Esther Williams
By Paul Hesse

HOLLYWOOD'S
BEST BATHING SUIT FIGURES
in Full Color
EVERY WOMAN CAN ENTER...YOU MAY WIN!

This is the season of beauty and romance and brides! To honor the June Brides of 1948, Camay is running a new kind of contest...for women only! And this contest is really five contests—you may enter every week for 5 weeks. Every week, Camay will award a $1,000 bill. And there are 2,630 prizes in all!

So easy to enter—here's what you do!

First, try Camay. Your first cake of Camay can bring a smoother, clearer skin—if you give up careless cleansing—stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Dier, described on the wrapper. And try Bath-Size Camay, too. Daily baths with Bath-Size Camay can make you lovelier from head to toes!

Tips that may help to make you a winner!

Discover Camay's advantages—and enter the Contest. Finish the sentence "I like Camay because . . . . . . . . . . . . ." in 25 additional words or less, following the contest rules. Write about Camay's mildness—its fragrance—any quality you prefer. You may win $1,000!

EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS

First Prize—$1,000 in Cash

25 Prizes—$100 Each in Cash

AND

500 MIRRO-MATIC PRESSURE COOKERS

(4-Quart Size)

2,630 WINNERS IN ALL!

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Complete this sentence, "I like Camay because . . . . . . . . . . . . . " in 25 additional words or less. Get an official entry blank from your dealer or write on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.

2. Mail to Camay, Dept. PM, Box 357, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to enclose the wrappers from one regular-size and one bath-size cake of Camay, or three regular-size wrappers, or facsimiles, with each entry.

3. Any female resident of the continental United States and Hawaii may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations.

4. There will be five weekly contests, each with an identical list of prizes. Opening and closing dates—

CONTEST OPENS

1st contest

2nd contest

3rd contest

4th contest

5th contest

1st contest

2nd contest

3rd contest

4th contest

5th contest

Concluded

NOW SAT., JUNE 13 SAT., JUNE 19 SUN., JUNE 20 SAT., JUNE 26 SUN., JUNE 27 SAT., JULY 3 SUN., JULY 4 SAT., JULY 10

5. Entries received before midnight, Saturday, June 12, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be postmarked before midnight, July 10 and received by July 24, 1948.

6. Prizes awarded each week will be:

1st Prize—$1,000.00 in cash.

25 Prizes of $100.00 each in cash. 500 additional prizes, each a Miro-Matic Pressure Cooker (4-quart size)

7. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Only one prize will be awarded to a person. In case of ties, the full prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.

8. First prize winners will be announced on Camay's radio program, "Pepper Young's Family," about 3 weeks after the close of each weekly contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize winner lists will be available approximately one month after the close of the last contest.

In honor of this year's June Brides...Camay offers $47,500 in prizes!
Thornton cutie Patti Marcheret of Flushing, L. I., has a smile that takes her places. C’mon along!

Going around in circles (the nicest circles!) is pert Patti Marcheret—a famous name model at 18! Patti is a teen-queen with more dates than a history book. Know why? Because the same bright’n beautiful Ipana smile that makes her such a terrific fashion model has a devastating effect on every lad she meets. Take a leaf from her date-book—get Ipana today!

Music has charms—but even a stardust melody can’t outshine the charm of Patti’s smile for current escort Bill Sommer! Because Patti knows this: firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth, a radiant smile. So she never skips her Ipana care!

Limber-r-r-r! Patti believes in ballet routines for keeping her figure see-worthy. And she follows this “model” dental routine for guarding her dazzling smile: regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.

Dentists recommend Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. And 9 out of 10 dentists recommend massage regularly or in special cases. (Facts from recent national survey.) Ask your dentist about massage—and follow his advice. Help him guard your smile of beauty!
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 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 armpit 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 age group. In fact, 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. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, 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—and 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.

(Advertisement)

* * * * *
The Love Story of a He-man and Two Women!

In her arms... in her kisses... the Homecoming!

M-G-M presents

CLARK GABLE - LANA TURNER
ANNE BAXTER - JOHN HODIAK

Homecoming

RAY COLLINS - GLADYS COOPER - CAMERON MITCHELL
A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION


Original Story by SIDNEY KINGSLEY - Adaptation by JAN LUSTIG - Screen Play by PAUL OSBORN
Directed by MERVYN LeROY - Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN
In association with GOTTFRIED REINHARDT - A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Brief Reviews

(F) ADVENTURES OF CASANOVA—Eagle Lion: There’s a cardboard quality to this tale. As Casanova Arturo De Cordova is romantic enough; Lucille Bremer is the girl who takes him down a peg. Turhan Bey plays Casanova’s hot-blooded comrade. (May)

(F) ALL MY SONS—U-I: Based on Arthur Miller’s prize play, this tells of the conflict between materialistic Edward G. Robinson and his idealist son, Burt Lancaster. With Mady Christians, newcomer, Louis Horton, Howard Duff, Frank Conroy. (May)

(F) APRIL SHOWERS—Warner’s: Here’s a tender, tuneful tribute to the old vaudeville days. Jack Carson, Ann Sothern and young Bobby Ellis are the headliners with Robert Alda and S. Z. Sakall. (May)

(F) ARE YOU WITH IT?—U-I: A minor musical in a carnival setting. Donald O’Connor is a wonder boy, Osa San Juan his sweetie, Lew Parker a pitchman and Martha Stewart a circus performer. (June)

(F) B, F’S DAUGHTER—M-G-M: John Mar- quand’s New Deal novel has Charles Coburn as the tycoon and Barbara Stanwyck as his devoted daughter. Barbara is engaged to Richard Hart until Van Heflin comes along. With Keenan Wynn. (May)

(F) BIG CITY—M-G-M: Tolerance is the key- note of this tepid story with Margaret O’Brien brought up by foster fathers George Murphy, Robert Preston and Danny Thomas of three different religious faiths. With Betty Garrett, Karin Booth, Butch Jenkins, Lotte Lehmann. (June)

(F) BIG COUNTRY—Paramount: When publisher Charles Laughton bumps off his girl, Rita Johnson, crime editor Ray Milland has to expose him or become Suspect Number One himself. An exciting story with a top notch cast including Maureen O’Sullivan, George Macready, Elsa Lanchester. (May)

(F) BLACK BART—U-I: Dan Duryea is a hooded highwayman and Jeffrey Lynn’s his ex-partner-in-crime in this Technicolor yarn of robbery on the range. When not holding up stagecoaches, the boys make love to Yvonne De Carlo. (May)

(F) BRIDE GOES WILD, THE—M-G-M: June Allyson and Van Johnson go joyriding in a helter-skelter farce. Arlene Dahl, Butch Jenkins, Hume Cronyn and Una Merkel add to the hilarity. (June)

(F) CALL NORTHSIDE 777—20th Century-Fox: An authentic case in Chicago’s police record inspired this human interest drama. Jimmy Stewart is the reporter whose zeal frees Richard Conte, imprisoned for a murder he never committed. (Apr.)

(A) DEAR MURDERER—Rank-U-I: Smart, smooth and sophisticated British thriller of an unfaithful wife and her revengeful husband. Eric Portman and Greer Garson head a capable cast. (May)

(A) DOUBLE LIFE, A—U-I: An original if not too believable story of an actor who continues to live his roles off stage. Ronald Colman holds you enthralled; Signe Hasso is fine as his ex-wife with whom Edmond O’Brien is in love. (Apr.)

(F) FORT APACHE—RKO: Indian fighting is the theme of this overlong film. Shirley Temple pleasant- ly portrays Henry Fonda’s dummy daughter at-tracted to personalae John Agar who scores in his movie debut. John Wayne’s in it, too. (May)

(F) FOUR FACES WEST—Enterprise-U-A: It’s romance on the range with bank robber Joel Mc- Crea and nurse Frances Dee taking to each other in a big way. But with U. S. Marshal Charles Bickford in hot pursuit, McCrea hasn’t much time for fancy courtin’, With Joseph Calleia. (June)

(F) GAY RANCHERO, THE—Republic: Sheriff Roy Rogers uses plane and horsepower to trap George Meeker and his gang, trying to take over an airline run by Jane Frazee and Andy Devine. (Apr.)

(A) HAZARD—Paramount: Paulette Goddard’s gambling fever is so bad, only MacDonald Carey can cure her. He’s hired by crooked Fred Clark to find her after she loses a bet. Paulette and Carey engange in a rough-and-tumble game of tag. (June)

(F) HUNTED, THE—Allied Artists: Belita skates on thin ice in a stereotyped story of a girl with a...
Famous Gum
Beech-Nut Gum

- **Everybody loves SAN FRANCISCO!**

Its hills, cable cars, bright sunshine and fog, bridges, cosmopolitan atmosphere, invigorating all-year climate, people—life—there is so much to like about San Francisco. Everywhere are breath-taking views. Beautiful homes cling to the hillsides. Stately buildings reveal its civic pride, educational and cultural achievements.

Here where a gay and fascinating city contributes so much to the pleasure of living, and visiting, it is natural that San Franciscans enjoy the fine flavor of—

**Beech-Nut Gum**

*It has the flavor everyone likes.*

**Beech-Nut BEECHIES**
Candy Coated Gum—good too.

**CABLE CARS! CHINATOWN!**
Exciting parts of San Francisco's unique charm and interest.
Frame your eyes with Fashion

Grantly

FASHION FRAME

Sunglasses

$100 $750

OTHER STYLES TO $2.50 and $2.95 at leading drug and department stores everywhere

Costume-blend colors to harmonize with your summer wardrobe . . . lipstick, pool blue, black, flesh, shell. All Grantly sunglasses are tested for optical safety to protect against infra-red and ultra-violet rays.

FOSTER GRANT CO., INC.

Leominter, Mass.

Little Lulu

"I'm-m...all alike! But only Kleenex is 'just like' Kleenex!"

Little Lulu says...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why Kleenex is America's favorite tissue. With Kleenex, you pull just one double tissue at a time—and up pops another!

© International Cellucotton Products Co.

Between the Perilous Gold of California and the Blazing Lead of Missouri lies the Silver River.

This is the saga of Mike McComb — hero, gambler, adventurer... man of glorious destiny in the West's most dangerous days!

Errol Flynn
Fearless as the times he lived in!

Ann Sheridan
Fiery as the man she loves!

Silver River

Warner Bros. made it

Directed by Raoul Walsh
Produced by Owen Crump

With Thomas Mitchell — Bruce Bennett
What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am thirty-seven and my husband is forty. We have one child, a girl sixteen, who has been reared with my younger sister, who is now eighteen. Our family foursome has always been wonderfully happy until recently.

My sister has a “teen-age crush” on my husband. I can understand this as my husband is handsome and charming. However, our daughter does not understand the attitude of her father toward her aunt, particularly when the aunt is only two years older.

I haven’t wanted to dissuade my husband from paying so much attention to my sister, but he only laughs and continues to flirt with her. I haven’t brought this situation up seriously yet, although I have chided my sister. She accused me of being jealous of her youth and prettiness.

I love my husband deeply, but I also love my sister even if she is a foolish child. She has no other place to go, and our home would not be the same without her anyway. She is as dear to me as my own daughter.

(Mrs.) Kathryn C.

Perhaps the best solution is this: In your town, which is rather a large one, there must be an active young group in your church. If you have not made church attendance a family habit, certainly now is the time. This young group should be invited into your home so that both your daughter and your sister could be exposed to the fascinating presence of boys their own ages.

If there is no such church group, there positively will be a school group. Make it a policy to become unofficial hostess for the friends of the two girls.

You should not discuss his behavior with your husband, and you should give no reason for your gradual interest in the girls’ social activities. There are some situations which can only be made worse by conversation.

Have confidence that this is just a silly phase in the development of your sister as well as that of your husband. Be patient, wise and busy. Don’t overlook the fact that your husband, subconsciously, may be trying to make you somewhat jealous so that your young interest for him will return.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am one of three girls who are making plans for this summer. We all want to go somewhere and work, but we want jobs that are totally new and different. Here are some of the ideas we have: A dude ranch, a pleasure boat, a summer resort.

Our problem is that we can’t seem to find any information on how to get such jobs. How could we find out about wages, where we would be employed, what the recreational facilities would be?

Kay B.

Personnel officers who employ girls for dude ranches, pleasure boats, or summer resorts are deeply interested, as a rule, in securing employees who have had training or experience in certain definite lines of work.

If you are to work on a dude ranch, you should be able to ride exceptionally well. You should understand enough about horses and horsemanship to safeguard ranch guests who might be one hundred per cent greenhorns. Or if you were to work in the dining room, you would need training and experience in taking orders, managing trays, remaining briskly on your feet despite flattening arches and smiling at the crumbsy customers if it killed you.

However, if you do have training along the lines outlined, you should write to any of the National Park hotels and apply for a position (Continued on page 10).

I had nothing to confess, but he told me that while he was in service he became the father of an illegitimate son. He has never seen the girl since he came back from overseas and has never seen the baby. However, this girl sent him some pictures of the little boy. He is the dearest thing—the image of my husband.

Now that I am going to have a child, the thought of that other baby preys on my mind. My heart goes out to him and to his mother. Do you think it would be right for me to drop that other girl a note to tell her that I know what she went through, and that my heart goes out to her?

As you can see, I am upset by this thing although I have never breathed a word of my thoughts to my husband. I keep thinking that my baby will have a darling big brother in this world whom he may never know. I get awfully confused.

Andina C.

I think it is sensitive and fine of you to think of this other girl and her child. However, there really isn’t anything you can do. All this took place long before you knew your husband and before you were married. If you wrote to this girl, she might misunderstand your motives. She might be thrown into panic because of fear you and your husband were planning to try to take the boy from her.

As you grow older you will find that there is much unhappiness in the world and the greatest tragedy is that there is very little anyone can do to alleviate it.

Don’t worry about your husband’s attitude toward your child. A man is not sentimental about a child he does not know. But he will grow up along with your baby, and they will adore one another.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am one of ten children, so you know that Mother is really a mother. During the war she worked in a canteen and our house was always filled with service men. I fell in love for the handsomest boy I had ever seen. We only knew each other two months before we were married and he was sent overseas three weeks later. He didn’t return until the spring of 1947, and then sent for me to join him in his home.

The housing situation was impossible, so we were given (Continued on page 10).
"Look, Buttercup,
your trouble
is right under your nose!"

There's a new man in her life. It's her first real date with him and she's been getting ready for it all day long. He is the one-and-only and tonight is, indeed, the night for romance.

Unfortunately it isn't going to work out that way.

Before nine o'clock he'll be wondering what he ever saw in her... Cupid will put the arrow back in his quiver... and she'll cry herself to sleep wondering whatever happened to turn his ardor into indifference.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" you say.

Nonsense! Don't waste your sympathy on her! She doesn't deserve it. No woman does who blindly takes her breath for granted... even for one night. After all, nothing puts you in such a bad light as halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Isn't it just common sense and good grooming to always rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic before any date where you wish to be at your best? You go forth with a wonderful sense of assurance that your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?
A Beverly Hills physician who specializes in treating eye ailments tells me that under no circumstance should you consider securing contact lens by mail. Contact lens must be prepared for your eyes alone.

I am assured that, if you will go to a competent eye specialist, you can be fitted with a contact lens which will solve your visual problem. However, I have been cautioned to warn you that some people can wear the contact lens for only an hour at a time, then the wearer must rely upon his usual eyeglasses until the eyes are rested. In other cases, patients are able to wear the lens for seven or eight hours without discomfort. That they are safe corrections is borne out by the fact that three members of the UCLA football team wore contact lens while playing championship games.

But be sure to be fitted personally. 

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am a junior in high school. I am a straight A student and have been told that I am active and have a fairly good personality.

The boy I like is in a number of classes with me and also has a very high average. For this reason we have been cast as opponents in different debates. After each debate, I have won the decision and most of the kids in school have told me that I won fairly. However, this boy has become cold and resentful.

Is it still true, in this era, that boys hate to be outdone by girls? Do you think I should deliberately let him win and take a lower mark in school?

Sybil N.

If I were you, I would continue to do my best work. I would enter every debate as well prepared as possible and imbued with the intention of winning.

If this boy is such a baby that he can't take defeat gracefully—at the hands of either boy or girl—he isn't worth your interest anyway so I wouldn't worry about him. It is a silly old-fashioned idea that a girl must be less intelligent than a man.

It is quite as essential that girls, as well as boys, be educated and trained for enlightened citizenship.

No one doubts the value to a girl of owning a magnificent set of eyes, gorgeous hair and a perfect skin. A brain in good working order, although not instantly apparent to the naked eye, is quite as great an advantage.

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.
In Nation-wide test... New Woodbury Powder

Preferred on Every Beauty Count!

WINS 4 TO 1 OVER ALL LEADING BRANDS OF POWDER

The Winner! The new and overwhelming favorite of women in a recent nation-wide test is the amazing New Woodbury Powder!

4 out of 5 preferred Woodbury to the powder they had been using!

In this most exciting test of all—against a woman's own favorite face powder—Woodbury won decisively. Actually, Woodbury won over 17 leading face powders! And women preferred New Woodbury Powder for every beauty quality!

Today see the exciting difference on your skin... the astonishing beauty that's yours in New Woodbury Powder!

NEW Woodbury Powder $1.00

Also Medium and "Purse" sizes
30¢ and 15¢—prices plus tax
6 exciting shades

NEW Secret Ingredient! New Woodbury Powder contains a secret ingredient that gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin. It gives a natural, "unpowdered" look, yet covers tiny blemishes!

New Revolutionary Process! In all cosmetic history there has never been anything like Woodbury's new blending machine. It whirls color into powder and powder into color with a force so violent a tornado would seem tame in comparison. Result: fineness of texture that's "incredible"... richness of shade that's "unbelievable"... freedom from streaking that "couldn't be true" before New Woodbury Powder!

It's like starting life all over again with an incredibly lovelier complexion!
INSIDE STUFF

Glimpses: Van Johnson slamming on the brakes of his car and all but wrecking himself in order to stare at Garbo strolling through the M-G-M studio all alone—as she desired it... Rita Hayworth actually preening herself in the presence of Howard Hughes as if he were the one man she hoped to allure. And Howard plenty allured at the moment... Sean Flynn with stepmother Nora, visiting his adored father Errol on the set of “Don Juan” and attracting attention with his resemblance to his handsome daddy... Van Heflin entertaining friends by kidding his own make-up in “Three Musketeers”—a false rubber chest with false hair glued thereon for the sake of added virility... Oscar Levant, dropping his bored role to escort his two little girls to Ann Mere-dith’s beauty salon and patiently waiting while the children have their hair cut.

Around Town: Cal’s nomination for the happiest young couple in town—Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman. Dancing together at Mocambo, we saw Jeanne and Paul suddenly kiss very tenderly and then go right on dancing... Gail Russell can win Guy Madison away from any girl she chooses. Now decorating his new apartment, we hope Gail decides to convert it into a home for two... Tom Drake remains a hard-to-get bachelor despite the determined rushing of several femme ad-mirers... Gregory Peck, hospitalized with a broken leg, had the nurses in such a dither he expected to be sent home any minute by an irate superintendent... Richard Conte in a book store, spelling his name for a clerk who remarked, “Odd name, isn’t it?” Richard, unrecognized, seemed unabashed by it all.

(Continued on page 15)
The Van Johnsons and Ronald Reagan at dedication of New Motion Picture Country Hospital

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Something distracted Eleanor Powell but husband Glenn Ford was right on the camera-beam at Ice Capade opening

Tea-some twosome: Arlene Dahl and Turhan Bey

Hear Cal York on "Hollywood Headlines"—Saturday mornings on ABC—10:30 ET; 9:30 CT; 11:30 MT; 10:30 PT.
Mitch Leisen and Betty Hutton were among the cheer leaders when sister Marion Hutton opened at Slapsie Maxie's.

Marion got a big hug from mother, who bears a striking resemblance to her two talented daughters.

The Ray Millands, Donnna Reed and husband Tony Owen at Robert Montgomery's twentieth wedding anniversary party.
Break-up: Behind the separation of Susan Peters and Dick Quine lies a poignantly tragic story. Susan, hopelessly crippled in a hunting accident a year after her marriage to Dick, courageously took up life from a wheelchair. It was Dick who encouraged her to return to the screen in “The Sign of the Ram”; Dick who suggested that she take a vacation alone in New York. He knew Susan felt he was bound to her chair and thought personal recognition and independence might erase this feeling. But as soon as Dick was launched as a producer Susan told him of her desire to go it alone. Taking their adopted son Timmie with her, she left for her brother’s ranch, in order to make this final gesture of setting Dick free.

All to the Good: Perry Como’s arrival in Hollywood to make pictures for M-G-M and the report that the popular singer may bring his wife and small son to Hollywood to live permanently. . . . The nice sentiment at the Robert Montgomerys’ twentieth wedding celebration with Bob and his cute Mrs. receiving hearty good wishes from the several hundred guests. . . . The fact that maybe now, after that “To the Victor” panning, Dennis Morgan may take the hint and reduce. . . . The peace that has finally come to the Cornel Wilde menage with Cornel and Pat patiently waiting for that New York play to materialize. Peace? It’s wonderful!

Four’s a Crowd: When Tyrone Power and Linda Christian meet in Europe sometime in June, fans are wondering what will happen if the couple should meet with Lana Turner and Bob Topping. As far as Ty and Lana are concerned, it will be a gracious meeting. Both (Continued on page 16)
"I dress for starlight dining...at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

1. **Here's how I manage** desk-to-dining dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a simple black linen dress to the office, with the smartest of tailored jackets. And, of course, rely on new Odorono cream to keep my clothes free from perspiration stains and odor." _One dab of Odorono in the A.M. keeps you dainty a full 24 hours._

And wait till you see how creamy-smooth Odorono stays in the jar. Never gritty (even if you leave the cap off for weeks).

2. **When date time comes,** I remove the jacket, add beads and crisp white petticoat, flowers and gloves—and I'm set for a romantic evening. I'm confident of my charm all evening too, thanks to new Odorono cream." _Because the Halogene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known._

Yet stainless Odorono is so safe and gentle—you can use it even after shaving. Try Odorono yourself—and see.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

---

No "brush-off" — just singers Beryl Davis and Frank Sinatra freshening up for "Your Hit Parade" broadcast have remained cordial and Tyrone never fails to inquire after Lana's well-being or to ask for news of her. But Linda, who met and captured Tyrone's heart away from Lana, hasn't quite the same feelings. Anyway it will be interesting to see what happens.

An Old Gag: Betty Grable was hoofing along from the sound stage to the studio dining room for lunch when Dan Dailey came by in his car. Although it was only a block away Dan asked Betty if she wanted a lift, "Save your feet," he said as Betty climbed in.

A few yards along, the car sputtered and stopped. Dan looked embarrassed.

"Gee," he said, "we're out of gas."

"That," said Betty, climbing out, "is the corniest gag I've heard in years."

Dan, looking sheepish, followed Betty who tried to keep a straight face.

**Seen Dining Here and There:** At the Beverly Hills Brown Derby—Wally Beery, all by himself and looking lonely as he consumed his midnight snack of ham and eggs. At Le Papillon—Bob Stack with his best girl Irene Wrightsman and so much in love; George Raft roaming around alone followed by his faithful friend, Mack Grey; Barbara Bel Geddes dancing cheek to cheek with husband Carl Schreuer. At the Tail of the Cock—Lee Marshall and Robert Walker, whose on again-off again romance has settled into a warm friendship with Bob taking little Ann Marshall (Lee and Herbert's daughter) on pleasure jaunts with his own two sons. At the Hollywood Brown Derby—Jackie Coogan and Donald O'Connor slipping into a booth for a late snack and being joined shortly by their two cute wives. At Luceys—Bob Mitchum, alone for hours and hours. At Mocambo—Jean Arthur (a rare sight) with husband Frank Ross and John Huston with his wife Evelyn Keyes. And no one seemed to be having a better time than Lady Reclusive Arthur herself.

Shhh—**Gentlemen Present:** When John Lund was ordered to turn brunette for "A Foreign Affair," Macdonald Carey to acquire a wave for "Now and Forever," and George Reeves to go curly-headed for "Sainted Sisters," the boys gathered each morning in the ladies' hair dressing room on the Paramount lot.

They patiently (Continued on page 21)
Cheers and Jeers:

How can I thank you enough for those wonderful stories on Bing in your May issue? I was especially delighted with the story by Dixie Crosby and those pictures of their home. Please have more family-type stories on the Crosbys.

Edna King
Nashville, Tenn.

I would like to inform you that we are not all Crosby fans. Ever hear of a swoon-idol named Sinatra? Ever hear that he is 1948's choice for "King of the Baritones"? I did, and I have a fan club for him. So, from the heart I say . . . We're not all Crosby Fans!

Connie Guy
Jersey City, N. J.

Congratulations to you upon your publication of the most interesting article I have ever read by Sheila Graham, titled "Fear over Hollywood." It does a person good to hear that some of our pampered darlings actually get their cars莼nd down once in a while.

Don Kaiser
Leesburg, Ind.

Just Ask for It!

Now that Hollywood is reissue conscious why don't the studios re-release the early successes of such stars as Mac West, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich?

With the exception of Miss Dietrich, these renowned actresses have not made any films for years. We younger fans have only heard about their movies—now we'd like to see them. If they won't make comebacks, let's see their early films!

Milo Channing
Champaign, Ill.

(Might be a good idea to make this request of your local theater owners and managers. You could also write the studios who originally produced the pictures of these former stars.)

Information Please!

One of the things I like best in your magazine is the article each month, "Play Truth or Consequences with—." I would like to know if the stars really take the consequences or do they just pose for the cute pictures in this article?

Barbara Matthews
Asheville, N. C.

(Just to pose in some of these pictures would in itself be a consequence. But for the record, the stars do take the consequences.)

I just saw "The Bishop's Wife" and was interested to know if Cary Grant really did play that harp solo.

Anne Marie Gibbons
Altoona, Pa.

(Cary Grant, being a perfectionist, actually took harp lessons so he could play that solo himself.)
The Most Feminine
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NOW One Color is Intensely Flattering To
All Types of Skin, Including YOURS!

"Bridal Pink"

Here's something wonderfully new and different in a shade of face powder! A color that is so truly feminine it not only flatters, but brings you a charm that is entirely new and completely captivating.

And my exciting new "Bridal Pink" is for you, because I have tried it on every skin-color type I could find, and without exception every girl, every woman who wore it, instantly found herself more interesting, more exciting than ever before.

IF your are Blond, "Bridal Pink" will intensify your blondness, make you look more feminine than ever.

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Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look different tomorrow! Appear with this newly beautiful, more feminine look. See how your face lights up with instant new life and warmth. Find out, as you will, how much more attractive you immediately become.

Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores in 50¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get your box of Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" today!

I would like to know if June Allyson and Peter Lawford did their own singing in "Good News."

MARY GILPIN
Cincinnati, O.
(June says she does not particularly like the sound of her own voice—but her fans do. She and Peter Lawford did their own singing in this picture.)

Will you please tell me who played Curly in "Tycoon"? He is very cute and has a terrific smile.

RAMONA ABRIGO
Brooklyn, New York
(Michael Harvey played this role in the picture.)

I am a subscriber to Photoplay and thoroughly enjoy it. However I have one complaint to make. The previews do not appear until after the movie has been to our town. Therefore I cannot determine whether a movie is the type we like or not. A preview is of no value if you cannot have it before seeing the picture. If anything can be done to get the previews to appear before the movies come to our town, it would be a wonderful help to us.

MRS. WILLIAM JASC
LaPorte, Ind.

(Photoplay's film reviews are published the same month they are previewed. Often this is two months or so before the pictures are released throughout the country. However all film companies have different releasing schedules. Some companies release simultaneously throughout the United States — while others first release pictures in large cities and then through the country.)

Hats-off Dept.

Thank you ever so much for publishing an article relative to Robert Mitchum, that "human hunk of heaven." Reading about him is like filling a prescription. Exactly what the doctor ordered.

I, like thousands, sincerely enjoyed his film "Crossfire."

CARAL PRIOR
Huntingburg, Ind.

Every fan to his own favorite star. But for me Tim Holt is tops. I went to see "Sierra Madre" several times (just to see him). The picture was great. But for heaven's sake, keep Tim in Western pictures. He's the only cowboy on the screen who doesn't give out with the yodel.

MILDRED REED
Los Angeles, Cal.

Hats off to Herb Howe for his wonderful story on the Cooper's in May Photoplay. He is the best actor in Hollywood but gets the least publicity.

J. WRIGHT
Fallston, N. C.

Sometimes in an otherwise empty and worthless film, a fine actor will create a character that is woven of real emotion and understanding. Such is Van Heflin's restrained and sensitive playing of Tal Harum in "Green Dolphin Street."

Thanks—we appreciate you.

MISS JUNE EDMINSTON
Westchester, Ill.

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.
FOR YOUR ALL-TIME GOOD TIME!
Jam packed with novelty, music and mirth!

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GREAT NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

MELODY TIME

7-Wonderful Songs
FOR THE MELODY TIME OF YOUR LIFE!
'MELODY TIME' 'PECOS BILL'
'BLUE SHADOWS'
'ONCE UPON A WINTERTIME'
'LITTLE TOOT'
'THE LORD IS GOOD TO ME'
'APPLE SONG'

ROY ROGERS
STARRING IN
'PECOS BILL'

THE ANDREWS SISTERS
IN
'LITTLE TOOT'

FRED MARTIN
IN
'BUMBLE BOOGIE'

WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS
THE DINNING SISTERS

FRANCES LANGFORD
IN
'ONCE UPON A WINTERTIME'

DANIEL DAY
AS
'JOHNNY APPLESEED'

ETHEL SMITH
IN
'BLAME IT ON THE SAMBA'

SONS OF THE PIONEERS
IN
'PECOS BILL'

BUDOY CLARK
AS SINGING MASTER
OF CEREMONIES

LUANA PATTEN AND
BOBBY DRISCOLL

WORLD PREMIERE AT THE FAMOUS ASTOR THEATER, BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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RELEASED THROUGH RKO RADIO PICTURES ©WDP
NEW! Procter & Gamble’s amazing Shasta—the beauty cream shampoo.

NEW! Fragrant, satiny Shasta cream—cleanses your hair . . . beautifies your hair all 3 ways—as no soap—bar or liquid—will! In one Shasta shampoo, your hair will have

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Hurry! For more beautiful hair all three ways—get Shasta. Convenient sizes. All toiletries counters.

Beauty Spots

Twinkling Vera Ralston, of “1, Jane Doe”

The Sun Needs Screening

By

VERA RALSTON, Republic Pictures star and former Olympic ice skater, spends countless hours outdoors, both winter and summer, without marring the porcelain-like beauty of her skin. How does she manage to counteract the formidable beauty hazards caused by outdoor wear and tear? She applies suntan oil or lotion freely all over her body to blunt the harsh infra-red rays of the sun, and to protect her sensitive skin. A face that’s been tanned season after season, and hasn’t been kept well-lubricated, is apt to grow old and wrinkled looking long before its time. If you would like to look tanned, without actually being so, use suntan make-ups and give yourself a fake tan . . . Without sunglasses there would be the inevitable squinting and the resultant crow’s-feet around Vera’s eyes. To guard against this, when outdoors she wears sunglasses, even on cloudy days. Like other Hollywood stars, she has several pairs to harmonize with various outfits.

Dry Skin, Freckles and Superfluous Hair

Happily for Vera, who is a natural light blonde with an enviable peaches-and-cream complexion, she is not troubled with freckles, even after long exposure to the sun and wind. Nevertheless, to insure against a dry skin, every night after thoroughly cleansing her face of make-up, she massages lubricating cream or oil on her face and neck. With facial tissues she removes most of it, but leaves on a little overnight . . . Unlike Vera, you may freckle easily. If you do, wear a wide-brimmed hat to shade your face. However, if your skin is already marred by freckles, fade them out with a good freckle cream, used according to directions. Such a cream, it is claimed, will also lighten a skin that’s sallow . . . Although Vera has little hair on her legs, she bleaches it to inconspicuousness, because bright sunlight shows it up. If you have unseemly leg hair as she does. Or remove it entirely with a depilatory or an abrasive, just as you remove underarm hair . . . Vera’s a gal who has learned that, with extra care, she can have her frosted beauty cake—and eat it, too. So follow her example and protect your beauty this summer. If you do, you’re sure to receive sugary compliments from your special honey!
Minor note to gay occasion: Dena Kaye visits Sylvia and Danny on the set

(Continued from page 16) sat there for three mornings and then walked out en masse.

"It's not being in a beauty salon we mind. But having to listen to those women gab about clothes, husbands, boy friends, parties, that early in the morning, is driving us crazy. Get us out."

An understanding executive finally rigged up a place where the boys could have their hair done in peace and quiet.

Red: If we were a visitor to Hollywood, our first move would be to grab tickets to a Skelton broadcast. Not only does Red put on a show during the broadcast, via a trick hat, but for thirty minutes afterwards freely entertains his audience with typical Skelton antics, wearing himself out in the effort to please.

There is a naive, simple quality about Skelton that sets him apart from any other comedian. He likes people, heart and soul, and possesses little flair for flippancy or humor at another's expense. A fan himself, he wanders into the Fibber McGee and Molly broadcast each week to listen in the wings. He often sits all by himself in the sponsor's booth to hear Bob Hope.

The Kayes: Unexpected glory can do one of two things—put a man up or bring him down to earth. With Danny Kaye, who became the toast of London from royalty down (he unthinkingly called the Queen "honey"), it settled him once again into safe channels. He and his wife Sylvia are together again after a brief separation.

We talked to the clever Sylvia, who writes much of his material. She was full of praise for Danny, who was then rioting the customers at London's Palladium and rejoiced in his amazing success.

And overseas, while all this was being heaped about his blond head, Danny was remembering it was Sylvia who wrote the witty ditties that were convulsing the audience, Sylvia who had helped him to ultimate success. And it was to Sylvia he returned, and their baby Dena.

Jourdan's Watch: Louis Jourdan was proudly displaying the wrist watch presented to him by his boss, David Selznick. On it is engraved, "In deep appreciation—David O. Selznick."

Billy Wilder studied the engraving a while and then cracked: "What this really means, Louis, is 'everyone will pay 75 cents and I'll make mil-l-l-lions.'"
(F) Homecoming (M-G-M)

It takes someone special to win the adoration of two knockouts like Lana Turner and Anne Baxter. Gable proves he's the guy to do it in this gripping wartime romance.

A successful surgeon, Clark leaves a busy practice and his devoted wife, Anne, to enlist. He's in for an interesting interlude when Lana becomes his nurse. Although they valiantly fight against their love, there it is! Poor Anne, sensing that something's amiss, confides her fears to Clark's sympathetic colleague, John Hodiak. Meanwhile Clark—mellow but still magnetic—emerges from the war with a new outlook on life. No longer are his patients mere "cases" but honest-to-goodness human beings.

Along with a stirring love story, "Homecoming" presents grim battle scenes to remind us of the horrors of war. Ray Collins, Marshall Thompson, Cameron Mitchell and Gladys Cooper complete an excellent cast.

Your Reviewer Says: High-voltage drama.

(F) Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House (Selznick-RKO)

If you ever dreamed of a cottage small by a waterfall—and even if you didn't—you'll appreciate the droll adventures of Cary Grant, Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas.

Nobody can express exasperation more comically than Cary who could read the telephone directory and still be funny. Once he starts to build his dream house, there are ample opportunities for exasperation. Fortunately, he's married to Myrna, always unruffled, always the perfect lady. Melvyn is their caustic attorney-friend whose advice not to buy that place in Connecticut is completely ignored.

Reginald Denny capably plays an architect whose patience is put to the test more than once; Sharyn Moffet and Connie Marshall are the Blandings youngsters who react normally to their parents' puzzling behavior; Louise Beavers cheerily serves as the family maid.

Light in substance but solid in enjoyment.

Your Reviewer Says: A blueprint for laughter.

Droll adventure: Myrna Loy, Cary Grant and Melvyn Douglas find it takes more than lumber to build a cottage small by a waterfall
(A) Another Part of the Forest
(Universal-International)

If you can stand the society of the avaricious and hateful Hubbards of
Alabama, you’ll find their story genuinely absorbing. Except for Mrs. Hub-
bard, the characters are a wicked and worthless lot. As played by Florence Eld-
ridge, she’s a gentle soul relegated to the background by her heartless husband,
Fredric March, and her three children.

There’s Dan Duryea, a weakling; Ed-
mond O’Brien, a schemer; and Ann Blyth,
herself’s favorite. They dare not make a
move without papa’s consent (the year
is 1880) and he’s a Southerner but no gentle-
man, for all his cultured tastes. To their
mother’s understandable distress, they
are constantly plotting against each
other. The boys are after the old man’s
money while Ann seeks his approval of
John Dall as a son-in-law. That young
man, however, entertains other ideas.

Dona Drake is the dancer Dan wants to
wed and Betsy Blair stands out as an im-
poverished aristocrat.

Your Reviewer Says: Intrigue with a South-
ern accent.

Who’s who: Love and confusion are all a tangle in this musical
funfest starring Jack Carson and pretty newcomer Doris Day

Sinister plotting: A wicked Southern family vividly portrayed by
Edmond O’Brien, Dan Duryea, Ann Blyth and Fredric March

(F) Romance on the High Seas
(Warners)

RESSED up in dazzling Technicolor
and enlivened by tuneful numbers,
this marital mix-up has detective Jack
Carson shadowing Don DeFore’s wife,
Janis Paige, supposedly off on a South
American cruise. Actually, Janis fools
her jealous hubby by staying home and
hiring night club singer, Doris Day, to sail
instead. Green-eyed Janis wants to catch
Don in case he starts holding hands with
his beautiful blonde secretary. Her little
plan, however, backfires with amusing
results.

Janis is a mighty attractive dish but it’s
newcomer Doris Day who makes the
most of a juicier role. Doris displays a
genuine talent for comedy and knows how
to hit those blue notes. Oscar Levant
scores as her piano-playing, wise-crack-
ing boy friend. Also involved in the musi-
cal monkeyshines are Avon Long, Sir
Lancelot, The Samba King and The Page
Cavanaugh Trio. S. Z. Sakall is thrown
in for good measure.

Your Reviewer Says: A musical funfest.

(Continued on page 24)

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 32.
For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 28.

BY ELSA BRANDEN
**State of the Union** (M-G-M)

WHA'T with 1948 being an election year, you couldn't ask for a more timely or provocative picture than this one, based on the popular Lindsay and Crouse play. As the airplane magnate, induced to run for President, Spencer Tracy wins our vote. In the role of his estranged wife, still in love with him, Katharine Hepburn's performance is captivating, and Adolphe Menjou as Tracy's hand-picked campaign manager. It's Angela, owner of the powerful Thorn- dyke Press, who hits upon the Tracy-for-President idea, Katharine's all for it but wants her husband to be an impeccable leader of the people, not just a mouthpiece for special interests. Angela pulls Tracy one way, Katharine another, while Menjou warns him that to heed his wife's advice means committing political hara-kiri. This glimpse into behind-the-scenes maneuvering of political bigwigs may disillusion you, but it's sure to enthral you.

Your Reviewer Says: Get on the bandwagon!

**On an Island With You** (M-G-M)

UNTIL Esther Williams came along, swimming was just a healthy form of exercise. But Esther's way to a winning suit was obviously invented—turns it into the most glamorous of outdoor sports. No need for Peter Lawford to be so smitten at the sight of her! As a naval man, Peter is called upon for technical advice in shooting certain scenes of a movie starring Esther. Although she's engaged to her leading man, Ricardo Montalban, Lawford refuses to be discouraged and resorts to desperate measures to force Esther to take him seriously.

Jimmy Durante is laughable in the role of a frantic film executive and Cyril Cusack's dance divinity to Xavier Cugat's rhythmic rhumbas. To sum up: You can go wrong on this colorful comedy with tropical trimmings.

Your Reviewer Says: Cupid 'wears water wings.

**Arch of Triumph** (Milestone-UA)

IT'S Romance with a capital "R" in this long, elaborate account of a refugee doctor and his lady love, inspired by Eric Maria Remarque's novel of Paris in 1938. Charles Boyer is superb as the exiled doctor without a passport, forever dodging the police. Ingrid Bergman is warm, capricious, unpredictable as the girl destined to play a dramatic part in his life. Because their future is so uncertain, they live only for the present. Charles cannot help succumbing to Ingrid's charms although it's the last thing he wants to do. A man with a mission, he's intent upon tracking down Nazi agent Charles Laughton, who is a rising star and a chief of his identity.

The brief scenes between Boyer and Laughton are exciting. Louis Calhern is fine as Boyer's fatalistic Russian friend; Stefan Gierasch is delightfully portentous—the playboy who comes between the lovers; Michael Romanoff adds an amusing touch as—you'll never guess—a nightclub owner.

Your Reviewer Says: A Boyer-Bergman triumph.

**River Lady** (Universal-International)

TO BE really enjoyable, a musical must be strong on melody and humor with plenty of eye appeal. What with Deanna Durbin, the singing, and Vincent Price in the top roles, this has eye appeal. And since Sigmund Romberg and Dorothy Fields turned out the music and lyrics, it's good listening, too. However, the story is lackluster. Deanna plays an Irish immigrant who arrives in New York with her father in the days of crooked Boss Tweed, the political machine. As portrayed by Vincent Price, he's a mighty slick article. Reporter Dick Haymes keeps telling Deanna as much but she refuses to believe him. In between their squabbles, the lady with a pair of songs effectively, but their love scenes are less convincing.

Although Mom may find this mixture of politics and melody entertaining, youngsters will consider it too slow.

Your Reviewer Says: Mild musical romance.

**Winter Meeting** (Warner)

CALLING all writers! How about dreaming up a really good story for Bette Davis, bearing in mind that the first principle of a motion picture is to move? "Winter Meeting," alas, stands still.

As a lovelorn lady with a penchant for poetry and a tragic New England background, Bette's oh-so-unhappy. Then naval hero James Davis bursts into her well-ordered life with an attractive scowl and spiritual leanings. Bette and James talk, smoke and sip coffee...and nothing much happens.

Janis Paige is quite an eyeful. John Hoyt portrays a sophisticated bachelor.

Your Reviewer Says: Bette gets a bad break.

**Berlin Express** (RKO)

SUSPICION is rife in this exciting post-war picture of the Nazi underground. Paul Lukas sympathetically plays a high-minded German statesman, cooperating with the Allies on a plan to unify his country. Travelling with him on the Paris-Moscow is his French secretary, Merle Oberon. Among their fellow-passengers are Robert Ryan, an American agricultural expert, Charles Korvin who calls himself a French reporter, Robert Coote, a British educator, and Roman Toporow, a Russian officer. When Lukas is kidnapped, they forget their individual missions and band together to find him.

This is a swiftly-moving story of secret-service doings in war-shattered Europe. In the romance department, Oberon and Ryan (Continued on page 26)
NEW! IMPROVED!
Richard Hudnut Home Permanent

From a Noted Fifth Avenue Salon

If you've ever put your hair up in curlers, it's that easy to give yourself the NEW, IMPROVED RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon. With it, you can set your hair in any style... from sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT at your favorite cosmetic counter—today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).

