation. We'll take her to hospitals, orphan asylums, prisons, courts of law, where she will be exposed to the physically, mentally and morally sick, and to those who help them. We'll take her through factories and coal mines and we'll expose her to Mr. and Mrs. Got-rocks, to luxury hotels, country clubs and the like, so that she may see with her own eyes, hear with her own ears, how both halves live.

We plan to do a lot of reading with Deborah, and will try to make great literature fun for her. Dad, coming home with a book under his arm, saying, "Look, just found something wonderful, can't wait to read it, let's gather round the fire and get going!" That sort of thing.

Sunday morning breakfasts are the big "Do's" at our house. Bill and I started cooking together right after we were married, and Sunday is our day for throwing the diet, if any, down the clothes-chute. Just as soon as Deborah can sit at table, she'll have her hand in the mixing bowl, too! I can cook and I mean cook. I can sew and I can scrub a floor and Bill and I, together, often do a bit of carpentry, a plumbing job and love it. I do hope that Deborah will be wise enough to know that you can get pleasure out of any work you do, so long as you do it with emotion, not just with a motion.

You can, of course, as I have so early learned, be absurdly frustrated in this loving and laudable pursuit of riches from within for your young. As a shocking example, when Bill and I knew our child was coming and decided not to build a new house for her, we turned our bedroom into a nursery for her, and connected with the nursery by means of a bath and closet space, we built a new room in the courtyard for ourselves. In the closet space, I hopefully installed a very fine record player and a little wash tower that would make the mouth of Lauritz Melchior water! My child, I said, is going to hear and absorb great music while absorbing Pabium in the bassinet. So what happens? She has a nurse all night long to soap operas and "Crime of Mary Smith" all morning long.

This deterrent notwithstanding, the exposure method will be, as outlined, the method by which Deborah is raised—and by the time she reaches the Age of Reason (when is it?) she can't decide whether she wants to be Catholic or Mohammedan, Democrat or Republican; or, neither, a ballet dancer, a violinist, an actress like Ma, a producer like Pa, a housewife or work in a candy store—but he will be able to decide, of course, he will. As I said to Jimmy Stewart, "How can she miss?"

The End.
Swedish Homespun

(Continued from page 52) visiting military hospitals, studying, or otherwise keeping herself usefully occupied. She drives an inconspicuous medium-priced coupe.

Her hair is all natural, save for the slight provocation caused by a profusion of earrings, as a consequence to beginning to acquire some fine paintings. She hopes someday to own a Renoir.

Her family speak only English at home but once in a while, under excitement, she will garble her English with Swedish. She is a stickler for truth and she can bathe and effect a complete wardrobe change within fifteen and twenty minutes.

She is an 8 mm. camera fiend and is the bane of movie sound engineers because of her determination to make a talkie record of her productions.

INGRID BERGMAN burns up at intrusions on her privacy, never raises her voice and hasn't quite yet grasped the fact that due to her own extraordinary qualities she has become public property.

She has gradually been weaned from peasant skirts, is an avid movie fan, has a certain modified fatalism, but firmly believes that people can much cut the pattern of their own lives.

She never carries much money.

She is a fair equestrienne, exceedingly generous and seven hours sleep is normal for her. Four hours often being sufficient. She still takes French and voice lessons.

Her mother died when she was two, her father when she was twelve. She is a gastronomic explorer, ever eager to try new dishes and strange beverages indigenous to wherever she happens to be. She resists to a scarf whenever she feels the need for a hat. Her favorite haunt is the Beachcombers in Hollywood, famed for its Chinese-Swedish food.

Her only exercise is walking and swimming, and until recently she was afraid to wear green, a color particularly flattering to her luminous personality.

Her eyes are blue-gray, her favorite opera, "Carmen," and her vitality amazing. She simply never peters out. She is one of the few actresses who is as fresh at six o'clock as she was at nine in the morning.

She likes sandwiches because she likes to hold what she eats.

Her uncles and aunts, who raised her, tried to discourage her acting ambitions. She maintains voluminous scrapbooks and readily points out the unfavorable reviews. "Good for me to remember them," she says. She is not systematic in her personal life because of her aversion to regimentation. She disliked school as a young girl because she was impatient to grow up and became an actress.

She has to watch her diet. She always wears flat-heeled shoes because of her height and thinks the most available picture directed by Leo McCarey. When he heard of this, not underestimating her motive, he raged: "If she doesn't think I'm good enough, she doesn't have to do the picture!"

She studies her directors as carefully as she does her scripts. After signing the contract to do "The Bells of St. Mary's," she spent days looking at ever available picture directed by Leo McCarey. When he heard of this, not understanding her motive, he raged: "If she doesn't think I'm good enough, she doesn't have to do the picture!"

She only attended the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm for one year, a fact they have never forgotten. At the time the warning held: "The movies will ruin you. They still stick to it."

She does not admit to having personal consciousness.

She makes it a point to visit New York and see the plays at least once a year. She prefers off-beat roles, and has developed a supple self-assurance on personal appearances due to her extensive work during the war. She is now, a mo surprising impromptu speaker.

She has fulfilled her dominant ambition, to play Joan of Arc. Her uncommon frankness and simplicity are the keys to her charm and the true wonder of her acting is its seeming effortless. Her work?

Ingrid Bergman is ageless.

The End

watch for it! . . .

"medals for HOLLYWOOD stars"

Ralph Staub's on-the-scene newsreel of the famous Photoplay Gold Medal Award Dinner featuring the winners:

Ingrid Bergman Bing Crosby

Bob Hope Esther Williams Janis Allyn dor
Rita Hayworth Gregory Peck Humphrey Bogart

A Columbia Picture Short Coming This Month To Your Local Theater
don't miss it!
Fisherman's Feast
(Continued from page 60) dance scenes were really something. When she did them, every male in the studio found excuses to be on the "Flamingo Road" set.

There was much discussion about the varied roles they were all playing. Guy and Rory are both in "When a Man's a Man" and Rhonda, also a Selznick star, was still thrilled about having been with Bing in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Lita is in "Jungle Jim" and Adrian in "The Last Bandit."

Rory and Lita were discussing their house-hunting problems when it came time for table setting. Then Rory took over. He knew where all the utensils were kept and had proper respect for Guy's rule—"don't disturb the cook." Rhonda asked for coffee, which was definitely out. Guy drinks nothing but milk, and it never occurred to him to have a coffee pot. So it was milk for everybody—or chilled white wine.

Guy's menus always are simple; once course only. He contends people spoil their appetites for a meal if there are starters. And he strongly objects to desserts. If the main meal is what it should be, he insists, no one has room for fancies.

Gail Russell, Guy's steady, popped in to say "howdy" on the way home from the studio, grease paint all and. She had been finishing up scenes from "El Paso." Gail was too tired even to stay for a bite. She didn't get away too quickly, however, to have everyone praise her on the beautiful oil painting she made for Guy, which decorated his otherwise plain walls.

After dinner the gang played quoits and the old milk bottle and clothespin game. Try it sometimes—it's fun. Stand over the milk bottle with a clothespin held to your nose and see how many you can drop into the bottle. It's not as easy as it looks!

Guy's menu was: Abalone steaks, Madison salad and toasted garlic French bread. Fried abalone: Dip each piece in an egg beaten with a dash of salt, fry slowly in 1/4 lb. of butter until delicate brown on each side, keep warm until ready to serve, but do not dry out. Guy piles them on top of each other with an inverted saucepan on top to keep them warm. He says putting them in the oven dries them out.

Madison salad (Guy's own concoction): Two heads each of romaine and head lettuce broken into a bowl; 1 diced avocado; two or more cold, boiled, chunked lobsters, 1 pint mayonnaise; 1/2 lb. grated Italian cheese, garlic and celery salt, and salt to taste. Toss all together at the last minute.

Garlic French bread: Guy dips thick slices of French bread into melted butter into which has been added grated clove of garlic. Toast on each side in broiler.

Guy serves family style on a simply set table with no unessentials to clutter things. "Come as you are," he says, whereupon everyone is comfortable and happy.

The End

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SMITH
SPEAKS
15 Minutes with Radio's charming personality
Noon E. S. T. Monday-Friday
Mutual Stations
Read KATE SMITH'S COOKING PAGES
In This Month's Radio Mirror Magazine
(Continued from page 59) to Conn Grable a stock broker, and his wife Lillian, she attended one of the nicest girls' schools, Mary Institute, and that here in Hollywood, the nicest legs are attached to one of the nicest girls.

We are speaking, of course, of the queenly poise of a well-bred bird. The girl who married Harry is modest as her beloved Dad...

Reminded that she is the leading gilt-edge security of the movie ticker, that she earned fifteen million profit, without pop-corn, for her company, that she ranks as the world's tallest wage-earner, she looks pleasantly puzzled.

"It is a funny thing," she says. "I haven't a shred bone in me. I have no investments. I never wanted to be anything but a housewife. After I started working, I thought I could not have a career and marriage, too. And marriage is all I really wanted. Now I have that, I am just a very lucky girl." As if in the Movies as Queen Supreme, that's another funny thing, she thinks.

"I am the furthest possible thing from what one should be," she says. "I just once would like to feel up to going to a premiere and flouncing about in the bright lights. I would like to know how it is to yearn for a white mink and a diamond brooch, to put them on and then go, bow graciously, speak into the mike and sign autographs. That's the last thing a star should do. If I tried it, my silk would show and I would run like a rabbit on seeing the crowd. The truth is, I just get embarrassed.

The James home is possibly the only one in the land where the name Grable is not heard. Mrs. James never talks of what goes on at the studio. Daughter Vicki, and I, are the only ones who call Mom when feeling formal, out in company. Then she refers to the mater as Bettie James.

Mommy's career failed to impress Vicki-james until she saw Mommy wearing a costume in "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend.""

"Oh Mommy!" cried Vicki with excitement. "Do you suppose you will get to show at the Hitching Post?"

The Hitcher in Hollywood, showing Westerns, is patented not only by Vicki but by Mommy and Daddy James. When Betty whammed Broadway in the musical show, "Daddy Was a Lady," her sister shops up and says, "If you're you're sensational! Broadway never saw anything like you.

Betty leveled him with the blue heaven gaze and said, 'Are you kidding?' She whammed New York, as she whams the rest of the universe, not just because she is an edible peach; in all her cavortings she is the nice girl that the intuitive mood would like to pick up and take home for a wife. Also, she is a trouper. She can do most everything and do it well.

At age three, she toddled a saxophone, went on to trap drums and ballet dancing. When she was five, she bowed the Hollywood in black face as one of a chorus line. Her record would seem to belie her assertion that she is devoid of ambition. But this, she explains, was supplied by her mother and through her in routine as part of her education. She leaves it to the studio to choose her stories and handle her career. Once asked if there was anything she hankered to do, she replied, "I do hankered. If I just once showed a spark of ambition it would be the crowning joy of Mother's life."

Last year she signed a new contract without stipulating choice of stories, hike in pay, or privilege of working at a studio other than Twentieth Century-Fox.

She has no secretary, no personal maid, no business manager.

The only male complaint that has been heard about her comes from her camera man, "She has no vanity."

She works fifteen weeks on a picture where a drama actress works but ten. In telling to the shooting schedule, she works out her dance routines in-rehearsal, records her songs and stands for endless fittings. "The harder I work at the studio, the more I seem able to accomplish at home," she declares. "I pray I would get on Sundays. But when the picture is finished I have my nervous breakdown. I am no good for anything."

She never stops house cleaning. She is a born hausfrau, she asserts, and employs but two servants—a nurse for Vicki and the baby Jessica, and a cook.

"I am no good at artistic things but give me pliers and I can fix the electric wiring, is the only boast heard out of Mrs. James. "After all, you can't be calling in an electrician every time something blows."

Men are so right about everything, especially Betty Grable. Girls who want to be brides should aim to be like Betty.

She gets up at two in the morning to fix a snack for Harry when he returns from playing at the Hollywood Palladium. After returning to her star-studded life, she drives her Cadillac convertible and does her marketing. "It is important that my husband and babies have the right food."

Sundays are peaceful. No guests clutter upon the Janes. "Something to serve the kids, and they would get in the way of my house cleaning."

When they go to the ranch at Calabasas for the weekend, there are no servants around the bunksite. Mommy James does all the cooking and the food. "I never call it a domestic day. "They would get in the way of my house cleaning."

When they go to the ranch at Calabasas for the weekend, there are no servants around the bunkhouse. Mommy James does all the cooking and the food. "I never call it a domestic day."

Although Harry pays all bills out of his income, she is economical. "I do not buy three hundred dollar dresses. I feel right in blue jeans but I love to dress up for pictures, the more goop they pile on me, the happier I get. You would expect to find me deep in froufrou at home. I haven't even a bathrobe. I wear Harry's. My mules are all chewed up by the dogs."

She got a little sharp with Harry during that moving ordeal. It seems that the very week they were moving, Harry felt the call of the road, and left with his band. "It's a funny thing," said Mrs. James, "that you must leave just as we start moving."

Got to earn shoes for the kiddies and Mommy," said Mr. James, kissing Mommy adieu. "Don't worry. All you have to do is call the moving people. They will handle everything."

"They will dump everything in the middle of the floor," said Mommy.

She was particularly nervous, at the time, because she was playing a trigger-happy schoolmarm in "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend," who shoots inkwells off pupils' heads. Mommy is scared stiff of a gun, and every time she squeezed the thing she shook all over. She shook so hard, she averted, that an inkwell fell off from her vibration before she had taken aim. This so unnerved her, she had to call for a doughnut and coffee, her mid-morning restorative."

"You discover things about your husband you didn't know before, when you start packing his things," observed Betty. "I never knew that he was a baseball hoarder. He makes up in his shoes in shirts, socks, neckties, hats. And baseball uniforms. I knew Harry was a baseball fan, but I didn't know he asked his idols for their uniforms instead of autographs."

"I care nothing for clothes but Harry really loves them. There were suits, suits, suits, all neatly hung and stuffed with baseballs, and rubber bands, and match packs. She also had to pack Vicki's dresses and boys' suits."

"Every time I tried to throw something away, Vicki would cry, 'Oh Mommy, that is the only thing I really love.'"

"Vicki," said Mommy, "is a hoarder like her father."

When Harry, the hoarder, telephoned from a safe distance to ask how things were going, his distracted wife said, "Don't you dare buy another thing, Harry James."

"No mam," said Harry James. Next day he called again. "I had to buy a pair of shorts. May I bring them home, dear?"

"Well—all right," said Betty.

Her mood had softened. She had been packing the only things she hoards—her letters to her.}

The End

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*Last month's winners were: Patricio Gifford, Worcester, Mass.; Marilyn Stone, Gilbert, Wyo.; Joan Sager, Woodhaven, N. Y.; Mrs. Ron Scott, Stellarton, Canada; Mary O'Donnell, St. Louis, Mo.; Donna Kay Averry, Columbus, Ohio; Kenneth Ploof, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Teresa Dees, Port Richmond, N. Y.; George T. Dickens, Calcutta, India; Peggy Hoffman, Philadelphia, Pa.*
LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Tune in Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Story," Mutual Broadcasting System, Thursday, 8:30 p. m., E.S.T.

A famous husband and wife team were doing a torrid love scene for a new movie. A set visitor was curious. "How," she asked, "can they kiss so passionately when they've been married so long?"

"That's easy to explain," whispered the director. "The only time they see each other is when they're working in a picture together."

Overheard: "She cried wolf so often she finally got one." 

Sign outside a Hollywood night club: "Try our shoestring cocktail. Two drinks and you're fit to be tied."

A Hollywood actor who is crowding fifty took himself a bride, a teen-ager practically in bobby-sox. A friend was curious: "Tell me," he said, "when you go out and play poker with the boys do you call in a sitter for your wife?"

That sequel to "The Jolson Story" is called "Jolson Sings Again." Wouldn't "I Remember Mammy" be better?

Overheard: "When a woman gets coy about her weight, you can bet that she weighs a hundred and plenty."

Introducing Carmen Miranda to his radio audience, Ed "Archie" Gardner quipped: "To do what Carmen does, you gotta have what it shakes."

A studio guide was showing some visitors around a movie lot, pointing out things of interest. A penguin was working in a scene and the guide said: "There's a trained penguin. He gets $150 a week."

An extra, sitting nearby, turned to another extra and said: "And we had to be born human beings!"

When Rene Hubert heard that Lana Turner's husband, Bob Topping, was building a complete theater in his Connecticut mansion, he cracked: "Yeah, and he'll probably have automatic caviar machines in place of popcorn."

Aftermath, no doubt, of all those neurotic screen heroines: A woman went to a Hollywood psychiatrist carrying a duck under one arm. The woman said to the psychiatrist, "I need some advice."

"Yes, madame," said the psychiatrist, "What's wrong with you?"

"Oh," said the woman, "there's nothing wrong with me. It's my husband. He thinks he's a duck."

Our three ounce pantie makes you LOOK pounds lighter! So-o-o comfortable, too... filmy, sheer elastic tissue-net and satin elastic... NO bones, NO openings! Low cut Goss-up bra, satin elastic and embroidered Nylon marquisette, A B C cups. Both in white, nude, blue and black.

the Gossard line of beauty

At leading stores and shops, everywhere, or write: The H. W. Gossard Co., 108 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11.
(Continued from page 69) "one could hardly go around Hollywood these days, without tripping over Lawford's long legs." Peter does have long legs, but he did not mean them to present an obstacle course to anyone.

Not only is Peter criticized for his seeming aloofness. Ironically enough, another faction criticizes him for not displaying proper discrimination in his choice of associates. This faction finds it hard to correlate his Bond Street appraoch with a barrel house sense of humor that inspires him to put on blackface and join his favorite entertainers in a free floor show or to go all out for a guy as he did when the stalid citizens of Philadelphia discovered that the explosion that came from a local hotel room was Peter, substituting firecrackers for the more accepted medium of an alarm clock to awaken a friend.

But for the love of Pete—what is he really like—this popular box-office favorite, who is "im-pot-ocratic," "too democ-ratic," "too stuffy" and "too gay?" Unquestionably, he is Hollywood's most misunderstood star. And his few very close friends—and this writer—believe he should be known as he really is.

A society matron who gets politely "how-do-you-do-ed" at a party, rescues her longnette later from the breeze Pete creates as he fitterbugs by. The low cut of conservative British tweeds in his wardrobe closet must shudder a little, looking out upon the wide-striped maroon and gray wallpaper in his ultra-modern bedroom. Autographed by "Mr. and Mrs. King" and Queen of Belgium, the Duke of Windsor and the King and Queen of Sweden, that reign from the mantel of the more formal living room, look back at walls Pete insisted upon having painted a deep modern gray. His mother teasingly tells him the most modern mortuary wouldn't be caught dead with them.

Pete's pride—Princess Elizabeth's baby was so great, he called home repeatedly the night he was born, to give his parents the latest communiques and assure them, 'They're both all right.' He has carefully safeguarded all the Princess' pictures with the Princess and her first-born.

On the other hand, he devotes equal attention to the child of an American pal. It must have amused his host to "meet this social shindig" to see Pete carefully cutting down clusters of balloons floating on the ceiling, as he inquired politely, "You don't mind, old boy, do you?" They're for Donela... And his friend says admiringly, "And it was Pete insisted upon having painted a deep modern gray. His mother teasingly tells him the most modern mortuary wouldn't be caught dead with them.

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THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

for lovely young curves

Bond Street Bobop

off's and Mocombo, instead of the Palladium. He switched from Count Basie to Dizzie Gillespie. He still takes tea instead of coffee in the morning. He's still always on the phone. Still flings himself down on the handsome modern sofa at home as he did on the sofa that sagged in the little white house they had before Pete's fortunes rose. He has a Cadillac now instead of a Ford, but on a rare day off, he still drives it in the directions of Sorrento, the public beach where he frequented when he worked as an usher in a theater in Westwood.

Pete would say his most major change is, "The love of Pete always was "all right." It was so all right, however, that he netted the plum dramatic role in "Storm over Vienna," his first opportunity at sophisticated mature drama. He still considers "The White Cliffs of Dover" the best thing he ever did, and regards that role as such a privilege to play with Irene Dunne."

"Many actors when they really arrive, as Pete has, get blasé and bored and know—'It—all, but not Pete," says Chuck Walters who directed him in "Easter Parade" and "Good News." "With him everything is still fun. I think he will be most valuable as an actor when he matures in his middle thirties. Then, I believe, he will be a young Ron Howard or Peter O'Toole."

Pete's always dreaming up gags. One involves long-distancing some friend in New York around 2 a.m., pretending he's in the Big Town and asking him to meet me at the Copa right away." His pal gets sleepily out of bed, cabs it to the Copa, and naturally, no Pete. Two hours later he gets a telegram inquiring, "Good show?" But Pete, a producer, would never be satisfied with such a simple gag, always designing some new version of "Take-the-A-Train."

Pete allows himself very few close friends, who are all rare. He has only four or five real friends. The kind, who, if you called on them would lend you a thousand. That's when you can tell," he says. "Or if you called and said you'd just shot a great scene and your production offer to come right over and help you bury him." It's typical of him that his friends come from all walks of life. Ned and Jock McLean; Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis; Sir Luff, an ex-test pilot now producing pictures; and Charlie Dunn, a chemical engineer and an ex-Marine.
He’s quick with sympathy and understanding. One recent cold California night when Pete and some friends were driving to Malibu, they stopped at a little store on the highway to pick up some food. As they approached the store they noticed, standing on the side of the road, trying to hitch a ride, a one-legged man, wearing a thin sweater that kept whipping around him. When they came out, Pete asked if he could give him a lift to Malibu. No, the man said, he was going further than that.

"Then can’t we take you to a bus somewhere?" insisted Pete. No thanks, he couldn’t afford the fare. He wasn’t in a hurry. He could wait. "Well then, may I wish you good luck?" said Pete, stepping in closer to shake hands with him. The man warmed then. "Thanks a lot. Same to you," he said. He didn’t notice that as the others said “Goodbye,” Pete had stuffed a bill into his pocket. He waved at them when they left, a happier, and though he didn’t know it, a richer man.

As might be expected, Pete’s critics are often women. Gals to whom he doesn’t tumble and who, therefore, feel they’ve been brushed off. The swiftest face-saver is his “conceit.”

But as would also be expected, if you know Pete, it doesn’t matter to him who a girl is so long as she fulfills his standards of intelligence and good taste.

Janet Leigh admits she, too, once had the wrong impression about Pete. “I thought he had to have bright lights, night clubs, all that sort of thing. But he doesn’t have to have things fancy at all. He’s so regular and such fun. Such good fun.”

Janet’s original opinion about-faccd on their first date. Because she was working the next a.m., they decided to go to an early movie and take some friends of Pete’s, a married couple, along. But when they went by to pick them up, they found certain domestic chores had to be finished first “and Pete pitched in and dried dishes in nothing flat.”

Pete’s personal philosophy of life and its living is simple. And good. Based for the most part in his desire “not to hurt the other fellow in any way.” Assuredly ambitious, he would not advance a step by stepping on another person.

Speaking of material matters, he admits frankly, “I’m a capitalist. Probably the world’s poorest capitalist. But a capitalist....”

Peter Lawford’s “capital” is himself.

The End

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PLATTER

By Lester Gottlieb

SO DEAR TO MY HEART: Right off the soundtrack and into a sparkling Capitol record album is this heart-warming, music-filled Disney story.

ROGUES' REGIMENT: This drama has a blues ballad, "Just for a While," and a good singer, Mindy Carson, has waxed it for Musicraft.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE: The title has suggested a lovely new melody. Ronnie Deauville (Mercury) croons it.

ENCHANTMENT: This tender love story simply had to have a love song to go with it. Try the Bachelors' version (M-G-M) of the title refrain.

WORDS AND MUSIC: Highlights right off the soundtrack are now available in a new M-G-M album featuring Ann Sothern, Mickey Rooney, Lena Horne, Betty Garrett, June Allyson, and Judy Garland. A must for Rodgers and Hart fans.

MY OWN TRUE LOVE: What may well be the number one ballad of 1949 is the title song from this film. Vic Damone (Mercury) and Vaughn Monroe (Victor) have disced it.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT: Sometimes good tunes have a habit of getting lost. Like "One for My Baby" which Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer wrote for the above-mentioned film. Now Mercer has recorded the tune (Capitol) and it's better than ever.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON: This has a real standout tune, "Girls Were Made to Take Care of Boys," with Gordon MacRae and Jo Stafford. On the reverse the pair do things with Frank Loesser's wonderful "My Darling, My Darling" (Capitol).

POPULAR ALBUMS: "Perfume Set to Music" is just that, the way Harry Revel wrote these fragrant melodies and Leslie Baxter conducts the orchestra and chorus for Victor... Victor has a new album of modern Bebop Jazz with Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, etc... Columbia reissues a Jimmy Lunceford jazz album... Claude Thornhill's incomparable piano stylings are grouped in a new Columbia package.
STORES
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the Jane Powell evening
dress on Page 81 designed
by Emma Domb

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What Now for Mitchum?

(Continued from page 31) his brush with the law with a clean skin because vast sums of money were allotted to his defense. This belief is not founded on fact. Bob mortgaged his home to pay Giesler and no one in the industry came up with a dime to provide an easy victory for him in the criminal court. Howard Hughes, top man at RKO who owns movie contract jointly with David Selznick, offered to lend him the money to see him through his ordeal but Bob did not accept.

However, when the clouds were very dark for Bob, Hughes put him to work in the starring role in "The Big Steal." This did wonders for Bob's morale. Whether Hughes now will lose money on this picture depends upon public reaction to Bob after he has served his jail sentence. Production on "The Big Steal" has, of course, been halted until Bob is again available. Executives of the RKO studios sought to have the sentence postponed for approximately three weeks so that Bob might complete his role of a federal agent—but without success.

When Judge Clement D. Nye sentenced Bob to sixty days in jail and a two-year probationary period he said: "I cannot overlook the responsibility that you, Mr. Mitchum, have to hundreds of thousands of young Americans who idolize you. You have worked yourself up to a position of prominence in the motion picture industry. Up to now this has meant nothing but glory. But you may have overlooked the responsibility which goes with this prominence."

I talked with Bob the day after he pleaded guilty to a charge of conspiracy to violate California narcotics law. While he awaited his sentence, finally passed on February 9th, he was back at work at RKO. He didn't have much to say about his troubles, but he did tell me he worried about the way in which his disgrace will affect the lives of his children, Josh, seven, and Christopher, five.

"The kids idolize me," he said wistfully. "It's going to be a shock to them to realize that I was capable of doing anything wrong. I wonder how I could have ever forgotten that everything I do in this world will reflect in some way on them. You just don't think about the responsibility you have to your children until something like this happens. I guess lots of fathers are like me, just happy-go-lucky fools who think too much about their own pleasures."

While folks are considering Mitchum, it might be well to remember that some of the ancients of show business, who have long been revered by club women, educators and such, had a few raps on them. Shakespeare, for instance, had to be put under bonds to keep him from slitting the throats of a couple of his enemies who were threatening to do likewise to him.

Recently, I read of the time Ben Jonson got dead drunk and was wheeled up and down the streets of London in a pashcart by one of his pupils, the eldest son of Sir Walter Raleigh. No one has ever refused to enjoy the works of these great men because their conduct was not to be emulated by the youth of their time. Jonson's bust is in Westminster Abbey.

If Bob's career and life are wrecked, Hollywood must assume a great share of the responsibility. When I first met the actor, he had just come into prominence by his fine acting in "G.I. Joe." His mushroom growth to fame upset his balance.

He was hiding his sense of inadequacy behind a curtain of braggadocio, designed to impress me, as we sat eating lunch at Lucey's restaurant.

After listening to him for a while, I told him to be himself. I explained that I
hadn't expected to meet an intellectual giant. But that after seeing him portray, with such sincerity and understanding, the role of an Army officer deeply concerned with the death and destruction confronting the men he was commanding, I was certain that I would find him a guy with an honest approach to life and therefore interesting.

"You know," he told me, "I thought I had to put on an act for you. I couldn't see how you would find anything to write about in a dumb cluck like me. I never amounted to much. I really can't even act."

"All this that is happening to me is an accident. I just happened to get a part in a good picture and a role I could handle. It was right down my alley. If the combination hadn't been all to the good, I would have been an awful flop. Every time I go before the camera I get a sinking sensation."

I think these remarks are a key to the character of Mitchum. He has always had to sell himself on the notion that he was good in order to keep up the pace and run his race.

Unfortunately, around Hollywood, there are always a lot of evil characters ready to attach themselves to men and women like Mitchum, who jump into the big money before they learn how to handle themselves. Fine words of praise drip from the mouths of these barnacles if they see a chance to do themselves some good. They give their victims the build-up.

It happened a long time ago to an actor named Wallace Reid and an actress named Barbara LaMarr and it's happened over and over again through the years to other actors and actresses. The wrecks of these babbling young people clutter up Hollywood's backyard.

The great indictment must be served on the producers who hire these boys and girls and pay them huge sums of money without ever raising a finger to help them take the leap from obscurity into the dazzling glare of fame.

It is customary in Hollywood to revamp a promising young player's hair, teeth, figure, clothes and speech. But nothing is ever done to revamp the mental attitude, or give them the spiritual fortitude to withstand the temptations heaped around a boy or girl who suddenly finds himself or herself earning thousands a week when only yesterday they were lucky to have coffee and doughnut money.

The End

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Two fugitives from the law have already been brought to justice through the alertness of private citizens who heard their descriptions on the weekly radio program that is currently offering $1,000 for information leading to the arrest of wanted criminals.

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When stars like a scene-stealer — that’s news!

THE TREVOR TOUCH

They said Claire Trevor was a bad woman—gun moll type. And Hollywood proceeded to prove it. They cast her as saloon singers, gals with a golden heart and tarnished reputation, husband snatchers and murderers of 57 varieties.

This was fine with Claire until she realized that her son Charles, age five, might some day want to see "what Mommy does." It was then she rebelled and notified the studios that she was going to be a "good girl."

The studios didn’t seem to relish that idea. For eighteen months Claire was unemployed. She tried for a comeback on Broadway in "The Big Two" which lasted a big two weeks. Then Rosalind Russell offered her a noble role in "The Velveteen Touch." Finally Hollywood saw things her way and cast her as sterling characters in "The Babe Ruth Story" and "The Lucky Stiff." She was dead set on remaining on the straight and narrow path until she was offered the role of Gay in "Key Largo." I was a once in a lifetime part—strictly Academy Award stuff and she couldn’t turn it down. Aside from it being her best dramatic fling since her favorite picture "Stagecoach," it provided a hit reunion with Bogart and Robinson. These three appeared together ten years ago in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse." This time however, both boys sat back in admiration while Claire stole big hunks of scene from under their noses.

The "Largo" incident was the second time a broken resolution proved a boon for Claire. When she entered Columbia University at seventeen, she was determined that nothing would sway her from her intended career as a commercial artist. But someone gave her a folder from the American Academy of Dramatic Art. It fascinated her. And it wasn’t too long after that this she was featured on Broadway in "Whistling in the Dark." Then in 1933, after her second Broadway play, she was ready for the film contract she had refused the year before.

In Claire’s personal life, broken resolutions haven’t proved so successful. After an unhappy teen-age romance, she vowed to steer clear of romance. But she met and married Clark Andrews. When this marriage and a later one to Cy Dunsmoor ended in divorce, she again resolved not to love again. She didn’t count on meeting producer Milt Bren whom she married last November.
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Chains of intimate physical neglect can bind wives away from husband's love...

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A LITTLE while ago, just after he finished "The Heiress," he took off for a more-than-3,000-mile junket to Switzerland. He planned to stay exactly a week. But then decided to prowl on, got as far as Israel. Then he got a cable—and, very obediently, he dashed back for a one-day retake on "The Heiress."

"Actually," Monty says about his wandering family, "we were always sort of high-class hoboes. We did all that moving because we had something to do with banks."

He has never gone to a public school, or even to private schools very much; but has picked up lessons here and there. His brothers and sisters always wanted to go on to college, and did, but he never bothered. "We are all completely different," he explains. "None of us even look alike," he says, "though I do bear some vague resemblances to my mother."

"They're all a wonderful bunch. But I don't want to live with any of them. You are always tying up the phone or something if you do."

The actor Clift you've been seeing and speculating about began to emerge in Sarasota, Florida. He got a play job, in an amateur production of "As Husbands Go."

It was 1929, he was eighteen, and he got into it very simply. He just went down to the theater and asked them if they might be needing any boys for any of their shows. They said they would be, in about two weeks and to come back.

"And that is how my pull toward acting started," he said. "You can even call it an evil pull, if you want to, in a way it is. I mean there is a kind of compulsion about it. I can't stop myself. My parents have never put any obstacle in my way, but my father has always pointed out that it is a completely unreliable profession at which I might starve, and sometimes I've come pretty close to that, but I must go on with it."

He doesn't know why he wanted to act, in the first place. As a kid he did. As he got much to the movies—the first one he ever saw was "Ben Hur"—though his parents did take him to the legitimate theater frequently. He knows that everything he does, every interest he has, leads back to his positive adoration for acting. Yet that is one reason he doesn't like to pal around with other actors very much. "An actor can learn from people in other lines of work," he says, "but how can he learn from another actor?"

He doesn't really mean what he says, of course. If you'll let him, he'll rave on for hours about Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. He was with them in "There Shall Be No Night," and feels that he learned most about acting from them. Actually, he learned plenty from all the

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The Cliff Story

(Continued from page 38) Monty, too. They didn't even have a name ready for him. Dr. Montgomery was a close friend of the family—and the new son got his name. (It's led to many complications—the star has had trouble convincing hotel clerks in Europe that it isn't Cliff Montgomery.) Monty's birthplace was Omaha but he got away from there when he was nine months old. He remembers nothing about it—but he also remembers, he says, practically nothing of all the other places the family lived: Great Barrington, Highland Park (Long Island), New York and Florida. What's been left over from it is a gypsy quality, a love of travel that makes him want to keep on the move, that lets him take off at the drop of a ticket for Rome, Cuba, any place where he has a yen or an excuse to go.

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PUBLICATIONS.
people he worked with. He got to New York in 1935 and behaved like thousands of stage-struck juveniles have always behaved.

He had a part in "Fly Away Home," which had Thomas Mitchell as its star. From then on, he had the fever of haunting casting offices, spending days in the Broadway drugstores with all the other young hopefuls. But Monty was hitting the glory road and, although he sometimes had to live on unemployment compensation, he never changed his mind.

When, eight years ago, he was fired out of the original company of "Life with Father," he thought his life was over. He was supposed to play the seventeen-year-old son, the one Richard Ney finally played. He was ready to dye his straight brown hair red, and curl it. But they let him go. "I thought it was the end of my career," he says now. "I knew I'd never, never work again."

He was, obviously, very wrong. He had good parts with the Lunts, with the Marches, with such people as Tallulah Bankhead in "Skin of our Teeth." And his favorite role was that of the boy in "Our Town," with Martha Scott.

Then he began growing up. And, in one way he was lucky. During the war, the theater, like Hollywood, starved for good juveniles. A nasty tropical disease he had picked up in Mexico made Monty a 4-F. His strange, romantic detachment began to project across the footlights in such things as "You Touched Me."

Hollywood began to woo him seriously when he showed up in playwright Elia Shelley's "Foxhole in the Parlor," the first one in which he was a leading man in his own right.

The publicity men on "Foxhole," realizing they had a potential matinee idol on their hands, decided to give Monty a build-up. Their first effort in that direction was a newspaper ad claiming that

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The next mistake they made occurred when they went to the trouble and expense of hiring a "professional theater claque." These are people who hire themselves out to applaud and make a fuss over a performer in a play, at so much per head.

The "Foxhole" press agent hired fifty of these types, and had them wait outside the Barrymore Theater. Monty was let in on the stunt and was told they would go into a frenzy of adoration when he came out. Cameramen would be there to record the scene for posterity, as well as for the New York papers, and Mr. Cliff's would be put across in a big, big way.

Monty meant to cooperate but he couldn't quite take it at the final moment. When the curtain fell that afternoon, he dashed out of the theater, his coat jacket turned up to hide his face, rushed through the throng and disappeared down 47th Street. The claque obediently waited until the stage doorman told them Monty had been gone for an hour.

Monty remembers another story about "Foxhole." One hot midsummer night, during its run, the stage manager noticed that the theater was very warm, despite the fact that it was air-conditioned. A little investigation revealed that the air-conditioning had been turned off at Mr. Cliff's request.

"I'm sorry," Monty explained, asking with perspiration, "but the noise from the cooling machine was distracting me from my portrayal."

He can laugh about that now. He says he has acquired more sense, and isn't nearly so self-centered. "It was just because I want to be the best actor I can be," he said, "You see, when it comes to acting..."

Producer Howard Hawks talked him into leaving Broadway for Hollywood. Monty liked him and liked the idea of "Red River." Back in the summer of 1942, he came out to northern California to work as a range hand. (He gives as his reason his desire to learn about different kinds of people—he knew the New Yorkers and Easterners by now.) He rode fence, going around on horseback to repair fence breaks, and laid cement pipe. It was hard laboring, outdoor, physical life. And he learned plenty.

Among other things, despite the stories to the contrary, he did know how to ride when they went into "Red River." There were a few tricks, though, that he hadn't picked up. One was the little leap the real cowboys make as they hop into the saddle. He spent days trying it until, finally, he had mastered it.

His best friend on that production, outside of Hawks, was Noah Beery Jr., "Pidge," to his friends. "Oh," Monty says, "I liked the whole company very, very much.

"But Pidge is such a real Westerner, knows so much about horses and riding and all that, that I could learn the most from him. We used to get up before dawn with the cowboys and go out on the remuda. (A remuda is a kind of round-up.) I'm usually a late-to-bed, late-to-rise type, but that country around Tucson, Arizona, was about the most beautiful I've ever seen, particularly at sunrise. The town where we stayed had a normal population of twenty-four, mostly cowhands. It was perfect."

Monty confessed how he was afraid of his part in "Red River." "I didn't think it was physically right for him," he says. "I

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still don't. I didn't believe I could stand up to a man as big as John Wayne, but I liked the story so much, and Hawks would give me the kind of contract I wanted, so finally I agreed to it."

The kind of contract he wants is one that leaves him free to go between stage and screen at will, to have absolute say—so on his scripts, and not to be bound down to any one place. That's the kind of contract he gets, with one exception, and that was on "The Search." Right from the initial reading of the script he felt he was right for "The Search." The only thing he insisted upon was that the G1 be played a little tough and irritable in manner. His unflaggingly correct dramatic instinct told him that such an approach to the character would not only make it stand out, but also be an effective counter—balance to the necessary sentimentality of the story. Before signing up, he discussed his ideas, and was told not to worry: He could play the role any way that suited him.

It didn't work out that way when he got to location abroad. There he was told that he would play it as he was directed, or else. And that was when management got their surprise. Because Mr. Clift gave them the "or else" treatment right back again. His contract on the picture was for only six weeks, which they forgot, but he didn't. To their remarks that there was nothing on paper to bind them, letting him play the part as he desired, he retorted, at the end of six weeks, that there was nothing on paper to make him finish the picture.

It brought them to terms, naturally. Two of the most important scenes were shot thereafter—in particular, the one where Monty buys the little boy his shoes, and he played them as he had wanted to play them.

The point of all this is that he hadn't argued over footage or close-ups or any of the small points.

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the things that a pure "ham" would fight for, but where his artistic conscience gets involved, he fights until he wins.

It was a good fight because "The Search" was not only a great picture but it also established Monty as the most comest-like male in Hollywood. It was with a huge amount of glee that he signed for "The Heiress." Everybody on the production shared that glee.

Director William Wyler's enthusiasm for Monty is great. As an example of the Cliff character and drive, he tells the story of the French song in the Cliff role in "The Heiress" is kind of a heavy story. He's playing a charmer who makes love to a girl because he wants to marry her for her money. One scene has him making love to her by way of singing a little song in French, while playing his own accompaniment.

Now, Mr. Wyler had fully expected to shoot that scene in the usual trick fash- ion. Monty would be seated at the piano, but you would never see his face and his hands on the keyboard at the same time. Somebody else's hands would be there, somebody else's voice would be on the sound track and Mr. Clift would then go to work in the close-ups.

Only it didn't work out that way. "I want to do my own singing," said Monty. "I don't sing well, but this chap probably wouldn't either. I can at least carry a tune."

"But can you speak French," asked Wyler, "can you play the piano?"

"No, but I can learn," said Mr. Clift.

"The Heiress" was shot in mid-June when the temperature on the Paramount lot was boiling. Yet every night, no matter how long the day's work had been, Monty trotted off for more music lessons.

The company closed down the evening of July 3rd, in anticipation of the holiday. Only Mr. Clift turned up on the lot on the Fourth. He played a piano and sang and played all day. Not that he likes the sound of his own voice. He is a great record collector and Bing Crosby is his idea of what a singer should be. But since a part was playing demanded that he sing—sing he would.

Wyler remembers the stories he heard about Monty when he was in "You Touched Me," on Broadway, where he had to sing in the same sound effects. In one scene he had to play a flute. Before he went to rehearsals, he scarcely knew one end of the flute from the other. By the time the show opened, he was not a bad fluteist.

The same pressure was on in the play was much more difficult. He had to pretend, for some plot point, to be a Pekinese. He started by getting records of Pekes barking. Then he coached with a famous radio Mickie-impersonator.

"You see," said Mr. Wyler, "Monty is determined to be a great actor."

Monty's lawyer is another expert who has unusual admiration for him.

"I don't know a thing about his private life," he explains. "But let me tell you this. He is a gentleman, who keeps to his work. He has the old 'Crafts' attitude toward his profession. In that he wants it to be perfect for its own sake. Money holds no temptation for him whatsoever. That's why he won't sign with any one company, though he could sign, and at his own profit. If he had anything else, he wouldn't do it. But what makes him stand out is that he takes it. He takes it without any question and he acts upon it without any question. Rare and wonderful, that."

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almost a hundred miles an hour. From Florida, they went on to Cuba, where Monty spent all his time adding to his knowledge about people.

One object of his interest was a young boy who turned out to be a former Nazi. The idea of marriage holds no lure for him, yet. Ask him what type of girl he prefers and he answers: "I can't see myself marrying any type of girl. I just like girls, period." Actually, he admits, his flight from matrimony holds just the same as his flight from contracts. He wants to be free to hop a slow boat to Mexico or a fast plane to India, as the impulse hits him. He and laughs at the idea of being lonely on these trips, "I'm affable," he says, "when you're affable you make friends easily."

That's one of the Cliff paradoxes. He makes friends easily but he's not very concerned about friendship itself. He's not one to take part in involved relationships. This lone-wolf, self-sustained-being-alone attitude explains much. He doesn't want anything to clutter up his life. His apartment, which practically nobody ever sees, consists of one room, with a pull-down bed that squeaks. His car is so decrepit, Paramount finally pushed him into getting a new one. But after a week, he gave it away and went back to his old one.

Of course, there's a real trick here. Montgomery Clift can get away with it, and knows it. He's a thin boy. His hair always seems to be getting longer. He looks pale. He has none of that quick, handsome charm of Cary Grant. Or the quick dynamite of Clark Gable. He seems to make no effort at all, yet that weird, hypnotic quality is there.

One of the secrets seems to be this enormous concentration on himself, and on acting. He has only one passion—acting. He has only one hunger—to be an actor. He has only one desire—to be a good actor. Heaven help the women who fall in love with him. Or who have undoubtedly fallen in love with him already. Monty is not ready to share himself with anybody. Perhaps he never will be.

END

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Beauty Spots

Bobbed—she's adorable

By MARY JANE FULTON

When such a lovely creature as ELIZABETH TAYLOR believes that proper hair and scalp care is of prime grooming importance, you don't interrupt when she tells how she cares for hers, but just take notes quickly. For you need only a look at her shining dark masses to realize that hair like hers doesn't stay that beautiful without extra attention... She used to wear it in a long glamour bob. Remember? But before sailing for England to make the "Conspirator" she had it cut short. If possible, her new bob makes her look even more adorable.

Scalp massage, brushing, important

Elizabeth gives Sidney Guilaroff, M.-G.-M. hair stylist, full credit for teaching her how to massage her scalp and to brush her hair properly. He told her that one secret of beautiful hair is a healthy scalp. So here's what she does, for fifteen minutes every day... She places the wide-spaced fingers of both hands on her scalp, and lets her thumbs serve as "anchors." Starting at her hairline, she moves her other fingers in a rotating movement and gentlymassage her entire scalp. Then with a stiff hairbrush she first brushes her hair away from her face. Next, she bends her head forward and down, and using long, even strokes, brushes from the nape of her neck to the ends of her hair... Before her once-a-week shampoo, she parts her hair in sections. Gently, so as not to injure her scalp, she scrapes off any dandruff or flaky dead skin with a fine-toothed comb. After this, she gives her hair three good latherings and many thorough rinsings before fluff-drying it with a towel. To remove any tangles, while her hair is still damp, she brushes them out, or combs them out with a special comb that glides through even heavy hair with little pull. Scalp and hair pomades, brilliants, and hair dressings, applied according to directions, are good to use, and more girls should make a point of doing so. Next, Elizabeth sets her hair. As the final glamorous touch, she sprays on a hair perfume, toilet water, or cologne, to her completed coiffure, so that it will not only look lovely, but waft a delightful fragrance with every move of her very pretty head.
Those Screwey Romances

(Continued from page 43) "She's a wonderful girl," he conceded. "I had dinner with her every night last week. Then there's Pat Neal," he adds unexpectedly, completely switching his romantic trails. "I saw her every night before she went to London (for the Hasty Heart)"! The exclamation mark is mine! And I'm flying to London to see her directly I finish my movie.

"Then it's Pat you are going to marry?" interrupts this bewildered reporter.

"I'm not sure," says Farley.

"But you said you were getting married," moans me.

"I am," reiterates Mr. Granger. A week later I see him giving Shelly Winters the romantic business every night. And now I'm going crazy! But that's life and love in Hollywood—especially in the spring, babies, when a young man's fancy gets kind of fancy. And the girls go round 'round in the mad rush for romance.

Even hardheaded Ava Gardner—the girl with the sexiest figure and face in Hollywood—and the hardest heart—

"Mark it down as spring madness," says Ava, "but please find me a man I can really fall in love with. Me find her a man! The best I can come up with is—Howard Duff. "Oh, Howard," shrugged Ava, "I like him, but . . ."

There never were any buts about the way Yvonne De Carlo felt and still feels for Mr. Duff. And for quite a few other gentlemen. The name Yvonne is spelt "Amour" in Hollywood. She has to swoon for someone, or she doesn't breathe right. In the past six months, for instance, Yvonne has admitted to a mad passion for Carlos Anthony, a lumber king in Canada; she followed Jerome Heinz, the Metropolitan basso, to New York—to hear him sing, she said. She dashed to Europe to visit with a mystery lover in Paris. And her stables also announced that she would visit Cor- sica in search of a bandit whose face had caught her fancy in Life Magazine!

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During Yvonne's last picture with Mr. Duff, leading man Sam Bass, rumors started up again that they had renewed the courtship. It was only partially true. During the week-ends on location in Utah, Howard made love to Yvonne. Came Sunday and he flew the four hundred and fifty miles to Hollywood and back to worship at the beautiful feet of Miss Gardner.

By the way, Ava and Yvonne are feuding, but it has nothing to do with Duff. Yvonne burned because her studio bosses went off to the lot to borrow Miss Gardner for the title role in "One Touch of Venus.

Maybe Yvonne would have cared less, if Howard had cared less for Ava.

Come spring, summer, autumn or winter, Clark Gable is most energetic in his pursuit of the female of the species. But it fails to touch his usual pursuit, the pursuit of the thespians where he will admit he is cornered and propose! For a few minutes it looked like Annie Sothern had the new inside edge. But when Clark and Zachary Scott's party met for the hour.

When I quizzed Ann, "Is it a romance?" she laughed and said, "Clark and I are old friends."