It's 7 Ways Better!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time
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6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.
7. Two lengths of rods. Standard size for ringlet ends; extra-long for deep crown waves.
Avoid underarm irritation...

(Continued from page 24) are definitely drawn to each other but that’s as far as it goes, what with bigger issues at stake in the world today.

Your Reviewer Says: Good espionage yarn.

✓ (F) The Noose Hangs High
   (Eagle Lion)

D’ONT look now but those boys are here again. None other than Abbott and Costello who go together like ham and eggs or pork and beans.

Beeny Bud and pudgy Lou are a couple of blundering window cleaners who tangle with gangster Joseph Calleia and his hoodlums, Mike Mazurki and Jack Overman. Hoping for a fat tip, they agree to collect $50,000 in cash for Calleia. When two yeggs trail them, obviously intent on robbery, they do some pretty fast thinking.

Cathy Downs is a decorative note in this slaphappy farce. Leon Errol lends able assistance as an eccentric gambler. Between them they manage to string out the gags for seventy-seven minutes.

Your Reviewer Says: A helping of hokum.

✓ (A) Anna Karenina
   (20th Century-Fox)

SOME years ago Greta Garbo portrayed Tolstoy’s Anna, who loved too well but not wisely. Now the exquisite Vivien Leigh takes over the tragic role of the erring wife with Ralph Richardson as her wronged husband and Kieron Moore as her high-born young lover.

The time is 1875, the place Moscow. Anna is married to a duty-driven government official many years her senior. They have a little boy whom she idolizes. Then she meets dashingly Count Vronsky, a Captain of the Guards. Although she’s socially prominent and he’s engaged to wed another, they flout the conventions and elope.

It’s a long tale of woe, handsomely mounted and with a uniformly good cast. Leigh is at her loveliest, and does a fine job of acting, but we’d prefer seeing her in a more modern movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Tolstoy’s tale of illicit love.

(A) Hatter’s Castle
   (Paramount)

SHADES of East Lynn! Here’s an anti-quted blood-and-thunder melodrama based on A. J. Cronin’s novel. Made in 1941 but just released, this Scotch story has James Mason and Deborah Kerr playing subordinate roles to Robert Newton, who dominates the picture as the black-hearted hatter.

A village doctor, Mason merely g-s in and out of Newton’s castle, looking love-sick whenever dreamy-eyed Deborah is around and murmuring encouraging words to her distraught, and dying mater, Beatrice Varley. Deborah behaves as if she were in a trance but then her pater fills everyone with fear and trembling, making more enemies than anyone has the right to have.

Emlyn Williams turns in a convincing performance as a smug young scoundrel. Endal Stamp-Taylor’s role is that of a deceitful hussy.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy-handed sob story

✓ (F) The Inside Story
   (Republic)

MONEY must be kept in circulation, not hoarded, is the moral of this agreeable myth. The town character, Charles Wrinningen, recalls a comical mix-up during the bank holiday of 1933.

Like everyone else in Silver Creek Vermont, innkeeper Gene Lockhart is in debt and it doesn’t help matters that his daughter, Marsha Hunt, loves struggling artist William Lundigan. Things begin to pop when Roscoe Karns drops in with a thousand dollars, instructing Wrinning to put it in the hotel safe. Through a misunderstanding, Lockhart believes the money was repaid him by Lundigan and uses it to settle his own debts. He almost bursts a blood vessel when he learns the truth.

Hunt and Lundigan make a mighty attractive couple; Robert Shayne and Gail Patrick are paired off to advantage. Allen Jenkins and William Haade are good-natured gangsters. Florence Bates has a sharp tongue but a warm heart.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasant time-killer.

(Continued on page 28)
Keep your hands evening-soft all day long!

This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic here... as well as here...

Hard-at-work and "on display," your hands lead a double life. So—pamper them with the double-beauty magic of Trushay.

Trushay, you see, is first of all a velvet-soft lotion—wondrous touch you've never known before. A luxury lotion for all your lotion needs—a joy to use any time. Every fragrant, peach-colored drop is so rich, your hands feel softer and smoother instantly!

Yet... Trushay's magic doesn't stop there. It also brings you a fabulous "beforehand'' extra!

Smoothed on your hands before doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Guards them from drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft all day long!

Adopt Trushay's double-beauty help—begin today to use Trushay!

☆ TRUSHAY

the lotion with the "beforehand'' extra
(Continued from page 26)  
(F) So This Is New York (Enterprise-UA)

ENRY MORGAN is the latest recruit from radio to try his screen luck. Bing Lardner's admirable "The Big Town," serves as the springboard for his first film. Henpecked Henry is quite content to remain in South Bend where he's a cigar salesman. However, his frivolous wife, Virginia Grey, and his beautiful-but-dumb sister-in-law, Dona Drake, insist on a New York spending spree after coming into an inheritance. The idea is to find Dona a more suitable sweetheart than her butcher boy friend, Dave Willcock.

First, there's Jerome Cowan, a wicked wolf; then globe-trotter Hugh Herbert; next, there's gambler Rudy Vallee. His cocky henchman, Gorgy, tries to make time with Dona, too. Finally, ham actor Bill Goodwin comes along, by which time the bankroll has dwindled. All are comic-strip characters, acting in comic-strip fashion.

Your Reviewer Says: Chuckles here and there.

✓ (F) The Emperor Waltz (Paramount)

THAT king of minstrels, Bing Crosby, takes court life in his stride in a Technicolor-treated comedy.

Traveling abroad for an American gramophone company, Bing is out to sell the talking machine to the Austrian public. What could be a better way than to obtain the endorsement of His Majesty, Franz Joseph? But once Bing spots Countess Joan Fontaine, his mind isn't entirely on business. Through their pet dogs they meet and marry. But blood and red make a pot mixure.

It's sheer nonsense, of course, but if Bing's your boy you'll enjoy every minute of it! Richard Haydn turns in another one of his prize performances as Franz Joseph; Roland Culver effectively plays Joan's ne'er-do-well father pursued by wealthy dowager Lucile Watson.

Your Reviewer Says: One of Bing's best.

(F) Old Los Angeles (Republic)

IF this is old Los Angeles, we'll take the new where it's safer to walk the streets at night. Back in 1848, when gold began to be discovered, crime was rampant.

William Elliott's brother is murdered in cold blood by outlaw John Carroll who greedily eyes his gold claim. But the real menace is rascally Joseph Schildkraut who seeks control of all the wealth in Southern California. As the attractive entertainer at Schildkraut's gambling house, Catherine McLeod keeps Bill Elliott guessing as to whether she's for or against him. Felizita stirs up a bit of trouble when she falls in love with Carroll. Andy Devine is Elliott's plump pal who shares his adventures.

Your Reviewer Says: Routine pioneer picture.

(F) Lightnin' in the Forest (Republic)

OW a young girl should not behave is clearly demonstrated by Lynne Roberts whose thankless task is to portray a spoiled, excitement-craving creature. Her young companion by her disgusted uncle, Paul Harvey, is personably portrayed by Warren Douglas.

In a secluded mountain cabin, Lynne and Warren play the fascinating game of analysing each other. Caretaker Lucien Littlefield and his wife are on hand to make it all proper; too proper to suit Lynne who is bored by her quiet surroundings. So when gunman Donald Barry, his moll Adrian Booth and two henchmen use a car for a hideout, Lynn is enchanted. Soon the police surround the place and guns start blazing. Catching the spirit of the occasion, Lynne and Adrian indulge in a fancy hair-pulling match.

Well, you get the idea, don't you?

Your Reviewer Says: "Sluggin' and shootin'."

(F) The Strawberry Roan (Columbia)

ITS Champion rather than Autry who steals the spotlight in this tame tale of a wild stallion. Going that of a glorified groom. He saves Champion from trigger-happy Jack Holt after the horse cripples Holt's son, Dick Jones. Quitting the ranch as foreman, Gene and Champion go their way, but not in peace. Holt, still intent upon destroying the animal, posts a reward for Autry.

There's a bit of spoiling between Gene and Holt's pretty daughter, Gloria Henry, but it's their horses who really have themselves a romance ... in Cinecolor, too. Although it's right pleasant to hear those cowboy songs, Gene needs a stronger story to satisfy his action-hungry following.

Your Reviewer Says: Lightweight Western.

✓ (F) The Fuller Brush Man (Columbia)

WHAT happens to Red Skelton in this zany farce shouldn't happen to a whole kennel full of canines. As the girl of his choice, one Jane Foray gets into quite a mess of trouble, too.

Red, fired as a street cleaner after an unfortunate episode with sanitation commissioner Nicholas Troy, is sent to prove to Janet that he can be as successful as his rival, Fuller Brush man Don McGuire. Janet persuades Don to show Red the fine points of door-to-door peddling, unaware that the sneaky Glad and Jane Foray picked out some extra tough customers for Red to tackle.

The plot takes a melodramatic twist when Joy is murdered and Red is accused of the crime. Any point, everybody gets into the act with Red and Janet being chased in a huge warehouse full of crazy contraptions. That Skelton certainly leaves laughs the hard way.

Your Reviewer Says: Screwball stuff.

Best Pictures of the Month

Homecoming
Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House State of the Union
Arch of Triumph

Best Performances of the Month

Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Anne Baxter in "Homecoming"
Gary Grant, Myrna Loy, Melynn Douglas in "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House"
Florence Eldridge in "Another Part of the Forest"
Doris Day in "Romance on the High Seas"
Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn in "State of the Union"
Bing Crosby, Joan Fontaine in "The Emperor Waltz"
Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman in "Arch of Triumph"
BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Mary Boland rushed into a Hollywood hat salon to buy a new hat. "How about a dashing sailor?" she was asked.

"Wonderful," said Mary, "but don't you think a retired admiral is more my type?"

Randolph Scott was having breakfast at the Lakeside Country Club. Scott was digging into a huge plate of pancakes, swimming in butter and syrup and topped with an egg, when Bing Crosby strolled in. Bing took one look at Scott's plate and said: "Put a feather on that and Adolphe Menjou will wear it."

Atmosphere: When a national magazine took photos of Paulette Goddard's antique shop in her handsome barn at Spring Valley, New York, the chickens that gave the rustic atmosphere were "hired" for the occasion.

A mother, so the story goes, asked her teen-age daughter if she'd like to see the Broadway hit play, "A Streetcar Named Desire." "No, thanks," said daughter, "I'd much rather see 'A Van Named Johnson.'"

Filling out a new biographical questionnaire about himself, Dick Powell wrote: "I was born in Mountain View, Arkansas—a village of 900 population and about ten miles from any modern conveniences."

Director Alfred Hitchcock makes it a point to appear at least once in all his pictures. But with only eight people in the cast of his new film, "Rope," it looked doubtful, Hitch finally crashed his own film by putting his ample profile in neon lights on one of the buildings in the background. A flashing neon sign above the profile reads: "Reduco.

Radio influence in night clubs: Sign outside a Hollywood bistro: "Dish jockey wanted."

Talking about a new blue serge suit Jack Benny was wearing, Gracie Allen cracked: "I understand it picks up everything but luncheon edging."

It might have been one of the greatest publicity stunts of all time, but M-G-M, for obvious reasons, turned it down. A press agent for the Pep Boys, the national auto supply company, called the studio and said he had a great publicity idea for "The Three Musketeers." "We'll give your picture a great national publicity campaign," he said, "if you change the names of Athos, Porthos and Aramis to Mamie, Moe and Jack."

SUNLIGHT WITCHERY
...for "Lustre-Creme"
Dream Girls Only

TEA DANCE on the terrace... the afternoon sun highlighting the glory of your soft, gleaming hair... your Best Beach's eyes ardent with admiration.

HOW SECURE you feel when he leaves your arms.
You know the memory of your clean, fragrant, glamorous hair will linger, thanks to your Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
And he proves it when he pleads: "Dream Girl, may we be partners for life?"

MANY A BRIDE owes much to Lustre-Creme Shampoo for her soft, bewitching "Dream Girl" hair. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme is a dainty new, rich-lathering cream shampoo. Created by cosmetic genius Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair, to Leave hair with new three-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a rare blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to natural oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers instantly in hard or soft water. No special rinse needed. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a Dream Girl...a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl.

Kay Daumit, Inc. (successors)
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR... you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO
You can say "yes" to Romance...

Veto says "no" to Offending!

because

Veto says "no" to perspiration worry and odor!

Soft as a caress . . . exciting . . . new—Veto is Colgate’s wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly . . . checks perspiration effectively. You feel sure of your own daintiness.

Veto says "no" to harming skin and clothes!

So effective . . . yet so gentle—Colgate’s Veto is harmless to any normal skin. Harmless, too, even to your filmiest, your most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate’s exclusive new ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

Trust always to Veto if you value your charm!
Anita Colby's warm friendly interest put me at ease almost immediately, even though she's rather breath-taking at first sight. It was shortly before I went to work in "Ride the Pink Horse," my first big break. I was in a terrific state of nervousness. Not an experienced actress, I knew how much there was for me to learn. It was then I met Anita.

In any business there are a lot of things for a young girl to learn, not just about her particular job, but about all the things that go into living happily while you're working. And Anita's job on the Paramount lot is to give friendly advice and practical help to all newcomers.

Of course, I'd heard a lot about her, how beautiful she was and what a wonderful job she did grooming young people to live up to what was expected of them.

At our first meeting she wanted to know the state of my health, the kind of clothes I liked to wear in private life, how I liked to wear my hair. She looked at my fingernails, at the texture of my hair, at the way I walked. Anita feels, you see, that beauty is a matter of good health as much as anything else, that you can't look tip-top unless you feel tip-top. She helped me solve a lot of my physical problems by giving me counsel in the proper selection of food and by working out with me a personal schedule that would allow a suitable amount of rest.

From talk about these things we went on to our own philosophies of living. The ideas I had for the type of roles I'd like to play, the books I'd read, the friends I had. A brilliant conversationalist, herself, Anita inspires real mental competition—she encourages you to express your ideas and gives you the confidence that comes from being taken seriously. Many times she doesn't agree with you, but her arguments are great thought-stimulators.

As for beauty care and dress—she's absolutely the best informed person I know on such subjects. She knows instinctively how to help a girl dress to bring out the best in her type of beauty and to emphasize her personality. I have very small features, so Anita feels I should wear my hair simply, drawn back smoothly from my face, or cut short. I've just had my hair cut on her advice, and it's just as pleased as Punch with it.

I have a favorite little story which may illustrate to you the care with which Anita grooms her young players. On my first trip to New York I was rushing from one date to another so fast that often I didn't have a chance to change my clothes between times. One particularly hectic day I had to visit the Paramount New York office. I knew I was not going to have a moment all day to return to the hotel and change for an important business party that evening. So, decked out in a black velvet suit, matching turban and a gold scarf, I kept my early New York office appointment.

As a result of the impression I created at my first visit to the New York office, Miss Colby received a wire about my manner of dress. Consequently, when I returned she called me in for a conference where I explained what had happened. She gave me advice from which any girl can profit.

"If you can't be dressed properly for an appointment it is better for you not to make it," Anita told me. "You are judged on your appearance and a bad first impression cannot be erased as easily as you think."

You can be sure that the next time I visit New York, my schedule will fit that advice.

Anita calls me the "cameo type" and she's helped me choose my clothes accordingly. My most flattering things are soft, feminine, rather than strictly tailored. I've discarded highly-colored nail polish for clear polish. And together, Anita and I have given careful consideration to my wardrobes for "Now and Forever" and "The Tatlock Millions."

In other words, she does for a young actress what every girl should do for herself—she decides what is most attractive for the type of person you are and the type of work you do, and carefully integrates your health, your grooming and your personality to suit these factors.

She has encouraged and inspired me more than I can tell you and today she is one of my dearest friends. I wish that every career girl could know Anita as I do.

She smooths over the rough spots and is an inspiration to all women to examine their good and bad qualities and to make the most of their natural gifts.

BY WANDA HENDRIX
Mary Louise Shine's smile wins recruits for a proud profession!

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Mary Louise Shine, R. N., didn't know she was qualifying as a photographer's model when she graduated from the Georgetown University School of Nursing. But remembering her cheering smile, former patients won't be surprised at her selection as a Model Nurse. Her picture is appearing everywhere... in advertisements and on billboards... inspiring young Americans to join the proud nursing profession. Now a Chicago doctor's bride, Mary Louise says the tooth paste she buys for her honeymoon apartment is the same brand she used at home — Pepsodent. Yes, her winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile!

Mary Louise Shine knows it, people all over America agree — the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste — families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day — see your dentist twice a year!
"What makes this sinful—our love or their malicious tongues?"

"A town can be too small for my kind of love!"

"No law... no covenant... can keep me from him!"

"You're all the woman a man like me ever needs!"

All the heartbeat and people of a great best-seller!

THE WALLS OF JERICHO

with

ANN DVORAK  MARJORIE RAMBEAU  HENRY HULL  COLLEEN TOWNSEND

BARTON MacLane  GRIFF BARNETT  WILLIAM TRACY  ART BAKER

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL  * Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti  * Based on the Novel by Paul Wellman
I've Waited All My Life

Bob Topping thought he had everything—until he saw Lana!

Bob Topping told me in his first interview after his marriage to glamorous Lana Turner, "I met her first, three years ago, at a big party," he went on. "There were hundreds of other guests. I thought she was the most beautiful creature I'd ever seen—Helen of Troy, Venus de Milo and Lillian Russell rolled into one. 'That's for me!' I said. But she didn't give me the time of day. We just met and parted. I didn't meet her again until late last year in New York. And again she didn't know I existed. Finally, I took my courage in my hands and telephoned her for a date—cocktails in the Oak Room at the Plaza. You know the rest. I never gave up until she agreed to become Mrs. Topping."

I must say Bob was as happy and as serious as any newlywed is expected to be. He had had many anxious moments before he knew whether he'd be free to wed the lovely girl of his choice.

Bob is a good looking man without being too good looking. He has a pleasant face, a naturally cordial manner. He looks what he is—a man of the world. He is also madly in love with Lana.

"I know we have a chance for happiness," went on this frank heir to the Topping tinplate fortune. "I have lived hard. This is my fourth marriage—Lana's fourth, too—and we sincerely want to make a go of it!"

"Where will you live?" I asked, thinking about
Instead of confetti Bob and Lana got stones—under the hub caps!

After the wedding at publisher Wilkerson's home the Toppings went to this honeymoon cottage at Beverly Hills Hotel.

the photographs I had seen of the beautiful Topping home in Connecticut. It was there that he, Lana, her baby and mother were marooned during the big snowstorm over the Christmas holidays. So I was a little surprised when he answered quickly: "We will make our headquarters in California. I want to buy or build a house here but we won't really settle in any one place. We will follow the sun. The coast of Maine for fishing, Florida or Palm Springs in the winter, Europe when we have the time, South America, the South Sea Islands—any place."

"But what about Lana's career?" I cut in. "She has four years more on her M-G-M contract. I know they won't give up their pride and joy without a struggle."

"Oh, I don't intend to do anything to interfere with Lana's movie career," Bob hurriedly explained. "That's up to her. If she wants to make pictures, fine. If she doesn't—then that's fine, too.

"You see," Bob continued, "I expect Lana to make
her own decisions about her work, just as I make my own about my business affairs. I'm going into the midget auto racing business. If we are successful in London, we'll take our cars and drivers to Australia. We might even go to South America."

I asked Bob how he got along with Lana's four-year-old daughter, Cheryl Christine.

"Oh, fine," he smiled. "I love children. I have two of my own. You know, I was married to Gloria Baker for almost ten years. She has the children and I see them frequently in New York and Florida."

Later I talked with Lana, who was busy making plans for her European trip.

"How do you feel about your marriage?" I asked, knowing Lana would give me a straight answer.

"I am in love with Bob," she said. "I really am! "At first, I was too deeply hurt over Tyrone Power to be serious about any man. But Bob is so sweet and generous—not only to me, but to my mother and little Cheryl Christine. I fell in love with him that time we were snowbound at his place in Connecticut."

It was a difficult, trying time, but a real opportunity to size up a man's character.

"When a girl has been married three times—she has to be sure she is right before taking a fourth husband. The important thing is, Bob and I are so congenial. We have such a good time together. And, Louella, I want to settle down. I want a home. I want companionship—and I've found all these things in Bob."

It wasn't fair to keep Lana and Bob longer. There were millions of details about their honeymoon that demanded attention, so I said goodbye.

But I wish to say that I sincerely like Bob Topping. I think Lana has got quite a guy for herself.

Soon after the ceremony, the Toppings went to New York and left on the Mauretania, May 5th, for Europe—keeping a date Lana had promised her brand-new husband to open his midget auto races in London.

My new friend Bob, and my old friend Lana were excitingly embarked on the first lap of the "good life" they have planned together.

The End
I was standing beside the bride as her matron of honor when the pastor turned saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to present Mr. and Mrs. Henry Topping."

Thus Lana Turner, one of the most glamorous and beautiful women in Hollywood and "Bob" Topping, scion of the wealthy Topping family, became man and wife. Speculative reports on this much-talked-of marriage had taken on an Arabian Night's quality. However, those present felt only the simple dignity of the service and the sincerity behind the solemnly given vows the Reverend Stewart P. MacLennan, pastor emeritus of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church, pronounced to this famous couple.

The setting for the wedding—the home of publisher Billy Wilkerson—couldn't have been more beautiful. Florists had converted one end of the large drawing room into a bower of greens and white blossoms. From the ceiling, long feathered ferns fell into a mass of white daisies, tulips and delphiniums that stretched across the room. There was the long patio, running across the entire length of the house, where a continuous buffet of caviar, lobster and hors d'oeuvres catered by L'Aiglon was served.

It was the day before that Lana, with characteristic sureness of what she felt appropriate, had discussed with Reverend MacLennan and Bob the ceremony form and wording which she felt to be simple and dignified. We noticed that after his talk with Lana, Reverend MacLennan had spent the rest of the day regaling reporters with stories of how deeply impressed he was with the sincere...
qualities he found in this young woman whose every move was destined to become newspaper headlines.

The day of the wedding itself was as golden as the bride's own hair. A little before one o'clock the bridal party (Dr. William Branch, famous Hollywood surgeon, who gave Lana away, Billie Wilkerson, as Bob's best man and myself, Lana's matron of honor) gathered at the Wilkerson home. While we waited for Don Loper, who designed the trousseau and wedding gown to bring the clothes, (Continued on page 80)
SO YOU'RE GOING

TRANSPORTATION COSTS

DO'S AND DON'TS

HOW TO SEE RADIO BROADCASTS

WHERE TO STAY—HOW MUCH TO PAY

NIGHT CLUB SCHEDULES

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN TEN DAYS

WHERE TO STAR HUNT

SIGHTS TO SEE

SPECIAL TOURS
ALMOST everyone in the world yearns for a Hollywood vacation. During the war, California asked tourists to stay at home. But in this summer of 1948, California is again welcoming sightseers from everywhere on earth. Their problem is how to see the most, the best, the greatest and the finest at the lowest price. Consequently Photoplay brings you what we believe is one of the most comprehensive directories ever to be compiled for the guidance of a California visitor.

Transportation to Southern California By Air:
Fastest way to reach Hollywood is by plane.

You'll want to visit Santa Monica Beach, perhaps have dinner at Jack's

The pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel, favorite spot of famous figures
American Air Lines' DC6 flight and TWA's Constellation scorch from La Guardia Field in New York to Los Angeles airport in eleven hours and ten minutes. Round-trip fare including 15% Federal Tax, is $362.15. The fare on United Air Lines is $363.40 but they make the trip in ten hours and fifty minutes. From Chicago to Los Angeles takes approximately seven hours and round-trip cost is about $262.00. American Air Lines has flights from Tulsa, Oklahoma, to Los Angeles, which take six hours and fifteen minutes, round-trip ticket $192.98; also from Dallas, Texas, to Los Angeles, flight time five hours and fifty minutes, round-trip fare $176.18. Flying from St. Louis to Los Angeles takes seven and a half hours and round-trip fare is $236.80.

You can also fly from New York to Los Angeles on DC4's on American, United and (Continued on page 44)
### SO YOU'RE GOING TO HOLLYWOOD

(Prices quoted cover dinner only—not liquor.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>ADDRESS</th>
<th>TELEPHONE</th>
<th>MAITRE D'HOTEL</th>
<th>CLIENTS</th>
<th>APPROXIMATE COST FOR TWO</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ciro's</td>
<td>8433 Sunset Blvd.</td>
<td>HE 2381</td>
<td>Gustave</td>
<td>Celebrities</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L'Aiglon</td>
<td>314 N. Camden Dr.</td>
<td>CR 1-5719</td>
<td>Pancho</td>
<td>Stars Plus</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mocambo</td>
<td>8588 Sunset Blvd.</td>
<td>BR 2-3443</td>
<td>Louis</td>
<td>Stars Plus</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romanoff's</td>
<td>326 N. Rodeo Dr.</td>
<td>CR 1-9105</td>
<td>Joe</td>
<td>Cafe Society and Stars</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earl Carroll's</td>
<td>6230 Sunset Blvd.</td>
<td>HO 7101</td>
<td>Ask for Miss Billings</td>
<td>Mostly Tourists</td>
<td>Admission per couple $4.40 to $9.60, dinner extra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bar of Music</td>
<td>7351 Beverly Blvd.</td>
<td>WE 7811</td>
<td>Edmund</td>
<td>Everyone</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don, The Beachcomber's</td>
<td>1727 N. McCadden Pl.</td>
<td>HO 3968</td>
<td>** **</td>
<td>Stars &amp; L. A. Social</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jay's</td>
<td>107 W. Channel Rd.,</td>
<td>SM 4-9139</td>
<td>** **</td>
<td>Stars</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chasen's</td>
<td>9039 Beverly Blvd.</td>
<td>CR 1-2168</td>
<td>George Alpert</td>
<td>Stars</td>
<td>$15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thing How</td>
<td>11386 Ventura Bl.</td>
<td>SU 2-8606</td>
<td>Owner is cameraman James Wong Howe</td>
<td>Stars</td>
<td>$8.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Palladium</td>
<td>6215 Sunset Blvd.</td>
<td>HO 7356</td>
<td>** **</td>
<td>Everyone</td>
<td>See “Special comments”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Brown Derby</td>
<td>9537 Wilshire, B. H.</td>
<td>CR 6-2311</td>
<td>** **</td>
<td>Stars</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bit of Sweden</td>
<td>9051 Sunset Blvd.</td>
<td>BR 2-2800</td>
<td>** **</td>
<td>Family trade</td>
<td>See “Special comments”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barney's Beanery</td>
<td>8447 Santa Monica Blvd.</td>
<td>HI 9988</td>
<td>** **</td>
<td>Everyone</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TWA.** These flights take approximately nineteen hours. The round-trip fare is $329.25. From Chicago to Los Angeles on this flight via TWA and United costs $237.82, and the flight is made in a little over twelve hours.

**By Train:**

The gilded pleasure dome on wheels is the 20th Century Limited from New York to Chicago, and then either Union Pacific's City of Los Angeles or Santa Fe's Super Chief or Chief. These extra-fare all-pullman luxurious trains scat daily between New York and Los Angeles for a round-trip fee of $323.09, minimum. This figure is based on roomette service, the smallest sleeping space available on the Super-Chief. Accommodations such as bedroom, a compartment or a drawing room.
### Table: Restaurant and Night Club Chart to Fit the Occasion and Your Purse

(Continued on page 74)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WHAT TO WEAR</th>
<th>DANCING?</th>
<th>WHAT TIME TO GO</th>
<th>SPECIAL COMMENTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A dinner suit or your best date dress. A dark, simple formal</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Dinner about 8 Dancing, 10:30</td>
<td>Before going to Ciro’s, check to find out if a new floor show is opening. Opening nights are booked solidly in advance at extra prices. Always something doing here</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your best suit, best hat, gloves</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Noon to ten p.m.</td>
<td>You will swoon over the violins. Currently THE hangout of stars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Same as Ciro’s</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Dinner about 8 Dancing, 10:30</td>
<td>The tropical birds are a feature. Sit near the door if possible to watch patrons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Same as L’Aiglon</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Noon to ten p.m.</td>
<td>Michael Romanoff himself is a feature. Corner table beside entrance is Herbert Marshall’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Same as Ciro’s</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>About eight for “Most Beautiful Girls In The World Revue”</td>
<td>The exterior walls are covered with star autographs, but few stars attend. Suggest you check NBC for dates they broadcast from Carroll’s at luncheon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simple date dress or suit</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>From seven on</td>
<td>The music from twin grand pianos is the feature entertainment. Floor good, music excellent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Same as Bar of Music</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>From five on</td>
<td>The Chinese food here is the best in California. Atmosphere wonderful, rain on roof, Hawaiian music, soft lights, romantic fragrance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suits and simple frocks</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>From five on</td>
<td>This is a tiny place, food superb, mural behind bar by Karen von Leyden. A fun place. Hard to find—telephone for directions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suits and simple frocks</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>From 6:30 on</td>
<td>Concentration on good food and good service. Hardest to get into. Sunday night is really star night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Informal attire</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Afternoon on</td>
<td>The Chinese food is wonderful; celebs always around, atmosphere charming</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dance frocks, suits, date dresses</td>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Evening.</td>
<td>Admission from $2.04 per couple week nights to $2.70 Saturdays, but no admission if you have dinner, which starts at $3.10 per couple. “Home of Name Bands”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Any time</td>
<td>Wilshire Derby is “The Hat”—the original. Most to see at the Hollywood Derby—caricatures of stars on the walls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Street clothing</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Noon on</td>
<td>Dinner for two begins at about $3.50, but the superb Smorgasbord for two is $2.10—big bargain!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anything</td>
<td>No</td>
<td>Any time</td>
<td>Sit here long enough, in this “home town” beany and you will see everyone in pictures</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

would increase the cost. The City of Los Angeles, however, has upper and lower berths as well, and the round-trip fare including lower berth would be $299.97, taking the Century out of New York. With same accommodations, the round-trip fare from Chicago to L.A. is $207.87. The Chief makes a through trip to Los Angeles from New York and the round trip costs $311.59.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's Broadway Limited is better known for its New York-Chicago run, but this train also carries through cars to Los Angeles. Roomettes are the smallest sleeping accommodations available. Round-trip fare, including roomette, from New York to Los Angeles, is $277.09.

The new Burlington California Zephyr, featuring the vista-dome or glass-topped coaches, wings from New York
Ty Power: He travels—but if you've got what he likes he'll be back.

Cary Grant: You'll be set socially but you'll have to be light-headed.

HOLLYWOOD'S list of eligible bachelors today is legion. And definitely the stuff that dreams are made of. They do not all offer the same inducements, of course. Where one is rich as Croesus, another has a certain irresistible something. But after all, you can't have everything—even in a dream world.

Now Cary Grant is somewhere in his middle forties. But brother, you should see how Hollywood maidens scramble for dates with him! And it can't be entirely that Cary is one of the wealthiest of the eligible Hollywood bachelors.
—he averages $300,000 a picture with the percentage. Cary is also very charming and a lot of fun to be with. And he’s a good sport.

Like the time recently when Cary rode a horse at the head of the Palm Springs annual parade, to help out His Honor The Mayor, Bob Hope. And at the recent Friars’ dinner for British comedian Sid Fields, Cary took custard pies smack on the kisser. He was thrown to the ground by four strong men who tore off all his clothes. Cary came up smiling!

Gals who want to (Continued on page 110)
Draped to perfection: Anne Baxter of "The Shamrock Touch"

Engstead
Anne Baxter has found more than a new figure and a career
she nearly lost—for now she believes in herself again

DIET
for happiness

BY ANNE BAXTER

Before: With husband John Hodiak

THIS is the story I never thought I could
tell. Instead, I preferred to go on making
excuses to myself. I refused to face facts.
I pretended I didn’t care. But I did care. Deep
down I cared very much. To those “others”
who also care and might be helped by reading
this—this story is dedicated.

I was overweight. In a life that was other-
wise peaceful and progressive, it became such
an issue, my future happiness was at stake.
Yes, I tried to reduce. But there is no
magic pill. There is nothing that will
help except the will power to push yourself
away from the table! In the meantime, you
get to the point where everything you put
on looks terrible. You won’t get up and
dance or even walk across the room. Eventu-
ally there isn’t a day that you don’t feel
unpoised, self-conscious, ill at ease. I know
—it happened to me!

I remember standing self-consciously
in front of a beautiful buffet table at a supper
party. Next to me was one of those sylph-
like creatures with an observant “she shouldn’t
have taken that” look in her eyes. I slowly
burned and proceeded to “stack up” my
plate. Another time, in a well-heated
room I refused to remove my wrap, because
I was “cold,” I said. Just recently we
were out where an actress
was curled up (Continued on page 84)
Some Hollywood male experts pool their findings and come up with the facts that make these figures fascinating.

Everything under the sun is blooming these days—including figures in bathing suits.

What constitutes a good bathing suit figure? More than you think! We know. We asked the experts—experts like Paul Hesse, Photoplay's cover artist who photographs beautiful women; John Vogel, the artist responsible for the current painting craze in Hollywood, who paints beautiful women; Howard Greer, Beverly Hills couturier, who dresses beautiful women; and Terry Hunt, Hollywood physiotherapist, who remodels beautiful women.

Paul Hesse says, "A truly beautiful figure is an assortment of physical attributes glamorized by the way they are hung together—and glorified by the manner in which the girl who owns them handles them. No figure is beautiful unless it possesses life and personality—even in repose. Always, therefore, the inner girl is a vital element in figure beauty." (Continued on page 101)
Rhythmic grace: Rita Hayworth, 5' 6"; created her own lovely measurements—120 lbs., 36" hips, 34½" bust, 25" waist

Accent on charm: Paule Groset is 5' 3½", weighs 116 lbs., has 25" waist, 36" bust and 35" hips

Streamlined modern: Janet Blair, bust 34½", hips 35", always had good figure but something was missing

From ancient Greece: Ava Gardner, 36" bust, 24" waist

Rhythmie grace: Rita Hayworth, 5' 6", created her own lovely measurements—120 lbs., 36" hips, 34½" bust, 25" waist
He prefers love stories. With Ingrid Bergman in “Arch of Triumph”
Charles Boyer is still a chip off the Champs Elysees, as French in spirit as the wines he serves

by that famous party giver and columnist

elsa maxwell

Once upon a time, well over a decade ago, a certain actor was the idol of Paris. He was handsome to look upon, this actor, and his voice was beautiful to hear. He appeared, most often, in the fine dramas of Henri Bernstein. His name was Charles Boyer. And the famous Gabys Morlay, who frequently appeared opposite him, was the envy of French women everywhere. After the theater, at the great hotels and at the boulevard sidewalk cafes, you heard this actor's name. And somehow the fact that he lived with quiet dignity and very little actually was known about him made the gossip more exciting.

There was talk of his library, "circular and lined with the greatest works." For, after all, graduated from the Sorbonne, he had a professorship in philosophy. He had come from simple people, this was known, manufacturers of agricultural implements. And it had been his mother's wish that he would become a schoolteacher.

There was talk, (Continued on page 82)
Play Truth

Esther, of "On an Island with You," fills out the balance due on Q. 1

Fink-Smith
or Consequences

with Esther Williams

The movie mermaid is challenged,
gets herself into deep water and comes up
— for—the consequences

GAME CONDUCTOR—RALPH EDWARDS

1. Q: Aha! my proud bathing beauty. Here's
where you really go off the deep end—and
pay for it. Who do you think has the best
figure in Hollywood? Would her initials be
E.W. by chance?

A: Not by the remotest chance. Confidentially,
I think that Williams gal is too tall and I hap-
pen to know she would much prefer to be the
petite type. As for who has the best figure—
well they all have their angles. (Ralph made
Esther pay the consequences: To pose for a
"sweater girl" picture—see opposite page.)

2. Q: What gets you into hot water?

A: Never being on time. It seems as though I
go through life apologizing for being late.

3. Q: What was your most embarrassing con-
sequence thereof?

A: When I kept the White House staff wait-
ing an hour because I'd been driving around
Virginia looking for a ham. Somebody in Wash-
ington had arranged for me to go swimming
in the White House pool (although, truthfully,
I didn't know the arrangements had been
made) and on the way back from visiting a

(Continued on page 107)
Director Frank Capra kept us on the move for this scene* in the Detroit Book Cadillac Hotel.

Wonder why Katie's eyes are closed? Girls usually open them for Gable! He dropped by to see Tracy.

Charles Dingle intends to take that mike before....

Frank Capra really gets behind his actors in a scene! Angela Lansbury comes in for that Capra touch—and believe me, it's magic.
Spence gets started—but he's not quick enough

Don't miss this scene. Katie puts the would-be president in his place. They have a spat and Spence gets the floor—but not the way you would think!

The making of a great film may involve anything from top-rate acting to cooking and eating hamburgers. Here is Van Johnson’s own blow-by-blow report from behind the scenes.

If you don't think I can cook hamburgers, ask Spence. He ate half-a-dozen!

One of my serious moments. You learn a lot from a guy like Spence.
Mona Freeman sets the table in Betty Hutton's outdoor garden where dinner parties are casual—but charming too.

STAR

Make your outdoor living room the sunny side of your life.

Maureen O'Sullivan has a practical brick floor in her patio.
FOR the past few months I've been giving you “inside” advice—for living rooms, bedrooms and kitchens. This month, I want to go outdoors with you. But before I do, may I issue a wary word of warning?

I think it is important for all homemakers to remember that there are fashions in decoration, just as there are fashions in clothes. You should not become the slave of current whims—whether you are buying clothes or corner cupboards.

What I am attempting to do for you in these articles is to cut down on some of your possible trials and errors. It isn't too great a tragedy if you buy one horror dress which, after a single wearing, you hang up in your closet and never let see the light of day again.

But a new sofa or a new garden that is all wrong is sheer tragedy. Hence, my wagging the finger of caution, particularly at the young homemakers who want to be the chic matrons of tomorrow.

One of the currently chic phrases is “bringing (Continued on page 88)
With Miss Evelyn Keyes the human male has always been a collector's item.

“Marrying is educational,” said the educated Miss Keyes, now on her third exploration. “You get to know different people. New worlds of interest open.”

Miss Keyes glowed with the zeal of the born savant, or hunter.

In “The Mating of Millie” she comes into her own, screwballing to fame with the greatest of ease. Not since Carole Lombard has the world been blessed with a package of such squirrelly fascination.

Miss Keyes in person does not disappoint. She is prettier than Millie, more girlish and much screwier. Her round bobbing head is that of a scalawag page from the ribald Renaissance. Her brown hair has a golden sheen and dangles in rivulets which her fingers twist constantly in an all-day taffy pull. Her brown eyes are enormous with amber lights and extend in Egyptian style from ear to ear. She is wired for neon. When excited, as she is (Continued on page 103)
Evelyn Keyes sneezes at horses but not at men. She married her husband with another man's ring and makes life, generally, a Southern Comfort!

BY HERB HOWE

Live-wire Keyes insists it's the situations she gets into that make her look odd!
Boss Man

The Ladds have a system.
Susie worries, Alan sleeps (until seven) and the kids—take Daddy's advice

BY RUTH WATERBURY

F Alan Ladd sleeps past seven in the morning, he has a guilty conscience—no matter what time he gets to bed. That, he admits with a grin, is because when he was a kid, his step-dad told him that only no-goods slept much beyond sun-up.

Alan knows better now. Still he's playing it safe. Besides, there's always something cooking on the back of Mr. Ladd's stove.

Right now there are three things: a) his quartet of children, b) the housing situation and c) his desire to change his screen roles.

The children are Alana Ladd; David, the baby; Alan Ladd Jr. and Carol Lee Ladd, the latter two his son and Sue's daughter by previous marriages.

Recently discovering that the family was getting a bit out of hand, Alan decided to take a strong, fatherly stand. He says he is the heavy with the kids. It works out this way. (Continued on page 99)

Level-eyed look at a levelheaded guy: Alan Ladd of "Beyond Glory"

G. Morris
THE pretty girl with the kerchiefed head and the thin little coat looked wistfully at me. I was waiting for a friend in the lobby of The American Women's Club on West 57th Street in New York. She gave the appearance of waiting, too. Later I learned she was pretending, looking expectantly toward the door for an imaginary friend. The lobby was pleasant and warm and she was gathering courage for the cold trip to her small room in another part of town.

We smiled, shyly, as strangers sometimes do. My date arrived. The pretty girl gave him a smile of definite recognition. He called out: “Hi Junie!” Then, coming over to me he said: “Nice kid, want you to meet her. Trying to get a foothold on the stage.”

And that is how I met June Allyson. She gave me one of those “all-over-bright” smiles, and my date suggested a drink at the soda bar.

“I see you often in the lobby,” June said, “and I always think how nice it would be to have a girl like you for a roommate.”

I didn’t know what there could be about my appearance that suggested the roommate ideal. Later June told me she thought I had a “big sisterish” look and that my eyes were gay and understanding. I assure you, I have quite ordinary eyes, which serve me (Continued on page 105)

June and ex-roommate Jean recall their “cake and ginger ale” days

Potato chips in a drugstore, a cute nose wishing on a window, dreams tapping their way to a furnished room where two girls played “let’s pretend”

By JEAN COPELAND

June Allyson, who sings when she’s sad so she won’t stay gloomy, is in “The Bride Goes Wild”
G. Morris
To the man who watched her, this was
Joan Crawford’s biggest scene, yet only through
his camera would the public ever see it

BY HYMIE FINK

I WAS supposed to deliver some photographs at Joan Crawford’s house. It was just a routine stop—not that I don’t always enjoy seeing Joan. I’m proud that I’m one of her friends. (So proud that I named my daughter for her.)

Anyhow, I was told that Miss Crawford was in the nursery and I could go in if I liked. I did and am I glad!

“Hi, Hymie!” she called. “Come on. Join the fun!”

And there she was, the woman that I regard as the most glamorous in the world, rolling around on the floor—Cynthia, Cathy, Christopher and Christina on top of her. That wouldn’t be a typical pose with a lot of girls here in Hollywood. But it struck me as a pretty true-to-life portrait of Joan Crawford—and a portrait I certainly wanted to record.

“Hate to spoil the fun,” I said, “but how about a few pictures?”

“Why not?” Joan called above the noise. “Just wait until I comb my hair and straighten up the children.”

On her way to her room she stopped: “Hymie, you won’t be able to photograph the babies’ faces. They’re not legally mine, according to law, until I’ve had them for a full year. Do you mind photographing over their shoulders?”

“Of course not,” I replied. Then it hit me: Her four children had never been photographed together before. It sure was my lucky day.

By the time I dashed down the steps—three at a time—got my camera out of the car and set up, Joan and her four youngsters were waiting for me.

I sure was there!