IRIS BYNUM, the beautiful Brunette from Dallas, Texas, was sure she had Clark hooked for all of three weeks, last winter. But when Arizona socialite, Mrs. Betty Chisholm came to town, Clark parked his facade, and then away to aABB the Beverly Hills Hotel. When Betty returned home, Clark had another date with Iris at Ocean House, where she toils as a hostess. But when Keely Smith and Iris for vaudeville, Clark walked out in a huff and followed Mrs. Chisholm to Arizona. (I hope you are still following me!)

Clark wants to marry—that I am told by his friends. There are rumors to Virginia Grey—between her hectic romances. "But I think he will marry someone older, someone like Mrs. Dolly O'Brien," says Virginia. Incidentally, when Clark wanted to romance with Virginia after stepping out with Anita Colby and Mrs. slim Hawks, the lady surprised him and said N. She was busy. She was also tired of function parties.

Howard Hughes, whose spring fever is perpetual, also remains elusive. His romance with Jean Peters is supposed to be broken, and yet Jean still rides to work in Twenty-Third Century, chauffeured by Howard's chauffeur. And she still swims in his pool. Jean isn't talking. And that's like locking the stable after the horse has left. Because it was talking that Howard didn't know how to love with Howard! And she told everyone. And Howard no like that kind of telling. But maybe the romance is still going on—and maybe she will surprise us all by capturing this very eligible bachelor.

Maybe not—scares blonde, beautiful Barbara Lawrence who followed Jean as Howard's companion in the fashionable bistros and night clubs again. "If she will ever marry," she told me, without telling me what caused her to ! reak with the sought-after millionaire. Nowadays, Barbara prefers Turhan Bey who hasn't anything to do with money, as Howard, but who is just as elusive when it comes to marrying the girls.

Ditto for Greg Bautzer, the handsome actor. Greg was transferred from Doris. Lamour to Lara Turner to every glamorous star in Hollywood, including of course, Joan Crawford. "But I'm still friendly with every girl I've ever gone with," Greg Bautzer tells me, which keeps most of them as clients, which is even harder.

Bautzer gets his girl with a well-planned approach. For instance, when he took Merle Oberon on their first date to the
ANNUAL San PASSEI..."FLOWERS...COPYRIGHT Copyright beo...red with hearts, gave to all of Joan’s daughters!

Another young man whose fancy very definitely seems to have turned to love this springtime, is Hollywood’s perennial bachelor, Jimmy Stewart. Jimmy has dined nearly every night for the past year with Gloria McLean. But when I ask him, “Are you planning to marry Gloria?” he replies, “Don’t rush me!” How long does Jimmy need to make up his mind? If Gloria is smart she won’t wait. She’ll do the proposing. I remember when Olivia de Havilland was mad about the boy and we waited for wedding bells. Ha! More recently he had Myrna Dell on his right arm, but he was careful to explain, “For laughs only!” He laughed himself right out of Myrna’s life! Now he says he’d like to marry because he is forty-one and he wants to settle down. Okay Gloria, the next move is yours!

No respecter of age or sex, the fever has also struck Janet Leigh, and we must say she seems a willing victim. Janet used to be such a quiet little body. But now says her younger nights, if you step into Ciro’s or Mocambo, there she is, having the time of her sweet young life with Danny Scholl, or Peter Lawford. And in between times, enjoying a coast-to-coast tour with Barry Nelson, the stage actor who wants to marry Janet when her divorce is final.

Jane Powell once promised her mother that she would stay single until she is twenty-one. Now that Janie has grown up, it’s getting harder all the time for her to keep her word. It was easy enough with her first beau, Tony Batten. Jane met him when she was an adolescent, at Metro, where Tony was an actor. Then he went to war and it was kind of ro-

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THERE's big talk in town that Lew Ayres and Jane Wyman have a date at the altar in June. Every time I used to check with Lew, he played dumb on the subject. Now with spring and love in bloom, Lew has broken down to admitting that he does see a lot of Miss Wyman, and "Who knows," says Lew, "what will happen when Jane is free". That's a big admission, because the first time I checked with him, he denied that he knew her, even though he and Jane had already worked together in "Johnny Belinda."

If Guy Madison and Gail Russell are married already, as everyone believes they are, why in heck don't they admit it? Here are the facts. Guy and Gail both live in the same apartment building. Guy tells me that his apartment is next door to Gail's—"Which makes it convenient. I don't have to look any further when I say goodnight to her." And yet when Gail had the flu recently, it was Guy who answered her phone and took messages. Of course, he could have been there to look after Gail. But I think they're married.

Elizabeth Taylor is planning a trip to Korea, to see the man she loves—Glen Davis! Unless the Army sends him back to this country quickly, Lizzie says she will go into a decline or something. So maybe Metro will give her time off to make the trip.

Even Margaret O'Brien has caught the prevailing seasonal excitement. She is madly in love with Burt Lancaster! She says she loves him even after seeing him in "Kiss the Blood Off My Hands" five times! And adds Maggie, "I must meet him soon or bust."

Love—it's wonderful!

The End

Marilyn Maxwell's a gold-digger, Kirk Douglas a boxer in fight film "Champion"
Prowling around downtown Los Angeles one day, Marion saw the same print for two hours. The paper was bought in the old delighted and went home hunting. He found an old horror, painted black but his sharp eyes spotted the fact that the wood of the frame was actually excellent. He had never “rubbed down” so much as a stick before. But now he started.

As for Marion DeFore, her particular province is making all the curtains. They are all of the cottage type, meaning there are two short banks of them at all the windows. Marion’s trick in the living room is one well worth copying, particularly if you have a room with a view. One set of long curtains, at the bottom of the window, actually half the window depth, is balanced by a quarter space of clear window and then a quarter space of curtain above that. This provides light as well as a view. The curtains themselves are of yellow organdy. The far end of the living room has an inglenook with calico curtains in red, yellow and green-blue to match the window seat in the same materials. The rag-rug style, in green-blue. They chose it, first, because it is so inexpensive and second, because it can stand the wear and tear of three busy sets of kids’ feet. Right now Marion is making curtains of brown burlap, edged with chartreuse green burlap fringe for the dining room curtains.

The dining room, the four walls, that is, definitely exists but the room hasn’t anything in it “Can’t afford it yet,” says Marion, “and besides we haven’t found the things we want.” Meanwhile, the whole family eats in the big kitchen.

The kitchen was built oversize deliberately and the bar, which opens into the den and the kitchen, was set up that way deliberately, too. “You know, if a party’s any good, it always ends up in the kitchen,” Marion says. “It’s good to have your own housekeeping and cooking, with no help except for a day-a-week cleaning girl. The kitchen itself has every convenience.

There is the most modern of gas stoves, of refrigerator and deep-freeze unit. There is also the open fireplace for steak and barbecue cooking. At the opposite end of the room from the dining end, there is a unit sink-and-garbage disposal unit, combined with cupboards and drawers with plenty of zinc-topped working space available. Yet even here the sentimental touches have not been forgotten. The corner plate shelves hold one plate apiece from New York’s and Los Angeles’ more famous restaurants, “and in particular, one plate from the place I took Marion, when I was courting her.” Don has never “swiped” a plate or so much as an ashtray. He politely asks for a plate as a souvenir, and firmly believes that he isn’t given them merely because he is a celebrity—a star in Hal Wallis productions. He grins, and says it is a fine way to start an interesting plate collection at no cost.

Of course, the whole enchanting lesson of the DeFore house is the thought they have put into it, the thought, the “livability” and the firm belief that they are going to hand down to their children’s children some of the treasures that they have积攒 down to them. Remember this when you are planning your own house. It gives it the kind of charm that no money can buy.

IF YOU don’t believe the kids aren’t affected by this heart-happy atmosphere get a load of what Don’s little daughter Penny, aged six, gave her daddy for Christmas. It’s an ash tray, the like of which nobody else in the world possesses.

The sketch is of a mighty one-dimension man, the kind of gent little girls draw when they are six. Over his head in quite tiny letters, it says “My Daddy” in Penny’s handwriting.

Don loves it more than any other possession.

How did she get the idea to create it? Well, Marion did sort of suggest it to her. But the way she put the idea into her little hand was to draw a circle of just the right size on a piece of paper. She told Penny it would be fun to draw something for her father for Christmas and that did it. Penny could only think of drawing Don himself. When she had done so, she and her mother took it to Gala’s shop to have it kilned. But you see how a small girl’s creativeness has been enormously stimulated by this, and also how she has already been taught to veer toward originality when buying gifts. And since it is to be a permanent possession of her home, what else can she believe in but that a home is the best possession that any one can have?

Which is true, of course, but it’s nice to learn it at six and live by that rule until sixty or many years beyond.

THE END

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TERROR
his only companion at the Window

What did this boy see
beneath the drawn shade
...was it something real
or just imagination that held
him horror-stricken?

RKO PRESENTS

THE WINDOW

Daringly Filmed
ON NEW YORK’S TEEMING EAST SIDE!
TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing

Lather . . . was Alva's problem!

"Imagine trying to shampoo your hair without enough lather," complains Alva Anderson. "And that's just about what happens every time I use a soap shampoo!" Of course, Alva won't ever get the lather she wants with a soap shampoo—especially in hard water! And she can't rinse away that dulling soap film, either. That's what leaves hair looking drab and lifeless. Makes it hard to manage, too!

But Alice got heaps of it!

"Toni Creme Shampoo is wonderful! Even in hard water, I get all the rich, creamy lather I need—and then some!" says twin Alice. And Toni does more than that! After Soft-Water Shampooing, your hair is exquisitely clean . . . shinier . . . more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible! Each strand shimmers with all, yes all its natural beauty! Curls are fresh, vibrant-looking . . . soft as a moonbeam!

ENRICHED WITH LANOLIN

Now it's Toni Creme Shampoo for Two!

The Anderson twins know there's nothing like Toni Creme Shampoo! Nothing like Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! For Toni bursts into oceans of thick, billowy lather . . . rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Toni leaves your hair wonderfully fresh and radiant . . . sparkling with precious new highlights. Helps your permanent "take" better . . . look lovelier longer. Get the jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. Try Soft-Water Shampooing. It's for you!

Enriched with Lanolin

what should I do?

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-six years old, a fact that makes me say to myself, "You are old enough to know better, you silly fool."

My trouble is, ordinarily enough, a man. He was a junior in high school when I was a freshman. He asked me for a date or two in those days, but I was shy and diffident, so I always refused.

I saw him occasionally during his college days, then he went away to war. He saw me by chance the day before he was leaving for camp and he asked me to write, which I did. When he came home on leave, he always called me and we saw several movies together. He was always very sweet, but casual.

When he came back to this country, he remained in New York until the summer of 1948. Then he came home to work in the family store. He wasn't at all happy, a fact he confided to me.

I knew then that I was head over heels in love with him. Finally, without quite knowing how it happened, we were in the midst of an affair. I kept expecting him to ask me to marry him; my mother thought we had an "understanding."

Just before Christmas, he went back into the Air Force and was sent to Saudi Arabia. So far I have had two cards from him. What's it all about? I'm not a child, but I did think that there was still such a thing as honor among men.

Jeanne A.

If you will quickly scan the history you have given me, I think this is what you will see: A man who had finished college, had served in the glamorous Air Force during the war, had lived in New York. Apparently, he could date practically any girl he chose.

Finally he came home, probably because of intense parental insistence. He didn't like his work in his father's store; he found the town itself dull. Out of his discontent, he turned to you. Finally, he went back into the Air Force because he couldn't endure the idea of settling down in the town, doing work he hated.

I realize that pointing this out to you now does not help you, but it may encourage some other girl to analyze the position of the man before she assumes, from her own daydreams, that the man intends to marry her.

Do everything you can to forget this man. Don't write, don't keep pictures of him in your room, don't discuss him with your friends. But don't be a stony, silent martyr, either. Start a new life, putting this man into your background.

Claudette Colbert

(Continued on page 7)
You couldn't tell a traitor from a hero... and South of St. Louis nobody cared!

SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS

Kip. His six guns fought both sides for that South of St. Louis woman!

Rouge. Red-haired gun runner queen—she kept men at each other's threats!

Burns. Even for men who had their price he raised his too high!

Deb. The flash of her eyes fooled you but the flash of her gun never did!

Black Cottrell. Across the land his name was 'Black.' It was the color of his heart.

The Ranger. He pulled the trigger first and asked questions later!

Jake. Among men of iron all he could think of was gold!

All its thousand-mile span of spectacular adventure in color by Technicolor.

With thunder-clap violence comes this never-told chapter of Southwest history—presented by Warner Bros.

Starring

JOEL McCREEA
ALEXIS SMITH
ZACHARY SCOTT
DOROTHY MALONE

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT. A United States Picture. Milton Sperling

Produced by DOUGLAS KENNEDY - ALAN HALE written by ZACHARY GOLD and JAMES R. WEBB music by MAX STEINER

It's your big Springtime adventure-thrill from Warner Bros!
DORIS DAY
THE GIRL WHOSE VOICE MAKES MILLIONS
OF RECORDS WHIRL
NOW BRINGS YOU AN
ALL-TIME RECORD
IN MUSICAL SCREEN
ENTERTAINMENT FROM
WARNER BROS!

“MY DREAM IS YOURS”
The story of a love-song that swept
a girl to star-glittering fame!

A MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCTION
IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

HEAR THE DREAM-HITS THEY'RE ALL SINGING
MY DREAM IS YOURS
SOMEONE LIKE YOU
LOVE FINDS A WAY
I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU
(lyric by AL DUBIN)

JACK CARSON - DORIS DAY - LEE BOWMAN
ADOLPHE MENJOU - EVE ARDEN - S.Z. SAKALL

SELENA ROYLE - FRANKIE CARLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ
SCREEN PLAY BY HARRY KURNITZ AND DANE LUSISER

It's your Big Easter-time Musical-Thrill from Warner Bros!
Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a twenty-year-old Army veteran and I am very much in love. But there is trouble between us. I am crazy about professional baseball, and my girl friend loathes the game and can't even sit through two or three innings. She wants to get married, but she thinks we should have a bank account first. To please her I took a job in a hardware store. I don't care much for it although I do my best and the owner says I am one of the best men he has ever had.

If you should keep on with a job that bores you, and eventually marry this girl, or should I go into professional baseball?

Mark D.

During the first few years of your marriage, while the glow of early love colored everything you and your wife did, you might be quite happy. However, the first time she fretted about the amount of money you were making, you might be tempted to point out the greater earning power you would have had in professional baseball.
New Improved Pepsodent Removes FILM Amazingly!

In just 7 days—you'll have brighter teeth and fresher breath—or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Why FILM must be removed

1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up—it forms continually on everyone's teeth

Now Faster Foaming! New Pepsodent Sweeps FILM Away!

New improved Pepsodent will bring a thrilling brightness to your teeth, a new freshness to your breath—or we'll return twice what you paid!

No other tooth paste can duplicate new Pepsodent's film-removing formula! It foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film: (1) Pepsodent routs discolored stains that collect on film. (2) It checks film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent helps protect you from acid produced by germs in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the cause of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains Irium—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent!

Try new fast-foaming Pepsodent with Irium for 7 days. If you're not convinced it gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth—mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent, Division Lever Brothers Company, Dept. C, Chicago, Ill.—and you'll receive double your money back, plus postage! Offer expires August 31, 1949. Remember, for the safety of your smile, use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirty-eight years old, and have been married only a few months. During all my early years I never became interested enough in any one man to marry. About a year ago, a new man moved to our town. I met him, fell in love with him, and married him in seven months time. I knew before I married him that he liked to drink, but now I have discovered that his problem is really serious.

He never seems to get drunk, but he likes to have a few drinks after work each day. The men with whom he works call him a prince, and praise him to the skies, but I sometimes wonder if this isn't because he picks up many of the tabs.

Even when he is "under the influence" he is sunny-tempered. He likes to sing, then gets sleepy and likes to nap. He is always kind and loving, never gets rude or foul-mouthed. He will go anywhere I want to go, and in general is easy to live with. But we are not saving any money; we are not getting ahead. It worries me to see every penny spent every week. I worked too long to have any illusions about the steadiness of even the best job.

Would I be foolish to divorce this man, simply because I realize he is constitutionally unable to build toward the future?

Agnes McN.

In dealing with your problem, I believe there are two points to consider. First, it is rather human for us to overlook fifteen or twenty good points of a person's character and to stress the one or two flaws we find. You have made yourself miserable by dwelling on his one shortcoming. It's true that his failing is a serious one, but he has many compensating virtues. Tell him how you feel about his drinking. He is not a drunkard, perhaps he will want to curtail it a bit to please you.

The second thing to realize is that, at your age, you do not adjust as quickly to a new situation as a younger person will. This is also true of your husband. Only a few months is not enough time to give to trying to work out your problems.

Perhaps, if you return to your work and make arrangements for allowing your husband to maintain you at present while your salary goes into the bank, you will be able to save your marriage.

Claudette Colbert

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

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
“NICE” GIRLS DON’T DO SUCH THINGS!…
— but She did!

The warm, wonderful, completely delightful adventures of a lively Miss... whose very modern ideas simply made even her boy-friend wonder whether she was woman, witch, or what!

Robert Young
Shirley Temple • John Agar
in
Adventure in Baltimore

A DORE SCHARY Presentation • Produced by Richard H. Berger
Directed by Richard Wallace • Screenplay by Lionel Houser

Oh, the things they said... about the things she did!
INSIDE STUFF

Linda Darnell and Dan Dailey. Photoplay's 1948 poll showed he was one of stars who gained most in favor.

Shirley Temple links arms with the past—Adolphe Menjou, who co-starred in one of her little girl films.

Wit comes in pairs: Clifton Webb and his mother. His film, "Sitting Pretty," was top favorite with public.

Adding sparkle to Gold Medal party is lovely Barbara Bel Geddes and her husband, Carl Schreuer.
Thisa and Data: A handsome picture of Tyrone and Linda in ski clothes with a note from each came to Cal from Kitzbuhel, Tyrol, where the couple were honeymooning. They seem ideally happy and Tyrone reminded us to say “hello” to everyone . . . Doris Day’s four-year-old son Terry calls his cute mother “Dodo.” Since her personal appearances with Bob Hope, Doris has become a national favorite. Bob presented gold St. Christopher medals to the air hostesses who looked after him and his troupe on the trip . . . Joanne Dru, estranged wife of Dick Haymes, is selling their Valley ranch and with her three small children is moving nearer town. With her role in “She Wore a Yellow Ribbon,” Joanne’s career is leaping ahead . . . Sight of the week is Clifton Webb, gingerly perched behind the wheel of his new Buick, learning to drive. His devoted mother Mybelle refuses to ride until Clifton really gets the hang of it. Mr. “Belvedere” Webb looks as if he were about to be hanged himself.

Hitting the Mark: Mark Stevens, who neither sings nor dances but for some reason is frequently cast in musicals, was rehearsing intricate dance steps for his role in “Oh, Yes Beautiful Doll,” when a studio worker strolled onto the rehearsal stage. “What do you think you’re doing?” the friend asked Mark.

“I’m doing what comes naturally—to Dan Dailey,” Mark grinned and went on dancing.

Happy People: It was a minute to six and closing time, when Cal dashed into a Beverly Hills Market and collided with a couple bent on last-minute shopping, too. It was Jeanne Crain Brinkman and husband Paul on their way home from Twentieth Century-Fox where Jeanne had been testing all afternoon for the role of “Pinky” which she felt sure would go to Gene Tierney. There is so little conceit about Jeanne, it’s refreshing and so much naturalness, it’s unbelievable.

“Our first baby, Paul Jr., looks like his father but our new baby, Michael Anthony, looks like me,” she gloved.

As we selected our groceries from the shelves, they told Cal how they had prepared a new nursery by building two new bedrooms and a bath for the boys and their nurseries as a wing onto the house. But, they confided sheepishly, the new baby was so dear to them they couldn’t bear to be separated from it even by a room and hall. So, they turned their dressing room adjoining their bedroom into a nursery and there little Michael sleeps where they can hear his every move.

A New Kind of Van: Van Johnson told Cal some of his experiences in Los Angeles’ famous Skid Row, a street of shoddy bars and shady characters, during the night sequences for “Scene of the Crime.”

It was four a.m. when the camera, concealed in a shop doorway, caught Van alighting from a car and quickly frisking a passersby.

All went well until a tipsy loiterer stopped to protest. “Hey, whatcha think you’re doin’?” he demanded, ominously raising a large wine bottle.

Fortunately, Van told us, the cops moved in to save him from a sudden attack, but for a second it looked bad. (Continued on page 13)
INSIDE STUFF

Lavish was Errol Flynn’s recent party—and Jennifer Jones, dramatic in her Dior gown, with David O. Selznick, her husband-to-be.

Errol Flynn’s guests, among them Dotty Lamour, dined at tables around pool lit with opalescent water lilies.

Susan Peters, lovely in lace, held court from her wheel chair. In attendance is handsome Ronald Colman.
The manner in which Van demonstrated the scene, the rapidity of his hands in motion, the new, crisp quality of voice, indicated that this change of pace in his movies will surprise his fans.

Big Boy: Hurrying along a street on the M-G-M lot, Cal noticed a tall, blond boy emerge from the studio schoolroom, textbooks under his arm. There was something about his long, gangling legs that reminded us of the unstable legs of a young deer. And almost at once we got the mental connection; the lad was Claude Jarman Jr., who, only two or three years before, had romped the fields with the young deer Flag in "The Yearling."

This almost-shoot-up-overnight had M-G-M heads in a predicament. Towering over most of the male stars on the lot, Claude was no longer able to play a fifteen-year-old. And then a bright idea hit one of the executives. By adding on a few years, Claude seemed the perfect candidate for the GI role in "Battleground."

Difficult to believe that the little lad who romped with a fawn only a short time ago is now playing a soldier.

Wendy Barrie of "Inside Photoplay" television show decides Forrest Tucker, Republic star, is the tele-type! He's in "The Last Bandit"
Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference... and you will never know how lovely you can be until you use FRESH.

FRESH is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use... Different from any deodorant you have ever tried.

use FRESH and stay fresher

Among premiere personalities at “Paisan” opening were Robert Ryan and his wife.

Round-up: John Agar calls his cute wife, the former Miss Temple, “Shirl.” Cute the way Shirley telephones David Selznick to see that she and John are cast together in their loan-out deals. Looks like love to Cal... To the preview of “Take Me out to the Ball Game” with Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw, a devoted twosome. When Peter gets set in his career, these two will marry... Ingrid Bergman and Italian producer Roberto Rossellini strolling along a Beverly Hills street. Ingrid goes to Italy to make her next film for the brilliant producer of “Open City” and “Paisan”... Robert Taylor was so happy to get home from England to his wife Barbara Stanwyck. And then—wouldn’t you know it—after weeks of idleness, she began a new picture the very day after his arrival. Maybe that’s what keeps their marriage such a happy one.

Beg Pardon: In the February 1949 Photoplay on page 108, we published an item concerning Paulette Goddard and a cleaning woman who, as a stunt, was to be crowned “Star For A Day.” We deeply regret the publication of this anecdote which we have discovered to be untrue. It is especially unfortunate it should have been related about Paulette Goddard, whose new picture, “Anna Lucasta,” we await eagerly.

(Continued on page 23)
"You can't do this to me!"

BUT he was doing it—and doing it deliberately—breaking the biggest date of the year on very short notice! This was the party she had dreamed about... for which she had bought a lovely new evening dress and adorable new shoes.

Now he was calling the whole thing off with excuses that, to say the least, sounded phony.

Looking back at their last date she recalled that he had acted strangely indifferent. What had she said to merit such treatment then? What had she done to deserve it now? The more she searched for an explanation the further she got from the truth*

Are You Sure?
Unpleasant breath (halitosis*) is the offense unpardonable... a hurdle that is hard for romance to clear. The insidious thing about it is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it. Moreover, it may be present one day and absent the next.

So why take your breath for granted—ever? Why risk putting yourself in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful, extra-careful precaution against offending?

Lasting Protection.
You simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and, lo, your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. Not for seconds. Not for minutes. But for hours, usually.

If you want to be at your best, don't rely on makeshifts. Put your trust in Listerine Antiseptic—the extra-careful, lasting precaution. Use it night and morning and before every date where you want to be at your best.

Most cases of simple bad breath yield readily to Listerine Antiseptic; cases of systemic origin are for your doctor to treat.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

Before any date
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
to help you be at your best

P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?
EDGAR BERGEN, after staring at a glam-
our girl’s sheer gown at a Hollywood
party: “That’s the first time I have ever
seen cellophane with shoulder straps.”

Red Skelton played gin rummy until
6 a.m., took a quick shower and rushed
to the studio. By noon Red was fading
fast.

“What’s wrong?” asked a friend.

Said Red: “I’ve got a rummy ache.”

Harry Carey Jr., is following in his late
father’s footsteps as a Hollywood actor. I
once told Harry Sr., that Junior was a
chip off the old block, but old Harry
roared: “You mean, a slice off the old
ham.”

They were celebrating Peggy Cummins’s
birthday on the set. “What birthday is it?”
asked Vincent Price.

“My twenty-first,” said Peggy.

“It’s been a long time since I was twenty-
one,” sighed Price, adding quickly, “and I
was twenty-one for a long time, too.”

Virginia Mayo was wearing an all-lace
bathing suit for a film scene. When the
suit arrived from the designer, there was
a warning tag attached. It read: “Please
do not go into the water in this bathing
suit. It is not censor-proof.”

Sight of the month: Two feminine Van
Johnson fans at a Hollywood premiere.
They were holding a sign which read:
“Van Johnson’s Eager Beavers.” Both of
the fans were in their sixties!

Phonograph records frequently are used
to get stars in tearful moods for crying
scenes. But the late John Barrymore had
a different system. He could burst into
tears on cue and I once asked him how
he did it. He said: “I just think about all
the money I’ve paid to my ex-wives.”

George Jessel turned down another pro-
ducer’s offer to do his life story on film
with the comment: “Living my life once
has been enough.”

John Wayne is big and that bigness is
part of his character and personality. But
to make him look even bigger, doorways
on his sets frequently are made extra
small, so that he has to stoop to enter.

In the Broadway hit, “Born Yesterday,”
one joke got a big laugh. The heroine has
been missing for eight hours and someone
finally ventures the opinion: “Maybe she
went to a double feature?”

But Hollywood can’t take it. The line
is missing from the script of the movie
version.
How the law was brought to a gun-riddled... feud-ridden border-town of lawlessness. This is the story of the "Coffin Corner of Texas" in the lusty era when ambush in the night made the Rio Grande run red!

in Paramount’s

EL PASO

Color by CINECOLOR

Eduardo Noriega • Henry Hull • Mary Beth Hughes
H. B. Warner • Bobby Ellis • Directed by Lewis R. Foster

Based on a story by J. Robert Bren and Gladys Atwater
Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster • A Pine-Thomas Production
He'll say "Kiss me...Kiss me!" when you use Tangée

A Kiss Coming Up In a Tender Love Scene Starring
PEGGY ANN GARNER
AND
LON M'CALLISTER
in "THE BIG CAT"
An Eagle Lion Films Production in Technicolor

Tangée
KISSABLE TEXTURE
1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and LASTS!

Tangée KISS COLORS
TANGEE PINK QUEEN — The pink of perfection...makes lips exciting—inviting—irresistible to men.
TANGEE RED RED — The reddest red of them all. Just what you need "to get your man."
TANGEE RED MAJESTY — No. 1 shade for brunettes! Sure to make your lips his "target for tonight."
TANGEE MEDIUM RED — Not too dark...not too light...but just right to tempt—and tease.

Readers Inc.

Beef About Betsy:
How in the world could you give Betsy Drake a "best performance" in "Every Girl Should Be Married"? She was the homeliest, gawkiest, silliest thing I ever saw. Everyone I know said so. She made you so nervous, I could scream. I didn't even like Cary Grant with her. What in the world does he see in her? She's got about as much shape as a totem pole and that face! He gave a good imitation of her in the picture, she was that silly. You're the only magazine that liked her!
MRS. JOE MERRIN
Tampa, Fla.

Casting
We girls in New Jersey would like to know why Robert Stack never plays the lead in a picture. He played in three pictures since he returned from the Navy and he always seems to disappear in the middle of the picture.
BEVERLY DECKELT
Westfield, N. J.

Cheers and Jeers:
I was never so happy to see my two favorite newcomers in one of the funniest pictures ever made—"Miss Tatlock's Millions." The new actor and actress, John Lund and Wanda Hendrix. Ever since "A Foreign Affair" with John, I knew he was meant for comedy, the same with Wanda in "Ride the Pink Horse." I hope Hollywood will put these two in another picture soon.
CARL WALKER
Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

I don't know whether we have another taste here in Europe, but we cannot agree with you that Liz Taylor is the ideal teenager. For us teen-agers, Liz looks much too old. We think she rather looks like a woman of, at least, twenty-two and not like a young girl. Shirley Temple, as a mother, looks much younger than Liz, at least to us. We think if she would dress less like a grown-up and more like a young girl, she would be fine.
GISELLA B. BREMER
Berlin, Germany

We should be hearing more of the hazy voice that puts people in a velvet fog. Who other than Mel Torme can put an audience into a swoon with just a wink of an eye, and a few movements of the vocal chord? Hollywood should certainly hold on to this excitingly different type of song stylist.
RUTH M. RANALLO
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Why did Tom Drake not get star billing in "Words and Music"? With the exception of Mickey Rooney, all the other stars did only acts and they were on top billing. Tom played a leading role, yet received less billing than the others. Don't they believe in justice in Hollywood?
KATHERINE YATES
Birmingham, Ala.
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

It neutralizes perspiration odor. It keeps your lavender, gauze, silk and satin safe. It prevents formation of static electricity. Your clothes will be safe. It gives you Double Protection. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection.
New color...a light dancing red...red...red

Revlon's "Touch of Genius"

For Spring!
The fresh new red you always hoped you'd find!

You've looked! You've found it! And call it what you will...intuition...genius...

Revlon gives you now a lively vivid red to set you tip-toe. Watch the excitement! See how heads turn...your clothes sparked by "Touch of Genius" have caught the magic, too!

A red so rare as Spring, long-awaited as first love...a dancing red

..."Touch of Genius" for the smartest matching lips, fingertips and face!

Lastron Nail Enamel...Lipstick...Fashion Plate Face Make-Up...Face Powder...Cheekstick

Imprint of beauty: Greer's poised charm makes her a perfect Irene for the Galsworthy classic, "The Forsyte Saga," now being filmed

G. Morris
One of the Gala Silver Anniversary Hits!

M-G-M presents
Fred ASTAIRE • Ginger ROGERS
in
THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY
with Oscar Levant
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Music by Harry Warren • Lyrics by Ira Gershwin
Musical Numbers Directed by Robert Alton
Directed by Charles Walters • Produced by Arthur Freed

Joyously re-united... for the first time in TECHNICOLOR! A spectacular musical treat!
Party at Errol's: Errol Flynn threw the party of the year. The setting outdid anything Hollywood ever dreamed up on a sound stage. The Flynn home and gardens, perched on a mountain crest and looking down on a twinkling fairyland of lights below, were crowded with guests who thrilled to the beauty of the scene. At dozens of tables of gleaming white, placed around the pool which was lit with opalescent water lilies, sat a cross-section of glamour town. Jennifer Jones, in a Christian Dior gown of white net, covered by a pale blue satin coat, swept in on the arm of her husband-to-be, David Selznick. Greer Garson, in emerald green satin, her red hair arranged in two curls down her back, arrived with beau, Buddy Fogelson. Vying in beauty were two mothers, Joan Bennett and Joan Fontaine. The latter and her husband Bill Dozier told Cal of the christening, that day, of their daughter Debbie. Oddly enough, however, the spotlight went to a star of yesterday, Gloria Swanson, who held every eye with her grace and beauty. “I can’t tell you how wonderful it is to see all my friends again, gathered in one place and amid such beauty,” she told Cal. “I can’t thank Errol enough.” Another beauty to attract attention was Susan Peters. Susan held court from her wheel chair, with Mary Pickford and handsome Buddy Rogers smiling upon her.

You’re invited to join in the joyous celebration of M·G·M’s Silver Anniversary!

How fitting that M-G-M celebrates its Silver Anniversary — twenty-five years of leadership — with the biggest pictures in its entire history.

The year 1949 started auspiciously for Leo the Lion with “Command Decision”. The star-laden Technicolor production of “Little Women” will be long remembered; and here on the following pages you will find other fine pictures listed... with many more to come during the balance of the year. Look for these M-G-M Silver Anniversary pictures at your favorite theatre. They’ll give you many golden hours of entertainment.
The buffet table, loaded with viands from Mike Romanoff's, was set in the red-and-white tented patio. The orchestra played for such dancers as Gene Kelly and his wife Betsy, who left at midnight to relieve the baby sitter. For Pete Lawford, too, subdued and pensive, who gave every indication of being very much in love with his date, Gloria McLean. This leaves one to wonder—what of Jimmy Stewart?

"I Have My Love to Keep Me Warm," the orchestra played and Shirley Temple wrapped her arms about her husband, John Agar, as they danced by. Also looking as much in love as ever was Howard Duff with Ava Gardner. Voted the handsomest man in the room, next to the gracious host, was Ronald Colman, who came with his Benita.

The White Mice Races, conducted by Georgie Jessel, were the sensation of the evening. Shirley Temple and Cal watched the mice scamper down their individual tracks, while guests bowed over the printed programs and tip sheets that had been written by Errol. "Errol phoned me a special invitation," Shirley told us, "because we were nominated as the most un-cooperating players by the Women's Press Club."

Clara Gable, for some reason, left after dinner. Could have been because his ex-girl, Iris Bynum, was present with her old beau Bill Morrow, writer for Bing Crosby. Absent, of course, was Nora Eddington Flynn, Errol's estranged wife. She was dancing at Mocambo with Dick Haymes. Days later, the town was still buzzing with reports of the gala Flynn party.

Odds and Ends: Odd to watch the reaction of certain stars to particular styles. Sitting with Felice Vanderbilt and the Peruvian artist, Marino Soyer, at a Don Loper showing, we noticed how Barbara Stanwyck and June Allyson seem to favor the same things. Entirely different in personality, each girl prefers the plainly tailored clothes. And June so twinkly, too . . . Ben Gage and Esther Williams sharing congratulations with Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse over their expected arrivals . . . Donna Reed and Tony Owen, who have two adopted children, beaming as they told Cal that one of their own was on the way . . . Friends are worried over Gary Cooper who has been working too long and too hard and who never fully recovered from Virus X.

About People: Franchot Tone at the Robert Hutton party without his estranged wife, Jean Wallace, tells Cal he'll be off to Europe for another picture in midsummer, along with Charles Laughton and Burgess Meredith who worked with him in Paris in "Man in the Eiffel Tower." Franchot, who looks well and seems happy, received a cute fan letter from a girl who saw him in "Every Girl Should Be Married." "It's a wonderful idea," she wrote, "and I accept."

Deanna Durbin, one of Hollywood's greatest only a few years ago, seems to have completely disappeared from the screen and the scene of Hollywood. "What has happened to Durbin?" is a popular question hereabouts, as time goes by and Deanna remains a recluse. Her separation from Felix Jackson is about to become final, and the two pictures she owes Universal before August, when her contract expires, are in the nebulous stage. There are those who blame her eclipse (temporary, we hope) on her own wilfulness, others on poor management. Whatever it is, we hope a whole new beginning is in the cards for Deanna, who is much too talented to be forgotten.

Johnny Mack Brown, who long ago cast his lot with Western films, is beginning to suspect that field may become a mite too crowded if all the actors who evince a sudden interest in his affairs take to the sagebrush trail. With studios closing down and budgets growing tighter, certain well-known players are viewing Johnny's fine, big home and steady income with an envious eye. Never one to go into the cowboy thing in the spectacular man-

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**One of the Gala Silver Anniversary Hits!**

**M-G-M presents**

**Gregory PECK • Ava GARDNER**

**Melvyn DOUGLAS • Walter HUSTON**

**Ethel BARRYMORE • Frank MORGAN**

in

**The GREAT SINNER**

**Directed by Robert Siodmak**

**Produced by Gottfried Reinhardt**
ner of Gene Autry or Roy Rogers, Johnny has maintained a steady popularity and won himself what promises to be a long lasting career. No wonder the Westerns are beginning to look good to the "drayma" boys.

Mary Jane: We entered the Bob Hope set prepared to laugh—we always do with Hope around—and to view first-hand the budding wonder, five-year-old Mary Jane Saunders who plays an important part in "Sorrowful Jones."

Frankly, we weren't prepared for the child who succeeds Shirley Temple in this "Little Miss Marker" remake. We had expected curls and charm and fussing and pampering. Instead, far over in a corner where no one seemed to notice her, we spotted Mary Jane all alone, riding a tricycle. When she rode our way we were amazed at the plain but winsome little face, the straight brown hair, her unaffected ways as she swung on a door-knob between takes, or rode her tricycle. This, of course, is her first picture and acting job of any kind. She neither sings nor dances. She's just a little girl who trots off to the Paramount schoolroom between takes with her six-year-old stand-in and colors pictures while the others recite.

"I brought my lunch in my own pail," she told me. "I hope I have onions. I love onions, don't you?" She
loves her lunch pail, too, we noticed.
Bob accepts her as one of the adult members of the cast. “Hey, M. J.,”
he’ll call. “Let’s go to work, shall we?”
Director Lanfield records her lines for the following day on a record
which is played back for “M. J.” at home each evening. She’s letter per-
fect every day.
She loves Linda Hope, Bob told me, and Bob takes her out to visit his chi-
dren when he can.
Bob and Mary Jane were saying their prayers the day we visited the
set.
“Now I lay me—” Bob said. Mary
Jane’s voice and face had a poignant
tenderness as she repeated—“Now I
lay me.”
Cal thinks “M. J.” really has some-
thing.
Shades of Dickens: The true story
of a certain big name producer has
the town in hysterics. After a private
home showing of Dickens’s “Great Ex-
pectations” made by J. Arthur Rank
in England, the producer exclaimed,
“Now there’s a great picture. But how
did they think up those characters?”
It was explained to the producer
that the writers had only given a
faithful translation of the book.
“Book?” roared the producer. “Do
you mean a book with those char-
acters just came out and we didn’t
grab it?”

One of the Gala
Silver Anniversary Hits!

M-G-M presents
THE
SECRET GARDEN
starring
MARGARET O'BRIEN
HERBERT MARSHALL
Dean Stockwell
Directed by Fred M. Wilcox • Produced by Clarence Brown

In its tradition of bringing great books to the screen...
M-G-M presents Frances Hodgson Burnett’s heart-warming story!
About the Wildes: The long struggle waged by Cornel Wilde to achieve a place on the screen for his wife, Pat Knight, was won, and seemingly, lost. After repeatedly incurring antagonism from higher-ups by his insistence that Pat share his limelight, he was given the chance by Columbia Studios in "Shockproof," with Cornel and Pat playing the leads. The results were such that the film was literally sneaked into second-rate theaters as part of a double bill. For a star of Cornel's importance, there are some who look upon this as a disaster, especially after the costly build-up given him by Twentieth Century-Fox. Pretty and comely Pat certainly has every right to a career of her own. No one denies that fact. But the town wonders why Cornel insisted it be at the expense of his own career after he fought and struggled to achieve a place of his own.

Here and There: Jane Wyman, who was beautifully groomed at the Errol Flynn party, had a heck of a time with her escort Lew Ayres who kept trying to dodge photographers. "If I had a girl as beautiful as Janie, I'd be proud to be photographed with her," one of the lads told Lew. He kinda stood still after that rebuke... Marriage agrees with little Wanda Hendrix. She's gained weight and looks wonderful. "My husband makes me eat," she explains, beaming proudly at her bridgroom Audie Murphy... Credit should go to Robert Walker for trying hard to solve his problem at the Menninger Clinic... It was heart-warming to learn that Charles Bickford had again been nominated for an Academy Award, as one of the best supporting actors of the year. Charlie was nominated in 1947 for "The Farmer's Daughter," and a few years back for "The Song of Bernadette," but won neither time. He turned in two outstanding performances in 1948: In "Johnny Belinda," the picture that won him the honor, and in "Command Decision."

Dream Landlady: June Haver had been shopping. Not for a new frock, hat or gewgaw. No, indeed. June had been pricing property and finally found a suitable lot in Westwood Village. On this site, June will erect a modern apartment building that will offer a special gimmick in its tenant leases. Apartments will be rented only to young married couples with at least one child and one pet. "The trouble my sister Dorothy and her husband had in renting a place, simply because they have a child and a pet, so outraged me I decided to do something about it," June said. Which seems like a fine gesture to Cal. Incidentally, June caught the bouquet tossed by Dr. Duzik's nurse who married Bob Schiller, June's business manager. And maybe that's a sign June will marry the handsome dentist as soon as her divorce is final. June is keeping mum about her plans.

Red and Level-Headed Betty: Betty Lynn tells Cal she feels there's too much family suggestion in the titles of her latest movies, "Mother Is a Freshman," and "Father Was a Fullback." "I thought I had gone beyond mother and father movies when I got married in 'June Bride,'" she moans. "I don't want people to think I'm strictly a fireside girl."

Knowing something about this nineteen-year-old miss, we'd say she has plenty of reason to feel self-sufficient. Not many GI's, for instance, ever found themselves forty miles behind the Jap lines. And yet, as a USO entertainer along the Burma road, Betty found herself in that predicament when her jeep driver took a wrong turn.

After six months entertaining up and down the Burma route, Betty, worn and weary, worked her way home on a hospital ship. After a few weeks rest, she landed a job in the chorus of "Park Avenue," where a talent scout spotted her for a role in "Sitting Pretty."

Reserved, quiet and not at all the stomping tomboy of the screen, Betty is slated for stardom.
Enchantment: Elizabeth Taylor, who wears her heart on a chain, plays Amy in “Little Women”
More than 2 million women a month use Toni
... the wave that gives that natural look!

See how flattering a Toni is... how soft and beautifully natural it looks. Because there's no frizzy stage with a Toni. Even on the first day your Toni wave looks naturally curly with lovely deep waves and soft curls! But before trying Toni you'd like to know:

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Of course, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

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Your Toni is long-lasting and is guaranteed to look as lovely as a $15 beauty shop wave... or your money back.

**How much will I save with TONI?**
The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers cost $2. For a second Toni get the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just $1... yet there's no finer wave at any price!

Which twin has the TONI?
Talented, teen-age Kathlene and Helene Crescente won the Beauty Contest for Twins in New York City. Kathlene, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I never knew a permanent could look so natural." And Helene says: "Next time it will be Toni for two!"

The wave that gives that natural look... Toni
THE STREETS OF LAREDO: This Western has a new hit song from the "Buttons and Bows" composers, Livingston and Evans. It has the same title as the film and Dennis Day sings it for Victor. The reverse has a non-movie tune "Tarra-Ta-Larra" that's headed for The Hit Parade.

MEXICAN HAYRIDE: Though based on the Cole Porter musical there are no Porter tunes in it. They do have a new song "Is It Yes?" and Mr. and Mrs. Andy Russell sing it prettily on a new Capitol disc.

MY DREAM IS YOURS: You can hear Doris Day sing the title tune and "Someone Like You" (Columbia). Peggy Lee (Capitol), Art Lund (M-G-M) tackle the latter tune, while Claude Thornhill does a smooth job with the dream tune. But it's my guess that the Warren-Dubin oldie, "I'll String Along with You," will come out on top. Jo Stafford and Gordon MacRae do it for Capitol.

JIMMY DURANTE-BETTY GARRETT: M-G-M has teamed this comic pair for some disc fun with "The Pussy Cat Song" and "Any State in the 48 Is Great."

DIANA LYNN: This talented star plays the thrilling "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" and the languid "Body and Soul" in a single Capitol record. Good performance.

TONY MARTIN: Several years ago, movie fans remembered an exciting song from a Marx Brothers movie, "The Big Store." It was called "The Tenement Symphony." No one recorded it then. Well, Tony Martin devotes two sides of a new Victor disc to the song and it deserves it.

POPULAR ALBUMS: Harry Horlick plays a series of Tangos and there's a set of tango lessons attached as prescribed by Fred Astaire (M-G-M). Capitol has a new collection of Stan Kenton's abstract jazz under the album title of "Encores." Smooth "Keyboard Sketches" by Skitch Henderson is a Capitol album standout. And, for good measure, Capitol has a new piano set by Nat King Cole. The same company has also pressed a set of wonderful music by Xylophonist Red Norvo.
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31
\( (F) \) We Were Strangers

(\textit{Columbia})

\textsc{J} \textit{UBA} of the 1930's is the background for a savagely realistic movie with the staccato tempo of a machine gun. Jennifer Jones scores in the most dramatic and unusual role of her career—that of a Cuban girl, who joins the underground after witnessing the brutal murder of her student-brother. She wants to kill the assassin, police inspector Pedro Armendariz, but John Garfield—a Cuban-born American posing as a theatrical agent—has a more ambitious plan. Using Jennifer's home as their headquarters, Garfield and his fellow-revolutionists dig a tunnel leading into the cemetery across the road. A prominent citizen is to be assassinated and, when the president and cabinet attend the funeral, they will be blown to bits. As their grim plan takes shape, it's like an evil nightmare.

Garfield is intensely sincere; Armendariz makes your blood boil; Gilbert Roland and David Bond are excellent in supporting roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Packs a terrific punch.

\( (F) \) The Red Pony (\textit{Republic})

\textsc{J} \textit{OHN \textsc{STEINBECK}}'s story of a boy and his pony has been made into an idyllic picture of California ranch life. Peter Miles sensitively portrays a nine-year-old experiencing growing pains. Myrna Loy is his sensible, attractive mother; Robert Mitchum, the hired man whom Peter trusts and admires. Indeed, it's to Mitchum rather than his father, Shepperd Strudwick, that the boy turns for companionship. Resentful over this, Strudwick vents his feelings on Myrna's old father, Louis Calhern, fond of spinning stories of his Indian-fighting days. Peter is inconsolable when his pony falls ill and blames Mitchum, in whose care he left the animal.

Whether in silks or calico, Myrna is always the perfect lady; her role here, however, is not an especially dramatic one. Calhern lends color, but it's Mitchum who stands out, tackling his part with quiet assurance.

Your Reviewer Says: Warm, tender, human.

\( (F) \) Little Women

(\textit{Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer})

\textsc{I} \textit{n its handsome Technicolor remake of Louisa May Alcott's perennial favorite, Metro has carefully preserved the Victorian flavor, the lavender-and-old-lace mood. The story of the gentle \textit{Marches} is a long, sentimental one not exactly geared to our streamlined age.}

As Jo, the tomboy of the family, June Allyson is a lovable lass who rates a big bouquet. Margaret O'Brien is winsiful as Beth. Elizabeth Taylor, wearing a blonde wig, is Amy, and Janet Leigh is appealing as Meg. Peter Lawford invites sympathy as Laurie, the lonely rich boy next door.

Newcomer Rossano Brazzi, Mary Astor, Lucile Watson and the late Sir C. Aubrey Smith give a fine account of themselves in supporting roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Souvenir of granny's day.

\textbf{Shadow}

\textit{BY ELSA}

\textbf{F}—For the whole family

\textbf{A}—For adults

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 119. For Best Pictures of the Month
All hands on deck for this not-to-be-missed movie! It's powerful and deeply moving. Lionel Barrymore is magnificent as an Old Salt in command of a New England whaling vessel in 1887. Dean Stockwell is his fine young grandson. As First Mate, Richard Widmark is a credit to his calling. Richard has studied marine biology, just so much newfangled nonsense to the old captain. But Dean drinks it in, wide-eyed. Tension reaches a climax when Widmark breaks an iron-clad rule during the rescue of Dean, caught in a storm.

No use spoiling it for you by revealing the rest of it. Suffice to say that, even without the usual love story, there are plenty of heartthrobs on this adventure-packed voyage.

Your Reviewer Says: One whale of a picture.

Adventure at high tide: An 1887 epic of whales and men carries Richard Widmark and Dean Stockwell into stormy waters.

Spring is here and with it a Technicolor musical-romance full of zip and zing. Jack Carson and Doris Day make a pleasing twosome in roles cut to their measure.

Jack, a Hollywood radio talent scout, is in search of a singer to replace Lee Bowman on S. Z. Sakall's program. Bowman, whose crooning has the gals swooning, lets success go to his head. To the dismay of advertising man Adolphe Menjou and his wise-cracking assistant, Eve Arden, Lee refuses to renew his contract with Sakall, the agency's top account. That's when fast-talking Carson goes into action, coming up with Doris. However, selling his new discovery is quite another matter, and selling himself to Doris is the toughest job of all. While she's grateful enough to Jack, it's Lee who makes her heart beat faster.

Doris puts over her songs with a bang. Carson clowns with Eve Arden's aid: Bowman is convincing as a glib-edged heel. There's an amusing cartoon sequence and, to top it all, Frankie Carle at the keyboard.

Your Reviewer Says: Fast and funny.

For sophisticates on the lookout for a different picture, this is it! But then W. Somerset Maugham is a storyteller of the first Rank—in this case, J. Arthur. Assisted by a top-notch cast, author and producer present four delightful stories making for supremely satisfying entertainment.

"The Facts of Life" is a highly amusing account of how a father's advice to his young son, off for Monte Carlo, acts as a boomerang. In a more serious vein, there's "The Alien Corn," dealing with a frustrated artist who lives for his music alone. The third tale, "The Kite," describes the curious revenge a wife takes when her husband leaves her to return to his overindulgent mother. Finally, there's "The Colonel's Lady," a satirical portrait of an egotistical Englishman, whose mousey wife surprises him by writing a volume of passionate verse. Cecil Parker is excellent in this; indeed, all performances are of first calibre down to bit parts.

Author Maugham himself appears to introduce his "Quartet" to you.

Your Reviewer Says: Simply ripping!
Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

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No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN...for true hair beauty.

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Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. This glamorous shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.
enabling them to extend the road. No sooner do the men set to work, however, than sabotage rears its ugly head. Randy’s old pal, J. Carroll Nash, reveals that dynamite has been stolen. After tracing it to a band of Indians, Scott is fired upon and lands in the camp hospital with efficient Jane Wyatt, a female sawbones, looking after him. That doesn’t suit Randy’s spitfire sweetheart, a lovely French-Indian girl animatedly played by newcomer Nancy Olson. Nancy has turned down Victor Jory for Scott and now Jory means to have his revenge. He whips up the Indians to attack the whites barricaded in a railroad car.

Enhanced by Cinecolor, this is a swift-moving, scienctically stunning picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Exciting outdoor drama.

(F) Scott of the Antarctic (Rank-Eagle Lion)

MAN’S courage and endurance are realistically recorded in this factual account of Captain Scott’s expedition to the South Pole. Many scenes were shot in Norway and Switzerland, and Scott’s diaries were drawn upon for numerous incidents and dialogue.

John Mills contributes a dignified portrayal of the intrepid explorer whose tragic trek in 1911-12 aroused world-wide interest. Money for the expedition trickles in slowly but there’s no shortage of eager volunteers, among them the gallant Captain Oates (Derek Bond). Finally, Scott, his scientist-friend Edward Wilson (Harold Warrender) and their fellow-pioneers sail from New Zealand for the first lap of their grueling journey. Scott learns that the famous Norwegian explorer Amundsen is also heading for the South Pole, and likely to get there first. Deeply disappointed, he nevertheless refuses to jeopardize their chances by turning the expedition into a race.

A distinguished film, definitely off the beaten track.

Your Reviewer Says: Superb snow-and-ice epic.

(F) Jigsaw (Tower-UA)

PUT a gun in a man’s hand and he’s liable to go berserk. That’s what happens in this slambang affair that has Franchot Tone playing a persistent prosecutor out to get the mob who murdered his columnist-friend, Myron McCormick. Franchot starts snooping, assisted by society leader Winifred Lenihan, who has her own axe to grind. She introduces him to blonde cutie Jean Wallace. Jean is quite an eyeeful and Franchot makes a play for her. It’s all in the line of duty, he suspects Jean of working with the mobsters. Sure enough, she and evil-looking Marc Lawrence are just like that. Right there the plot goes really haywire with everyone taking pot shots at each other.

An amusing sidelight is the parade of film notables—Burgess Meredith, John Garfield, Marlene Dietrich—who make fleeting appearances in this shooting-feat.

Your Reviewer Says: An incredible crime yarn.

(F) Miss Mink of 1949 (Wurzel-Twentieth Century-Fox)

ADO’S give-away programs furnish the theme for a featherweight farce acted in comic-strap fashion. By far, the funniest thing about this movie, featuring Jimmy Lydon and Lois Collier, is its title.

Lois is in ecstasy when she wins a ten-thousand-dollar silver-blue mink coat in a slogan contest. But just as Jimmy’s boss, says JANE GREER:

“My skin looks so Perfect—Satiny Smooth—with New Woodbury Powder!”

JANE GREER
starring in RKO’s “THE BIG STEAL”

What Exciting new Quality
made women prefer Woodbury to all other leading Powders?

You’ll know—the first time you wear New Woodbury Powder—why thousands of women in a recent test chose Woodbury over all other leading brands. New Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, Satiny finish your skin has ever known!

No other powder gives this flawless finish... covers tiny blemishes so naturally! And—more magic—no powder can match in enchantment the delicious New Woodbury fragrance!

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Dissolve capsule in hot water. Comb solution through hair. Set and allow to dry.

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Listen to "MEET THE STARS" Radio from Hollywood Coast-to-Coast ABC—Thurs. 9:15 P.M.—E.S.T.

Richard Lane, predicts, the young couple's lives are turned tosey-turry by this sudden stroke of "fortune." So, for that matter, is the boss's life. His envious spouse, June Storey, insists that he buy the coat for her. Lane puts pressure on Jimmy, but the poor guy is helpless, with what his mother-in-law and her brother moving in and taking charge. Lois and her meddling mama buy fancy wardrobes to live up to the elegant coat.

Complications pile up, stringing out the slender story for some sixty-odd minutes of pure slapstick.

Your Reviewer Says: On the silly side.

V (F) The Green Promise
(McCarthy-RKO)

MAYBE a farmer's life is healthy but it isn't always happy. Witness the struggles and heartaches of impoverished farmer Walter Brenman and his brood. As the oldest child, Marguerite Chapman bravely bears the greatest responsibility, but it looks as if she's kicked before she starts. Then up pops nice Robert Paige to give her a helping hand.

Marguerite's kid sister, Natalie Wood, a bright-faced, pigtailed youngster, yearns to raise a pair of lambs. Paige encourages her to join the 4-H club whose members dedicate head, heart and hands to serve their community and country. It's Natalie's big chance to express herself, but it isn't easy to get the money for her project.

As this rural drama draws to a close, there's the promise of better times for these hard-working country folk.

Your Reviewer Says: Good glimpse of farm life.

V (F) Red Canyon
(Universal-International)

A SPIRITED horse, an equally spirited girl, and a bronco-buster out to tame them both. There you have the ingredients for a bang-up prairie drama.

Sweet-'n-sassy Ann Blyth is the girl, Black Velvet the wild stallion, and he-man Howard Duff the chap who figures he can handle them. What Ann doesn't know is that Howard is one of the notorious Cords—the gang who are poison to her cattleman-father, George Brent. 'Course, Howard has no truck with his horse-thieving old man, John McIntire, and his no-account brother, Lloyd Bridges. But they keep cropping up to remind him he's one of them, like it or not. Meanwhile, the magnificent Black Velvet roams the range, and Howard aims to capture him. It's Ann, however, who actually tames the critter—she has a way with her!—so that he's as gentle as a kitten.

All this takes place in Utah against some mighty pretty scenery. Supporting players include Edgar Buchanan and Jane Darwell, a pair of sharp-tongued old-timers, also Sheriff Chill Wills.

Your Reviewer Says: Right fancy hoss opera.

W (F) South of St. Louis
(Warners)

THIS rugged romance of Civil War days tears along at breakneck speed.

When the Union forces destroy their ranch, Joel McCrea, Zachary Scott and Douglas Kennedy set out for a Texan town held by the Confederates. Joel personally intends to pay back guerilla leader Victor Jory for raiding his property. There's a knockdown, drag-out fight witnessed by singer Alexis Smith, who at one is attracted to Joel. Alexis has plenty of allure but Joel intends to marry a nice home gal, Dorothy Malone . . . that is, if he ever can rebuild his dream ranch.
Dorothy, however, is weary of waiting and beginning to think that Doug, not Joel, is the man for her. With Alexis to help them, the boys smuggle ammunition to the Confederates—a dangerous business, especially with Jory as an enemy.

It's an involved story, but a colorful and interesting one, with first-rate performances all around.

Your Reviewer Says: Brisk, bold action film.

VF (F) Mother Is a Freshman (Twentieth Century-Fox)

Talk about campus cuties, wait 'til you get a load of Loretta Young in this gay, collegiate comedy. Always captivating, Loretta is even more so in Technicolor.

Professor Van Johnson thinks she's smooth—and he's the dreamboat of every gal at school, including Loretta's lonesick, lively daughter, Betty Lynn. It's a little late for Loretta—a beautiful but broke widow—to be getting an education. However, if she can pass the entrance exams, she's eligible for a three-thousand-dollar scholarship set up by her grandma. The only alternative to that would be to marry her lawyer, Rudy Vallee—in Betty's lingo, "a creep." Curious to see why Van is so fascinating to Betty, Loretta enrolls in his course in English Lit. Soon the professor is keeping Loretta after school—and not to read Shakespeare's sonnets.

There's a lot more along the same lines, and very snappy lines they are, too. Student Robert Arthur is there to brush away Betty's tears over Van; Barbara Lawrence is a flirtatious female.

Your Reviewer Says: Enroll for this one.

(F) Tucson (Wurtzel-Twentieth Century-Fox)

Here's a machine-made affair with Jimmy Lydon as a playboy-student at Arizona University. Jimmy is more interested in training his horse for the Inter-collegiate Rodeo than in keeping up with his studies. It takes an accident to his friend, Charles Russell, for which Jimmy feels responsible, to make him see the light and really get down to work. Charles, an ex-GI, married to Marcia Mae Jones, can't afford to waste time and money so Jimmy devises a scheme to keep him going.

The rodeo serves as a climax to a series of contrived situations. Pretty Penny Edwards is Jimmy's heart-throb when his mind isn't on other matters. Biggest surprise in the picture is to see former child actress Marcia Mae Jones all grown up.

Your Reviewer Says: Just a filler-inner.

Best Pictures of the Month

Down to the Sea in Ships
Mother is a Freshman
Quartet
Scott of the Antarctic

Best Performances of the Month

Nancy Olson in "Canadian Pacific"
Lionel Barrymore, Dean Stockwell
Richard Widmark in "Down to the Sea in Ships"
Natalie Wood in "The Green Promise"
June Allyson in "Little Women"
Loretta Young, Van Johnson, Betty Lynn in "Mother is a Freshman"
Jennifer Jones in "We Were Strangers"

"I dress for an evening date... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"
Choose the cream shampoo beauticians use most...For glowing hair, mist-soft...dazzling clean, obedient...dandruff-free, film-free

Helene Curtis

creme shampoo
rich in emulsified lanolin

Why pay a dollar for 4 ounces? Get this giant 8 ounce jar! twice as 1 much for...1
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AT BEAUTY SALONS, DRUG, DEPT. STORES

brief reviews

✓ (A) ACT OF VIOLENCE—M-G-M: Robert Ryan goes gumming for Van Heflin in this grim, suspenseful tale of revenge. As Von's terrified wife, Janet Leigh turns in a topnotch job. (Mar.)

✓ (F) ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN—Warners: Errol Flynn cuts a dashing figure as Spain's Great Lover and swordsman supreme. It takes queenly Vic- vela Linders to slow him down. (Feb.)

✓ (F) ALIAS NICK BEAL—Paramount: In this unusual drama of Good versus Evil, Ray Milland is the Devil himself, playing hoo with district attorney Thomas Mitchell's soul. With Audrey Totter, George Macready, Geraldine Wall and Fred Clark. (Apr.)

✓ (F) ANGEL IN EXILE—Republic: John Carroll and Barton MacLane play rough in this one. Both are after a fortune in gold and ready to kill to get it. Adele Mara is the feminine foil. (Apr.)

✓ (F) BAD BOY—Allied Artists: Interesting chronicle of a young criminal sent to a boy's farm for rehabilitation. Audie Murphy turns out a fine job in the title role. A competent cast includes Lloyd Nolan, James Gleason, Jane Wyatt. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) BOY WITH GREEN HAIR, THE—RKO: A wonderful movie, reminding us of the war orphans everywhere in the hope it won't happen again. Dean Stockwell movingly portrays the lad. With Pat O'Brien, Robert Ryan, Barbara Hale. (Feb.)

✓ (F) CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY—20th Century-Fox: A homely, heart-warming movie which makes the point that a so-called failure can be a success as a human being. With Dan Dailey, Celeste Holm, Colleen Townsend, Alan Young. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) COMMAND DECISION—M-G-M: A strong, hard-hitting film about the problem of the Big Brass in wartime. Top notch cast stars Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, Brian Donlevy, John Hodiak, Charles Bickford. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT—Paramount: Mark Twain's classic comedy presents Bing Crosby as the brave, wild-eyed Smithy, transported to King Arthur's court. With Rhonda Fleming, Bill Bendix and Sid Cedric Hardwick. (Apr.)

✓ (F) COVER UP—Nasser-UA: Persistence pays off for insurance investigator Dennis O'Keefe, convinced his client didn't commit suicide but was murdered. With Bill Bendix, Barbara Britton. (Apr.)

✓ (F) CRIME CROSS—U-I: In this racy, muddled meller, Bert Lancaster, Yvonne De Carlo and Dan Duryea form an ill-starred trio. (Mar.)

✓✓ (A) DARK PAST, THE—Columbia: Psychiatrist Lee J. Cobb dissected gangster William Holden to see what makes him tick. His findings make for a superior, swift-moving crime yarn. (Mar.)

✓ (F) ENCHANTMENT—Samuel Goldwyn: This latter-sweet story, steeped in sentiment, describes the romances of two, pairs of lovers: Teresa Wright and David Niven, Evelyn Keyes and Farley Granger. Somewhat slow-paced but charmingly acted. (Feb.)

✓ (F) EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED—RKO: A lively, lopsided romance with husband-hunting Betsy Drake chasing bachelor Gary Grant. With Franchot Tone, Diana Lynn. (Feb.)

✓ (F) FAMILY HONEymoon—U-I: A hilarious comedy in which Fred MacMurray weds widow Claudette Colbert to the chagrin of Rita Johnson. Claudette's three kids make it tough for their new dad as they go ahoi on the honeymoon. (Feb.)

✓ (F) FAND—the-20th Century-Fox: Preserving the sly, wry humor of Oscar Wilde's play, this charming period piece is engagingly acted by Jeanne Crain, Madeleine Carroll, George Sanders. (Apr.)

✓ (F) FAR FRONTIER, THE—Republic: A Reg Rodgers movie is about a bunch of smugglers bringing criminals in from Mexico. (Apr.)

✓ (F) FIGHTER SQUADRON—Warners: A Technicolor testimonial to the U. S. Air Force, showing a squadron in action with several scenes taken from official files. With Edmond O'Brien, Robert Stack, John Rodney, Tom D'Andrea. (Feb.)

✓ (A) FLAXY MARTIN—Warners: Virginia Mayo is the girl boss lady, in a major meller that moves at lightning speed. With Zachary Scott, Douglas Kennedy, Dorothy Malone, Tom D'Andrea. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) FORCE OF EVIL—M-G-M: The numbers racket is exposed in all its viciousness with John Garfield as the crooked lawyer and gangster Roy Roberts. With Thomas Gomez, Beatrice Pearson. You'll squirm. (Apr.)

✓ (F) JOHN LOVES MARY—Warners: Here's a harun-scarm batse that has returning soldier Ronald Reagan ensnared in a pack of lies that almost loses him lovely Patricia Neal. Jack Carson, Wayne Morris and Edward Arnold help with the laughs. (Mar.)

✓ (F) KISS IN THE DARK, A—Warners: In this gay, romantic comedy, Jane Wyman scores as a down-to-earth model who teaches artistic David Niven how to enjoy life. A real rib-tickler with Victor Moore, Wayne Morris, Frederick Crawford. (Mar.)
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GET SET TO HOWL!

That "SITTING PRETTY" Man is back

Clifton WEBB    Shirley TEMPLE
Mr. Belvedere Goes To College
Tom DRAKE    Alan YOUNG

Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT • Produced by SAMUEL G. ENGEL
Written by Richard Sale, Mary Loos and Mary McCall, Jr. • Based on a Character Created by Gwen Davenport

AND WHAT HAPPENS SHOULDN'T HAPPEN...... to a college !!!
Why I go to the movies

BY FAITH BALDWIN

A famous author explains why,

after years of picture going, she

keeps coming back for more

As our family movie-going is ninety per cent neighborhood theaters, which means anything from the theater in our town to the several located from eight to thirteen miles distant, we usually sit in the last row center. This eliminates the restless feet of small fry massaging the backs of our necks and also affords the right seeing distance from the screen. Usually we go to the seven o'clock show, after an early dinner.

We go frequently. I am passionately fond of the theater, but theater attendance, when you live in the country, is something of a major expedition. And I have been devoted to the motion pictures since the days of the silent films. As for our taste in film fare, I cannot presume to speak for my family. I can, however, say that all of us are horse-opera addicts. The Western, at least for me, contains all the elements of suspense necessary to an exciting evening. The plot is, of course, basically the same; good triumphs over evil. There is, except in a few instances, very little love making, per se, and there is always gorgeous scenery. It's all Americana, however highly colored, and we love it.

On the other hand, I have slowly been weaned away from another type of suspense story, that of the mystery. I used to like these (and still like the comedy type), but the trend has been toward psychopathic killers and abnormalities and these I definitely do not like. Nor do I go to see motion pictures set in insane asylums, no matter how good the acting. I passed up “The Snake Pit,” although I am aware that these portrayals give it authentic life. I saw, admired, but did not enjoy “Lost Weekend.” And I have come to the conclusion (Continued on page 116)
Financially, Bob is back where he started—but he has found things he overlooked before...
BY ROBERT MITCHUM

Sixty days—time enough for a man to think. Time enough for you to decide whether, when Bob leaves Wayside Honor Farm, he will step back into a career—or oblivion

A MOTION picture actor lives in a world of lights and shadows. Folks on the outside looking in see us not as we really are but as they believe, or want to believe, we are.

In the last few months I've been surrounded by shadows. Deep, dark shadows through which little sunlight has filtered.

When I hit the jackpot in Hollywood with my success in "Story of GI Joe" I thought all my troubles were at an end. I told myself that at last I was free of worry over money and the uncertainties of the future. Today, I'm saying to myself, how stupid could I have been to believe that anyone in this world can ever be free from uncertainty? The higher up you climb the farther you can fall. Here I am at the bottom of the ladder again, with a great big strike on my future.

Whether I'm to have the chance to try the climb back up depends on you, the public.

Although I have been sentenced to serve sixty days in the Los Angeles County Jail, with two years' probation, for violating the California State narcotic law, your verdict as to my future in the motion picture industry has not yet been returned. The jury is still out. (Continued on page 101)
It was her first time on skates and her ankles
wobbled like crazy—but this was nothing
to the way his heart's been acting
since the first time he saw Janie!

I'd better make a confession, I guess. I had two reasons for agreeing to write this article about my bride-to-be for Photoplay. One is, I love any excuse to rave about Janie. The other is that this way I get my name spelled right in print. Ever since I started going with Janie, that has never happened—up till now. I get called everything else—Gary Stefan, Geary Staffan, even Cary Stevens.

But that's a small price to pay for the privilege of being around Janie. Anything is a small price to pay for being around Janie. I suspect that even after we're married, my moniker will still get mangled. Probably a good share of the time, I'll just be tagged, "Jane Powell's husband." I won't care for that too much, but it won't slay me, either.

I know how it is in show business. I understand the demands of Janie's career and I also understand the kick she gets out of it, and why it would be like cutting off her right hand to ask her to give it up, even for love.

My contact with show business was as a professional ice skater. Practically speaking, I learned to skate as soon as I learned to walk. My father managed a rink up in San Francisco, where I was born. We moved down to Los Angeles when I was just a (Continued on page 103)
Never underestimate it! For both comedy and tragedy play an important part behind the doors marked “Ladies”

IN HOLLYWOOD, when a girl rises from her night club table and murmurs gently to her escort, "Excuse me please, I want to powder my nose," anything can happen. A career may be broken or an idle sentence may precipitate a wave of gossip that will sweep the town.

There's the story of a well-known agent, who fussed and fumed alone at a Ciro table, waiting for a starlet he hoped to impress to return from the powder room.

After twenty minutes of inquiries, he discovered his date had run into a virile star in the foyer and had promptly gone off to Mocambo to dance. Storming into Mocambo, the agent spied the rival Romeo alone at a table.

"Where's my date?" he demanded.

"In the powder room," sighed his rival, "growing old gracefully, I presume. She's been there for twenty minutes."

The agent sat down and commiserated with the actor. Finally, they decided to do a bit of investigating. Four night spots later, the search ended. Back in Ciro's, the little starlet was dancing with the producer she had met on her way to Mocambo's powder room. And clutched in her little hot hand was a written, written, mind you—promise of a contract.

"Why do business with a middle man?" she inquired of the agent, on her way, once again, to the powder room.

Chance meetings that have led to fame have had powder room settings. The beauteous Arlene Dahl might have been another girl out of work if a producer's wife hadn't glimpsed her in a nightspot powder room.

It was a low period in Arlene's life. A few months earlier, her hopes had skyrocketed when Warner Brothers had signed her to the lead opposite Dennis Morgan in "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Then just as suddenly, she had found herself out of a job.

On this particular evening, (Continued on page 112)
of the Powder Room

The maids in these mirrored retreats must have a heart of gold and nerves of steel
A versatile Venus in the sun—vivid Ann Blyth of “Red Canyon”

JONES

SUDDENLY

There’s no story behind this, except a flower plot

A field of daisies to brighten your life—golden Joan Caulfield of “Dear Wife”

Adams

Gay lift for a mood that’s sober—pert Terry Moore of “Return of October”

Cronenweth
A garden is a lovesome thing for Jean Peters of "It Happens Every Spring"
Fink-Smith

IT'S SPRING

or two, with some pretty girls as the heroines

The spring theme sounds winter's dirge for Gene Tierney of "That Wonderful Urge"
Zerbe

Sweet appeal to the heart of man—lovely Jeanne Crain, star of "The Fan"
Powolny
OUR Queen of actresses, Miss Jane Wyman, opened her datebook for the week and found every day loaded up till six o'clock; after that hour, the rest was silence, as Hamlet said, expiring.

"Not a date after dark," our Queen brooded.

Reminded that Schopenhauer says we must expect to be lonely on the heights, Jane said she would like to know the compensation for being lonely on a Hollywood hill.

She sniffed at the suggestion that the local satyrs might be overawed by her, laureled as she is by England as the finest actress and endowed by the London Daily Express with a thousand pounds. She gave the prize back to Britain for restoration of the Royal Academy Theatre—receiving, in return, a gracious letter from the Queen of England.

Integrity and spirituality are the qualities which gave magic to Jane's performance of the mute Belinda, for which she received the British award. Without uttering a word, she was more eloquent than any actress speaking. By some mesmerism of vitality, the screen melted away and Belinda came alive. A man on leaving the theater after the premiere was heard to exclaim: "I'm going to look for a deaf mute."

Jane smiled. "Men are attracted to Belinda by her trusting dependence."

The reason movie queens and other women who appear self-sufficient fail to attract men, Jane says, is that they do not give (Continued on page 105)
When Jane Wyman finishes a part she's adrift—looking for another role to grow into. Her next, "A Kiss in the Dark"

One of her worlds is on display.

But the other—her private world—is the one that's worth looking into!

Jane's father once told her, "You can't live until you live." It took her some years to realize what he meant.

The Wyman Hollywood sees is the original Jane of St. Joe—whose mama told her never to kiss a boy in public.
Dancing until dawn was fun
and falling in love was exciting
but those restless years
were only the beginning

Lady of distinction

This is not the story of a star. There's nothing unusual about stars. They're made overnight. They come by the dozen. This is the story of a great actress. And great actresses are so rare, you can count all who have existed for many years on your fingers—actresses like Bernhardt, Duse, Helen Hayes, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland. . . .

Olivia has become the girl to whom Hollywood producers turn when they have a movie that demands an actress who will discard her personality and her beauty to become, utterly, the character described by the author.

Olivia, of course, was a star long before she became a great actress. She played many beautiful young heroines in many mawkish romances and when I first met her on the Warner lot she was working in a hard-shooting Western melodrama.

A restless young lady she was all this time, too. Too often, she danced or sat up talking about life until dawn came to the sky. And always she was in love. I remember when she had eyes only for Jimmy Stewart, a darling, but not the most dependable young man, romantically.

At one of my parties, Jimmy insisted upon playing the piano, which he does badly, and singing, in a plaintive little cracked voice. He sang "Judy," over and over and over. And all the while, Olivia sat on the floor, adoring him. She was most wretched when, since other guests present were Noel Coward, Cole Porter and Mary Martin, we dragged Jimmy to his feet, refusing to allow him to usurp the piano all evening.

It was not, believe me, that (Continued on page 98)
DON'T you believe, for a minute, that the Gregory Peck marriage is close to the rocks. I know, because I have just talked with Greg, in what, I am sure, is the most intimate story he has ever given about his private life.

After the stories broke that he and Greta were having trouble (and I was one of those who printed that Greg had left his wife of seven years without leaving a forwarding address) I asked him if he wouldn't come and talk to me.

The average actor of his prominence might have said, "Oh, you go you-know-where, after breaking that story that I was having trouble with my wife," but not Greg. He seemed to want to talk about it because, frankly, he blames himself for the stories in the papers and for the fact he had caused Greta to worry.

"We had a quarrel, sure," he said. "You know how married people are. They quarrel and battle over trivial things and then comes the big blow-

Greg discovered there was one thing he didn't know about Greta
Gregory Peck comes out
from behind those news-
paper rumors to give you
these first-person facts

Greg gives the love he missed as a boy to Jon (above) and baby Steven

After "The Great Sinner," Greg hopes to make a picture in Europe

up. In our case, it was all my fault. I was nervous and tired. My first
thought was, I'll get out of here, anywhere, just so it is away. So I
went fishing down in Mexico."

Greg gave that rueful, half-quiz-
zical smile that has made him the
dream man of millions of women.
"You'll never know what a shock it was to read that I had left my wife
and that no one knew my where-
abouts!" He whistled softly.

"But, I'm glad you printed it. It
taught me a real lesson. I'll never go
away again without telling Greta
where I'm going."

Greg stretched his long legs in the
general direction of the fire, blazing
away cheerfully in my living room.
He was in slacks and a soft shirt,
looking as handsome as Lucifer, but
with none of that I-know-I'm-some-
thing attitude that characterizes
some of our best actors.
He is one of the most completely
natural persons I know. It had been
raining (Continued on page 114)
A golden occasion, set to
sweet music, for the stars who
won and those who came to applaud

THE Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel was the scene.

The presentation of the Photoplay Gold Medals and Citations to the most popular stars and pictures of 1948 was the occasion.

The great room with its red damask walls and crystal chandeliers was a brilliant sight. And the tables at which the 500 guests were seated were bowers of daffodils and orchids.

At this party, recorded by the nation’s press, radio and newsreels, George Jessel was a memorable Master of Ceremonies. It was more than a party, really. It was a celebration of the people’s choice—of all the votes cast through the year by men and women, girls and boys all over the land.

As Darryl Zanuck said in accepting Photoplay’s Achievement Award for 1948 for his courage in producing “Gentleman’s Agreement”: “When the people speak—Hollywood listens!”
Darryl F. Zanuck receives Photoplay's Special Achievement Award from George Jessel. Left to right on dais are Samuel Engel, producer of "Sitting Pretty," Fred Sammis of Photoplay, Clifton Webb, star of winning film

Alan Ladd got his reward—as one of leading male stars. He's with wife Sue and the Mike O'Sheas (Virginia Mayo)

June Allyson spent four days in snow-bound train but arrived in time to receive citation as one of top five
Three reasons why “Sitting Pretty” won top rating with the public—Clifton Webb, Maureen O’Hara, Bob Young

PHOTOPLAY’S GOLD

The Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel where 500 of Hollywood’s top stars and executives gathered to pay tribute to those...
The Bogart baby can be proud of his daddy! Humphrey won citation as one of America's five popular male stars.

MEDAL PARTY

... who were the public's choice for '48. The glittering scene was dominated by huge gold medal which hung against red velvet.

George Jessel's performance as emcee rates a big smile from Fred Sammis and citation winner, Esther Williams, one of five leading women stars.
At four, Dan was started on his dancing career. Liz was sixteen—but Dan didn't know that when he started courting her in '41.

RHYTHM MAN

"ME? An actor? I don't know anything about acting. No tricks. No technique. I just go along with the gag," says Dan Dailey.

When nominated for an Academy Award for his performance in "When My Baby Smiles at Me," this six-foot-four Irishman, for whom life admittedly is a "million kicks," had his own answer. At the table in the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary, where he communes daily over ham and eggs with kindred dancers and musicians, he was being ribbed unmercifully about being coupled with "Sir Laurence." He jumped nimbly up from the table, executed a dance step and clicked his long legs together in mid-air. "But can Olivier do this?" he cracked with his widest Irish grin.

Any visiting dignitaries may have been fooled. But Dan's intimates well knew that his real reaction was one of awe and deep humility. "Get me—alongside one of the greatest artists in the theater. A ham hoofer like me!" he had previously repeated over and over. And for once was lost for a laugh.

By Maxine Arnold

Dan Dailey's a syncopated character—with a success story strictly off-the-beat.

Photoplay's Feature Attraction

Life has a million kicks for Dan of "You're My Everything."
Those who saw his great performance in “When My Baby Smiles at Me” were also lost for a laugh. His Bellevue Hospital scene with Jimmy Gleason brought tears to the eyes of director Walter Lang, the cameraman, the grips and had the extras swapping racing forms for handkerchiefs. Producer George Jessel, who was standing in a darkened corner of the sound stage, cried so hard he said, “Tell ‘em to cut! Let’s print that one.” The first take. Veteran Jimmy Gleason reached over, pinched Dailey’s cheek and walked away wiping his eyes. At the sneak preview of the picture in a small neighborhood theater, crowds waited outside in a cold driving rain for
Dan, with Liz, is still awed by his new movie status. It’s the only time he’s lost for a laugh!

Dan once worked as a boxer, quit because there was too much of him to hit! Early film, “Sunday Punch,” put him in boxing role weekly programs at their club room just off Hollywood Boulevard. Dan stopped in the middle of a routine he was doing and in a voice deep with feeling, told how he’d watched them all from the wings over the years, studying their expert timing, their great authority on stage, their entrances and their exits. The old headliners cried as Dan went into all their old routines for them. “Remember this, Joe—New Rochelle—this was yours,” going into a soft shoe routine. “You, Frank, you wowed ’em when you came on with this,” he went on, repeating an old opening gag and giving the double-double take. “And you, Mort,” he said, turning to one of the team of Arthur and Morton Havel of vaudeville fame. “This was your exit. I’ve used that one since—remember? I’m a little bit of all of you,” he said, “and God bless you all . . . for me being where I am today.”

Where Dan Dailey is today—is farther than anyone can just go along with a gag. His fan mail has zoomed into Hollywood’s top ten. His studio has lined up some twelve million dollars worth of movies in advance for him. The whole American public has taken into its heart this seemingly casual character with the unruly brown hair, the Benny-blue eyes and famous feet that have not gone to his head.

And de- (Continued on page 77)
I'm in LOVE with 10 men

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

—who has plenty of hard-headed reasons for her soft-hearted condition

Remembering the right things at the right times is the reason why Monty Clift of "The Heiress" remains on most girls' minds

If you love strong men, Richard Widmark of "Down to the Sea in Ships" rates, but it isn't muscles that make him a menace

Burt Lancaster of "Criss Cross" doesn't dress up to many girls' expectations—but he's worth cultivating
Handsome is as handsome does. What Frenchman Louis Jourdan of "Madame Bovary" does—is mow you down with a look

It's hard to catch up with the real James Mason but when you do you'll find the star of "Caught" well worth the chase

He breaks most of the rules and routines but Victor Mature of "Interference" has the way with all women

THIS story should really be titled: "Confessions of a Columnist!" For twelve years, I have been surrounded, or vice versa, by the most publicized and palpitating men in the world. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it? (P.S. It is, and being a bit on the frail side, when it comes to gorgeous men I've had a heck of a fight to keep my perspective, so to speak. After all, a girl can't fall in love with all her masculine paragraphs.)

So, after carefully weeding the wolves from the wonder boys, I give you the movie men I really love—all ten of them.

When I first came to Hollywood, the man I yearned to meet above all others was Gary Cooper. I even had (Continued on page 82)
The little house that started all the planning. Pat Nerney and wife Mona Freeman helped Mac with the decorating details.

When the stork alerted the Macdonald Careys with the welcome news that he would be winging their way again this summer, a fast call was made to Mrs. Hecksher, Betty Carey's mother.

Mrs. Hecksher is not the kind of mother-in-law that mother-in-law jokes are told about. Instead, she's the kind who is dearly beloved by her son-by-marriage. An independent lady with a definite set of personal interests, she maintains her own home in Philadelphia. But she loves Betty and Mac, and most particularly dotes on her small granddaughter, Lynn. So, at least once a year, she's been a cherished visitor at their home. This has meant some crowding in the Carey household, as their Mandeville Canyon place, while charming, is definitely small.

Oh, those aching backs! But they were soon up and
Macdonald Carey isn’t put out when his mother-in-law visits him. But she is! Right where she wants to be doing again. Mona, Mac are in “Streets of Laredo”

Her visit this time was to be no simple affair. Betty’s doctor ordered her to bed for four months before the stork’s arrival, and Mrs. Hecksher planned to stay at least six months. Both she and Mac believed they could keep Betty from becoming too bored.

But Mrs. Hecksher also desired to continue living her own life—with her own friends and interests. The family wondered how that could be fitted into the scheme of an already crowded, small house. Mac didn’t think it could be. It was essential that his mother-in-law have a little place of her own—one that she could share with her closest friend from the East. So he went house-hunting, and with the assistance of several real-estate agents, came upon some delightful five and ten (Continued on page 95)
Charm Jr.: Linda Susan with her parents, Shirley and John Agar of “Baltimore Escapade”
DEAR Linda Susan:

You've been in the world more than a year now, and I must say, it seems to agree with you. You've grown so much already, it's hard to remember the small bundle of humanity that arrived on January 30th, 1948. Why, you've even started to talk, you've got teeth and, best of all, that fuzz you wore on your head for so many months is beginning to look like hair, and is starting to curl!

When you were born and they told me you were a girl, I was so happy. Not that I've ever liked girls more than boys, but I thought that a girl baby would be so much easier for me to understand.

People have a way of saying, "Girls are a problem." Well, my answer to that is: "So are boys. All human beings are problems to the people who love them, and to themselves."

Not that I'm looking for trouble! Some of the young mothers I know go in for too many books about babies. They read the teachings of child experts and psychologists and chatter to each other about "Oedipus complexes" and "frustrations," and the next thing they know, they've created a whole series of complications for their babies, and then complain the (Continued on page 110)
Some mornings Mona Freeman wakes up with a flash! A camera enthusiast, husband Pat Nerney has lots of these pictures!

**BY JACK McELROY**

The Master of Ceremonies of the popular radio program takes you on an early visit to see the bedlam that one Hollywood family calls breakfast.

Usually, when the alarm fails, baby Monie takes over—with a good morning kiss. And sometimes it works!

As a result of Jack McElroy's calling card—young Miss Nerney has acquired an expensive taste—for orchids!
In the hectic hurry of getting off to work, Mona and Pat share equal billing before the mirror in the bathroom.

The first one up gets the paper, which means Mona reads her comics at this angle almost every morning!

BELIEVE me, folks, you have to get up plenty early to catch a movie star at breakfast! The other morning I went to visit the Pat Nereys (she's Mona Freeman) and after just one hour I went home—to bed! Talk about glamour, there's no room for it in their busy life—it's breakfast on the run, with Pat and Mona calling signals so they won't collide! Mona never has to worry about her morning appearance—Pat never has time to stop and look. They hope to build a home someday but for the present they're managing—in a pocket-edition five-room panic. Breakfast? did somebody mention breakfast ... in Hollywood? Oh ... Pat drinks his from the thermos he takes from home, later at the office. Mona has belated coffee and a piece of toast at the studio while she's getting into her make-up.

(Tune in Breakfast in Hollywood—Monday through Friday, 1 p.m., PST, 2 p.m., EST, ABC)

Monie doesn't know what the hurry's all about but she's getting down to her business — breakfast.

Mona, now working in "Dear Wife," gets her chance at the paper and some orange juice when baby offers daddy a bite.
They grew in Vera Ralston’s
garden—symbols of a remembered past,
of a plane to Prague and a promise

VERA RALSTON was on the plane to Prague.
“I know I promised not to go, but I must!” she told
herself. Deep inside, she was afraid. Before she left
America, she had promised her brother Rudy she would
not venture into Czechoslovakia. Two weeks before, at
the London airport, when she had seen her mother off
for Prague, she had promised again. “For you, Vera, it
would be dangerous,” her mother insisted.

She was an American citizen now, but once a Czech,
always a Czech, so read the law of their native land. And
the United States had made it clear that no responsibility
could be assumed for her if she crossed the Czech border.
But she had found she could not be so near and not go
back. It had been ten years since that fateful morning
when she had stood in the bright sun at Ruzin airport,
holding tight the small bouquet of carnations her relatives
had brought her, and saying “Goodbye” to them. Carna-
tions she had kept and still had, dried, pressed and
wrapped in a Czech flag at home.

Hers had been the last plane from Prague. Not only
that, but her mother and she had (Continued on page 107)
Where dreams begin: Vera Ralston of "Angel on the Amazon"
A is for appetizing: Betty and Esther couldn't resist Deborah's Sandwich Cake when Deborah Kerr puts the kettle on, her guests get a serving of everything—from hats to gowns Ouija boards and even a fortune in tea leaves!

B is for boy: Deborah Kerr, Angela Lansbury, Betty Garrett and Esther Williams consulted the Ouija board. Ouija told them that the baby Esther expects in August will be a boy. Mrs. Gage, however, is making no bets on it.
Very Thursday, Deborah Kerr has friends in for tea. For Deborah, born in Scotland and long a resident of England, teatime is a high light of every day. She loves preparing tea things. So it's on Thursday, her maid's day out, that she entertains. On that day, too, Tony Bartley, Deborah's attractive producer-husband, stops on his way home to visit some of his cronies. Thus Deborah and the girls have that much longer to talk about men, clothes, children and the general trend of things in a woman's world.

The Bartleys, who live in a large house high on the cliffs of Pacific Palisades, have the reputation of being at the top of the social "blue book" list in Hollywood. They entertain formally at dinner time, give breakfast-riding parties on Sunday mornings, and often have people over for an evening of bridge or movies. But, afternoon tea is Deborah's favorite occasion. She summons congenial groups by phone, instead of written notes, and is always thoughtful enough to supply some form of entertainment. At a recent tea, Audrey Totter, Betty Garrett, Angela Lansbury and Esther Williams had a gay time with the Ouija board. They asked all sorts of questions and got all sorts of answers. Betty Garrett, an expert at reading tea leaves, says that the only reason people like to hear fortunes, is that they like to hear someone talk about them.

Deborah had just bought six new hats and the girls took turns trying them on. The high light of the afternoon, however, was the appearance of Miss Melanie Jane Bartley, Deborah's year-old daughter. Melanie is Deborah's real career. Pictures definitely come second. Deborah admits, too, that Tony is Lord and Master of the house and makes the decisions on all things of importance. When she does influence his decisions, she does it so carefully that he doesn't realize it.

Inevitably, the girls began to discuss their latest pictures and (Continued on page 100)
It's the individual items in a Hollywood wardrobe that keep the men doing head-turns in the right direction.

It's spring again. You can tell from the feminine talk you hear these days. Clothes . . . clothes . . . clothes . . .

While Jeff Donnell was working in "Interference" at RKO, she and her onetime roommate at drama school got an idea that has resulted in these two gals going into the business of making hand painted gloves. But waterproof! Mostly their orders are for initials hand painted on the back of the gloves. But if someone's name is in four or five letters, then one letter is painted on each outside fingertip of both gloves. The painting is done in contrasting colors to pastel shades—or black on white or white on black. They're real cute with just the first name or just the initials painted on the cuffs of the gloves.

Joan Crawford, who is passionately fond of blue, has a new spring cocktail-through-dinner dress, similar to one we raved about last summer. It's a favorite conversation piece whenever she wears it. It's her own design and favors the dressy-but-tailored look that Joan manages to get into most of her clothes—no matter how formal. This could be described as an (Continued on page 92)
Dan only completed seven grades in school. All private schools he was with, the explanation, “It would have been impossible to get the public schools to accept me. As it was, I kept quitting all the time.” He was always hitchhiking to New York, to which the latest vaudeville show at the Palace.

His early childhood was spent in Baldwin, Long Island, which was heavily populated within such a commuting distance of New York; and in Freeport, also a great vaudeville village. In Freeport, there was an organization called the Lights Club, to which he belonged with all of Grady’s ilk. They were always putting on shows and Dan, “nervy little character that I was,” was always talking his way into them. “I remember,” he says, “Dorothy Moore and many of the biggest names.”

The colorful atmosphere of the entertainment world fascinated him. He loved show people’s lingo. And their laughs. They were always swapping yarns and laughing,” he says. “I decided to get into a business where I could laugh it up too.”

His “hooting” began at the age of four, when he took second—hand dancing lessons from his vaudevillians attending dancing school. His first professional engagements were on amateur shows for a three-dollar guarantee plus a crack at being a grand prize—one ten-dollar. One night, he heard the vaudeville chorus routine (“the one I still do”) at the Grove Theatre in Freeport, when a booker spotted him and offered him a good booking in vaudeville with the 63-crack in fifteen minutes that never did fight to get a job. Everything’s always happened to me. Like this,” he adds, motioning over the vast expanse of Twenty-first Century-Fox studios. “Like I was saving—I’ve always just gone along with the gag.”

When show business was slow, Dan would accept temporary employment at any job, odd, particularly to him in that they were a little hard to find. He had so successfully avoided theretofore. He worked as a caddy, a boxer (“I got five bucks a fight but I soon quit—too much of a worry”) as a garage boy for 25 cents a night. Many of those times they got D and Dan worked in burlesque houses doing a dance routine while the strip-teasers changed their remaining clothing, which didn’t take long. “The same hoofing I’m doing now, the only customers look at me now.”

Finally, he landed a job in the line at the Roxy for $35 a week. (He booked for personal appearances there for “You’re My Everlasting” for 200 cities first pay check. “And that’s a kick,” he says.) Fellow dancers in the line then, like Harry Mack, now an assistant dance director at Warner Brothers, remember Dan as, “A happy-go-lucky boy, but very ambitious. He had a good time, but he always wanted the last word.” Dan was taking voice lessons even then. He was a ‘personality’ dancer, Very human. Very warm. Anything he did audiences liked.”

Dan’s first Broadway break was a spin in “Salome.” For a while, he had a successful year’s run. During this time he married his old schooldays’ sweetheart, Esther Rodrier, a marriage which was to cause a feature role in “Stars in Your Eyes,” which was especially significant, in that a caricature of Dan appeared, with a favorable review in the New York Times. “And my wife,” he adds, “was really working for a living after all.”

It was during the Los Angeles run of “I Married an Angel,” in which Dan played the juvenile lead, that he impressed an agent, Al Melnick, who took him out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios where he met the head of talent with his usual, “My name’s Dan. His was Billy Grady. He told me look at me and said, ‘Brother, come into the fold.’” At first Grady was the only one who warmed up to him and it took some persuasion on his part to get the studio to sign him for $225 a week.

OTHER than a test he made with Eleanor Powell for “For Me and My Gal,” his at-long-last-big-break that was postponed when Dan went into the Service, Dan didn’t dance a step at M-G-M. This was partly because he was already being cast as a dancer, nobody would ever believe he could act, he said. He found it intolerable, then, to dance, he added. He’s an actor who “ran up as a hooved dancer.” He’s typical of his success in finishing any job he starts that Dan, who had never portrayed a heavy, was nominated for the Academy Award for the best character actor in the picture, the part of the Nazi Storm Trooper in “Mortal Storm.” Which, with his typical modesty, Dan explains away with, “There was nobody much around that year. So something happened.”

For two years, at Metro, Dan played a bit here, a role there. But it added up to valuable experience. Dan was hard to cast then. He had a young face and a maturing maturity, which once “grew up” to the rest of him. In fact, he aged many years that first day, which he remembers as the low point of his life. Uncle Grady, he says, “was afraid of his own success, he didn’t want any of his relatives the seriousness of Dan’s allergy to work. He recalls, still shuddering, that first black morning at Fort MacArthur, “Pitch black, four a.m.,” he says, “saying, ‘Dan, here’s your best broadcloth shirt and finest cashmere sweater rolled up, scouring pots and pans. For the first time in his life, this independent Irishman had a ‘booking’ that was bigger than him!” He thinks of it like it. It was murder, knowing others were in complete control of his destiny. “I was just on a hook, hanging there.” Dan talks freely about his life, but again typically, no mention of his splendid Service record with the 88th Division in Italy.

Prior to going overseas, Dan married a pretty young woman, Elizabeth Hofert. He wasn’t aware of Liz’s age, or lack of it, until he took her home from a party one three a.m. to her waiting father who inquired, “Do you have any idea how old that girl is?” Dan thought maybe twenty one or twenty-two. “She’s sixteen!” said her dad. Upon which, Dailey soft-shoe out the door into the dawn, and didn’t call her again for two weeks. “You’ve ruined my life!” Liz kept waving to her dad. Dan, as it so happened, was already married. His hair was dyed for a picture when Liza first met him and she thought, “Tall, dark and handsome, this is my man.” Later on, the dye faded and in their Sparta, New Jersey, home, the truth came through. “You’re a blond!” she said. “But by that time I was gone anyway and it didn’t matter,” she laughs now.

WHEN Dan got out of the Service, Metro had nothing for him to do, and once again “timing” played its part. Twentieth Century-Fox had been unable to get either Gene Kelly or James Cagney for “Mother Wore Tights.” But a young executive, called Al Melnick, Dan’s agent, asking whether with his knowledge of Broadway he knew a good song-and- dance man, one who could also act. “Why not Dan Deyo? He’s wonderful,” he said. “But he’s a heavy,” said the executive. “He’s also a dancer,” reminded Melnick. He borrowed the prewar test Dan had made with Eleanor Powell from Metro to show it. Twentieth Century-Fox officials were enthusiastic. “But we won’t borrow him. This role will make a star,” they said.

“What if I can get Dan’s release from Metro for a week to do this picture?” Dan asked. “It was the same reason why M-G-M executives were personally so fond of Dan, and realized this was his big break, his release was effected. Then Fox got Betty Grable’s reaction. ‘Dailey? I tell you, it’s great. I tell Dan.’

A rhythm man, Dan is definitely off-the-beat, as Hollywood success stories go. He comments casually on his improved fortune with, “I notice I’m playing a better class of people.”

His best friends include Andy McIntyre; dance director Les Clarke; his agent, Al Melnick; Michel Manesco, who served in the Cavalry with Dan and who noted, Dan is a great gentleman; because M-G-M executives were personally so fond of Dan, and realized this was his big break, his release was effected. Then Fox got Betty Grable’s reaction. ‘Dailey? I tell you, it’s great. I tell Dan.’