Ring around her heart: Joan Crawford with her adopted children, Christina, Christopher, Cynthia and Cathy
there
journey from fear

Dreams became nightmares as Larry Parks struggled toward the goal he had to reach through pain

BY HYATT DOWNING

On the morning after Thanksgiving Larry Parks rose late and, dressing hurriedly, stepped to the tall, old-fashioned high-boy to adjust his tie. Though he had slept soundly, he was conscious of a dull, lethargic heaviness, a grippy, aching feeling at the back of his head. "Too much Thanksgiving turkey," he thought wryly. He threw his shoulders back and started to whistle. Then, to his utter amazement, the sound wouldn't come. He couldn't puff out his left cheek. He pinched his face but it felt all right, except for a slight tingling.

"Hey," he said to his image, "what in thunder's the matter with you?" He glared at himself and wrinkled his brow. His heart stood still. Only the right side of his forehead went up; the other side was marble-smooth. Something like terror gripped him when he noticed that his left eyelid drooped. He seized it with his fingers and pushed it up. The next moment when he blinked, the lid again lifted only part way over the eyeball.

Caught in a whirling, blinding panic, he started to rush from the room. Then with his hand on the door, he paused. No use in (Continued on page 86)
Fashion of the Month? A glance will tell you why we pick Loretta Young’s devastating green silk-taffeta gown as the “fashion” of any month. Adrian, who designed it, must have had ringing ears from the “Ohs” and “Ahs” that went up as Loretta swished onto the stage to accept her Academy Award in it. Loveliest features, we think, are the fan-shaped treatment of the bodice top, the lines of the bodice itself, which make the waistline look about four inches around, and the enormous fullness of the skirt, with its American Beauty roses tumbling down. Then there’s the feminine little detachable cape, which dips in back and fastens at the neck.

It’s going to be awfully hard to discuss anything but after-dark clothes this month. There was that glittering dinner for Louella Parsons, to say nothing of those Fortnighter Dances which take place at Mocambo at which formal dress is a command! These alternate (Continued on page 112)
Belles on their Toes

Waltz through the summer, shine at the beach
and always put your best foot forward

BY ANITA COLBY
Photoplay's Beauty Editor
and adviser to Paramount Stars

ARE you a girl who has her two feet on the ground? Well, just as important as having them on the ground is the care you give them. Well-groomed, perfect-functioning feet like Joan Fontaine's, enviable at any time, are doubly important in summer. It takes a well-pampered foot to wear those naked-looking thong sandals, that are so smart now. Joan Fontaine has some practical tips on how to keep your hard-working underpinnings healthy, happy and nice to look at. Most important, be sure shoes and stockings fit properly—not taking this precaution is the quickest way known to court calluses and bunions—to say nothing of the strained look on your face.

Care of shoes is just as essential to foot health and beauty as selection. Never let them become rundown, for they'll get your feet and leg muscles into bad habits and unbalance your entire posture. Try to spend part of your day in low heels and never wear the same pair of shoes two days in succession. Joan Fontaine massages the arch and the ball of her foot, the muscles of the calf, and then dips them alternately in hot-as-can-be and then icy-cold water. This takes away every trace of hot tiredness. Another good trick is to relax with your feet higher than your head, stimulating circulation and encouraging shapely legs at the same time.

As for foot grooming—Miss Fontaine has a little ritual for that, too. After bathing she pushes back the cuticle around the toes with a bath towel, uses cuticle oil before applying nail polish and treats her peds to a massage with emollient cream once a week. Small bumps and calluses are easily kept under control by using a pumice stone. Toenails should be clipped straight across, never cut down into the sides of the nail bed. Gentle use of an emery board will prevent rough edges from snagging sheer nylons. This simple care will pay off. You'll be comfortable as the winged Mercury—and proud to bare your pretty feet.
Enchanting as the promise in her face

Nancy du Pont's captivating face promises you instantly that you will like her. Wherever she goes its shining, young loveliness makes friends for her.

Your face is your promise of what you really are—the outer token of your inner self. But, it cannot keep its promises without help from you.

Immaculate cream-cleansing is the first help your face expects you to give it. You'll find this is delightfully easy with Pond's new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment. It gives far more than just a surface cleansing. It stirs your whole face awake—gives skin a limpid, rosy look, exquisitely soft.

Try it, won't you? Tonight!

MISS NANCY DU PONT

"Your skin looks wonderful after this 'Outside-Inside' face treatment—she says

The Inner You shining through is what makes your face something special and distinctive. But—never belittle the way a truly lovely skin sends this face of yours to meet the world with glowing charm and a happy confidence.

A New Face Treatment
Like a window your skin has two sides—and caring for one only is not enough. Pond's—from the constant study of the needs of facial skin—now brings you this stimulating "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on both sides of your skin at once.

From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream is the tool you use. It wraps softly around dirt, dry skin particles as you massage—sweeps them cleanly away as you tissue off.

From the Inside—this treatment stimulates skin circulation in every step. Tiny blood vessels quicken to greater activity.

At bedtime always (and for day face-cleansings, too)—give your skin Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—like this:

**Hot Stimulation**
Press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against your face—to stimulate blood flow to your skin.

**Two Creamings—to "condition" skin**
1) Cleanse . . . Work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face to sweep dirt from pore openings. Tissue off well.
2) Rinse . . . With more Pond's massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt, smooth the day's tired lines. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**
A tonic splash of cold water.
Now . . see the new look in your face! Sparkling cleanliness! Velvet softness! Cheeks sweet and pink! You'll never want to skip this face treatment—because it really works!

Remember . . the YOU that others see first is in your face

*It is not just vanity to develop the beauty of your own face. When you look lovely, you gain in confidence, glowing charm. Everyone you meet responds—warmly. The true inner YOU is brought closer to others.*
So You’re Going to Hollywood

(Continued from page 45) to Los Angeles. Connections can be made in Chicago. Round trip including lower berth from New York to Los Angeles is $353.97.
The B. & O. Capitol Limited may be boarded in New York, Washington, D. C., or Pittsburgh, Pa. Fare, round trip with lower berth, from New York to Los Angeles, $263.63, and from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Los Angeles it is $239.33.
Food on the diners in these trains is served a la carte and the prices are roughly equivalent to those in top flight restaurants. Most of the trains, with the exception of the Super Chief and The Chief, also serve table d’hotel dinners, priced from $3.00.
In addition to these de luxe trains, the Union Pacific and Santa Fe also run a number of standard trains which make fine time. Round-trip ticket on the Union Pacific for example, from Kansas City, Missouri, to Los Angeles, including price of lower berth would cost $146.28.
The Santa Fe has a collegiate train called El Capitan, between Chicago and Los Angeles. This is an all-coach train (seats reserved), and zooms from Chicago to Los Angeles in thirty-nine and three-quarter hours. The round-trip fare from Chicago to Los Angeles is $104.94. From New York to Los Angeles the cost (coach) with El Capitan in Chicago, is $144.73.
The Union Pacific also has all-coach cars (seats reserved) attached to the de luxe trains of Los Angeles. It is an all-coach train (seats reserved) on the B. & O. Their train is called the Columbian and runs between New York and Chicago, where you can make connections either with the City of Los Angeles or El Capitan. Round-trip fare from New York to Los Angeles on these extra-fare coach trains is $144.73. From Chicago to Los Angeles the fare is the same as the other coach trains—$104.94. All coach trains feature coffee shops, where prices are naturally lower than in the dining car.
It would be impossible for us to list here all the trains and services from various points in the United States. However, these listings should give you an approximate idea of the cost including railway fare and sleeping space. We suggest that you contact the general offices of the different railroad companies in your own town.
All railway fares given include a reduction on a three-month train ticket.

Via Bus:
Travel which combines pleasure with budget control is, of course, via the Greyhound Bus Lines. Round trip from New York to California is $95.67 and requires ninety-two hours or a little less than four days of travel. Rest stops are made every two and a half to three hours apart, and ample time is allowed for six meals in one two-hourly hours on the road. The food is served in selected Greyhound way stations. It is good and reasonably priced.
Round trip from Chicago and nearby points on a bus costs $49.00 and requires about three days; round trip from Denver costs $41.75 and takes thirty-nine hours. From St. Louis to L. A. costs $71.24 and is made in two and a half days.

Via Private Automobile:
Those who plan to drive private automobiles should figure the cost at seven cents per mile. Gasoline in New Mexico and Arizona will be more expensive than in other parts of the country.
Be sure to join a national automobile club, if you do not already belong. You may need their dependable, honest service.

Upon Arriving in California:
The first thing a tourist should do is to secure a map of California and of the city of Los Angeles and adjacent townships. Maps may be secured at any gas station or hotel desk.

There is no such town as Hollywood. It is a suburb of the greater city of Los Angeles, but Hollywood is also a state of mind.

Drivers for those driving their own cars: Go to the nearest police station and secure driving instruction. Tourists get into traffic accidents by failing to observe the local traffic rules.
Visitors should behave with courtesy and remain off the highways during the rush hours: That is between seven-thirty and nine in the morning, and four-thirty and six-thirty in the afternoon.

Where to Stay:
The great hotels:
The Ambassador at 3400 Wilshire Boulevard (Drexel 7011), across from the Hat Derby shown on the map, will not limit your stay. Prices start at $8.00 per day for single occupancy, $11.00 for double. Reservations should be made forty-five days in advance.
Open to both guests and non-guests are the Coffee Shop, the French Room off the main foyer and the world-renowned Coconut Grove. Prices at the Coffee Shop are reasonable. French Room prices range from $6.00 for two, up, up, up. Couvert charge at the Grove on Saturday is $2.00 per person, other nights, $1.50. Music is supplied, dance space large and the food good. Dinner for two, including couvert and tip will be $12.00 minimum. Reservations should (Continued on page 76)
"You're beautiful!"

ESTHER WILLIAMS is beautiful indeed as she plays opposite PETER LAWFORD in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU"

"I'm a Lux Girl"

says ESTHER WILLIAMS

Here's a proved complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions became lovelier in a short time.

Esther Williams finds beauty facials with Lux Toilet Soap really work! She smooths the creamy lather in thoroughly, rinses and then pats with a soft towel to dry. Don't let neglect cheat you of romance! Try the gentle care screen stars use.

YOU want the kind of skin that’s lovely to look at, thrilling to touch. For a softer, smoother complexion, try the fragrant white beauty soap lovely screen stars recommend. Lux Girls win romance!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — Lux Girls are Lovelier!
(Continued from page 74) be made a day in advance by calling Mr. Reuben or Mr. Harrison.

The Ambassador Swimming Club, open to the public, has a fine pool and an enormous enclosed artificial beach. Admission is $1.25 per person, and a suit can be rented. A snack bar serves sandwiches and soft drinks at sensible prices.

The Beverly Hills Tennis Club, located in the heart of one of the most beautiful residential areas in California (Bel Air), at 701 Stone Canyon Road, West Los Angeles. (Open 7:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. Accessible only by automobile or after a long walk from the Sunset Boulevard bus line. Advance reservations are essential. Rates begin at $13.00 per day, $15.00, double.

The pool is available for sole use of hotel guests. However, the dining room is open to the public. Sunday morning brunch is popular with an exotic atmosphere including clowns, approxi-

mately $3.00 per person. Reservations should be made with Andre.

The Beverly Hills Hotel (see map) at 9641 Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills (CR 1-8131), is the scene of many motion picture functions. You may see almost any familiar figure strolling through the lobby, or examine the art exhibit in the Francis Taylor Galleries. (Mr. Taylor is the father of telefone.

Reservations should be made thirty days in advance. Rates begin at $6.00 for single occupancy, $12.00 double, and the daily rental for a bungalow begins at $30.00.

The pool for guests and members of the Sand & Pool Club only. The tennis courts are open to the public and you may find yourself in the court next to Katharine Hepburn or Joan Crawford. Reservations must be made a day in advance. The fee is $1.00 per hour and you can rent a racquet.

In the beautiful Palm Room, a buffet dinner is served for $5.00 per person. (Reservations can be made with Maurice.)

The Beverly-Wilshire Hotel (see map) is at 5914 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills (CR 7111). Rates start at $10.00 daily single, $12.00 double. Reserva-

tions should be made sixty days in advance. The pool and tennis courts are for hotel guests only.

To Stay in the Heart of Hollywood:

The Knickerbocker is at 1714 Ivar Avenue (Glendale 3171). You are likely to find Haigo Carmichael fraternizing with fellow guests, or making a run for it. Rates begin at $8.00 single, $7.00 double.

The Roosevelt Hotel is at 7000 Holly-

wood Boulevard. (Hollywood 4242), across from Grauman's Chinese Theatre (see map). Rates begin at $8.00 single, $6.00 double.

The Plaza Hotel is at 1637 North Vine Street, directly across the street from the Hollywood Vine Street Brown Derby. Rates begin at $4.00 per day single, and $6.00 double (Glendale 1131).

The Hollywood Drake, 6724 Hollywood Boulevard (Hollywood 2241) starts its rates, both single and double, at $3.50 per day. It is in the West Hollywood district (near the Hat Derby), there is a moderately priced hotel at 605 South Normandie Avenue, The Normandie, at which singles start at $5.00, double at $7.50 (Glendale 1351).

If you wish to take a room in a guest house, consult the wanted section in the Los Angeles Times or the Los Angeles Examiner as soon as you arrive. Select house on the hill, for example, at Glendale, Granite, Hollywood, Hillsdale, H. E. Smith (in all the Hollywood district) or Fletzroy, P. E. Faubus, El Paseo, Exposition or Normandy (the ambassador district). Rates begin at $6.00 single, $10.00 double. These houses are approximately $15.00 per week, breakfast in-

cluded. Warning: Never leave valuables of any kind in a rented room.

Motor Hotels:

On Highway 101 there are literally hundreds of satisfactory motels whose prices start at $3.50 per night for sleeping accommodations for two, and at $5.00 per night for bungalows with kitchenette. In Los Angeles there are two motels well worth your making advance reservations: The Portal Motor Hotel is a flower-sur-

rounded haven in an airy canyon at 2775 Cahuenga Blvd. It is within five minutes of Warner Studios, Hollywood Boule-

vard, CBS, NBC or KFI. The rates start at $6.00 for double occupancy and the cabins are new, scrupulously clean and nicely furnished. The Portal accepts only paid reservations from three to ten days in advance (Glendale 8508).

The Harriotton Motor Court, 15224 Sunset Boulevard, was once the bungalow court owned by Sid Grauman. Mary Pick-

ford once lived in one of the penthouses. The double occupancy sleeping cottages begin at $6.00, and those with kitchenette privileges start at $10.00. Children are welcomed and baby sitters provided at nominal sum. The Harriotton is within ten minutes of any Hollywood spot.

Transportation Within Hollywood:

The first thing you will notice about Los Angeles is that the distances between

If you take a sightseeing trip through the

spots is staggering. The round-trip distance between the Ambassador Hotel and Warner Brothers Studio for instance, is twenty miles.

For short hauls, your best bet is the Yellow Cab Company. Four may ride for the price of one, so for group riding Yellow Cab is reasonable. (Madison 1234.)

To rent a private automobile, provided you have a driver's license, will be easy but expensive. You will have to deposit fifty dollars to rent a 1941 Ford; one hundred dollars for the use of a 1948 Plymouth. This deposit will be refunded intact if you return the car the same way. An accom-

modating company, with no secret charges, no fine print in the contract, is Hav-A-Car Company, 66 South Catalina Street, which is one block from the Ambassador. They will deliver your car, pick it up at your return trip. Call DEREXEL 5267. Another, the Hertz Driv-Ur-Self—In Hollywood at 1746 Ivar Avenue, H. E. Smith 2600.

However, there is practically no place to park in Los Angeles and streetcar systems. Service is fur-

nished by the Pacific Electric Company by the Los Angeles Transit Company, and by the Los Angeles Motor Coach Co.

If you will telephone the LATC at PERSY (501) for information, or the Beverly Hills Transportation Company, call the PERY at TUCKER 7272, and tell exactly where you want to go, you will be given instruction as to what car or bus to catch. You may have to transfer several times, but you will arrive eventually and have fun doing it.

The Tanner Motor Tours represent the

fastest way to see the mostest.” And the rates are reasonable. Tour No. 5 leaves daily (tours 509 Sunset Boulevard Avenue (or you will call for you at your hotel) at 9:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. except Sunday and holidays. The tour takes three hours, costs $3.25. You will see all the famous landmarks of Los Angeles, through the Hollywood Hills to the parts of San Fernando Valley, the Disney Studio, Warner Brothers, the Tower of London, the Palisades Park, Universal City, RKO, Paramount.

Tour No. 9 leaves at 7:00 p.m. daily, takes three hours and costs $2.25. You will see Olvera St. (thirty-minute stop), Los Feliz (Los Angeles City information stop), Hollywood, Wilshire Blvd., and Wilshire Blvd. by night.

Tour No. 1 leaves at 2:00 p.m. daily, lasts two hours. No change. For under ten is on this trip. You will see the Los Angeles Civic Center, Sycamore Grove Park, Brookside Park (including the celebrated Rose Bowl), the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, and San Gabriel Mission (25c additional charge for going through the mission and worth it). Tour No. 1 is not available after sunset.

It leaves at 9:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. daily, lasts three hours, and costs $2.75. You will see the Wilshire district, the Am-

bassador Hotel, Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, UCLA, the re-

splendent Bel Air district, the Riviera Polo Field and Will Rogers Memorial Ranch, the Santa Monica Palisades, the National Soldiers' Home, and the La Brea Tar Pits from which the bones of pre-

historic mammals were taken. The driver, during this tour, points out the homes of stars who live along the road.

Incidentally, if you drive your own car or on a Star's Home sightseeing trip, don't buy the guides offered by peddlers on Sunset Blvd. Get a much better map from Warner Brothers Tour Office, S. T. Brown.

The telephone number of the Tanner Line is MUTUAL 3111.

Where are Movie Stars to Be Seen in Person?

Like gold, celebrities are where you find them. In Los Angeles, they are every-

where: In the better stores, restaurants, on the streets, at sports events, in the theatre, in the city's many movie palaces.

Every tourist should start at Wilshire Boulevard and Beverly Drive in Beverly Hills, and walk on the east side of Beverly Drive as far north as Brightly way, then back west along Beverly to Rodeo Drive, up one side and down the other; thence along Wilshire to Camelot Drive.

This tour will take you past some of the specialty shops in the world, past Martha Smith's confectionery where the stars have luncheon, past Romanoff's, the Beverly Hills Tropics, past L'Aiglon, and Sahakian Brothers, past the best of the machine tool shop. Look carefully at the people because it is easy to fail to recognize Hedy Lamarr in slacks, sweater and bandana. That may be Rory Calhoon fusing with his car on Beverly. Or Van Johnson making a purchase in the toy shop.
How Does One Get to a Radio Broadcast?

Before you leave home—weeks before—write to every program in which you are interested, requesting tickets for a certain date. See as many shows as possible, but always give yourself thirty minutes between each. If you have hotel reservations, ask that the broadcast tickets be forwarded to your hotel; if you don't, ask that the tickets be held at the broadcasting station in your name.

If you wish to see a Television broadcast, go to Station KTLA, 721 N. Bronson Ave. (Hollywood 6383) any week night at 6:45, Sunday night at 7:30 and you will be shown through the studio and treated to a Telecasting session. No charge.

Will you be able to visit a Studio Sound Stage?

Probably you won't be able to see movies made. However if you are related to, or are on extremely friendly terms with your local theater owner or manager, he will be able to give you a letter of introduction to a Hollywood film distribution office. The film office will be allowed studio courtesies which will be extended to you. Or, if you work for a newspaper and your editor will write a letter of introduction to the news service by which he is serviced, you will be granted special privileges.

Otherwise, take Tanner No. 5, as previously described.

In addition to the restaurants listed on the chart, Photoplay can recommend:

The Singapore Spa, 121 South Fairfax, L. A. (WYoming 9338); Oriental food at reasonable prices. Johnny Wilson's Ready Room, 365 North La Cienega (BRadshaw 2-1887); the best roast beef in town. Lucey's, 5444 Melrose Avenue (HOLlywood 5166); marvelous Italian food and studio atmosphere. Bublichki, 8846 Sunset Boulevard (CRestview 5-9264); Russian food, Gypsy music. The Kings, 8153 Santa Monica Blvd. (Hillside 8303); sea food. The Players, 8225 Sunset Blvd. (Hillside 7309); food is the keynote, film-colony dines here. The Tropics, 421 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills (BRadshaw 2-2045); South Sea Island atmosphere, Oriental food. Somerset House, 125 North La Cienega (BRadshaw 2-1052); it's buffet—all you can eat for $3.50 per person. Cock 'n Bull, 9170 Sunset Blvd. (BRadshaw 2-1397); English food, rendezvous for writers.

Sights You Should See:

Olvera Street is the oldest street in Los Angeles. Across from the Plaza, opposite the old Mission and one block from the Union Station, it consists of dozens of vivid Mexican shops.

China City and China Town are two Oriental settlements in Los Angeles. China City is on North Broadway, is the newer of the two, the better stocked; China Town is across the street from Olvera Street and boasts some shops having genuine treasures for sale.

The Farmer's Market (see map) at 3rd Street and Fairfax Avenue, three blocks north of the May Company Wilshire. You can buy anything including viands, silver, glassware, china, and linens; a wedding ring or a parakeet. The food stalls offer everything from fresh shrimp salad to fingers of pineapple flown from Hawaii. Its outdoor cafe tables and its gay atmosphere are worth a day's prowling.

Forest Lawn Memorial Park is not only a cemetery, but the site of more weddings than funerals. Write in advance (Post office address, Glendale, California) to make arrangements to see The Last Supper stained glass window, as only a limited number of visitors are accepted each day at a certain hour.

Griffith Park observatory with its planetarium (see map) lies at the top of Vermont Avenue, and lectures are given each month.
GOING TO HOLLYWOOD?

Photoplay readers may secure authentic travel information by mailing this coupon to

PHOTOPLAY, 221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Your Name (Please print) ...........................................

Address ................................................................. Phone ..........................................................

I am planning to travel to Hollywood about ..........................

DATE

Aboard, check your choice: ( ) Train; ( ) Plane; ( ) Bus;
( ) Auto.

Please send free travel literature, information about costs, routes, etc., right from my home city.

There will be ............... in my party.

Address

87

78

To indulge your hobbies:

You will want to see Ken Murray's

"Blackouts of '48." Prices start at $1.10

evenings, 57 cents matinees. The theater,

El Capitan, is on Vine Street just north of

Hollywood Boulevard, and reservations

should be made in advance by calling

Granite 1147. This is the show that

Hollywoodians see at least once a year.

The Drunkard has been running in

Los Angeles at Clinton and Vermont Streets

for 15 years. It is old-fashioned melo-

drama where customers hiss the villain,

applaud the hero and drink beer, included

in the admission price on week nights,

$2.50 Saturdays and Sundays. Reserva-

tions essential—Normandie 2-1121.

The Pasadena Community Playhouse is

California's star-maker showcase. Prices

start at 76 cents for an evening per-

formance. 39 South El Molina Street, Pasadena; (RYan 1-6418) for reservations.

You haven't lived until you have seen

Elsa Lancaster's mad revue at The Turn-

about Theater. Program consists of a

puppet show, a reversal of seat (old street

car seats are used in this theater) and a

live show. Located at 716 North La Cienega

Boulevard. (Crestview 6-1085.)

Play Golf?

Griffith Park Municipal Golf Course is a

good one, available to the public. Tele-

phone Olympia 1503 for reservations five

days in advance for weekend play; week-

days are not available. Fee $1.00 for 18

holes. Clubs rented for 50 cents.

Western Avenue Public Golf Course, 1840

West 121st Street, charges $2.00 for

18 holes over weekends, $1.00 weekdays.

Clubs rented for $1.00. (Plymouth 5-4077.)

Tennis:

The Olympic Courts at Roxbury and

Olympic Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Crest-

view 6-9638, charge twenty cents per

hour, per person. Don Taylor, Tom Drake,

Paul Henreid and others are patrons.

Swimming:

Griffith Park pool is a municipal plunge;

a small fee is charged for towels, etc.

For ocean bathing, take a Wilsie

Boulevard bus marked "Santa Monica—

Express." Leave the bus in Santa Monica

and walk to the public beach area.

If you are driving your own car, you

will find miles of public beach in the Will

Rogers area just north of the Santa Mon-

ica Swimming Club (private).

night at eight. A nominal charge (around

75 cents) is made for the lecture. The view

of the city from observatory battlements

is breath-taking.

Griffith Park also offers a number of free

picnic grounds and a zoo to entertain

children and vice versa.

All Day Trips Worth Taking:

Catalina Island lies 20 miles off the

Southern California mainland, and is the

criterion by which Californians decide

whether it is a clear day or not.

One leaves Los Angeles from the Main

Street Pacific Electric Station (Sixth and

Main Streets) at 8:50 a.m. by boat train,

and sails on a steamer from Wilmington

at 10 a.m. arriving at the island at noon

amid the chiming of bells from the cam-

panile tower. One leaves the island at

four in the afternoon and reaches Los

Angeles at 7:30 p.m. Price, round trip on

weekdays, $5.59 each person; Saturdays,

Sundays and holidays, $6.83.

Best idea is to remain overnight at Hotel

Atwater (twin beds $6 per night), so that

the tourist may take the glass bottom

boat trip ($1.44), the Seal Rock trip

($1.15), the Skyline drive ($1.15) and

the Summit drive ($1.75). These prices are

about one-half for children. Food is rea-

sonably priced and good.

Laguna Beach is the loveliest of nearby

ocean resorts. Round-trip fare from the

Greyhound Bus Station is $1.67. The trip

takes two hours each way, and a bus leaves

every 30 minutes. By leaving at nine in

the morning and returning at eight, one

will have seven hours to prowl the art

shops, have luncheon at the celebrated

Vicor Hugo Restaurant, facing the Pa-

cific, and to sun on the beach. Laguna is

the home of Bette Davis and Bill Sherry.

Santa Barbara, the wedding spot of the

stars, is almost four hours away from

Hollywood by Greyhound Bus. Round trip

fare is $3.05, buses leave every 30 minutes.

By catching an 8:00 a.m. bus out of Los

Angeles in the morning, and an 8:00 p.m.

bus from Santa Barbara, one has time to

have luncheon in the world-renowned El

Paso Restaurant, to visit Santa Barbara

Mission, to make a trip to the nearby

beach. The city is so lovely it should be

visited by everyone.
Deep Sea Fishing:
Call Santa Monica Pleasure Fishing Company, Santa Monica 5-3073, for reservations. Eight boats daily, first at 6:30 a.m., sailing from the Santa Monica Pier. Charges are $4.50 all day, $2.30 half day. Tackle for rent at $1.00.

Be Sure to Bring or Be Prepared to Buy:
Dark glasses. The sunlight is blindingly golden. Two pairs of flat-heeled walking shoes plus your formal shoe wardrobe. Your feet will swell because of the lowtude. One fresh blouse for each day if you are wearing a suit. Suntan oil, if you plan to spend some time on the beach. A warm coat. California nights are cool. A camera.

Don’t, Don’t, Don’t:
Don’t carry large sums of cash. Use insured traveler’s cheques. Don’t expect to be screen-tested. If someone offers you a screen test, secure his name, address, and studio affiliation. Then call the studio talent department, and verify the man’s employment. Don’t pick up anyone either literally in a car, or figuratively in a night club. Don’t try to get all your suntan at one sitting unless you want to vacation in the hospital. Beware, particularly, of overcast days—they blister in the briefest time. Don’t drive like a maniac to compete with California drivers. They know what they are doing and where they are going; you don’t. We lose more tourists that way. Don’t leave your car unlocked. Don’t even leave it locked on a dark street if valuables are inside. Don’t bring fussy clothes. California is a resort, admires sleek suits, simple frocks of good fabric. Don’t think that you can go anywhere in slacks or playsuits. Romanoff’s will not seat you, and even the Brown Derby restaurants will give you a cold eye. No good restaurants will admit a man without coat and tie.

This comprehensive guide should give you some definite ideas on how to go to Hollywood, what to do and how much your vacation will cost. But no person should plan a trip to Hollywood unless he can afford to spend at least ten dollars a day without mortgaging the family jewels. Naturally, this ten dollars does not include hotel expenses or transportation to and from your home town.

But for the thrill of your life, plan a Hollywood Vacation!

The End

Celebrities are where you find them. If you stop at the Brown Derby for lunch you may run into Dorothy Lamour

Be Lovelier to Love
with new perfect Fresh

P.S. But don’t take our word for it—test it! See if Fresh isn’t more effective, creamier than any deodorant you’ve ever tried. Only Fresh can use the patented combination of amazing ingredients which gives you a safe, smooth cream that doesn’t dry out . . . that really stops perspiration better.
Put life into your hair with shampoo containing Emulsified Lanolin

A completely new kind of cream shampoo! Its EMULSIFIED LANO-LIN overcomes dryness... leaves hair soft... radiantly glowing... magically obedient to your touch. That's why professional beauticians use this shampoo most. Even in hard water, billows instantly into fleecy lather. Deep-down cleansing action removes dandruff. Not a soap...leaves no film; needs no after rinse. Helene Curtis—most famous name in hair beauty—means quality. Ask any beautician!

twice as much for your money five full ounces 60c

full pound family size $1.50

Helene Curtis creme shampoo

Favorite of Beauticians

(Continued from page 39) Cheryl, Lana's five-year-old daughter rehearsed her part as flower girl. She seemed to know exactly what was required of her and went through her part beautifully.

While dressing for the wedding, nervous and hurried as she was, I noticed that Lana took time to recomb her little girl's hair, to adjust her lace bonnet and to embrace her tenderly.

The powder puff shook in Lana's hand as she said to me, "Some people may think they've been nervous, but no one can equal me, I'm sure."

When she was certain Lana was completely ready, Mrs. Turner, tall and willowy in her cocoa crepe dress that emulates her figure, went downstairs to join the guests.

THE big moment had at last arrived. In the hallway, an orchestra of violins was assembled and after Lana and I exchanged a final "God bless you" the strains of "Here Comes the Bride" floated up. The wedding procession began.

Cheryl, in her quill crepe lace frock, went first, her bouquet of white rosebuds in her hand. I was next with Lana's ring for Bob over my little finger in preparation for the double-ring ceremony. Lana, a vision in her champagne lace over champagne satin, her hand on the arm of Dr. Branch, followed radiantly. The groom, a handsome man, waited with his best man at the flower-banked end of the court.

The bouquet of white orchids trembled in her hand during the ceremony, but Lana's replies—like Bob's—were clear and firm. The best man handed his ring to the minister, I accepted Lana's bouquet and gave Rev. MacLennan my ring. The placing of the rings was followed by a short prayer and Reverend MacLennan turned to the guests, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to present to you Mr. and Mrs. Henry Topping."

That was Lana's last moment for some time to be just that, Mrs. Topping, wife of the man she loves and who so deeply loves her. For almost instantly a battery of photographers swarmed around and reporters who had obligingly been admitted, took over. Graciously Lana answered questions from the quiet solemnity of the ceremony to become once more a movie star who must share even her most sacred moments with the public through the press.

Between the ceremony and reception, we gathered in the den and toasted the bride and groom and I noticed Bob never took his gaze from his bride, following her every move with his eyes, "I almost fell over when I saw her coming through the door looking so beautiful," he told me. "I still can't believe it."
A new kind of bobby pin

holds your hair in place
144% better

Here's the first real improvement in bobby pins!
A radically new patented shape, scientifically designed to hold better. Stronger, yet flexible, easy to open. Yes, certified, unbiased tests prove that Supergrip holds 144% better!

Gayla
 SUPERGRIP

"GAYLA" MEANS THE BEST IN BOBBY PINS, HAIR PINS, CURLERS

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A Message to Parents

Fight dread polio by giving to your county Chapter of The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis
Learn here the REAL TRUTH about these Intimate Physical Facts!

Often a woman's married life isn't happy simply because she hasn't proper scientific knowledge of these intimate physical facts. And she's too lazy or shy to find out. Or she may be following ignorant advice of 'supposed' girl friends.

So here's really a chance to learn scientific truth you can trust. Girls, you simply must realize how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and marriage happiness— to combat one of woman's most embarrassing deodorant problems. And what's so very important—learn why you should put ZONITE in your douche.

Truly A Modern Miracle!

Scientists tested every generally known antiseptic and germicide they could find on sale for the douche. And NO OTHER TYPE proved so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE—the first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germicidal and deodorizing action yet absolutely harmless. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. It's positively non-irritating, non-burning, non-poisonous.

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Scientist

The ZONITE principle was developed by a world-famous Surgeon and Scientist. What better assurance could you want? ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances, helps guard against infection—it's so powerfully effective it immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Complete douching directions come with every bottle.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening new booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published— mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-78, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

Deep Are His Roots

(Continued from page 53) too, of his romance with Princess Natacha, a Romanoff, sophisticated and beautiful sister to the Grand Duke Dimitri. And it was agreed he was a constant man who never looked at another woman.

I knew Charles Boyer in those days. Later, in 1939, we met again in southern France while he was making a film there. He came to dinner one night, with his wife, Pat Patterson, just five days before Hitler marched on Poland. We knew there was going to be a war. My trunks were packed and in the hall for my departure.

That night Charles was even more serious than he is usually. Because, like all good Frenchmen, he loved France deeply, too, he knew when he was mobilized that Pat and his mother would be alone.

Next, only a year later, I saw Charles in Hollywood. Released from the army because he was overage he had brought his wife and mother to safety. There were rumors he would remain, too, that he was engaged in propaganda work for the French government.

Charles, I remember, smiled at these rumors. He would remain, of course, he explained. He was so well known that the Germans, without question, would hold him as hostage—since he neither could nor would work with them or for them.

However, that his whole heart was in France there was never any doubt. In spite of the arduous demands his success in Hollywood films made upon him he soon was engaged in setting up his French Research Foundation.

"Perhaps the best work I can do is help preserve French culture," he said.

Since the war's end, certainly, the Foundation has been an invaluable bureau of information, much used and appreciated by the motion picture industry.

All of which makes me hope that Charles, having attended the New York premiere of "Arch of Triumph," will go to Paris for the French premiere. For when he goes he will, I believe, be awarded the Legion of Honor, for which he has deserved for a long, long time.

For even if all the rumors were wrong—and I do not say they were or were not—there can be no doubt that Charles always has supported every French cause in every way possible.

He gave the money he received for a cigarette testimonial to a French fund in which Madame Goude, who was interested.

Also, a few months after the war ended, the Foundation and Charles held a dinner in honor of Pierre Blanchard. The purpose of this dinner, besides honoring the famous French actor, was to raise money for widows and orphans of the Free French who helped to liberate Paris.

Actually, Charles is a far hali from the romantic gentlemen he plays upon the screen. "It is ridiculous," he says, "to call a character who tosses his affection around among numerous women a great lover." What he'd term such a character he does not say. But you have a strong feeling that he has a strong word for it.

He draws a fine distinction, you see, between a love story and the story of a great lover. He prefers and will play love stories. But he appreciates any reference to himself as a Great Lover being omitted.

He has no small talk and little humor. Not remotely a ladies' man, he most enjoys, I would say, a life of the mind. He plays neither golf nor tennis. Poker, he occasionally enjoys. And I have seen him laugh most heartily of all at imitations of himself. Reading is his sport.
Go Meds... Go Merrier

Merrier! Such blissful comfort even you don't know you're wearing one.
Merrier! No pads or pins.
No belts or odor.
Merrier! Now you can shower... dance...
sleep in comfort any day of the month.
Discover Meds—the improved tampon designed by a doctor...
made by Modess
Know new comfort. New freedom.
Meds are worn internally. Safe... soft... easy to insert... easy to flush away.
Get a handbag-size box of Meds today.

The Modes tampon

Acceptable for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Ass'n.

Meds are made in two sizes:
Regular (in the light blue box)
Super (in the dark blue box)

---

They live quietly, the Boyers, without the least ostentation. They entertain only rarely. Recently, however, when Maurice Chevalier was their house-guest they gave several small dinner parties for friends, for Jean Pierre and Maria Aumont, Claudette Colbert and Doctor Joel Pressman, Eddie and Bill Goetz, Gary and Rocky Cooper.

It is a typical French house in which Charles oversees the serving of the wine, choosing the wines; that best complement the menu and seeing they are the right temperature. Should he be asked to suggest the meat, Pat, Boyen, knows it would be steak.

Madame Louise Boyen, Charles's mother, lives on the same property. But she keeps her own house. It is all as French and bourgeois as Charles himself. It is difficult to believe, when you are at the Boyers, that Hollywood and Beverly Hills lie just beyond. It always makes me think of Rupert Brooke's poem "The Soldier":

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England . . ."

As long as Charles lives and wherever he goes you will find a little bit of France. Watching him, as I have, build his career in Hollywood in the Hollywood manner, I have always been reminded of a workman who, returning home after his day's labor as a mason or carpenter, takes off and puts away the clothes of his trade. For the instant Charles reaches home he ceases to be an actor and becomes instead a good French-American husband, son and father, smoking his inveterate cigarettes while he looks forward to a bottle of wine with his dinner and later a favorite book.

Deep are his roots.

THE END

Turn to page 91 for
Photoplay Fashions in Color
Diet for Happiness

(Continued from page 49) on a couch, hugging a pillow. I knew she thought it looked cute. I know. I used to think so too—when all the time I was trying to tuck it in my tummy!

Finally, when I had clothes made for pictures, the studio designer invariably turned to the fitter and suggested: "Supposing we give it a little more fullness here. Or there." It was good psychology but I knew they actually were saying: "This will make you look a little less unattractive." I kept telling myself that I was going on a diet. But lacking the will power, I still didn't. Then it all began preying on my mind until there were no more fittings—because there were no more pictures. I hadn't worked in months.

Then I received a letter from Honolulu, written by a little girl I had never met. She sent it right after she had seen me in "The Razor's Edge." I read it again and again. I was so crushed—I cried. Finally, I got angry. Then mad! But not at the girl whose honesty hammered home the full truth. I was angry and mad at myself!

"I have a bet on with a girl in school," the letter read. "She says you weren't padded in "The Razor's Edge," but I know you couldn't be that fat!"

It so happens for the role of Sophie (it merely won an Academy Award for Ann!) it was all right to be on the plumpish side. But I couldn't go on playing Sophies all my life. Aside from personal reasons, it meant my career if I didn't reduce.

In my opinion, there is usually one reason why a woman is overweight. She loves to eat. There are glandular problems, of course. It is easier for some women to gain, easier for others to lose. I'm not referring to them—but to the women who use this as an "excuse" and then just watch them eat! I know girls, especially schoolgirls, are inclined to put on at a certain age. But have you ever seen what they put away? Mid-morning snacks—a huge lunch—candy bars at two—a sundae after school—cake before going to bed! I never did do in for that kind of indulgence as a girl because I planned a career and couldn't. So, by the time I grew up, food was more attractive than ever.

MEN naturally aren't going to make suggestions or offer advice and take a chance of offending a woman. Even John Hodiak, my own husband, is the most diplomatic man in the world. When I brought home stills or a new portrait sitting, there was a dead silence. Never a "this one is keen" or even a faint "woo-woo!" Now and then he'd make impersonal observation, like the time we were at a movie. "She sure has a wonderful figure," said my husband of the actress on the screen. That really hurt.

That letter from my fan in Honolulu couldn't have arrived at a more propitious time. Suddenly I just knew I could take off weight and I knew I would. When John came home that night I talked it over with him. With wisdom that never fails when needed most, he said: "Do whatever you want to do, as long as you believe it is right. But the only person who can do it for you—is you, yourself!"

The following morning we drove up to Burlingame, California, to visit my parents. I knew I wasn't going to be very nice to have around—you do feel so mean—and I realized it was very important to be with people who would understand and cooperate all the way. I had to be where I wouldn't see anyone, or be expected to go anywhere.

My self-imposed diet was my own. No doctor would ever consent to it and I recommend it for no one but myself. However I studied calorie charts carefully and knew
the caloric content of everything I ate. Everyone is different and, ordinarily, I could keep my weight at an even keel on eight or nine hundred calories. To accomplish my purpose, I limited myself to two hundred and twenty-five calories a day.

For the first forty-eight hours I ate no food at all. The following three weeks, for breakfast I had a glass of tomato juice and a piece of dry melba toast. Lunch—three tablespoons of cottage cheese and a hardboiled egg. For dinner I fasted. I drank black coffee, tea, plenty of water. On this diet I took six vitamins and "walked a mile a day to keep the pounds away." Yes, I wanted a steak like mad. Then I'd think, "But I don't feel stuffed up now." It's funny, but as your peace of mind grows, you get stronger too.

After we returned home I stayed on the diet another two weeks. I knew I couldn't stay on it any longer without seriously endangering my health. I realized I had been foolhardy, undertaking such a regimen without medical advice. I was lucky, I know now, not to have suffered more serious consequences.

I had taken off seventeen pounds, which may not seem like a great deal. But I'm very small boned and not very tall. When I tried on my clothes, not a single dress fit. I was never so thrilled in my whole life.

My new figure was noticed everywhere. People I didn't even know came up and commented. Then the first time I went out to Twentieth Century, two studio carpenters stopped, looked—and whistled! It was beautiful music to my ears.

It certainly did something for me mentally, losing as I did. Now that I know what it's like to be thin, I also know what I can do and there are no inhibitions trying to do it. The Photographer's Ball at Ciro's was my first real "coming out" party. Because I was working every day at M-G-M in "Homecoming," there wasn't time to rent a costume. The studio allowed me to borrow that flimsy harem number Marlene Dietrich wore in "Kismet." When I tried it on—it had to be taken in!

As I said before, I took off that weight last August and I haven't stopped working since. After "Homecoming" I came right back to Twentieth and went into "The Walls of Jericho." A week after I finished they called me in to have fittings for my role opposite Tyrone Power in "The Shamrock Touch." I'm still hoping for a part where I can really dress up.

Recently I "treated" my size ten figure to a new wardrobe. I'll never forget the look on the face of the saleslady who has been taking care of me for years. When I walked in she already had lined up a rack of loose-fitting models. With great glee, I helped push them back to the stock room!

Very often I'm asked if I still stay on my diet. I'll always have to be careful, but at least once a week I eat whatever I want. A few Saturday nights ago, John and I walked down the hill to Wil Wright's ice cream parlor. I just stood there looking at all those things. Believe me, I know how Alice felt when she stepped through the looking glass. Finally, I ordered a coconut ice cream sundae smothered in caramel sauce! When the last ecstatic drop had disappeared, I turned to the waitress, sighed, and said: "That was so good. Do you know it's the first sundae I've had in ten months?"

That waitress really looked at me. "But why?" she wanted to know, as she kept on staring.

There was my triumph!

The End

The Stars Model

Photoplay Fashions on Page 9!
(Continued from page 69) alarming his mother and father. There was nothing the matter with him, really, except for that aching feeling at the back of his head.

He found his mother and father in the dining room. On the previous day the Parks family had driven from out of the city to the home of his aunt, for Thanksgiving dinner. It was an annual pilgrimage.

His father looked up when he came into the room and said with a note of reproach: "Yes, Larry, with your breakfast. We've got to be starting home."

"Yes, sir," Larry said, and tried to smile.

The elder Parks's glance was turning away when suddenly, at half past eleven, he came back to Larry's face. "What's the matter with your mouth?" he asked sharply.

"I—I don't know, sir," Larry mumbled.