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Betty Hutton didn't always "stop the show." When she sang between floor shows at the Casa Manana the clatter at the tables almost stopped her!

1. Night after night she sang her heart out—but she might have been yodeling on a mountain top for all the customers cared! They talked and dined while waiting for the main show with Lou Holtz, Billy Rose.

2. One night a party of people at a table near the bandstand started raising the restaurant rafters with their celebrating. The higher Betty sang, the louder they howled!

3. Betty finished her number. Then suddenly the restaurant became a screaming bedlam—for the Hutton blood pressure was . . .
... up! And so was Betty! She grabbed a nearby curtain and swung feet first into the party that was making all the noise. "Quiet . . . Quiet!" she yelled.

She stopped the customers' show— but as she fled backstage in tears, she could see herself, fired— singing on street corners!

Seconds later, came a knock on her dressing room door. "I kn-know . . . I'm fired," Betty sobbed as Lou Holtz and Billy Rose came in. "Fired!" they yelled. "Heck no— you're going to be featured in our floor show!"

The next night Betty almost stopped the show. And from there she went swinging along, singing her songs, right into Hollywood and stardom.
Many women feel in their hearts that they have missed full self-realization.

Many live always with a numbing sense that they are of little importance.

Yet they need not accept this—help is within themselves. You can feel it within you—an inner drive for happiness. The close interrelation between this Inner You and the Outer You, the almost uncanny power of each to change the other—can change you from drabness to joyous self-fulfillment.

Never think of yourself as cut to a set pattern. You are not—you are changing every day. You can direct this change. Let the strong, beautiful Inner You help you to lift your life up.

This inner force in all women is tied intrinsically with need for physical attractiveness. This is the real reason that nothing so shakes your confidence, your whole outlook, as the uneasiness that comes from not looking as you should—not appearing at your best.

It is also the reason that nothing so bolsters your faith in yourself as the warm, sweet knowledge that you look lovely—and that this outer loveliness is actually drawing others closer to the true You within.

Right now—today—start an inspiring new way of living, that will send a new and lovelier You flooding out through your face and lift you right out of the class that nobody notices.

Base this new living on the great laws of health and beauty: Exercise each day—so circulation keeps renewing you! Relax—let go a few minutes at least twice each day. You'll be amazed how this soothes and lifts your spirit. Enough sleep. A balanced diet. Enough water. Cleanliness.

And then—your face—that constantly changing outer expression of You that always seems more fascinating than anything else about you. A new understanding of its care will bring the real Inner You singing through it for all your world to see and love.

New "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Never underestimate the little miracles that can be wrought by simple daily habits. That luminous look—for instance—which true cleanliness gives to skin. The fineness and softness of texture that can come to you through faithful, meticulous grooming. Yes—the gratitude of skin for the care you give it is a lovely thing to see.

You'll find it takes no time at all to give your face this Pond's new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—the Pond's Cold Cream is softening, smoothing and cleansing your skin, as you mas-
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Mrs. Vanderbilt’s charming mobile face sends a fascinating challenge from her vivid Inner Self... giveto all who see her a lovely, stirring picture of the truly magnetic person she is

sage. From the Inside—every step of this new treatment is stimulating the blood in your cheeks to beauty-giving activity.

You really should not wait another day to give your skin this rewarding new beauty care. Do it always at bedtime (for day face-cleansings, too)—this is the way:

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond’s Cold Cream—lots of it—all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond’s creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, immaculate. Tissue off again.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

Now—see your face! Rosy! Sparkling clean! So soft! This new “Outside-Inside” Face Treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream is beauty care you’ll never want to miss—because it works! As lovely Mrs. Vanderbilt says, “This treatment leaves my face feeling refreshed and immaculate. Pond’s is a beautiful cream!”

Is yours Dry Skin?

Dry skin requires a special cream—one that will give your skin more oil. From 25 on, many women find their natural skin oil starts decreasing. Lots of you will lose as much as 20% of this natural oil before you are 40. If you have any tendency to dry skin, give your face the extra softening help of lanolin-rich homogenized Pond’s Dry Skin Cream. Very rich, yet never sticky—you’ll love the way dry skin really seems to drink it up.

For a greaseless Powder Base!

If yours is skin that does not like a heavy foundation, it will like the different feather-light foundation Pond’s Vanishing Cream gives. Completely greaseless—it leaves no “coated” look. You have no shade problem. It leaves only a smooth, protective film that’s transparent on your skin. Powder goes on smoothly, looks more natural—and lasts!

Discover, too, the quick “beauty-lift” a 1-Minute Mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream can give you. Just cover your face (except your eyes) with a cool, snowy mask of the cream. After 1 full minute, tissue off. See your skin look clearer, brighter, silkier—immediately!

Have the “Angel Face look”

You look sweet and smart and completely natural when you wear Pond’s Angel Face—the newest kind of new make-up that is actually foundation and powder—all in one. Not a cake make-up, no wet sponge; not a greasy foundation, no smeary fingertips—Angel Face goes on with its own downy puff—and stays! And it can’t spill in your handbag or “snow” over dark dresses. You are just bound to love Angel Face—and you can choose from five heavily shades.

Then—for your lips—you’ll find subtle flattery in Pond’s satiny-pink “Lips” shade—“Dither.” A perfect shade for Spring—it is completely adorable on blondes—and downright bewitching on brunettes.

Don’t just take your face for granted. Every face needs loving care and understanding. What are you doing for your face? It is the You that others see first. Do help it to show you at your very best.

Always remember—The you that others see first is in your face!

It is not vanity
to develop the beauty of your face. You owe it to those who love you—you owe it to yourself. The lovelier you look, the happier you’ll feel—and you will find this greater happiness brings the real Inner You closer to others.

Seven favorites among the Beauty Aids Pond’s makes for You—used and trusted by lovely women the world over
I'm In Love With 10 Men

(Continued from page 65) An auto accident on the way to the first interview—I was sure I'd lose half my hair. It's true, but twelve years of struggling to make printable conversation with a sphinx have dimmed my ardor, to put it politely.

So, when I first saw Montgomery Clift in "The Search," I said: "It's something chemical.

"Well, he makes a great deal of money, but he doesn't dress well and he keeps me in private vate as much as he does on the screen. Of course, Bogey has lost most of his hair, and in a year and a half he will be fifty years old. But that really doesn't explain it."

And that brings me back to Burt. There's an earthy quality about him that appeals to me. He doesn't dress too well and sometimes, he can't be bothered to shave. But Burt is filled with humor, he is more on the earnest side. But he bothers to take time out to explain whatever you ask him. He is always polite, pleasant, always on a well-balanced keel, never an exhibitionist like Bogart, never hard to reach like Tyrone.

The first time I talked with Richard Widmark, I said, "Please laugh for me." Dick grinned, then gave me the chuckle that makes his song-of-sлагus in "Knock on Deadey.

Widmark is probably the most obling of all the bad movie boys in Hollywood. No matter what difficult scene he is rehearsing, he'll stop in a minute to answer questions and talk about his story. Like most of the actors who play cruel men on the screen, Dick is very kind in real life. But behind the quiet affability is the rebel. You don't easily take liberties with Widmark. And don't ever mistake his gentleness for weakness. It is strength. I love strong men!

When I say I'm in love with Victor Mature, don't get me wrong. I would never want to marry him. I like him too much and a quiet home life even better. But for fun, a sympathetic pal, and for down-to-earth companionship..."

Very few women, or men for that matter, can resist the Mature brand of charm. His gaiety is infectious. His energy is irresistible. And come clean, Graham, he's a very good-looking man, too.

When Dan Dailey took off for Dallas, a few months ago, without first telling his wife or his studio, I was the most surprised gal alive. I had just done things like this before. Errol Flynn, he's the same way, too. Rules and routines are the intriguing build-up he gives me and every woman he talks to.

But here is the kindest man in Hollywood. And yet you don't love a man only because he is thoughtful and careful not to hurt you. There has to be something more. The "very good-looking man" theory is the intriguing build-up he gives me and every woman he talks to.

I watched him recently with a girl who was doing some technical advising. Bob didn't know what to do to help her be more attractive. So that when the too-beautiful girl walked off his set she actually did look beautiful.

You notice I do not include Bing Crosby in my list of the lovely ten. Sure I like him, but Bing is too intangible like a pastel piece of air—he slips hurriedly through your fingers. Women (I know I do) are not unleanor, but Victoria's Hope's case is the intriguing build-up he gives me and every woman he talks to.

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All work and No Fels-Naptha...

"I'm not the complaining kind, goodness knows... but it does seem as though some one in this house would think about me once in awhile.

"Nobody works any harder than I do... week after week... washing the family's clothes... with never so much as a 'thank you' or a pat on the wringer.

"I'm not choosy, either... whatever they hand me... fine linens; the ladies' lingerie; Junior's grubby play suits; the Boss's work clothes... I get the dirt out—somehow.

"Seems to me it's about time I had some capable help on this job. After all, I don't ask for too much... just some Fels-Naptha Soap."

Golden bar or Golden chips
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle Tale Gray"

The End
It was all over between us.  

Gene hadn't phoned for ages! I was heartbroken until the night I read: “Rough hands embarrass a man,” warns Lucille Ball. “Men like a woman’s hands to look feminine... feel soft. Keep your hands smooth and romantic with Jergens Lotion—I do!”

I started Jergens-smoothing my hands that night!

The next time I met Gene... my hands looked so soft and smooth. “So nice to hold,” teased Gene (on our second dinner date in one week) I know he meant it, too... ’cause now I’m wearing Gene’s ring!

See how much softer, smoother, lovelier today's finer Jergens Lotion keeps your hands. Being a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Leaves no stickiness! Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!
fashions
THE place where you must look your best is the beach. It's going to be easier than usual to accomplish this in the coming season, for there are suits for every figure and size. A one- or two-piece form-fitting suit is for you, if you have a good figure. If hips or upper legs are heavy, you'll want a suit with a flared skirt. There are so many suits now with built-in bras, boned bodices, good waist and hip control, that there's no excuse for anyone not to look trim and attractive. Don't forget accessories are important, too. Sun-shielding dark glasses, a beach bag big enough to hold everything, flat moccasins or sandals (no heels, please) and the best-looking beach coat you can find (see page 88) as the final cover-up for all this glamour.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 91

Joy Lansing, in M-G-M's "Neptune's Daughter,"
weares a rainbow plaid cotton by Rose Marie Reid of California with a cleverly draped front and wired.
ruffed bra. Sizes 10-16. $10.95 at Charles F. Berg, Inc., Portland, Ore., and Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.

Adele Mara, in Republic's "Wake of the Red Witch," wears a flower print with faggoted seams by Catalina to make you figure perfect. Sizes 32-38. $15.00 at Bon Marche, Seattle, Wash., and Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.
Adele Mara wears a sharkskin lastex by Jantzen with a perky white ruffle. Sizes 32-38. $12.95 at G. Fox and Co., Hartford, Conn., and Bloomingdale’s, New York, N. Y.


Mona Freeman and her daughter, Mona Jr., in beach costumes designed especially for Photoplay by Edith Head. Mona's latest is Paramount's "Streets of Laredo".

Here is the perfect costume to cover up your bathing suit. A collarless and reversible "slip on" coat that buttons at the throat and has big big pockets to carry everything. For the lower half, just button on a pair of matching reversible diapers. Line the pockets with Koroseal and make the jacket and diapers in Erwin's BluSurf sport denim. This denim comes plain or striped.

For stores selling Photoplay Patterns see page 91.

Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Mona Freeman beach costume in size 12—14—16—18—20.

name............................................. size..............

street...........................................................................

city................................................................. state............
Mother was right when she used to say, "Yes, my darling daughter, but don't go near the water." For, in the old days, daughter looked definitely drippy after a plunge in the sea. Not so nowadays. Mama's girl slips into a beach ensemble that transforms her from a wet dryad into a smart siren. For our pattern this month, Edith Head, Paramount designer, designed a mother-and-daughter beach ensemble that will make you feel like Mona Freeman looks, with or without the daughter! And it's so easy to make, you can wear it to the beach tomorrow. It's the answer for what to wear over your bathing suit when your suit is wet.

Miss Head also suggests you make a matching hair band to keep damp hair out of your eyes and she adds that, of course, the more children you have the more matching beach diapers you can make!
Solution for H₂O

Barbara Bates wears a satin lastex Sea Nymph suit by Jordan with "little boy" cuffed shorts and a boned bra. Sizes 32-36. $10.95 at The Howland Dry Goods Co., Bridgeport, Conn., and Kislin's, Red Bank, N. J.

Jane Nigh, in Paramount's "Red, Hot and Blue," wears a hand-screened print in satin lastex by Mabs of Hollywood with flattering figure control. Sizes 32-38. $16.95 at Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 91.
wherever you live
you can buy

photoplay fashions

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

one-piece blue suit

Cole of California,
2615 Fruitland Road,
Los Angeles, Cal.

two-piece rainbow plaid cotton suit

Rose Marie Reid of California,
1035 Santee Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

two-piece flower print suit

Catalina,
443 South San Pedro Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

two-piece suit with white ruffle

Jantzen,
Portland, Ore.

one-piece suit with eyelet trim

Brilliant,
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

one-piece suit with buttoned waistcoat

SeaMolds,
417 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

two-piece suit with little boy shorts

Jordan Corp.,
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

one-piece print suit

Mabs of Hollywood,
425 East Pico Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

stores selling photoplay patterns

Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Hecht Company,
Washington, D. C.

Three Graces of Fashion

Those three graces of correct fashion—style, fit, and harmony—are yours with Grace Walkers. Their smartness and beauty will thrill you. You'll marvel at their comfort. Grace Walkers are sensibly priced. See Grace Walkers at your favorite store, or write us for your dealer's name.

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Some styles slightly higher

for graceful walking

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Stores where you can buy the Esther Williams swimsuit by Cole of California

Atlanta, Ga. ............... Davison Paxon Co.
Boston, Mass. ............... Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago, Ill. ............... Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, O. ............... The Mahley and Carew Co.
Indianapolis, Ind. .......... L. S. Ayers
Miami, Fla. ............... Burdines
Phoenix, Ariz. ............... Goldwater
Pittsburgh, Pa. ............... Kaufmanns
St. Louis, Mo. ............... Six, Baer & Fuller
Doris Dodson unfurls the Umbrella silhouette

"Umbrella Girl"... up, up into Fashion's stratosphere you go with Doris Dodson! Tomorrow's new umbrella skirt divinely detailed below a breeze-smooth bodice. Striped and plain chambray in blue, rust, or yellow with grey. Sizes 9 to 15. About $15

Photoplay

Write for name of your local shop... Doris Dodson P5, St. Louis, Mo.

Fashioned for Fun

(Continued from page 70) almost shirt-waist type of dress, since it is a two-piece affair and very simply made. But there all resemblance to a "shirt-waist dress" ends. For the skirt is circular, almost ankle length and sooo full. And the "blouse," which tucks into the rather wide, flat band of the skirt top, has square shoulders, short sleeves and a low square neck. The material is heavy, stiff taffeta of a heavenly shade of pale, soft blue. Across the square neckline in front is a row of large, soft silk roses in matching and deeper shades of blue. Joan wears matching high-heeled, ankle-strap, blue kid sandals with this dress. The finishing touch to this flattering ensemble is her three-piece set (earrings, choker and ring) made of filigreed gold, studded with various sizes of aquamarines and tiny diamonds.

But Joan isn't the only one with a passion for blue these balmy spring days and nights. At the enormous party that the Jack Bennys gave for Bill Paley and his wife (who was judged the best-dressed gal of the year a couple of months ago) there were no less than five brand-new, light blue evening gowns on as many stars! And three of the four were of that pale, pale, ice-blue, which is flattering to almost any coloring of skin and hair. Mary Benny, the hostess, was really outstanding in her gown of white lace, just about the only white one there. Joan Bennett's gown was of blue lace with full, filmy tiers for the skirt and a heart-shaped, snug-fitting, strapless bodice. Claudette Colbert wore ice-blue chiffon with a full, flowing skirt, gathered to a wide grosgrain belt, a draped, strapless bodice, with a stole of the matching chiffon.

Dinah Shore, beaming at her George Montgomery as usual (and vice versa) was in ice-blue satin, draped to the back in a bustle effect. She said, "All the girls want to look like Jennifer Jones tonight—or some other star. But I want to look like Mrs. Paley, she's so beautiful!" Bill Haines decorated the enormous tent in which the party was held. And what decorations! Tremendous old-fashioned "chandeliers" hung from the ceiling of the tent. They were literally dripping with hundreds of gardenias. And each place card (for at least two hundred guests) was imbedded in a bunch of the fragrant blooms. Every glamour-puss you could think of was there—and they danced until dawn.

Paulette Goddard contends (and how right she is!) that "party gowns" should be ultra-feminine, and lately she's been draping a pale tulle fichu around her bare shoulders and tucking the ends into the draped or fitted bodices of her sleeveless gowns. (It helps to set off that diamond necklace of hers!) One outfit that benefits from this little added touch is her champagne-toned taffeta evening gown with its tremendous flaring, floor-length skirt, and almost no bodice at all. The tulle fichu is an even paler champagne shade, and with her hair, dark again as it is, this wisp of a twist is a dreamy thing. You could apply it to any strapless gown of one color.

They made a gorgeous little black evening gown for Vera-Ellen to wear in "Words and Music" and then the scene she was supposed to wear it in was never shot, so Vera bought it and is proudly wearing the dress to all the spring parties. It's a lovely, graceful, filmy gown of black marquisette over black lace, over a flesh-colored satin slip. All three skirts are enormously full and full-length, sweeping the floor. The skirts are gathered to the tiniest of waistlines, with a wide corset-type of belt—hev... (Continued on page 94)
Such a lovely way to be caught in the rain!

**button-bright...shower right!**

An exciting coat by Sherbrooke, double breasted with a two way helmet-hood! Metal buttons, a tie belt and new button sleeve add that extra attraction. Of Dovcelle*, a Celanese* rayon fabric, Cravenette* processed. Blue, red, gray, navy, green, brown, black, mauve.

Sizes 8 to 20. About $23.00. Available now at stores listed and better stores everywhere.

Bloomingsale Bros., New York City
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May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Morehouse-Mortens Co., Columbus, Ohio
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Kaufmann Dep't Stores, Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.
B. Forman Co., Rochester, N. Y.
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That's a
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Vicky Victory bobbies stay where you want them—keep your curls in place all through the day. Vicky Victory bobbies have a Bull-Dog Grip. Smooth, double-rounded ends make them snag proof. Rust-resistant, too! Ask for Vicky Victory Bobbies by name!

Vicky Victory

*The first name in Bobbie Pins—Trademark reg.

When You Go Shopping...

or when you are writing to the manufacturers
of merchandise which you have seen featured
in these Fashion Pages... it will be easier for them
to know exactly the item you wish to buy,
if you mention you saw it in Photoplay.

(Continued from page 92) Ily embroidered in black sequins and bugle beads—which snuggles against the tight bodice of flesh satin, covered with the black lace in a deep V décolletage front and back. Over the bosom and up over the shoulder blades in back, the black net, softly draped, rises out of that “girdle-belt,” narrowing to a mere string of net as it reaches the part where front and back join on the shoulders.

Cotton may have been hot stuff (what we mean is cool) for winter resortsers, but it’s even hotter (we mean more popular) now, with spring melting into summer. Dotty Lamour had a gorgeous white organdy evening dress, with a bouffant skirt gathered into a shirred waistband. The bodice has a detachable cape of heavy pique, edged in sable; mind you. But now the sable edging is off, and the little white cotton cape is doing double duty as a tiny summer wrap over that lovely dress. And where the tiny sable collar used to be, Dotty now has two madly pink huge silk roses.

Wanda Hendrix (Mrs. Audie Murphy to you!) has a navy blue pique daytime dress that actually looks like wool. It’s a dress that can start out in the early morning and look well right up to “time to dress for dinner.” In town or out. The fitted bodice with its tiny short sleeves is set off by a wide, draped collar which frames the new scooped-out neckline. A wide belt of red-and-white striped pique holds in the flared four-gore skirt, that has big, set-in pockets at the hips. There’s a little raggedy flower made from bits and pieces of that red-and-white striped pique, tucked to the edge of one of the pockets, just for an eye-catcher. Dead white gloves and white or navy blue shoes or sandals complete this spic-and-span-looking little number.

Evie Johnson, Van’s wife, loves the outdoors and when she isn’t tearing up a tennis court, she goes romping around in cotton sun clothes that are designed for freedom. One costume is a royal pink bodice of a cotton fabric, fitted over a very full skirt of pink and muted-blue plaid cotton—a sort of gingham material. We almost forgot to say that this bodice is strapless and, of course, sleeveless. But over it goes a full-backed and very full-sleeved bolero of the royal pink cotton stuff. The briefest of barefoot sandals in blue—and an enormous blue canvas bag are the accessories that finish off this chic, cool, hot-weather ensemble.

You can tell—it’s spring!

The End

woman’s first right...

"THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS"

Listen to Carolyn Kramer’s courageous struggle for security and peace of mind on “The Right To Happiness,” one woman’s search for a richer, more meaningful life.

TUNE IN every afternoon Monday to Friday (3:45 EST) on NBC stations.

If you have overcome obstacles to your own happiness, write Carolyn Kramer about it and you may win $50. For details see the current issue of EXPERIENCES magazine. Now at newsstands.
Star in Your Home

(Continued from page 67) thousand-dollar houses—now selling for twenty and thirty thousand dollars.

Mrs. Hecksher wasn’t going to be a permanent California resident. After the second baby’s arrival, she planned to return to her once-a-year call. Brooding upon this fact, Mac deliberated about the small building at the far end of his property. It was approximately twenty feet wide by twelve feet deep and ten feet high. It had a door, several windows, a good, sound roof and inside partitions divided it into three fair-sized rooms. Mac didn’t know what it had been used for by the original owners of the property, but as he crossed the lawn and looked into it, a happy light began to dawn on him.

He decided to remodel and decorate the little house as a California home for his mother-in-law. He asked the assistance of his good friends, Pat Nerney and Mona Freeman, and with the suggestions of Betty and studio directors, plus lots of shopping at neighborhood stores, he got under way. He set himself a budget. He wanted to fix up the little house with a bathroom, kitchen, living room, and a glass-enclosed sun porch, with a day bed that would turn it into a second bedroom. He hoped to put in all necessary fixtures, get mattresses, curtains, and any other necessities and still keep expenses under $2,500. He kept so well inside that sum that he actually spent $2,011.

The first thing he did was plot out the floor space. He planned one room as the “master” bedroom and the center room, into which the front door opened, as a diminutive living room. He built a partition through the middle of the third room, converting that into the bathroom and the kitchen.

Next, Mac added the sun porch in the back by using compo board for the ceiling and sidewalks. Getting stock-sized windows, such as can be purchased through any mail-order house or building supply store, he put a bank of them straight across the back of the porch, one window facing right, and the others facing left, abutting them. This gives the sun porch a three-way view; one over the Carey garden, one out over Sunset Boulevard and the third down green and shaded Mandeville Canyon.

The sun porch serves as Mrs. Hecksher’s friends’ sleeping quarters and is distinctly their favorite “sitting place” during the day. Their living room is little more than a square small hall, although it does have two comfortable chairs and side tables with reading lamps and a radio to stop them. Mac knows now that he will have to add a built-in clothes closet to the sun porch, similar to the one in the original bedroom, since the ladies’ finery is already spilling onto the bedroom chairs.

He also plans to move that porch “window wall” out by several feet by adding more compo board and double or even triple windows at the right and left, in order to give it really sizable proportions.

Out of his proposed budget allowance, it nearly killed Mac that the bathroom cost $500 and the kitchen $511 to build. Fortunately, the water pipes had been installed, but there wasn’t even a washstand. Mac had to get the works and he didn’t dare risk being his own plumber. But when he was doing the tiny kitchen, he pulled a neat trick. He purchased what is called a Pureaire unit kitchen which combines a gas stove, sink, refrigerator and storage space for the necessary pots and pans in an area four feet wide and seven feet high. The cost of the unit, in
News—Extra—Dan River's
satin-striped cotton

High-polished overplaid on a cool chambray weave,
to put lustre into your Summer. A tip-top tubbable, fast color,
Sanforized*. Dan River Mills, Inc.
Dress, a Wildman Original.
Sizes 12 to 18. About $9 at Schuster's, Milwaukee, Wis.:
Thalhimer Bros., Richmond, Va.; Woodward & Lothrop.

* Fabric shrinkage no more than 1%
A Busy, Beautiful Mother

Promptly at ten, on a recent bright, sunny morning, we rang the doorbell of VIRGINIA FIELD's Park Avenue apartment. Immediately, we were shown into her bedroom by Nanny, who has looked after Virginia ever since she was sixteen months old, and who is not only continuing to look after her now that she's a movie and stage star, but also four-year-old Maggie, Virginia's daughter... Virginia, after completing Paramount's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," at once accepted the lead in the Broadway show, "Light up the Sky." She has been working too hard. So Nanny insists that she have her breakfast in bed... While chatting, in came Maggie. Never before have we seen a more perfect little lady. We were at once captivated. If you like little girls, especially such adorable ones as Maggie, as much as we do, then you'll understand why this article is about her. For naturally, Virginia was proud to talk about her, and how she's teaching her the fundamentals of beauty care.

And a Beautiful Daughter

Like many little girls, Maggie had the habit of biting her fingernails. How to cure her of it? Virginia hit upon the clever idea of manicuring Maggie's nails every week, and letting her put on colorless polish all by herself. It worked, for Maggie is so proud of her pretty nails, and showed them to us... At one time she rebelled against brushing her teeth. Now, however, she loves doing it. Because she has her own child-size toothbrush. Virginia also bought her a delicious-tasting toothpaste in a tube designed to please and attract youngsters... There was a time, too, when little Maggie didn't care too much about her daily bath. But now she can scarcely wait for permission to put the stopper in the tub, turn on the water full force, sprinkle in bubbles, and watch the scented, foamy bubbles swell up. Sometimes, Virginia says, Maggie sprinkles in too much. But that's all right—no harm done. Maggie is also proud of her own little girl's comb and brush set, pretty child's soap, and towels and wash cloths... If you are a mother, too, you may like trying some of Virginia's clever ideas for training your child in neatness and cleanliness. For, according to Virginia's experience, a little girl responds quickly when her daily beauty chores are made attractive.
Lady of Distinction
(Continued from page 53) Jimmy was the love of her life. Whomever she loved she loved completely, with, at once, the docility and devotion of a Victorian and the healthy frankness of a modern.

At this time, Olivia was young. But from the beginning, she manifested flashes of her artistry, her courage and her great integrity—sometimes to a greater extent than was good for her. For, during much of this time, she was not the happiest girl in the world.

Now she is one of the happiest of women. To hear her you would think no one else had ever had a baby. Even when her doctor ordered her to stay in bed for a whole month she was not discouraged. "I am so very fortunate, Elsa. I always wanted to be married and have a husband and a baby. Now I have a husband and a wonderful married life and I am going to have a baby. Now my life is complete. I hope that my baby will be a boy and have a personality exactly like Marc's."

Speaking of Olivia's early artistry, her Melanie in "Gone with the Wind" rated the Oscar for which she was nominated. She made Melanie a gray wisp of a woman with a fine fighting soul.

As for her courage, who can forget her law suit with Warner Brothers? She contended that Warner Brothers could not add the time of her suspension—when she refused to do a picture not to her liking—to the end of her contract. The California law, she insisted, read that no one might contract for anyone's services for more than seven years of their life, not seven years of their working time.

 Needless to say, this case—so very important to Hollywood producers because of the precedent it set—was long in the California courts. For the year and a half it was under way, Olivia was without income. Moreover, she well knew that if she lost this case, it was unlikely she would work in Hollywood again, since she would have few friends in the studios.

But justice triumphed and she won. A dozen Hollywood stars waited for the outcome of Olivia's suit, which, of course, decided more futures than her own. Joan Fontaine was among them. "If Livvie wins," she told me, "she sets a precedent which may well free me from my Selznick contract, under which he now farms me out for large sums of money, and pays me very little, comparatively."

I'm sorry about Joan and Olivia's quarrel. But I think it somehow has to do with Olivia's integrity. This quarrel has been much publicized. Little, however, is known of its origin. Rumor has it that Olivia was deeply hurt at Joan's thrusts about Marcus Goodrich, who is older than Olivia, and no richer than any man who writes words with the magnificent prose and brilliance of his "Delilah." Olivia, on the other hand, just the year before, says rumor, had been a staunch champion of Joan and Bill Dozier when a newspaper headlined an unhappy episode from her past.

Having admired Olivia for years, I looked forward to seeing her when she came East to receive the New York Critics Award for "The Snake Pit."

We lunched in her suite at the Plaza. The living room, decorated by Lady Mendl, had an old-world elegance which suited Olivia. We talked over cracked crab and devilled beef bones—not at all a "ladies" fruit-salad luncheon—of the world and all that is happening in it. I found her amazingly well-informed. And a dozen times I remember her saying, "Elsa, that's what Marc thinks," or, "I wish Marc were here to discuss that with you."

We talked, too; of "The Snake

 alone... because she doesn't know

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DRYAD Jergens new kind of deodorant actually stops the decaying action of bacteria...the chief cause of embarrassing perspiration odor...before it starts!

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THE GLORIOUS NEW DESIGN IN SILVERPLATE BY HOLMES & EDWARDS

Sweet Spring Garden!
So gay, so adorable!

At last, all the bright glory of springtime has been captured in silverplate by master designers.

First, you see tiny flowerets deeply carved upon a gleaming surface...and at the very tip, a gay surprise! Bursting forth in all its fresh beauty, is a delicate budding flower. A brilliant touch, that forever will give distinction to Spring Garden.

And terribly important: Spring Garden is Sterling Inlaid silverplate with two blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks to keep it lovelier longer. The 52 piece service for 8 is only $68.50 with chest.

T is for Talk
(Continued from page 75) their roles in
them.
Betty and Esther told of the fun
they had while making “Take Me out to
the Ball Game.’” Audrey had everyone
laughing over her experiences in “Alias
Nick Beal,” while Angela, who had just
finished “Samson and Delilah,” and Deb-
orah, who plays in “Edward, My Son,”
counter with interesting stories of these
pictures.
All in all, the shop-talk was lively and
entertaining.
Deborah’s tea table always looks beauti-
ful, and her Sandwich Cake, which is
simple to make, is divine. She takes a
loaf of uncut sandwich bread, white or
whole-wheat, trims off the crusts, and cuts
it in three even sections, lengthwise. She
puts a different filling between each of the
long slices, puts them back together in a
loaf, and “frosts” the entire thing with
cream cheese, softened with unsweetened
whipped cream.
This time, for one of the layers,
Deborah used deviled egg filling (mash
two hard-boiled eggs very fine, add may-
onnaise to make creamy, dry mustard,
paprika, salt and pepper to taste). For the
other filling, she made a mixture of finely
chopped walnuts and ripe olives, flavored
with a tiny bit of mayonnaise to hold the
nuts and olives together. Minced ham and
crumpy Boquefort cheese for the two
separate fillings are also a wonderful com-
binarion. She decorates the “cake” in
various ways. This time, on top of the
cream cheese “frosting,” she made flowers
of carrots and for stems and leaves, she
used sprays of parsley. Around the edge,
she had sliced, stuffed green olives (pi-
mento centers) alternated with diamond-
shaped pieces of bell peppers. It was
almost too pretty to eat.
Deborah’s cupcakes are a cinch to
make, and the best yet: Cream together
1 cup sugar and 1/2 cup shortening, until
fluffy. Add 1 cup milk, 2 unbeaten eggs, 2
1/2 cups sifted cake flour, 3 teaspoons baking
powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon
lemon flavoring. Beat together until just
well-blended. Fill cupcake pans about
one-half full. Bake in a moderately hot
oven (375° F.) 20 to 25 minutes, or until
golden brown. Don’t fill pans too full, and
use paper baking cups in cupcake pans—
makes nicer cupcakes and saves washing
the pans!
Immediately after taking the cupcakes
out of the oven, while piping hot, spread
with the following mixture: Combine 1
cup confectioners’ sugar, 2 tablespoons
grated lemon rind and 2 tablespoons lemon
juice and beat until smooth. This makes
about 1/2 cup frosting and 24 1/2-inch cup-
cakes.
Marble cookies: Here is Deborah’s rec-
ipe: Sift together 4 cups sifted enriched
flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 tea-
spoon baking soda and 1 teaspoon salt.
Cream together 11/2 cups shortening, 1 cup
brown sugar, firmly packed, and 1/2 cup
granulated sugar, until fluffy. Add 2 well-
beaten eggs and 2 teaspoons vanilla and
mix well. Add mixed and sifted dry in-
gredients and mix until well-blended.
Divide dough into two portions, add 2
squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
and cooled slightly, to one-half dough and
mix thoroughly. Knead the two halves to-
gether slightly and shape into two rolls
about 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed
paper and chill in the refrigerator. Cut
dough in thin slices and place on cookie
sheets. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 8 to
10 minutes. This makes about 8 dozen
cookies.

The End
Do I Get Another Chance?

(Continued from page 43) Financially, I am back where I started. But the bitter pills I have swallowed have made me a better man. I have attained a peace of mind which I did not think possible.

My troubled moments have been illuminated by the shining faith of my wife, Dorothy, with whom, for the first time since we were married, I have an understanding and companionship which I had almost abandoned hope of finding.

If I can live through this ordeal and grow in stature, because of it, nothing the future can dish up will get me down.

I am not looking for pity. It's a good thing that I'm doing time in jail. It's not in the cards that anyone can escape paying for the wrong things they do. No matter how the cards are shuffled, you pay, in one way or another. That's the law of life.

I WOULD not want anyone in this world to get the idea that things were fixed for me in court because I am a movie star. I wouldn't want to walk down the street and have folks looking at me sideways. I wouldn't want it whispered that there was anything about my trial that was not on the level.

I feel that Judge Clement Nye was fair to me. He could have given me ninety days and that's what I expected. He gave me a box of thirty days and that made me feel good all over.

There is little use in discussing here the sinister intrigue which landed me in that bungalow in Laurel Canyon at exactly the right moment to meet the police officers who crashed in at the back door. No one forced me to associate with those false friends.

That was my way of going and I smashed my head right up against a brick wall. A good thing it was myself I hurt and not somebody else. But I believe that bump has cleared my brain. All the confusion is gone. I know one thing for sure—nothing like this will happen to me again.

There are quite a few answers that I haven't got yet in this startling life drama in which I'm starring. But I'll get them all some time. It's like reading a continued story in a magazine. You don't know the ending until the final installment.

From 1947 on, I found myself surrounded by an endless parade of new faces and the word got around that I was a soft touch. Before long I learned that some of these new acquaintances were smoking marijuana and I guess it was inevitable that somebody would hand me one of those

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ART LINKLETTER

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---

SALON-SAFE FOR 'BABY-FINE' HAIR
SALON-SMART FOR EVERY HEAD

Have you got soft, fine, "baby" hair? No wonder you worry about ordinary home permanents.

Now with the new, improved Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you use the same sort of preparations...even the same improved cold wave process found best for waving thousands of heads in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon!

No fear of harsh, frizzed ends, thanks to the gentler, cream waving lotion. No worry about being able to do a good job. If you can roll your hair on curlers, you'll manage beautifully!

There isn't a lovelier, more luxurious, softer home wave for any head! Price, $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50.
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HERE'S WHY USERS PREFER HUDNUT!

1. Gives you the wave you wish you were born with—soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
2. Quicker by far—saves ½ hour or more per permanent.
3. Easier, too! Special Hudnut pre-softening makes waving easier; ends less difficult!
4. Exactly the type curl you desire—tight or loose—but never a frizz on the ends!
5. Lasts longer—gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness!
6. Doesn't dry hair or split ends; includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
7. More manageable—greater coiffure variety.

*As expressed by a cross-section of Hudnut Home Permanent users recently surveyed by an independent research organization.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

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Now! Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent
DeLong

Bob Pins
set the smartest hair-do's
stronger grip—
won't slip out

Short in front—short in back...like this new "Directoire Style" that's so flattering to your face...that's the way your hair goes this season. And the smartest hair-do's are going up with De Long Bob Pins! Smoothly rounded at the ends, De Long Bob Pins slide easily, stay in indefinitely. For easier setting—for lovelier hair—reach for De Long Bob Pins on the famous blue cards.

how to set this "directoire style"
created by Robert King, famous New York and Hollywood hair stylist and make-up artist. Make 6 large pin curls for the bang. Wave a ridge over each ear and make two rows of curls from high on both sides all the way around back. Always turn curls toward face. Break out hair away from face and let fall softly.

harmful reefer's and that I would accept it.
Although I was making great strides in my profession, it is in my nature to be constantly obsessed with the fear of failure. These sycophants who moved in on me built up my ego with false praise.
When I went to the home of Lila Lee on that night I can say truthfully that I had no intention of doing anything wrong. I did not purchase any marijuana nor had I any intention that there was to be marijuanna at that house.

I did not even know that the cigarette handed me out of a package of a popular brand was marijuana. By that time it was too late to do anything. The police had pushed their way into the house.

I am telling all this so that other fellows who associate with the wrong kind of people may be warned of what can happen if they yield to their moral resistance. I was approaching the whole business of smoking marijuana with an amazing naivete. If you get careless in your way of going, it's awfully easy, believe me, to accept wrongdoing as normal.

I think too many of us are apt to carelessly overlook little infringements of the law and the moral code. Some of us find ourselves taking one step too far. Some of us regain our balance before we are caught. Others keep on refusing to heed the little warning signals of our conscience until it is too late and disaster has overcome us.

I've always been a victim of over-ambitiously. I wanted to please everybody and often found myself going against what common sense told me I should do. All that is over now. I have had long talks with my good friend and mental counselor, Dr. Frederick Hacker, and he has straightened me out on many things.

I was a very lucky guy to be allowed to serve my time at Sheriff Eugene Biscaglia's Wwayside Honor Farm. Up there in a pure mountain air, far from my accustomed surroundings, I had a wonderful opportunity to think things out and to contemplate the blunder I made with a sense of detachment. Now I am facing life with a new sense of responsibility to the world, to myself, and above all to my wife and our two sons.

No matter what is cooking for me in the future, I am dedicating my life to dispelling the cloud hanging over my family. I know that my moral fiber has toughened. I know that I will make my boys proud to call me their father. Could a man have a greater incentive?

I said it before and I say it again. You're the jury. What's the verdict to be?

The End

Marchand's

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A touch of color in your hair...if it thrills you to look young. Marchand color...helps make you irresistible! There are flattering Marchand Rinse shades for you, whether you are blonde, brownette, brunette or redhead.

He'll love the sparkling highlights Marchand's rinses into your hair, too! Use "Make-Up" Rinse after every shampoo to add bewitching color and luster, to remove dulling soap film, and to blend in gray hairs. Safe, easy to use, washes out in shampooing.

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It Happened on Ice

(Continued from page 44) Kid, and I kept on skating. When I got out of high and the first Sonja Henie troupes were being organized, and I got a chance to join one, it looked like good fun—and it was, too, for a couple of years. The money was nice. The folks in the show were swell. Then I went into service in 1942. When I was discharged in 1945, I was as restless as a lot of other guys in the same spot. I didn't have a regular girl or even a regular job. How was I to know, one afternoon, when I was coaching down at the Westwood rink that a certain movie starlet was going to walk in. . .

She came with her own coach and she hadn't any more than laced up her skating shoes when she knew she'd never been on ice before. But, even though her ankles wobbled like crazy, she hadn't skated around once, when I saw she'd be good. She's not built like an athlete, praise be. She doesn't think like a girl athlete—so I was surprised how quickly she learned six dances on skates.

Long before that, you may be sure, I had moved in on the introduction. Mike Kirby's wife's sister arranged it. Mike, Sonja Henie's skating partner, is a swell guy with a swell wife. And, natch, I have a big enthusiasm for his sister-in-law, since she's the one who said, "Miss Powell, may I present Henry Steffen?"

I asked her to go out dancing, expecting that Mocumbo rap right in the wallet. But when I suggested it, she said, "I like really to dance when I go dancing, don't you? Can't we go to the Biltmore Bowl, or the Grove, or someplace like that?"

She wasn't yet eighteen, then, but she seemed much older. She usually has the mental maturity of a woman of thirty. I go for the way she dresses. I went for it that very first night, but I went even bigger for the way she danced and the way she conducted herself in public. Everybody always recognizes her everywhere, but she's so sweet and so nice about standing still for autographs that they fall plumb in love with her.

For instance, last year, in October, when I was trying to be an insurance man in Chicago, Janie came to town for three weeks of personal appearances. Of course, it wasn't completely coincidental, plotted and planned and wrote letters and sent telegrams for weeks before we pulled that off, and while she was in town, we really had a ball.

One of the places we went to was the Camelia House in the Drake Hotel, which is a very elegant and kind of a stiff place, but we wanted to try out the band.

They began swinging into "Put Your Little Foot Right Down." Practically all the other folks there were the older set and they were doing very sedate fox trots.

But Janie and I found ourselves a little corner of the floor and really started stepping. We looked up and saw an older man and woman beaming on Janie. "I wish I could do that, Miss Powell," the man said.

Janie beamed right back at him. "Why, you can," she said, "and so can your wife. We'll show you how right now."

Quick as a wink, and just as cute, Janie moved over to the man's side. Naturally, I stepped over to the lady's side and off we were, with a lot of laughter.

Her mind works fast on any subject.

This past Christmas was the first one in seven years I'd had at home. I was very sentimental about it, and she knew it and she really went to town on it, and not by just spending money, which anybody who has money can do. Knowing the way I feel

It Happened on Ice

(Continued from page 44)
the Tampax Girl is easy in her mind!

Ask her—and she'll probably freely admit that her attitude towards "those days" underwent a decided improvement the first month she used Tampax for sanitary protection.

AS AN AID TO RELAXATION at such times Tampax has a great deal to offer. It is worn internally, discarding belts, pins and external pads. Therefore no awareness of restraining bulk. No self-consciousness about outlines that might show under dresses. No fear that odor would form.

HOW TAMPAK WAS INVENTED is a simple story. A doctor applied the medical principle of internal absorption to this special need of women. Tampax is made of pure, highly absorbent cotton compressed into easy-to-use applicators. When placed in the uterus it is unseen and unseen.

SOME PRACTICAL MATTERS: Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit varying needs. Not necessary to remove for tub or shower. Changing quick and disposal no trouble. An average month's supply slips into your purse. Or an economy box will provide 4 months' average supply. Sold at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
Two Worlds Has Janie
(Continued from page 50) satisfaction to the male protective instinct. A man wants to feel responsible for a woman.

"But Linda's greatest appeal was her spirituality," said Jane. "She was deaf to the world and did not know that spirituality is not fashionable, that it has been ridiculed. People build up defenses to protect them from being hurt."

She recalled a remark made by her father when she was a child in St. Joseph, where he was Mayor for a time. He said: "You can't live until you live." It took her ten years to realize what he meant.

When Jane parted from Ronald Reagan, she suffered greatly, and her friends were concerned. She revealed nothing, made no explanations. To have done so would have been going against the principles she learned as a child. One of these, she passes on to her own two children: "Always live up to your principles."

Jane wept a little when first she hit Hollywood. She told a fat lie and felt, as she told it, that she would fry in it.

Previously, Jane had tossed her beautiful legs in the chorus line of "The King of Burlesque." As a child, she made her debut on the radio, which she still loves. She had sung with bands and danced in floor shows, but she had never appeared in a dramatic role. A Hollywood agent took her to interview Bert Lytell for a part in a picture he was preparing. It was essential, the agent told her, that she cite previous drama experience.

"I acted in stock at the Lyceum Theatre in St. Joe," she lied to Lytell.

"When were you there?" Lytell asked.

"Four years ago," said Jane.

LYTELL looked at the seventeen-year-old girl and mused: "That is a coincidence. I was playing the Lyceum Theatre that year." Jane wriggled unhappily and left the studio after Lytell said he would keep her in mind.

"You did all right," the agent told her.

"I did not," wailed Jane. "I lied and he lied and we both knew we were lying. The old Lyceum Theatre burned down ten years ago."

Jane returned to her principles. She lied no more but took up with sham. In 1938, a girl had to be sultry with sex to get anywhere in Hollywood. Jane dillently sat herself down to study the likenesses of Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo. Determined to equal, if not surpass them, she painted on a mouth "big and red as a toy freight train." Around her enormous eyes she affixed lashes, not in strips, but singly, so she would not be obliged to remove them at night. They were so long and thick, that when she gave a man the upsweep glance, he felt a breeze.

Again the old home influence intervened. On St. Valentine's Day, she received a big lacy heart from her young brother Morey, called Monk by the family because of his imitative monkeyshines. The verse on Monk's valentine to sister Jane read:

"Powder is powder
Paint is paint.
I like a gal
That has no grinnin'."

Jane stomped onto the bench of her dressing table and stared at the paint job in the mirror. She closed her eyes. When she opened them the big fake lashes were wet. She reached up and pulled them out, one by one. Then she wiped away the rouge-freighted mouth, got up and washed her face. "Love me as I am or don't love me at all," she sniffed.

Since that day, no cosmetician has touched her. She wore no make-up as Belinda. She resumed cutting her hair, brown of sheen with threads of gray you

4 SIMPLE STEPS TO
A LOVELIER COMPLEXION

Try this new 4-step aid to
lovelier-looking skin

- Do you want an aid to a more alluring complexion—one that's lovelier to look at, smoother to touch? Then take a beauty hint from thousands of attractive women who have stopped fussing with elaborate treatments, countless jars and bottles. Turn to one cream—Noxzema Skin Cream.

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Recently, 181 women from all walks of life took part in a skin improvement test supervised by 3 skin specialists. Each woman had some little skin fault. Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema's new 4-Step Beauty Routine.

Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in two weeks time!

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1. In the morning, bathe face with warm water, apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
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A roommate suggested Noxzema to charming Mavis McAlvay for her dry skin, "It left my face feeling so soft and smooth," she says, "now it's my all-purpose beauty cream. I use it for my complexion and hands, too."

Bette George says, "My skin used to be dry and dead-looking. But Noxzema helped improve it so quickly. I use it every day to help keep my skin looking so smooth and soft. Many say my skin looks inscrutious ... my secret's Noxzema."

Over 25,000,000 jars sold yearly. Try Noxzema! See if you aren't thrilled at the way it can help your skin ... as it has helped so many thousands of other women. See for yourself why over 25,000,000 jars are sold every year! Available at all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.
wouldn't observe, if she didn't call them to your attention. What we now have is the original Jane of old St. Joe, whose mama told her never to kiss a boy in public, and she never has. That has nothing to do with her loneliness, though.

Actually, she has loads of friends, treasure up from her earliest Hollywood days, who would take her out every night if she wanted to go. The Jack Benny's, who were companions in crashing Hollywood with her, begged her not to be lonely when she divorced Ronald Reagan, but to come to their home at any hour. Ann Sheridan is another chum. Another old friend, Betty Kaplan, gets a telephone call from Jane practically every day. Barbara Stanwyck and Olivia de Havilland, fellow nominees with her for the Academy Award, join her to joke over "the bitter rivalry" the columnists play up.

There is, too, Lew Ayres. Lew had just called, she admitted. He said, she quoted: "I do not want to marry Jane Wyman."

Seems poor Lew, erstwhile gentleman, had been driven mad by columnists calling to ask his intentions toward Janie. Finally, Lew blew: "I don't want to marry Jane Wyman," he roared.

No sooner had he banged the receiver than he dialed Jane and blurted: "I just said I didn't want to marry you."

"Welly?" said Jane.

"I didn't mean that."

"Well?"

"I meant to say that right now, I don't want to marry anyone."

"Nor do I," Jane said.

"Well, what do you say when they call you?" Lew asked.