He was shaking with a fright that could not be concealed. "Put it to me, sir," he thought. "There is something wrong with my face." Aloud he said, making his voice sound assured: "I guess it isn't anything, sir. I guess I just caught a little cold."

"Come here, boy," his father said. "Let me look at you."

Larry walked over and stood beside his father, "Frown at me," Mr. Parks said.

Nothing happened, except that side of his face wouldn't work.

M R. PARKS turned to his wife. "Get your things together. One side of this boy's face is paralyzed. Call Dr. Blatchley as quickly as we can."

It was past noon when they pulled up before the Parks residence. Great soft flakes of snow were falling but Larry was not conscious of the snow or the chill which struck through his overcoat. He was sick and there was no use in pretending.

In his own room, at last, he shook off his clothes and crawled beneath the covers. It seemed that he had barely strength enough to pull up the bedclothes. The pain in his leg grew steadily worse.

When Dr. Parks, the family physician, arrived he examined Larry closely, then turned to his mother. "Bell's palsy," he said briefly. "There's not much that I can do. He may get well. You can help him by massaging his face and we'll try the strychnine treatment. Even that may not do any good. We'll just have to wait and see."

The doctor had left, Larry Parks lay staring at the ceiling. A vast bitterness engulfed his mind. Now what was to become of all his fine dreams? Whose heard of an actor with a twisted face? Larry lay still in the bed holding back with every atom of his strength the desire to cry out in bitter denunciation of this monstrous injustice. Bell's palsy! Who knows if youth of a youth of eighteen has a legs? That was a disease which assailed old men whose lives were finished. Now, after all, he'd have to go ahead with his father's idea—become a doctor. He had already started his pre-med course at the University of Illinois, but it wasn't what he had wanted. He wanted, above all things in the world, to hear her voice soaring out over a packed theater in the final moments of Shakespearean drama; to hold an audience. He had it in him—he was confident of that.

Now all that was gone! Surely this thing couldn't happen to him. Maybe after all the doctor was wrong. This might be just a passing affliction brought on by the cold. It was this comforting thought that at last permitted Larry to drift into a restless, troubled sleep. The next morning when Dr. Blatchley called, Larry had a high fever and the pain in his left leg was steadily increasing. The old physician looked concerned when Larry described the mounting suffering. Suddenly Dr. Blatchley swung back the covers and said sharply: "Pull up your leg until your foot rests flat on the sheet."

Larry started to do as he was bid. But something went wrong. He couldn't lift his leg. Swoot stood out in beads as he tried again and again to make the muscles respond. The leg remained still. He turned frantic eyes toward his father, "Uncle, it's my leg," he gasped. "It won't move at all."

The aging doctor beckoned to Mrs. Parks and went with her into an adjoining room. After a while their voices faintly travelled through the walls. "I know what he's telling me," he thought. "He's saying that I've been handed a shot of infantile paralysis right on top of this Bell's thing. Now I'm going to have to pull a crawling cripple for the rest of my life."

In spite of his self-contempt tears welled in his eyes. This was the finish. This was the pay-off to all his vaulting ambitions. When his mother and the doctor came back into the room Larry had turned his face to the wall so they wouldn't see him playing the baby. He heard Dr. Blatchley mumble something in which the word "rest" seemed to predominate. Suddenly rebellion, wild unreasonable rebellion, flared in the boy's mind. Other invalids had overcome their afflictions by sheer perseverance. He would never be a good actor if he couldn't set an all-time record for trying.

IN the weeks and months which followed Larry Parks learned that making a resolution and keeping it is quite another thing. He learned what fear is. But he also learned that he could push it back once he got his faith. For faith had come, through the quiet steadfastness of his mother, the gently humorous things his father said to him and the benign and soothing counsel of Dr. Blatchley.

The day after Mr. Parks had passed, Dr. Blatchley said suddenly: "Let me see you smile. Go ahead and try. Harder, harder! There, I believe—yes, the corner of the mouth is lifting. Raise your leg. Come on! Come on! Raise it! So, you see, you can make it twitch a little. Try again. Move it! Move it!

There were the long, endless hours of fasting after which Larry would sit on his own feet. When Larry's father would raise the deadened leg, then bend it sharply downward, forcing the muscles to move if only in a recoil from pain. There was the sick reaction of weariness when any effort, no matter how little, seemed unendurable.

Then one day Dr. Blatchley said abruptly: "All right, let's see you whistle."

Larry saw. Some tears were on his cheeks. A thin, reedy sound, a very musical of a musical note, came out. A slow smile spread over the doctor's face. "Good," he said. "In a month you'll be giving us the St. Louis Blues. Now once more. Try again, harder."

And then, one notable day, Larry Parks stood on his own two feet. Walking to the doctor's voice Larry and he said: "Now smile. Your smile, damn, you smile."

The lips s-m-e apart, curved together and little wrinkles sprang from the corners of his eyes. "Now," he said, "take a turn around the room, a good walking thing in unison."

There was barely a trace of a limp. In another six months, he knew now, that too would be gone. The big hill before him had suddenly flattened out. But there still remained one beyond that. The steep hill he still had to climb before he could be a really first-rate actor.
Modess.... because
that it can be if you plan wisely in the beginning. Don’t rush off and buy the first piece of outdoor furniture you see. Do it the hard way; first you can have a delightful adjunct to your way of living, with the enjoyment far outweighing the amount of money you expend.

**First** of all, plan your terrace, back yard or garden in relation to the size of your house, your purse and the size of your entertaining. A terrace is the most practical even if you have only a yard of ten by twenty feet. Naturally, the more space you have, the more effect you can achieve, but the principle is the same.

If you inherited your home from your grandma, with a “summer house” somewhere on the property—sometimes called “summer house” is never used—let that be a lesson to you. The lesson is not to locate your terrace away from your house. You will not use it, if you do. You won’t even use a barbecue pit, located away from your house, even though you may think so while it is being put up. But a terrace smack up against the foundations of your house you will use eternally.

For any sort of entertaining, you ought to have an area of at least five hundred square feet. Should this be all the space you have, I think you’ll be happier if you use it all, than you will if you try to cut it in half and have half a terrace and half a garden. The Maureen O’Sullivan-John Farrow garden, here illustrated, uses part of its space in this manner.

But just for fun, let’s pretend you have much more space. Working with your five hundred square feet of terrace, decide what shape you want, not only for the terrace but for the entire “outdoor living room,” and what materials you want to use.

A grass terrace is the easiest and the cheapest—to start with. But the upkeep, in time and money, is something scary. Your grass terrace will get very hard wear, for you’ll be tramping it constantly. And that awful occupation called weeding can take all the joy out of summer.

I think the nicest of terraces are those of flagstone or brick (like the O’Sullivan-Farrow’s), set in cement on sand or soil. If you are an eager beaver, it is possible for you to set these yourself.

Some people like flagstones or bricks with seams or grass in between them. I don’t. They get ragged and weedy. They get wet, either by rain or the watering you must give them to keep them green.

I prefer the flagstone terrace with cement seams. Its initial cost is higher, but it has absolutely no upkeep after that. It dries quickly after a rainstorm. Bugs don’t like it. Worms won’t eat it. Your furniture sits firm upon it and can be cleaned about it. And since a terrace is highly decorative, particularly if you have picked out good flagstones in contrasting colors, Bricks have most of these virtues, but they do chip, eventually.

Whether or not you have a wall around your house and garden is a matter of space and money, but I think you need some type of enclosure. You can do this with greenery very nicely. Or with wire fencing, covered with vines.
These things are a matter of personal choice. I feel it is much more delightful to have morning-glories covering an inexpensive wire fence—if that is all you can afford—than it is to let your garden go bare for five years while you acquire money enough for a magnificent wall.

A couple of "director's chairs" in gay colors, one flower bed, well planted, some extra cushions and a small table for drinks can look charming. A huge "lawn couch" can look ridiculous, if everything else isn't in keeping with it.

For example, Clark Gable recently installed a small swimming pool at his ranch. His house is a simple one. He has no "landscaping" in the big-time sense of the word. So, when it came to putting up a bath house, he didn't. He has sense enough to know it would be utterly out of keeping with the casual orange-orchard-type of decoration he likes. (Incidentally, he has a large orange crop every year, but he never sells it. He gives it away to an orphanage.) What Clark did do was to have a blue awning tent put up on his flagstone terrace, which rings his pool and goes straight up to the house. The tent is erected on permanent poles. Its sides can be raised or lowered easily. Clark almost always eats lunch there, and frequently dinner.

The Alan Ladd ranch features an even more casual dining terrace, where genuine ranch lanterns are used for light at night. It is close enough to the kitchen so that the food may be handed straight out. Or the dinner can be cooked in the outdoor barbecue, which you can see is smack against the house. The tables and benches are of redwood, which never has to be painted and can't be hurt by rain.

Where a house is informal enough, it's smart to have a terrace so close to the kitchen that it is possible to have either a shelf outside a window, or perhaps a Dutch door, with an inner shelf, where the food can be placed as a sort of casual buffet.

Going back to the O'Sullivan-Farrow residence again, theirs is a particularly fine use of a long, thin back yard. They have divided it into three sections, the terrace attached to the house, partially shaded by the roof overhang, a pergola gives on to the area reserved for the children (there are five little Farrows, so they need plenty of space) and beyond that, there is the flower and vegetable garden. In the garden there is a most effective use of "pot planting." The Sonny Tuftses use this most casual form of gardening very effectively, too. I recommend it to newlyweds, particularly if your budget is slim. There is nothing to prevent your buying a plant at a time.

But whether you have a terrace, gardens and vast space, or casual simplicities, the entertainment values remain. The important element is air and sun, comfort and a sense of easy companionship. That is why I think the "outdoor dining room" is so wise for "honeymooners" or young home owners. If you haven't yet the price of carpets or hangings, or lamps or brick-a-brac, you can still have a "wiener roast" on your terrace, or hamburgers and beer, or go mad and have caviar and chopped onion with champagne.

All I ask is that you think every bit of it out ahead of time. Plan well. Buy intelligently—and then act as though you were utterly unaware of any bit of it.

Next month: An apartment from bare walls to the last correctly placed ash tray. It's Paulette Goddard's and I've just completed it. I want to show it off—and I think it is full of hints for you.
One Permanent Cost $15...the TONI only $2

No wonder a million women a month use Toni Home Permanents. For Toni gives you a wave that's guaranteed to look just as lovely and last just as long as a $15 beauty shop wave. But before trying Toni, you will want to know—

Will TONI work on my hair?
Yes, Toni waves any hair that takes a permanent—including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?
No trick at all to giving yourself a Toni wave...just three simple steps:
1. Roll your hair up on curlers. Dab on Toni Creme Lotion as you go.
2. Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like for 2 to 3 hours.
3. Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer and rinse.

Can I give my little girl a TONI, too?
Sure, mothers find Toni Creme Waving Lotion is kind and gentle to children's silky-fine hair. (And the child is free to run about and play while her Toni Home Permanent is taking.)

Is TONI guaranteed?
Yes! Your Toni wave must flatter you or you get back every cent you paid. Toni can make this guarantee because the Toni Wave is laboratory controlled for uniformity and high quality.

Which Twin has the TONI?
Lovely Doris and Dorothy DuVall are TWA air hostesses. Doris, the twin at the left, says, "I gave myself a $2 Toni and Dorothy had a $15 beauty shop wave but no one on the plane could tell our permanents apart."

Striped pique suits with shirring and ruffles for you and your small fry. Both by Catalina in small, medium or large sizes, $8.00. Matching suit for two- to seven-year-olds. $4.00 at Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 95.
Frances Rafferty was born in Sioux City, Ia., and when her family moved to Los Angeles her ambition was to become a nurse. See her in Sutherland Productions' "Lady at Midnight," an M-G-M release.

A blue denim suit with white rick-rack that does the most wonderful things for your "figger." By Junior House in sizes 9-15. $8.95 at Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y., and F & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus, O. For other stores in your vicinity see page 95.

Photoplay Fashions
Cyd Charisse is a graceful lovely in M-G-M’s “On an Island with You”

A faille lastique suit with shirred panels and boned bra.

Satin lastex suit by Jantzen trimmed with multi-colored satin bands. Wide color choice in sizes 32-38. $16.95 at Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore., and John Taylor’s, Kansas City, Mo.

For other stores in your vicinity see page 95
Marie McDonald came to Hollywood determined to succeed in pictures. She did—and in very short time. You'll see her next in M-G-M's “Living in a Big Way”

Any modern Venus will cause a sensation in this lastex suit shot with gold thread. A Sea Nymph suit by Jordan in shimmering white, blue, rose or green. Sizes 32-38. $12.95 at The John Shillito Co., Cincinnati, O., and Thalhimer's, Richmond, Va.

For other stores in your vicinity see page 95
If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

**Mother and Daughter Suits**
Catalina, Inc.
443 South San Pedro St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

**Denim with Rick-rack**
Junior House, Inc.
228 S. First St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

**Two-Piece with Shirred Panels**
SeaMolds
417 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

**Satin Suit**
Jantzen
Portland, Ore.

**Lastex Suit with Gold Thread**
Jordan Manufacturing Corp.
1410 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

**Photoplay Patterns Sold at:**
Gimbels
New York, N. Y.
The Hecht Company
Washington, D. C.

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**charmise**
by charles corey

**leaf cool...**
**tissue black or snow white**

Our Baby Dolls with petal-like scalloping in gold... oh! so fashionable on shapely Louis heels.

Our Sandal is Leaf Cool.... and more than ever Smart with a delicately scalloped anklet.

WHITE or BLACK SUMMER SUEDE

"DAISY" and "FESTIVE"
in High Heels Only
"GODDESS" in Cuban Heels too

and only $4.98

SIZES: 5-9 AA & A (narrow)
3½-9 B & C (med. and wide)

---


**Please send me at $4.98**

"DAISY" ... SIZE _______ WIDTH ________
COLOR ________
"FESTIVE" ... SIZE _______ WIDTH ________
COLOR ________
"GODDESS" ... SIZE _______ WIDTH ________
COLOR ________

C. O. D. ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ CHECK ☐
NAME ________
STREET ________
CITY ________ STATE ________

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"For style
for looks
for fit
for wear
you'll find
DUN-DEERS
beyond compare"

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The Hand-laced Casuals
Available in white or brown.
See them at better stores or write:
DUN-DEER INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY
ST. LOUIS 3, MO. No Mail Orders.

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"Allo-ette" superbly moulds and controls
the average bosom and that "in-between" type,
the just slightly larger-than-average bosom.
Made with 2-inch diaphragm band for additional support.
In various fabrics... $2.00 up.

"There is a Maiden Form
for Every Type of Figure!"

Send for free Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16, N. Y.
Now you know why everybody says "Oh, WHATTA GAL!"

Just notice how her Rose Marie Reid swimsuit makes the most of curves ... makes them sleek, so smooth ... so exciting! It's the smart styling in Rose Marie Reid originals combined with the flattering Miracle Bra* and the zipperless Minnikin Back* that performs wonders of contour control ... The Classic, in summer magic colors in one and two-piece styles ... at better stores everywhere.

*Suzi Crandall featured in RKO's "Your Red Wagon"

*Suzi Crandall

*Patented features

1035 Santee Street, Los Angeles 15, California
Renie, designer for RKO Studios, is noted as the only designer in pictures who consistently turns down offers to act in the movies!! She'd much rather design beautiful clothes for the stars to wear on the screen. Proof of this is our pattern on page 98, the wonderful design she did for Jacqueline White to wear in "Mystery in Mexico." Renie designs the clothes many of Hollywood's best-dressed women wear off the screen, too. Her ability to do well everything she does is almost discouraging. She ice skates beautifully, rumbas wickedly and designs modern jewelry in her spare (1) time.

Water stays out—wave stays in!

You can be sure your wave is safe from sea and spray when you wear Kleinert's Olympic Sava-wave swim cap. Look for the special inner rim that keeps water from seeping in. Feel the velvet-soft inside finish that lets your Sava-wave slip on smoothly and easily. Guaranteed watertight.

Regular style, $1.00. Olympic de luxe, $1.25.

AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE.
PHOTOPLAY'S

Pattern of the Month

Jacqueline White wears this delectable dress with matching jacket in RKO's "Mystery in Mexico." Designed by Renie, it is your answer for something really pretty yet practical. You can wear it marketing or dancing. Easy to make and easy to wear, it is so flattering to all types. Galey & Lord have a glamorous new fabric called Lumina: A cotton woven with metallic thread, it's an excellent choice for this pattern. For stores selling Photoplay's Pattern see page 95

Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($0.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Jacqueline White-Renie dress and jacket in size (Circle size you wish) 12 14 16 18 20

My name and address is:

Name.................................................................Size:........
Street...............................................................
City.................................................................State................
Boss Man

(Continued from page 62) When they get in trouble, they run to Susie begging her not to tell Daddy. Susie threatens them when they get out of line, but she never sticks to her threats. Alan doesn’t threaten at all. But when they get to that obstreperous stage all kids reach, he says to Lannie: “If you do that again, I’ll spank you.” He tells the older ones they will get sent to bed. And if they do it, he does just what he promised. And David—he still gets away with murder.

Afraid that Alana might become spoiled by publicity, he sent her to a public school. And he didn’t like the idea of Carol Lee running around wearing a sweat shirt embroidered all over with his name. This was her tribute to the fact, perfectly obvious to all the Ladds’ friends, that Carol Lee thought her step-dad wonderful. Her mother’s criticisms Carol Lee can take. One adverse word from Alan brings tears to her eyes. So all he had to say about the sweat shirt was, “Please don’t do that. Don’t run around advertising yourself.” Carol Lee has never worn that sweat shirt to school since. But she does wear it around the ranch.

Alan’s chief worry about Laddie is that riding horses on his ranch all summer and spending time on his mother’s and stepfather’s yacht might spoil him.

And that ranch—ye gods, that simple little place where Susie and Alan were supposed to visit for occasional Saturdays, and raise horses, which they would sell!

They had two horses to start. They now have ten full-grown, plus three foals who arrived in June. The last of the latter came very late. Night after night, come hell or production, Alan sat out in the barn, near the mother-mare. Wherever Alan is, Susie is, too, so they waited, wrapped in blankets and sitting on a bench playing gin-rummy.

Since they have only twenty-five acres, they really have too many horses. They raised them to sell, remember, but now they are so fond of each one, they hate to part with any.

It’s something like the situation with the ranch house. It was only supposed to be a kind of glorified week-end shack. They evolved it originally out of a couple of old garages. Now, they’ve added two more garages to make one big bedroom for Susie and Alan. A small additional house has been added for the children and nurse.

ALAN thinks the ranch house should be made larger, horses should be sold and more land acquired. He discusses this with Susie evenings when he comes home from the studio. Usually, he talks until about eleven about various plans and changes he wants made. Then he goes to sleep. Susie doesn’t. She thinks about it all night, fussing and fuming, and in the morning she gets busy.

Which is fine, except by the time those everloving estimates are submitted, Alan feels it isn’t maybe so wise to put that kind of dough into the ranch. After all, they are going to sell all the horses. And someday they are going to build a resort hotel, like Charlie Farrell’s Racquet Club down in Palm Springs, where Alan can retire when his career is ended, see folks he likes and make some dough at the same time.

What Alan ends by saying, several evenings, is that he and Susie might better add to the small house they have in Hollywood, fairly near the studio. He makes sketches and suggestions up until eleven o’clock again. He tells Susie to get an architect about them.

You’ve guessed it. He sleeps. Susie worries. And when they get the schemes
Eleanor sat on the beach looking like this...

Jane looked slick

Eleanor was a rag at the party...

Jane was smooth

It was the U.S. Howland HAIR DRY SWIM CAP that made the difference

Jane found out by checking on the U.S. Howland what a lot of time and money it could save her. No hot, perspy hours in summer for Jane under the drier. She protected her hair with the swim cap that keeps hair dry. Jane had good reasons for buying it. You do, too.

1. Bond of suction cups inside cap shuts water out.
2. Deep fit pulls cap closer to head.
3. Patented V-shaped reinforcing rib that turn suction cups inward makes perfect seal, protect ears and eliminate damp hair near ears.
4. Not just one size but three sizes—small, medium and large—makes fit more accurate.
5. Comes in good sun colors: red, yellow, blue or white.

At leading stores, throughout the country.

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and drawings on the town house—oh well.

The wonderful part of it all is that he and Susie and the kids have a gorgeous time of it. Alan is definitely the boss at all times. With the exception of small David, the whole family rides and swims, Alan being the general instructor. And despite his having made four pictures in the past fourteen months, Alan still finds time for a scad of other projects. The biggest is his transcribed radio show, Box 13, which is sold individually to individual cities and sponsors.

All this work has meant he has lived very quietly, but he never has been a party hound, anyhow. They are invited everywhere, but almost always refuse. That is, Susie refuses for them. Doing such tasks is part of the perfect balance that the Ladds have between them. Susie regards Alan as the artist of the family. Getting him out of things she takes in stride, is one of the ways in which she can help him.

But then she would probably try to get along without arms, if she thought that would make him happy because he’s so wonderful to his family in every way. Even in trivial things, what he says goes. He doesn’t, for instance, like Susie in hats or dark colors. So you won’t see her wearing either very often.

He’s engaged right now in trying to change his screen type a bit.

Actually he is a terrific actor, better probably than his madly adoring public knows, or than he knows himself.

He’s so hot at the box office that he can carry any yarn whether it’s called “Saigon” or “Calcutta” or “Blue Dahlia.” They all clean up. That’s really being a star. Which is where you come in, I know, but now I’ll prove it to you.

“Whispering Smith” is a shoot-em-up Western. “Beyond Glory,” originally called “The Long Grey Line,” is a West Point story. “The Great Gatsby,” on which Alan is currently working, dates back to the bootleg era of the 1920’s. Alan says it is probably the hardest thing he has ever done because the characters are all sort of off-beat and Gatsby, himself, is a phony—who is nevertheless completely honest with himself.

Put all this together and you see that you get a vital, normal guy who has no time to lie in bed after sun-up.

THE END

“It takes the drudgery out of my mornings”

—So writes one devoted listener to “My True Story” Radio Program. “These dramas are so true to life they absorb my attention completely. I listen while I work and the housework gets done without drudgery!” Listen to radio’s greatest morning show—presenting a complete true-life drama every day Monday through Friday; produced in co-operation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Tune in

“MY TRUE STORY”

American Broadcasting Company
First Figures of Hollywood

(Continued from page 50) That may sound precious, but what it actually is—is realistic!

Rita Hayworth proves the Hesse theory. When Rita—Marguerita Cansino then—was in her teens she tended to heaviness. But ambitious to be a dancer, she dreamed of the way she might look and of the effects she might achieve with her body if she slimmed down. She didn’t stop there, however. She went on to harness effort and will power to her dream—until it came true and she became as lovely as she is today.

Rita is not thin. She weighs 120 pounds and has the largest hips—36 inches—of any of the girls voted as having the first bathing suit figures in Hollywood.

Ava Gardner, whom our connoisseurs term “The Grecian Type” is the same height and weight as Rita. But Ava’s hips measure 35 inches. Ava is full bosomed, however, and appears even fuller than her 36-inch bust indicates, because her waist is a scant 24 inches.

Esther Williams, our cover girl this month, is placed by our experts in the same category as Ava. They find her, too, delightfully reminiscent of those days when women were beautiful and bountiful.

PORTRAIT painter John Vogel says, “A good figure is achieved somewhere between curves and rhythm. But if a choice must be made, let go of the curves and keep the rhythm.” Vogel further insists that the possession of curves and rhythm reflects in a woman’s eyes. “The eyes of both Gene Tierney and Paule Crosel,” he says, “tell you eloquently that they are confident of their poise and grace, that they have no qualms as to how they will look when they cross a room.”

Gene Tierney, incidentally—like Rita Hayworth—had to overcome a tendency to plumpness. When she returned from Switzerland, where she had been at school her mother gasped at the sight of her—she had put on so much weight. Today Gene, who is 5’5’’ tall, weighs only 115 pounds.

Howard Greer admits that the lovelier a figure the happier he is designing clothes for it. “However,” he says, “a girl must do more than fill a bathing suit—or a suit—or a dancing dress attractively. She must stand attractively. She must sit down attractively. She must move attractively. The girl who knows how to do this (all of which is what John Vogel meant, too, when he said if necessary keep rhythm and let the curves go) can camouflage one or two figure faults so well that she will appear lovelier than a Venus who lacks the same physical poise.

“For this reason,” he says “no girl under twenty-five or better yet, thirty, wears clothes to the best advantage. Wearing clothes is like anything else—you have to have some experience at it before you really can do it well.” Janet Blair is proof of the Greer pronouncement. We do not remember the day that Janet did not have a good figure. But we well remember when she was a kid and her arms and legs got in her way and she was far less attractive than she is today.

Yvonne DeCarlo also had to learn to emphasize her charms. Her figure is no better than it was a few years ago but it seems infinitely better. This is because Yvonne has learned not to be stiff and self-conscious.

Yvonne tips the scales at seven pounds more than Janet Blair, although they are both 5’4”. Janet weighs 110 pounds. Yvonne weighs 117.

You have a perfect Kay Whitney figure... whatever your size

Fun in the sun... slick in the city... Kay Whitney’s “Change-about” is perfectly proportioned for sizes 10 to 18... fits like a cotton should but seldom does. The sunback dress and matching bolero are of fine Sanforized broadcloth in a print brilliant as tropical foliage.

About $7.95.

Kay Whitney

BY RELIANCE

Write for name of store nearest you.
Reliance Manufacturing Company, Dept. P-7
212 West Monroe, Chicago 6, Illinois
Lovely figures lead to Hollywood, it's true. But so does Hollywood lead to lovely figures. Which is where a score of skilled gentlemen like Terry Hunt come in; gentlemen who pummel and slim the Hollywood lovelies.

"No outstanding star on the screen sprang full-blown into her present beauty," Terry Hunt says. "Look at the pictures of the stars in their earlier years and you see that much of their beauty as well as much of their personality and magnetism has been acquired."

Terry admits it is sometimes difficult to get yourself into your ideal shape—to develop leg or bosom muscles or to stop being overweight, a buried Venus, so to speak. But he insists, vehemently, that the woman who will set herself to this task can solace herself, in those black hours when she refuses a Martini or a chocolate souffle, that when she has slimmer down, dieted and exercised and groomed herself to a stunning appearance the habits she has formed will keep her that way.

"Above all," he says, "even while you're getting yourself in shape contrive somehow to exude an air of certainty of your own attractiveness and personal magnetism. You will be surprised how soon other people will join you in that conviction."

All of which is of the greatest importance to those who find this season of bathing suits a season of discontent because for too many months, wrapped up in a winter coat, you failed to notice that your curves were less restrained and firm than they should be.

Moreover Terry Hunt says: "If you plan to go in for some personal remodelling do not get out a tape measure and strive for the measurements of the first figure of Hollywood. On you, more likely than not, they wouldn't look good.

"I have yet to find any one set of measurements that will give any two women an equally good figure! Every woman must decide, by the trial and error method, what is best for her; the weight and dimensions at which she is loveliest."

So emulate Rita Hayworth, Paule Croset, Gene Tierney, Yvonne DeCarlo, Janet Blair and Ava Gardner only in setting yourself to become—as they did—the best that it is possible for you to be.

Thus speak the experts! Listen to them and, who knows, you may have one of the best figures of your home town.

THE END

Only

TWENTY QUESTIONS

To find the ash on Churchill's cigar... Joe DiMaggio's bat... Robert Taylor's widow's peak... Mona Lisa's smile

It's the Amusing, Exciting Parlor Game Brought to Radio

Hear it—Play it—
Every Saturday Evening
8:00 p.m. EDT—Mutual Stations

TWENTY QUESTIONS with Bill Slater

Read the story of "TWENTY QUESTIONS," and the people who play it in July RADIO MIRROR Magazine
Now On Sale
Beauty in Bedlam

(Continued from page 60) much of the time, her eyes light up like Grahame’s Chinese for a premiere, her cheeks flush and her lips emit smoke as fast as a sub-serving male can kindle cigarettes for her, thankful as he does so that he doesn’t have to rub sticks together to make fire, for even with a lighter his thumb gets calloused.

With Miss Keyes the New Look at last is justified as she bounces and twirls on her agile feet and the ballerina skirt swings fully. She carries little about clothes. The one item about which she is positive is panties. Chiffon panties should not be worn by jockeys. This is the timely warning of one who knows. Miss Keyes wore them and suffered a rash when she was a genie aboard a horse in “One Thousand and One Nights.” Fortunately her affliction did not spread beyond her chiffon area. But she developed an allergy. She sneezes at horses. This is most embarrassing because the Hustins breed horses on their San Fernando ranch. In addition to six enthusiastic brood mares and a couple of colts, Miss Keyes is chateleine of seventeen cats, two parrots, a burro named Socrates presented by Paullette Goddard, a monkey, four dogs including a sleek white hound named Paullette and a tangle-haired creature with lovely eyes named Jennifer, and a woman-hating cow that kicked Miss Keyes and her little bucket.

Miss Keyes loves animals with an ardor second only to that for male bipeds. Recently to her dismay she sneezed at Paullette and Jennifer. She thinks it was because they had been playing around horses.

“It’s a dreadful allergy,” she said. “I could take shots but they are a nuisance.”

LATER one evening, she sneezed at her husband when he came from the stables. The idea that she might be getting allergic to men terrified her. She screamed for a doctor. “I’ll take shots till I’m a sieve!” she wailed.

Evelyn’s feeling for men commenced with her heartbeat. She was born in Port Arthur, Texas. Her father was in the oil refining business. He died when she was a baby. She had just about thrown one leg out of her cradle when her mother snatched her off to Atlanta, Georgia. Georgia boys were pushovers. She took after them on foot, on skates and on bicycle. She hung on to the backs of cars and skated through the streets with them. She did whatever they did. She got her eyes blacked and her nose blooded.

“I was a banged-up mess all the time,” she says. “I walked like a boy. I wanted to wear boys’ clothes. My sisters, who were a lot older, finally got worried.”

But, with the boys she was a success. They dated her three and four weeks ahead.

“Any boy asking for a date under three weeks got a bloody nose,” says the quaint Southern belle.

At thirteen little Evelyn underwent a complete revolution. “I discovered at that time that the way to get boys was to be the opposite,” she says.

She fluffed into a chic, oozing manner. She combed her hair, manicured her nails, wiped her nose with a handkerchief.

“I was sweet as Shirley Temple,” she avers, “and on my way to Hollywood.”

By this time Evelyn had developed a vehicular heart. Looking back now she can see that her heart responded first to the boy with the best skates, then to the boys with the best bicycle and in her teens took after automobiles with all the ardor of a yelping terrier.

Her first husband, Barton Bainbridge,
was an architect. Her second was director Charles Vidor. Her third and current spouse is "Speed" Huston, high-powered director with a Cadillac. To insure her little racing heart Mr. Huston last Christmas gave her a convertible heap of cream in which she fireballs from studio to ranch in ten minutes while Mr. Huston in his car grapes in at thirty. "I drive like a bat out of the bad place," says hot-rod Madame, a statement resented by law-observing bats.

Miss Keyes came to Los Angeles from Georgia with the ostensible purpose of visiting her married sister. Actually she used her sister's house as base of operations in assaulting studios. She also used her sister's clothes. Everything she had on belonged to her sister the day she encountered Cecil B. De Mille.

When he heard her talk he was startled by her praline accent.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"From Jawjaw, suh," drawled the demure Jawjaw peach. Mr. De Mille said she would have to de-sugar if she wanted the part in "The Buccaneer." She did by going about saying "Hew now, brown cow," and reciting "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" until her tongue flipped as clear as a bicycle bell.

Then Selznick asked her if she could acquire a Southern accent for a part in "Gone with the Wind." Instantly the pickled peppers turned to sugar plums again. After that Columbia gave her a seven-year term which she still is serving. She does not think that Millie, the character she interprets so realistically, is truly a screwball.

"She is like me," says Miss Keyes innocently. "We just get involved in situations that make us look odd.

Miss Keyes got involved in an odd matrimonial situation with Mr. Huston while dining at Romanoff's two years ago. She had known Mr. Huston only three weeks when he asked her to marry him. She promptly said yes.

Mr. Huston was not prepared with a wedding ring when he prevailed upon her to fly at once to Las Vegas. It was midnight. Jewelry stores were closed. Mike Romanoff gave them one he found in his swimming pool.

John and Evelyn looped to Nevada. They were married at 3 a.m. by a justice. Their pilot and taxi driver served as best man and bridesmaid. Evelyn had an eight o'clock call at the studio the same day. She ran for the plane with her groom in pursuit.

BACK at the studio wearing Mike Romanoff's salvaged wedding ring, Miss Keyes fell into a speculative daze. She wondered if she was legally Mrs. Huston or the Princess Mihail Romanoff.

"But everything worked out fine," says Miss Keyes. "John bought me another wedding ring." This, she wears above the one found by Mike. She is the mother of a Mexican boy named Pablo Albarran, seventeen or fourteen years old. The boy's passport says seventeen but a doctor's examination of his bone structure leads Mother Keyes to believe he is not more than fourteen.

Pablo was working in the fields of Michoacan in Mexico minding his own business when Miss Keyes sighted him. She was with her husband on location for "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre." Pablo hung around and ran errands. When Miss Keyes discovered he was an orphan she thought she should have good parents.

"We are nice people," she told her husband.

"Tell that to the mayor," said Mr. Huston doubtfully.

The mayor was guardian of the orphan. Miss Keyes turned her hypnotic orbs on him and became a mother in no more time than it took her excellency to sign a paper.

Pablo is a splendid son. He recites Shakespeare with a Spanish accent to his mother before she is out of bed in the morning. He goes to a boys' school at Ojai.

Preparatory to appearing in an Ojai version of "Romeo and Juliet" he duels with imaginary Montagues and Capulets all over the Huston house.

It is a beautiful place. The smooth white walls reach high to beamed ceilings of golden pine. Over the fireplace hangs a painting of a horse by Siquieros. Mr. Huston gave it to Evelyn and she does not sneeze at it, possibly because it appears to be sneezing at her with a wide flaring nostril.

In a corner of this lovely room is a square cage of galvanized mesh, the sort you see at sideshows. It contains Dodie, the Capuchin, the dark-furred monkey no bigger than your hand. Dodie has a squeal very much like that of Miss Keyes when she is excited. When the squeals of the two all but cancel one another Miss Keyes opens the cage and Dodie scrambles out and over the guests.

It's Hollywood home life as you picture it: Beautiful, star-eyed Miss Keyes crouched on her heels on the divan beside you, a monkey scampering around you and a donkey named Socrates gazing furtively at you through a window. You could not feel more at home this side of a Java jungle.

"All sorts of people come here," says Miss Keyes. "And they do things they never do elsewhere."

"They get things done to them too," you say, "that never get done elsewhere."

You sneeze.

"Oh, I hope you are not becoming allergic," says Evelyn. "Do come again. Come any time."

Hypnotized, you say yes.

The End
Early June

(Continued from page 64) well. But June reads qualities in people.

"Are you living at the hotel?" I asked.

"Oh goodness no! But I come here often.

You get a coke for a nickel and all the potato chips you can eat." She went to work on a nearby bowswl, and proved she could eat a frightening amount.

This was in 1938. I had not considered the idea of a roommate, but I warmed to Junie's suggestion and she moved in.

When you room with a girl for two years you learn a good deal about . . . how she sings even when she's sad, so she won't "gloom up the atmosphere" . . .

How she pretends to be a titled English woman one moment and Fred Astaire's dancing partner the next . . . And when the girl is Junie, you learn to love her, to appreciate her angelic disposition, her ready sympathy and her fine talents.

Recently I "roomed" with her again, only this time it was in a suite at the Waldorf and we were a threesome.

In a series of frantic telephone calls and telegrams, we made plans to meet in New York when she and Dick would arrive on vacation. We had not seen each other for three years. So many things had happened to change our lives when we finally met.

June had become a star, Dick Powell's bride and the godmother of my son Peter, by proxy. Would she be the same sweet lovely girl I had known so well, or would Hollywood have given her a glitter which might dim her own natural shine?

JUNIE and Dick were out strolling when I arrived at the hotel. Ten minutes later they appeared. I said sternly, as I had so often in the old days when she came in late: "Where have you been?"

"Don't heckle me," Junie replied, taking her cue. "I was out with a cute man. Brought him home to meet you. Can I marry him please?" The years rolled back.

We were play acting again. I pretended to look Dick over critically. "He might do," I said. Then June stopped playing and introduced us. I warmed to him immediately. I feel Dick is so "right" for June.

But you've undoubtedly read a good deal about Junie and Dick, so I shall get back to our early days.

Junie used to keep moving the furniture around, to "change the scenery" as she put it. "You get tired of living in one room, so you make a whole apartment—on different days," she'd say.

One night I came in to find every piece of furniture in the middle of the floor. June was poised perilously on top of the desk preparing to leap to the bookcase.

"What are you planning to do, break your neck?" I shouted. June took off and made a three-point landing. "Don't you know who I am?" She took another flying leap, this time landing on top of the table. "I'm Fred Astaire's dancing partner!"

The nearest she came to her desire was the chorus of "Higher and Higher." She used to wash her hair while she shouted out the songs from the show. She knew all the lyrics, including those sung by the leading players. Not that she dreamed of stepping into the star's shoes should the lady break a leg. She worried about being good enough for the second row of the chorus. When they put her in the front row, she came home with a cake and a bottle of ginger ale to celebrate! We had a phonograph which we kept going with the latest gong hits. Junie liked to practice her tap dancing, usually rather late at night in our "powder room." I could usually tell by the sound if she had had a good day at rehearsals. On bad days, she'd skip triple taps and just tap out a lethargic waltz clop. Somehow it actually sounded gloomy.
Winter was making a quick entrance and we thought of warm coats. I have always had the idea that one good coat is better than two cheap ones. June thought that one coat of any kind was a wonderful idea. We pooled our money and bought a fine black coat. It appeared around New York a good deal the next two winters. Whoever had the most important date wore it.

One night I had what I considered an "important" date with a snootly Yale man. Junie came in from rehearsal, to which she had worn the coat. I was wearing a flimsy dress and needed that coat. When she realized this, her face took on a look of terror. "Jeanie, I am so sorry," she cried. "I forgot about your date! One of the girls in the line had a big date tonight, and I lent her our coat!"

I guess that was the only time I was ever so angry with June! I had finally snared my snootly Yale guy, and now I'd have to wear my suit.

"T'll fix him," said June, as my friend was announced. "Send him up," she told the operator. So I don't feel a bit different.

I went into the bathroom to change into the suit, and Junie "fixed" everything fine. I could have gladly choked her as the scene progressed, but what could I do, standing there in my slip.

She greeted him in a sort of company idea of a grand lady, bade him sit and proceeded to tell him about my back-ground. Her manner had melted into a real uncle in England. I had read the encyclopedia from cover to cover. In addition, I was the most popular girl in town. To substantiate this, she would call from time to time: "Oh, yes, Mr. Arlington called three times, dear. He's at the Ritz. Wants to give you a party there tomorrow night, but I told him you were going to Gloria's coming out party . . ." And . . . "Oh, Jeanie, the package room called up. They have flowers there for you . . . etc."

She did me up so well, made me so popular and learned and "backgrounded," that my snooty Yale had told me that he was scared of me . . . and he went away for good and all.

We played a good deal in those days. Frequently we would send downstairs to the drug store for one we elegantly called "dinner." The meal consisted of tomato soup, grilled cheese sandwiches on toast and Cokes. With the soup came salamis.

We liked to break them up in our soup, but knowing this was not "being done," we would pretend to nibble them daintily, then suddenly crush them and drop them in our soup, apologizing for the slip of the wrist.

On our recent visit, we were at the Copacabana in New York. Again we were eating tomato soup accompanied by salamis. With an impish look, Junie "accidentally" dropped her salamis into the soup. "Oooh," she said, "so sorry!" We laughed and laughed, and I guess Dick thought we were crazy, until we told him of our secret joke.

Our play acting in those days even included our laundry—a ritual every two weeks. Two girls clowning in the service elevator down to the laundry room, a pack of chewing gum (no smoking allowed) and clothes piled so high in our arms, all you could see was our eyes. The lady in charge never failed to laugh when she saw us coming.

Soon after June arrived in Hollywood, I was relieved to get a fairly cheerful letter.

"What a relief! Don't be frightened about anything. "I came out here to work, and to work and I am doing it."

In the Fall of '43, a letter was forthcoming with the pop and enthusiasm she had shown when her stage shows materialized. "I'm starring in the picture I'm making now. It's called 'Two Girls and a Sailor' and oh, I'm just so doggoned happy. Know some secret. I think even tho' I have my own dressing room with my name on it. I guess I just never learn to be a 'regal lady.' I'm al-ways riding in the chauffeur's boom or right up on top of the catwalk. I love everybody and everyone is so nice to me. I'm so happy. I've accomplished something. Of course, I'm a little tired, but I think it's worth it. On Sunday, I usually drive up into the mountains by myself and just sit and thank God for being so kind and tell Him how grateful I am."

Then came a letter dated May '45 . . . "I'm going to be married in August to Richard. I'm so happy, Jeanie, that I can't put it into words. All I know is, it's right. He is everything I ever wanted and everything that will make me happy."

Twelve days after her marriage I received another very happy letter. It told me about the wedding and had a large proud signature at the end . . . "Mrs. E. E."

Recently during our happy reunion, Junie and Dick and I visited Tiffany's to view the famous Tiffany diamond. There was a mob outside peering through the large plate glass windows waiting for a glimpse of June Allyson, the motion picture star. My mind went back to six years ago as I looked across the street to a fashionable dress shop where we used to window shop. Junie in those days would push her cute little nose up against the glass, admiring an expensive little number. Nobody turned to look at the sweet kid in her kerchief.

Junie obliged the autograph seekers, then looked wistfully across the street.

"Wouldn't it be fun to go over and really shop this time," she said, "instead of just window wishing!"

The End

Famous Model Reveals "Smooth Hair-do" Secret

"Any girl can have a glamour hair-do, and keep it neat all day, if she do's what I do — put a drop or two of Nestle HAIRLAC on her finished coiffure," says June Kirby, world-famous model. You'll be amazed at the difference HAIRLAC makes! Famous photographers and models know! HAIRLAC is delicately scented, absolutely harmless — keeps your hair smooth and glamorous all day long.

Get Nestle HAIRLAC at your drug or department store today. The 50¢ bottle lasts a long, long time.

HELEN EDWARDS Famed Hollywood Model and Charm Consultant says: "MY NEW HOME STUDY COURSE TEACHES YOU EVERY CHARM-SUCCESS SECRET"

You can be a charming, successful, romance-inviting Career Girl, Professional Model, Club Woman or Wife, no matter who you are or where you live! Right in the privacy of your own home, you will quickly learn how other girls and women developed a new, winning personality and enjoyed life to its fullest!

PERSONALIZED Help is YOURS at Small Cost

My proven, home-study course of eight weekly lessons covers every phase of Charm and Modeling, Poise and Personality, Posture and Body Coordination, Corrective Diets, Social and Professional Make-Up, Hair Styling, Wardrobe Planning, Voice and Easy Conversation. Replace Self-Confidence with Self-Confidence. It's easy, simple and exciting.

My "Keys to Modeling, Beauty and Charm" will give you a completely new concept of exactly what you can be. These vital secrets are the result of 15 years' experience. Let me be your most helpful friend.

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HELEN EDWARDS & STAFF, INC. Dept. X • Box 1172 • Hollywood 28, California I enclose 25¢ (coin or stamp) for your Model & Charm Booklet

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NOW IS THE HOUR

to tell us in twenty-five words or less why that certain star is your favorite. If your letter is among the ten best, you'll receive a personally autographed picture of your screen favorite.

So don't delay — do it now!

Send Your Entries to: CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

My favorite star is: ____________________________

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Winners of last month's contest: Prf. Robert E. Robinson, c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.; Missy B. J. Bialas, Walnut Creek, Calif.; Carol Rossman, Chicago, Ill.; Chikku Soni, Madras, India; Jean Morris, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Gypsy Belcher, South Point, O.; Corde Cooper, Tampa; Ethel Webster, Eastham, Mass.; Dan Shieles, Baltimore, Md.; Harriet Graham, Dexter, Mo.

The End
COULD THIS MARRIAGE HAVE BEEN SAVED?

A. Yes . . . had the wife taken heed of her husband's increasing coolness, known the secret of thorough feminine hygiene, kept herself lovely to love.

Q. What does feminine hygiene have to do with married happiness?
A. Far more than some women realize . . . but the wise wife has the assurance of complete daintiness when she uses "Lysol" brand disinfectant regularly in the douche.

Q. But many women use a douche only now and then . . . is regularity important?
A. Yes, indeed . . . it should be a routine procedure with every married woman, and always with "Lysol." Because it has marvelous deodorant properties due to its proven ability to kill germs instantly on contact.

Q. How about homemade solutions, such as soot and soda?
A. They are old-fashioned and ineffectual, not to be compared with "Lysol"'s scientific formula. "Lysol" has tested efficiency in contact with organic matter. It is both effective and safe for delicate tissues when used as directed.

ALWAYS USE "LYSOL" in the douche for its efficiency in combating both germs and odors. It will help you feel you have perfect grooming, "romance appeal."

Check with your doctor
Many doctors recommend "Lysol" in proper solution for Feminine Hygiene, because it is non-caustic, gentle, efficient. Its clean, antiseptic odor quickly disappears, carrying away all other unpleasant odors. It is so highly concentrated that it is very economical to use. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution. Have it always handy in the bathroom.

For Feminine Hygiene—always use

"Lysol"
A Concentrated Germicide

FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

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Whether you still...
Freckles

Have you tried Stillman's Freckle Cream as a beauty aid? It is not only a freckle cream, but a beauty cream ... it bleaches and beautifies the skin, giving it a glowing radiance ... a softer, smoother look. If your skin is dull and lacks youthful sparkle get a jar of Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM today! Only 50c at drug stores and shoe stores. A postal card brings you free "BEAUTY SUGGESTIONS"... a booklet you will cherish.

THE STILLMAN CO.
Box 102
Aurora, Illinois

Can't Relax due to NERVOUS TENSION

If jittery nerves occasionally get you so keyed-up you can't relax, try MILES NERVINE. Use only as directed. All drug stores—two forms—Liquid Nervine or effervescent tablets.

INGROWN NAIL

If your nails hurt or look bad, you can throw them away. richt's Jiffy Checked in a Jiffy

Relieve frostbitten ears by wrapping warm towel around them. A nice touch for oats, etc., who are in the habit of walking barefoot in cold weather.

PAID FOR HOME

...FROM 35 A WEEK

WITH BOARD
Mrs. M.A.S., Bonne Terre, Mo.

Ambitious and energetic, Mrs. M.A.S. learned how to be a trained nurse in the New England Hospital School of Nursing. Now she is a nurse in an upper-class hospital and has the steady income she's always dreamed of. For just 10c a week she can afford to live in luxury.

High School Not Required. Whether you're 18 or 20 you can become a nurse, a physical therapist, or a red-ribbon endorser. Home-school method of instruction makes it possible. We'll send you free our 156-page pamphlet which tells how.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, III.
Please send me booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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question: Have you tried Stillman's Freckle Cream as a beauty aid? It is not only a freckle cream, but a beauty cream ... it bleaches and beautifies the skin, giving it a glowing radiance ... a softer, smoother look. If your skin is dull and lacks youthful sparkle get a jar of Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM today! Only 50c at drug stores and shoe stores. A postal card brings you free "BEAUTY SUGGESTIONS"... a booklet you will cherish.

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The Secret of Joan's business success— It's simple

Smart Joan knows you have to keep on your toes to get ahead. You can't afford to let down... even on those Difficult Days. "Take care!" she advises. "Help relieve symptoms—fast. And that miserable 'on-edge' feeling with these wonderful improved Chi-Ches-Ters Pills!" Packaged in three convenient sizes, gets Chi-Ches-Ters Pills at your druggist today.

The Improved CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS
For relief from "periodic functional"

it's pretty obvious how that Clark prefers his women on the mature and sophisticated side. His first two wives were actually older than he. And number three, Carole Lombard, made up in worldly know-it-all for what she lacked in years. And Clark himself is not exactly a chicken. The fifty-year-old milestone is just around the corner. But except for a slight limp he's very sound in wind and limb and very eligible from a money standpoint—he earns about $500,000 a year, plus a million-dollar bank account.

Lew Ayres is a mystic in everything except women. He's normal, he likes them. And he's been searching for a suitable soul mate ever since he said goodbye matrimonia lly to Ginger Rogers in 1940. Lew is a tremendous reader and very intellectual. So dumb blondes don't apply. What I like about him as a picture man husband is his servant situation. His "man" Joe has been with him for years and years and what a cook!

I EW also owns a lovely house where he can look up at the stars and down on Hollywood. Financially speaking, Lew is set. He was an established star long before the war when a star's take-home pay was a $9,000 a week. He also has some sizable holdings in California real estate. He's about forty years of age, a very nice person, gentle, thoughtful, and satisfactory in the romance department they say we me.

Rory Calhoun is twenty-six years old. He lives with his mom and dad in their Valley home, with a Siamese cat and two dogs. He loves horses, little children, big cars and beautiful girls. As of this writing Vera-Ellen seems to have the inside track for the real-life role of Mrs. Rory Calhoun. But if the very tall, dark and very handsome Rory is the boy of your dreams, don't get discouraged. There's many a stumble between a Hollywood date and a Hollywood marriage.

Rory's date book features names like Lana Turner—she was his first big crush. He followed with June De Carlo, then Audrey Totter, Marguerite Chapman and now Vera-Ellen. Not bad for a boy who is still a little green, but very fast speaking. Rory's boss, David G. Seitznick, has great plans for him, so the girl who marries Rory doesn't have to worry about meeting the butcher bill.

Rory has an interesting idea about the woman he will eventually marry. He says, "I love the idea of the man who mustn't look horse. She has to be dainty and fragile. But she must also be strong enough to dance all night with him at Mocambo or Ciro's."

Jimmy Stewart turned forty in May. But don't let that fool you. He's still as young in heart as the boy scout character he used to play on the screen. The girl who gets him must be smart. He has a million dollars a year and a beautiful home. She'd better like golf and going to bed early. Jimmy always plays golf on Sunday and he always goes to bed at nine when he's making a picture. And having been a bachelor for so long, he's inclined to follow a set routine. He's not much at dancing or night clubs—prefers a charcoal broiled steak at Chasens. But don't get Jimmy wrong. He's a lot of fun. Gals who have been on the receiving end of Stewart dates include Olivia de Havilland, Margaret Sullivan, Joan Caulfield, Helena Carter and Myrna Dell. But no one has yet found the magic formula for the magic sentence "Will you marry me?"

So hurry, hurry, hurry, all you dreamers who want to marry a movie star. Okay, so it's a dream. But meet the most interesting people in dream!

THE END
END PAIN INSTANTLY!

Take this famous foot authority's advice: At the first sign of sore toots from tight shoes apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Discomfort ends instantly and corns stopped before they can develop! But—only if you have corns, callosities or bunions—thin, soothing, cushioning, protective Zino-pads will relieve your pain at once!

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

FEET HURT, BURN?
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves tired, aching feet, due to exertion. Very soothing, refreshing. Sold everywhere.

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Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME this quick money-saving way Sample an A-B-C. Your leading orchestra of real selections, instead of tiresome exercises. You read real-notebooks yourself, save time, keep your music. Some of our piloting students are band LEADERS. Everything is printed your music. All you need is a few blanking cards, a little free time, a few blanking cards, a little free time, and a music book.

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U. S. School of Music, 2037 Brunswick Blvd., N.Y. 10, N.Y.

Please send me Free Booklet and Pre Printed Picture Sample.
I would like to play (Name Instrument). Have you a music instrument?

Name. (Please Print)

Address

Fashion Turnstyle

(Continued from page 71) Saturday night affairs have caught on in a big way—in the old Mayfair Dances, except that the parties aren't as large. It certainly is a pretty sight to see at least one Hollywood night-spot, even if only once every two weeks, filled with people who are "all dressed up" and no exceptions!

Gloria De Haven looked like a doll on Oscar night at Mocamo, wearing an ice-blue satin, designed by Don Loper. The skirt draped back into a big bustle and her hair was worn in little old-fashioned curls. Joan Crawford bowed people over in a dress that gleamed to the heavens, its white silk covered with white bugle-beads and with a white—white mink coat! As for Joan's dating, it's mostly Greg Bautzer. They keep fighting and making up and so on and so on and so on and so on.

Sonja Henie, fresh back from her successful ice tour, was there too—a blaze with a little more of a new "ice." She'd treated herself to a new diamond necklace that drips several large pear-shape stones, plus new earrings, new bracelet and big sapphire and diamond ring. Sonja is playing the field in the matter of beaux—and her real heart, with whom she isn't seen in public, remains a secret. She starts "Countess of Monte Cristo," just as you read this, and may be winding up with good-looking Michael Kirby (who is also her skating partner) as his film leading man.

MAYBE you won't believe it, but Celeste Holm accepted her Oscar in a gray taffeta evening gown that she made herself. And she said, "Say, our sewing machines get away from me!" she says. We noted she must have liked that idea of Gene Tierney's that we told you about—wearing a real one at the Great Gatsby that attached to her pearl choker. Celeste wore the real rose, but it was clasped to a velvet ribbon.

Other frocks worth noting at the Academy affair were: Roz Russell's white souffle gown, designed by Everybody's "Sewing machines get away from me!"

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Other frocks worth noting at the Academy affair were: Roz Russell's white souffle gown, designed by Everybody's "Sewing machines get away from me!"
Frances didn't know much about Jason Durant . . . except that she loved him. And that seemed a good enough reason for marriage. After their marriage, however, Jason became moody and irritable. He resented criticism or compliments about his appearance. He had weird recurring nightmares. Frances knew there must be something unpleasant in his past. But how could she find out? For the answer, read her thrilling true-to-life story in the big July TRUE STORY. It's called "This Stranger, My Husband."

**Special!** A famous true story of the past! Read "Sweet Nell of Old Drury", for the fabulous life of Nell Gwyn . . . including her history-making love affair with King Charles of England.

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"Addict"—The dramatic story of a woman drug addict . . . and the way she was cured.

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"Little Liar"—The amusing tale of how a romantic, 17-year-old girl was cured of fibbing.

All this and more in the big, new July

**True Story**

On Sale Now.

Get Your Copy Today.
Three new frocks to make your heart dance!
A whole, wonderful wardrobe for what you usually spend for just one dress.
No wonder smart career gals are rushing to get all three of these all-occasion, all-beautiful dresses!

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Send these lovely dresses on approval. I'll pay postman the total amount indicated, plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return any or all dresses for refund within ten days. In New York City add 3% Sales Tax.

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Miss and Mrs. America have SWITCHED to Helen Neushaefer Nail Polish

...the only nail polish at any price containing the miracle, chip-proofing ingredient... PLASTEEN

Thank you, Miss and Mrs. America, for making Helen Neushaefer nail polish one of the biggest selling in all cosmetic history. And... in less than two short years.

Two years ago, Helen Neushaefer nail polish was unheard of... had never been offered for sale. Today, in store after store, town after town, city after city, from coast-to-coast, it is the favorite nail-do of hundreds of thousands of women.

Unsolicited letters, which reach my desk every day, tell me why they switched to Helen Neushaefer nail polish. The big reason is PLASTEEN... the miracle ingredient developed by my cosmetic chemists to help prevent chipping and peeling. No other nail polish at any price, their letters say, lasts as long or looks as lovely as my polish with PLASTEEN.

But PLASTEEN does far more than help prevent chipping. It makes Helen Neushaefer nail polish go on quicker, easier, more evenly, without annoying bubbles... gives it starlike brilliance... makes your nails look like ovals of rare porcelain.

NEU LOOK

Women constantly write me how they love the many fashionable, up-to-the-minute colors... particularly my newest shade... "Neu Look"... a gorgeous, stylish pink... as beautiful as a morning sunrise.

Miss and Mrs. America also are switching to my new lipstick with LASTEEN which I created, by popular demand, to harmonize with the lingering loveliness of my nail polish. Helen Neushaefer lipstick, too, comes in all of the day's most popular shades including the sensational summer shade... "Neu Look."

If you would like your nails to look lovelier longer... if you would like to be spared the aggravation of frequent chipping and patching... won't you try Helen Neushaefer nail polish with PLASTEEN. You'll find it in twelve beautiful colors at your nearest chain or drug store cosmetic counter.

At its unbelievably low price... only ten cents... you'll be able to afford a whole wardrobe of colors.

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"In designing fabrics and in choosing a cigarette, EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

They walk! At the head of the fashion parade.
They talk! Of elegance and charm.
Stephanie Cartwright’s “Conversational Prints.”
An overnight hit—but to their creator they were the “happy result of years of experience.” Miss Cartwright feels the same way about her choice of a cigarette.

"Over the years I’ve tried many brands—Camels are the ‘choice of experience’ with me," says Miss Cartwright.

More people are smoking Camels than ever before!

"Conversational Prints"? Yes, they tell their own story of fabulous places and people.
And the fact that more people are smoking Camels than ever before tells its own story too.
It’s the story of millions of smokers who have tried and compared different brands... and found that Camels suit their "T-Zones" to a "T."
Yes, “T-Zone”—for that’s the all-important area of Taste and Throat... your real proving ground for any cigarette. Try Camels. Let your taste and your throat tell you why Camels are the “choice of experience.”

According to a Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE
Shirley's Baby!

The lullaby story of the year by Duella O. Parsons

Shirley Temple and Linda Susan
Thrilling...

Your skin grows lovelier
with your First Cake of Camay!

THE AURELLS—THEIR STORY

The Aurells came back to the bride's home in Texas to be wed. Jolyne's skin is smooth and fresh. She says—"My first cake of Camay brought my skin a lovelier look!"

Lovely skin—lovely girl! And your skin can be softer, smoother with your first cake of Camay—if you'll do this! Give up careless cleansing! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's beauty promise on scores of women. And nearly every one of those women gained a lovelier skin with one cake of Camay. The wrapper tells you how to be lovelier!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Sunny skies smiled on the Aurells' honeymoon in Acapulco, Mexico. And the forecast for Jolyne's complexion is "fair and clearer," too. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!
But will you be showered with attention, Sugar?

Don’t let that bath-freshness fade—stay sweet to be near!

A star-spangled evening begins in your bath, it’s true. You start off sweet and dainty. But what will you do to keep underarm odor from turning your dreams to dust?

After your bath washes away past perspiration, remember—Mum’s the word for safer, surer protection against risk of future underarm odor.

Be a safety-first girl with Mum

Safer for charm—Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Safer for skin—Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

Safer for clothes—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.
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 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 Arrid. 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 and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize 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 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.

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THE HAPPIEST MUSICAL EVER MADE IS

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EASTER PARADE

JUDY GARLAND FRED ASTAIRE

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Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON
Directed by CHARLES WALTERS
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Screen Play by SIDNEY SHNOLICH, FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT
Original Story by FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT
YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED

DEAR Miss Colbert:

My husband is a man of great artistic talent. He specializes in surrealist art. As you know, few people ever buy these paintings even when they are good. I work as a waitress in order to support him and our two children. My husband is supposed to look after the children when I am working but he is so wrapped up in his work that the children are allowed to run rampant. My friends are beginning to talk. One friend told me frankly that she thought I had married a good-for-nothing loafer. I have suggested and even pleaded that my husband get a job and paint in his spare time. His answer is that he is too sensitive to manual labor.

I love my husband, but I feel that our home and our children need me and that he should temper his artistic inclinations with some consideration for us.

Jane B.

The opinion of one’s friends and neighbors should never be taken into consideration when one has a serious domestic problem to solve. However, I think you are entirely right in your desire to remain at home and in your attempt to get your husband to be the breadwinner. Certainly, he should find a paying position. But just as certainly he should not give up his painting. Many professional men paint in their spare time. Actually, by getting away from his painting for hours each day, by taking his place in the workaday world among other men, by regaining the self-respect he has obviously lost because of your present domestic arrangement your husband will undoubtedly paint better in his spare time than he has ever painted before.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I had the misfortune to marry a man who turned out to be dishonest. After he was sentenced to prison, I got a divorce. I am twenty-one and have a son two years old. I am living with my father. I want to move to Chicago, secure a job, and put the baby in a day nursery. My father is in a position to take care of me and my son and feels that I would be wrong to go to work and leave the baby with strangers. He feels the baby would get better care if we remained right here. Furthermore, he says that I am wrong to consider remarriage as it might jeopardize my son’s welfare.

I am not interested in any man at present, but I can’t speak for the future. I feel that if I center my life around my son he will grow up spoiled, self-centered and selfish. When he is a grown man, I will only be in my early forties with nothing to look forward to but loneliness. He will want to live his own life, and I shouldn’t feel that I was doing my duty by staying with him as a doting mother. Am I completely wrong?

Babette L.

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am now nineteen. Of all the boys I have ever gone with there wasn’t one I couldn’t have just by curling my little finger. Two years ago I met a young man with whom I fell deeply in love. He was aloof at first and had the attitude that he was the boss, not I. When he called for a date I didn’t ask me what I would like to do; he told me what he had planned and asked if I wanted to go along with him. Strange to say, I liked being made to feel that he was the boss. I suppose you might say it gave me a sense of security.

We are now engaged and have set our wedding date for this fall. Now that everything is set between us, my fiancé has grown just like the other boys I have known. He caters to me, goes out of his way to please me, and I sometimes treat him shamefully.

I’m terribly unhappy about it. I want my husband to be forceful, very much the head of the household. Do you think I should break my engagement?

Elizabeth J.

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I was very downhearted when I received your letter. I am a girl of seventeen, and an only child. My parents are very strict and will not permit me to leave the house after six p.m. unless one or both of them accompany me. I must come straight home from school and if I disobey, a violent quarrel and punishment follow. I have a terrible lisp, so my parents insist they are saving me a lot of hurt and unhappiness by not allowing me to make friends or attend parties. They say that, because of my lisp, people would make fun of me. I can’t spend the rest of my life in a corner simply because I was born with faulty speech, but how can I make my parents see this?

Alice Ann O.

Claudette Colbert, star of “Sleep, My Love”

You are quite right: You should not let your speech problem ruin your life. Actually, I believe a psychiatrist would suspect that your speech problem, if not caused by some physical situation, was the fault of early training. There is a possibility that your mother, or both your parents, sought subconsciously to keep you a baby forever.

Because you are still so very young, you must obey your parents’ edict about going out at night. However, during your school hours there is no reason why you can’t make dozens of friends. Also, I believe that you should go to your speech teacher and discuss your problem frankly, asking her to give you special care at least one hour a week after school hours. Have this teacher explain to your parents why you may be a bit late one or two nights a week.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:

Dear Mr. Colbert:

I am a girl of fourteen, and an only child. My parents are very strict and will not permit me to leave the house after six p.m. unless one or both of them accompany me. I must come straight home from school and if I disobey, a violent quarrel and punishment follow. I have a terrible lisp, so my parents insist they are saving me a lot of hurt and unhappiness by not allowing me to make friends or attend parties. They say that, because of my lisp, people would make fun of me. I can’t spend the rest of my life in a corner simply because I was born with faulty speech, but how can I make my parents see this?

Alice Ann O.

(Continued on page 6)
Here comes the bridesmaid....
There lurk the wolves....
Now starts something....
More romantic than a honeymoon!

Paramount Presents

BETTY HUTTON
Hilarious—As She Tries To Find Out
What Makes Men Tick!

MACDONALD CAREY
Fun—When He Teaches Betty About Dreams
And How To Wake Up And Live!

"Dream Girl"

with

PATRIC KNOWLES • VIRGINIA FIELD
WALTER ABEL • PEGGY WOOD

A Mitchell LEISEN Production

Produced by P. J. WOLFSON
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

You'll Hear The Critics "Hurrah!" for Betty Hutton in this different, new hit! See if you
don't say: "Wonderful! She's an actress we've never really seen before!"
Dear Miss Colbert:

When I went into the Army, my girl promised to marry me as soon as I had served my hitch. I will be out of uniform in four more months, but while I was away from home my mother and father secured a divorce. This leaves my mother at home with my two younger brothers and my sister. In every letter she writes, my mother tells me how she needs me to help bring up the kids. She also needs my pay check as my father sometimes lets the alimony get behind.

This really puts me on the spot. I can't support a wife, a mother, myself and three children at once. I am very fond of my mother and the kids. I feel I have an obligation to them. On the other hand, I don't want to lose this girl. She is so wonderful, some other guy is going to place that old ring on her finger if I don't. How does it look to you, Miss Colbert?

PFC Enzel H.

氯黛尔·科伯特

First of all I don't think you should try to solve this entire problem the instant you reach home, or even within a month or two afterward. At twenty you should consider at length before marrying. If this girl really loves you, and if she has the counsel of wise parents, she will be glad to see me and the kids. I feel I have an obligation to them. On the other hand, I don't want to lose this girl. She is so wonderful, some other guy is going to place that old ring on her finger if I don't. How does it look to you, Miss Colbert?

氯黛尔·科伯特

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am eighteen and over since I was allowed to begin dating last year I have been bitterly disappointed with myself. People tell me I am nice looking but I don't make a hit with boys. At my first dance I was asked to dance only once, after I had sat on the sidelines for hours, trying to smile, and look gay and excited until I thought my face was going to crack. When one boy asked me to dance I was so animated that I think I confused him. I hardly believe I can make a change at the school I now attend for most of the kids have me "typed." The girls know I don't date, so they have stopped inviting me to their parties. However, I plan to go to college in the fall. I want desperately to turn over a new leaf. At college, most of the kids I will meet will be away from home too, and eager to make new friends. Can you help me?

Jean S.

氯黛尔·科伯特
Romance on the High Seas

THOSE SONGS
All new and everyone a hit-parader!
"IT'S YOU OR NO ONE"
"IT'S MAGIC"
"PUT 'EM IN A BOX"
"I'M IN LOVE"
"RUN, RUN, RUN"
"THE TOURIST TRADE"

WITH
OSCAR LEVANT • S. Z. SAKALL • FORTUNIO BONANOVA
DIRECTED BY PRODUCED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ • ALEX GOTTlieb • MICHaEL CURTiz PROD'N
Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein
Additional Dialogue by I. A. L. Diamond
da WArNER BROS. PICTURES RELEAsE
“Let’s Talk Hollywood” QUOTED

BY GEORGE MURPHY

Master of Ceremonies on the radio program, “Let’s Talk Hollywood”

Here’s a wonderful new Hollywood guessing game. It’s fun at parties, but you can play it by yourself too. Just dig back into your movie memory and find out how you score.

You’re a Mastermind if you make from 90 to 100; 70 to 90, a Lessermind; 50 to 70, a Popcornmaster; 30 to 50, a Sleepyhead. If you can’t beat a score of 30, give up. You’re hopeless!

1. For every lad there’s a lass. And in the movies, at least, they meet. Who met whom under these circumstances and in what picture?
   [a] The college football captain comes to the library for a French book—and finds a mighty pert librarian.
   [b] The captain attends an auction, sees her and buys her.
   [c] An American phonograph salesman goes to Europe with his dog and encounters a beautiful titled lady. He sings his way into her heart.
   [d] She’s betrothed to the fat, middle-aged mayor of the town, dreams of Moccoco the famous pirate, and falls in love with a strolling player.
   [e] She’s an Army Nurse and he’s an Army Surgeon who is happily married—until they meet in Europe during the war.

2. These thumbnail biographical sketches are like labels for the stars they describe. Who are they?
   [a] All it took was three minutes in a picture for him to cinch himself a post-war job as a star. Between the three minutes and stardom, he did his bid in the Navy.
   [b] She came to Hollywood as an understudy in a Shakespearean production, stepped into the starring role in the movie version of the same play. An immediate hit, she remained Hollywood’s No. 1 bachelor girl until last year.
   [c] She was discovered, brought to Hollywood and sent back to Texas because she was too young. A year later she came back, married the cameraman who photographed her in her first picture. Last year she played a notable woman of amours.
   [d] He hasn’t made a picture in Hollywood yet. He is kinder to his big collection of cats than he is to Hollywood.
   [e] He first came to America as a member of an acrobatic troupe. On another trip he was elevated to a stilt-walker on Coney Island. He’s been a top star for many years now.

3. By their words you’ll know them:
   [a] Come weath me to ze Casbah. [b] I tank I go home now. [c] I’ve got a millyun of ‘em! [d] WOO! WOO!

4. With what stars do you associate these articles of clothing?

5. If you were introduced to these ladies, would you recognize them?

6. Of the twenty pictures which carry the proud label of Academy Award for the outstanding production of their year, can you name five?

Now count your points, but honestly!

---

Answers:

[2] She came to Hollywood as an understudy in a Shakespearean production, stepped into the starring role in the movie version of the same play. An immediate hit, she remained Hollywood’s No. 1 bachelor girl until last year.
[3] She was discovered, brought to Hollywood and sent back to Texas because she was too young. A year later she came back, married the cameraman who photographed her in her first picture. Last year she played a notable woman of amours.
[4] He hasn’t made a picture in Hollywood yet. He is kinder to his big collection of cats than he is to Hollywood.
[5] He first came to America as a member of an acrobatic troupe. On another trip he was elevated to a stilt-walker on Coney Island. He’s been a top star for many years now.
[9] The twenty pictures which carry the proud label of Academy Award for the outstanding production of their year, can you name five?

Now count your points, but honestly!
Men called it "Lulu Belle fever"...

"...doesn't your sweetheart ever kiss you like that?"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
DOROTHY LAMOUR
as Lulu Belle
co-starring GEORGE MONTGOMERY

with Albert DEKKER • Otto KRUGER • Glenda FARRELL • Greg McCLURE

Screenplay by Everett Freeman • Additional Dialogue by Karl Kamb
Based upon the play by Charles MacArthur and Edward Sheldon, produced by David Belasco
Directed by LESLIE FENTON
A BENEDICT BOGEAUS PRODUCTION
Frame your eyes with Fashion

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Sunglasses
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Country Club Sportsman

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Costume-blend colors to harmonize with your summer wardrobe...lipstick, pool blue, black, flesh, shell. All Grantly sunglasses are tested for optical safety to protect against infra-red and ultra-violet rays:

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"Every Girl loves pretty curls" so hurry mother, buy
Nestle BABY HAIR TREATMENT
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At drug, dept. stores, baby and beauty shops, if unable to buy locally...

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
Nestle-originators of permanent waving-Meriden, Conn.
Send me (tax and postage prepaid) bottle of Nestle Baby Hair Treatment and your FREE book-
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Jack Carson fulfilled an old dream on the sawdust trail

BIG TOP

Clown for a night, he found
great hearts behind their white faces and shocks of red hair

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

WHETHER you're in Hoboken or Hollywood it's a big day when the circus comes to town. It was a particularly big day in the life of Jack Carson. Jack, you see, had always wanted to be a star of the sawdust—a circus clown. So, when the Clyde Beatty circus came to Hollywood, a friend who knew of the secret ambition arranged it. "You're in. Or rather, you're on," he said to Jack, "Tonight you are 'Carson the Clown.'"

The acrobats bounced into their nets. Jack, in white face make-up, a large putty nose and a red heart-shaped mouth, shuffled out with the other clowns. He waved back to the children who squealed and laughed as they went by.

"Give Jack the watery watermelon," one said. The crowd resounded with laughter when water spurted from the melon as the heart-shaped mouth bit into it. For an hour he stayed with the others on the "walk-around." Clowns fell on their funny faces and somersaulted into the sawdust. Jack was touched at the warm camaraderie—the way they were all pitching in, pulling for him—the great hearts behind the wild mouths, white faces and shocks of red hair.

At the climax of the circus Jack was to be made known to the audience as a motion-picture star. Drums rolled. The announcer said "Ladies and Gentlemen—I present none other than Jack Carson, the one, the only, the famous motion-pie-
ture star." The big top rang with the crowd's applause. Jack took off his hat and putty nose and waved at them. Then he turned and bowed to the white faces behind him. And as he saluted the stars of the sawdust, he hoped that they too heard the disappointed voice from the front row. It belonged to a four-year-old in a cowboy suit. "Aw," he said. "I thought he was a real clown."

A rebroadcast from the Photoplay radio program, Hollywood Headlines
IF YOU'RE UNDER 21
(or over)

and like to play house, see MR. BLANDING'S & HIS DREAM HOUSE (some people call it his love nest... others, "the funniest picture of the year")

DORE SCHARY presents

CARY GRANT • MYRNA LOY • MELVYN DOUGLAS
in
"MR. BLANDING'S BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE"

Produced and Written for the Screen by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank • Directed by H. C. Potter • An RKO Radio Production • A Selznick Release

FANS: Send 25 cents to Selznick Studios, Culver City, California, for a 64-page copy of Close-up Magazine devoted to "Mr. Blandings and his Dream House."
Kids in the cast of "The Unafraid" learn some fancy handstands from ex-circus performer Burt Lancaster while on location.

Fair exchange: Joan Caulfield had to make sure this was Olga San Juan, who has gone brunette again.

Hear Cal York on "Hollywood Headlines"—Saturday mornings on ABC—10:30 ET; 9:30 CT; 11:30 MT; 10:30 PT.
Things Enjoyed: A transatlantic telephone call from Lana and Bob Topping, their voices radiating happiness. . . Dinner at the Errol Flynn mengie with everyone packing like mad for their trip to New York and Jamaica. And the invitation from Errol and Nora to join them in Denver for the premiere of Errol's new film "Silver River" . . . The charming voice of Tyrone Power over the phone inviting Cal to dinner before Tyrone leaves for Europe . . . An invitation from Jean Sablon to visit his ranch near Sao Paulo, Brazil . . . Chatting with June Haver who is so happy over her Marilyn Miller role in "Silver Lining" despite the fact she suffered a constant cold.

Amazing Bette: "Bette Davis at Slapsy Maxies! I don't believe it," Hollywood said. But Bette and husband William Sherry were indeed patrons of the nightspot where the popular Cole dancers were performing. Bette had as her guests Photoplay's editor, Adele Fletcher, and fashion editor, Peggy Thordike.

"Now acting should be as exciting as that dancing," Bette said, "and as thrilling to watch."

Later, when the monologist and comic Jackie Miles was introduced to Bette, he noticed her baby's picture engraved on the gold charm attached to her bracelet. Excitedly he sent home for the picture of his own baby and the two exchanged "ohs" and "ahs" over their children.

A Line Or Two: Ray Milland calls his boat "Free Soul." Only it's printed in French, real classy like . . . The topic of conversation today: Is there a Hope-Crosby feud or isn't there? Opinion is that there is none, or else it lies buried deep beneath a lot of surface clowning . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor after nine years of happy marriage admit their formula is a simple one; each indulges in his own hobbies and pleasures with no interference. Bob goes flying, hunting, fishing. Barbara stays home and reads, a book a day . . . The newest fad to sweep town is sculpting with Mrs. Ronald Colman and Mrs. Ray Milland among the town's best . . . Gordon MacRae claims no one can ever accuse him of going Hollywood; he started that way with swimming pool, tennis court and all. Now if he can stay on top, he'll be Hollywood happy.
INSIDE STUFF

Words and Music: It was our lucky day, for the "Words and Music" set was alive with actors, all emoting at once. Mickey Rooney pulling a cigar (or was it vice versa?) stood in the living room of the set, greeting Perry Como, Betty Garrett and Cyd Charisse, while Tom Drake sat at the piano. Mickey, of course, is playing the late Larry Hart who wrote the words to Richard Rodger's music. Como, to our notion, is the handsomest of all the singers who have big-timed their way into movies. A year or two ago Como was lost in the Twentieth Century-Fox shuffle but after his radio "Supper Club" show, Como is back in hit time.

Joan and Greg: One never knows what's deep in another's heart but after seeing Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer together, Cal wonders if there can be room for another in either heart. They seem to have reached the impasse of not being able to live with or without each other. A few days after a columnist announced Joan had vowed never to see or talk with Greg again, Cal spotted the couple at the Beachcombers, deep in an absorbing conversation. With arms entwined like a pair of school kids they left the restaurant, their faces aglow with happiness.

So Cal wonders, after so many misunderstandings and reconciliations, if this isn't real love.

Party News: Cal took his old friend Jean Sablon to the Chester Morris party given in honor of Roland Young. A host of Roland's pals turned out to greet the actor and his charming new wife.

In the hallway, Frank Morgan, Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney held forth with Morgan's laughter shattering the conversation in both den and living room. We chatted briefly with Ronald Colman who is traveling to England with his lovely Benita. And Ronnie's old radio friend, Jack Benny, told Cal of his miserable and mysterious allergy (we hope it isn't to microphones). Mrs. David Niven is dashingly pretty and David seems mighty proud of her. Dennis O'Keefe and directors Elliott Nugent and Peter Godfrey talked shop. But the oddest sight of all, to Cal, was the presence in one room of three Mrs. Herbert Marshalls; namely, Edna Best (now (Continued on page 16)

Petite Sonja Henie and her newest leading man, Michael Kirby, make luncheon at the Universal Studios commissary a light-hearted affair

Olivia de Havilland gives vivid expression to tense role in her picture "The Snake Pit"
Here is Ruth, rarin’ to get up to the Cape for that gorgeous two weeks she’s dreamed about all year. The wonderful boys she’ll meet ... the gay times she’ll have ... the sea, the sun, and the moonlight.

But it isn’t going to be that way!

Of course she’ll meet attractive men ... but they’ll have little time for her. Of course she’ll sun herself and decorate the beach ... but most of the time it will be alone. And she won’t know why!*

Like many another girl, Ruth, without realizing it, is guilty of bad breath *(halitosis)* now and then. And when that happens ... it’s often bye-bye friendships ... bye-bye romance!

When you’re out to make the most of yourself isn’t it just common sense to be extra careful about offending others? It’s so easy when you have a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic in your vacation kit. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before any date. Almost at once it leaves the breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. No wonder a lot of smart people make it part of their "passport to popularity."

Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic is a pretty wonderful first aid, too, when it comes to cases of minor skin infection, and insect bites and stings.

If you’re vacation-bound don’t forget to tuck a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic in your bag. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

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 quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

P.S. IT’S NEW! Have you tried
Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY
3-way prescription for your teeth?
Party exchange: A serious turn in the conversation between Donna Reed and Dick Powell doesn’t faze elfish June Allyson, who makes even listening look like fun!

Maureen O’Sullivan began making these hobby-horses one afternoon when she tried to repair one. Now she’s in business of five children. Here are Maria, Patrick and Michael.


Those Two Guys: Jack Carson was talking over the telephone on the set of “My Dream Is Yours” to Dennis Morgan in Chicago. Dennis was on his way from the Kentucky Derby. Jack laughed and after he’d hung up explained why. It seems Dennis had cautioned Jack over and over not to agree to any more “Two Guys” pictures. “Now mind,” Dennis had said, “these ‘Guy’ pictures are not good for us, so stick to it while I’m gone.”

Then Dennis had talked to exhibitors all the way east and was telephoning Jack the results.

“And what were they?” he asked.

The “Guy” pictures, Dennis told Jack, had made more money than any Warner pictures released and had made Jack and Dennis two of the most popular “guys” on the screen.

No wonder Jack laughed at Morgan’s report. And will there be more “Guy” films? What do you think?”

Girl of the Month: Her face is pertly alert, her name is Betty Garrett and her husband is Larry Parks. After three pictures at M-G-M, “Neptune’s Daughter,” “The Big City” and “Words and Music,” actors Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Mickey Rooney and others are screaming for the show-wise Betty to grace their movies.

With seven years of Broadway behind her, singing in the best clubs and such hit shows as “Something for the Boys” and “Call Me Mister,” Betty maintains an enthusiasm that is as refreshing as the Malibu breezes.

Oddly enough, Betty and Larry were born in Missouri towns not thirty miles apart. They attended New York drama schools at the same time, had the same set of friends, went to the same places and yet never met—or if they did they can’t recall. But when both finally did meet in Hollywood they knew it all right, for several weeks later they were casually inviting friends they happened to meet to their wedding.

Betty takes nothing for granted, working out long hours in the gym and studying constantly with a song coach and arranger. She’s on her toes, literally, which brings her up to a five-foot-five, blue-eyed honey. And,
"Here's something really new!" says this pretty campus bride.

Margaret Moquin, student at Washington University in St. Louis says, "I've used Drene before but I'm so glad I discovered this New Drene! This magic new liquid shampoo brings out all the shine, all the natural softness of your hair." Right Margaret! New Drene with rain-soft action doesn't leave even a smidgen of dulling soap film! New Drene leaves hair bright, sparkling clean. Try it!

New Drene leaves hair shining bright!

Margaret is proud of her hair... keeps it a gleaming cap of curls... thanks to New Drene! And she says, "When you're a student with a part-time job, speedy shampooing means a lot!" New Drene makes suds instantly... makes five times the suds of soap in hard water... cleans completely! That's why hair shines bright, stays shining longer!

New Drene leaves hair naturally soft!

Margaret knows what she wants—hair that's satin-smooth, easy to do, naturally soft and silky. And that's what New Drene with soft-as-rainwater action can do for you," says Margaret. It can't dry out your hair. New Drene acts mild and gentle.

For New Hair Beauty—Naturally—New DRENE Shampoo

"IT'S HERE! A SHAMPOO WITH SOFT-AS-RAINWATER ACTION"
says Margaret Moquin

Now my hair has Natural Shine—Natural Softness!
Hostess Suggestion...

Serve Cold when it’s Hot!

MILLER HIGH LIFE SUMMER TRAY

Appetizing arrangement of these summer favorites makes this High Life Hostess Suggestion a treat for heat-jaded appetites. Serve cold, Edam and Swiss Cheese, salami and appetites. Serve cold, Edam and Swiss Cheese, salami and appetites. Serve cold, Edam and Swiss Cheese, salami and appetites. Garnish with toothsome anchovies and olives, bread and butter pickles and sweet gherkins.

To make good food taste better, serve with cold Miller High Life, the Champagne of Bottle Beer.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Enjoy Life with...

Miller's High Life

baked and bottled only by the Miller Brewing Company • Milwaukee, Wisconsin

PLATTER

By Lester Gottlieb

MELODY TIME: "Blue Shadows on the 'Trail" is sung by Buddy Clark (Columbia), Bing Crosby (Decca), Denny Dennis (London), Vaughn Monroe (Victor), Art Mooney (M-G-M), Roy Rogers (Victor) and Andy Russell (Capitol). "Little Toot" has disks by Sammy Kaye (Victor) and The Kings Men (M-G-M). My favorite is the title song and Larry Welk (Decca), Hal Derwin (Capitol), Buddy Clark (Columbia), have all adopted it. Finally, there's "Pecos Bill" by Dick Jurgens (Columbia), Sammy Kaye (Victor), Roy Rogers (Victor) or The Kings Men (M-G-M).

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS: Doris Day has waxed three melodies for Columbia; "It's Magic," "Put 'em in a Box," and "It's You." Other versions, Tony Martin (Victor), Dick Haymes (Decca), Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Vic Damone (Mercury), on "It's You"; Haymes, Martin, Gordon MacRae (Capitol), and Damone with the beautiful "It's Magic," and Page Cavanaugh Trio (Victor), and Frankie Laine (Mercury) for the sprightly "Put 'em in a Box."

MICKEY: Lois Butler sings "Father Goose" and "Dreams in My Heart" (Capitol).

LADY FROM SHANGHAI: The fetching theme is "Please Don’t Kiss Me." Both Margaret Whiting (Capitol) and Les Brown’s fine band (Columbia) make it sound good.

ARE YOU WITH IT: The versatile Sunset Trio (Capitol) and the reliable Vaughn Monroe (Victor) turn up on the waxworks with the best tune from this musical, "A Little Imagination."

CLASSICAL CORNER

Pianist Maryla Jones plays Schumann's "Scenes of Childhood"... Grieg's familiar "Peer Gynt Suite" is performed by The Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy... Cellist Gregor Piatigorsky is represented with Brahms' Sonata No. 2 For Cello and Piano... All of these disks are handsomely produced by Columbia Masterworks.
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) oh yes, she’s a cry baby, weeping when emotionally upset which still, after four years of happy marriage, confuses her husband.

Heart Department: Cary Grant seems seriously interested in pretty Betsy Drake, the English miss who plays with Cary in “Every Girl Should Get Married.” ... Beverly Tyler has forgotten Tom Drake in her admiration for Tom May, estranged husband of Ann Rutherford ... Peter Lawford continues to play the field, but Jack Carson seems to have found his dream girl in Pat Neal — this month at least ... Ann Sothern’s ex-husband Robert Sterling and Rita Rond are still ablaze.

About People: He’s neither young nor handsome but wherever he goes, Babe Ruth steals the spotlight from handsome movie stars. Even Betty Grable shyly asked for his autograph. “The Bambino” is in Hollywood to watch Bill Bendaix play “Babe” in “The Babe Ruth Story.” When movie jobs slowed down for Lee Bonfoti he neither grumbled nor loafed. When his cute wife Gale Storm registered another hit in “The Dude Goes West,” Lee went out and got himself a job selling insurance and sold enough the first month to average a year’s movie salary. Now there’s a real fellow for you ... Connie Bennett has the creme de la creme mansion in Hollywood with twenty rooms all on one floor. One of the rooms, sixteen by twelve, is devoted exclusively to housing her wardrobe. Incidentally, Constance is taking flying lessons from her husband Lt. Colonel John Coulter ... Everywhere Bill Elliott traveled with his rodeo, people remarked on his resemblance to Bill Hart — with the result Bill may be borrowed by a major studio to play Hart’s life.

The Hopes: They built and love their home in Toluca Lake and yet the Bob Hopes are selling the house for one reason — to keep united as a family. With Bob in Hollywood for rehearsals, broadcasts and writing sessions, the hopes feel the long drive to and from consumes time that could be spent together. So the hunt in town for a home is on.