"I say hello and goodbye. They listen to nothing in between anyhow."

Talking of Lew further, Jane said: "I did not know Lew when we started to work on 'Johnny Belinda.' But, with time, I discovered he has depth and a versatile mind. Lunching and dining together, we became friends. Friendship is rare in Hollywood as elsewhere. But only romance makes copy."

One of her men friends says that Jane keeps people at a distance. Though she is not aware of any aloofness, she is something of a solitary, one of those fortunate mortals who has found a vocation and is dedicated to it. When she is doing a picture, she is immersed in the character; no one ever sees her after seven-thirty at night. When she finishes a part, she says, she feels like a soul set adrift, floating about in quest of another character to grow into. "I really have two worlds," she said. "The private one is filled with my two children."

Her daughter Maureen, attending Chadwick School in Palos Verdes, had been promised a trip with her mother to England, where Jane will do a picture with Alfred Hitchcock. But Ronald Reagan, working in England for some time, wrote Jane advising that Maureen remain at home. While assuring Jane that she would enjoy England and her work in studios there, he felt the task of looking after a child, overseas diet withation, would bear too heavily on her.

Jane hated to break the news to Maureen, knowing her heart was set on seeing England and on reunion with her father. She decided to drive out to the school and let Maureen read her father's letter.

Maureen clasped it joyfully, read the advice soberly. When she handed back the letter she said: "I shall stay here, Mother. I know Daddy is right."

Driving home in her car, Jane had the elation of feeling she had received an Award in her private world. Home influence was successful. Her daughter was living up to her principles.

The End
Don't let your daughter marry still in doubt about these Intimate Physical Facts

The practice of vaginal douching has become so widely accepted and used today, it's no longer a question of douching but rather what a woman should put in her douche. And certainly every woman should be made to realize: No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so harmless as ZONITE! Scientists tested every generally known antiseptic they could find on sale for this purpose. And no other type was so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE.

Warns Against Weak or Dangerous Products
It's a pity how many women, through ignorant advice of friends, still use salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. These 'kitchen make-shifts' are not germicides in the douche. They never can assure you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

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Zonite FOR NEWER feminine hygiene
DULL DAYS CAN BE GAY DAYS MIDOL RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES" "What a difference Midol makes"

with the rent. From a promoter she knew, she borrowed money for food. They could live, she found, on $7.00 a week. Vera would miss meals then, and gladly, and walk thirty blocks to see a ten-cent movie. Sometimes this extravagance worried her.

"Never mind, Vera. We will make it. If you want to be an actress, you must watch people act," her mother said.

Then, standing in the Zimni Stadium on that nostalgic day, Vera remembered an "Ice Carnival" in Pittsburgh, another at the Hotel New Yorker, "The Ice Vanities," a show that ran into bad luck. She remembered the months she didn't get paid. Leaving hotels in the middle of the night, going out by way of fire escapes because they couldn't pay the rent. When Vera became ill with pneumonia and was taken to a hospital, she protected that she could not stay there. How she did to pay, she worried. But the head doctor was a Czech.

"You have done much for our country, Vera Hrubà. Do not worry about the bill. This much I can do for you," he said. She skated again, but not for long. Her visa expired and unless something extraordinary happened, she would have to leave the country she had grown to love. She went to Canada to wait until she would be notified as to what her fate would be. If she had to return to Czechoslovakia, it would be to a concentration camp or to die. That she knew. She had talked too much against Hitler over here. Was this then to be the end of her promise? Again, there was help, when she needed it most. Some influential people saw to it that Vera's number was in the next quota. Jubilantly, she crossed the border and rejoined "Ice Capades."

HER last memory that day in the Stadium concerned a rink on a Hollywood sound stage at Republic Studios. Herbert Yates, president of the studio, had signed the whole troupe to make "Ice Capades of 1941." And Vera was doing a very familiar scene. She was not the star. Her part was very small. A very few lines, but believable, almost too believable. Here was a very dramatic scene—the show had gone broke—she was a Czech skater who pleaded with the bosses to allow her to stay—not to be sent back to war-torn Prague. And she was convincing. Amazing, thought those around her on the stage. Almost as if she were really living the part. Vera had already lived it.

Crowded with memories, the five days Vera and her mother had at Prague passed all too soon and they were on the plane for Paris again. There were tense minutes at the airport when Vera thought she would never get on that plane. The officer checking bags and passports ignored her. Finally, she thought, this must be it. They didn't intend to let her go. The other passengers and her mother had been permitted to leave. But the officer came back. He didn't want to go through her bag, he told her. He could not have failed to do so before the others. "Please tell Americans we want more American pictures," he said. He wore a Russian uniform. But he was still a Czech, thought Vera happily.

In Hollywood, today, Vera is not satisfied with what she has accomplished. She must strive always to become a better actress. Maybe another film will get into Czechoslovakia. To help warm the chill, ease the hearts and the doubts of her people. Show hope of happiness and living as it is. As it can be.

And in her house on its own little hilltop in the Valley, when the California sun warms the spicy fragrance of carnations, Vera Ralston remembers a plane to Prague. And a promise.

The End

Out on a limb with your color scheme?


Alexander Smith

FLOOR-PLAN RUGS BROADLOON CARPETS

BEAUTY
AUTHORITIES SAY

Pure castile is the best shampoo!

For Naturally Beautiful Hair use Conti Castile Shampoo, made only with 100% pure castile and pure olive oil. Laboratory tests prove that Conti sets better, rinses quickly, holds waves longer. Conti never dries out the hair or scalp.

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THE QUALITY SHAMPOO

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4. ONE STROKE RIBBON REVERSE
5. TYPEBAR SPEED BOOSTER

Smith-Corona PORTABLE TYPEWRITER
A Letter to My Daughter

(Continued from page 69) babies have done it to them!

I'm ignoring books and working on the theory that, if you love a child enough, the best rule to follow is to let the child know how much you love it and I'm going to cling to that rule until you're grown-up. I hope to be around, of course, in case you want some advice, but I don't intend to serve it with every meal. Nor will you ever hear me saying, "Do as you're told," or "Mother knows best!"

Instead, I'm going to be a copycat and treat you just as my mother always treated me: like a person who had a good mind and could understand. I'm going on record on this score, too, with this letter to be published in Photoplay.

My mother had good plans for me. If I did anything she didn't want me to do, she had a special look that I recognized. If there were people around, I just stopped doing whatever I had been doing. When the company left, mother would explain why she didn't want me to do what I had done. If we were alone, she'd immediately tell me what she didn't like, and why.

THERE'S one question everyone has been asking me since the day you were born, "Will you let Linda be an actress?"

My answer is the same now as it was then. "If she wants to act, she may." However, I'm pretty sure you won't be a child actor and here's the reason. When I started acting, my brothers were almost grown-up and mother could spend all her time taking care of me, without hurting them. With you, Linda Susan, it's quite the opposite. You've got two or three more children. If you want to stay in movies, I'll have to neglect the other children. And that wouldn't be fair.

Already, you've shown signs of what is usually called 'infant mortis,' that is, your joy in enjoyment out of being in front of a camera. One of the first things you learned was to "mugg" when a photographer was around. So it won't be any surprise if you choose to act later on.

I'm going to teach you to dance soon and later you'll have professional dancing lessons. These are sure to develop poise, and poise is one asset a girl can ever possess. And, if you wish, you'll learn to sing, too. I'm planning to teach you some songs myself first and we will start with "Baby Take a Bow." After all, that's the song I started with, so why not you, too?

More than anything else, I don't want you to be a show-off. It's a bad fault. I hope we'll give you enough self-confidence so the idea of showing off will never occur to you.

In an earlier paragraph, I said I wouldn't try to give you any advice. I meant it, too. But that wasn't prevent my trying to tell you some of the things I've learned, in the hope that they'll keep you from making mistakes and hurting yourself. For instance, I hope that you learn to judge people well. But, it is a truism that we are all prejudiced. In this case, prejudice applies to physical characteristics and traits but also to labels. Be suspicious of labels, Linda Susan, for often they hide more than they reveal.

That reminds me of one of my bad faults, which I'm praying you haven't inherited.
I make up my mind far too quickly about people. One look and I know just how I feel. My father's the same way, and it isn't good. If a person does just one little thing that disappoints or displeases us, we're through with that person. It's cost us some friends. But I want you to like people and I hope they'll like you.

I have some definite ideas about personal appearance and habits and I expect to guide you gently along those lines. Good grooming is important to me and sloppiness is unforgivable.

I hope, too, you'll agree with me that a girl should know something about clothes. We'll look through the magazines together and see what's new in the style world. I hope you'll avoid the extremes in clothes as I do. I try to dress so I'll look my best and that's about the only advice I can give you on that score.

Another thing, you'll be permitted to choose your friends. Your parents aren't going to pick them for you. We hope we'll help you develop good judgment and that we'll be able to trust that judgment, for parents who don't trust their children are really saying they don't trust the manner in which they brought up those children. Your father and I have already discussed this and he feels as I do.

A great many people won't believe this—they're certain Shirley Temple lived a fairy-tale existence—but I've had my disappointments and heartaches. And you'll have yours, for there's no way to escape them. Heartache is part of growing up and, even if I wanted to, I couldn't prevent you experiencing it.

I hope you'll come to me with your troubles and ask me to help. That was the relationship I had with my mother. Above all, I want you to be an individual without being "different." I want you to make up your own mind, establish your own values, but, at the same time, I want you to remember that you are part of society and must live by the same rules as everybody else. You aren't entitled to any special privileges or rights and, please, don't expect them.

The biggest occupational hazard in acting is one's publicity—that is, if you ever start believing it. When you do, though, something always happens to bring you down to earth.

Take, for example, an incident that happened to me not long ago. I was driving forty-two miles an hour in a thirty-five mile zone when—zoom!—a motorcycle policeman motioned for me to pull over to the curb. When he examined my license, he said, "I know your father and I used to know the people who lived next door to you when you first became an actress. I almost feel as if I know you."

I smiled at him. I told myself that here was one time when being Shirley Temple would really pay off. Then came reality. The policeman handed me a ticket.

"Got to give you a summons," he said. "That proves we enforce the law against everybody, even a movie star. Now, if you were Mrs. Jones, I might have lectured you and let you go. But I can't do that to Shirley Temple. Give my regards to your father."

That just reminded me of an old lesson. Not only do I have to obey all the laws and rules, but I have to obey them even more carefully than most. The same will apply to you, Linda Susan.

I hope this letter doesn't sound stuffy. If it does, forgive me and remember I haven't had any more experience being a mother than you've had being a daughter. I expect we'll both learn as time goes on. I know I'd better. One thing I really intend, is for my daughter to be proud of her mother.

Mother
The Power of the Powder Room

(Continued from page 46) Arlene stood before the powder room mirror trying to keep up her courage with a fresh lipstick, when the producer's wife took one long look and hurried back to her husband.

"I've just seen the most beautiful girl!" she enthused. "I don't know who she is or what she does, but if you don't get her signature on a contract, you're mad."

The husband seemed to agree. For, after questioning the head waiter as to the identity of the beauty, he summoned Arlene to his studio, got her name on a contract and one week later gave her the lead opposite Red Skelton in "A Southern Yankee."

The strange locations of powder rooms in some of the night clubs also has caused moments of embarrassments. At Romanoff's, the powder room is to the immediate left of the entrance.

Eager to show off and impress a New York beau, a Hollywood celebrity had, on her way to Romanoff's, repeatedly assured her escort that he would bring her to "this little dining spot. It's so cozy. Everyone knows everyone else," she said, as they arrived. "It's really intimate, you know."

At that precise moment, her escort entered--Romanoff's own personal porter, at the powder room door, thinking it led to the dining room. He stopped dead, his eager look of expectancy freezing into something bordering on panic.

For there, before him, were some strange women tugging on their girdles; Rosalind Russell adjusting her hat and Ann Miller straightening her stockings.

"Intimate," the New Yorker gasped, turning his bug eyes on his friend. "How intimate can you get?"

At the Press Photographers' Ball at Ciro's, Mrs. Duryea, who came disguised as a man, couldn't get into the powder room. Her disguise was so complete that a tipsy guest constantly blocked her efforts to enter the powder room and, when she did get in, cau-
tioned, "you got the wrong place. Over there, pal, over there." And to make cer-
tain that his newly found chum made no mistake, he attempted his way to the men's room. Finally Dan, who was dressed as a woman, smuggled his wife past the man to her original destination.

Even jaunts to and from powder rooms can have lasting effects. It was Lana Turner's graceful walk in those early days of her career, that determined her fate. A friend of Mervyn LeRoy, who had Lana under contract, called Mervyn's attor-
ey to the attention of the teen-age hopeful as she swung by their table at the old Trocadero. "Now look," he said, as Lana walked back. "Where did a kid like that pick up such grace?"

Next day, Lana was walking just as gracefully up and down a pair of stairs on Stage Five, while three pairs of eyes were fastened on her. Mervyn, a dance director and a producer, nodded agreement when she had finished and the role in "Ziegfeld Girl" that had been intended for another actress was given to Lana.

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"Why that 'One Touch' of Something-or-Other that you just got out at Universal!" The maid smiled. "I just heard two ladies talking about it.

Ava floated back to a startled Mr. Duff. "I got it, I got it," she cried. "'One Touch of Venus' is mine. The powder room maid just told me!"

It was in a powder room that Celeste Holm learned that she had been chosen for a role in "Gentleman's Agreement"—the role which later brought her an Oscar.

There are certain glamour girls, who by a trek to the powder room can empty night club tables of most women customers. Let Lana Turner or Rita Hayworth edge toward Mocambo's retiring room, and one by one, women, especially out-of-towners find excuses to follow them. And when the stars return to their tables, quarters drop generously into the maid's dish accompanied by the rattle of many questions. "What was that perfume she was using? What lipstick does she wear? Was that real lace on her slip? I could have sworn those eyelashes were false."

Incidentally, there are several loyal powder room maids who have heard tales of woe from many Hollywood beauties. A powder room attendant must have a heart of gold and nerves of steel.

There was the night at Ciro's when the fussily a radio comedian removed her costly diamond ring while she washed her hands, only to discover a minute later, that the ring was gone.

DON'T room traffic was halted last running water dislodge the ring, had it fallen down a drain. The night club plumber failed to answer repeated phone calls. Other customers grew impatient and the comedian's wife became hysterical.

A final call to the plumber got an answer. "Where have you been?" howled the manager. "Come to Ciro's at once."

"But," stuttered the plumber, "I just left Ciro's. I've been there all evening."

Hollywood powder rooms also have been the locale of meetings of long-time friends or acquaintances. After the premiere of 'Johnny Belinda,' Jane Wyman and several close friends gathered at a famous strip cafe for supper. At a nearby table sat a party of tourists who cast many glances in the direction of Jane's table.

Later, in the cafe powder room, Jane noticed one of the tourists, a middle-aged woman with a sweet face, smiling at her. The woman, finally, got up the courage to speak. "I hope you'll forgive me, but well—I just wondered—" She hesitated and Jane waited, expecting the usual autograph or picture request. The woman continued. "You are little Sarah Jane Fulkes, aren't you? I went to school in St. Joe, Missouri with your mother."

Jane stopped her by grasping her hand warmly. "I am Sarah Jane," she said, "and to be remembered like this, at this time, is one of the most wonderful things that ever happened to me."

They sat down in that powder room and talked of Jane's childhood in St. Joe.

Secrets are whispered in the powder rooms that change the entire course of lives. For instance, a woman, newly divorced from an actor, met her ex-husband's fiancée in a powder room. When the fiancée rejoined her, firmly handed back her engagement ring, "I've just learned about your built-in shoulders," she snapped.

To her benefaction, the actor smiled pleasantly. "That's all right," he said, "in the men's room just now, I learned your pearly teeth are caps."

Regretting all that her rashness had cost her the young lady burst into tears and fled back to the powder room.

THE END
The Peck Marriage Puzzle

(Continued from page 55) when he came in, but manlike, he had his coat just thrown around his shoulders, and no hat. Now, he was stretched out enjoying the fire, completely relaxed.

"I want to ask you just one thing, Louella. How did you find out that Greta was expecting another baby? I didn't know that myself."

"Oh, I'm smart that way," I told him.

"When my agent called and said you had asked him, I was flabbergasted," Greg admitted. "Greta hadn't said a word until you phoned."

"Did you ever stop to think that it might have been Greta's condition at that time that made her difficult," I suggested.

"But she wasn't!" he protested quickly.

"It was all my fault, Louella, I tell you why I had any reason for my serious trouble with Greta. I love her and she loves me!"

If he had written a poem, and delivered himself of a eulogy, there could not have been more sincerity and heart in what Greg said.

He was thoughtful for a moment before going on. "I hate divorce. I was a child of a broken home. When I was three, my mother and father separated and there was much bitterness.

"I went from one relative to another, part of the time with my father and part with my mother, accepting, first my mother's religion, and then my father's."

"I've got two wonderful kids, Jonathan, four-and-a-half, and Steven who is two and now, maybe, there isn't little girl on the way. I don't want them to have that kind of a life, and I can promise you, they won't."

I asked, "Greg, do you think Hollywood had anything to do with the occasional quarrels you and Greta have had?"

"It's silly to argue that Hollywood does not make a difference," he admitted. "Everything here is so emphasized."

"For instance, an executive in the automobile business can have an old-fashioned quarrel with his wife, and nobody cares, except, maybe, their family. But it never gets into the newspapers."

"There are so many adjustments to make in Hollywood. When I was making $100 a week on the stage, nobody cared if Greta and I had a battle. Now we may not make headlines, but we're a feature story by Louella Parsons!"

"But he winked when he said it! Not that I am complaining," he went on. "I feel I am obligated to all the columnists. They have been good to me and I feel I have no right to squawk the first time they write something that isn't one hundred percent complimentary."

"Greg," I said, "you are one of the nicest guys I ever met. We who write and write pleasant things in the papers about actors, and find we get blasted as gossip mongers if we write one thing on the personal side."

"I do not feel that way," he answered. "I have my job to do and you have yours. Have I any right to object that you printed a story about me which was true?"

"I have gradually been building up a philosophy, Louella, he said, thoughtfully, "what is it, in order to live happily and fully with others, we must first learn to live with ourselves. If I hadn't been wrong in the first place in squabbling with Greta, there would have been nothing unpleasant."

"How do you like a guy like that? Me?"

I'm crazy about him.

"The baby is due in the early part of August," he went on. "I do Quo Vadis in Italy. I will have to leave the last of July. I figure I'll be finished with the pic-
ture in October, and then Greta will join me. We will visit her kin folks in Finland. She's got a lot of relatives over there I have never met and we will descend on them bag and baggage. After that, we'll go on to Sweden and Norway and Paris and London and all the spots that have just been names to us before.

"No," he shook his head in answer to my question, "I don't think we will take the kids along on this first trip. I'd like to make this trip just with Greta. The children are too young to get anything out of it, anyway. And to Greta and me it would seem like the honeymoon trip we couldn't afford when we were married."

"That sounds wonderful," I said.

"Yep," he grinned, "now all I have to do is to talk her into leaving the children!"

I DON'T know when I've had such a good time during an interview. My guest seemed right at home and in just the right frame of mind to sit around and chat. In fact, when she finished I ended up being dwelling down to embers, Greg put on a couple more logs and settled himself down again.

"Is it true, Greg, I asked, "that you refuse to do modern stories or stories in which you wear modern clothes?"

"Yes, for the time being, anyway. I prefer to do adventure yarns. I'm just not a drawing-room boy and I feel ill at ease in the usual roles."

"Next to my family, the thing I love best in life is my work," he said. "I don't care how hard I work, either. In the five years I have been in Hollywood I have made twelve pictures. The one thing I have to be careful of, is that I do not become too engrossed in work. That's not fair to my boys and Greta."

I asked him what of the pictures he had made was his favorite. Some actors would not have liked answering that because of politics.

But leave it to Greg to come across with an honest answer to an honest question. He said, "'Keys of the Kingdom,' first, 'The Macomber Affair,' second. Maybe you'll be surprised, but I liked 'The Macomber Affair' as well as any picture I ever made."

I said I was surprised, because it had not been exceptionally successful.

"That doesn't make any difference where an actor is concerned," he explained. "I found something that was really satisfying and real in the character I portrayed."

"Anyway, I will always be glad I made the picture because it was adult and not trite. And then I suppose you are influenced by the people you work with. I can't tell you how much I admire Joan Bennett.

"She is such a good actress, such a good mother and so pleasant to work with. You know, we really roughed it when we made that picture, and there was Joan, used to all the luxury and fastidiousness of a well-ordered home, roughing it and never making a squawk."

Greg was also highly excited about John Ford's revival of the old stage hit, "What Price Glory." With an all-star cast, the revival will tour the West Coast to raise funds for Veterans Hospitals. Greg has one of the least important roles, but he is excited about appearing in it. "Ford, and all the rest of those guys are working like dogs, for nothing in cash, but plenty in help for others. That is what I like being identified with," he grinned.

It was getting near dinnertime when Greg unwound his lanky legs, tossed his coat around his shoulders and said he guessed he would be going along.

I saw him to the door and watched him zoom down the street, one of the nicest and most likable and real guys in this town.

THE END
Why I Go to the Movies

(Continued from page 41) that life is sufficiently grim without spending an evening watching shadows on a screen. And I find that the majority of my friends agree with me.

I like some, not all, documentaries. I think that "The Secret Land" is a fine absorbing story. I like some, not all stories based on incidents in real life such as "Northside 777" and "Boomerang." I do not, as a rule, like biographical motion pictures. They are not with me; most of them are basically false, few adhere to actual facts. I suppose they would be dull if they did. And the practice of portraying someone's life story while that person still lives seems to me singularly deplorable and embarrassing.

I like comedies—drawing room, slapstick and fantastic. I will go far to see one and release the day's tension in laughter. I like musicals if they are gay and merry, not too absurd and not too colossal. And I like swashbuckling yarns, if not over-spectacular. I have come to dislike the sort of historical or adventure movie in which characters and story become lost in the size of the production (this goes for musicals, too).

I like cartoons, being particularly fond of Goofy, Tom and Jerry, Bugs Bunny and others. I loathe the little shorts which feature noisy bands and usually a couple of adagio dancers.

I hope that no one will send me an atom bomb when I remark that I rarely enjoy Mr. Shakespeare on the screen, no matter how marvelous the production or glorious the acting.

I LIKE a number of English pictures but it is well to note here and now that we see only the best of these. When the British cinema industry lays an egg, it is just as bad as any laid by Hollywood. Once or twice it has been my misfortune to see such a British-made film. But the good ones are uncommonly good. I remember "Great Expectations," which I saw on television, and "A Tale of Two Cities," the only British-made picture, which I saw in the theater.

As for stars, I have, as who has not, my favorites. I never miss, if I can help it, Gary Cooper. I have been faithful to him since the silent days. Or a picture in which Gene Kelly appears, or Bing Crosby. I have a high opinion of Stanwyck's picture either, that is, until "Wrong, Wrong Number." I couldn't take it, even with Stanwyck whom I greatly admire and whom I would like to know. I go to anything with the Lively little Miss Stanwyck because of his miraculous presence and would rather be incarcerated than pass up an Abbott and Costello, good, bad or indifferent. How I long to see until their jungle picture arrives, I don't know.

I am distressed to read that there will be no more Road pictures, the Crosby-Hope-Lamour combination is my Dag- uerreotype for the year. By the way, it occurs to me that Miss Lamour is doing an outstanding job on her radio program. And while sometimes Jimmy Stewart is inclined, to my mind, to exaggerate the shy, slow-spoken lad, a quality which has endeared him to the nation's heart, I rarely miss his pictures. And I want here to speak a word for Sam Levene; I have never seen a picture in which he has played in which was not greatly enhanced by his presence. I have seen some bad films, as a matter of fact, but while Levene was on the screen, they were good.
young Liz Taylor, but I am afraid that they will soon type her, by roles with a little too much arrogance and looking down her lovely nose. I remember her in "National Velvet," and she was wonderful. But lately, they have not permitted her to act; all she has to do is look beautiful. Beautiful she is indeed, but after awhile, just beauty, even coupled with youth, must fail.

Judy Garland has always been one of my favorites. I first saw her in, I think, 1938, in a picture with Fannie Brice. She was a talented kid full of vitality and appeal. I am sorry to see her looking anxious and overly slender on the screen. I hope she will regain her natural vitality which bubbled up from youth, well-being and health.

It is necessary here to say that I have loved Edmund Gwenn and little Jeanne Crain in all the pictures I have seen them in, before I was fortunate enough to find them in a picture of mine!

I am very tired of heavy, overproduced costume pictures, laden with complicated stories and screaming like a siren with sex. Yet I enjoyed "The Three Musketeers" very much; mainly because of Gene Kelly and the feudin', fightin', and fussin', costumes, sword play and scenery. There was a lot of bad acting in it, and no acting at all. I thought Angela Lansbury badly cast and also Lana Turner. Miss Lansbury is too good and too young an actress to be burdened with the static role of the luckless Queen, for one thing. But the picture was fun. And Kelly becomes more and more like the young John Barrymore from which I remember in those parts which call for a slice of pleasant humor; he also out-Fairbanks the Fairbanks, father and son, in agility, and as is good a dancer as almost any you can name. Which brings us to Dan Dailey, whom I like, but who will soon be typed, if they cast him in too

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Mum stays smooth, effective—doesn’t dry out!

See for yourself how surely today’s Mum stops underarm perspiration odor. Mail coupon for generous sample. Enclose 3¢ stamp to cover postage.
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630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Name __________________________
Address _______________________
City __________ Zone ______ State ________

Send for sample today!
Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl...so now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to feverish perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been scientifically tested by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is in every way the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be Half-safe. Use Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

PHOTOPLAY

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IT'S A SIN TO MISS "THE GREAT SINNER"!

M-G-M presents a great drama with a great star in every role!

GREGORY PECK • AVA GARDNER • MELVYN DOUGLAS
WALTER HUSTON • ETHEL BARRYMORE • FRANK MORGAN • AGNES MOOREHEAD

"THE GREAT SINNER"

Directed by ROBERT SIODMAK • Produced by GOTTFRIED REINHARDT
Screen Play by Ladislas Fodor and Christopher Isherwood • Story by Ladislas Fodor and Rene Fuelöp-Miller • An M-G-M Picture
TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing

LATHER . . . was KATHERINE'S PROBLEM.

"My shampoo simply would not lather right", complained Katherine Ring. "I'd rub and rub but still my hair never had much glint to it!" And no wonder! Katherine was using a soap shampoo, and soaps not only fail to lather as well in hard water—they actually leave a film on hair that dulls natural lustre! So your hair lacks highlights, looks drab and lifeless!

BUT KATHLEENE GOT HEAPS OF IT!

"Look at all this lather", smiled her twin, Kathleene. "I discovered that Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing even in hard water! I never saw such suds! Never saw my hair so shining clean before, either!" That's what Toni's Soft-Water Shampooing means. Even in hard water it means billows of rich, whipped-cream suds that leave your hair shimmering clean!

NOW IT'S TONI CREME SHAMPOO FOR TWO!

Yes, it's Toni and only Toni for both the Ring twins from now on. Because Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! That creamy-thick lather rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Leaves your hair fragrantly clean, gloriously soft! And Toni Creme Shampoo helps your permanent to "take" better—look lovelier longer. Get a jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. See it work the magic of Soft-Water Shampooing on your hair!

Enriched with Lanolin

WIN A PRESENT FROM A STAR

Janet Leigh's gift—a "Little Women" dress by Lanz, size 13

Spencer Tracy special: Rima automatic self-winding wrist watch

On display from Deborah Kerr—a Ronson table lighter set

George Murphy's prize preference—a Ronson pencil lighter

For contest details see page 38.
Not since the ever famous "Kitty" has Paramount brought you Paulette Goddard in a picture as spectacular as this adventure-filled story of the strangest bridal night in history.

"Bride of Vengeance"

A Paramount Picture Starring

Paulette Goddard • John Macdonald

Lund • Carey

A Mitchell Leisen production

with Albert Dekker • John Sutton • Raymond Burr

Produced by Richard Maibaum • Directed by Mitchell Leisen

Screenplay by Cyril Hume and Michael Hogan • Additional Dialogue by Clemence Dane • Story by Michael Hogan

SHE married him to destroy him with poison...only to fall in love with him.

HE married her to gain time to build a secret weapon that alone could save his Kingdom, only to fall in love with her.
New Improved Pepsodent Sweeps FILM Away!
Have brighter teeth and cleaner breath in just 7 days or Double Your Money Back!

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. If you feel a slippery coating there—you have FILM!

WHY FILM MUST BE REMOVED
1. FILM collects stains that make teeth look dull
2. FILM harbors germs that breed bad breath
3. FILM glues acid to your teeth
4. FILM never lets up—it forms continually on everyone's teeth

Now Faster Foaming!
Make this 7-Day Pepsodent Test!
In just one week, new improved Pepsodent will bring a thrilling brightness to your teeth, new freshness to your breath—or we'll return twice what you paid!

New Pepsodent Tooth Paste foams wonderfully—goes to work faster, fighting film and its harmful effects: (1) Pepsodent makes short work of discoloring stains that collect on film. (2) It routs film's "bad breath" germs that cause food particles to decay. (3) Pepsodent's film-removing action helps protect you from acid produced by germs that lurk in film. This acid, many dentists agree, is the cause of tooth decay. (4) Film forms continually. Remove it regularly and quickly with Pepsodent.

Try New Pepsodent on our double-your-money-back guarantee. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula! No other tooth paste contains Irium—or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. For the safety of your smile, use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!
Use New Pepsodent with Irium for just 7 days. If you're not completely convinced it gives you cleaner breath and brighter teeth, mail unused portion of tube to Pepsodent, Division Lever Bros. Co. Dept. G, Chicago, III.—and you'll receive double your money back, plus postage. Offer expires August 31, 1949.

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Gift for those gala occasions—Liz Taylor's Ceil Chapman gown

Clark Gable offers you a sporting chance—his own Winchester gun

Winner takes all—Coro costume jewelry set from Judy Garland

For contest details see page 38.
'Mildred Pierce' does it again... and everybody tells!

Joan Crawford

"See you on Flamingo Road"

A wrong girl for the right side of the tracks!

Joan Crawford

Flamingo Road

Also starring:
Zachary Scott, Sydney Greenstreet, David Brian

Screen play by Robert Wilder
Additional dialogue by Edmund H. North
Based on a play by Robert and Sally Wilder

Directed by Michael Curtiz
Produced by Jerry Wald

Warner Bros.
He Needs a Man-to-Man Talk!

Okay, Junior. Let's have it. If you know what's made me a lost cause with Julie, don't keep it a secret.

Well, man to man, it's the old bad breath angle, Joe. So, how's for seeing your dentist?

To combat bad breath, I recommend Colgate Dental Cream. For scientific tests prove that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate instantly stops bad breath that originates in the mouth.

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

Later—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

Since I got the Colgate pitch, Julies' tempers done a switch!

Colgate Dental Cream
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

Colgate
Always use
Colgate Dental Cream
after you eat and before every date

Win a Present from a Star

Prize catch—Spalding outfit like Jim Stewart's in "Stratton Story"

Keenan Wynn shows Ricardo Montalban prize Adonis lighter

Marjorie Reynolds admires Katie Grayson's gift—an Ingber bag

Waiting for a winner—Kenneth Hopkins hat from Cyd Charisse

For contest details see page 38.
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

JENNIFER JONES • JOHN GARFIELD

PEDRO ARMENDARIZ in JOHN HUSTON'S

WE WERE STRANGERS

with Gilbert Roland • Ramon Novarro • Wally Cassell • David Bond

Screen Play by PETER VIERTEL and JOHN HUSTON from Robert Sylvester's novel, "ROUGH SKETCH" • AN HORIZON PRODUCTION • Directed by JOHN HUSTON • Produced by S. P. EAGLE
For manicure perfection...

La Cross
Cuticle Nippers

So easy to use...
razor keen yet gentle,
La Cross nippers
frame your nails
cleanly, evenly. $4.00

Smart hands are reaching for

For contest details see page 38.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Screen Players Corp. presents

KIRK DOUGLAS
in Ring Lardner's
"CHAMPION"
Co-starring

Marilyn Maxwell • Arthur Kennedy
with Paul Stewart • Ruth Roman • Lola Albright
Produced by Stanley Kramer
Associate Producer Robert Stilman • Directed by Mark Robson
Screenplay by Carl Foreman • Released thru United Artists
INSIDE STUFF
Cal York's Gossip Of Hollywood

Hollywood Is Talking About: The threat of Gene Kelly to quit acting for directing ... The solid philosophy of Doris Day who doesn't seem the type ... The speculation as to whether the English will go for Frankie Sinatra, who appears at the Palladium this summer ... The return of John Garfield and Jimmy Cagney to their alma mater, Warner Brothers, after each had fought like steers for their release ... The disappointment of Garfield, starring in the Clifford Odets play “The Big Knife,” and the terrific hit of Lee J. Cobb (relegated to mere character parts in movies) in “Death of a Salesman” ... The oddity in the Franchot Tone menage with Mrs. Tone (Jean Wallace) constantly bemoaning her great love for Franchot, the man she is in the process of divorcing while both live in the same house ... The not-too-kidding sarcasm Bob Hope lavishes on a radio bit player who reads a line well, and the encouragement given a good line reader by Jack Benny.

Set Going: One of the longest scenes we’ve witnessed was about to be filmed when we stepped onto the “The File on Thelma Jordan” set. Character actor Stanley Ridges stood before judge and jury and, in eight pages of typed dialogue, defended Barbara Stanwyck alias Thelma Jordan.

Barbara, gray hair softening her lovely face, sat entranced throughout the rehearsals. A prodigious worker, Stanwyck never lets down a minute. We thought at first the graying hair was all a part of the role but learned later it is quite natural and Barbara will permit no touch-up of any kind. Too bad the camera fails to catch its surprising loveliness.

The elderly, business-man type of judge interested us. Imagine our surprise to learn that he was Basil Ruysdael who for years had offered up those auctioneer chants on the “Hit Parade” program. The quiet calm of “Judge” Ruysdael seemed not to fit the tobacco chanter.

(Continued on page 15)
Harry James's birthday put Betty Grable in a dancing role with her husband—at a Ciro celebration for two

Mickey Rooney wasn't around but he's in the picture for Martha Vickers, with Douglas Dick at Beverly Wilshire

Andie Murphy signs while Wanda Hendrix smiles at "Bad Boy" premiere. Proceeds went to Variety Boys Club

Christening of Pamela Allyson Powell called for a party from parents, Dick and June, with guest John Payne
INSIDE STUFF

Reporting the 21st Academy Awards

An enviable third at any party: Oscar wasn’t left behind when Lew Ayres and Jane Wyman, who won Award for “Johnny Belinda,” went to Jack Warner party at Mocambo

Trio of triumph: Evelyn Keyes (Mrs. John Huston) and Doug Fairbanks Jr., who accepted Awards for Laurence Olivier, presented by 1947 winner, Loretta Young

To the victor—an Oscar from Deborah Kerr. John Huston received two Awards for “Treasure of the Sierra Madre”—one for best screen play, the other for best direction
Another Huston was honored when John's father, Walter, was presented with Oscar for best performance in a supporting role by last year's winner, Celeste Holm.

A gift to gladden any girl's heart: Edmund Gwenn who won for "Miracle on 34th Street" last year, presents Claire Trevor with Award for best supporting role in 1948.

Academy Awards: Following this year's presentation of the Academy Awards, it looked as if there would be no more Oscars. The day after the Awards, Jean Hersholt, President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, announced that the motion picture companies would no longer support these annual presentations. Whereupon, there was great dismay. Some said the executives of the motion picture companies were withdrawing their financial support because "Hamlet," a British production, was voted the finest picture of the past year. Subsequently, this was denied by the movie companies, who insisted they had declared their intention to discontinue their Award support as long ago as last autumn.

Now, with the cost of the presentations borne in some other way, it seems almost certain the annual Awards will continue. Which is as it should be. It would be a great pity if Hollywood no longer was to know the deep satisfaction that comes to actors and actresses when they are honored by those in their profession. Certainly, the night of the Awards is always a great occasion—and this year was no exception.

Jane Wyman, in a simple white crepe gown, climbed the steps to the stage of the Academy Theater and accepted her Oscar for giving the best performance of the year as the deaf-mute in "Johnny Belinda."

"I accept this very gratefully for keeping my mouth shut, once. I think I will do it again," Jane said and broke a little, amidst the applause that rocked the theater. And just as enthusiastic was the applause for Sir Laurence Olivier, absent in England, who won, as Hamlet, the best acting award of the year.

Streamlined and shorn of the glamour and nostalgic sentimentality that high-lighted former Awards, the Academy officers (with Robert Montgomery as master of ceremonies) spoke briefly and to the point. From the moment the curtains parted, revealing a long row of gleaming golden Oscars beneath a giant replica, the presentations were short and sweet.


Out front, Glenn Davis seemed dazzled with the beauty of Elizabeth Taylor in a hoop-skirted gown. Howard Duff wandered up and down the aisles, before the curtains parted, complaining, "Somewhere I've lost a girl." No one seemed to know whom. Barbara Stanwyck, a nominee for "Sorry, Wrong Number," was first to join the applause that greeted Jane, the winner.

Olivia de Havilland, another nominee, notified the Academy only a few hours previous that her doctor forbade her to attend. Sympathy went out to Olivia, who turned in a masterpiece of acting as the deranged woman in "The Snake Pit," because of the grave illness she is suffering during her pregnancy.

Sitting together were father and son, Walter and John Huston. Pride shone in John's eyes when his father accepted his Oscar for winning the best supporting actor award in his son's film, "Treasure of the Sierra Madre." But when young Huston was called twice to the stage to win Oscars for the best written screen play and best direction—both for "Treasure of the Sierra Madre"—Walter was deeply moved.

Jane Russell sang "Buttons and Bows," which won for the best song. Later at Romanoff's, at a table for two, Jane sat with husband Bob Waterfield. Once she unashamedly wrapped her arms about Bob, who gave every appearance of being a happy man.

Just as happy was producer Milton Bren when his lovely wife Claire Trevor won an Oscar for her supporting role in "Key Largo."
Are you really Lovely to Love?

try the test below

Have you ever wondered if you are as lovely as you could be—are you completely sure of your charm? Your deodorant can be the difference...and you will never know how lovely you can be until you use Fresh.

Fresh is so completely effective, yet so easy and pleasant to use...Different from any deodorant you have ever tried. Prove this to yourself with the free jar of creamy, smooth Fresh we will send you. Test it. Write to Fresh, Chrysler Building, New York, for your free jar.

The Johnnie Johnstons (Kathryn Grayson) stop for a quick chat with handsome Ronald Colman at Academy Awards

The Toppings: “This is the Miami Maritime operator,” the voice said over the phone, and in a few seconds Cal was saying excited hello’s to Bob Topping and his wife, Lana Turner, who were calling from their yacht “Snuffie,” off the Florida coast.

Lana sounded happy and content. Despite all the printed items that she is scheduled for this or that picture, Lana assured us she had had no definite word of return from M-G-M but would come back when called. With Lana just about number one girl at the studio, it shouldn’t be too long.

They were headed for Nassau, Bob told us, and other ports of call. Certainly it seemed a romantic jaunt on the beautiful Topping yacht. But it made Cal homesick for his friends again.

A night or two later, we dined with Mildred Turner and Cheryl, Lana’s mother and daughter, at their Brentwood home. Cheryl was proudly displaying her “all well” arm, broken in Connecticut but now free of its cast.

Mildred and Cheryl will occupy Lana’s small house until the Toppings return and find a larger one. And Cal could tell from their voices, they’ll be glad to have Lana and Bob home again.

Around Town: With Cleatus Hutton, nervous and anxious, to the pre-opening showing of Jack Kirkland’s play, “Mr. Adam,” starring her husband Robert Hutton, the Dennis O’Keeffes, the Don DeFores, Lucille Ball and many others applauding Robert’s fine performance... Jules Stein astonishing us all with a camera that takes a picture with no flash bulb and develops the film inside the camera within a minute. Cal, director Mervyn LeRoy, his cute wife Kitty and Look’s publisher, Lester Cowles, admiring the picture Jules snapped of us.

Betty—Bede—Sherry: With Dell; her generously proportioned cook, her daughter Bede (short for Barbara) and nurse, Bette Davis took off by train for Florida. William Sherry, her artist husband, preceded his family in the station wagon loaded with his canvases. Sherry is to have an exhibition of his work at the (Continued on page 21)
DAY after Edward Arnold's wife sued him for divorce he started work in a movie titled "Dear Wife."

They were burning Ingrid Bergman at a Saturday matinee of "Joan of Arc." A youngster in the fifth row broke up the audience yelling: "They wouldn't get away with that if Roy Rogers was there!"

Sign in a Hollywood Boulevard corset shop: "The world may be in bad shape, but you don't have to be."

Motto on the wall of a Hollywood dramatic school: "Better a small role than a long loaf."

Quote: "I've got four brothers—three live and one transcribed."—Bob Crosby.

Sign in Las Vegas: "Marriage Chapel." Then in small type below, "Reconciliation Consultant."

Realism: A stunt man was hired to fall down a long flight of stairs for a film scene. He tried it once, but the director, the late Victor Fleming, didn't like it. So Fleming climbed the stairs and said he would show the stunt man exactly what he wanted. He fell, landed with a heavy thud and didn't get up.

"See," he said, rising up on one elbow, "that's exactly what I want. Now do it that way. And call an ambulance for me. I think I broke my leg." He had.

Overheard: "She's heading for Las Vegas. I hear she's got an ex to grind."

Sam Goldwyn once introduced George Jessel at a Hollywood banquet with: "Jessel has been around so long, there's a story that he's the actor who shot Lincoln. But if Lincoln had heard Jessel sing, it would have been the other way around."

Claude Jarman to Elizabeth Taylor: "Wait! You get a load of me in my wolf pants."

"Wolf pants?" blinked Elizabeth. "What are they?"

"Corduroy, they whistle while I walk."

A film producer was having an argument with his nephew who had been on his payroll for many years. The battle raged for some time until finally the producer yelled: "Stop shouting at me. Calm down. Keep my shirt on."

Sign in Las Vegas: "Marriage Chapel."

There is no chewing gum more dependable for fine flavor and uniform high quality than Beech-Nut... Beech-Nut GUM It's "Always Refreshing."

Beech-Nut BEECHIES, the Candy Coated Chewing Gum in three varieties: PEPPERMINT, PEPSIN and SPEARMINT.
Goldilocks and the Three Spoons

Once upon a time Goldilocks was out buying her silverplate and she came to a store that showed her three spoons. One spoon was an ordinary spoon with no form of wear protection at all.

It was a Holmes & Edwards Spoon... and like all the most used spoons and forks in this really finer silverplate—it was In-laid with two blocks of Sterling Silver at the backs of bowls and handles to stay lovelier longer.

When she heard this, Goldilocks ran all the way home... with her beautiful new chest of Holmes & Edwards, of course!

T he next spoon she saw was one of the extra-plated kinds. But the third spoon was something extra special. It had these

Cheers and Jeers:

Orchids to Lonella Parsons. Her story, "They've Had to Take It," concerning the Van Johnsons, was really something. It's time someone woke the public up to the fact that everyone doesn't put their career ahead of happiness. Van is a good actor and, just because some people are envious, they start a lot of silly gossip. Maybe someday they will learn though it is doubtful.

Billy Young
Sargent, Ga.

In your March Photoplay, you printed an article by Herb Howe, "Return of the Torsos." Does Mr. Howe realize that in his choice of male stars with better torsos, he completely left out the two most beautiful physiques in Hollywood? They are Bob Mitchum and Kirk Douglas.

How Errol Flynn or Alan Ladd even got in this category. I'll never know, but they certainly don't compare with Mitchum or Douglas.

Marlene Truckey
Seattle, Wash.

Why doesn't anyone ever write a letter about June Haver? She is much cuter than Jeanne Crain. She can act, sing and dance better than Betty Grable.

Doris E. Brown
Plainfield, N. J.

Casting:

When I read in March Photoplay that Elizabeth Taylor was starred as Robert Taylor's wife in "Conspirator," I was disgusted. It doesn't make good sense that a girl of sixteen should be co-starred with a man almost forty. Is Hollywood so short of adult actresses that they must pluck them from the cradle?

Miss J. Weimer
Cherokee, Iowa.

Why must they always stick that John Agar in every picture with Shirley just because they're married? Certainly they know he can't act. I think Shirley can do all right by herself in the pictures.

Karolyn F. Altmann
Arcade, N. Y.

Gold Medal Award Talk:

I enjoyed reading your March issue of Photoplay very much, especially the article about the Gold Medal Winners.

The day after the Awards dinner, I read in my newspaper that Mr. Crosby did not even have the decency to show up to receive his award. I think that if the people take the time to choose their favorite stars, the stars ought to take the time to receive them with honor and humility.

If I give the impression of not liking Mr. Crosby, it is a false impression because I do thoroughly enjoy his movies and he is worthy of the Awards.

Ruth E. Silver
Los Angeles, Cal.
Once again Photoplay wins new laurels as the nation's top movie magazine! I'm speaking of the Gold Medal Awards.

When it comes time for the next Gold Medal Awards to be presented, I predict that Lana Turner will not only be one of the "Top Five" actresses, but that Lana's popularity will reach an all-time high.

RICHARD ARNOLD JR.
La Plata, Mo.

Do you know that one of your Gold Medal winners, Ingrid Bergman, recently issued a statement saying she would not send out anymore fan photos or give anymore autographs? Now, you tell me just where would Miss Bergman be, if it were not for her loyal fans?

I, for one, will not see any more of Miss Bergman's pictures, not even "Joan of Arc," which I so much wanted to see, until Miss Bergman wakes up and pays attention to her public.

ROBERT DORSEY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Question Box:

I read that Glenn Ford always uses the letters OPC. Can you tell me what those letters mean?

PHYLLIS ANN RUSSO
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(The initials OPC are a good luck omen with Glenn Ford which he refuses to tell anyone about, even his family. He sees to it that these initials appear in some way in all his pictures. The studio says that since the rest of Glenn Ford's life is an open book, he is entitled to this one secret.)

Would you please tell me who played the part of the radio control man on the airport in "Fighter Squadron"? Has he ever been married?

NORA SWIGGUM
Eau Claire, Wis.

(Bill Cabanne, twenty-six years old, is simple. He is six-feet-tall, has brown hair, blue eyes. He is not under contract to a studio, but will be doing films for television and has tentative plans for pictures.)

Yesterday I saw "Jungle Patrol" starring Arthur Franz and Kristine Miller. Would you please tell me if this is a new picture? Is Arthur Franz a new star?

PENNY REAMER
Chicago, Ill.

("Jungle Patrol" is a new film. Arthur Franz comes to Hollywood by way of the theater. He was last seen as Major Jenks in the Broadway production of "Command Decision.")

There has been quite a difference in opinion as to who actually ran away with Addie Ross (in "A Letter to Three Wives"), as the picture did end rather abruptly. Please let us know which husband ran away with her.

PEGGY NELSON
Denver, Colo.

(Peter Hollingway (Paul Douglas) ran off with Addie Ross. However, as Douglas says in the end, "A man can change his mind, can't he?" So, at the end, all three wives had their husbands.)

Tonight!..Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo

No other shampoo gives you the same magical secret-blend lather plus kindly LANOLIN...for true hair beauty.

Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, tonight, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—and you—will love the loveliness results in your hair.
Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate’s exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

Ringing Galleries in Sarasota.
After the showing, the Sherrys will trek to New York and a look at the shows. According to Bette, they will stay at a hotel within her husband's price range. Living simply is not new to Bette, whose French Normandy home, overlooking the Pacific at Laguna, is comfortable, but not rich. All the contents of her Butternut Farm home have been placed in her permanent home by the sea and the result, regardless of conflict between Normandy architecture and Old English furnishings, is charming.

The Holdens: Out the Valley in a stone house that once belonged to Leon Errol, lives one of the nicest families in Hollywood, or anywhere, for that matter. In fact, Bill Holden, who came back to the screen in "Dear Ruth," after four years in the Army, and his dark-eyed, intelligent wife Brenda Marshall, have founded a real institution in their nine years of marriage.

The evening Bill went to their home for dinner, Bill was adjusting the television set for his two small sons, West and Scott, and nine-year-old Virginia, Brenda's daughter by a former marriage.

All the charm of a secure and happy home life is theirs. Bill, in soft, white, tie-less shirt and lounge suit after a hard day at the Columbia ranch making "Miss Grant Takes Richmond," was quietly getting his flock around the television set, helping Brenda unclasp a cantankerous string of beads and preparing cocktails.

Occasionally, Brenda will make a picture with Bill. They're in "Beyond the Sunset," but mostly she's just Mrs. Holden and loves it.

He's an amusing talker. At one point, Cal went off into hysteries at Bill's description of the constant, sort of bewildered, calm his movie roles call for, while all around him characters are engaged in exciting action; Billie De Wolfe clowning, Edward Arnold thundering, someone else fainting. His gestures and take-offs killed us.

One of the first actors to enlist in the Army, Bill emerged a Lieutenant. One of these days we predict he'll emerge a star.

Cagney Tells It: Surveying the weeds that crowded the sidewalk in front of his property, Jimmy Cagney decided to do something about them. "I'm going down there and clear them out myself," he informed Mrs. Cagney.

Alan Jenkins driving by stopped for a chat with his old friend, and as the two rested behind the hedge and chatted while the blonde drove back and forth. When Jimmy returned to the house his wife called to him, "Did you see Jeanne all right?" she asked.

"Jeanne?"

"Yes, your sister, Jeanne. She telephoned she had to see you about something important and I told her I thought she could find you outside somewhere."

Jimmy quietly sneaked to the telephone. "Alan," he said, "don't say anything about my blonde admirer, will you? It was my sister looking for me." Alan could be heard bowling a block away.

Happy Anniversary: It was Alan Ladd's seventh wedding anniversary, the day Cal visited the "After Midnight" set, and what a sight was the happy husband, in a grimy, bloodstained suit, wearing a raw, bleeding wound on his forehead, with a matching one behind his ear, courtesy of red make-up, of course.

"Now don't say, if this is what seven years of marriage does . . ." he grinned, and we promised, if he'd tell us what gifts he and Sue exchanged.

"Living room drapes and bathroom tiles," he said, with emphasis. And he meant it. For the Ladds, deep in the midst of building their first house, are putting all their thoughts and dollars into the project.

Ronnie's magnetic! Here he's turning the heads of lovely Liz Taylor and her escort Glenn Davis while his wife looks elsewhere.

★ Born in Lucerne, New York, with a twinkle in her eye and rhythm in her feet, June Allyson was an avid movie fan who would see musicals dozens of times over. Her enthusiasm led her to start dancing herself, without benefit of teacher.

★ After graduating from high school she tried Broadway—and it should surprise no one that she was a success. After learning the ropes in the chorus line, she was given The Big Chance, a solo. She turned out to be a sure-fire show-stopper.

★ That won her an M-G-M contract, and she appeared in several hit musicals including "Meet The People." It was while working on this picture that she met Dick Powell, whom she married on August 19, 1945.

★ You'll remember June as the acting-singing-dancing lead in "Two Girls and a Sailor," and her fine performance in "Music for Millions." Then came her biggest success up to that time, "Two Sisters from Boston." For her reward, starlady Hollywood's top-most hungry achieved, she added to her laurels by her performances in "Good News" and "Words and Music."

★ June Allyson is gaining a well-earned reputation as one of Hollywood's most versatile young stars. Before her fine dramatic acting in "The Three Musketeers" and "Little Women," she proved herself a delightful comedienne in "The Bride Goes Wild." Hers is a vital, appealing personality that lends radiance to any role.

★ One of Hollywood's friendliest people, June is unaffected, sincere, brimming over with energy. A mere description of her—blonde hair, blue eyes, a diminutive five feet one, 97 pounds—hardly hints at her charm. You'll find her more radiant than ever in that true-life romance, "The Stratton Story," in which she is ideally teamed with Jimmy Stewart. We urge you to see it.

Watch for her next M-G-M film hit "THE STRATTON STORY" *
Dear Miss Colbert:
I have been married for five months and we are building our own home. Maybe this building is a wasted effort, because my husband and I are not getting along well. We live with his parents. No matter what I do, my husband criticizes me because I have not done whatever it is, exactly as his mother and sister do it. They comb their hair a certain way, cook a certain way, talk a certain way, and I'm supposed to copy them. How can I explain to my husband that I have a right to do things my own way?

Mrs. Hazel R. B.

It is obvious that every person in the world should have the inalienable right to be an individual and to do things in an individual way. However, in your case, sticking stubbly hair to your own scalp is likely to cost you your husband. Why not face the fact that there are always a dozen ways to do a certain task, and that the method really doesn't matter so long as the task is accomplished?

I don't think it is the actual doing of things in the ways of your mother-in-law and sister-in-law that exasperates you; it could be, of course, that you are jealous of your husband's implied admiration of his family. Consider this and if it is true conquer that jealousy at once.

Incidentally, there is a good chance that when you move into your own house, your husband's attitude will be entirely different. If you keep a lovely home for him, he will be proud of you and perhaps bore his family singing your praises!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
My wife and I have been married for nearly three years, and we have a nice little girl who is six months old. My wife is a good housekeeper, a saving soul, a fine mother, and in every way is wonderful. I have a technical job that I like, and I believe I can see a long, comfortable future stretching out for us.

You may think that if I'm such a happy clam, why am I writing you, so I had better explain: I can't think of anything to talk about when I am with my wife. She is the quiet type, too, so sometimes we will spend an entire evening together without exchanging more than two or three sentences. Sometimes I try to tell her something that has happened at the shop, but once I get started I become so nervous, I cut the story short, ruining it.

I want to tell my wife what a good person she is, and I want to share my experiences, but I am stopped before I get started.

Ford S.

(Continued on page 24)

Quite naturally, when a product appears which is completely unlike past methods, your first thought may be “Is it really meant for me?” or “I wonder if I am any different”... Well, Tampax is just such a revolutionary product in the field of monthly sanitary protection—and here are some facts to help you make up your mind about it.

Tampax has been adopted by millions (yes, millions) of women. Very popular among trained nurses for their personal use. Invented by a physician; designed to be worn internally. Only one-ninth the bulk of older kinds. No belts, no pins, no external pads. Causes no odor, no chafing. No bother to dispose of.

°Tampax relieves embarrassment and mental strain at such times for all classes of women—college students, secretaries, housewives, nurses, vacationers...Buy Tampax today at your drug or notion counter. It's made of pure surgical cotton contained in patented individual applicators. Three absorbency-sizes for varying needs. Full month's average supply goes into purse. (Also 4-months economy box.) Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
Alexandria Knox • Ann Sothern
in
The Judge Steps Out

with
George Tobias • Sharyn Moffett • Florence Bates • Frieda Inescort • Myrna Dell

Produced by Michel KRAIKE • Directed by BORIS INGSTER
Screen Play by BORIS INGSTER and ALEXANDER KNOX
Be comforted. The simple truth of the matter is that ninety percent of the words spoken in his world are said with wasted breath. If you will listen to run-of-the-mill conversation, you will find that a very little of it is worth repeating. Don’t regret your inarticulateness; learn to turn it to your advantage.

Remember too, that your wife has been at home all day, keeping house, so she needs a glimpse of the outside world. You can bring that to her. Forget yourself and think only of what would make her smile, of what would interest her.

The old saying, “Actions speak louder than words,” is still good sense. If a man is affectionate and eager to please his wife, she doesn’t need long speeches about love—she knows she is loved.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a very happy expectant mother, except for one thing. I dread going anywhere in our car because my husband drives so fast. He swerves from lane to lane, turns corners on two wheels, and takes long chances at intersections.

I have tried, in a nice way, to make him realize how this terrifies me. When I say anything about it, he says he knows what he is doing and that he is not going to have me (because I don’t know how to drive) telling him how to manage a car.

Do you have a suggestion which might correct my husband’s attitude?

Mrs. James E. O.

Anyone who drives recklessly, at high speeds, on our congested highways is simply gambling with time; sooner or later he is going to hurt or kill himself, the occupants of his car, and maybe the occupants of another automobile.

It seems to me that the only thing you can do at the moment to save arguments (which are bad for your condition) is to refuse to ride with your husband until he has learned that he is not the only person on the road.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a frequent motion picture patron, that is, I try to see at least one picture a week. My taste is universal; I like musicals, comedies, horror pictures. Westerns, anything, as long as the actors are talented (how many are not?) and the script is one I can’t predict after the first reel.

Hollywood’s documentaries are frequently excellent; their persuasive power cannot be denied. Which brings me to my peeve: Why won’t Hollywood portray

(Continued on page 26)

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

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she’ll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.
If you want others to admire your hair... if you want to keep it looking its healthy best... be on guard against infectious dandruff which can so quickly play hob with it.

Simply make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing routine as countless fastidious women do (men, too). It's simple, delightful, efficient.

Infectious dandruff is often easy to catch, hard to get rid of. You can pick it up from seat backs in cars and buses, or in trying on a hat, or from a borrowed comb. Its early symptoms—flakes and scales—are a warning not to be ignored. You see, infectious dandruff is usually accompanied by the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale). Many dermatologists look upon it as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Listerine Antiseptic kills the "bottle bacillus" by millions on scalp and hair. That's why it's such a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff... why you should make it a part of your regular hair-washing—no matter what kind of shampoo you use.

Even when infectious dandruff has a head start, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic is wonderfully helpful. Flakes and scales begin to disappear, itching is alleviated, and your scalp feels marvelously clean from that antiseptic action. In clinical tests, twice-a-day use brought marked improvement in dandruff symptoms within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

* LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

THE TREATMENT—Women: Part hair, all over the scalp and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger-tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. Men: Douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?
marriage as it is, instead of glorifying it?

Why don’t you tell the truth: That most marriages consist of a constant and thinly veiled hostility between two people who blame one another for every misery in the world. Why don’t you show a curled woman across the breakfast table from a bewhiskered man? Why don’t you show

the ugliness, the cruelty, the selfishness, the deceit, the grinding poverty and the ultimate defeat of most family lives? I have to laugh at moralists shrieking about divorce and insisting that the home is the cornerstone of civilization. Maybe that’s why civilization is in its present state.

How about making a picture about a woman caught in a loveless marriage, caught by two ugly, stupid children, caught by the degrading daily drudgery of washing, scrubbing, cooking, mending, and don’t let Joseph Cotten turn out to be the Rural Free Delivery man on your route, either!

(Mrs.) Ada Z.

The reason Hollywood does not make

the picture you suggest is simple: No one would go to see it. Hollywood, like your own husband, works to make money, not to scare away every possible customer.

It’s true that there are thousands of bad marriages in the world; it is also true that there is no law in this country saying that every individual must marry. Every man and every woman has a choice.

I think you wrote to use only from the depths of your own misery, yet you need not be miserable. Your letter is that of an intelligent woman. If you loathe your lot, try to do something about it.

I have one suggestion: See your doctor, tell him what you told me. He will give you medical assistance toward a happier frame of mind, and with a rosier outlook, perhaps you can adjust your life to nearer Hollywood standards of, well, bliss or a reasonable facsimile, instead of wanting Hollywood to adjust to you.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and a junior in high school.

During my four weeks’ vacation, my “best” girl friend wrote to me every day.

I answered almost every day. I told her all about the parties, about the new boys I met, about learning to do my hair a new way, etc. She wrote me all about the gossip around town, such things as who was going steady with whom, who had quarreled, who had a new dress; you know the sort of stuff. I commented very freely on these things.

When I came home, I discovered that I was almost as popular as a Communist.

This girl had passed my letters around to everyone, especially to those whose names were mentioned in the letters. Now what shall I do?

Valerie M.

This is one you’re going to have to charge up to profit and loss; Profit, in that you should have learned from this experience, that nothing should ever be written in a letter to a “friend” that you wouldn’t like to see posted on the bulletin board at the post office; loss, in that it is going to be very difficult for you to win back those fellow students whom you criticized or ridiculed.

Incidentally, you should resist the temptation to blab your girl “friend” to everyone who will listen. Keep quiet about her. If someone asks if you are still friends, say calmly, “No, but I don’t wish to discuss it.” And don’t discuss it. There is strength in silence.

Claudette Colbert

JACQUELINE DANIELS

“Ada Annie” in “Oklahoma”

Want your complexion to have the youthful, new “freshly-scrubbed” look? Simply smooth on Magic Touch. Use no powder! Magic Touch alone gives that luminous look of dewy-fresh perfection.

CANDY JONES, Director Convoyer Career Girls

Or do you want the sophisticated look of velvety smoothness? Smooth on Magic Touch (you apply it with your fingertips—no sponge, no water needed). Then, dust on your favorite face powder.

Whichever you choose, you’ll never know how pretty you can be until you try Magic Touch—thrilling new cream make-up. Large size compact $1. Trial size 39c. FREE Beauty Booklet of make-up secrets. Write Campana Sales Company, 1200 Lincolnway, Batavia, Ill.
CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE—RKO: Dr. Sheldon, Robert Young; Dona Sheldon, Shirley Temple; Tom Wade, John Agar; Mr. Fletcher, Albert Sharpe; Mrs. Sheldon, Josephine Hutchinson; Mr. Stevens, Charles Kemper; Gene Sheldon, Johnny Sands; Mr. Eckert, John Mijais; H. H. Hamilton, Norman Varney; Bernice Eckert, Carol Brannan; Fred Bechard, Charles Smith; Mrs. Eckert, Josephine Whittell; Sue Sheldon, Pat Brady; Mark Sheldon, Gregory Marshall; Sally Wilson, Patz Creggton.

ARCTIC MANHUNT—U-I: Mike Jareau, Mikel Conrad; Navana, Carol Thurston; Qwnnea, Quinnia; Tonya, Wally Cassell; Lula, Helen Brown; Harry Howard Nogley; Lester; Harry Harvey; Landers; Russ Conway; Hotel Clerk, Paul E. Burns; Cop, Jack Douglas; Jack George; Nakowitz; Rosa Turri; Mall Man, Herbert Heywood.

BRIDE OF VENGEANCE—Paramount: Alfonso D'Estr, Duke of Ferrara; John Lund, Lucie Borin; Paulette Goddard; Cesare Borgia, Macdonald Carey; Michelangelo, Raymond Burr; Isanno, Donald Randolph; Panciotti, Albert Dekker; Isnardo, Charles D. Brown; Capt., of the Guard, Anthony Caruso; Nefligent Servant, Dick Fowle; Prince Biragucc; John Sutton; Count Bernardi, William Farnum; Gemma, Lucietta's maid; Kate Graney Lawson; Chamberlina, Nicholas Joy; Felippa, Franz Leiber; The False Physician, Dina Spereri; Gigno, Court musician, George Zoritch; Gaupe's Herald, John Vosper; The Mayor, Nestor Paiva; Frank Pul, Frank Puglia; Lady Elamanta of Mustina, Rose Hobart; Counsellor of the City of Ferrara, Ian Wolfe; Houseley Stevenson, Robert Greig, John Beddoe.

CHAMPION—ScreenPLAYS: Myke Kelly, Kirk Douglas; Grace Diamond, Marilyn Maxwell; Cowie Kelly, Arthur Kennedy; Tommy Halcy, Paul Stewart; Emina Bryce, Ruth Ronan; Mrs. Harris ("Pam"), Lola Albright; Jr., Mary Harris, Luis Van Rooten; Johnny Dunn, John Day; Lew Bryce, Harry Shannon.

CITY ACROSS THE RIVER—U-I: Stan Albert, Stephen McNally; Mrs. Cunak, Thelma Ritter; Joe Cunak, Luis Van Rooten; Lt. Macom, Jeff Corey; Alice Cunak, Sharon McManus; Betty, Sue England; Mitch, Anthony Curtis; Lucy, Mickey Knox; Ruth, Richard Jaceck; Annie Kane, Barbara Whiting; Cappy Scette, Richard Benitez; Joan Albert, Ansel Shaw; Mr. Bannom, Robert Osterhol; Selma, Sara Perney; Detective Klein, Al Elson; Sh muy, Joseph Turtell, Frank Cause, Peter Fernandez.

FLAMINGO ROAD—Warner's: Lane Bellamy, Joan Crawford; Fielding Carlisle, Zachary Scott; Titus Simple, Sydney Greenstree; Dan Reynolds, David Brian; Late-Mae Sanders, Gladys George; Annabelle Weldon, Virginia Huston; Doc Waterson, Fred Clark; Millie, Gertrude Michael; Grace, Alice White; Boatwright, Sam MCauley; Pete Ladis, Tito Vuolo.

IMPACT—Pookin-UA: Walter Williams, Brian Donlevy; Marsha Peters, Elia Roun; Lt. Quincy, Charles Conlin; Irene Williams, Helen Walker; Ray, Art Laus, Anna May Wong; Mrs. Peters, Mae Marsh; Jim Terrence, Tony Harrett; Diet Art, William Wright; Capt. Callahan, Robert Warwick; Ah Sing, Philip Ahn; Edgbrook, Art Baker; Br. Benson, Erskine Sanford; Expert, Bill Ruthe; Farmer, Raymond Board; Operator, Linda Johnson; Apt. Manager, Ruth Robinson; Police Sat., Mike Pat Donovan; Reporter, Dick Gordon, Arthur Hecht, W. J. O'Brien, Martin Durkin; Sammy Finn, Tom Martin; Bob, Tom Henry; Board Member, Frank Pershing; Saunders, Lucien Cooke; Delia, Mary Lands; M. V. Driver, Tom Greenway; M. V. Helper, Ben Welton.

MANHANDLED—Paramount: Merle Kramer, Dorothy Lamour; Joe Cooper, Sterling Hayden; Karl Bernard, Don Duryea; Mrs. Alton Bennett, Irene Hervey; Dr. Redman, Harold Verney; Mr. Alton Bennett, Alan Napier; Detective Lient Donna, Art Smroth; Sgt. Faye, Irving Bacon; Goy Daywur, Philip Reed.

MR. BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox: Lynn Belvedere, Clifton Webb; Ellen Baker, Shirley Temple; Bill Chase, Tom Drake; Avery Brubaker, Alan Young; Mrs. Chase, Jessie Rowe Lands; Kay Nelson, Kathleen Hughes; Dr. Gibbs, Taylor Holmes; Corney Whitaker, Alvin Greenman; Dr. Keating, Paul Harvey, Gregory, Harry Kelles, Joe Fisher, Bob Pattie; Hockey, Leo MacGregor, Marian, Helen Wescott; Pratt, Jeff Chandler; McCarthy, Danny Cooper; Sally, Edwedd Eaton; Barbara, Jilly Brubaker; Bette, Kathleen Freeman; Henry, Lotte Stein, Joan Antonacci, Peggo; Call; Nancy, Tudy Topery, Peggy, Elaine Ryan, Isabella; Patrice; Chapman, Fluffy, Joyce Otis; Darce, Leinnie Thomas; Prof. Fox, Reginald Sheffield; Prof. Lindley, Colin Campbell; Miss Cudworth, Katherine Lang; Mrs. Mystic, Isabel Wether, Instructor, Arthur Space; Beanie, Gil Stratton Jr.

OUTPOST IN MOROCCO—Bischoff-UA: Capt. Paul Geyard, George Raft; Cara, Marie Windsor; Luci Geyard, Alain Timari; Cat, Pascal; John Lil, Emir of Bel-Rasad, Eduard Franz; Bamboule, Emus Verebes; Cali Osman, Crane Whitley; Com- mandant Freneux, Damian O'Flynn.

SABRAN—Rank-Eagle Lion: Konstantmack Stewart, Sven Grainger; Sophie Dorothy, Joan Greenwood; Country Plaza, Flora Rohani; TheElectrics, Sonja Henie; Françoise Rosny, The Elector Ernest Augur, Frederick Valk; Prince George Louis, Joan Bull.
Beauty depends on Hold-Bobs

...because HOLD-BOBS really hold. The perfection of this beauty is assured because those perfect curls are formed and held in place gently, yet so very securely, by this truly superior bobby pin. There is nothing finer.

More women use HOLD-BOBS than all other bobby pins combined.
"I dress for a dinner dance... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

PLATTER Filler

By Lester Gottlieb

THE HUMPHREY BOGART RUMBA: Here's the new novelty hit that catalogs all your favorite movie stars and in Latin-American rhyme. Betty Garrett (M-G-M) does a slick job with the tune plus a surprise ending you'll like. Freddy Martin (Victor) gets nostalgic with the same number, reeling off a list of long-forgotten screen names.

DANNY KAYE: Danny has made a new Decca disc worth having. He's revived the timeless "St. Louis Blues" and a cutie from 1912 called "Ballin' the Jack."

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME: "The Right Girl for Me" gets the big play from Gordon MacRae (Capitol) and Sammy Kaye (Victor).

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE: Bing, himself, has waxed all the Burke and Van Heusen tunes for Decca. You'll also like The Modernaires' version of "Busy Doing Nothing" (Columbia), the way Frank Sinatra sings "If You Stub Your Toe" and the ballad, "When Is Sometime?" (Columbia). Dance tempos with the latter tune get Jack Fina interpretation (M-G-M). Art Mooney's band concentrates on "Once and for Always" (M-G-M).

EASTER PARADE: Better late than never, is the best way to welcome the original sound track recordings of this film. The stars, Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Ann Miller and Peter Lawford, recreate their versions of such winners as the title tune, "Steppin' out with My Baby," "A Couple of Swells," "Better Luck Next Time" and "Chasin' the Blues Away."

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE: The tender theme from this beautiful film is exquisitely handled by The King Cole Trio (Capitol).

POPULAR ALBUMS: Lyn Duddy's Swing Choir, a really talented and fresh group, run through a collection of good old Gus Edwards tunes in a new M-G-M collection... Al Goodman and his orchestra play eight beautiful Victor Herbert tunes in a pretty Columbia packet... Capitol issues a single "virtually unbreakable" record for kiddies called "Witch-A-Ma-Jig" sung by Smilin' Ed McConnell and his Buster Brown Gang.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

1. "For a busy day, I love my chic ensemble in contrasting woolens with its matching bonnet. And, of course, I rely on gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream... because I know it protects me from perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!"

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula in a bright new package. Stays creamy smooth too... even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "For a brilliant evening, I remove the jacket and hat, and presto! My dress turns into a new off-the-shoulder formal! I'm confident of my charm all evening, too, thanks to new Odorono Cream... because I find it gives me the most effective protection I've ever known!"

It never harms fine fabrics, and is so gentle you can use it right after shaving! You'll find it the perfect deodorant.

(Now in new 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax)
School days: Shirley Temple discovers college life with Clifton Webb is not according to the curriculum

√√ (F) Mr. Belvedere Goes to College (Twentieth Century-Fox)

ILARIOUS is the word for this sequel to "Sitting Pretty." That's only to be expected, however, with that one-man laugh riot Clifton Webb again portraying the eccentric Lynn Belvedere. Winsome Shirley Temple and likable Tom Drake are on hand this time, making an attractive twosome.

Webb enrolls to win a ten-thousand-dollar literary prize, which he can only claim if he holds a college degree. The ex-baby sitter, author and self-confessed genius intends to complete the four-year course in one year, an unheard of feat. However, as the faculty, students, and his cocky roommate, Alan Young, soon discover, nothing is beyond Webb.

Your Reviewer Says: Wins a diploma for laughs.

√ (F) Saraband (Rank-Eagle Lion)

THIS is an elaborate, handsomely mounted British film of not-so-royal royalty in the 1680's. Stewart Granger and Joan Greenwood are the ill-starred lovers, sacrificed to dynastic ambitions.

Joan movingly portrays Princess Sophie Dorothea who, at sixteen, is married off to middle-aged George Louis (Peter Bull). Mother-in-law Francoise Rosay sees to it that Joan conducts herself as befits the wife of a man who one day will rule England. Life is lonely for Joan until Granger, a soldier of fortune, puts in a daring appearance. Their romance, however, is doomed from the start because of conniving Countess Platen. As played by Flora Robson, she is a diabolically clever creature, whose rage knows no bounds.

Your Reviewer Says: Vivid historical romance.

Big-time drama with small town setting: Joan Crawford and David Brian register as a romantic team

√ (F) Flamingo Road (Warners)

A n amazing actress—Joan Crawford. She lends lustre to every part she plays, she really makes the character live.

This time Joan is a refugee from a carnival. Life has treated her shabbily but she's no quitter, even when confronted by such a formidable foe as Sydney Greenstreet. He's a political boss with high ambitions for his protege, Zachary Scott. It's a spicy concoction of romance and politics which introduces attractive newcomer, David Brian. As the understanding older man in Joan's life, Brian registers in a big way. Scott is convincingly weak-willed, Greenstreet unbelievably villainous while Gladys George plays a brassy but big-hearted owner of a roadhouse.

Your Reviewer Says: A compelling drama.

Shadow

By Elsa Branden

√√√ Outstanding √√ Very good √ Good
F—For the whole family A—For adults
Triple play triumph: Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly and Esther Williams score in tap-happy musical mix-up

✓ (F) Take Me out to the Ball Game (M-G-M)

UPID is the umpire in this Technicolor triple-header with Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly and Esther Williams.

As boss of the ball team, Esther makes all the boys toe the mark and even lady-killer Kelly can’t sweep her off her feet. When not on the diamond, Frank and Gene are wowing the customers as a song-and-dance team.

Betty Garrett is amusing as a man-chasing female; Jules Munshin makes a comical ball player; Edward Arnold is the menace. Apart from his acting chore, the clever Mister Kelly collaborated on the story and staged the musical numbers. The result is a tuneful, enjoyable movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Snappy, happy filmusical.

All in the game: Love takes a beating in realistic fight story featuring Kirk Douglas, Marilyn Maxwell

✓ (F) Champion (Screen Plays-UA)

LONG, loud cheers for the season’s smashing movie of the fight game.

Kirk Douglas, well on the way to being the screen’s most magnetic male, arresting portrays a boy driven by the desire to make something of himself. But he doesn’t care whom he hurts in the process. To the public, Douglas is a hero who has swatted his way to the championship. However, Kirk’s crippled brother, Arthur Kennedy, his loyal manager, Paul Stewart, and his various lady loves have reason to feel otherwise.

These dramatic episodes in the champ’s life are punctuated by highly realistic bouts in the ring. All told, an ably acted and directed picture with Douglas emerging as the winner.

Your Reviewer Says: It’s a knockout!

✓ (F) The Window (RKO)

DISGUISED as a simple story about an over-imaginative little boy, this is actually more exciting than a half dozen Westerns put together. Young Bobby Driscoll draws the plum part. Like the lad in Aesop’s fable, he tells so many tall tales that nobody pays attention when he cries, “Wolf!” His parents, Barbara Hale and Arthur Kennedy, are at their wits’ end because of his constant stream of stories. So when Bobby reports a real murder, they put it down as pure invention. Paul Stewart and Ruth Roman alone know that Bobby is telling the truth and must be silenced.

A different kind of picture, this will hold you spellbound. Bobby is completely believable, while Kennedy and Stewart are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: A fascinating film.

(Continued on page 104)
In Penaten, Woodbury introduces a modern-miracle...a penetrating ingredient newly developed.

Almost unbelievable! Penaten means Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream penetrates deeper into pore openings! Cleanses deeper and cleaner. Seeks out grime and make-up. Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle. Your skin looks cleaner because it's cleaner!

Twin miracle! Penaten helps Woodbury's rich skin softeners penetrate deeper. Seep deeper into pore openings. Skin is smoother, softer—glorious as never before!

Today, get this new, new magic—Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream with Penaten. See the difference—the lovely, lovely difference—in your skin!


Your cleansing tissue proves it!

If your skin's dry...New, Deeper Softening with PENATEN
in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream

A marvel, too!...the velvet beauty that comes to dry skin...through deeper, richer softening! Penaten, in Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream, helps rich, smoothing emollients penetrate into pore openings.

Lanolin's softening benefits go deeper, softening tiny lines...smoothing flaky roughness to fresher, younger-looking beauty.
IT GIVES US GREAT PLEASURE . . .

THIS, the June, 1949, issue of Photoplay is a very special issue.

It is Photoplay's way of thanking an old friend.

This June, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer celebrates its twenty-fifth year of motion picture production.

In the world of films, twenty-five years are a dozen lifetimes . . . the lifetime of the silent films, the career lives of glittering Garbo, John Gilbert, Marie Dressler, Norma Shearer . . . the coming to life of sound, the screen birth of Gable, Garland, Rooney . . . the newer advent of Lana Turner, June Allyson, Gene Kelly, Greer Garson, Esther Williams.

In these twenty-five years, we, who are movie-goers, have been brought hours of laughter and romance, moments to forget worries and tears.

To thank the movie makers, Photoplay offers this anniversary issue. In it you will find a gay history of Metro, Leo the Lion's confessions, a contest of star-giving, nearly two dozen features and rich pages of portraits.

From the cover of June Allyson to the last column of back-of-book type, it is Photoplay saying: Congratulations to Louis B. Mayer and M-G-M for the fine production leadership which for twenty-five years has maintained a standard of the best in motion picture entertainment.

Ted Gammon
Tangled Lives

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

On the "Zaca" in happier days when it looked as if Nora and Errol were sailing in calmer waters

But a sudden change of heart sent Nora to Las Vegas with Dick Haymes to prepare for her divorce
Nora stayed with Errol when the world asked why. The ending should have been

“So they lived happily ever after.”

IF YOU wrote the story of Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington as fiction, I doubt if you could sell it.

Fiction should be plausible. And what is plausible about a man, who is one of the most fascinating, handsome and sought-after in the world, losing a beautiful little former cigarette-stand girl who at one time adored him? She told me once, “Being married to Errol has not been easy. He is a carefree bachelor at heart. But he is the only man in the world for me and I will stick to him, no matter what happens.”

And, because she loved him so much, the man began to change. He forgot about his carefree bachelor days in his pride in his family. He laughed when he was kidded about settling down to home and fireside. They were blessed with two beautiful little girls, to whom they gave the fascinating Irish names of Diedre and Rory.

And the ending of the story of Errol and Nora should have been, “So they lived happily ever after.”

But, somewhere in the middle, the plot went off the track. The girl changed “character” in mid-drama. The same girl, who had said she wanted nothing in life but the man she loved and to be the mother of his children, suddenly walked out on everything that has been dear to her. It doesn’t add up.

Even Errol does not know why his beautiful wife left him and is suing for a quick divorce in Las Vegas! I can tell you this, and many more things straight (Continued on page 72)
Love and a Girl Named Liz

BY ANN MACGREGOR

Seventeen is not an age of reason—it's that romantic age—when falling in love is just a young girl's way of growing up

It seems only yesterday that Elizabeth Taylor was writing slender volumes about a pet chipmunk. And until recently, a photograph of her without a pet was a rarity. But now this is changed. Now, seventeen and an authentic beauty, Elizabeth proves true to her years. She still cares about her pets but she has less time for them. There are men in her life.

There's Glenn Davis to whom she was almost engaged. Glenn was her escort at the Academy Awards, a signal honor certainly. There's Jerome Courtland. Her dates with Jerome usually take them to the movies. She sees Tommy Breen too. She and Tommy like to go for long rides and talk about Life.

There also is William Pauley Jr., whom Elizabeth met at a dance in Florida and who currently is the Taylor's house-guest. Bill seems the man of the moment. But how long this will last is as uncertain as spring and seventeen. For shortly, Bill departs to make way for the Delepinos of London. The Taylors and the Delepinos are old friends. But the fact remains that Mickey Delepino, just twenty-one was Elizabeth's constant escort recently when she was in London. (Continued on page 74)

Liz with her parents: Father took a firm stand when Glenn, in portrait, proposed—paying for that ice cream!

Electric in blue: Elizabeth Taylor of "Conspirator"
Calling all readers for a chance to win—a diamond ring, a flying trip to Hollywood or any one of fifty wonderful prizes

**ENTRY BLANK**

Write a last line for this jingle

For twenty-five years now Leo's roar
Has been the prelude to movies galore.
Long may he reign
In his movie domain

*(Fill in line to rhyme with “roar.”)*

*Example: Proud guardian of stars we adore.*

Fill in the prize for which you are competing and the name of the star who is giving it. Also your name and address and mail to:

Photoplay-Metro Contest, P. O. Box 1448, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

I want the *(name of prize)* from *(name of star)*

Name ........................................ Street ........................................

City ........................................ State ........................................

**A TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY!**

But on this occasion the celebrant—the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios—gives presents instead of receiving them. So win a present from a Metro star!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prizes</th>
<th>Donors</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Prism-Lite diamond ring and gold wedding band</td>
<td>June Allyson</td>
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<tr>
<td>2. &quot;Little Women&quot; dress by Lanz of California, size 13</td>
<td>Janet Leigh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Set of Coro Costume Jewelry</td>
<td>Judy Garland</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. Guitar used in &quot;Border Incident&quot;</td>
<td>Ricardo Montalban</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Purse carried in &quot;The Forsyte Saga&quot;</td>
<td>Greer Garson</td>
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<tr>
<td>6. American Airlinés round trip to Hollywood from airport nearest to your home</td>
<td>Robert Taylor</td>
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<tr>
<td>7. Saks-Fifth Avenue Sweater, size 34</td>
<td>Ava Gardner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Esther Williams-Cole of California Swim-suit worn in &quot;Neptune's Daughter,&quot; size 36</td>
<td>Esther Williams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Topflight Tennis Racquet</td>
<td>Van Johnson</td>
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*(Continued on page 102)*
To make you glow—June Allyson's gift of a Prism-Lite diamond ring, gold wedding band.

You'll have time on your hand if you win Ann Sothern's present—a ladies' Gruen wrist watch.

Ricardo Montalban hits a high note with his gift—the guitar he uses in "Border Incident".

Winning accessory for the line that wins is Betty Garrett's donation of a smart Ingher bag.

The last word for smokers! Walter Pidgeon chose the Ronson Master Case for his prize.

To 3 winners, a set of "Little Women" dolls by Mme. Alexander from Margaret O'Brien.
Greer Garson's gift—the beaded purse she uses in "Forsyte Saga"  
Shugrue

For that lucky line—a Saks Fifth Avenue sweater from Ava Gardner in size 34  
Fink

For the music minded—an autographed album of Jeanette MacDonald's records  
Fink

Graybill
For an original last line—an original Frank Sinatra painting

Dyer
Something to aim for—Topflight tennis racquet will be Van Johnson's prize gift

Graybill
Round trip to Hollywood from Robert Taylor, via American Airlines
From Ann Miller, the Saks Fifth Avenue dancing shoes she wears in "On the Town," in size 7\(\frac{1}{2}\AA\)  
Graybill

Here's your chance to travel in style, courtesy of Peter Lawford—a handsome set of luggage  
Manatt

Don't waste a second trying for this one—a beautiful Gruen wrist watch, with the compliments of Gene Kelly  
Graybill

Smart present for a smart winner—Audrey Totter poses in her donation—an original hat by John-Frederics Graybill
ACE OF HEARTS

BY HERB HOWE

Lawford yearns for the life of a beachcomber while the ladies yearn for the love of Pete

Photographs by Ann MacNamara

PRINCESSES of Hollywood in white mink and diamonds appear to have everything. Actually they suffer cruel want of Heaven’s most precious gift to girlhood—the loving male. Among the young actors, there are not enough Romes measuring up to the Julies’ ideal requirements. To the girls’ piteous wail that there are not enough men in town, Peter retorts there are not girls enough either.

Now on the twilight side of twenty-five, Peter reminisces of the good old days of his teens that he spent with Judy and June and Ava and Lana. As each in turn was snatched into matrimony, he took to brooding on the beach.

Lately, (Continued on page 94)
He believes he looks like his father, in portrait above, but thinks he has his mother's temperament.

Mike Romanoff has a special greeting for Pete, whose taste in food is like his taste in women—discriminating. He receives more letters than any other actor on the studio lot. His next picture will be "The Red Danube."
FROM where I stand, after five years' acquaintance, Jennifer Jones is a dual personality—artist and girl.

A difficult portrait to pen, "the Jones girls." Never will I forget an embarrassing interlude at a dinner party a couple of years ago. During a lull, when one could, or could not, sound quite profound, a young admirer of Jennifer's was full of questions about what Miss Jones was "really like."

"Well, she's . . ." I began, and then I stopped, searching for a suitable capsule comment. Finding none, I turned to another star present who also knew Jennifer.

"Well . . ." he said, and handed it back to me. Between us we made what probably were the two shortest after-dinner speeches ever given.

What is she really like? Artist and girl? I agree with my friend John Huston, who directed Jennifer in "We Were Strangers," and with whom I'm associated in "Quo Vadis." John, full of admiration for Jennifer's sensitive performance in the (Continued on page 76)
Lady with a past

June Allyson

Some things can’t be forgotten—like the orange juice stand, dancing on a dare, those Dick Powell musicals and that taxi ride that took June’s last cent
THIS morning, I wriggled luxuriously in my first pair of real silk pajamas. Then I jumped right out of bed and my feet sank deep in the nice, thick, pink rug on my bedroom floor. “M-m-m-m!” I said, with hearty emphasis.

Sleepily, Richard said, “M-m-m-m, what?”

“Just m-m-m-m! I feel wonderful,” I replied.

“I don’t see how you can be so enthusiastic about getting up,” he chuckled.

I didn’t remind him he’d never gone riding his tricycle in a thunderstorm when he was a boy, had lightning strike a tree so a limb fell, killing his dog and seriously injuring his spine. When that happened to me, once, I had to lie in bed for a long, long time, just dreaming that maybe someday I might again be able to jump out of bed. I don’t remember much about the room. I don’t know if it had a rug on the floor or not. (Continued on page 77)
The Story Of The
M-G-M STUDIOS

BY WYNN ROBERTS

Dreams and jealousies, ambitions and loves, color this history that only a Hollywood studio could produce.

The actual formal celebration of the birth of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer occurred on May 19, 1924, with appropriate grand gestures. It was a definitely exciting occasion, for which plans and amalgamations had long been in the work. The air was full of optimism and happiness, yet nobody could possibly vision what a great institution was being started that lovely spring day.

Yet, it was very glittering. As master of ceremonies, the great Will Rogers rode on a white horse to the center of the broad lawn that lay between the six stages. Just think of it—six stages! What’s more, Will introduced all six of the new M-G-M stars. Just think of that, too—six stars all under contract to one organization. Lights flashed. Cameras ground. History distinctly was being made.

It was super-colossal, the birth of M-G-M, only they didn’t call it super-colossal then. They called it epic. Until that moment, the

Impossible, they said, to equal Lilian Gish—but now there’s Ingrid

Loretta Young — she played adult roles when she was 13

Era of titles: Valentino, Pola Negri, newlyweds Mae Murray, Prince David Mdivani
The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios twenty-five years ago—when six stars under contract to one organization made Hollywood history.

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Louella Parsons, Duke de Santa Mauro visit Marion Davies on set of film.

The boy genius who helped put M-G-M in front studio ranks—the late Irving Thalberg with his wife, Norma Shearer.
idea of any group in Hollywood having six stars and six stages—plus six hundred movie employees all on a single payroll—was as fantastic as it would be to imagine there would ever be found another actress with the spiritual insight and the personal simplicity of Lillian Gish.

This latter speculation was dismissed as completely impossible. Hollywood said there would never be another star with the qualities of Lillian Gish, one of the first of the six M-G-M stars.

So, twenty-five years later, in February, 1949, the actress who possesses exactly this combination of qualities, spiritual insight and personal simplicity, came to her third Photoplay dinner to accept her third Photoplay medal as reward for having the greatest popularity with the public. Ingrid Bergman, of course. And in 1949, also, M-G-M has thirty-one stages, 3500 employees, 76 stars and featured players under contract, and the head of the studio is still Mr. Louis B. Mayer.

In today's Hollywood, a standout fact about Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the manner in which it has retained its top manpower, practically unchanged over the years. Goldwyn, while he loaned his name to the original combine—in exchange for some quick cash, you may be sure—was never actually a part of it. But Mayer, the instigator, has just signed a long term contract as boss man. The "Metro" interests, in those early days, were represented by Marcus Loew. He is dead now, but his son, Arthur Loew, inherited his position. Harry Rapf, there on the momentous beginning day, was still part of the firm when he died a few months ago. And Irving Thalberg undoubtedly would be there also, had he lived! But he didn't live, this boy genius, whom Mayer hired away from Universal.

Thalberg started in the film trade when he was so young he couldn't sign Universal's checks. But his talent had no truck with years. He might have been in his teens, but he put Universal in the front ranks.

Mayer picked him as his assistant, just as twenty-five years later, he has picked Dore Schary for the same position, and for about the same reasons.
Joan Crawford's instinct changed Gable, with second wife Rhea, from Mr. Nobody to a studio somebody!

Thalberg was sensitive, cultured and, at the same time, a practical showman. Schary, first as a writer at M-G-M, and only a couple of seasons ago as head of RKO, has revealed these same qualities.

It was Thalberg who saw the possibilities of "The Big Parade," which had been expected to be just another program picture. It was Thalberg who was producer of the first big screen musical. And it was Thalberg, in the beginning, who understood actors and their ambitions so that he got the very best from them.

Today, this latter sensitiveness is embodied in Benny Thau, who in 1924 was an office boy with Loew, Inc., which again means he has been with the studio all this time. So, too, has Eddie Mannix, its business manager, and Howard Strickling, the publicity director.

These are great Hollywood executive names.

And the M-G-M stellar names are great. All of them from Gable and Garson, through Turner and Taylor, down to Lassie and the youngest stars, Margaret O'Brien and (Continued on page 108)
LAST summer I saw a great deal of Clark Gable. We holidayed on the French Riviera at the same time. I remember Clark, especially, on the terrace of Eden Roc. He had joined Dolly O'Brien Dorelis and me after a golf game with the Duke of Windsor. He was, I decided, the best looking man I know. Health radiates from him. His teeth are white. His eyes are sparkling. Dolly teased him about his general color scheme, the light gray scarf that matched his eyes, the fine blue silk sweater that matched his blue trousers. And as she talked, I remembered the old Hollywood days, when beat-up trousers and an old leather jacket suited Clark (Continued on page 97)

The unpredictable: Clark Gable of “Any Number Can Play”
Elsie, the cook, fixes Van's lunch pail every day—puts in extra vitamins if she thinks he's looking tired.

BY JACK McELROY

A.M. greetings from Jack McElroy

If you don't like routine, stay away from Van Johnson's house early in the morning. Van moves through the first hour of his day with timetable accuracy. His alarm rings at 7 a.m. But long before the first buzz, he is showered, shaved and dressed. Alone in the dining room, he drinks fruit juice and black coffee and takes a quick look at the morning paper, not neglecting the sport page. Then he dashes to the kitchen to inspect the lunch that Elsie, who used to cook for President Hoover, is packing in his ample lunch pail. He carries his lunch because, long ago, he discovered that Elsie, packing it, allows for a man's appetite for midmorning and midafternoon snacks. Again in the dining room—Evie's downstairs by this time—he consumes poached eggs, bacon and toast. Evie contents herself with juice and coffee. Schuyler Van, in her nursery, has her routine, too. She makes mud pies out of her pablum and dips her fingers into the applesauce.

At 7:55, Van bids Evie and Schuyler goodbye. The studio gate man says you can set your watch by Van's arrival at 8:15.
There's method in Van Johnson's early morning madness. Even Schuyler Van is learning that a daily routine can be fun.

Van has coffee and juice alone. Evie joins him later for real breakfast.

Butch Jenkins arrives early with Van's dinner dessert—banana nut ice cream.

And so to work. Schuyler Van needs Evie's support for that goodbye kiss. Van's new film is "The Good Old Summertime."
The most exciting thing in a newly engaged girl's life is her first shower. Especially when it's a surprise like the one Jane Powell's actress-pals at the Metro Studios gave her recently. Not only did they bring her presents for her hope chest, they brought the supper, too.

Angela Lansbury, who has just completed "Samson and Delilah," is very clever in making things. She made the little cellophane "shower" umbrella that was the center of the table decorations, shaping it of wire wound with white ribbon, covering it with cellophane, clusters of white flowers and satin bows. Angela also brought the stuffed celery and deviled eggs, all placed neatly on a cookie sheet, covered with waxed paper.

Janet Leigh brought the avocado and cottage cheese salad, but couldn't stay to enjoy it since she was making a personal appearance at Birmingham Veterans Hospital and had to be up early the next morning for a retake for her next picture, "Forsyte Saga." She did wait until all the packages were opened, and what a nice variety of things Janie received to tuck away in her cedar chest! Since it was a miscellaneous shower, she got everything—from dainty table linens, bath-towel sets, miscellaneous silver pieces—to a black nightie!

All of the girls brought their swimming suits, and after the presents were properly admired, everyone announced (Continued on page 85)
Janie was set for a quiet evening when . . . "Surprise!"

Even the refreshments were gifts. Angela made the parasol.

Jane and Ann—and something different in desserts!

Geary Steffen, Jane's fiance, came calling—and was captured!

Surprise ending: Serves Geary right, breaking in on a "Hen" party! All he has to do now is find Janie!
GATHER around, kiddies! I'm going to let my mane down and talk. I don't know whether it's ethical or not, but I have a story to tell, and this is the time to tell it, when my big and illustrious Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company is celebrating my Silver Jubilee.

Twenty-five years! What joy, tragedy and just plain nonsense has passed beneath my still quite cute nose. Old love, young love, every kind of new love! Tragedy, triumph, disillusionment! All the pains and pleasures that fill a quarter of a century of living.

I was there when a gangling Swedish girl called Greta Gustafson, later tagged Garbo, stumbled awkwardly into the studio, to star in "The Torrent." She'd never make the grade, I
told my boss, Louis B. Mayer. And in all truth, I must say he was pretty doubtful himself.

What a lovely liar Greta made of us! And when John Gilbert fell in love with her during "The Flesh and the Devil," brother, that was real loving! I never could understand why they ignored my advice to marry.

Talking of great lovers, I saw John Barrymore through his last romance with his last wife, Elaine Barrie. I wonder where she is now? But what a time of it we all had when Caliban was chasing, and vice versa, his Ariel, from coast to coast and up and down the country. We nearly went crazy here at the studio, because John was making "Romeo and Juliet" and we never knew from day to (Continued on page 95)
SHE has no sense of time, invariably is late.
She is a rabid hat and lampshade maker.
She is allergic to people who gush and is constantly misplacing things.
She is very fond of garlic and would like to have four children.
She lives far away from it all—away out in Pacific Palisades, a good fifty minutes drive from Beverly Hills.
She abhors bebop music.
She was christened Esther Jane Williams.
She has never kept a diary, has a lusty appetite, and deplores the tension of modern American life which she believes is the chief contributor to our increasing divorce rate.
She doesn't like sardines, has no complexes or phobias, and wishes she could play the piano.
She never takes aspirin.
She cries at sad movies, speaks a little Spanish and thinks that sincerity is not a common virtue. She has been married nearly four years to Ben Gage, radio announcer and singer, whom she met as an Army sergeant on leave in Hollywood.
She has never worn a girdle.
Her opinion of girls and women who wear falsies, "They're not fooling anybody but themselves." (Continued on page 88)

She's allergic to bebop but
dotes on garlic, saves on clothes
but goes berserk on groceries,
loves bullfights but can't bear
to see birds in cages!

All-American blend: Esther
Williams of "Neptune’s Daughter"
Brian Donlevy always uses the knocker on Judy's bedroom door.

Assurance of tomorrow:
Judy's "future" suite is filled with expressions of her dad's love.

The Donlevy home at Malibu Beach, overlooking Pacific, where Brian waits for Judy's half-yearly homecomings.
Brian, of “Command Decision,” doesn’t intend to let his divorce upset Judy’s balance.