Dressing Room Party: In the showiest of show girl costumes, Ann Sothern sat in her dressing room and held court after having just completed an intricate song and dance routine for a special number in “Words and Music.”

“I couldn’t do another retake if they begged me,” she moaned. “Oh my aching back!” Ann told about her new house. “I wanted a small house and now that I have it, I can’t move around. So,” she went on, “in order to enlarge the house they have to move the swimming pool from one side of the garden to the other.” Cal couldn’t make out whether her slight moan was over the idea of the transplanted pool or the aching back.

The Johnsons: Van Johnson came by Ca’s on his way to the studio. His face lit up as he described the birthday gift he’d purchased for Evie that morning — a blouse with “Evie” outlined in paillettes, perfume, an antique brooch.

Next day Ca had a birthday luncheon with Evie. We bowed over the tiny, but perfect ski shoes Norma Shearer brought little “Sky” Johnson from Switzerland. “Sky,” who is a pocket edition of Van — red hair, blue eyes, expressive and all — will have to grow a bit to fill those shoes.

1. “Here’s how I manage morning to moonlight dress problems,” says this smart career girl. “I wear a little scarf caught with a chic gold pin at the neck of my silk shantung dress. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odotron Cream. Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odors a full 24 hours.”

You’ll find new Odotron so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics ... protects clothes from stains and rotting! So creamy-smooth too ... even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. “When date time comes, I change the scarf for a dashing striped silk stole, fasten with a glittering pin and belt. I’m confident of my charm all evening too — thanks to new Odorono Cream. Because the Halogen in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.”

Now, Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula ... even gentler, even more effective than ever before ... all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don’t find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!

(Dress by William Bass)

1. “I dress for a moonlight ride ... at 8 o’clock in the morning!”

2. “Here’s how I manage morning to moonlight dress problems.”

You’ll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics ... protects clothes from stains and rotting! So creamy-smooth too ... even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. “When date time comes, I change the scarf for a dashing striped silk stole, fasten with a glittering pin and belt. I’m confident of my charm all evening too — thanks to new Odorono Cream. Because the Halogen in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.”

Now, Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula ... even gentler, even more effective than ever before ... all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don’t find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours!
Merry musical: Judy Garland, Fred Astaire and Peter Lawford blend talents with the tunes of Irving Berlin—in a Technicolor triumph

(F) Easter Parade (M-G-M)

Lilies to Leo the Lion for a gorgeous, glittering musical right out of the top drawer!

Agile Fred Astaire, still the snappiest stepper of them all, is in it...and there's Judy Garland who is in fine voice. She dons her dancing shoes to execute a few fancy steps with Fred and demonstrates her gift for comedy in a hobo number that's a howl. Mostly, however, Judy is in a wistful mood, having fallen hard for Fred. He's a vaudeville headliner whose dancing partner, Ann Miller, leaves him flat. Because he still carries a torch for Ann—an elegant, but a selfish schemer—Fred fails to fully appreciate Judy. His friend, Peter Lawford, a playboy in a top hat, seesaws between the two girls, pursuing Judy while Ann chases him.

It's not the story so much as the performers, the superb direction, excellent dialogue, plus the Irving Berlin tunes, that make "Easter Parade" so enjoyable.

Your Reviewer Says: Join the parade!

(F) Dream Girl (Paramount)

Any girl who can dream her way into Macdonald Carey's arms is doing all right by herself. Of course, Betty Hutton lands there by a roundabout route after telling the guy seventeen times that she just can't bear the sight of him. You see she thinks her heart throb is brother-in-law Patric Knowles, about to be divorced from Virginia Field.

Betty's wild flights of fancy take her, in turn, to a rustic hideaway with Knowles, on a Mexican holiday with a married playboy, in a South Seas dive, and singing divinely on the operatic stage. But whether she's daydreaming or not, Betty is forever burned up about something. With her it's a talent! As for Carey, he has the best lines and makes the most of them. Knowles gives a wooden performance; Virginia Field looks striking; Walter Abel and Peggy Wood play the girls' reasonably resigned parents.

Net result: A chucklesome farce that's pleasantly diverting rather than world-shaking.

Your Reviewer Says: Calling daydreamers!
(F) Give My Regards to Broadway (20th Century-Fox)

SONG-and-dance man Dan Dailey stole the spotlight in "You Were Meant for Me." This time, however, he takes a back seat, allowing that sly old trouper, Charles Winninger, to steal the show. Billed as Albert the Great in vaudeville's heyday, Winninger and his family are forced to retreat to a New Jersey town where, in time, he becomes a prosperous business man. But he's bent upon returning to the footlights in a juggling act with his boy Dan and daughters Barbara Lawrence and Jane Nigh. Dan and Barbara especially have what it takes and any day now agent Charlie Ruggles should land them a booking. Mom (Fay Bainter) used to be in the act, too, but she's busy with her domestic duties.

To their dad's dismay, Jane and Barbara heed Cupid's call. Father and son carry on alone but once Dan meets pretty Nancy Guild his heart's no longer in show business. So there are three lukewarm romances in this sentimental story designed for the family trade.

Your Reviewer Says: Who says vaudeville's dead?

(F) Tap Roots (Universal-International)

TAKE a swift-moving story, jam-packed with action, and put two such stars as Van Heflin and Susan Hayward at the helm, and you have solid entertainment! The Dabneys of Mississippi are anti-slavery folk, determined to defend their vast holdings when the state threatens to secede from the Union following Lincoln's election. After one look at Dabney's lovely, high-spirited daughter Susan, the newspaperman Van Heflin falls in with the wild scheme to rally the countryside against the Confederate forces. Nor does he change his mind upon learning of her plans to marry young Whitfield Connor. When Susan meets with a crippling accident, her sly sister, Julie London, makes a play for Connor. Susan thinks her heart is broken but Van is right there to mend it.

Heflin and Hayward never appeared to better advantage; Ward Bond is Susan's hot-headed father; Boris Karloff makes a picturesque Indian and newcomer Whitfield Connor is convincing.

Your Reviewer Says: Rousing romance of the Old South.

(Continued on page 22)
A) The Time of Your Life
(Cagney-UA)

So you think Jimmy Cagney is a roughneck, spitting a cuss? Wait until you see him as gentle Joe in this wonderfully wacky movie taken from Saroyan's prize play. Sure enough, Jim uses his lists in the final sequence but, in between, he's a grown-up Bob Scout, addicted to spreading sunshine.

The setting is a San Francisco waterfront saloon owned by down-to-earth Bill Bendix. Strange, fascinating characters drift into the place. There's Cagney's Man Friday, big-and-boyish Wayne Morris, and Jeanne Cagney (Jim's sister off screen), whose dreams are as beautiful as her past. Slowly, the Draper stands out as a guy who would rather dance than eat; James Lydon and Richard Erdman lend a comical touch; Gail Page a lovely-butch-lonely lady. Pedro de Cordoba plays a tattooed pilot. H.E. Hall looks end-panied by Reginald Beane at the piano. And there's story telling James Barton, Tom Powers as a lowdown heel, cop Brod Crawford and longshoreman Ward Bond. One and all are part of a compassion-crammed, human story which should appeal to audiences seeking the unusual.
Your Reviewer Says: Witty and wise.

B) Key Largo (Warners)

When Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson are the headliners, you know you won't be treated to any namby-pamby tea party.

"Major" Bogart arrives at Key Largo to look up his dead buddy's widow, Lauren Bacall, and her crippled father-in-law, Lionel Barrymore, owner of Hotel Largo. Deserted because of the summer heat, the place makes a convenient stopover for racketeer Robinson and his hard drinking girl, Claire Trevor. Reluctant to become embroiled, Bogie is forced to take sides when his very life is at stake. A humdinger of a hurricane adds to the mounting tension, taking the lives of many including Robinson into a terror-stricken little man.

Thanks to the able direction of John Huston and an outstanding cast, Maxwell Anderson's play becomes an enormously effective film.
Your Reviewer Says: Tough, taut, terrific.

C) Melody Time
(Disney-RKO)

All the resources of the Disney studio are poured out unstintingly to give the customers a good time. You'll meet several amusing cartoon characters besides such real-life favorites as organ-playing Ethel Smith, Roy Rogers and Trigger, and the Sons of the Pioneers.

The droll adventures of Pecos Bill will set you laughing. You'll be charmed by Little Toot, the wayward tugboat, and Johnny Appleseed. Then there's the strikingly original Bumble Boogie number, fairly justifying the love. To top it off, Donald Duck, Dumbo, Andy Panda, Casey and Hunny, and the Andrews Sisters are heard, along with the music of Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians and Freddy Martin.

In Toning Technology "Melody Time" is an enchanting package for everybody.
Your Reviewer Says: Disney does it again!

D) Casbah
(Universal-International)

Not for a moment are you fooled into believing that Tony Martin is a clever jewel thief who has the police of Algiers under his thumb. In fact, we learn that fans far more concerned about stealing hearts than jewels and singing love songs to the ladies. First, there's his flame, Yvonne De Carlo, a girl who loves and loses. Then, there's his friend, a bewitching brunette, fascinated by the Casbah—and especially by Tony.

Peter Lorre registers as a police inspector who knows he will get his man in the end.
Your Reviewer Says: Gaudy but not good.

E) Raw Deal
(Releance-Eagle Lion)

In this grim gangster film, tough Dennis O'Keefe realistically plays an escaped convict with two women on his hands: the sweethearts, Claire Trevor, who engineered his escape and talks his language, and Marsha Hunt who disapproves of the...
In the most dramatic beauty test ever made:

NEW WOODBURY POWDER WINS 4 to 1 over all leading brands of powder!

Preferred for Every Beauty Quality!
And women preferred New Woodbury Powder for every beauty quality! Today—see for yourself that "Woodbury gives a smoother look to skin"... "Covers skin flaws better"... that Woodbury is, literally, the world's finest face powder!

TWICE NEW!
A new Secret Ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives a satinsmooth finish to your skin. It gives a natural, "unpowdered" look... yet covers tiny blemishes.

New Revolutionary Blending!
In all cosmetic history there has never been anything like Woodbury's new "Super-Blender." It whirls color and powder together with the force of a tornado. Result: fineness of texture that's "incredible"... richness of shade that's "unbelievable"... freedom from streaking that "couldn't be true" before New Woodbury Powder!

6 exciting shades!... Get New Woodbury Powder—in the new "Venus" box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size $1.00. Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢. (Plus tax.)

IT'S LIKE STARTING LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN WITH AN INCREDIBLY LOVELIER COMPLEXION!
It's elementary...

"RC tastes best!"

says NANCY GUILD

See her in
"GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY"
A 20th Century-Fox Technicolor Picture

"The taste-test proved it!" says Nancy Guild. "I tasted the leading colas in paper cups and one was best-tasting. That was RC! I've been sold on RC ever since... always serve it at home." Try Royal Crown Cola yourself! Only RC gives you all three. (1) Cool refreshment. (2) Two full glasses. (3) Best-by-taste-test flavor.

guy but loves him in spite of herself. Dennis wavers between his loyalty to Claire and his attraction for Marsha. It turns out, however, that they all get a raw deal no matter how you look at it. John Ireland and Raymond Burr are a pair of treacherous mobsters who contribute suspense to this sinister drama.

Your Reviewer Says: Raw and rough.

(F) Carson City Raiders (Republic)

MOST folks run away from trouble, but not Allan "Rocky" Lane. As special investigator for an insurance company, he tackles trouble in a fast-'n'-furious Western chockful of gun and fist fights. Carson City is so overrun with badmen that a guy must be on his toes every minute. There's crafty Frank Reicher, just a barber to the townsfolk, but in reality the "brains" of the bunch staging the holdups. For awhile it's touch and go but with the help of Eddy Waller and Steve Darrell, Lane comes out on top.

Your Reviewer Says: At the crossroads.

(F) Under California Stars (Republic)

OUT West a man is lost without his horse and when he happens to be movie star Roy Rogers and the horse is Trigger, he's really in a fix. Luckily, Roy still has his gun, two good fists and loyal friends to help him when Trigger is kidnapped by a couple of badmen and held for ransom. Just when things get going, however, Roy and his pals make with the music. And when he bests up a guy within an inch of his worthless life, he's so downright amiable it's embarrassing.

Jane Frazee and Andy Devine are on hand to spread their customary cheer and Michael Chapin is the youngster who repays Rogers for all his kindness.

Your Reviewer Says: Anyway, it has Roy and Trigger.

✓ (F) Return of the Bad Men (RKO)

POOL around with Randy Scott and you get into trouble! That's what outlaw Robert Ryan discovers in this fast-moving Western. As a gun-totin' girl bandit, Anne Jeffreys lends a New Look to the old bank hold-up theme. When Randy catches up with Anne, he convinces her

Best Pictures of the Month
Easter Parade
Tap Roots
A Foreign Affair
Key Largo
The Time of Your Life
Melody Time

Best Performances of the Month
Judy Garland, Fred Astaire in "Easter Parade"
Macdonald Carey in "Dream Girl"
Van Heflin, Susan Hayward in "Tap Roots"
Jean Arthur in "A Foreign Affair"
Robert Ryan in "Return of the Bad Men"
Rex Harrison in "Escape"
Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor in "Key Largo"
Jeanne Cagney, William Bendix, Wayne Morris in "The Time of Your Life"
that running from the law is no life for a young girl. Naturally, she goes for Scott but Jacqueline White, daughter of town banker George "Gabby" Hayes, saw him first. Randy resolves to rid the territory of Ryan and his gang but the boys put up one heck of a fight. All play their parts vigorously but it's Ryan who handles his role with terrifying realism.

Your Reviewer Says: Never a dull moment.

✓ (A) The Iron Curtain (20th Century-Fox)

THIS has the distinction of being one of the season's most controversial pictures. Based on the famous Canadian spy case of two years ago and done in documentary style, it's the first film to point an accusing finger at the Russians. No wonder it's stirring up a hornet's nest!

Dana Andrews stoically portrays Igor Gouzenko, a code clerk attached to the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa. It's when Dana's government informs him he's to return to Moscow that suddenly—or too convincingly—he switches to the democratic way of life. Although Dana realizes how ruthless his Russian masters will be if he's caught, he still gives away atomic bomb secrets from their files, thus revealing the existence of a Soviet spy ring in Canada. At this point, the picture—full of painstaking detail—comes to life and you start chills running down your spine.

Gene Tierney is sympathetic as Dana's wife who appreciates the freedom of the New World. June Havoc plays a sleek espionage agent who tries to trap Andrews.

Your Reviewer Says: It's Red-hot!

✓ (F) Escape (20th Century-Fox)

[No text is provided in the image for this section.]

Breezy, bustling, big-town— that's KANSAS CITY

K. C. is a hospitable home-town—a mighty pleasant place to live. Unusually beautiful residential areas, parks, broad boulevards abound. Educational and cultural opportunities have been well planned. Civic pride runs high.

Almost smack in the middle of the U. S.—K. C. is the flourishing center of a 6-state trading area, extending as far west as Colorado and clear down into Texas. Cows, horses, hogs, mules, grain, oil, lumber flow in and out.

With the old "Show-me" spirit still alive, Kansas Citians have long enjoyed the Candy Coated Gum—

Beech-Nut Beechies

Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin—

They're good!

FAMOUS K. C. STOCKYARDS—350-acre, brick-paved "cow-hotel."

NELSON GALLERY OF ART— one of the most imposing and beautiful in America.

MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM—a city block square, it houses a huge Arena, Music Hall, Theatre, and Exhibition Hall.

DOWNTOWN—and only 6 minutes away is the Municipal Airport, "one night from everywhere."

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

CARSON CITY RAIDERS—Republic: Allan "Rocky" Lane, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Napsy Clark, Edith Walker, "Red" Reicher, Miska Drew, Beverly Jons, Jimmy Durante, Hal Landon, Tom Drew, Stomp, George Cartwright.


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Take Only One* Hour Waving Time for Your Permanent

If you've ever put your hair up in curlers...it's that easy to give yourself the new, improved richard hudnut home permanent. This salon-type home permanent is based on the same type of preparations used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for luxurious, softer, lovelier waves. With it, you can set your hair in any style...from a sleek cap to a halo of ringlets. Ask to see the richard hudnut home permanent at your favorite cosmetic counter—today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).

It's 7 Ways Better!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
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4. Double-strength neutralizer anchors wave faster, makes curl stronger for longer.
5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown waves...non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.

Jason Rohraba, Slave in Saladin's Garden, Jason Rohraba; Sun, Georgia Caine; Art, Siesta Seller, J. Carroll Naish; English Chamberlain, Robert Aldair; Philip's Spouse, Oscar Randolph; Leicesters's Spouse, Pat St Joan, Miss Hudnut, Ann Sheridan.

DREAM GIRL — Paramount: Georgia Allerton, Betty Hutton; Clark Redfield, Macdonald Carey; Jim Ladd, Peter Knowles; Marion Allerton Louis, Virginia Field; George Allerton, Walter Abel; Lucy Allerton, Peggy Wood; Claire, Carolyn Butler; Producer Mevy, John Abbott; George Hand, Lowell Gilmore; Music Teacher (Mrs. Kimmel), Zanah Cummins.

EASTER PARADE—M-G-M: Hannah Brown, Judy Garland; Don DeFore, Fred Astaire; Jonathan Harris, III, Peter Lawford; Nadine Hale, Ann Miller; Francesca, Jules Munshin; Mike, the Bartender, Clinton Sundberg; Excite Jeni LeGen.

ESCAPE—20th Century-Fox: Matt Denan, Rex Harrison; Don Baurton, Peggy Cummins; Inspector Harris, William Hartnell; Parson, Norman Wooland; Grace Winton, Jill Eason; Brownie, Frederick Piper; Mrs. Fincham, Marjorie Rhodes; Girl in Park, Betty Ann Davie; Rodgers, Cyril Cusack; Car Salesman, John Slater; Police Constable, Frank Pettigell; Plain Clothes Man, Michael Golden; Judge, Frederick Leister; Defense Counsel, Walter Hudd.

FOREIGN AFFAIR, A—Paramount: George, Lux!, Andree Marin, Jean Arthur, Etta Van Slesowell, Marlene Dietrich; Captain John Pringle, John Lund; Colonel Ralston, Patrice, William Mitchell; Hans Otto Birger, Peter von Zernicky, Mike, William Murphy; Joe, Stanley Prager; Lt., Lee Thompson, William Nel, Congressman Griffin, Boyd Davis; Congressman Pennecott, Raymond Bond; Congressman Evans, Robert Malcolm; Congressman Yandell, Charles Meredith.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: Bert, Dan Dury, Albert, Charles Winninger, Helen, Nancy Guild; Toby, Charles Ruggles; Pay, Fay Bainter; Jane, Barbara Lawrence; May, Jane Night, Arthur Waldo Jr., Charles Russell, Diakel, Sue Ruman, Mr. Waldron, Howard Freeman; Frank Dayton, Herbert Anderson, Wallace, Pat Flaherty; Master of Ceremonies, Harry Seymour.

IRON CURTAIN, THE—20th Century-Fox: Igor Gonzenko, Dana Andrews; Anna Gonzenko, Gene Tierney; Keenans, June Havoc; Grubb, Berry Kroeger; Mrs. Foster, Edna Best; Renzo, Stefan Schnabel; Dr. Norman, Nicholas Joy; Mayor Kain, Edward Franz; Col. Trigov, Frederic Tozer; Bushkin, Neil Cravat; Andrei, Christopher Robin Olsen; Hirsch, Peter, Peter Whitney; Editor, Leslie Barrie; Leonard Leets, Maurice Hugi; Sergeant, John Shay; Captain Class, Victor Wood.

KEY LARGO—Warner’s: Frank McHugh, Humphrey Bogart, Johnny Rocca, Edward G. Robinson; Nora Temple, Laurence Bacal; James Temple, Lionel Barrymore; Gaye, Claire Trevor; Curly, Thomas Gomez; Toots, Harry Lewis; Deputy, John Rodney; Athena, Nan Wexler, John Seymour; Sheriff, Monte Blue; Osborne Brothers, Silver Heels and Roddy Red Wing.

RAW DEAL—Reliance-Easton Lion: Joe Sullivan, Dennis O’Keefe, Pat, Claire Trevor; Anna Maria, Martha Hunt; Fastol, John Ireland; Dick Coyt, Raymond Burr; Spider, Curt Conway; Marcy, Chilly Williams.

RED RIVER—Monterey-UA: Thomas Dewson, Jr., William; Matthew Garth, Montgomery Clift; Tess Mayne, Joan Evans, Ann Dvorak, Jeff Corey, Bommie Few; Ceeney Gray; Cherry, John Ireland; Buster, Noah Berry, Jr.; Fio. Chet Yelwatsche; Metello, Harry Castle; Sr., Pan Harry Latimer, Harry Carey, Jr.; Matthews (as a boy), Mickey Kuhn; Teeler, Paul Fix.

RETURN OF THE BAD MEN—RKO: Vance, Randolph Scott; Sundance Kid, Robert Ryan; Cheyenne, John Jeffries; John Petit, George “Gabby” Hayes; Madge Allen, Jacqueline White; Cole Younger, Steve Brodie; Jim Younger, Richard Power; John Younger, Robert Bray; Emmett Dalton, Lex Barker; Bob Dalton, Walter Reade; Grant LeStage, Michael Harvey; Billy the Kid, Dean White; Wild Bill Doolin, Robert Armstrong; Wild Bill Frager, Tom Tyler; Arkansas Kid, Lou Harvey; Emily, Minna Gombell.

TAP ROUTES—U-I: Keith Alexander, Van Heflin; Morna Darby, Susan Hayward; Tishamo, Morris Karloff; Aveen Darby, Julie London; Clay MacMurray, Whitie Conklin, Ward Bond, Bruce Dillan; Richard Long, Reverend Kirkland, Arthur Shields; Dr. MacMurray, Grif Barnet.

TIME OF YOUR LIFE, THE—Caryn: Joe, James Cagney, Nick, William Bendix; Tom, Wayne Morris; Kitty Duvall, Jeanne Cagney; Krupp, Bob; Crawford, Margaret; Waddell, Ward Bond; Ric Carson, James Barton; Harry, Paul Draper; Mary L., Gale Page; Halse, James Cagney; White, Richard Kranz, Arab, Pedro de Cordoba; Westley, Reginald Beane; Bitch, Tom Powers; A Tiller, John “Skimdy” Miller; Society Lady, Natalie Schafer; Society Gentleman, Howard Freeman; Billied Date, Renie Klau; Girl in Love, Nanette Fabray; Nick’s Mother, Grazia Marisso; “Killer,” Claire Carleton.

UNDER CALIFORNIA SKIES—Republic: Roy Rogers; Roy Rogers; Caroline Maynard, Jane Frazee; Cookie Bulbache, Andy Devine; J. J. “Pop” Jordan, George H. Lloyd; Lil McFarland, Wade Crosby; Ted Cooper, Michael Chapman; Ed, House Peters Jr., Sheriff, Steve Clark; Joe, Joseph Garco; Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.
Laughing Stock

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Tune in Erskine Johnson’s “Background for Stardom,” Mutual Broadcasting System, Thursday, 7:15 p.m. EDT; Sunday, 8:15 p.m. PDT. Check your newspaper for time in your vicinity.

“Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid,” in which Ann Blyth plays a mermaid who doesn’t say an entire word in the picture, was given its Hollywood sneak preview and a male patron wrote on his audience reaction card: “Thank the dear Lord and Universal-International Studio for one woman who can’t talk!”

In “The Adventures of Don Juan,” Errol Flynn comes to a point in the story where he decides never again will he look at a woman. Then a coach drives by with a beautiful girl and Flynn goes off in pursuit. The girl is Mrs. Errol Flynn, who played the bit as a gag.


“Yes,” replied Liza, “but I don’t think it’s very glamorous of me, do you?”

A pal of Eddie Cantor, who had been nursing an ulcer with a strict diet for months, ordered sauerkraut and wiener instead of his usual soft boiled eggs for lunch. Eddie turned pale and said: “Look, you can’t go from Ingrid Bergman to Lana Turner without something in between.”

An important film town producer has a passion for monograms. His initials are emblazoned on all his possessions, including his yacht, car, shirts, shorts, pajamas, belt, etc. Hedy Lamarr gave him a birthday present—a carton of monogrammed headache tablets.

Henry Morgan’s trailer, which plugs “So This Is New York,” has Morgan telling the audience: “We don’t guarantee that you’ll like this picture, but can you guarantee us that we’ll like you?”

Danny Kaye’s best story about himself concerns the time he appeared in one of New York’s hotels. At one show, he was impressed by three well-behaved teenagers sitting down front with their parents. Danny walked over after the show and said: “You kids have been swell and I’d like to show my appreciation. I’m opening at the Paramount Tuesday and want you to be my guests.” One kid immediately piped up: “What’s the picture?”

Lonely “bachelor-girl” becomes a “LUSTRE-CREME” Dream Girl

ON THE RADIO I heard a haunting song about a new shampoo: “Dream Girl . . . beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl.” Since I was no “dream” in Jim’s eyes, it gave me new hope for my dull-looking, unruly hair!

HAPPY ME! A noted hairdresser gave me a Lustre-Creme shampoo with magic results. “Use it at home, too,” he said. “It’s not a soap, not a liquid, but a dainty, new cream shampoo with lanolin. It glamorizes hair!”

JIM TURNED ROMANTIC . . . the night we dined at his country club. Someone switched on a radio and there was the Dream Girl song. Jim, for the first time, noticed my hair—now so lovely, thanks to my home-shampooing with Lustre-Creme. “Say,” he whispered, “that song fits you. How about being my Mrs. Dream Girl?”

YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, glamorous “Dream Girl” hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Daumit, it glamorizes hair with new 3-way loveliness:

1. Fragonadily clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin,akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. No special rinse needed, Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely “Lustre-Creme” Dream Girl. 4-oz. jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 19¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it today!

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For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient
to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!
So trust always to Veto—if you value your charm!
BRIEF REVIEWS

VF) ALL MY SONS—U:1: This tells of the conflict between two naval veterans, develop Lyndon B. Johnson and his idealist son, Burt Lancaster. With Mady Christians, Louise Horton, Howard Duff. (May)

VF) ANNA KARENINA—20th Century-Fox: Dostoyevsky's tale of illicit love with lovely Vivien Leigh and Ralph Richardson and Kieron Moore. Impressive produced but not keyled to modern tastes. (June)


VF) APRIL SHOWERS—Warners: Here's a tender, truthful tribute to the old vaudeville days. Jack Carson, Ann Blyth, Bob Custer. The highlights are the headliners with Robert Alda and S. Z. Sakall. (May)

VF) ARCH OF TRIUMPH—Milestone-UA: A Boyer-Bergman triumph with the emphasis on romance. A dramatic treat with Edward G. Robinson. (July)

VF) ARE YOU WITH IT?—U:1: A minor musical in a carnival setting. With Donald O'Connor, Olga San Juan, Martha Stewart. (June)

VF) BERLIN EXPRESS—RKO: An exciting espionage tale told in semi-documentary style. With Paul Lukas, Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan. (July)

VF) B, F'S DAUGHTER—M-G-M: John Marquand's New Deal novel has Charles Coburn as the president and Barbara Stanwyck as his daughter. With Richard Harri, Van Heflin, Keenan Wynn. (May)

VF) BIG CITY—M-G-M: A tepid story with Margaret O'Brien, George Murphy, Robert Preston, Betty Garret, Karin Booth. (June)

VF) BIG CIRCLE, THE—Paramount: An exciting story with a topnotch cast including Charles Laughton, Ray Milland, Maureen O'Sullivan, George Macready, Elsa Lanchester. (June)


VF) FORT APACHE—RKO: Indian fighting is the theme of this overlong film. With Shirley Temple, Henry Fonda, John Agar, John Wayne. (May)

VF) FOUR FACES WEST—Enterprise-U:1: A romance on the Old McBean, Frances Dee, Charles Bickford, Joseph Calleia. (June)

VF) FULLER BRUSH MAN, THE—Columbia: Last and finest of the Fuller Brush peddling brushes so he can wed Janet Blair. (July)

VF) HATTER'S CASTLE—Paramount: Old-fashioned meller with Deborah Kerr, James Mason, Robert Beatty, Don DeFore. (June)

VF) HAZARD—Paramount: Paulette Goddard's gambling fever is so bad, only Macdonald Carey can cure her. Little, rough-and-tumble game of tag. (June)

VF) HOMECOMING—M-G-M: Stirring war-time drama stars Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Van Johnson. (June)

VF) HUNTED, THE—Allied Artists: Belita slates on thin ice in a story of a girl with a prison record and a detective slyly, Preston Foster, June Havoc. (June)

VF) INSIDE STORY, THE—Republic: A mix-up over money is the stimulus. By Stephen H. Hopkins, Randi McTig, Gene Lockhart, Charles Winninger. (July)

VF) I REMEMBER Mama—RKO: John Van pact's play has been lovingly transcribed to the screen, with Irene Dunne, Oscar Homolka, Ethel Baran. (June)

VF) LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN—U:1: It's heart- and-films story with Eve, Jean Fontaine and Louis Jourdan. Pretty pointless. (June)

VF) LIGHTNING IN THE FOREST—Republic: A mediocre slyly with Lynne Roberts, Warren Douglas, Donald Crisp. (June)


VF) MIRACLE OF THE BELL—Lasky-RKO: Witty, sentimental story of a would-be Holly- wood star and a press agent who only realizes his love for her when he loses her. With Howard MacMur- ray, Vaili, Frank Sinatra and Lee J. Cobb. (May)

VF) MR. BLANDING BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE—Neur-MRG: RKO: Here's a blue- print for laughter with Cary Grant, Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas. (June)


VF) OCTOBER MAN, THE—Rank-Eagle Lion: Creating a wish. With John Mills, Kay Walsh and Joan Greenwood. (June)

VF) OLD LONESOME—Republic: A routine pioneer picture with William Elliott, John Carroll, Joseph Schildkraut, Estelita Rodriguez, Andy Devine. (May)

VF) ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU—M-G-M: This colorful comedy features Esther Williams, Peter Lawford, Evan Jones, Cyl Charis, Xavier Cugat's music. (June)

VF) OPEN SECRET—Eagle Lion: Anti-Semitism is made to look more like a fool that smacks too much of sensationalism to merit serious attention. With John Ireland, Jane Randolph and Roman Bohnen. (May)

VF) PIRATE, THE—M-G-M: Judy Garland is Spanish siren, Gene Kelly a strolling gluer who poses as a pirate in search of stealing her heart. A colorful musical with Cole Porter songs. (June)

VF) RIVER LADY—U:1: Yvonne DeCarlo and Reta Carter share Ross Dry in this rousing cow- country music. With Dan Duryea. (July)

VF) ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEA—Warners: A musical fustness with Jack Carson, Janie Haag, Dan Duryea, Doris Day, Oscar Levant. (May)

VF) RUTHLESS—Eagle Lion: It's thumps down on this pretentious chronicle of hard-hearted Zachary Scott. With Louis Hayward, Diana Lynn, Martha Scott and Lucille Berton. (June)

VF) SAINTED SISTERS, THE—Paramount: An excursion into the past that's divertingly different. With Veronica Lake, Joan Caulfield, Barry Fitzgerald, George Sanders, William Demarest. (June)

VF) SCUDDA-HOO! SCUDDA-HAY!—20th Century-Fox: A Technicolor tale of skulduggery in the barnyard. With Lon McCallister, June Haver, Walker Brennan and Robert Karns. (June)


VF) SILVER RIVER—Warner Brothers: A sprawling Western with Victor Mature, Jean Arthur, Tom D'Andrea and Thomas Mitchell. (June)

VF) SITTING PRETTY—20th Century-Fox: A laugh-hoarding comedy with Clifton Webb, Robert Young, Peter Lawford, Howard Hawks. (June)

VF) SMART WOMAN—Bennett-Allied Artists: Criminal lawyer Constance Bennett defends racket- er Barry Sullivan, With Otto Kruger, Brian Ahern, James Gleason, Michael O'Shea, Paul Langton. (June)

VF) SO THIS IS NEW YORK—Enterprise-UA: Harry Morgan makes his film debut in an uneven comedy, With Virginia Grey, Don Drake, Jerome Cowan, Hugh Herbert, Rudy_Vallee. (July)

VF) STATE OF THE UNION—M-G-M: This behind-the-scenes glimpse of politicians is one of the summer's best with a cast of stars. By Hammer, Gary Cooper, Janet Leigh, Trudy, Katharine Hepburn, Angeline Lansbury, Van Johnson, Adolphe Menjou. (July)

VF) STRAWBERRY ROAN, THE—Columbia: A Lightweight Western with Gene Autry, Jack Holt, Gloria Henry. (June)

VF) THREE DAUGHTERS—M-G-M: Jeanne Crain, Donald's back and Joe Urbita is closing her, With Jane Powell and Edward Arnold. (May)

VF) TO THE VICTOR—Warners: A French- flavored spy story with Dennis Morgan and Viveca Lindfors. (June)

VF) UP IN CENTRAL PARK—U:1: A musical musical, with Deanna Durbin, Vincent Price, Dick Haymes. (June)

VF) WINTER MEETING—Warners: Poor Betta Davis is nipped in the bud by too much talk. (July)

VF) WOMAN IN WHITE, THE—Warners: Creepy Victorian mother beautifully acted by "couple" Eleanor Parker and Alexis Smith and their formidable son, Sydney Greenstreet. (June)

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Address
City State

P 29
Cheers and Jeers:

I was really amazed at Elsa Branden's review of "The Miracle of the Bells." I disagree very strongly. I think the picture as well as Frank Sinatra deserves an Oscar.

Frank in "Miracle" is very humble and kind like a typical American priest. He isn't happy-go-lucky and running around singing love songs. Crosby did.

JOAN FITZGERALD
Palo Alto, Cal.

After all this time you have finally given us a story on John Garfield but it was certainly worth it. "John's Other Life" by Mrs. John Garfield was written with wit and humor and was wonderful.

Here's to more and more stories on "The Cigarette"—John Garfield.

BENITA BIRD
Trinidad, Colo.

I heard a Hollywood commentator report that Lauren Bacall was placed on suspension by her studio because she refused to wear a bathing suit in one of her pictures. Miss Bacall stated she didn't look well in a bathing suit—she wasn't the type.

Has she ever looked at herself in the mirror or is she just being coy? Anyone can see that Lauren Bacall has one of the most terrific figures in Hollywood. Someone should tell her about it. Maybe Bogie will.

ROSEMARY WEIR
Long Beach, Cal.

My heartiest congratulations for your most beautiful cover to date. Your portrait of Lana Turner was out of this world. With your scoop photos of glamorous Lana, this will surely prove beyond doubt that Hollywood's most beautiful woman is Lana Turner.

RICHARD ARNOLD JR.
La Plata, Mo.

I'm a great admirer of Ingrid Bergman and think she is beautiful and wholesome. But where did you get that horrible picture of her in June Playgirl? How wholesome can one get?

MARGARET HALE
Benton Harbor, Mich.

I saw "Gone with the Wind" again last night for the first time and enjoyed every minute of it. Three cheers for Gable! There will never be another like him. Keep him busy.

JOAN ECKHARDT
Aledo, Ill.

I just received the May issue of Photoplay and I am very surprised at the statement made by Joan Wahlin of Quebec. In my opinion June Allyson is a wonderful person. She seems to be one of us, the audience. She may lack false beauty, such as Miss Turner's but she has natural beauty. When one of her pictures comes around our neighborhood, every one is left talking about her. Of course Miss Turner has a lot more acting ability but don't forget, she has been in Hollywood much longer.

Miss Allyson has personality which is something I think Miss Turner lacks! So here's to my Junie.

JOAN KORAN
Cleveland, Ohio

Question and Correction:

What is the name of Louise Jourdan's wife? In April in "Inside Stuff" she is mentioned as "Qui Que" and in your May issue Hyatt Downing says Jourdan married Berthe, his childhood sweetheart. Which name is right?

EDITH ANN HENDRIX
Horatio, Ark.

Both are correct. "Qui Que" (pronounced Keek) is Mrs. Jourdan's nickname, Berthe her given name.

May I correct Elsa Maxwell's story in the June issue, "Oh Those Hollywood Parties." She said that for Joan Crawford's party at the Papillon, it was a border of pink gardenias. There are no such things as pink gardenias. If what she is referring to is in the vase in the picture, they are camellias.

MRS. IRENE PANCOAST
Portland, Ore.

Our horticultural face is certainly red—or should we say camellia pink. The flowers for the Crawford party were pink camellias.

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 250 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.
Are you in the know?

Would a smart "red head" wear—

- Pink
- Orange
- Cerise

So you're tired of "traditional" colors. You crave a change—"(suh) pink"—but you've heard it's taboo for red heads. Well, wear that dreamy pink confection. With beauty experts' blessing! Any pale pink with a subtle gold tone; like a very delicate flesh or coral. It's smart to be sure your choice is right. And for problem days, you're smart to choose exactly the right napkin. Try all 3 sizes of Kotex! Find the one for you.

What's your winning weapon?

- Sharp chatter
- Samba know-how
- That starry-eyed look

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But to set him mooning, try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, as well, if Mom vetoes eye shadow.) To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex—for the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. Your secret weapon against secret woes!

If delayed beyond your deadline—

- Bank at Katie's house
- Call the family
- Head home without phoning

H'm... later than you thought! Do you cringe before a 'phone booth? Dread waking Dad? Better call the family. (They're probably waiting for you, anyway.) Telling where you are and when you'll be home will spare them worry; soften their wrath. And think of the worry you can save yourself, at certain times, with Kotex. For who could guess... with those flat pressed ends to guard you from tell-tale outlines?

When it's a foursome, what's your policy?

- Fair play
- All's fair in love
- Leave the field to Sue

Ever see green on a double date? Even if he's snareable... even if the pressure's terrific... don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days need you, seek the comforting angel-sofness of new Kotex. The kind of softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! Did you know? Or have you already discovered this new, softer napkin? (Poise, also, comes in the package labelled Kotex!)

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*TM REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Which deodorant would you decide on?

- A cream
- A powder
- A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins... what about deodorants for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a powder deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing Quest Powder is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest destroys them. Safely, Positively. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!

Quest Deodorant Powder
Ask for it by name
Deep Waters

From the best-seller "SPOONHANDLE" that thrilled millions in Reader's Digest!

DAÑA ANDREWS

A man possessed by the sea...and something more!

JEAN PETERS

A portrayal as exciting as in "Captain from Castile"!

The Sea is a Woman

...beautiful...
and,
like you...
cruel!"
The Agars of Hollywood: John, Linda Susan and Shirley

A lifelong friend visits the Agar nursery. And leaves with a song in her heart

FIRST met Miss Linda Susan Agar, Hollywood’s most famous baby, over the bathtub—hers, not mine. The important meeting took place at a seven o’clock breakfast with Miss Agar’s mother, rather well known in her own right as Shirley Temple.

I was just lifting an eye-opening cup of coffee to my lips when we heard a little cry. Like a shot, Shirley was up from the table and into the nursery.

In a moment she called, “Come on in and meet ‘Susie’.” So in I went.

There was Shirley’s baby gurgling and splashing in her tub. She looked at me with one eye and started crying. Could she have known that young that I was there to interview her?

The nurse lifted her out of the water, wrapped her in an enormous towel and handed her to me.

“Hold her tight,” said the beaming Mrs. Agar. “Keep her back straight.” Now I ask you! This, to me, a mother long before I was a reporter. But at that moment I was much too interested in getting my first close-up of Linda Susan to remind Shirley of that fact.

What a darling Shirley’s baby is. Her eyes are very blue, although Shirley says at times they are brown and may change because “all babies have blue eyes when they are born.” (Another bit of information I already knew.) But it wasn’t until I started walking the floor with her that I really got a set of orders.

The new mother said, very firmly, “You don’t do that with babies today. You will spoil her.”

Frankly, I don’t know which one was amusing me most—the baby or the mother. But I was keeping my mind on my business—one of the most important points being to find

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Temple Lullaby
The Agar homesite: John and his “Shirl” appear together in “Fort Apache”

Shirley, with her boxer “Chris,” has big family plans for the future

out for you whether or not Shirley’s baby looks like Shirley.

She does, right down to that dimple in the cheek which helped make Shirley the most beloved little girl in the world. And it is in exactly the same place. Just the day before, Shirley’s mother, Mrs. Gertrude Temple, had discovered it.

“Mother was so pleased,” laughed the brand-new mother. “Watch now. When Susie smiles you can see the dimple.” Sure enough, there it came, cute as could be—just like Shirley’s when I first saw her at the age of three.

Suddenly, I felt more sentimental than I have ever felt before on an interview. Sentimental, happy and even a little sad that this beautiful happiness that is Shirley Temple’s life story cannot happen to every girl in the world.

Shirley looked little more than a
baby, herself, sitting across from me after we returned to our interrupted breakfast. That slender little figure in the black dress with a beige jumper might have been that of a youngster of sixteen instead of Mrs. John Agar, a “matron” of twenty. She shines with happiness and her newly acquired maturity. I am sure she would have been surprised to know what a shock she seemed to me in her greatest role of mother.

“What about Linda Susan? Will she be another child actress as you were?” I asked.

Her answer came quickly, “No, I doubt it. John and I expect to have other children soon—we hope. You see, I was born so long after my brothers that my mother could afford to devote all her time to me, my singing and dancing lessons, taking me to the studio, remaining on the set and giving me all the attention that a child star demands.

“But John and I want other children born closer to Linda Susan—two more at least. And it wouldn’t be fair to devote all of our time to one in the family and let the others just grow up like Topsy—do you see what I mean?”

Perhaps I saw more clearly than she intended. Back of what she said, so simply expressed, was an unspoken desire to share in a family life that would be just a big happy unit—not a glamorized version of everything centered around one individual. Behind her words I sensed her deep, undying gratitude to her mother who made such amazing sacrifices to a daughter’s career.

It has been whispered that, even after marriage, Shirley is still very dependent on her mother. But this I really doubt. As though Shirley had read my mind, she said, “Mother is such a wise woman. When I was expecting my baby—and still able to be in a picture—Mother went with me to the studio. She felt there were so many physical things she could help me with and spare me. But when I retired to await the baby’s birth and John was with me constantly, she said her job was over.

“As a matter of fact, John’s mother lives nearby,” she laughed, “and we both come in for a bit of bossing. But we were kidding them the other night. Now we have someone to boss—or will have as soon as Susie is old enough to be told to eat her spinach!”

Several weeks ago I interviewed John Agar for a Sunday story. He then told me it was silly to think that he and “Shirl” (he never calls his wife anything but that) never had an (Continued on page 99)
I Remember Irene

Fragile as Dresden, strong as steel—with a warmth that has Loretta Young revising an old theory about friendship

BY LORETTA YOUNG

IRENE DUNNE and I are friends and this is a special blessing to me. The quality of this friendship, its warmth and strength are because of Irene's extraordinarily generous qualities, not mine.

I grew up in the studios and some things I grew realistic about. One was personal friendship between actresses. I accepted, after disappointments, the fact that such friendship could not exist. Dear and pleasant acquaintances were mine by the score—contacts which continued delightfully, socially, as the years progressed. But I was convinced it was too much to expect that the kind of peaceful, giving devotion which true friends have for each other could exist between two feminine members of this competitive business. Irene Griffin was the first to unlock that conviction.