Someday Judy will appreciate the story behind the bedspread and canopy Brian used in her “future” room.

This is a love story, about how to decorate a room for a debutante-to-be. It has a co-starring cast, Brian Donlevy and his six-year-old daughter, Judy. But, over and above it all, what makes it so distinctive is that it is the squarest facing up to the problem of a child of a divided home that we have ever encountered.

It’s mighty tough on young emotions when, six months of the year, a child lives with one parent, six months with the other. Judy Donlevy has been doing this since she was four, when her mother and daddy were divorced.

Now, Brian adores Judy, openly and admittedly. He is a man of sentiment, as the Irish usually are, and he is also a man of great political sense. So what he is doing is to give his daughter the feeling that the happy loved past (Continued on page 92)

Fit for a fairy-tale princess, her present room is planned for small-girl comfort.
When Margaret cried at her mother’s wedding, people said, “Spoiled child!” This is her reason for those tears.

My Mother Understands

by Margaret O’Brien

As told to Gladys Hall

As Mary with Elsa Lanchester in “The Secret Garden”

As Beth with late C. Aubrey Smith in “Little Women”
I GUESS every little girl who has had her mother all to herself, just the two of them, wants it always to be like that. I guess all little girls feel badly when it isn’t like that anymore. I did. That’s why I cried while Mummy was being married to Don.

I cry very easily, it’s true. Not long ago, we were on Mary Margaret McBride’s radio program. Mary Margaret McBride asked what they do to make me cry in pictures. Mummy said, “They just tell her to cry and she does. Would you like her to cry for you now?” Mary Margaret McBride said yes, she would, so I cried. I seem to have so many tears.

I suppose it was selfish of me to cry at the wedding. But Mummy doesn’t think so. She says I have never disobeyed her, never been any trouble to her and if I am a little hurt and unhappy now, I should not be criticized.

Mummy and Don Sylvio have known each other for five years and she often said that someday maybe she and Don would get married. But I never believed she really would.

My Daddy died (Continued on page 100)
From the porch of her old home, Ava looks into downstairs room where she was born.

That's where her heart longs to be—for Ava's a girl who never really left home.

Between pictures, stars usually head for Palm Springs or Sun Valley. But not Ava Gardner. She heads for Smithfield, N. C., a little town outside Raleigh. Neighbors there remember her as the little girl who played in the tobacco fields with their kids. In Ava's sister's home, she's just one of the family, bringing fresh collard home to cook, entertaining the kids with her gay stories. No wonder Ava's known as one of the nicest girls in Smithfield—and Hollywood!
Niece Mary Edna Grimes, 15, was dismayed when she heard Ava had reduced for "The Great Sinner." She gets Ava's clothes!

Neighbors greet Ava in village store, once owned by Ava's dad, now Elsie Mae's, right, with nephew Mike

Roll call: Back row, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gardner, cousins, Billy Grimes, Bobby and Al Creech, nephews. Center, John and Inez Grimes, Ava, Elsie Mae Creech, Mrs. Carl Gardner, cousin, Melvine Gardner, brother. Front, Mary Edna and Michael
WITH all the fancy parties that have been given lately, and there have been scads of them, believe us—the formal ones have been outnumbered by the really “rural” kind. While New Yorkers have been going berserk for bebop, the Hollywood glamour-pusses’ craze for square dancing has just about reached its peak.

The George Murphys and the Bob Montgomerys and their bunch have become so good at it, they’re going to challenge each other to a “match” any minute. One night the Murphys gave a party and the Lee Bowmans danced so hard that Helene almost fainted dead away. It took a quick whiff of spirits of ammonia to save the night for her. The Edgar Bergens, Gracie Allen and George Burns, Connie Moore and Johnny Maschio, June Allyson and Dick Powell and the Bob Montgomerys (natch!) were just a few of the crowd of square-dancers—but not “squares,” believe us. The gals wear gingham dresses, usually, with great full skirts, or just their stand-by “peasant outfits.” The men wear just about any old thing. It’s fun, but we don’t think this particular craze will last much longer. The film femmes like to show off their lovely clothes and a square dance is hardly the setting.

That’s why Janet Leigh saves her dreamy pink organdy dress for really festive occasions. The tight, strapless (Continued on page 99)
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

NOW—Hollywood's own Beauty Soap in new BATH SIZE

“Makes my beauty bath so fragrant, so luxurious,” says this famous star

Take this beauty tip from one of Hollywood's loveliest stars. Try the generous, satin-smooth bath size Lux Toilet Soap. You'll find it makes your daily beauty bath more delightful than ever. The creamy lather whisk away dust and dirt, leaves skin really fresh. Delicately perfumed, too, with a flowerlike fragrance that clings!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier!
Gene was confronted by his landlady. "Is it a small deposit you're thinking of making on the rent?" she asked. "No," said Gene, "But my bones tell me I'll get a job today."

"You've just got time to go on," the club manager told Gene when he arrived. "There are three shows, each twenty-five minutes. The last one goes on at two. I'll give you dinner later."

His bones didn't fail him! That afternoon an agent told him about a one-night job—not much money—at a club on the edge of town. "I'll take it," he said.
Twenty-five minutes is a long time to dance—even if you're eating regularly. But Gene kept on—with his eyes on the loaded trays the waiters carried by. Somehow he got through that last show—then staggered to the wings.

“Sorry about dinner,” the manager greeted him. “But the kitchen is closed. So I owe you a dinner—drop by some time—any time!”

Fifteen years later, on the “On the Town” set, a waiter wheeled up a cart-load of food. “A man from Chicago left it—said he owed you a dinner!”
I've known Errol in so many moods. He's a fascinating devil, make no mistake about it. Even now, when we were talking so seriously most of the time, he had flashes of that gay Irish wit. I haven't the slightest doubt in the world, that he is carrying a great, big torch. But he is not putting on an act about it.

"Several weeks ago, I wouldn't have wanted to talk with anyone about this," he said. "Even to an old friend like you. But I am getting a little adjusted now."

"Believe me, I never want to hurt Nora. As you know, I love her mother and father. They are living with me and have been with me all through this. And they are as puzzled as I am.

"In Hollywood," he went on, "as soon as a man and woman have trouble, instead of the girl saying, 'I'm going home to mother,' she goes to a lawyer. The lawyer advises her to get a divorce instead of trying to send her back to her husband.

"This town is filled with divorce lawyers who believe in the operation instead of the cure, not all of them, but enough. Very often, if the wife would talk to her mother, the mother would probably say, 'Your father and I have weathered many upsets in marriage. We, too, have had our quarrels, but we have come through them.'"

"The thing about our break-up that makes it so sad, is that it is so unnecessary. Believing this, I was bitter at first. I thought I should fight the divorce. But now I realize that is futile."

"Then you think that there is no chance of her coming back?" I asked him.

"No," he answered, "I don't think it is possible, when things have gone this far, for people to take up the pieces of their lives together. My home is always open to Nora, of course. And I hope that her parents will live with me always."

"The important thing in my whole life from now on is that two-year-old darling, Rory. I don't say that she is the most wonderful child in the world, but I know I wouldn't want to go on without her."

"That irresistible grin spread over his face. "She calls me 'The Baron' and talks right up to me."

"The Baron" is a nickname Raoul Walsh gave Errol, and Rory heard it and liked it. "You really adore her, don't you?"

"I smiled.

"With all my heart," he said, "and I love Deidre, too. I had a struggle with myself to know whether it was right for our two little girls to be separated. But I have had Rory since she was born, she means everything to me. The house would be lonely without her. I'm home a great deal these days."

There is no magic at all about The Common Sense Way to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

In No More Alibis the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure.

NOW ONLY 50c

This marvelous 128-page book containing over 40 illustrations formerly sold for $1.00 in a stiff-back binding. Almost 100,000 persons gladly paid this price. Now published in an economical paper cover you get the identical information for only 50c—and we pay the postage. Order now while our supply of this special edition lasts.
Are you in the know?

How to choose the right perfume?
- By trial and error
- By its glamorous name
- Buy Mom's brand

Sultry scents aren't suitable for teens at any time—much less in summer. Keep cool and sweet with a delicate cologne; or some fresh, light-hearted perfume suited to your type. How to tell? By trial and error. Try a few different fragrances in small sizes, to find the kind for you. You know, when smart gals choose sanitary protection, they try the 3 absorbencies of Kotex—Regular, Junior, Super. Do likewise! Discover which one's right for your needs.

After a late date, should a damsel—
- Invite him into the house
- Say goodnight at the door
- Thank him

When the night's no longer young, there's no call for your date to linger. Dismiss him graciously at the door. (Your family will appreciate it!) And pull-up—no "thank-you's," either. "It's been a lovely evening" will do. You can always be sure of a pleasant evening, when you're poised—free of "problem time" worries. That's why you'll want to be sure to choose Kotex. Because of that special safety center, you can count on extra protection with Kotex.

To style-wise gals, does "Empire" suggest—
- World's tallest building
- Great Britain
- Good camouflage

Plan to go places? Or a stay-at-home vacation? Either way, you can find new glamour—by giving careful thought to your wardrobe. If you've figured faults, select styles that conceal them. For instance—the high-waisted "Empire" line does wonders for a flat-chested femme. And don't forget, on certain days, there's no suitable line with Kotex. For that, thank the flat pressed ends of Kotex. They prevent revealing outlines...do wonders for your confidence!

How to prepare for "those" days?
- Be a bleu gnu
- Break your dates
- Buy 2 sanitary belts

Certain times are no time for moping at home. Brighten up! And freshen up—with careful grooming, immaculate clothes. And why not be prepared in advance with two Kotex Sanitary Belts—so you can change to a fresh belt when you change to dating tops?

You see, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Your adjustable, all-elastic Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. That's why—for extra comfort, you'll want the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Buy two—for a change!

What about a gift for your weekend hostess?
- Bring it with you
- Send it later
- Either is correct

When guesting, remember your friend's mother with some wee giftie. You can bring it, or send it later. Either's correct. But you needn't flourish the present the moment your foot is in the hall! What's more, you needn't postpone your visit—just because "that" day is nigh. For new Kotex keeps you comfortable. Gives you softness that holds its shape... (this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it!)

More women choose KOTEX * than all other sanitary napkins

* T. W. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
Why take it with you?

New tooth paste with Lusterfoam attacks tobacco stain and off-color breath.

Don’t kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it’s as real as the stain on a chain smoker’s fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can “taste” an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends might notice . . . you know.

But they won’t point the finger at you (after you’ve left the room of course) if you’re a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here’s why—

It contains Lusterfoam—a special ingredient that actually foams cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stains before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whiskes away odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with Lusterfoam freshens your mouth and your breath. Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won’t take “tobacco mouth” with you!

(Continued from page 72) days." He smiled, "When a man gets older, he wants to settle down." I couldn’t help laughing. With all his seriousness, I just can’t see Flynn giving up the beautiful girls for a life of early dinners at home and listening to the radio.

"Don’t you believe it?" He shared my laugh. "That’s for me, suits me fine."

I ASKED Errol about taking Rory to visit his own mother and father in Jamaica. He told me that Marge, as he calls Mrs. Eddington, would go with them.

"My mother and father have never seen either of the children," he explained, "and I haven’t dared write about separation. We have never had a divorce in our family until I popped up with two. When I hinted that Nora and I were having a family, my mother advised me to talk to Nora’s parents, and she was sure everything would be all right."

“And it wasn’t?"

"As you know, no. Nora’s father was the mediator in our divorce settlement. Without his sympathy and understanding, it might not have been so amicable." I happen to know that one of the points Errol was going right way was the privilege of keeping Rory with him. When Nora threatened to balk at that, they settled it by giving Nora the legal custody of the two children and Errol the "patrial." He does the right thing where everyone is concerned.

“Whenever we do a scene that we think might be better, Greer says, ‘Back to North Hampton with you.’ Talking with her brings back so many memories.”

Again I noticed that this man, who is still young, attractive and popular, was sounding a note of the past, as though everything was over. That is one of the unfortunate things about being deeply hurt. It is hard to believe that enthusiasm and love and the future can be picked up again. But it will be for Errol, I am sure. No matter what his mistakes have been, he admits them. He does the right thing where everyone is concerned.

Whether Nora will find happiness, who can say? She makes no secret of wanting a quick divorce, so she will be free to marry again.

There are many smashed hearts in this matrimonial tangle and I can’t help wishing that Nora had given her marriage a little chance. Sure'n I know these Plymuns in life can be difficult, but they can be pretty darn wonderful, too.

The End

Love and a Girl Named Liz

(Continued from page 36) The most serious romance Elizabeth has known so far was Glenn Davis of the U. S. Army. In fact, it looked for a time as if there would be an official engagement between Elizabeth and Rory. But when Errol walked into the scene, all the plans were broken to bits for the two girls were just beginning to fall in love. Then Errol came back Auntie from answering and it told me, "M e to E, that was Doris. She and Hubie are coming down and they’re bringing that Army football player Glenn Davis. He’s a friend of Hubie’s.

"Doris May Kerns works in the publicity department at Elizabeth’s studio and is one of her best friends; Hubie, a former track star, is Doris’s husband.

"I was the first to see Glenn, when he arrived several hours later. The, on the beach below us, were the twenty-five kids, in slacks and bathing suits, playing touch football for all they were worth! Among them I saw pretty Janet Leigh, and Elizabeth’s stand-in, Margie Dillon. In the middle of them all, sliding on her face in the sand with the ball, was my daughter Elizabeth!"

"I looked quickly at Glenn, who was grinning from ear to ear. Then I looked back at Elizabeth. By this time she had shaken the sand out of her hair and was back on her feet again. Later she told me, in a scandalized voice, ‘Imagine a famous football star playing touch football! And me playing for the first time. I couldn’t have been more clumsy!’"

"But, at the time, after I called to her, she stopped the game long enough to run up to the porch, meet Glenn, and then say quickly, ‘Dibs on you for my side!’ A second later, he, too, was playing touch football with the gang. Afterwards, Elizabeth said breathlessly, ‘Did you see how wonderful he was? He never once tried to crash through the game as he could so easily have done. He’s a good sportsman!’"

"Aware that my sixteen-year-old daughter had fallen in love for the first time, I asked her father, ‘Don’t you like Glenn?’"

"He’s a fine boy,’ he agreed, but the following Sunday, when all saw Glenn again, it was my husband who (just like a man!) inadvertently put his foot in it.

"The week between had gone quickly, with Elizabeth busy every day acting in ‘Little Women.’ On Sunday, the same swarm of young people arrived, and again they played touch football.

"Finally, it was supper time. Glenn and Elizabeth came to me just before supper was served. Romance was written all over them, but Elizabeth only said, ‘Glenn and
I will go for the ice cream tonight, Mother,' she might just as well have said; 'Glenn and I want to get off by ourselves.' I understood, and agreed at once, but not so my dense husband! He said, 'Oh, don't you bother, I'll get the ice cream.'

'No, Daddy,' said Elizabeth. 'We'll get it.'

'Her father shrugged and said very well, but wait until he got the money to pay for the ice cream.

'You don't have to do that, Mr. Taylor,' said Glenn. 'I'll pay for it.'

'Now, to my husband, those were fighting words. No guest in his house ever pays for anything. Turning a bright red with rage, he drew himself up and roared, 'If I can't pay for it this way, I'll get it myself!'

'Finally, all was serene, and off the two young people went for the ice cream. After waiting for almost an hour, we gave up expecting them back and ate dinner. It was a full hour and a half before the two of them appeared, with the melted ice cream dripping out of the bottom of the container!

'Someone yelled, 'We'll have to drink the ice cream!' Then, with everyone laughing at Glenn's and Elizabeth's foolish expressions, they burst into spontaneous and kidding applause!

'From then on, Glenn was down at our beach house every minute that Elizabeth was there. Elizabeth went to watch Glenn play football in the Intersquad Game, and she joined the rest of the grandstand in yelling, 'We want Davis! We want Davis!' Then she topped them, shouting, 'I want Davis! And don't think I didn't mean it,' she told me later.

'But, finally, it was the end of August, and Glenn had to leave for Korea. Only one thing cheered Elizabeth up. The last night they were out together, he gave her his gold football.

'Letters came in bunches from Korea for her, and she spent half her time hanging over her desk writing in return.

'The three-and-a-half months we were in England, where Elizabeth made 'Conspirator' with Bob Taylor, were spent working hard. But by letter, Glenn and Elizabeth went on with their romantic planning.

'All of which proves,' Mrs. Taylor concluded, "that my daughter's movie career has given her no degree of sophistication that makes her different from other girls her age. When she falls in love she is very serious about it, convinced no one ever knew a similar emotion before and never will again."

'It was fortunate, undoubtedly, that Elizabeth and Glenn Davis were separated by his stretch in Korea. Otherwise they might have plunged into a hasty marriage. For when they met again upon Elizabeth's return from England—when the Army unexpectedly sent Glenn back to this country—it was not the same.

'They liked each other well enough. They spent much time together—swimming, riding, walking and talking. But the magic was less. Otherwise they never would have agreed, so they did, to wait three years to be officially engaged and to have other dates.

'Whereupon, of course, things began to happen. All the young Romeos we listed in the beginning of this story began pleading for dates. And Elizabeth found she enjoyed going out with them. Not that Glenn still isn't important in her life. He is. But no longer is he the one and only.

'As you read this Elizabeth will be in Italy, making "Quo Vadis." It will be winter before she returns. In the intervening months no one can tell what will happen. Only one thing is sure, Elizabeth, true to her years, will fall in love again.

The End

Fels-Naptha Soap

THE ONE WASHDAY 'MIRACLE' THAT CAN BE EXPLAINED!

Women who use Fels-Naptha Soap see a 'miracle' of cleaning performed every washday. And they know how it's done:

This astounding laundry soap is produced by blending the two greatest cleaning agents known to science—gentle, active naptha and mild, golden soap. The formula for this blend is preserved where it was created—in the Fels laboratories.

Thus the gentle, thorough Fels-Naptha cleaning action is unique. It cannot be duplicated by any other soap—certainly not by any chemical soap substitute.

Dainty garments come out of your Fels-Naptha wash as sweet and fresh as a daisy—safe from strong chemical action. Badly soiled work clothes, grimy towels, infant diapers are washed stainless clean, without a trace of odor—even in your automatic washer.

Incredible? Not to the women who have tried Fels-Naptha Soap—because they want more than promises. Get Fels-Naptha for your first washday 'miracle' now... because you know what it will do... and why.

For your machine or automatic washer, get gentle, quick-cleaning, sneezeless Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.

FOR EXTRA CLEANING ACTION USE

Fels-Naptha Soap

MILD GOLDEN SOAP AND ACTIVE NAPTHA

75
Richard Hudnut enriched creme SHAMPOO contains egg!

So much gentler, kinder! Makes hair easier to set in long-lasting pin curls! Home Permanents take better!

It's the egg that does it! By actual scientific test, the real egg contained in powdered form in Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo makes your hair easier to comb, easier to set. You'll make pin curls... so much smoother, they're bound to last longer! And see how much better your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent "takes" after this shampoo! Gentler, kinder, too!

No wonder your hair is left shimmering with "lovelights!"

Richard Hudnut Shampoo is better because:

1. Contains egg (powder, 1%)—proved to make hair more manageable.
2. Not a wax or paste—but a smooth liquid creme!
3. Easy to apply; rinses out readily.
4. Removes loose dandruff.
5. Same shampoo Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon uses for luxury treatments!

Jenny and Miss Jones

(Continued from page 45) former film, commented, "As an actress, Jennifer knows all the things she doesn't know as an individual."

I'll never forget a routine color test she did for "Duel in the Sun." It was the first time we had seen. Jennifer came on the stage wearing a simple cotton dress and flat heeled shoes, her hair hanging girlishly down her back. I thought her lovely and unusual-looking, but when the director gave the down-beat, the girl in the flat heels and cotton dress disappeared. In her stead, there was a sexy creature who looked out of the side of her eyes and walked with a stealthy glide.

She takes criticism eagerly. During rehearsals for "Serena Blandish," in which she starred at La Jolla last summer, Jennifer was always inviting criticism with, "Could you hear me?" "Did I do it right?"

"Does that line sound correct to you?"

At a party, she is usually a quiet and interested listener, and in her charming home, she is a wonderful, solicitous hostess. She's happiest, actually, when she is serving other people, looking after their comfort, taking the emphasis off herself.

When she's happy, Jennifer is the greatest "Patsy" for jokes. On the "We Were Strangers" set, one gag started rolling during a very grim scene in which Jennifer and other Cuban Revolutionaries are tunneling underneath a cemetery and blow up some politicians who are supposed to attend a funeral. John Huston padded a rubber glove, had it painted green, and placed it where Jennifer was to dig. When she dug up the gangrenous hand, Jennifer ran off the set, screaming.

To even the score, with the aid of John Garfield, Jennifer got a skeleton from the prop department and put a replica of John's old battered felt hat upon its head. Then she had it rigged up with wires so it could be operated from twenty feet away like a puppet, and a bellows to make it smoke a cigar. During the lunch hour, they set it at Huston's desk. When he walked in, the skeleton, puffing away, greeted him with a booming "Hello John."

All who have worked with her, directors and stars alike, take our hats off to Jennifer for her capacity for hard work. She's a girl, too, with tremendous courage. This she demonstrated by doing a demanding role like "Serena Blandish." She knew this was our most ambitious production of the season, that we were shooting the works financially and that she would be in the company of an all-star cast, that included such veterans as Constance Collier, Reginald Owen, and Sig Ruman, as well as Louis Jourdan and others. The company rehearsed on the lawn at her home and whenever she wasn't "on stage," you'd find Jennifer, in her blue jeans and shirt, over in a corner of the yard, batting her lines back and forth with somebody.

With no legitimate stage experience, Jennifer was really on the spot. She faced a very critical audience, who had the natural attitude of, "Let's see what the girl can do." Jennifer's sensibilities and shyness made her job twice as hard. Yet on opening night, with the rest of the cast nervous, the crew nervous, and even the audience nervous, she remained calm. It was as though she had just gritted her teeth and made up her mind she'd do an extremely professional job—and she did, too.

A little later, escaping as soon as she could from all the embarrassing congratulations, she slipped out of her original Mainbocher model, to hostess a party on the beach. This to me is Jennifer Jones.

THE END
Lady with a Past
(Continued from page 47) I don't know what the furnishings were like, except that they were all pretty broken-down and shabby. I never thought then of waking up in a beautiful, luxurious, pink and white bedroom, with the sun streaming through huge windows.

I dashed into my shower, knowing there wasn't going to be someone pounding on the door for me to hurry, so another girl could have her turn, as there always was at the American Woman's Club, back in New York, when I was just hoping, while I practically starved.

I thought about the fun we'd had last night in the Mayfair Room of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. But during the evening, I found myself thinking of the enormous suite somewhere over our heads, where I'd spent one day, my first day in Hollywood. After I'd signed with M-G-M in New York, I was given money for a trip to Hollywood. I was told they'd expect me there in a few days. So I rushed home, packed, and took off. Well, it's one of the few times I've been early anywhere. I'd read about movie players always getting off at Pasadena, so I did, too. Much to my surprise, no one met me.

I CONFERRRED with a taxi-driver, told him I was under contract to M-G-M and asked him to recommend a hotel. I guess he thought that only very successful movie people get off at Pasadena, because he drove miles and miles and miles and deposited me at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, one of the most expensive out here. After I registered, I explained to the desk clerk that I needed to call M-G-M right away. I did! That taxi ride had cost me every cent I had left in the world! But the desk clerk didn't know that! The young lady who sat down in a room of the suite he assigned her, was a shivering predecessor of the Mrs. Richard Powell at a ringside table last night!

This morning, as usual, as soon as I finished my shower, I grabbed the house phone and ordered my breakfast. Richard groaned as he listened to me say, "Orange juice, two eggs Benedict with lots and lots of Hollandaise sauce. French toast. . . ."

Time was when breakfast for me was just a cup of coffee, and maybe a roll! Coffee was all I could afford the morning I signed my contract with M-G-M.

The memory reminded me that I had just received my two weeks allowance of $25.00. I've never gotten over saving every extra dime for a rainy day, so I took $10.00 of it over to my fat, capacious bank. Opening it, I counted how much I have in it. Over $500! But any would-be burglar won't find such a cash-haul in my house. Richard's always breaking into it and leaving IOU's. At the moment, the IOU's total all but the ten dollars I put in this morning. Even that will probably be a Richard Powell autograph by the time I get home!

Before we had our breakfast, Richard and I went in to our daughter, Pamela. When she saw us, she said, "Hi!" Then she pulled herself right up on her feet! I almost screamed, "Richard, I'm frightened! I'm afraid she's going to be a genius!" Richard laughed, but I went on, "But Richard, she is! Why, I didn't walk until I was a year-and-a-half old and I was even older before I started to talk!" I won't repeat his comments. I just picked her up and put a grown-up dress on her. The nicest little blue dress with collar, cuffs and sash, just

For lips men long to kiss again... and again... and again—Tangge

Lips eager to kiss in a romantic love scene between SUE ENGLAND and PETER FERNANDEZ in "City Across the River" A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

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Tangge PINK QUEEN—You'll be queen of his heart with this perfect pink on your lips.
Tangge RED RED—This reddest of reds makes all girls more kissable—especially brunettes!
Tangge THEATRICAL RED—Dramatize your lips—for him—with this amorous, glamorous shade.
Tangge GAY RED—A kiss-catching color for the fair-haired girl. Don't trust your romance to anything less than Tangge!

DON'T MISS THE NEW PICTURES
Then could got day's big camp looked. was went was compared. heard to didn't proceeded was went June couldn't was.

"That leading was the Royal Crown Cola!"

As I got into my shiny, dark gray Cadillac, I looked around at our house in Bel-Air and remembered the time I'd just sort of stuck my nose through the Sunset Gate and exclaimed, "Golly, people must be awfully rich to live there!"

Exultantly, this morning, I put my foot down heavily on the accelerator, revelling in the rush of speed. "I'll bet I could make it to the studio in five minutes," I was bragging to myself, then I heard a "r-r-r-r-r-t."

"Now I'm a regular RC fan—always serve it at home."

Enjoy this finer cola yourself. Keep a supply on ice for quick, frosty refreshment!
thrown in. I was up before dawn and into bed, exhausted, immediately after dinner. Even on a day off, there was art and publicity to crowd in. Like today.

The photographs shot, I rushed, late again, to the commissary for an interview. Both the writer and Dotty Blanchard from our publicity department had finished their lunch. I picked up the menu and said with horror, "Since when have you raised the price of lamb chops from $1.65 to $2.00?"

Dotty said gently, "June, the studio pays for your lunch today, remember?"

"Oh," I exclaimed, "In that case, I'll have a minute steak, creamed spinach, salad and coffee."

Then, talking to the interviewer, my mind flashed back to the very first time I tried to get a job and was asked questions. "Where's your music?" the stage manager asked.

"Oh, I don't need any music," I gulped. "I can do it without music."

I was in a spot. That morning, the kids at school had handed me an advertisement of chorus girls wanted. For weeks, I'd been going to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorcee." I'd seen it seventeen times and went around bragging, "I can dance better than Ginger Rogers!" The kids had every right to challenge me to prove it. I just couldn't not try. I'd never have lived it down.

Without my music, I did my act for that interview. It certainly wasn't my dancing which won the job that day. I guess I was just such a character amongst all those suave, sophisticated, talented applicants, that I got a break. Not as a chorus girl, but in a little feature spot.

The interviewer brought me back to the present by asking me if I enjoyed going to big premiers. I answered, "Of course, but I can't wait until I go to my own. You know, a premiere where I'm the star."

It's one of those dreams of mine which still hasn't come true. I remembered how, when Van Johnson and I were going around together in New York, bolstering up our belief in ourselves, and predicting someday we'd be movie stars, we made a pact that we'd go to our first premieres together. I've already gone with Van to his, the one for "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo."

After the interviewer left, I said wistfully to Dotty, "Do you suppose I'll ever have a premiere?"

"Of course you will, honey," she answered.

My mind was already reeling recklessly ahead and I interrupted her, "But I can't take Van to it. After all, we're both married now."

"Well," she laughed, "I don't imagine either of you want to leave Evie or Richard behind. But what's the matter with all four of you going together. Look, if you have time, let's go over some story ideas."

"Time!" I looked at my watch. "My gosh! I was due at Bunny and Johnny Greene's luncheon a half-hour ago! I've got to fly!" Running toward my car, I thought, Well, Richard isn't flying. He's at the Greenes', holding up the family honor. Let's see, tennis with Richard at four. The Goetz party tonight. Bet it'll be fun. Everyone I know will be there.

I'll walk in on the arm of my husband, who's so much taller and broader, and whose eyes are so much more vivid, a blue than they seemed on the screen, when I used to sit in a cheap movie house watching him and dreaming.

I know there are plenty of kids dreaming right now as I dreamed then. Plenty of them will find their dreams come true someday, too. To those I say, "Come on in, the water's fine. I couldn't be happier."

The End
Is yours the **Fortunate Hand**?

Is your ring finger long? You take chances, gamble with life and love.

**THE FORTUNATE HAND...**

*One of a series Watch for your hand*

Is the tip of your little finger pointed? You're quick-witted, with a wonderful gift of expression.

Does a lucky star twinkle under the third finger of your right hand? You've talents which, developed, spell success.

Believe your talents show in your hand? Whether you do or not, your well-groomed fingertips show you're fashionwise. When you use Dura-Gloss, your fingertips say you're practical, too. For Dura-Gloss means exciting shades, quick application, long-lasting beauty...all yours for only 10¢.

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non-smear remover: 10¢ and 25¢...lipstick 25¢

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Jacqueline Neben

promotion director

Helen Sayles

retail director

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photoplay

**JANE WYMAN**, star of Warner's "A Kiss in the Dark," wears, below, the original Milo Anderson dress from that movie. Right, Miss Wyman models the reproduction of this dress which was made especially for Photoplay by Jonathan Logan. Smart, wearable and utterly charming, this dress and jacket can be had in either cool chambray or crisp pique. Also in pink, lavender or blue. Sizes 9-15. $14.95 at Best & Co., New York, N. Y.; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.; The Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver, Colo.
fashions

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 87
One of the nicest fashions to come along is the bare-topped dress with its companion jacket. This fashion is not limited to one or two occasions but can be worn smartly for town and business and will look equally right without the jacket at the country club or beach. Your use of accessories will be important in this change of mood. Dark pumps, gloves and a big straw hat for town. For the country, without the jacket, wear bright summer jewelry and straw accessories. For evening, wear your prettiest pearls (they look even more wonderful with a sun-tan), pin a flower at your waist, and dance the night away in high-heeled nude sandals. If it's smartness plus serviceability you're looking for—the jacket dress is your answer.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 87
the Time / the Place

A broadcloth dress that will really do things for the "figger" by McArthur Ltd. The top is elasticized, no side opening, and gives a bra effect. For town, wear the little jacket. Comes in all colors. Sizes 10-18 or 9-15. $10.95 at J. N. Adam & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; The Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.
photoplay's pattern of the month

Diana Lynn's dress designed by Edith Head for Paramount's "Bitter Victory"

This is a dress you'll want to wear everywhere, all summer long. The lines are slimming, the silhouette new, yet it's so simple to make. Lengthen your pattern and make an evening dress, too. Kordé, an embroidered eyelet by Samuel Ehrman Co., is washable and comes in heavenly colors. For daytime, plan a dark eyelet with a bright slip; for dancing, try pastel-colored eyelet over a darker-toned slip.

For Stores selling Photoplay Patterns see page 87
Spring Shower

(Continued from page 56) that a swim was the next thing in the order of events, and Jane's new swimming pool was soon filled with mermaids.

Just as everyone had settled down to talk, Geary innocently popped in to see his fiancée and was mobbed! They made him give honest opinions on all of their questions and pinned him down for the truth about what men really think about women! To make them pay for his wisdom, he insisted on a "balancing peas on a knife" game, which none of them had done since they were children! Then they blindfolded Geary, and made him find Janie. After that he just plain escaped, and didn't come back until there wasn't a single car in front of the house.

Playing some of Janie's collection of five thousand records practically turned the gathering into a "platter party." Janie has everything from jazz to opera. She also proudly displayed a huge album of autographed pictures of movie celebrities. And she has them all.

NOW for the recipes. Janet's recipe for the jellied avocado and cottage cheese salad is simple. She made it in a heart shape and surrounded it with tomatoes filled with tuna salad and asparagus spears. For the molded salad: Dissolve 3 packages of lime-flavored gelatin in 5 cups hot water. Pour gelatin 1 inch deep in the 10-cup mold and chill until firm. Next, mix 2 cups of sieved cottage cheese with 2 cups of mashed avocado (seasoned with a little salt) and beat with 2 cups of the lukewarm lime gelatin. Pour over first layer in mold and chill until firm. Then top with the remaining lime-flavored gelatin and chill until ready to unmold. The tomatoes around the heart-shaped salad were stuffed with a combination of flaked tuna (1 large can), 6 mashed hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup diced celery and 1 cup mayonnaise, salt and pepper. Asparagus spears were slipped through lemon rings and put alternately between the stuffed tomatoes, surrounded with chicory lettuce for decoration. A very pretty dish.

The tiny sandwiches which were brought by Amanda Drake were made of rounds of bread, on each of which was placed a medium thick slice of cucumber decorated with various colors of cream cheese forced through a pastry tube.

For the stuffed celery, Angela used a prepared roquefort cheese spread. She put it in a pastry bag and pressed along the hollow of celery spears. You can do the same with any prepared cheese spread.

Angela's deviled eggs were made by mashing the hard-boiled yolks with enough mayonnaise to soften, and adding dry mustard and salt. On this same plate, for color as well as for taste, were liverwurst strawberries! To make these, take one pound of liverwurst, put through a sieve and add 2 tablespoons onion juice. Shape into strawberries, roll in paprika and put a tiny sprig of parsley in the stem for decoration.

The desserts were dreamed up and designed by Ann Miller. She purchased the Petits Fours at a bakery. But the ice cream delight she made herself. And this is how she did it. She scooped out half grapefruits and notched the top edges of the skin. These she filled with strawberry ice cream and placed a candy cane in the center of each so it ran through the grapefruit to make the umbrella handle. She froze them very hard in the frozen food compartment of her refrigerator. Then she tied the bows on the crooks of the candy cane handles just before serving.

THE END

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Your bra is basic, so necessary for perfect grooming, so vital for figure beauty. A popular "Perma-lift" Bra gives you the lovely curves you want with lasting comfort. The cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support from below—never lose that support through countless washings and wearings. See the fine fabrics, beautiful colors and styles at your favorite corset department—$1.50 to $3.50.

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Pearls by Deltah. Straw braid hat with satin ribbon trim by Brewster. Straw bag with cotton print lining by Garay. Shortie cotton gloves by Wear-Right

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 87
designer of Diana Lynn's dress in "Bitter Victory"

MISS HEAD designs the kind of dresses we all love because they're so easy to wear and so flattering. She's a great believer, too, in fashion tricks that add zest and a new look to an outfit and she reports on some of the stars' favorite "wardrobe pickups."

Diana Lynn adds crisp, lacy collar and cuff sets or a brief pique vest to a simple dress for a fresh style trick. She has several wide belts of starched white lace and embroidered organdy belts which she wears with deep-toned afternoon frocks and new summer linens.

Gail Russell made a pair of white pockets in embroidered pique. She sewed them to a narrow scarlet band and then tied the band around the waist of a scarlet linen dress. She also has a soft blue pique peplum and a pair of matching gloves which she wears with a navy linen dress.

Mona Freeman and her baby daughter sport starched lace suspenders over their cotton frocks and Wanda Hendrix wears tiny shoulder capes (they're really king-size collars) with her strapless evening gowns. You'll notice that all of these "fashion frosting" tricks are young, fresh and washable.

As Edith Head stresses again and again, if there's one thing the average Miss America needs, it's a wardrobe that's adaptable to changes—clothes that a girl can stretch with accessories, jewelry, and scarves.

wherever you live you can buy
photoplay fashions

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold please write to the manufacturers listed below.

Yellow strapless dress with jacket Jonathan Logan, 1375 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Plaid gingham dress Gladdy Colleen, 1400 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Elasticized dress with jacket McArthur, Ltd., 1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Taffeton dress with bolero Betty Barclay, 1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Pears L. Heller & Son, 411 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Straw hat Brewster, 411 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Straw bag Garay & Co., 33 East 33rd St., New York, N. Y.
Gloves Wear-Right, 244 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

stores selling photoplay patterns
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.
Rose Marie Reid

You'll agree when you slip into one of these gorgeous, California-inspired swim suits in a variety of summer-magic colors. The fabulous, built-in Flexure Bra... or, the Rose Marie Reid Classic with the Miracle Bra and the zipperless, moulded back, are just three of the exclusive contouring features offered by Rose Marie Reid to make you the loveliest star on your own beach.

(Continued from page 61) She loves to watch a bullfight.

She rarely dreams, sleeps at will like a baby, and considers "Neptune's Daughter" her best picture. She has never worn dental braces.

She uses light perfumes and is specially fond of Mexican food.

Esther Williams was born in the living room of a little frame house in Inglewood, California, in which her parents still live.

She has never smoked.

She loves to eat and serve good food and, as a consequence, the grocery bill is her greatest extravagance. She has a passion for painting furniture.

She wears a charm bracelet, given to her by her husband, which commemorates every picture in which she has appeared and on it is engraved: To D.B.G.F.D.B., which is the code for "To Darling Baby Girl From Darling Baby Boy."

She is a nut on growing ivy and Philodendron all over the house—in beer mugs, spittoons, iron pots, anything. Her husband is daily waiting to see something sprout out of his pipe rack.

She flunked in mathematics.

She hates to eat alone.

She never uses a typewriter, weighs 125 pounds, and her characteristic way of loafing is to go for a swim or bake a cake or clean up the yard, or just keep busy.

She can never remember the license number of her car.

Her baby is scheduled to arrive in August but she hopes it will be born on August 8th, her birthday. She never gets seasick and has no desire to go hunting because she cannot abide the thought of killing anything; indeed, when she goes fishing she always throws the fish back.

She is not superstitious.

She has never plucked her eyebrows, is not given to "moods," and enjoys penny ante poker. She is proudest of having won the Women's Outdoor National, 100-meter free-style, in 1939.

She wears cotton nightgowns.

She declares her most embarrassing moment was when she was engaged as star of Billy Rose's Aquacade, and before a gallery of girl swimmers, demonstrated her ability. When she finished, he loudly observed, "That was very fast, Miss Williams, but not very pretty."

She doesn't like cats.

She is slow to criticize and has had nearly all of the usual children's diseases. Her parents came from Dodge City, Kansas, where her mother taught school.

She is right-handed and cannot stand clothes that confine her movements.

She never drinks beer.

Her hair is brown and her pretty face belies an indomitable will to excel in anything she undertakes. She wears small earrings and dislikes Limburger and Gorgonzola. She is five feet seven inches tall.

Her eyes are hazel, the whites almost blue. She participates with enthusiasm and intelligence in any kind of argument or discussion on history, politics or philosophy.

She is a good cook, dotes on making salads, and does not believe in matrimonial vacations. "Positively not!"

She is addicted to midnight snacks and her greatest disappointment was the cancellation of the 1940 Olympics, which was her only opportunity to compete in the international contests.

She is planning an Early American house; when she instructed the architect to include a slide from the upstairs bedroom to the swimming pool, he replied, "How can I do that in Early American?"

Her mother is now a practising psy-
She doesn't like birds in cages and opines that "modern time-saving devices have left little time for individual happiness."

She uses no mascara.

She likes flying and as a little girl she knew almost nothing of dolls and fairy tales because she was essentially a tomboy. She would like one day to own a small boat. She is flexible, impulsive, and likes her coffee black.

She has no temper or temperament.

She has never been in Europe and thinks the house she was born in the loveliest she has ever seen. She invariably eats a hefty lunch of meat and vegetables.

She has burst her eardrums four times due to swimming and has a bad sinus condition which increases the pressure.

She eats very little bread.

She plays no tennis, likes wearing flowers and ribbons in her hair, and she studied both dancing and singing so that she could match steps with Gene Kelly and harmony with Frank Sinatra in "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

She has no patience with detail and has adopted a French wet orphan, an eleven-year-old girl, providing a monthly sum stipulated by the Foster Parents Plan. Her Fan Club members send this child presents instead of sending them to Esther.

She loves the comics, is musically inclined and between pictures gives two swimming lessons a week to handicapped children. She is excellent in spelling.

She seldom wears high heels.

She prefers small intimate parties and her mother once said to her, "Never be afraid of anything. You can do it because it's not your strength or talent, but something stronger than you. If you are afraid of anything, just remember that you don't have to do it alone. If you believe, it will be done for you." Esther Williams learned that lesson early and it has become the theme of her life.

She loves to cook but she never puts things back where they belong and consequently, when she has finished, the kitchen "looks as if a cyclone had hit it." She has an uncomplicated mind, is at

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Prices include Federal tax.

Star in Your Home

(Continued from page 63) has not been destroyed and that the future is neither loveless nor uncertain.

The manner in which Brian is doing this is both smart and simple. However, while he has spared no expense to give his daughter a sense of “belonging,” any mother or father can accomplish the same thing with much less money and the same imagination. An old piece of family furni-
ture placed in a child’s room, supple-
mented with stories of those who had used it through the years, would serve well.

BUT to get back to Brian. In his lovely Malibu house, he has combined the past, by way of the most treasured antiques, with the future.

And Judy’s “future” is a suite of rooms which will be hers when she gets to be sixteen. It lies down the length of the upper hall from her “present” suite.

The small apartment in which she lives now is plainly perfect for a nursery-rhyme princess. Around the top of her present “sitting room” runs a frieze of dolls. The high chair, which was once hers, is now occupied by a teddy bear. The desk and all the tables are scaled down to junior height and are broad and “kid” proof for all play activities. To completely delight her soul, there is a knocker on the door which leads to her bedroom and never once has her daddy come through that door without first knocking for her permission. Her bedroom is full of a froth of organdy ruffles, at the windows, and on her bed. There’s an open fireplace for those chilly by-the-sea days with a low table before it, where she often shares her meals with her devoted nurse.

But her future room is a dream beckoning. Every single item in it, from the priceless Delft tiles around the fireplace to the tiniest figurines in the wall cabinets, is a collector’s item. The great four-poster bed, magnificently carved, is the sort any museum would covet. The marble-topped bedside tables of richest mahogany, the Chippendale mahogany occasional chairs, the perfect Victorian settle against the windows that face the Pacific, as well as the smaller settle at the foot of the bed, are all expressions of love.

Aside from developing Judy’s taste for fine furniture, fabrics and colors at a very early age, Brian points out to her that these things, brought down to the present from the past, were loved and cherished or else they would not have survived. The scatter rugs on the highly polished floor are the finest examples of braided New England rag rugs. The prism crystal lamps on the bedside tables were probably the proudest possessions of the lady who originally owned them, some hundred and fifty years ago. There is even a story attached to the candlewick bedspreads on the four-posters.

Brian saw one of them several years ago in a New England antique shop and bought it. When Brian first started fixing up this room for Judy, he planned to use it as the bed covering and to have organdy, with organdy ruffles put on the canopy. Then, suddenly the idea of putting a duplicate candlewick up there, instead, came to him. He had a nearly impossible task, finding a duplicate of what was originally a very rare item. It took him months, and he won’t admit how much money, but he finally did discover it.

You see, once more, don’t you, what
an expression of love this stands for to an uncertain small girl?

Brian also gave Judy's room a combination of modern comfort and antique loveliness. He achieved particularly in the pair of deep wing chairs, covered in light blue raw silk, that made a "conversation grouping" against the wall that faces Judy's "big girl" bed. The wall behind it is of rubbed-down wood paneling, painted in the softest yellow, sprinkled with painted nosegays of pink, yellow and lavender flowers, and in the center of it hangs an exquisite portrait of Judy as she is now. The octagonal mahogany table between the wing chairs goes back to Governor Bradford's time. Its deep brown patina, in contrast to the blue chairs, the pastel wall, and the plum covered sofa at the foot of the white covered bed, is a lesson in color blending, which Judy probably doesn't even know she is absorbing.

She probably doesn't realize, either, that if she is being influenced into the idea that books are fine possessions. But she is, by way of an outstanding break-front bookcase in her debutante room, which now holds a few of her father's favorite books and a couple of hers. But she knows this is "to grow on."

Everything in the room, naturally, is on an adult scale and the one rule of the house is that Judy may visit her "future" whenever she desires, but she must not play in there. Her present sitting room, the fenced-in stretch of beach before the house and the downstairs living room is hers for playroom.

The piece of furniture in the living room which is his real pride and joy is a Welsh dresser which he picked up quite cheaply at an auction, simply because it was too big for an average room. He has decorated that dresser with pewter plates and candlesticks, together with a pair of antique spice jars.

However, Brian has no such slavish devotion to antiques that he excludes comfort. In the downstairs room, there are big soft modern, chintz-covered couches, pulled up before the huge stone fireplace, and fat squasy chairs here and there. But on the couch or in the chairs, wherever there is one pillow, there's a mate to it. One is embroidered "Brian," the other is embroidered "Judy."

Brian apparently isn't even aware of one outstanding feature about his house, but any woman would notice it, and be a little touched by it. The simplest room in it is his own bedroom. It's very masculine, no dressing room about it. The bed is a beautifully carved antique. The bedside tables have the lights adjusted for reading the piles of books, lying alongside. There are a couple of comfortable chairs, but that's all. No suite, such as Judy has. No beautiful elegance.

Brian doesn't think he's spoiling Judy, with all this attention so long as it gives her a sense of the continuity of social living, of the generations overlapping one another, of friends on various age levels.

He says, "I don't believe that children are spoiled by love or that there can be too much love given to them. I buy Judy more dresses than she wears, more toys than she needs, certainly, but she seems to know that when I see a pretty dress or something, I have to buy it, just because it reminds me of her. This way, picking up things for her 'young girl' room has been my greatest happiness. None of this makes her a naughty girl. She's obedient because she wants to please me."

This is actually true. Judy is a sensitive, beautiful but radiantly "good" little girl. And certainly, the home she will share with her father, as she grows toward womanhood, is all those things, too.

The End
Ace of Hearts

(Continued from page 42) he has been seen with women who belong beyond studio walls. In foursome with his friends the Alf Vanderbilts, he has devoted himself to Gloria McLean. Gloria comes from New Rochelle. She is the daughter of the late Ed Hatrix, newspaper executive, and was the wife of Jock McLean, of the Hope-diamond-Washington McLeans.

Peter branching out into the world field, there is a widespread conflagration of female interest. From points as distant as Nigeria, agents have been dispatched to ascertain for women's pages high preferences in color, proportions and performance.

Finally, over lunch in Romanoff's, he was prevailed upon by a friend to give his specifications for his ideal woman.

"Any woman with two heads," Peter said simply.

Gloria is not two-headed but she is two-manned, the friend observed churlishly, and side by side she was Jimmy Stewart. "Jimmy Stewart is not going to get her. She's mine," cried Peter.

His friend leaped up to phone the scoop to Louella but a long Lawford leg pitched him into his omelet.

Peter favors Eastern products now. He likes them sharp, not stuffy, poised, intelligent, easy to get on with, not studiously beautiful but natural to the roots of their hair and corsets.

That's all he asks, that and two heads. The deb type ranks with him, possibly because his first passion was a subed whom he met in his pre-Hollywood days while wintering in Palm Beach with his parents, Sir Sydney and Lady Lawford.

Love came late in life to Peter. He was fourteen. A certain young lady was of the same ripe age. Up till then his vitality had been corkscrewed down by English tradition. "English boys are not handed the latchkey until they are totter toward twenties-one," said Peter, a loyal of father followed the tradition. It is the only English tradition she did observe."

It was the hardest for Peter to bear. He was all for the American tradition of free-wheeling democracy.