I don't remember when we first met. I just remember that shortly after the exciting entrance of Tom Lewis into my life and date-book and future, he said one evening, "I know one of the most charming women—Irene Dunne."

There was deep admiration in his tone, his expression. First off, I didn't like the idea of either. Not too angelic, am I! With the next breath I dismissed the resistance I'd felt. I'd seen Irene Dunne on the screen, I admired her work tremendously. Now among the gifts Tom Lewis was to bring into my life was friendship with her and that strong and gentle man who is her husband.

So we met. And I do not remember where or when or what was said. Because it seems today that I have known them always.

The Irene I know is as vague as the absent-minded professor—and as adroit. She's as casual as a Noel Coward heroine and as conscientious as a Salvation Army missionary. She's as fragile as Dresden and as strong as steel.

Vague and adroit. . . (Continued on page 94)
High Score: Irene Dunne of "I Remember Mama" and daughter Mary Frances
I SAW A STAR

The name didn't mean a thing—then. But he has never changed his mind about the man

BY MERVYN LE ROY

He's all man. All real. Nothing phony or arty about him. He's direct, genuine and honest. Crew members who have worked with him since his early days in pictures, call him "the sweetest guy in the world." That sums up Clark Gable very neatly: He's rugged and regular but there is kindness and sweetness in his nature.

It seems incredible in a closely knit industry such as ours that Gable and I have just made our first picture together. It's a bit ironic, in fact, for I gave him his first screen test. Let's resort to the flash-back . . .

It's 1930. I am casting "Little Caesar" for Warners-First National. The play "The Last Mile," which earlier in the year had made a star of Spencer Tracy on the Broadway stage, is opening at the old Majestic Theater in Los Angeles. A tough, (Continued on page 79)

A man of action, he still manages an incredible amount of reading
when they need

In Hollywood, where you can be popular but still lonely,

star confidences are often given to the most unexpected people

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Agnes Flanagan is the exception to the Bette Davis rule

Jim Fleming stands-in well with friend Errol Flynn

It was secretary Bill Gallagher who proxied for Ty Power on a recent occasion
MOST people think of motion picture stars as moving in the most glamorous circles. You see them pictured at night clubs with each other, going to swank parties together. Yet when they really need a friend, on whom do they depend? Their paid stand-ins, hairdressers, secretaries, press agents and magazine writers.

For instance, when Lana Turner got married, who was her matron of honor? A magazine writer. When Susan Hayward got married, who stood up for her? Her press agent. When Bette Davis had an operation, who was the last person she saw before taking the anesthetic? Her hairdresser. When Tyrone Power’s girl, Linda Christian, got into trouble with the immigration authorities, who bailed her out and fronted for her custody? Ty’s secretary.

And Esther Williams, the all-American girl. When she married Ben Gage, who threw (Continued on page 77)
SHE SAYS IT WITH MUSIC

Talent without temperament—with Technicolor dreams and

a yen for riding handlebars—that's June Haver

THAT sparkling whizz-fizz bearing the label Haver is a split atom of harnessed energy. She has been busy as a firebug from the summer she was born. A squirt of creative fury, she is one of those tykes born with what we call genius when the stuff sells. And Miss Haver's sells.

She sings, acts, dances, writes, composes songs and symphonies and paints landscapes that make hay for Haver.

Firefly Junie had no time for the Greatest Thing In The World—the human male—until she was thirteen.

Love coming thus late swung a cruel haymaker at the elderly Miss Haver. She aspired to the handlebars of Mr. Dick Johnson, likewise thirteen.

“No career girl for me,” snorted Mr. Johnson, pedalling away.

Miss Haver stood stricken by the problem of Career vs. Handlebars. She had not thought of herself as a Career Girl. But she was. She played the piccolo. That wasn't all. The piccolo was just the start of her careering off at the age of six.

Junie was born in the month of June to hearts and flowers and music. Her fingers magnetically rippled over the instruments in her uncle's music store. When she was six her uncle gave her a piccolo fitted with a child lip (Continued on page 100)

BY HERB HOWE

Firefly Junie: her next picture is "Silver Lining"
Tyrolean Troubadour: He's Irish and he's lovable—Bing Crosby of "The Emperor Waltz"
IT WAS a fantastic party. The three hundred and fifty Greenbriar guests were so famous internationally that press representatives from all over the world reported the scene for several days. Who proved the social lion? It was a man, not young, not handsome. He spent most of his time in an old blue serge suit, yellow socks, a tired felt hat and sport shirts. Bing Crosby, of course. Who else? Bing is one Hollywood star who never has forgotten how to play. You won't find him cracking up with nerves or alcohol or ulcers. Being the great movie and radio star that he has become is important to Bing. But he has never lost sight of the fact that radio and movies are only two things in a world full of things. He's never forgotten the fun of keeping a box score at the ball game. He can always remember how the sun feels on your shoulders on the golf links, the smell of the stables and the excitement of the track, the fight a fish can give. Even as I write I am thinking of more than a dozen stars who I wish would take a lesson from Bing. They concentrate so on their career, three hundred and sixty-five days and nights in the year, that they no longer are the performers or human beings they might be.

"Which do you like better," I asked Bing one day, "golf or horses?" (Continued on page 90)
Sleuth Hymie trailed Ty Power and Linda Christian to a corner of the Beverly Hills Tropics
Just two people at a table, yet
behind them a tale of romance
that makes this a moment
to remember

BY HYMIE FINK

EVERY Hollywood photographer has been trying for months to get a shot of Ty Power and Linda Christian. Ty, you know, is strictly a home body, so he and Linda don’t frequent the regular spots. It also could be they don’t need crowds.

Well, the other night around the dinner hour, I was on Santa Monica Boulevard when a slick convertible dashed by. It was Ty’s, I knew. That was all I needed! At once I started a round of those cafes where he and Linda would be likely to go—and found them at the Beverly Hills Tropics.

Ty’s always nice. And Linda, I found, very sweet—also too pretty for a photographer to describe in any way except the one he knows best—with his camera. So take a look!
Future competition! Errol gave Sean Flynn, his son by Lili Damita, replicas of the sword and costume that he wears in “The Adventures of Don Juan.”

The dashing Errol can’t hide the fact he’s exchanged his seven-league boots for house slippers and is having a lot of fun raising—a family.

BY SARA HAMILTON
'VE been reading your story about me,” Errol Flynn said, returning this manuscript to us. There were funny little hen-tracks scribbled all over our neatly typed pages—scribbling between lines and up the margins.

“These hentracks?” we gasped.

Errol feigned innocence.

We held the manuscript under the Flynns’ living-room lamp. Where we had referred to Errol as “handsome” he had scribbled, “Shucks, kid, you tell Gable the same d—— thing.” We read the remark and simply rose above it. Errol, we suspected, was trying to bait us, hoping to stir us up to a minor ruction—the kind he enjoys in others. We had written of his adventures, from the time he was born in Hobart, (Cont’d on page 97)
SHE'S MY DREAM

She's got the calm that charms. It's the way she listens that has Grant talking.

A day with Myrna on "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" had Cary looking for an Oscar!
OPENLY confess I am in love with a married woman. She is just about the most married woman in existence. In public life, she is the ideal wife of the world-wide movie public. In private life she is the ideal wife of Gene Markey, himself a very ideal gentleman and an excellent provider, being a most distinguished producer-writer.

But on screen, this wonder wife has been mine, lately. For her alone I gave up being a bachelor in “The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer.” I never made a more eager sacrifice. It led as naturally as the night to the day that she would become my Mrs. Blandings, the doll for whom I built a Dream House.

You call her Myrna Loy. I call her Myrna Loy, too. I can think of swooning things I could call her, if only that Markey hadn’t cut in before me. Such tragedies happen to me. Why I can’t apply my screen technique to my private life bewilders me. I wonder if it could have anything to do with my own lines being less smooth than the lines the writers give me in a scenario? A bitter thought, that. I’ll pursue it no longer.

Myrna’s lines are pleasanter to think about, (Continued on page 74)
One Touch Of Venus

Ava Gardner, 1948 model, prefers slacks to Grecian robes, but runs true to form when it comes to the masculine heart

VENUS comes to life.
Time—A. D. 1948.
Place—“One Touch of Venus” set.
Venus—Ava Gardner, starring in the screen version of the Broadway success.
During production, Ava—whose portable dressing room was flanked by the portable rooms of co-stars Dick Haymes and Robert Walker—took plenty of good-natured ribbing. The walls of the rooms were paper thin and visitors who came to see Ava frequently were surprised to hear their questions answered in deep, masculine voices—belonging to Dick Haymes and Robert Walker, of course.
When Venus wasn’t draped in silk jersey, she lounged in slacks and shirtwaists—her favorite off-stage outfit. Most of her leisure was spent with Howard Duff, a frequent visitor on the set.
The charms of Venus still are irresistible.

Nice work: Bob Walker, who plays a window dresser in “One Touch of Venus,” kisses the goddess to life.

Chilled charm: Statue shots were made in Hollywood’s coldest weather. Ava posed over a heater.
Classic chassis—but with arms. The Venus of Milo was never like this!

Double-take of Venus. Ava was model for the Nicolosi statue, insured for $200,000

Complete with gestures! Ava shows dance director Billy Daniels a new twist to an old trick
They eat hot dogs at midnight and
ruin their lawn playing baseball. But to Gene
as well as Betsy she's a mother-in-love.

BY FREDERICA BOGER

The way Gene saw it, Betsy was too pretty for college.

I AM that seemingly unique individual, a doting mother-in-law. Very doting—and why not? If every son-in-law was like Gene Kelly, it would put an end to those horrible mother-in-law jokes.

Gene never calls me “mother-in-law.” In conversation, he always uses my nickname, "Fritz." But on the cards he encloses with gifts and flowers and in telegrams (Gene never writes letters), he addresses me as “La Belle Mere,” the more endearing name used by the French.

Just as Gene makes of the relationship between us something friendly and fine (fun, too!) so he does with every relationship he shares. All you need do is be with Betsy and Kerry when Gene comes home from work to know how he rates as a husband and father. You'd think they were expecting royalty! Stationed at a front window—the two of them all brushed and shining—the instant Gene is sighted in his car, they fly to the door. They're both in his arms before he can call out “Betso!” and “Where's my Kerry?”

Gene has that quality about him that is so sincere, so honest, so straightforward. When (Continued on page 75)
Kerry, a carbon copy of Gene, got her name from Daddy during the middle of a dance step!
The curtain draping on the wall is simple to make—lends dramatic emphasis to Buzz's room.

Low chairs put together form a couch and a focal point for Paulette Goddard's art collection.

Note the steps that lead out to the terrace from Paulette's favorite "after dinner coffee corner".
STAR
in your HOME

Small apartments can be made versatile, comfortable and the furniture that suits them today can be the basis for your larger home of tomorrow.

Exterior of the Meredith apartment. The terrace was formerly only a roof.

The glitter of gold and white plaid drapes lends a gay, light touch to Paulette's room.

THIS Leisen lecture will entirely concern itself with turning a very ordinary set of rooms into an apartment of chic and comfort. It takes imagination, time, some good carpentry and only as much money as you wish to lay out. But a lady or gentleman with finesse and good taste can turn the trick.

By way of proving my point, I invite you to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Burgess Meredith, who live in the Hollywood apartment house which I own. When I began redecorating Paulette Goddard Meredith's apartment I had only bare, square rooms to work with—badly scaled windows in the bedroom and a hunk of empty roof over the apartment below. The doors throughout the apartment were those standard, ugly doors that come out in mill lots.

My original step in turning the tiresome to the pleasant was to cover those doors with eight-inch veneer, making them as distinctive as a "simple black dress from Paris." Any good carpenter can do this for you. The cost is reasonable and it automatically gives a "custom-built" air to a room.

The next problem was to make the small windows look big. This can be achieved by hanging the draperies straight from the ceiling, with French pleats as a heading instead of a valance. In Paulette's room, I used gold and white plaid with cream under-curtains. Sounds terrible but it isn't, as you can see. In Buzz's room, I kept to a plain light silk and (Continued on page 96)
Their San Fernando Valley ranch-type house as it is today. Veronica and Andre are continually changing and rebuilding it.

Someday they may have a cow—now they have one horse named “Bishop”—a gift to Andre from Veronica.
THE trouble with marriage is that there are too many experts writing about the troubles of marriage. I am therefore happy to write on the subject of my union with the lady known as Veronica Lake, because I am not at all an expert. However, I do have a theory. The more expert you are about matrimony, the worse the danger. If you know nothing at all, you have very little chance of running into an insurmountable crisis.

For instance, Mrs. de Toth has never broken a courtship promise, nor have I. This remarkable state of affairs exists because we never made any promises. That is why Veronica and I have nothing to gain in our marriage—but we have everything to lose.

For instance, among the things I didn't promise while I was not promising, was to be cheerful when interrupted in the middle of important work. That accounts for the following scene:

Veronica: (on telephone) Darling, I've found it!
Andre: Found it? You've lost something?
Veronica: Don't be silly.
Andre: Don't be silly? (Continued on page 91)
THE dress of the month made its appearance at the "party of the month." I mean the twentieth wedding anniversary shindig that the Bob Montgomerys gave in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Even in a room full of gorgeously gowned women Donna Reed's lovely dancing frock can't be topped for daintiness and simplicity. The very decolleté bodice of embroidered organdy has tiny shoulder straps, a deep v-neckline and little buttons down the front. The skirt of white organza over taffeta is enormously full toward the bottom. The stiffness of the underskirt certainly gives it enough swish and stand-out-ness, but then there's the very wide graduating band of embroidered

Dainty decolleté: The simplicity of white organdy, the whisper of taffeta in the underskirt, make Donna Reed's lovely dancing frock outstanding and the prize fashion of the month in this dress-up summer season
Promenade

Hollywood midsummer merry-go-round

organdy repeated toward the hem-line, which certainly created a stunning effect when Donna danced or walked. It’s a knockout dress, too, for showing off a golden tan. Donna’s platform sandals of white satin, a white fox stole and a few pearls completed this “midsummer night’s dream of a dress.”

Roz Russell was an eye-catcher at the same soiree in a heavenly gown of pink satin. (How that gal loves the rose and red tones!) It was super-luxurious with a tremendous skirt. But the real news about her costume was the wonderful little cape-to-the-waist that went over the dress. The cape was edged in sable.

The gals talked for many a day after over the lovely little touches the Montgomerys provided at this event. About the trouble they went to to seat 350 people with place cards at the various flower-decked tables. And about the little nosegays that were given to each girl from which dangled little white satin hearts with 1928-1948 inscribed on them. At the end of dinner, the enormous wedding cake was cut with Bob’s own Navy sword. Freddie Karger and his small, hot band, which are so in demand at a lot of Hollywood parties lately, played a lot of old tunes until dawn.

A wedding party that set the town on its ear was for Mocambo’s owner, good looking Charlie Morrison and his bride who had been wed that after- (Continued on page 87)

Holiday hit: Marguerite Chapman designed this white wool suit for her trip to Honolulu

Provocative peasant: Elizabeth Taylor has old-world charm in dainty black lace and taffeta

Jaunty jacket: Joan Caulfield’s navy cutaway coat is lined with same red-white-and-blue checked taffeta as her blouse
Dana gets an eagle eye as he climbs the rugged coastline of San Benitos to examine a nest.

Unusual rock formations catch Dana’s eye as they sail around the Gulf of California.

Todos Santos has canneries and an Andrews fan club.

DANA

His sails were set for adventure.
ON DECK
—and his heart was, too

ABOARD the Vileehi, Dana Andrews, his brothers and friends sailed the coast of Mexico to find adventure—and film a travelogue. Dana found more adventure than he'd bargained for when he was trapped by the incoming tide while hiking at West San Benitos and had to climb over a sheer cliff of jagged rocks.

Home again, Dana has suggested to his studio that he be cast in a movie filmed aboard the Vileehi. Such a yacht costs a lot of money, even when it lies idle. And should Twentieth follow Dana's suggestion, they would pay him a handsome rental.

Here's to the Vileehi's screen voyage. It will be exciting—with Dana on deck!

The Andrews brothers, Charles, Dana and William, hire the good boat Garnet for deep sea fishing

The Vileehi ran into strong currents at Magdalena Bay. Dana, at the wheel house, directs sail hoisting
Movie star turns movie director: Dana supervises shots for the travelogue as they move into a new harbor.

Puerto Escondido: Dana waits for anchor to be dropped before he dives in.

Family rehashing session: Dana has been recalled by his studio to go into production of “No Minor Vices”
The baby sea elephants on West San Benitos Island prove neither camera-shy nor temperamental.

The fish that didn’t get away struck off Cape San Lucas. It was 150 pounds of marlin—and Dana has pictures to prove it!

A small native boy explains to Dana that his donkey has a name—it’s “Burro”
They all have one thing in common—the spark it takes to become a star. But not all will be winners. Place your bets for your favorites on Page 72.
YOUR STAR

There is a box-office revolution going on in Hollywood. You, the Public, are the cause of it. You, who choose stars or break them.

You know, even better than Hollywood, that new stars are needed. You are proving that by staying away in droves from even good pictures that feature the older stars. As for passé stars in bad pictures—brother, that’s all!

The studios cling to their established stars be-
Donald Buka
A fine voice and quiet intensity

cause, so far, they have been safe, financially. A star, from Hollywood’s angle, is either a million-dollar property, a hundred-thousand-dollar also ran, or nothing at all. If any individual could pick personalities that would always click with the public, he or she could command a million-dollar-a-year

Joanne Dru
She’s Mrs. Dick Haymes, dramatic and beautiful

Terry Moore
Hollywood found her on a magazine cover

John Dall
Off-beat type—plays comedy or drama
YOUR STAR

salary and be a good bargain at that, That's because of you, dear Public. You have made Alan Ladd a star and kept him a star, despite the fact that Alan hasn't actually had one super-duper production. On the other hand, you've had a girl like Paullette Goddard in super after super and while

Ron Randell
Born "Down Under," his charm wins friends

Wanda Hendrix
Beauty of a cameo, drive of a dynamo

Cathy O'Donnell
A down-to-earth quality with poetic appeal

Montgomery Clift
He has ideas about Art—and the studios want him
Marshall Thompson
Favorite escort of young glamour girls

Fink

Coleen Gray
Naturalness and beauty—has brains too

Tolmie

Tim Holt
Another "Sierra Madre" may turn the trick

Janet Leigh
Other stars help her—a rare quality!

she's okay, she's not box-office bonfire. You have also made a star of Guy Madison—but dig this, for it is important, you haven't seen much of him lately on screen.

But, before we explain the difference between Alan and Guy, both of whom you made stars, we want to give you Photoplay's proposition.

Photoplay has combed contract lists and lined up fifty-nine new personalities for your choice. Each studio is represented, both sexes and every type of ap-
Mona Freeman
A flair for comedy—and looks 16
Fink

YOUR STAR

Rhonda Fleming
She's Bing's leading lady

Farley Granger
Has the intensity of a young Bogart

June Lockhart
She already has captured Broadway

pearance and temperament. You have seen all these new people. Almost all of them are under contract. With two exceptions, they are all very young. Never in Hollywood's history has there been such a crowd of waiting talent. But not all these sixty can become top stars. You will pick, possibly six, probably less. The sixty-four-dollar question is which ones will you create by your enthusiasm, or kill by your indifference.

Only you know the answer. (Please turn page)
Photoplay wants you to vote for the actor and actress you think most likely to succeed. After reading this poll, figure out which two you believe in most. Photoplay, frankly, has its own favorites on this list, and will tell you why. But we can be wrong. You can be wrong. Behind-the-scenes factors, as in the case of Guy Madison, are bound to affect the eventual results. Headlines, too, will play their part.

Actually Hollywood success follows many of the rules of success anywhere: The manner in which you get along with others and the way in which you turn your initial good fortune to your own advantage counts in the long run. But enough of philosophy. Here's the list. Let your votes tell us how it is going to look three months from now. We'll report again to you then, and periodically thereafter.

**Twentieth Century-Fox**

Photoplay begins with Twentieth because it has the most newcomers under contract.

Barbara Lawrence: Her current film is “Give My Regards to Broadway”; her next, “Street with No Name.” Barbara has been under contract to Twentieth since she was fourteen. She is still in her teens, is natural in a breezy sort of way, can sing and dance expertly but has unexpected dramatic ability.


Debra Paget: Current picture, “Martin Rome.” Next picture, “Chicken Every Sunday.” Only five feet tall. (Little girls are returning to the screen somewhat, as you will see, later in this poll.) She combines the dramatic and the spiritual to an unusual degree.


NEW... the beautiful Duo-Therm Sheraton heater

CUTS FUEL OIL COSTS UP TO 25% WITH POWER-AIR!

This is it—an amazingly efficient upright heater with all the beauty of fine period furniture.

It's the gorgeous, brand new Duo-Therm Sheraton, designed by master furniture stylists.

You've got to see it with your own eyes to appreciate it. See its fluted columns and recessed panels that duplicate the costly look of fine cabinet work. See its mellow duo-tone mahogany finish (a Duo-Therm exclusive!). See how it adds charm and distinction to any room!

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She's My Dream Wife

(Continued from page 51) anyhow. Let me tell you that she is the only girl I know of who looks delightful when she wakes up with her hair tousled. For a scene, I mean. I am sure she looks equally provocative when she wakes up off the hush-hush in Washington. I have never been able to prove this stimulating theory. Over the seasons I've known her, she has always been married.

Her name, of course, is Myrna, and she now lives in a typical New England saltbox house in that portion of Santa Monica that overlooks the ocean, known as Pacific Palisades.

She doesn't know that I know this—but it does tell a Tampax wearer little more than the name of someone who is a leading actress of a certain personality, when she confides that she loves Tampax very much. After all, it is the duty of every intelligent woman to be a Myrna Loy admirer.

Incidentally, it ticks me that being a Myrna Loy admirer has not convinced her that active work for peace is the duty of every intelligent woman. (The other is Jean Arthur.) She is the fastest study I ever saw, learning new lines so quickly on the set that I am sure her memory is photographic. She knows instinctively when a scene is wrong, for her or the picture.

MY idiosyncracies, my moods and fretting and fussing while working do not disturb her at all. Between takes, knowing that nothing interests me so much as travel talk, she talks travel. We go on mythological journeys as if we were really going to Venice to Peiping, let's say, by way of a walking tour through the Himalayas or similar impossibilities. I confess it never occurs to me at all during the shooting of "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" that maybe Myrna wasn't as enchanted with such talk as I was. But probably she wasn't. And definitely I would be as willing to discuss her affairs with her as I would with myself. I didn't discuss her, either. It was all I to I, with Grant starring.

That's her feminine secret. She lets you talk about you. She does not make you feel that she is just as interested in you about how terrific you are, how witty, how handsome. That is twice as potent. I love her, even as I respect her, as a true liberal, who has her own thoughts and ideas but believes in letting the other guy have his, too. If America is ever to have a woman president, I nominate Myrna. In her apparently artless little way she would have nothing to do with her own beliefs, but she wouldn't give it up. Bill always calls her "little Myrna" and worries over her career. That is like worrying over whether all the hen-pecked husbands will manage to make ends meet. But it is one of the tricks of Myrna's charm, actively at work.

With no effort at all, she conveys the feeling of being fragile and innocent. But she is not fragile or innocent. She is highly intelligent. You may be astonished to learn that she is head of the California Woman's Library Council of UNESCO—what stands for the Educational, Social and Cultural Branch of United Nations—and does a magnificent job of speech-making for it. In fact, she is going abroad this summer for U.N. She is naturally shy. So speaking before large groups of people, who have to do with Hollywood or movies, and who know her only as Mrs. Gene Markey, is actually very hard on her. But the Red Cross work she did during the war, particularly among the Red Cross nurses of Washington, has convinced her that active work for peace is the duty of every intelligent woman.

And she, of course, is a Myrna Loy admirer. If she can do this to a man merely co-starring opposite her, imagine what she must do to a man when she loves him.

You imagine. I don't dare to.

Swim if you want to—
(with Tampax)

TAMPAX

Why sit on the beach and envy other women who are luckier than you about their "days"? Try the Tampax method of monthly sanitary protection and then you can swim any day of the month without anyone's being the wiser . . .

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Tampax is the scientific answer to the feminine monthly hygiene problem. Invented by a doctor, it has only 1/15 the bulk of older kinds. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed within dainty applicators (for easy insertion). No belts or pins are required—and no sanitary deodorant, for Tampax causes no odor.

Quick to change; easy to dispose of. Can be worn in tub or shower bath.

Buy Tampax now at drug or notion counters. Three absorbency-sizes to suit varying needs: Regular, Super, Junior.

An average monthly supply will go into your purse . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.
My Kids, the Kellys

(Continued from page 54) he talks to you, he looks you in the eye. He doesn’t say one word he doesn’t mean. He never talks idly. He never makes a promise he can’t keep. You don’t often find that much sincerity with that much charm.

I shall never forget the first time I met Gene. I’d had, I must confess, a few qualms about him. Betsy was only sixteen when she got her job at Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe in New York. Gene, who gave her the job, was dance director.

The day she met Gene she came home starry-eyed. She did nothing but tell me how wonderful Mr. Kelly was. Thereafter, each and every day it was “Mr. Kelly, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Kelly.”

“Mr. Kelly came into the drugstore today while I was having lunch. When he took the stool next to mine at the counter I could barely eat, I was so excited.”

Betsy, young for the young age of sixteen had never, I was certain, been in love. I didn’t suppose she was really in love then. Just a crush, I thought, on a man whom I visualized rather uneasily, as being an “older man”—a man of the theater, of Broadway.

WHEN “Mr. Kelly” finally invited Betsy to have dinner with him, he made his first appearance on our doorstep. He was wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt. He had been playing ball and looked as unlike as possible the smooth “Mr. Kelly” of my imagining. Nor did the blue jeans and T-shirt, strange apparel though they were for a dinner date, matter in the least. You never looked past his face.

My first impression was “How young he is!” My second, “I can see what has carried Betsy away.”

One of the first things he asked me that day was how I felt about Betsy being on the stage. I said I thought it an interesting filler-in for the summer but that Betsy was going to college—she was entered at Sarah Lawrence—that fall and was planning to become a schoolteacher. Gene, who loves an argument, argued then: “Why send anyone so pretty to college? She should be an actress.” P. S. She didn’t go to college—she became an actress.

For a time after Betsy and Gene were married, Betsy gave up any thought of continuing her career. But while Gene was in the Navy she played a small role in “The Guilt of Janet Ames.” Since then, she’s had parts in “A Double Life,” “Snake Pit” and “Another Part of the Forest.”

Occasionally people ask me whether Gene approves of his wife having a career. I am sure Betsy wouldn’t put her name to a picture contract without Gene’s approval. And I remember, too, how pleased Gene was when Mr. Saroyan chose Betsy for the lead in “The Beautiful People,” and how proud he was of her success.

The night the play opened, Betsy’s dressing room was filled with flowers. Among the huge ornate boxes was one small modest box. In the small modest box was one white orchid. The card read, simply, “You’re my girl.” In contrast to all the other extravagant messages, this little card seemed just too wonderful.

On opening night we all waited up for the reviews. As we read one rave-for-Betsy notice after another, Gene kept telling Betsy, “Are you lucky!”

In my car Betsy whispered, “I’m lucky because he loves me.” Betsy knows that in Gene’s love lies her real luck and all her

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Use Fels-Naptha Soap.

Golden bar or Golden chips—Fels-Naptha banishes “Tattle-Tale Gray”

Turn to page 83 for Photoplay Fashions in Color
They all talk about these

Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer. Different...still more lovely longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.) All patterns made in the U.S.A.


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Color

Lovalon is a must after washing your hair. It rinses gorgeous rich color into your hair—gives it sparkling highlights, leaves it nice and soft and manageable.

GAY as Gene and Betsy are, and liking people as much as they do, it is only natural that they over-flow with friends. I was there when Gene and Judy Garland were starting work on “The Pirate.” Judy and Vincente Minnelli visited often. Among others we were in and out of the house I remember the Hume Cronyns, Phil Silvers, Jane Ball. Then there was June Allyson...who came to a tea Betsy gave for me in a teapot. Nor was there time so that she and I could have a talk.

“When I get back home to Cliffside, New Jersey, and tell the people you came an hour early just to see me, they won’t believe you.” (Nor did they!)

In the garden, it always looks as though tournaments are going on. Especially weekends, when so many people are there. All the boys in the neighborhood “Go over to Kelly’s!” to play soft-ball and kick-ball with any-kind-of-a-game-of ball-loving Gene.

Gene likes indoor games, too. Parlor games, cards, etc. Anagrams. But, especially Classification. Right after dinner, we sat up until two in the morning, Betsy, Gene and I, playing Classifications. And no matter how we tried, Gene always beat me. And Gene is forever reading. Books, magazines, newspapers, everything and anything in print.

Although he’s a man of deep feelings and emotions, I have never seen Gene in a teapot. Nor ever so slightly out of control—except, perhaps, in the hospital, waiting for Kerry to be born. Seldom if ever have I seen Gene smoke, but in those hours he smoked one cigarette after another as he paced the corridors. He mopped his brow. He waylaid doctors and nurses. He did all the things every frantic young father does.

Gene always eats late at night, too. Long ago we gave up chocolate. Favorite midnight snack being hot dogs and tea. He’ll drink pots of tea. And he’s mad for ice cream, especially chocolate. The freezing unit in their ice-box (quite the largest ice-box I’ve ever seen) always contains a full supply of Schwab’s Drugstore ice cream. Gene also loves candy. There is a steady supply of Gene’s favorite chocolate peppermints from his candy store in Pittsburgh in a little cupboard in the breakfast room. The cupboard is just behind his place at the table so that he can always reach it easily. Quite often when Gene reaches for the candy a handful of Kerry, crouching surreptitiously by the cupboard!

Besides hot dogs, ice cream and candy, Gene’s favorite food is steak and potatoes. He likes vegetables “To get a good example for Kerry,” he says.

Last year I gave Gene, who is handy about making things as well as designing them, a tool chest for Christmas. “Do you really like it?” I asked him. “It’s a smash!” he said, using his favorite expression to express enthusiasm.

So, literally, is my son-in-law.

Pat Earnest
When They Need a Friend

(Continued from page 41) the wedding reception for her? Not anyone she went to school with, not any friend she might have made during her aquacade swimming days, not any star actress. It was her press agent, Malvina Pumprey, who gave the party in her own home.

Then take the Jane Withers-William Mass wedding. Jane’s bridesmaids made a very pretty picture surounding her at the reception. But one of them told me she’d met Jane only the week before, for the first time. She didn’t have the heart to say “no” when Jane begged her to be her bridesmaid! And Jane has lived most of her life in Hollywood and should have hundreds of bosom girl friends!

When Susan Hayward eloped with Jess Barker, she had to fall back on that good old stand-by—her press agent. At that time it was Henry Rogers. Taking your press agent along to the wedding kills two birds with one stone, so to speak. You get a paid witness and you also get a guarantee that your best profile is attached to the orange blossoms!

Press agent Maggie Ettinger stood up for Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger; Helen Ferguson did the same for Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Paramount press agent Lindsey Durand was not only maid of honor at Betty Hutton’s wedding to Ted Briskin, but she is godmother to Betty’s first baby—named after her.

DON’T get me wrong. There’s nothing wrong in having a press agent for a friend. It’s just very peculiar that movie stars don’t know other movie stars intimately in the way that big business shots are friendly with other big business shots. Why don’t the stars have people as famous as themselves for their confidantes and close friends? They seem instead to prefer the friendship of those who work for them or with them.

However, the younger players in Hollywood are not bothered quite as much as their older colleagues about friends in their own strata of life. Shirley Temple, for instance, is a member of the Junior League. Her close friends are girls she went to school with at Westlake. Diana Lynn, Guy Madison and Gail Russell have fun without fear of rivalry or whatever it is that keeps ninety-nine per cent of the stars in Hollywood in a state of isolated splendor, with no friends except the people they pay to be their friends.

Hairdressers for instance. If you really want to get into the heart of a movie star actress, get a job as her hairdresser or make-up girl, or wardrobe girl.

Ann Sheridan is in love with Steve Hannagan, but ask her who her best and only friend is and she’ll tell you Martha Giddings. Martha is Ann’s wardrobe girl, and I’ll bet she knows more about Annie than Stevie does! When Ann went to Mexico for a vacation, she took Martha. When Ann’s in Florida or Connecticut seeing Mr. Hannagan, Martha lives in and looks after Ann’s home in the San Fernando Valley. Like all of the top stars Ann has dozens of acquaintances, but Martha is her only woman friend.

Bette Davis is a hard girl for any other girl to know—with the exception of Agnes Flanagan, her hairdresser. When Bette was about to have a baby, the only woman outside of her family that she wanted to see, was hairdresser Flanagan. And when Bette was in the hospital, a few hours before the Caesarian operation, she called

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BOURJ OIS
Agnes who dashed down to Santa Ana to
dress Bette's hair for the operation.

Joan Crawford's hairdresser, Gertrude
Wheeler, shares Joan's friendship with
magazine writer, Ruth Waterbury. Ruth
has been Joan's closest friend throughout
her screen career. But Joan and Gertrude
are inseparable—even at luncheons when
Gertrude goes into the studio kitchen
to choose Joan's luncheon—a steak usually.

I'm re-reading my memory to remember
if Betty Grable has any other woman
friend, apart from her hairdresser, Marie
Brasselle. And I just can't come up with
anyone. Husband Harry James has no
friends in the business at all—with the
exception of his press agent. And that's the
boy he calls to pace the floor with him,
when his babies are about to be born!

Linda Darnell is one of the few movie
stars here who has another movie star,
Ann Miller, as a close friend. But when
Linda went to Europe, it was not Ann
who went with her, but a business
associate, Mrs. Marie Strock. This proved a
wise choice, by the way. Linda was sick
most of the time and Mrs. Rollins took
take of her. Another movie star, no
matter how friendly, might very well be too
busy taking care of herself.

Tyrone Power's best friend is Bill Gal-
lagh, his secretary. This friendship
proved to be very useful to Ty when his girl,
Linda Christian, got into trouble with the
immigration people here in Los Angeles.
Ty drove to the airport with Gallagher
to meet her. When she saw all the
photographers waiting to snap his hero, on
casion, he went home leaving Bill to
meet Linda instead. It was Bill who had
to straighten matters with the immigration
authorities. Greater friendship hath no
man than to take into his own custody
the girl of his boss!

Ty, as far as I can find out, does not
have any other male friends, only Bill.
Like most stars, he has hundreds of
people who seek to be friends. But who
knows how they'd act if Ty weren't a big
star. Maybe not Mr. Gallagher, whom Ty
always takes with him on his long trips.
Perhaps he would still be there as Ty's pal.

And that goes for Lana Turner and her
close friend, magazine writer Sara Hamil-
ton. Everywhere that Lana goes, if it's a
party in Hollywood, a boat trip to South
America, or a plane ride to New York,
Miss Hamilton is right there with her—a
combined friend and press agent. Of
course, with Lana married to Bob Topping,
and spending more time away from Holly-
wood, the picture may change.

Van Johnson used to have a movie
actor for his best friend—Keenan Wynn.
But that has sort of cooled since Van
married Evie Wynn. Van and Keenan
are still friendly and Keenan calls at
Van's house to visit with his two young
sons. But Van's stand-in has now stepped
into the friendship gap.

Both Lionel Barrymore and Barry
Fitzgerald name their stand-ins as their
closest friends. Lionel's stand-in has worked
with him for twenty-three years and
when Barrymore's wife died about ten
years ago, he invited him to live with him.

You'd think that Ingrid could have her pick of all the world's famous
men to choose her friends from. But
next to her husband, her only intimate
is Joe Steele, whom she pays $300 a week to
work as his hairdresser.

Of course any movie star as pretty and
popular with men as Rita Hayworth can
afford not to have any girl friend at all.
The same for Ava Gardner. I don't remem-
ber hearing of any friendship with
any women for either Rita or Ava. Rita's
sole confidant is her very able press agent,
George Lait. So when Rita went to Europe
last summer she had a tough time deciding
whom she would take with her as a travel-
ing companion. Rita finally settled for Mrs.
Lola Leightg, the wife of Orson Welles's
former manager.

Errol Flynn makes a practice of always
using his stand-in or stunt man for his
best friend. It used to be stunt man
Buster Wiles, and they had a very merry
time together during Errol's carefree
days before his marriage to pretty Nora
Eddington. Now Errol's one friend is his
stand-in Jim Fleming. Errol likes Jim so
much he's setting him up in business
as producer of a series of shorts. I suppose
that if Jim gets as rich as Errol, the friend-
ship will end because they'll have too
much in common!

Clark Gable has a lot of romances, but
when it comes down to honest-to-good-
ness friendship, the only man who has
held the post for seventeen years is
Howard Strickling, the publicity boss of
Metro's Hollywood studio. Clark makes no
move professionally or privately, without
talking it over first with Howard.

There are some good friendships among
the stars, of course. In all fairness to the
Hollywood scene this must be reported.
Claudette Colbert and husband, Dr. Joel
Pressman are good friends of the Ray
Millands—so are Jack and Mary Benny,
the Tom Lewises (Loretta Young), and
the Dr. Frank Griffins (Irene Dunne),
are a warm foursome. The Alan Laddis
have many good and close friends among
the stars, too. But in the main, the stars do
not mix with stars on any intimate basis.

Whatever it is, rivalry or what have you,
they seem to prefer to live in lonely
splendor.

The End
I Saw a Star

(Continued from page 38) gutsy play, possibly with talent in the cast I can use for my gangster picture. So I go to the first performance.

The curtain goes up, there, center stage, in a cell with his hands up on the bars, is a young unknown actor playing Killer Mears. In this first scene he didn’t have a spoken line; he projected the hatred and bitterness of the role through facial expression alone. But he’s magnetic.

"There is one of the greatest acting personalities I’ve ever seen," I tell myself and go backstage after the first act, not even waiting for the play’s end. The program lists this unknown as Clark Gable. This means no more than Joe Doakes to me. To my amazement, his dressing room is knee deep in agents, all his. Poor of em. I say I’d like to screen test their Mr. Gable. They agree faster than you could say “six months with options.”

I think the test is nothing short of terrific. I ran it for Jack Warner and Darryl Zanuck, then with Warners. They agree this Gable has something as an actor but say his ears are too big, which make him unphotogenic. I do everything but beg them on my knees to sign him. "His ears are too big," they keep insisting.

We LAP dissolve to 1933. After "The Last Mile" one of Clark’s battery of agents sold him to Pathé for a role in "The Painted Desert." This led to M-G-M’s signing him. His first picture there was "The Easiest Way," but it was "A Free Soul" which really won him recognition.

He had made several other hits by 1933. Clark Gable was quite a star. I went out to Metro to direct Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler in "Tugboat Annie." Gable was starring in "Night Flight," but he took time out to come over to our set to wish me luck on the first day of shooting.

"Merv, I’ve always been grateful to you for that first test out at Warners," he said after the usual amenities. "I’d like you to know that Warners have offered me a very nice deal—now—but I’m staying here."

He’s a loyal guy.

At this point we insert shots of calendars blowing away, or an activated hour glass to indicate more passage of time. Lots of time—1947, when Gable and Le Roy finally are working together at M-G-M on "Homecoming."

Gable is the easiest and nicest person to work with. I’ve ever encountered during my twenty years of directing. He not only has a magnificent feeling for acting but he takes direction easily. Like most actors who had the tough training of the legitimate theater, he is all business on the set. He is prompt, knows his lines. He is never temperamental.

Clark is also so sensitive an actor that he needs no phony communing with the Muses to get into the mood of a tense sequence. For example, when we were shooting "Homecoming" and about to start our poignant scene in which Lana Turner dies, Clark remained in his dressing room for about fifteen minutes before. He gave a magnificent performance, and Lana died, too. He cried as called for in the script. No taking about it—he wept! After we finished I asked what he had been thinking about in that earlier quarter hour to get himself into the spirit of the scene so completely.

"Thinking about?" he asked incredulously. "Hell, I was looking at some new fishing tackle!"

Gable is usually pitching for young players. In "Homecoming," in which he portrays an Army surgeon, he has a very dramatic scene with Cameron Mitchell, who plays a young soldier. When we got to the close-ups, Gable the star quietly
suggested to me that we shoot them to give Cam the breaks.

As for Gable away from work, he's the same off screen as on. I know, because despite not making pictures together we've been personal friends since we met.

He loves to laugh and has a broad sense of humor. Between scenes he likes to park his canvas chair in the middle of the set and swap yarns on hunting, fishing or bygone days of making with old timers in the crew. At parties he is inclined to be quiet. He's a good raconteur, but also a good listener. Usually his conversation is crisp and to the point. He dislikes dancing and buffet dinners; he likes to sit down at a table for his meals.

At the studio he never eats in his dressing room. He lunches in the commissary at the directors' table, not a Gable table. He never rides in the studio stand-by car, even from the farthest sound stage. He walks.

GABLE doesn't take himself seriously as a star, despite the fact that he's been just about the biggest star for the longest time of anyone in Hollywood. He insists on going on trips alone, without benefit of a studio publicist's protection. He doesn't enjoy interviews because he feels he is dull copy, but is gracious about them unless the interviewer tries to pry into his private life. At that point he will raise an eyebrow, ask "Are you kidding?" and change the subject.

He currently has the habit of calling everyone—male or female, fifteen or fifty—"Baby." A few of his close friends call him "Pappy," the name given him by his late wife Carole Lombard. Generally he has been known as "The King" since he was first voted King of the Movies.

I called him "King" several times at the beginning of production. Then he began calling me "King." Pointing out that Le Roy is a corruption of Le roi, the French equivalent, I stopped. Then I tagged him "Colonel" for awhile, because that's his rank in the picture. So, one day he borrowed from the wardrobe department a jacket bearing a general's stars, presented it to me and announced:

"Just so you won't feel I outrank you, General." Gable wore his own Army uniforms with insignia changed (he was a Major in the USAF), for our picture. To me, at least, this indicates a sentimental streak. In "Homecoming" he also wore the same surgeon's outfits that were made for him thirteen years ago for "Men in White." The only picture in his dressing room is one of the most unflattering caricatures ever drawn of him, which he thinks is enormously amusing.

His hair is graying slightly at the temples. Gals find this an additional appeal. He ignores it. For stories purposes at the beginning of "Homecoming" we had it touched up. Then in a hospital scene in which Gable, as the surgeon, is slushing himself thoroughly before an operation, some of the tint washed off. With his usual wry humor Gable said: "I've gone into this scene young and came out old!"

Gable manages an incredible amount of reading which makes him one of the best informed men I know. Somehow he finds time for all the local papers, news magazines and all the important new books. In the latter he continually looks for screen material and often finds it. For example, he read "Command Decision" when it was just off the presses. He persuaded the studio to buy it as a possible screen vehicle for one Gable—before it was rewritten to become a Broadway hit play.