This first romantic chapter in the Lawford legend came to an end in the spring of 1939 when the Lawfords left for California. But Peter had acquired the soundness of "good for romance" and romance rolled.

There is more than meets the eye in Peter. He's not standard bread; he's firebrand. Though born in England, he is far from being altogether a Frenchman. A good part of his childhood was spent in France. Until he was five, he spoke only French, the language of love. Finding he could get nowhere with mademoiselles because of the smothering English, he switched to the language of Shakespeare in which he was destined to scale heights and balconies.

Peter, he believes he resembles his father in appearance, thinks he has the temperament of his mother, who is half French. He is excitable, hot-blooded, responsive as quicksilver and has the fast Gallic way with women. He also has beautiful manners and black moods.

"I have frightening depressions," he confides. "I have great days, then one like death. At one o'clock I may be on top of the world in the sun, then I decided that Clift was rolling in and by six, I am ready for the hemlock. Why? I have everything. More than a man of twenty-five should have."

A woman would say he needs a wife. A woman, according to a woman's cure-all. The practical female takes small stock in symptoms of genius. Even when Peter feels the horrors creeping on him and leaps in his car to dash for the sea, drawn by a sense of affinity and belief in its curative miracle, the babes would say he was subconsciously seeking a scan of the shore. Of course, that might well be part of the curative miracle.

Peter says that were he not compelled to earn a livelihood, he probably would be a beachcomber. A cosmopolitan who has been to Paris, Barcelona and the sophisticate towns gimming the Riviera, he recalls most fondly the black sands of Tahiti and the warm golden reaches of Nassau. He eventually will yield to the convention of marriage, though.

"I give myself just five years more," he says, in a hollow tone, looking a little haggard. You can see that his heart is not in it. He says.

It is plain that Peter's dream of matrimony is still confused with bachelor bliss.

Peter's interest in one woman may simmer for as long as a year and then blow at the last moment. He's a romantic and no fool. He found out early that if she were compelled to quit America, she would rather live in Russia than in England. This, he took, not as an affront to his birthland, but to common sense. "She's not been in England or Russia," he said.

II

Peter's distance record in heart interest was with June Allyson, prior to her marriage to Dick Powell. It was two years before the seismograph registered a temblor. Then suddenly, words, words, words, as Hamlet says. One evil day, when Mr. Lawford was under a morose cloud, he offered an unsolicited opinion that Miss Allyson was going Hollywood. Miss Allyson in turn vocalized her view that Mr. Lawford was a silly, egotistical jerk.

But the Fates in the Front Office, who have no respect for players' prides and sensitive natures, threw them into a clutch in a picture, "Two Sisters from Boston." And the marriage bloomed again and has been in full flower since.

Peter receives more letters than any actor on the lot. The hardheaded Front Office regards this as an excellent poll of public opinion. Consequently, stories are being read with a view to charting Lawford into position as a great male star.

With the flexibility of the born actor, he succeeds in the soundness of "good for romance," when "News" and "Easter Parade," to tenderness and tragic sensitivity in pictures diverse as "Little Women," "The Red Danube."

It is the fashion now to liken every young actor to the boy next door. The sign has been hung on Peter. And with his breeze and buoyness, he probably could play "The Americano" better than any actor since Doug Fairbanks Sr.

But if Peter is the boy next door, the boy next door may be Scaramouche or Raffles or Francois Villon—even Hamlet.

Lawford has the élan possessed by no other young actor of today. And by few in the past, for playing characters of fire and vibrancy.

A critic boldly declared, along with the Hollywood princesses, that in the twenty-five category, there is only Peter Lawford.

"What do you mean," said Peter hotly. "There is Montgomery Clift and I am his biggest fan. I wish I could act like Clift."

But if Peter is the boy next door, Clift had the advantage of stage technique.

"That's not it," Peter said. "He has more than that. He has this and this," he touched his heart and his head. "That is all there is—great acting, head and heart."

That, no doubt, is the best definition of Peter, too.

The End
Confessions of Leo

(Continued from page 59) day whether John would report for work or report to Elaine. I miss him. John was the greatest of them all. Thank goodness, we have two other wonderful Barrymores, Ethel and Lionel, still on the payroll.

I'll never forget my roar of surprise when Clark Gable walked on the lot, way back in 1930. They told me he was to be the new great lover. In a pig's eye, said I, looking at his big ears. I'm a lion who loves to admit he was wrong, and I was wrong plus, about this Gable. From the moment they saw his mug on the screen in "The Easiest Way," the women swooned and the men approved. They still do.

You know I was around when June Allyson told her producers that she was in love with Dick Powell. "Don't marry him," they warned her. "I'll kill your career." That's a joke; sister. Almost from the day of June's marriage to Dick, beg pardon, Richard, her career zoomed into high gear. And she is, in my opinion, the best young actress on the screen today.

One thing I've tried to cure at my studio, but without success so far, is the "Queen" system. I do not believe in monarchies. A throne is a mighty lonely seat. And the gal who occupies it usually loses contact with her subjects. Take Norma Shearer. Ah, what a woman and what an actress. And what a blunder she made, and what a pity it had to cost her a throne. When Norma said she could not see herself in "Mrs. Miniver," that she preferred "Her Cardboard Lover" instead, a great career faltered. And a new queen, Greer Garson, was born.

Greer Garson! There's a lot of woman. And she's been through a lot. But I believe she's happier today than at any time in the ten years I've known her. Maybe because she does not expect so much! You've probably forgotten, but Greer sat around in Hollywood for one whole year before the studio finally gave her the break she'd been screaming for, in "Good-bye Mr. Chips." And after "Mrs. Miniver," how the studio coddled and protected her!

Came a new queen from over the waters, Deborah Kerr. I watched Greer suffer as her throne tottered. I heard her sob inwardly, as the best picture properties at my studio were announced for Debbie, a very sweet girl, by the way. But glory be, I have seen Greer come out of her downward spiral to make a happy levelling with her career and her private life.

I was one year old when a flashing, dark-haired girl, Lucille Lesueur, Charletoned her way into L.B.'s office. You know her as Joan Crawford. Those were the very gay twenties. And Joan was the gayest of them all. But Joan educated herself. She learned to be a great lady as well as a great actress. I tip my tail to her.

You can't be smart all the time. But I was a very angry lion when Deanna Durbin clicked in "Three Smart Girls" at Universal. We had her and let her go. It was a choice between—keeping her or dropping another fourteen-year-old, Judy Garland. Judy was a fat little butt-terball then. Deanna always had the voice of an angel. I could have bitten L.B. for keeping Judy and letting Deanna go. But time tells the story. Judy is now a top star. Deanna? Well, I still say, all she needs is one good picture.

What do you think of Wally Beery? He's still making front page news. And still making good pictures. Wally was at Metro almost before I was. He opened the joint, so to speak. Will you ever forget the great team-work with Wally and Marie Dressler? I hope she is happy in her heaven, because she sure made millions of...
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---

*SOMETIMES* I run an old film. I like to compare what we did yesterday with what we give 'em today. Makes me sad sometimes, like last week, when I sat all by myself in the projection room and saw Jackie Cooper's great movie, "The Champ," with Wally Beery. I cried as a cub. Partly, because it was such a good picture. More, because youngsters grow up, and when they do, they aren't the same beastly fool out of public favor, like Jackie. I read where his wife has sold their home here and they will live in the East where he's doing a stage play.

And that reminds me of Jean Harlow. Where will we ever find another Jean? Sure, I know we have Luba Turner now, and she's good, too. But no one can top Harlow. When she walked on the screen, the heat was so hot it almost scorched you. When she died, Bill Powell was like a lost crazed soul. I'm happy that he is happy now with his cute Diana.

---

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Your name...
Dolly will not marry Clark, however. Although she is very fond of him. She has her own world. She does not talk Hollywood jargon, doesn’t care much about Hollywood, in fact. And I went to report that she is infinitely more important than the social butterfly she too often is pictured. She has real wit. She loves life and fun and laughter. And her gift for friendship is great. She is one of those rare people it is comforting to know, because even in your most depressed and cynical moments, you are convinced that in a pinch you could count on her.

I asked Dolly if she would marry Clark. “Marriage for us would not work, Elsa,” she told me. “I could not adjust to being Mrs. Clark Gable, sitting on street corners while Clark signed autographs.”

I was reminded of Dolly’s statement about marriage that day we were at Eden Roc together. Two little American girls stepped forward and one said, “Mr. Gable, would you be kind enough to allow my friend to photograph you?” To the amusement of all of us, Clark, who really hates this sort of thing, stepped up and was photographed from every angle. And all the while, he made up outrageously to the girl who had approached him. He did this in a semi-humorous attempt to intrigue Dolly, who only thought it all great fun. These girls were anyone more masculine than Clark. Which accounts for his irritation last summer when Dolly and I understood the writer who spoke in French and he could not. Which accounts for his need to pack away his vividly so often to hunt or fish. Which accounts, above all, for his devastating attraction for women. **Dolly’s** asked

**Marriage** about those including devotion that now is a legend.

**All of which explains many things, including the somewhat sad amusement those who know Clark feel, when they see pictures of him dancing or dining with a new girl, or read that it looks like wedding bells for him and Anita Coiley, Millicent Rogers, Iris Bynum, now about to marry Colonel David Allerdycyce, is finally out of the running), Virginia Grey or anyone of a dozen others, with the exception of Dolly O’Brien Dorelis.**
has none of the characteristics of a ladies' man and I am quite sure that none of the ladies with whom his name has been linked romantically, ever could say he led her on or made one false promise. That isn't Clark's way. He's a casual gent who lays it on the line.

He's a man's man, really. That, I think, is why he was so eager to do "Command Decision," and in such good spirits while he was making it.

When he told me he was going to do "Command Decision," I protested. "You are the greater lover of all time, whether you like that appellation or not. This has been your success. Why under the sun are you possessed to make a movie in which no girl appears?"

"Because, Elsa, it will be a success," he said. We had quite an argument about it, an argument that reminded me of the again of Clark's dogged, stubborn, Pennsylvania Dutch forebears.

He was right, of course, and I was wrong. I admit that in "Command Decision" he is wonderful. But I still would like the picture better if there were a girl in it somewhere and he had his arm around her.

I've known Clark for many years. It was in 1933, when I was Gary Cooper's house guest, that Clark and I first met. Gary had rented Greta Garbo's house in Chevy Chase and Clark and Rhea, his second wife, used to come over sometimes in the evening. The moment they arrived, however, Rhea would find herself left to the ladies, while Clark and Gary, a bachelor in those days, gathered with any other gentlemen present, and sang barber shop chords. "Singing Fools" they called themselves, properly enough. And however unmusical their efforts turned out to be, they had the glorious time men always have when they get together and sing.

Perhaps I took advantage of my long friendship with Clark, recently, when I asked him, point blank, "Clark, if you don't marry Dolly, who are you going to marry?"

His eyes twinkled. "Who do you think would marry a bum actor like me?"

He isn't a bum actor, of course. He's learned to be one of the most natural actors on the screen. That's another attractive thing about Clark. He learns fast, personally, as well as professionally. He's come a long way from the attractive Hollywood provincial he used to be, before the war picked him up and carried him to the great cities of the world. And before Dolly O'Brien Dorelis, intrigued by him, introduced him to social circles to which he never really aspired, and from whence he once would have fled.

A most distinguished gentleman these days, Clark Gable. I wonder who the lucky girl to marry him will be. I wonder, too, if there will be another Mrs. Gable.

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Hollywood Clothes Line

(Continued from page 68) bodice manages to have a slight V neckline and is tightly draped right down to the waistline. The enormous skirt of pink organzal stands out way out over a much paler taffeta slip. But the knockout touch is the cascade of fresh pink camellias which Janet adds to the dress when she wears it.

We've been to lots of parties given by Joan Crawford, but none gayer than her most recent. Clark Gable was Joan's date that night—but another of her beaux, Philip Reed, was on hand, too (Greg Bautzer was conspicuous by his absence). Joan had her guest-tables covered with very dark tablecloths of wine-red, dark green and navy blue. In the center of the tables were big floral pieces composed of white tulips and white carnations, with three long, lighted candles rising from the midst of each. It was an enchanting effect, as there was no other light in the room. After dinner, people sat on the floor while Dinah Shore and Gordon MacRae sang.

A FEW nights after Joan's lovely soiree, her chums, Betty Newling and Al Bloomingdale, threw a party for the visiting Kenneth Friedes. He's a well-known publisher and she is the former Natalie Thompson, once wed to Bob Hutton. However, this time Joan and Greg Bautzer were together again, and while he played poker after dinner with Jane Greer, Merlyn LeRoy and Bill Dozier, Joan just sat alongside and knitted. Her "knitting costume" was a beautiful white starched organa with yards and yards of skirt gathered at the waist; the bodice very low, strapless and slightly draped into a heart-shaped decolletage. The gown was splattered all over with tiny sequins—giving the effect of having had handfuls of confetti tossed upon it.

And as at Joan's party, Gordon MacRae handled the vocals. Later, Van Johnson rendered "Embraceable You" as Gordon would do it, with Georgia Carroll, Ann Miller, Esther Williams and Ann Rutherford joining in on the choruses.

All over Hollywood, the gals are sprouting those hip-length, very full little box jackets of flannel, gabardine, and sheer wool which goes so well over daytime dresses, slacks—or anything short of dressy clothes. The latest versions have collars that end in strips that can be tied with a big bow effect at the neck—and full baggy sleeves. A double row of shiny buttons marching down the front gives a loose, double-breasted effect.

The commanding decision about hair is no longer whether or not to cut it short—but how short. Anyone in a longish, glamour-bob looks like something fresh out of the backwoods these days and nights. With the short haircuts, the earing has become just about a gal's most important and eye-catching piece of jewelry. One night at a swanky party, we noted there wasn't a gal in the room unadorned by some jeweled (or reasonable facsimile) knick-knacks dripping from her ears. We say "dripping"—because the drop earrings are by far the most flattering. At this soiree, guests were asked how they'd like to see themselves on a magazine cover—if they had full say about the pose, costume, and props. So just about everyone took pencil and paper in hand and made a rough sketch showing individual choice. Lorenta Young drew herself as Dalí might "interpret" her. Irene Dunne just attempted a self-portrait with no special background. Rosalind Russell sketched herself as a gaily plumed polly-parrot. And so it went until everyone got rid of a secret urge, no doubt.

THE END
My Mother Understands

(My Mother Understands (Continued from page 65) before I was born, so Mummy never had anyone but me and I never had anyone but her.

It's because I'm afraid it's going to be different, now, that I cry. I wish we were such a happy family, just the two of us.

We had such nice times together. I've never had a nurse or a governess. Mummy always bathed me, fed me, dressed and undressed me, fixed my hair. Now that I'm twelve, I do these things for myself but Mummy still supervises, is always right here. And we take turns about getting breakfast. When I am wearing in a picture, Mummy brings me my breakfast in bed, and when I'm not working, we play turnabout, and I bring her breakfast in bed.

At the studio too, she always is with me. When it's time to go home, she always says, 'Well, Margaret, would you like to go home or eat out?' Sometimes, I say I'd rather eat out, at a hamburger stand. But, mostly, I say I'd rather go home.

When we get home, Mummy kicks off her shoes and starts to get dinner. I kick off my shoes and then I get up my radio and put it on the floor and listen to it while dinner is cooking. We have a maid who comes in by the day, but when we get home, she has gone. When dinner is ready, we sit on the floor with our plates in our laps, and eat and listen to the radio. We are both floor-sitters.

Sometimes, instead of listening to the radio, we play cards. Mummy is a card-playing woman. Mummy is a saleswoman, with cold cream all over her face, trying to sell me cosmetics. Or I am a hat saleswoman. I come in wearing her hats, one at a time, trying to sell her own hats!

We go to the movies together, which I love to do, except for the ones I am in. In the ones I am in, I know how the story is going to end, so what's the fun in that?

Every Sunday, we go to the Hitching Post Theatre, which shows only Westerns. You go in at one o'clock and you come out at six and you get your money's worth and have a lovely afternoon!

Every time I am in a new picture, I seem to get a new hobby. For my part in "Tenth Avenue Angel," I had to learn to roller skate just perfect, and after the picture was finished, every time we had any time, we would go to the rink.

In "Little Women," I play the part of Beth. I felt friends with her. I even dress like one of the dresses I wore in the picture so much, Mummy had twelve copies made for me in different kinds of material, but all the same style. Beth loved to play the piano, too, so I started to take up piano. In the picture, as in the book, poor little Beth dies, so someone who knows how I "catch" hobbies from the characters I play in pictures, said to me, "I hope you don't take up dying!" In "The Secret Garden," well, if you have seen it you will know what I mean when I say that I am now taking up window box gardening, at home.

Mummy has always shared my hobbies with me, especially ballet. Because she was a professional dancer when she was a girl. I wish I could have seen her dance. Sometimes she would dance for me, around the apartment, or we'd both "dress up" and dance together.

In Palm Beach, where Mummy and Don got married, Mummy spent all of the day that turned out to be their wedding day, trying to get me to say it would be all right

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101
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(Continued from page 38)

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13. Doll sets by Mme. Spencer Tracy
15. Spalding Professional Uniform, Margaret O'Brien
   Baseball Shoes and
16. Bell and Howell Angela Lansbury
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   Camera and Case
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19. Gruen Watch
20. John-Fredericks Hat
21. Original painting
22. Rosson Table Set
23. Winchester Gun
24. Two Black Suede
25. Inger Purse
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27. Kenneth Hopkins Ties by Slidewell
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29. Toe Shoes, size 4½
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32. Lou Foster traveler
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   up Set
40. Two Albums—
   Lauritz Melchior
41. "Lauritz Melchior
   Singing"
42. Two Albums—
   Ginger Rogers
   Mun
43. tic from "Barleys
   of Broadway"
44. Two Albums—
   Gloria De Haven
45. "Great Day for the
   Irish"
46. Saks Fifth Ave.
   Ann Miller
   Dancing Shoes worn
   in "On the Town"
47. Record Album—
   Mickey Rooney
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49. Ronson Gold Pencil
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50. Ronson Lighter Walter Pidgeon
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them carefully.

1. Write or print in the coupon provided
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   thereof—your last line of the jingle. Your
   last line must rhyme with "roar." Then
   fill in the prize for which you are
   competing as well as the name of the star
   who is giving this prize. You may compete
   for as many prizes as you wish. However,
   no person may win more than one prize. Fill
   in, too, your complete name and address
and mail your entry to: Photoplay-Metro Contest, P.O. Box 1448, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. By filling out this coupon each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final.

2. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight June 10, 1949.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, M-G-M and the advertising agencies of both.

4. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by the editors of Photoplay Magazine and the stars who have donated the prizes. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

6. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

7. The winner will be announced in the October 1949 issue of PHOTOPLAY. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.

(For other photos of prizes, see pages 4, 6, 10, 39, 40, 41.)
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Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 31)

✓ (F) The Stratton Story
(M-G-M)

THIS heart-warming movie, teaming
Jimmy Stewart and June Allyson, is the
real-life story of Monte Stratton, who
became pitching ace for the Chicago White
Sox in 1937.

Jimmy is plenty appealing as the shy,
lanky pitcher. June is the cute little gal
he meets on a blind date. After a false
start, their friendship ripens into romance.
Frank Morgan, one-time baseball player
turned hobo, coaches Stratton until he is
ready for the big league. Just as Jimmy
achieves fame in the baseball world, he is
laid low by an accident. However, with
June—and the audience—cheering on the
sidelines, Stratton is bound to come through.

Morgan credibly plays Jimmy's mentor
while Agnes Moorehead is excellent as his
mother. Such baseball celebrities appear
as Gene Bearden, Jimmy Dykes and Bill
Dickey with Stratton himself serving as
technical advisor.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a homer!

✓ (A) Too Late for Tears
(Stromberg-UA)

REED is a terrible thing. Look what it
does to Lizabeth Scott and Dan Duryea.
Liz, a heartless money-mad wench, is
married to nice Arthur Kennedy. One
night, while driving in their roadster,
a bagful of money is tossed into their laps.

Obviously, they were mistaken for
someone else. Arthur intends to turn over
the money to the police, but Liz pleads with
him to hide it, at least temporarily. Next
day, Duryea visits Liz and demands his
dough or else. But Liz isn't giving it up
without a struggle, even if she has to
kill it. Kennedy's sister, Kristine Miller,
suspicious over his sudden disappearance,
starts snooping with Dan DeFore's
help. The final score is one death by
shooting and drowning, another by poison
and a third by a plunge from a window.

Husky-voiced Lizabeth Scott delivers
a good job as a bad girl. Duryea is
convincingly crooked.

Your Reviewer Says: Cupid packs a gun.

✓ (F) Tulsa (Wanger-Eagle Lion)

LUCKY Susan Hayward! The tempestu-
ous redhead has three men in her life,
all slightly territorial. A two-fisted,
sprawling saga of boom town oil
days.

There's Robert Preston who is up on
his geology, but has yet to learn about a gal
like Suzy. Also in the running is her
devoted Indian friend, Vero Armendariz.
Then there's big-shot Lloyd Gough on
whose property Susan's father was acci-
dentially killed. Beginning in a small way,
she reaches the point where she's a real
threat to Gough's oil empire. Success
changes her into an overambitious woman,
and it takes a major catastrophe to bring
Susan to her senses again.

Chill Wills scores in the humor depart-
ment. Preston and Armendariz, usually
cast as villains, are exemplary characters
for once. Even Gough is likable.

Your Reviewer Says: Jam-packed with thrills.

✓ (F) Bride of Vengeance
(Paramount)

A LITTLE history and a lot of make-
believewhat goes into this elaborate melo-
drama of sixteenth century Italy.

As the infamous Lucretia Borgia, Paul-
ette Goddard is half-sinner, half-saint, all

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Moving Again
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pation, with Petro-Syllium®. Throw away your
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woman. Her brother is the treacherous Cesare of Rome. As played by MacDonald Carey, he is a repulsively evil fellow who has his eye on an independent duchy ruled by the Duke of Ferrara. Effectively portrayed by John Lund, the duchy is nobody’s fool and doesn’t intend to be caught napping. It’s a three-cornered duel of wits, replete with love, hate and revenge. For all its eye appeal, however, the story seldom comes to life.

Pauline looks seductive, but it’s hard to believe she delights in poisoning people. Especially such a handsome guy as Lund!

Your Reviewer Says: Big-scale costume drama.

✓ (A) City Across the River (Universal-International)

Juvenile Crime is the subject of an en-grossing, hard-hitting movie with Drew Pearson serving as commentator.

The action centers upon a gang of Brooklyn teen-agers known as “The Dukes” who pride themselves on their toughness. Stephen McNally, community center director, tries to steer Peter Fernandez away from the bad influence of the hoodlums, but the boy and his pal, Al Ramsen, prefer the poolroom to the classroom. They get into a fight with their teacher who is shot in the struggle. That’s when detective Jeff Corey steps into the picture.

Joshua Shelley stands out as a weak-minded, knife-wielding member of the gang. Thelma Ritter is Peter’s work-worn mother, Luis Van Rooten is his worried father, Sharon McManus his scared sister and Sue England his pretty girl friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Gripping alum story.

✓ (F) Impact (Popkin-UA)

Deceit is the keynote of an entertaining triangle tale with homicidal overtones. Brian Donlevy—a trusting husband and a millionaire yet—adores his beautiful but wicked wife, Helen Walker. Helen clandestinely carries on an affair with Tony Barrett. The two conspire to kill her mate, but their plan backfires and it’s Tony who meets a violent death. Donlevy, poor chap, is so shocked at discovering what his spouse has been up to, that he decides to remain “dead.” So he hides out in a twoby-four-town where he meets repair shop owner Ella Raines. Brian mends her cars and she mends his heart.

Donlevy appears dazed and unhappy; Helen cuts a dashingly figure; Ella is sympathetic and Charles Coburn is a capable detective.

Your Reviewer Says: Domestic double-play.

✓ (F) Adventure in Baltimore (RKO)

Such mischief as Shirley Temple gets into in this movie! Set in Baltimore of 1905, the homey story revolves around Shirley, her minister-father, Robert Young, and her fine-looking neighbor, John Agar.

Alternately bold and contrite, Shirly’s unconventional behavior involves her in one girlish scrape after another. Young displays great forbearance when she is expelled from school. He encourages her to become a painter but vestryman Albert Sharpe fears it will interfere with Young’s election to a bishop’s post. As Young tells his wife, Josephine Hutchinson, it’s all a tempest in a teapot.

Although there’s a maximum of talk and a minimum of drama, flashes of humor and warmth come through. A sequence in which John Agar squirms his way through Shirley’s speech on women’s rights reveals him as a promising comedian.

Your Reviewer Says: Chuckles and tears.
LOVE can be lost...romance ruined if you offend with perspiration odor. So stop it before it starts!

DRYAD — Jergens new kind of deodorant actually stops the decaying action of bacteria...the chief cause of embarrassing perspiration odor...before it starts!

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SMOOTH as face cream as long as it lasts. 10¢, 29¢, 59¢.

Dryad stops perspiration odor before it starts

(F) Manhandled (Paramount)

HERE'S a pulse-quickening murder meller designed to keep you glued to your seat. Dorothy Lamour is well cast as a pretty secretary trying to make an honest living if only Dan Duryea will let her! Once again, Duryea plays a scoundrel who can woo a woman and commit a crime with equal facility. It's when he tries to frame Dotty that he outsmarts himself.

Husky Sterling Hayden shows up as an alert insurance agent, always a step ahead of detective Art Smith. Irene Hervey is mighty attractive as the wealthy, two-timing wife of writer Alan Napier. When Irene is murdered and robbed, things begin to pop. Dotty's psychiatrist-employer, Harold Vermilyea, is also involved, along with man-about-town Philip Reed.

A fast-moving whodunit with smooth performances all around.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty of suspense.

(F) The Undercover Man (Columbia)

LOVE over, Dennis O'Keefe and Dick Powell! Glenn Ford is stealing your stuff. The role of treasurer agent is a new one for Glenn and, while he handles it well enough, his talents are better suited to a brisk comedy like "The Return of October."

Along with two other agents, James Whitmore and David Wolfe, Glenn seeks proof of income tax evasions on the part of a prominent underworld character. Though guilty of much more than tax evasion, the man's power is so far-reaching that he has managed to escape arrest. His clever mouthpiece, Barry Kelley, sees to that, giving Glenn, his co-workers and police inspector, Frank Tweddell, a run for their money. Ford finally decides to quit. Why shouldn't he lead a normal life with his lovely, patient wife, Nina Foch? But Fate intervenes.

Joan Lazer, Esther Minciotti and Anthony Caruso appear to advantage in this movie of mobsters and T-men.

Your Reviewer Says: Interesting game of hide and seek.

(F) Arctic Manhunt (Universal-International)

WHAT could be more ironical than to be marooned on a floe, drifting out to open sea, with a quarter of a million dollars? No wonder Mikel Conrad is in a cold sweat! But since there's no question of his guilt, you can't feel too sorry for him.

After serving a year in prison for his part in a holdup, Conrad leaves for the Far North to split the money with his accomplice. Insurance agents Harry Harvey and Russ Conway are hot on his trail.

Filmed in the Arctic, there are some interesting Eskimo rituals. An adequate cast includes Carol Thurston and Wally Cassell.

Your Reviewer Says: Adventure on ice.

(F) Outpost in Morocco (Bischoff-UA)

THE French Foreign Legion has a valuable man in Captain George Raft. But it's his reputation as a Don Juan, rather than as a military man, which makes him eligible for a delicate assignment.

Raft is to head a convoy, escorting the French-educated daughter of the Emir of Bel-Rashad to her father's palace. Since she is Marie Windsor, more beautiful than beauty, it's a pleasure. Suspecting the Arabs of stirring up trouble, Raft's colonel, John Litel, orders him to find out what he can. Sure enough, the old Kiki is rarin' to go against the French, and Raft has all he can do to escape and summon reinforcements.

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Marie, meanwhile, is torn between loyalty to her people and love for Raft. It's a picturesque, swift-moving action film with plenty of hard riding, shooting and love-making. Akim Tamiroff, Eduard Franz and Damian O'Flynn are in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Good desert drama.

✓ (A) The Set-Up (RKO)

The ugly aspects of the fight game are forcefully brought home in this movie. Robert Ryan turns in a noteworthy job as a small-time prizefighter, trying to make a come-back at thirty-five. Audrey Totter invites deep sympathy as his disillusioned, despairing wife. She begs him to quit the ring but her plea falls on deaf ears. Ryan doesn't know that his double-crossing manager, George Tobias, has fixed the fight on orders from racketeer Alan Baxter. Thus, even if—by some miracle—Ryan wins, he still loses because Baxter wants it that way.

You get to meet as motley an assortment of characters as ever appeared in one picture—crooks, drifters, hangers-on, gamblers. By the time the last savage punch is delivered, it's well established that prize-fighting, as depicted here, is an extremely sordid business.

Your Reviewer Says: Bloody and brutal.

✓ (F) The Younger Brothers (Warner's-First National)

Grab a gun and join the chase! The notorious Younger Brothers are on the loose. As portrayed by Wayne Morris, Bruce Bennett, Robert Hutton and James Brown, they're really not such a bad sort. All they ask is to keep out of trouble for a couple of weeks. Then they will be granted pardons and can retire to dirt farming in their native Missouri. Bruce has a girl, Geraldine Brooks, waiting to marry him.

But alas, the righteous citizens of Cedar Creek, led by vengeful ex-detective Fred Clark, keep hounding the Youngers. Then, too, there's Janis Paige who wants Wayne and his brothers to join her outlaw outfit, and won't take no for an answer. It's a tug of war with Janis and Clark on one side and the brothers on the other.

Your Reviewer Says: Rip-snortin' six-shooter.

Best Pictures of the Month

Champion
Mr. Belvedere Goes to College
The Window

Best Performances of the Month

John Lund in "Bride of Vengeance"
Kirk Douglas in "Champion"
Joan Crawford, David Brian in "Flamingo Road"
Clifton Webb in "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College"
Joan Greenwood in "Saraband"
James Stewart, June Allyson in "The Stratton Story"
Lizabetta Scott, Dan Duryea in "Too Late for Tears"
Susan Hayward, Pedro Armendariz, Lloyd Gough in "Tulsa"
Bobby Driscoll, Arthur Kennedy, Paul Stewart in "The Window"
The Story of the M-G-M Studios

(Continued from page 51) Dean Stockwell, but it is to be doubted if their histories, when written, can possibly be more colorful than the univied pioneers of 1924.

The other five stars, besides Miss Gish, that glamorous 1924 occasion were Mae Murray, John Gilbert, Lon Chaney, Ramon Navarro and Antonio Moreno.

Moreno and Navarro are still wealthy. Probably, had they lived, Jack Gilbert and Lon Chaney would have been rich, too. But Jack was to die, after being involved in the love affairs of the greatest box office bonanza Hollywood has ever known. The love stories of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, of Bogey and Baby, pale out when you compare them to the in-candescence that was the love of Gilbert and Garbo.

M-G-M has a short coming out this summer called "Some of the Best." It is composed of fascinating bits from M-G-M's hit pictures over these twenty-five years. But were they dull as pewter, the whole short would be luminous merely for those glimpses of Jack Gilbert with Garbo.

And you must know about Chaney, too—Chaney, who was called a man of mystery. Lon was the butt of a thousand gags. "Don't step on it, it might be Lon Chaney," people said to one another in 1927. He was "the man of a thousand faces"; he was "the horror man," more frightening than Karloff, Lugosi or Lorre. He was also a fine actor. But without doubt about that until he made "Tell It to the Marines," and then the production got stolen from him by a fresh-faced kid named William Haines, who is now one of the great interior decorators, not alone of Hollywood, but of America.

It was "the boy genius," Irving Thalberg, whom Louis B. Mayer had hired from Universal to be his assistant at M-G-M, who had given Chaney his previous great opportunity in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and thus it seemed like a good omen that the firm's first film of 1928 was called "He Who Gets Slapped." There was a thirteen-year-old girl who played the adult love interest in "He Who Gets Slapped"—Loretta Young. Also playing there, their best roles to date in this production were two very handsome young people, John Gilbert and Norma Shearer.

Yet, probably, it was Mae Murray who most clearly forecast the Hollywood that was to be. Mae, in 1924, was queen of the lot. Mae was a high priestess of temperament. She was really beautiful, with her fine legs, her small, very sexy figure, her "bee-wa " lips, her eyes that were so palely blue, the all men who played opposite her had to wear black shirts and all the lights had to be shrouded. John Gilbert was her leading man for "The Merry Widow," which was the M-G-M smash hit of 1925. Erich Von Stroheim, now on the Paramount lot about to begin "Sunset Boulevard," was the equally temperamental director.

Mae had the backing of Marcus Loew, the original backer of Metro. Loew was eternally grateful to Mae because once, when he was very short of funds, she had made a couple of pictures for him very cheaply, out of sheen good-heartedness.

They had been big hits, and he had been restored to prosperity. His orders were that anything Miss Murray desired at M-G-M should be given her. She had the biggest jewels, gave the most lavish parties, and drove the largest cars.

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Mdivani, such grandeur made Hollywood gasp so that Pola Negri had to become a Princess Mdivani, too, marrying Mac's brother-in-law, Sergei. Pickfair, the social citadel, began going in for nothing less than Dukès. Gloria Swanson became the Marquise de la Faiilage and de la Cour- 
dracy, which Connie Bennett later became by marrying the same gentleman. It was tiara time on the Pacific Coast.

ARBO never wanted any part of that. The ex-baron's assistant came to Hollywood with Mauritz Stiller. There was a definite Trilby-Sezgalli relationship, a real slave-master bond.

The release of the first Garbo picture, "The Torrent," reversed that. Ricardo Cor- 
tez was supposed to be the star but Garbo swept the film world with a blaze of ex- 
citement. Garbo were stated again until 

Jean Harlow appeared in "Hell's Angels." Stiller, meanwhile, directed a couple of films that turned out to be flops. He lingered around Hollywood for a while, then returned, unnoticed, to Sweden, a broken man. Months before 1927 when their co-

starring vehicle, "The Flesh and the Devil," was released, John Gilbert had fallen in love with this girl whom he called "Flicka." "Flicka" is simply Swedish for girl, and not necessarily the name of a horse, as today's moviegoers may believe.

Jack Gilbert was accustomed to having women in love with him. There had been scores before Garbo, including his wife, Leatrice Joy, and scores after. The dif-

ference with Garbo was that he was the one in love. One thing that drove him nearly out of his mind was that she was merely amused by his idea of their marry-

ing, particularly since the romance that they put on screen was no more torrid than that which they experienced off screen. When sound came, dethroning him and raising Garbo to greater heights in "Anna Christie," he plunged into a brief marriage with Ina Claire, and later, a slightly longer marriage with Virginia Bruce. The story of Garbo's bringing him back for "Queen Christina," has been many times told. There is one facet of it, however, that hasn't been.

This is it. No other power but Garbo could have brought Jack back on the M-G-M lot. Was it kindness that made him do it? Or a final play of romance? Or, perhaps, the nagging of a guilty conscience? Whatever caused it, she had the authority to make the bosses respond to her will. But here is the irony of it.

The picture hadn't been shooting three

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days before Gilbert was giving everybody orders. He knew nothing about sound technique. He had no ability whatever to read lines. But he told the director how to direct. He told Greta how to act. And she took it. Knowing his nonsense was dooming the picture to failure, she did not reproce him. To the very end, she let him believe that he was as great as he once had been.

The Shearer-Thanlgart story had none of these pyrotechnics but it, too, was the story of a man deeply in love with a beautiful woman. That love influenced the course of the great M-G-M studio to further heights. And when it ended, through Thalberg's death in 1926, it gave a blow to M-G-M's prestige and forward-mindedness from which it took them years to recover. But before we get into that, two other stories of how other amazing personalities must be told. The colorful histories of Ramon Navarro and Marion Davies.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was the super hit of 1921. No sooner had it clicked, that Valentino, its star, quarelled with Rex Ingram, its director-producer. They were both fiy men. Angrily, Ingram said he could pick up any extra boy and make just as great a star of him as Valentino did ever think of being.

ACCORDINGLY, he picked Ramon Navarro. Navarro actually had no acting experience, though he had been a professional dancer. He was a Mexican boy of incredible beauty, and of equally incredible spirituality. He lived in Hollywood, entirely surrounded by his big Mexican family, adored and adoring. He was so devout, so pure in heart.

In vain, after his stardom, various people urged him to "go Hollywood." Rudy Valentino, who died in August, 1926, after his hectic wedding and parting from the exotic Natacha Rambova, and after a mad love affair with Pola Negri, was always the sophisticate. But Ramon never swerved in the path of his life, and she so beamed sweetness. Like John Gilbert and Billy Haines, it was the advent of sound pictures which killed him as a star. He didn't die out overnight, as Jack did, but, again, like Billy, he never proved right in the spoken dialogue.

The sadness of the whole thing for all three of these men is that with today's recording, their voices could have been "mixed" in any manner that was needed, and M-G-M would have made extra millions. Al Jolson, these days when people say his voice is good as it ever was, regrets by saying "It's better than it ever was because of modern sound recording." Which is a witty crack on Al's part, and it is also perfectly true.

Marion Davies didn't survive sound very long. She died again for the same reasons. Everybody regretted that, because everyone in Hollywood loved her.

Marion's dressing-room on the lot was really a major-sized house, with dressing room, and a dining room capable of seating twenty persons, and there she entertained everyone, indiscernibly. Noblemen, famous authors and artists mingled there at lunch with electricians and carpenters. It made no difference to Marion who anyone was. She loved people, and there was no snobbery in her great, generous heart.

There was also that odd day, a minor office employee of M-G-M came to her, bringing several small diamond rings, asking Marion if she would consent to lend some money on them. "But whose are these?" Marion asked, "and what's the money needed for?"

That's when she discovered the rings belonged to Renee Adoree who had flashed to stardom in 1925 in 'The Big Parade" and that Renee had loved so completely and so generously—too generous with...

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time, money and emotions alike—was slowly dying. Marion had the rings returned to Renee. Then, without Marion’s name ever being used, wonderful things began happening to the sick girl. The mortgage on her house was paid. A house in Arizona, a perfect climate for anyone afflicted as Renee was, turned out to be untenanted. Not only was the Prescott house for rent, but somehow, it was decorated in just the colors Renee loved most, with just the type of chairs she thought comfortable.

Finally, when the inevitable end came, all Renee’s funeral bills were paid, and Renee’s mother found herself provided with an income. There are many stories told about “heartless” Hollywood. Remember one story about Miss Davis, by way of contrast. There was just one person Marion didn’t love. This was Norma Shearer. Shearer was beautiful. She could act. Miss Davis never intensively ambitious. But Norma Shearer, who topped all the other girls in being married to Irving Thalberg. Irving had everything, sensitivity, drive, good looks, plus enough to make a fortune. So they made a practically invincible pair.

The story of their first date together is typical of them. It was Louis B. Mayer who originally discovered Norma, a model posing for a silk ad. It was Mr. Mayer who brought her to M-G-M, just as he brought Thalberg. Irving and Norma met for the first time at the studio, but in the beginning they were both so career-minded, they dodged romance.

One night, Irving felt lonely, like any normal young man. He asked his secretary, “Call Miss Shearer and ask her if she will have dinner with me.” The secretary did so. Said Miss Shearer, “Ask Mr. Thalberg if he has ever heard of Priscilla and John Alden.” She took the hint. He called her himself. He told Miss Shearer, “You want to be poor!” She asked the next day. Miss Shearer was in. They made a date and on the day they discovered they responded to the same ideas and ideals.

They didn’t want to fall in love and marry. They were afraid that it might halt their triumphant upward climb. But they couldn’t help it.

Let us consider for a moment what was happening behind the screen at this time. Wartime had backed sound fully. They had heard it was “Don Juan.” Then they burst forth with some very highbrow musical shots, featuring such operatic personalities as Martignetti. But it wasn’t “The Singing Fool,” as they would like you to believe, that was the first big musical smash in this medium. The musical that really set Hollywood on its ear was The Broadway Melody. It was Irving Thalberg, back in 1928, who made it. It was $300,000, which was quite a lot at that time, though peanuts today. It earned two-and-a-half millions, which hasn’t been peanuts ever.

Yet, actually, Irving wasn’t interested in making musicals. Louis B. Mayer cared much more for them. So they turned the making of musicals over to Hunt Stromberg, and he, with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, turned them into “My Own Little Girl.”
1931 in her picture, "Dance Fools, Dance," but it was Shearer who then grabbed him, for "A Farewell to Arms.

The last great Thalberg-Shearer production, "Marie Antoinette," was not quite finished in 1936, when Irving died. Norma carried it on, however, to the end, gallantly new. No one else was in the box, for she was one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, and what is more rare in Hollywood, a visibly happy woman. Norma has had many offers to return to the screen. Personally, I doubt that she ever does.

ANY studio lot becomes like an enormous family, but no lot as much so as M-G-M. This mood is largely due to Irving. M-G-M was always regarded as his employees as his children. Like any real parent, Mr. Mayer loves some youngsters more than others, but there was one young man who annoyed him so, he practically saw in a sight. There was another, a beat-up old character actress whom one of his pet writers talked him into signing.

When a film legend's first M-G-M film was made, the whole studio thought it was so awful it would have to be shelved. The picture was "The Callahans and the Murphy's." The woman was Marie Dressler. Both of them were made up.

With "Min and Bill," Marie got an Academy Award and brought Wally Beery to top stardom. With "Emma," by the device of showing her in a scene where she sat perched on a chair, but there no exotic makeup, she brought Myrna Loy into consideration for straight leading roles after too many exotics had nearly killed her.

So very old, those two, isn't it, Miss Marjorie Mayer! But she was a trooper and her generosity knew no bounds. I could tell you a thousand wonderful stories about her but this one told by Frances Marion, the writer who originally sold Louis B. Mayer on her, is, I think, the most revealing.

Marie had been practically down and out, when she got that call from M-G-M. All her friends had turned their back on her and food on the table was her Negro maid, Hazel, who had served her during the height of her fame as a musical comedy star on Broadway. Marie and Hazel came very, very, very, very, very close.

But Marie repaid Hazel with love and the excitement of that final blaze of success. When cancer took the star from the spotlights and from life, her will showed that she had left all her estate to this most loyal friend.

By the time the thirties had come, M-G-M was established as definitely the lot. The studio starred Norma, that when you signed an M-G-M contract they guaranteed you an Oscar. And, certainly, the Oscars did hit over there, like rain in the tropics, but every one of them was deserved.

By today's standards, it is amazing to realize how rapidly M-G-M made pictures then, even the best pictures. Clark Gable, for instance, made eleven pictures in one year. Robert Young made twelve pictures his first year, but not Robert Montgomery, the young man who got so thoroughly on Mr. Louis B. Mayer's nerves.

Mr. Mayer's nerves were no exception. Mr. Montgomery got on everybody's nerves. The trouble was that Mr. Montgomery thought he could do anything. The horrible part of young Bob was that he could do everything.

For instance, when they were shooting his first picture, "So This Is College," they hired a couple of football stars to kick a ball. Bob got interested in the game and eliminated him. Naturally, it was Mr. Montgomery who was supposed to be doing the actual kicking. So what did the lad say about it? He said, "Why don't I do the actual kicking?" Something like a withering look. "In this gale?" he said.

The football stars tried to buck the gale all day. They couldn't. Finally, when the night was in, and Wally was saying there was no more work to shut down and return to the shot next morning, Bob suggested once more that he try to complete the kick. Wood, ready to laugh, told him to go ahead. Bob sailed the ball over the goal-post.

There was another time, in another picture, when they were shooting a water-skiing scene. Bob had never water-skied, but said, "I can do it.

The routine was just the same. They said he couldn't, so he did, perfectly.

Thus it was, after hitting big in comedy, and then later in drama, that Bob was a serious actor and should play deep drama like "Night Must Fall," they finally agreed, undoubtedly all secretly hoping he'd flop.

SO, of course, he didn't, but the payoff on the whole thing is that in the thirties he was regarded as a radical because he was one of the ring leaders in the organization of The Screen Actors Guild; then he was called a hero because he drove an ambulance in France, long before we got into the war; then during the war he was distinguished service with our Navy, they called him a mossa- backed conservative because he headed the Hollywood Willkie campaign.

Now, at last, they have come to appreciate his value, as a director, a producer and a star, who is just as independent-minded as ever.

Gable was never like that, nor Tracy, either. They never came about the cause they had to have a distinctive type to play opposite Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance."

Clark was still Mr. Nobody, his most recent movie job a small, mean role in "Night Nurse," a Barbara Stanwyck picture at Warners. His agent brought him over to M-G-M, and as he walked on the set, Joan had her back to him. Yet, eye witnesses swear she swung around, on a kind of instinct and said, "Sign him, immediately." You know, of course, how right she was. Even before her film was released, M-G-M had him out in "The Easiest Way."

Both Marlo Metro would be complete without mention of Jean Harlow, who died of uremic poisoning in 1937.

Jean was loved by everyone who ever met her. But despite her three marriages, she never married. She was just that last time, when she was in love with Bill Powell but didn't get married, which nearly broke her heart. What Jean possessed was a figure that only Esther Williams could love. It was such a naive appreciation of it, and its effect on people, that rarely, indeed, did she wear anything but shoes and a dress.

LIKE Lana Turner, Jean put her career second in importance. She loved life. Her first marriage had been when she was in her teens.

Her second, to Paul Bern, was because she loved the idea of being the wife of an important M-G-M executive. When Bern, a sensitive, intelligent but tortured man, committed suicide, she stood bravely under the storm of the continuations that it might have been murder.

Her third marriage was with cameraman Hal Rosson, and probably because she wanted to be very near her mother's home and into a home of her own, again.

Her own death could probably have been prevented, if anybody could have made her go to a doctor early enough. And of course, there are MacDonald and Eddy, who with "Naughty Marietta" scored the success that M-G-M had been seeking, previously, with Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore. The public wanted MacDonald and Eddy, after the initial click. But Jeanette married Gene Raymond and Nelson married the ex-Mrs. Sidney Franklin. Sidney Franklin, who is still at M-G-M, is the producer of "The Yearling."

Well, these are the histories of the initial group of M-G-M stars, except for Tracy, about whom there is so little to tell. Marie Dressler has always been a fine actor, who lives very quietly, and who doesn't talk at all.

As for the new Metro stars there's little madcap Lana Turner—and we don't need to tell you how much she has to lose because of her box office appeal. There's Bob Taylor. "All he needs is the right picture," they say at M-G-M. Ava Gardner? She possesses both the beauty and the pettiness of her kind. She adores the limelight. He doesn't quite make the stardom grade, for no reason that anybody can figure. Sinatra? It looks as if it's over. Judy Garland? There's another one they all love. If she can be fully restored, she'll be right on top again.

Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor, Janet Leigh are all too young as yet to have "past." Definitely, all of them have star futures, but it is possible that one of the biggest M-G-M big shots is banking on most, Dean Stockwell. Clarence Brown says of him, "He is the greatest actor on the screen. The greatest male actor." Clarence says, "I do not mean any false.

Louis B. Mayer says, "I love them all, and believe in them all."

He really talks thus with Clark Gable at the head of the list and little Dean Stockwell at the bottom, and with Lassie in between, you know with Mr. Mayer in charge of production, that M-G-M isUSING a second twenty-five years of super-production.
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Maybelline

WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP
New color... a light dancing red... red... red

Revolv's "Touch of Genius"

The fresh new red you always hoped you'd find

You've looked! You've found it! And call it what you will... intuition... genius...
Revolv gives you now a lively vivid red to set you tip-toe. Watch the excitement! See how
ad... your clothes sparked by "Touch of Genius" have caught the magic, too!

A red so rare as Spring, long-awaited as first love... a dancing red
..."Touch of Genius" for the smartest matching lips, fingertips and face!

Lastron Nail Enamel... Lipstick... Fashion Plate Face Make-Up... Face Powder... Cheekstick