I don't know quite how Gable finds the leisure for this reading, for he is predominantly a man of action. During four days off he painted the exterior of his ranch house in Encino. Before production started he rebuilt the fences and laid all the pipe for a new sprinkling system, pruned his trees, replanted and cultivated large sections of his twenty acres, played golf and went on several fishing trips.

Our friendship happily has somehow survived despite my complete lack of interest in the outdoor exercise he likes so well. To me he's just another star. Five years; he's been away! We've never shared a meal. He sent flowers with a note saying, "You were the best teacher I ever had." And he meant it.

Still, I cannot say I exactly agree with one old fan, an 81-year-old Toronto woman who wrote him recently, "For fifteen years I've been trying to figure why you and I are your favorite actor. Now I know it's your boyishness. You appeal to the mother instinct in all women, You're the kind of son I'd like to have.

I'm more inclined to believe that Gable has been, is and will be for many more years almost any woman's idea of what a man should be like.

At my home I have a large guest book in which Gable several years ago wrote, "Thanks for believing in me back in 1930." If ever he asked me to inscribe a similar book I could think of nothing more apt to say than, "I never changed my mind."
NEW GRAND SLAM
IN LIPSTICK SHADES...
TANGEE'S PINK OF PERFECTION

"PINK QUEEN"

"Dazzling as a Diamond"

Tangee's new "Pink Queen" is Leap Year's "come hither" color—but definitely!
It's bright. It's light. It's fashion right.
And, of course, like all Tangee super-shades, it goes on easier...stays on longer. Yes, that summer romance is in the cards with "Pink Queen"—Tangee's pink of perfection!

Seven Super-Shades

by Tangee

RED MAJESTY  MEDIUM RED
GAY-RED THEATRICAL RED
RED-RED NATURAL
PINK QUEEN

Joan Blondell
Glamorous star, says: "Pink lipstick—the Hollywood craze and "Pink Queen" is the perfect pink."

Tangee
THE WORLD'S NO. 1 LIPSTICK
NEW! Shasta beauty cream shampoo leaves your hair more beautiful all 3 ways!

Shasta is safe, kind to hair. Makes mountains of lather even in hardest water. Removes flaky, unlovely dandruff, too. And doesn’t spill or run into eyes.

Hurry! For more beautiful hair all three ways—get Shasta. Convenient sizes. All toiletries counters.

NEW! Procter & Gamble’s amazing Shasta—the beauty cream shampoo.

NEW! Fragrant, satiny Shasta cream-cleanses your hair . . . beautifies your hair all 3 ways—as no soap—bar or liquid—will! In one Shasta shampoo, your hair will have

• that lustrous “alive” look!

• that sm-o-o-oth-as-satin look!

• that soft, caressable look!

YES, ALL 3! Yet your hair has “body”—it’s not limp, not dried out.

STARLET
Lola Deem

rates far higher in RKO Studio screen test after a Shasta Beauty Cream Shampoo!

Recently discovered by RKO, Lola says she proved “100% more glamorous” in pictures after her first Shasta shampoo. “Before-and-after photographs show the difference!” beams Lola, “My hair suddenly became shining, soft and smooth!”

NEW! Procter & Gamble’s amazing Shasta—the beauty cream shampoo.

NEW! Fragrant, satiny Shasta cream-cleanses your hair . . . beautifies your hair all 3 ways—as no soap—bar or liquid—will! In one Shasta shampoo, your hair will have

• that lustrous “alive” look!

• that sm-o-o-oth-as-satin look!

• that soft, caressable look!

YES, ALL 3! Yet your hair has “body”—it’s not limp, not dried out.

A cool eyelet pique blouse and a black cotton skirt by Diane Fritt, for that “crisp as lettuce” look. A back skirt zipper whittles away the waist and hips. Blouse sizes 32-38. $3.00. Skirt sizes 10-16. $10.95 at Lipman Wolfe & Co., Portland, Ore.

Cobblers gold kid sandals
Heinemann gold kid flowers
For stores in your vicinity see page 89
Marsha Hunt is another Hollywood girl who has added a Broadway hit play to her acting laurels. Her expressive eyes and lovely low speaking voice are two of her many assets. She'll next be seen in the Edward Small production, Eagle Lion's "Raw Deal"
Martha Hyer is a slim dark-eyed lovely who will be seen next in the Independent Artists Picture "The Velvet Touch," an RKO release
A two-piece stripe of Cohama spun for your cool summer wardrobe. By Ted Cohen in black with lime, rose or blue stripes. Sizes 10-20. $7.95 at The Hecht Co. (Cotton Shop), Washington, D. C., and Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.

For Stores in your vicinity see page 89

Jeanne Cagney, Jimmy's sister, is a vivacious blonde who loves everything connected with being in pictures. Her next is the Cagney Production, "The Time of Your Life."
Party Promenade

(Continued from page 61) noon at producer Joe Pasternak's house. Mocambo and the adjoining Champagne Room had been taken over for the affair and the walls of both restaurants were literally lined with gardens. The most beautifully gownned gal at the whole party was undoubtedly Nora Flynn. Errol wasn't with her, but his "stand-in" (for whatever way) Bruce Cabot was dancing her around in her soft blue, floaty costume of net—yards and yards of it. Over this skirt starting at the waistline was a draped-to-the-back bustle effect of soft blue satin. The form-fitting bodice was of blue satin too. She's wearing her hair short and fluffy, as are most Hollywood belles these days. Nora has given her blondness a reddish tint.

This summer, she has found her style to be all-of-a-tone. White with white, black with black, natural with natural, etc. White is just the most popular in everything from linens to woolens—with cool and chic looking black a close second.

Aside from clasping a real flower to pearl chokers or ribbons about the neck, as we told you so many of the gals are doing, "something new has been added." With the mad yearning that all the femmes seem to have for diamond chokers and diamond necklaces, "way out of reach for most of the belles in this world, the Hollywood glamour-pusses use substitutes." Myrna Dell started it when she clasped her two diamond clips to a strand of small pearls (all one size pearls—not graduated). She then went to herself one better by buying a double strand of very small pearls and attaching one clip to the upper strand (at the center of her neck) and the other to the lower strand—a little off side. Even with good rhinestone clips, the effect is stunning when worn like this.

A knockout hot weather outfit is the all-black, day-through-evening costume that Doris Day has. It's a raven silk black Shantung, with square-cut tiny sleeves) buttoning with tiny brilliants right down the front from the high neckline to the waist. Skirt, calf length, is softly flared. The dressiness of the jeweled buttons is offset by a full, swinging short jacket (collarless) with soft push-up sleeves. With dead white gloves—or any brightly colored ones—this looks so smart, with or without a hat. Such an outfit, with simple, striking accessories, always manages to look casual and ultra at the same time. It is especially good with a big black cartwheel hat.

Paramount's star, Edith Head, says that the shorter skirts are already here and that this year's fashions by end of fall will be totally passé again! Now we ask you! According to Edith, Eastern girls have already well started the up-swing, with summer fashions remaining long for evening resort wear (ballet length mostly) but the new wools for fall have shorter, slimmer skirts. She's already designing Gail Russell's clothes for new productions with this in mind. . . . Speaking of Gail, she breezed into the Brown Derby for lunch in a collarless cap-sleeved dress of coral wool jersey that was a real stunner. It would be ideal in any color for fall, winter or any season with or without coats. The rather snug bodice was long-waisted, but-toned down the front with self-cuff buttons. The skirt was circular and calf-length. For a color note, she wore an antique gold mesh belt, rather wide and with a big antique gold buckle. She also wore an antique gold pin at her shoulder and a gold charm bracelet from which dangled everything but a set of dishes, making a lot of smart noises. This is a really good basic dress for all kinds of jewelry and accessories. You can make a complete "change of costume," if you just wear a bright scarf or hunk of colored fabric as a belt, cummerbund fashion.

Ann Blyth is a play-clothes gal. She has a three-piece outfit of green, black and white stripes of gay cotton pique. The flowing ballerina length skirt with stripes is worn with a short fitted blouse of black cotton. The strapless bathing-suit part of the ensemble has a halter neckline and its material matches the striped skirt. Therefore, when the bathing-suit top is worn with the skirt, and the black cotton blouse put aside, it's also an "after dress."

You just can't underestimate the value of cotton these days—and nights. There's that semi-formal gown of June Allyson's—with its voluminous skirt of white organdy appliquéd with leaves and flowers of dead white cotton lace. At the waist there are bunches of bright yellow jonquils. And peeping out from underneath the ballet-length skirt is a petticoat and frioned with yards of deep eyelet embroidery. A fold of white pique at the top of the bodice forms a low square-cut neckline, while the bodice is high in the back. June wears bright yellow satin sandals to match the jonquils at her waist.

Joan Caulfield came back from New York with a bunch of new duds. Not the least of the bunch is the "blazer suit" of soft, lightweight, hand-loomed wool. The boxy jacket is pink and green striped (but not too bright) and the skirt is of a green sheer wool that matches the stripes in the jacket. She wears either dead white or green silk shirts with it. Green alligator shoes and gloves finish off this neat and natty daytime suit.

The End

Instant
New Glamor

Yours with Life Bra's "Figure Type" Fit

- Here's why—each of Life Bra's nine separately designed pieces is changed in proportion not only for size and cup width, but for every variation in your exact figure type! Be fitted—see the difference instantly!

Life-Bras

from $1.25
White, Nude, Black, Blue
At All Better Stores

It only takes A LITTLE IMAGINATION to win a personally autographed picture of your favorite star. All you have to do is write and tell us in twenty-five words or less why he or she is your favorite.

If you're among the ten best, you're a winner!

Send your entries to: Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

My favorite star is

Winners of last month's contest: Susan Donald, Redwood City, Cal.; Gloria Bruno, Garden City, N. Y.; Bernice Harriman, East Rye Gate, Vt.; Joanne Coultrap, Cadiz, O.; Erma Wilson, Hartford, Conn.; Stephanie Homanek, Cudahy, Wis.; Elizabeth A. Parker, San Antonio, Tex.; Barbara Umbohy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Shirley A. Merritt, Raywick, Ky.; Barbara Jean Coolidge, Borchard, Nebr.

Formfit "Tailored-To-Fit"

Made only by the Formfit Company, Chicago, New York

87
**Diana Lynn's** dress designed by Mary Grant for United Artists' "Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven"

This is a dress that turns heads your way for another look. It has flattering cut and beguiling belt interest. The hip line is slimming, the soft skirt flares gracefully. Wear it and keep cool, even on very hot days, for the neckline and sleeves are designed for air-conditioning. Ask to see Bates "Sun Country" fabrics when you buy this refreshing wearable Photoplay Pattern.

*For stores selling Photoplay Patterns see page 89*
“The simpler the clothes the more effectively they show off the girl who is wearing them.” Mary Grant declares. Miss Grant believes that screen clothes, however expensive, should be related to the needs of women in everyday life.

In designing the wardrobe for Diana Lynn in “Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven,” Miss Grant had a problem. The clothes Diana wears had to look as though they could be bought any place in America at reasonable prices. It also was important, of course, that the clothes be becoming to Miss Lynn, that they be interesting but not over-complicated or elaborate—outfits that would appeal to Miss Average America. Throughout her designing Miss Grant stresses the pairing of accessories with basic, functional clothes. Therefore, there are ideas in this movie that will help you in the selection of your wardrobe. We chose the dress on the opposite page from Diana Lynn’s screen wardrobe as Photoplay’s Pattern of the Month because we found it both exciting and completely wearable.

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:

Eyelet Blouse and Black Skirt
Brilliant Sportswear
1410 Broadway,
N. Y. C.

Polka-dot Sheer
Kay Dunbill
1350 Broadway
N. Y. C.

Striped Spun
Ted Cohen
960 Avenue of the Americas
N. Y. C.

Black with Marquisette Insets
Dartford Deb
1400 Broadway,
N. Y. C.

Stores Selling Photoplay Patterns
Gimbels,
New York, N. Y.

The Hecht Company
Washington, D. C.

AMERICA'S LOVELIEST GIRLS WEAR THEM

Powers Model SLIPS

Rosemary Calligan
—Powers Model

"In modeling, my slip must be skin-smooth—it must not ride up, twist or pull at seams—AND THIS IS IT! It’s my pet slip."

At your favorite store in the newest fashion colors, about $4.

Interested in a Modeling career?
Write for free booklet
“A Word About Modeling”
by John Robert Powers

MOVIE STAR inc.
159 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Dept. P-1

89
Light-as-Air!

two 'n one

Panti-Belt

by Gluttee

It's a garter belt
It's a panty
It's TWO-'N-ONE

And it's wonderful!
Here's the quick-convenient way to keep your stockings sleek and smooth. Here's the cool, comfortable way to step into a panty that's a garter belt as well. Buy your TWO-'N-ONE Panti-Belt today in lace lastex and run-proof rayon Jersey. Pink, blue, black, white and mauve. Small, medium and large. About $2.

At leading underwear counters all over America. For store nearest you, write:

GLUVTEX CORPORATION
33 East 33rd Street, New York City
by the makers of “Snuggies”

Bing’s My Dish

(Continued from page 45) "Golf, I guess," he said. "You see, Elsa, golf I play myself. Other people ride the horses. That which you do yourself is always more fun."

I'll long remember Bing at that party at the Greensbriar, white-tie, casual and fun. It was given by Robert Young, chairman of Chesapeake and Ohio, to promote the reopening of this beautiful hotel. The party cost $65,000 and received hundreds of the thousands of dolls' worth of publicity. It looked for a little time as if Bing, although he was at the party would not be of it. "I'll stick with my golf pals," my look meaning much. Famous players as Henry Cotten, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead who also were guests. He made it quite evident in his quiet friendly way that the gay nonsense of the party was not his dish and he did agree to officiate at the drawing of the numbers of the amateurs and professionals who would play in the big tournament. The drawing took place on Friday night. The match was Saturday preceding the great Diamond Ball that evening.

"I'll see you alone sometime," he told me. Bing and I are old friends. "All this—in the gay lounge and on the greens, isn't for me."

Maybe it wasn't for him. But he was for it. For the instant he came in Friday night for the drawing he was surrounded. How he managed to be at the party for two or three days before this without most people knowing he was there I don't know. It is the sort of thing he manages brilliantly although it seems impossible to other celebrities.

HENRY TALBOT, the great industrialist came up to me that evening and said "Elsa, I would like to meet Mr. Crosby."

"I saw your new picture, The Emperor Waltz," for the second time," he told Bing, "when it was shown here last night. I had seen it earlier with Miss Maxwell."

Mr. Crosby had a private showing in New York. But I enjoyed it tremendously, both times, although I do not like pictures."

Bing was quietly appreciative. No king ever wielded a greater charm.

"Glad you liked it," he answered.

"It's just a little picture. It doesn't mean much. But it's amusing, Elsa, don't you think Joan Fontaine is beautiful in it?"

"She is indeed." I told him. "But my favorite scene is that in which you're up in the mountains yodelling."

"What about the mountain scenery, Elsa? Wasn't it great? And what about that French poodle? When I saw your poodle I knew I was a dead pidge. Nobody can compete with a French poodle."

Always any compliment or flattery makes Bing pleasantly shy. Hasn't I offered to be a critic of his new movie, he would have prolonged the conversation, questioned me carefully, endeavors to discover just where for me it had gone wrong.

Bing showed me a picture during the several days that Greensbriar house party and was convinced that no one who didn't know him would ever associate him with the movies. He would seem to them quiet, unassuming, likable guy. No picture or show or a picture one whit better is never too much trouble.

In the last fifteen years, since he began being successful, he has become not only a dear, incredibly rich, but incredibly loved. And, incredibly, no one is jealous of him. Whether Bing wins the Academy Award, or is offered such a fabulous contract as $2.5 million (whereby he will make two pictures a year for the next two years), or wins the Photoplay Gold Medal for four consecutive times, as he did this year, or pulls in the biggest name in junket for the season, the comment is always the same, "It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy."

THE END
Marriage Is Such Fun

(Continued from page 59) I'm not silly. You lost something. You found it.

Veronica: This is a toll call. Will you please stop talking and listen? I've found our house.

Andre: No!

Veronica: Yes!

Andre: All right. If it has a roof on it, we'll move in.

Veronica: That's just the trouble—it hasn't.

Andre: I'm a busy man. It's not like you to call up and start making jokes.

Veronica: We can put on a roof.

Andre: Oh yes. I will stop work now—get some shingles and nails, and—

Veronica: I told the man we'd take it.

Andre: Oh.

You see how simple everything is. We didn't promise each other a thing. So I went out and looked at the house. Of course, the house didn't have a roof. There weren't any floors in the place. Or trees. What I thought were trees, from a distance were simply tall weeds. And to anyone accustomed to living in Hollywood, this place was a suburb of San Francisco.

But it was a dream that no amount of wishful thinking could have created. Twenty-three and a half acres and back of that, some scrubby trees and vestiges of the Mission Road.

"There must be at least a thousand sheep on that next hill," I said to Veronica, trying to be casual.

"Yes," she said. "It's wonderful. When they can't sleep, they can count us."

So, because we had to move out of our Beverly Hills home in two days... because this was the sort of place I'd always wanted... because I couldn't say no and live... and because we had the down payment—it took us just two hours to acquire our permanent home.

The next night I left for the Utah location of "Ramrod" in a peaceful frame of mind. Veronica was safe at home with the children and her cousin, Helen. Not until I arrived home did I discover that my dear wife had sat up most of the night, a .38 automatic in her lap.

Seems they'd heard footsteps shortly after dark. Then Veronica looked up to see a head of blond hair pass the window. Helen turned on all the lights. Veronica turned them out.

"I saw a movie once," she said. "If we sit around in the light, we're a sure target. If we sit in the dark, whoever it is outside will be the target."

Veronica is not a bad markswoman, but she didn't have a chance that night. The next morning, still prowling after the prowler, she found him—I mean her—a mother opossum and her two little fur babies.

Mother had been nervously pacing back and forth at the windows, looking in at the intruders and making sounds like human footsteps. Fortunately, I was not present. For, unlike Veronica, I probably would have put four bullets in the ceiling, driven the dogs a little crazy and wakened the neighbors for five miles.

Before we were married, I'd heard some things about Veronica. Of course, Veronica had heard some things about me, too. But we never found out our important characteristics until after marriage.

I had always assumed that I was a competent human being who took critical events in a calm stride. Veronica, I reasoned, would quite likely go to pieces a little under severe strain. So as the birth of our son approached, I was prepared to be a considerable comfort to her. For months I had been correcting the doctor.
You're invited to a wedding

Every day—Monday thru Friday—
you're an important guest at a very
important wedding. You're in on the
excitement, the thrills, the romance of
a brand new bride and groom. And
your host for the big day is genial
John Nelson, m.c. of the "Bride and
Groom" program. Share this delight-
ful half hour with him every day.

Listen every Monday thru Friday to
"Bride and Groom"

Over All Stations of the American
Broadcasting Co.

Read "My True Romance" by John Nelson
in the August issue of TRUE ROMANCE
magazine... the true story of his own
courtship and marriage.
To be truthful, we seem to be too busy, to apply much mental strain to our marriage. For example, while we had a home but no sensible roof over our heads, there was the matter of putting up a pup tent in the nursery. That was the only way to keep the children dry when the deluge came. Elaine and Michael didn't want to give up the pup tent when the roof was finally on. We had to convince them that there was really going to be a finished house someday, and who were they to stand in the way of progress?

The other day Veronica said to me, as I arrived home from town: "Something happened this afternoon. Michael crawled into the cement mixer and the children were trying to get it started." I had a little talk with Michael. Then I noticed that he had a black eye.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"In school," he replied. "I took Jimmy's girl away."

I don't worry about my son, though. When I don't hear him around, dismantling the house only slightly slower than it's being put together, I go outside and whistle. Somewhere in the waving grass of the field below I'll see Red come running hell bent—and behind him Michael's head bobbing up and down.

At first the country frightened Veronica and me a little. Now we love it. Which reminds me. For Veronica's birthday which is next November 14th, I am giving her three brand-new assorted varieties of trees. I'm certain she'll be happier to see me drive into the yard with these loaded on a truck, than if I showed up with an orchid in one hand and some sort of necklace in the other.

Somehow, I may have given the impression that we're turning into farmers. That isn't so. Of course, we do have a flock of chickens. Maybe there'll be a cow one of these days, too, but that department is run by the children.

And we hope we're not going to lose too many of our friends because we live twenty-five miles from Hollywood. To ensure ourselves against that, we're building a walk-in icebox as a part of the inside-outside kitchen. That way people who drop in can pick out their own steaks and hold their own barbecue, even if we've been called out on an emergency, such as the birth of a new calf.

The swimming pool is now only a set of stakes in the ground. Eventually it will be just outside our living room window—far enough away so that no guest will be tempted to leap from his chair and into the water.

Our house has a roof now. In a month or so the new play patio for the baby on the way will be completed. The children's room is nearly complete, so that the nursery can become my study.

Then I can sit back and think up a few promises to make to Veronica. I might even get around to proposing to my wife. I neglected that item before we were married.

In fact, there was so much confusion that a policeman stationed outside the house refused to let me in for the ceremony. I never would have taken part in it if Veronica hadn't suddenly wondered where I was.

As I write these last lines, I am looking forward to the sort of peaceful, routine marriage the magazine psychologists recommend. The only interruption is a loud squawk from the kitchen, and a voice yelling, "Bundy—come quick—look what's happened now?"

Who's that? Why, The Professor—our pet parrot. He's the living proof that our marriage must be working out quite well. He hasn't even learned to swear!

The End
Is your daughter ashamed to ask about these Intimate Physical Facts?

Before She Marries — Make Sure She Learns The REAL TRUTH!

Mother! Your daughter has a right to know how necessary vaginal douching is to cleanliness, health, marriage happiness, to combat odor, and after menstrual periods. In fact, today it's not a question of douching but rather what to put in the douche.

And certainly both you and your daughter should realize no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE. Scientific tests have proved this to be so!

Developed By A World-Famous Surgeon and Scientist

Pity the old-fashioned woman who, from ignorant advice passed along by friends, still uses salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. Foolish girl! Doesn't she realize these 'kitchen makeshifts' are NOT germicides in the douche—that they never in the world can assure you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE?

Some day you'll realize the importance of using a germicide intended for vaginal douching. So why not benefit by ZONITE now? Buy it today.

A Modern Miracle

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury, no harsh acids—over-strong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even impair functional activity of mucous glands. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. ZONITE is absolutely non-irritating, non-poisonous, non-burning.

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing, clinging waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can BE SURE ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Complete douching directions with every bottle. Any drugstore.

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For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PI-88, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ______ State __________

I Remember Irene

(Continued from page 36) There is the story Tom and I chuckle over. The tea-cup story we call it. I had really shopped, one Christmas, to find a shell thin cups and saucers for the Griffin gift. When I found what I wanted, I was enchanted with them. I loved the pattern and delicacy of the china. Irene was delighted to receive them. Months later, one evening, after we'd dined with Irene and Frank, I exclaimed over the cups. Quickly and characteristically Irene said, "I'll give them to you." It was obvious she'd forgotten they were my gift to her. Forthrightly, I said, "Why, Irene, I gave them to you!" There was the barest flicker behind her eyes. Then sweetly, calmly, acutely, "But as you love them so much I was sure you'd let me return them to you." That's our girl!

Casual and conscientious... Irene's invitations are almost toss-offs. "We're having some people in for dinner. If you'd like to come you'll probably enjoy meeting them and they'll probably like you, too. Dinner's around seven or seven-thirty. Wear what you like." So you go. And you dress. And you meet the most expertly selected combination of guests. Folks who strike the conversational spark, whose enthusiasms and information make the evening memorable. The dinner is perfect. And on such occasions Irene's eyes are alert. Every detail is important—nothing is forgotten.

Calm and determined... No one, friend or co-worker, can quote an argument with the lady. She never says "no" to a suggestion no matter how unresponsive she is to it. Her tact is unlimited. She says with deceptive lack of emphasis, "I just think maybe that isn't the best thing to do." It's a silly person who, hours or days or weeks later, thinks to persuade her otherwise.

Our real friendship dates from the night of a party at Elsa Maxwell's. My engagement to Tom had just been announced. Congratulations were many and extravagant. Irene's was typical—warm, straightforward, sincere. Frank stood behind her, beaming at me. Backing her up, as always, "We've known Tom a long time and now we know you. This will be a good and right marriage. We are especially happy for Tom." That was the precise moment I lost my "acquaintances-can't-be-friends" theory. She and Frank knew Tom so well—they knew me so little. They made me so welcome into their love for Tom.

Fragile and strong... There is, of course, the obvious physical contrast in this category. Irene is slender, unhurried, feminine. And, surprisingly, one of the sturdiest, athletic golfers in town. I know that her game is the envy of most of the female courses. She's a clever capricious ball over the courses. But it is not this physically fragile and strong contrast that I admire. It's the delicacy with which she lives her philosophy and the stamina she brings to her proof of it. Frank and Irene have been married more than a little while. They are tried and true partners. Frank's smile is sweet and warm, reflecting his deep and unverbal affection for human beings. His quiet, his unobtrusiveness makes him the kind of person one takes for granted.

So that day a few years ago, when he was suddenly stricken, the shock was shattering. "Not Frank!" That anything could happen to Frank was unbelievable to all of us. And most of all—to Irene.

It was in the long weeks and months which followed that Irene played her greatest role. Her career did not exist.
She lived for two weeks at the hospital. Her world lay still in the adjoining room. A man's heartbeat measured the passing hours. It was while Frank was, in a manner of speaking, absent from the scene, that Hollywood became aware of his stature. Recognized his strength and fineness. Understood his wife's devotion.

Frank came slowly back from the far places and Irene breathed normally again. Our hearts rejoiced. Everything was as it was before. No, I can't say that. On the surface, maybe. But underneath we've all a new appreciation of Frank. A valuation of his infinite capacity for interest and concern for every one of us—from our son Christopher, his godchild, to Miss Shankley, our housekeeper.

When Tom and I got to our room the night of the Academy Awards, I found a note on my pillow. It was signed "Frank and Irene" and its content, brief and forthright, is too close to be shared. Earlier that day we'd had a four-way phone conversation and I'd assured Irene there was no chance of my winning.

When we got home from church the next morning the Griffins were parked in the driveway. They were bubbling with happiness. The famous Griffin calm was nonexistent. I know that if the Oscar had been in Irene's possession they would have been calm. But their delight for me had unbridled excitement in it.

SEEMS, night before, the Griffins had gone to bed early with the radio tuned to the Awards program. They were relaxed and ready to go to sleep as soon as the final announcement was made. When the surprise of my name hit their ears they jumped from their beds, rushed to their dressing rooms, dressed frantically. Then ensued the one incoherent scene in my memory book of them.

"We'll get right down there," they said as they met, fully dressed, in their room.

"Yes," they chorused as Frank found his car keys. "We'll have to hurry," said Irene.

"They'll expect us," said Frank. They started down the stairs.

"We'd better go right backstage"—Irene.

"She'll be awfully busy"—Frank.

"Maybe we'd better go right to Mocambo"—Irene.

"Nobody expects us at that party"—Frank.

"What party?"—Irene.

"I don't know"—Frank.

They were at the door now. They turned blankly toward each other as their hands met on the doorknob. They burst into hilarious laughter. "What are we doing here?" Irene giggled as Frank boomed, "Where do we think we're going anyway?" They laughed and laughed and sank on the steps—and laughed some more.

Then, Frank rebolted the door, turned out the lights and they went back upstairs chinking. Irene called our house, dictated their little note, asked that it be put on my pillow. And then, lights out, they talked back and forth, picturing my surprise, delight, excitement.

By the time they finished their recounting we were all at the breakfast table. Irene kept looking at me. "You deserved it," she repeated. "You deserved it." And, "I'm glad—glad."

The sincerity, the heartwarming unselfishness in her eyes brought a lump to my throat. Because I knew, somehow, she'd have said the same, "You deserve it," out of her loyalty and affection and understanding, though in a different tone of voice, if I hadn't come home with Oscar clutched in my hand.

She is a person of importance, my friend Mrs. Frank Griffin. She is an actress of rare and authentic ability, my friend Irene Dunne.

THE END
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Star In Your Home

(Continued from page 57) in both rooms, I put a cornice up against the ceiling. This touch of architectural detail prevents any look of bareness. The bedspread and pillows of Paullette's bed I covered in a matching cloth of gold, without the plaid.

Since neither of this apartment's bedrooms is large, the furniture needed to be kept at a minimum. I got a day bed for Buzz, put Roman-striped bolsters at either end. That bit of nonsense you see hanging over it is merely the same fabric as the curtains, trimmed with bright ball-fringe, and looped over a curved hook. It gives dramatic emphasis to an otherwise drab wall and it couldn't be simpler to make. It is a perfectly straight piece of the fabric. The draping over the hook does the decorative trick. Buzz's room being too small for dresser space, I moved some of his dressers into the large closet off the bedroom—the balance of both his and Paullette's into the living room.

Don't rear back at that remark. These are new, very decorative chests, that open at a touch, thereby eliminating knobs and handles, and permitting their use anywhere in a house.

The Meredith's bare living room was certainly the low of nothing when I started with it. I put in steps to lead what became a terrace instead of merely the roof over the floor below. The steps serve several other purposes, too.

One is tricking you into believing the living room itself is higher and larger. It gives a second "convivial corner," or what Paullette calls "her after-dinner coffee corner." The gold-painted, wooden slats, woven together, by hand, with gold, maroon, ceral and green woods is a pattern typical of Dorothy Leibis, distinguished designer of decorating fabrics. You can weave such blinds for yourself by going over and under every other slat with brightly-colored woods.

Paullette is an art collector and any place built for her must take cognizance of this fact. I chose the main corner of her living room as the focal point for her best paintings. In order to let the pictures hang at the best eye level, I bought especially low, comfortable chairs, made with the very new foam rubber and covered in beige. They are all actually separate, but can be put together into a couch.

I completed the room with tables in modern lines and a chest identical with the one in the dining room. With the addition of two big lounge chairs in gold, two straight chairs and two armchairs— the room was then ready for either large or small conversation groups.

One of the greatest virtues of "modern" furniture is its adaptability to small rooms. So for the dining room I got as narrow, simple chairs as I could and kept everything else in scale. I had two wallpaper-covered screens at either side of the window instead of drapes. These, you can make for yourself, too, if you are ambitious and thrifty. Again, shooting at the height illusion, I carried their line up to the ceiling, a principle you would, of course, reverse if you want to lower the general effect.

I especially recommend this type of furnishing for an apartment to young people, who may be planning to build their own home some at later date. The plain chests in the living room and bedroom could become bedroom chests in a large house. The foam rubber chairs could serve in a patio or playroom.

The End

Next month, I'll write about dressing rooms, closets and baths. Or, perhaps I should say, I'll try to throw some light on a frequently very dark subject.
The Mickey Flynn

(Continued from page 49) a seacoast town on the island of Tasmania. For sheer do and dare these adventures outdid anything Warner Brothers could think up. He'd taken care of that bit of eulogistic scribbling. "You kill me," he had written. "I love it, of course, but you know I'm not even brave at home, now don't you?"

A little further on where we had attempted to show Errol's consideration for others, his kindness and even his gentleness, by quoting Clark Gable, who had remarked upon these qualities in him, we encountered another penciled rebuke. "Now why do you suddenly start talking about Gable?"

Gable howled when we told him later. Errol's pride in Nora, his beautiful wife, is touching, and where we had referred to her with deep affection he'd written, "Now you're cookin', kid," which frankly isn't worthy of Flynn at all. His caustic wit falters when it concerns Nora and only once, in reference to her, did he resort to the humorous. We'd related how Nora was the realistic, the less emotional member of the family, who, through meals, constantly cautioned her husband to eat. We'd told how one evening, Mr. Flynn, who seemingly eats nothing, went right on drawing imaginary maps on the tablecloth with his fork.

"Now here's Jamaica," he had said.
"Eat your dinner," Nora had interrupted.
"And here's Haiti."
"Where's Haiti?" Nora had asked.
"Here."
"You're wrong. It's a piece of noodle. Eat your dinner."

Beneath this anecdote Errol had penciled—"well, if she'd learn to cook ... No, strike that out! Mine has been a turbulent life, peace. That's me."

Nora Eddington Flynn, of course, is only amused at her husband's kidding comments. Her unaffectedness and honesty, plus an understanding beyond her twenty-three years, are qualities that constantly elicit pride in her husband.

RECENTLY, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn met Nora for the first time in Palm Springs. "My dear young lady," he said, "you should be in pictures!" Nora lifted her eyebrows. "Why, Mr. Goldwyn, that's the very line Flynn gave me years ago." While Mr. Goldwyn was recovering, Nora explained that Mr. Flynn was her husband.

"This was no crack," Errol penciled in under this anecdote in our manuscript. "Just an ingenious honest comment. No pretense. No guile. Just Nora, the person."

Just as there is no guile in Nora, there is little conceit in Errol. Basically and above all surface imperfections, he is instinctively a gentleman. Deeply sensitive, he's easily thrown for a loop by a blow to his pride, or an insult to his intelligence. His humor is sharp and snaps with a zing. He's nervous and highly strung as a cat sensing the eerie.

Come to think of it, his walk has the tread of a feline and his eyes their tawny color. And so help us if the Flynn pencil ever got round to these words, he'd kill us dead with a pencil of lead—bless his heart.

Errol possesses little or no vanity. He neither preens nor fusses. After a heated game of tennis and an hour in his own steam room he is liable to emerge with a large Turkish towel wrapped about his throat and forget it's there throughout the rest of the day.

Alone with Nora or a guest, he's apt to sit in a bathroom, perhaps the yellow one given him by Nora and rakishly dotted with wolf heads as a kidding suggestion. There is no formality, no swanky pre-
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The End

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Temple Lullaby

(Continued from page 33) argument. “But they are never serious,” he had smiled. “We try to get one another’s viewpoint about things.” Since John himself has become an actor—and a darn good one, I might add—he said he understood many things about having a career he hadn’t had patience with before.

And, as Shirley and I talked, I was amazed at the adjustments she has made. For instance, she loathes poker, but John loves it, so she is trying to learn.

“John and my Dad were up at Del Monte playing golf,” Shirley told me, “So last night I invited our close friends, Joyce Reynolds and Don Gallery (Zasu Pitts’s son) in for an evening of poker. I wanted to learn some fine points and surprise John when he came back. I guess I was pretty bad,” she sighed. “Don and Joyce didn’t stay very long! I can’t get as enthused over football as John does, either,” she went on, “and he isn’t as crazy about tennis as I. But we’re both trying.”

It is obvious that these little things of marriage are far more important in the young bride’s eyes than the fact that she is more famous than her good-looking husband and makes more money. In the years I have known Shirley, I have never heard her talk about money.

LUCKILY, I doubt if this will ever prevent her from hurting to him because John has no reluctance about all our finances. He very frankly told me, “I pay all the household and food expenses out of my salary. But Shirley buys her own clothes. That particular item is way out of my pocketbook limits.”

What wise youngsters they are. Instead of skirting problems that have wrecked some Hollywood marriages, these two kids bring them out in the open—and then forget them.

Shirley gets an enormous kick out of reading John’s fan mail even when it is on the “smoochy” side. At first, they had thought it would be cute to send out pictures together. “But I changed his mind about that,” said Shirley flatly. “I told him, Charles Boyer and James Mason don’t send out pictures with their wives.”

“You know,” she began, suddenly very serious, “I’m trying not to be foolish about the baby. I tell myself she is quite all right and I don’t have to be looking at her every five minutes. But when I go out for just an hour’s shopping, I find myself dashing back like the house was on fire. I’m so afraid something important like the first time she talks or tries to stand up will happen while I am away.

“Already it makes me a little sad that she is outgrowing some of her littlest clothes. The only good thing about that is that she has so much—enough clothes for fifty babies—that we can send the outgrowns and the overflows to the Children’s Hospital.

“If there is any one thing I wish for my baby it is this: That she grows up to be independent, standing on her own feet, leading her own life. John and I will stand by her—but never to force her.

“Frankly, I don’t think we need worry much. She is already the most independent person I have ever seen. Why, she does just what she wants to—and she’s snooty about it, too.”

I had to laugh at that—a haughty baby at six months!

Well, this much I will wager—Miss Susie will have a little girl. For the happiest little girl the world has ever known is her mother.

THE END
She Says It with Music

(Continued from page 43) June pranced away to her own piping and she hasn’t stopped. She is doing ballet pirouettes now as Marilyn Miller in “Silver Lining,” saving Warner Brothers the anticipated expense of a double. June’s piccolo landed her in the first grade orchestra, from where June’s career rolled out like the barrel polka. She was a celebrity in Rock Island at thirteen. To a man of Mr. Dick Johnson’s master mold, who was known for his homey, regular virtuolds, Miss Haver’s record looked black. All Junie can cook to this day is split pea soup. Mr. Johnson, a steak man, had been around as long as Junie. He knew the score. He could tick off her record chronologically.

Miss Haver was formidable and in Mr. Johnson’s considered opinion a material threat to the profession. She pedaled sternly away but only around the block.

"OKAY," he said to the bleak career woman. "Hop on, but this is as far as it goes, understand." Miss Haver elatedly hopped. She wasn’t angling a diamond out of Mr. Johnson or even a mink; she was happy to settle for friendship.

A couple of years later she was attending high school in Beverly Hills, a sophomore. With her mother she had toured California with Ted-Prito’s orchestra. She persuaded mama to stay in Hollywood.

The door bell rang. The mailman delivered her a package. Inside a box was a paper bag tied elaborately with twine, inside the bag was a stuffing of paper and down, down, like a prize in a grab bag, a little cloisonne heart: From Dick Johnson to the Career Girl on his handlebars.

That’s all, understanding Dick is a family man now and June’s good friend. He was one of the celebrants of June Haver Day that lasted three days in Rock Island where the "Three Little Girls In Blue" was given its world premiere.

The mayor of Rock Island embraced Junie on that occasion and she left red lip prints on his bald head, whereupon he made her honorary mayor and retired. Mayor from tiny Rock Island towns rushed up expectantly. Corrages arrived on the hour.

In the parade Junie kept yelling "Hi" at old friends and calling them by nickname. She had memory. That weekend at the football game she kicked off her shoes and led the cheering. She was the girl on everyones’ handlebars.

She felt a little sad though, remembering one old friend, Wendell Wilkie was the second man in her life. Sort of a rebound from Mr. Johnson. June was fourteen then. Mr. Wilkie came to Rock Island on his campaign for presidency. She was his right hand at the banquet.

"I felt sorry for him," she said. "We were all Democrats."

Sympathy hatches love in the motherly bosom.

"He is the only man I have ever asked for an autograph," she said.

"Was it love?" she was asked.

"That’s what he said. I went out and made speeches for him. Me, a Democrat."

That’s as far as it went, understanding. Mr. Wilkie being out with Mr. Willkie’s autograph and Mr. Johnson’s cloisonne heart. June settled down in Beverly Hills to be a career woman, all foolishness behind her. She was pushing on sixteen.

Invigiling studios was not a great task for this seasoned trouper. She set her mind on the Fox handlebars and that’s where she set her 102 pounds.
Her first picture was “Home in Indiana” in 1944. Then she did “Irish Eyes Are Smiling” and “Where Do We Go From Here?” The answer to that was straight to stardom via “The Dolly Sisters.”

Romance flickered a promise on the set of “Irish Eyes Are Smiling.” June was at work on her coffee old algebra lesson with her teacher, between scenes, when she beheld a handsome apparition, the dance director. The dream didn’t last. A few days later he came on throttle in bandages. He had suffered a tonsillectomy.

“Where is my dream?” moaned Junie.

“On the operating table,” said her grim teacher.

Junie got a toothache, possibly as a nervous reaction. Dick Haymes packed her off to his dentist in Beverly Hills. Dr. John Duzik is a very personal dentist. He was the football hero of USC not so long ago. Almost instantly Junie’s toothache was made to go away and Dr. Duzik became the Family Friend.

Then Ted Flo-Rito’s band came to town with Jimmie Zito. Jimmie is only a few years older than Junie. They were the kids of the band when Junie toured with it. They went around together. After Junie settled in Beverly, Jimmie continued with the band. Every time it came around he popped in to see her. He was her oldest friend it seemed. Jimmie thought they should continue growing older together. He suggested flying off to Las Vegas and getting married. It seemed reasonable, everyone was doing it. But when it came to settling down afterward as old married folks they were a bust. They parted, reconciled, parted again finally in divorce last March.

“THAT!” says Junie with a definite flip of the hand, “is a closed book.”

“Not closing the marriage book entirely I hope!” cried an anguished male.

“Well,” said Miss Haver speculatively, “I want to have at least two babies, so I guess not.”

Asked if space had been reserved by the medical profession, she laughed. “D.D.S. you mean?”

“J.D. specifically.”

She said no, this was a democracy and her book was open to all professions irrespective of.

She likes radio men because they are quick, as she is, in putting things together. And of course, she adores writers, especially reporters. A Chicago cub at her Haver Day celebration in Rock Island could have taken her for a ride on his handlebars.

“I was being installed as honorary mayor,” she said. “Everyone was taking it big and solemn. Photographers and reporters stood around the room. The mayor had just installed me in his chair when this Chicago man yelled, ‘Put your feet on the desk and hold a cigar in your hand.’”

That’s Miss Haver’s dream of a man, for dignified occasions anyhow. There must be laughter and personality and sincerity. “Insincerity is a stain that ruins the whole ensemble,” she says.

Her extravagance is records and next books. She has a player and recorder in her bedroom, another in the den. There is always music floating through the Haver house, a two story Colonial, three minutes from the studio. Even the ash trays are in theme; they are shaped as fiddles and drums and piccolos.

The vicissitudes of love have not depressed the Career Girl. She still dreams.

“I dream in Technicolor,” she says.

“Reporters are fine in Technicolor,” said a reporter.

“Uh huh, their language is,” said Miss Haver, buoyantly accepting a ride on his handlebars.

The End
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In the September

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on sale August 11

Lois Butler: Her first picture, “Mickey,” a remake of an earlier star’s success, Mable Normand’s. Lois is seventeen, four feet ten, a coloratura soprano with great musical (highbrow) experience.

Universal-International

Here is a definitely experimental studio. In the past year it has done films as “different” as “A Double Life,” “All My Sons,” and “Letter from an Unknown Woman.” Its selection of new personalities shows this same range, the most sure-fire of whom would seem to be:

Don Taylor: His current picture is “The Naked City.” His next, “Everybody’s Sweetheart.” He was under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox before war got him—rediscovered by the late great Mark Hellinger. Tall, good-looking, like the most popular boy in an average town.

Sensitive, intelligent.


Shelley Winters: Current picture, “A Double Life.” Next picture, “The Great Gatsby.” Shelley is a wonderful body job. Stand out as the waitress in “A Double Life.” Being borrowed by other companies, an always sure sign of a hit.


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David Selznick
Selznick is a star-maker of acknowledged stature. You know the record—Bergman, Peck, Jones, Cotten, Madison, Fontaine, others. The four fledging stars in whom he most believes are:

John Agar: Current picture, "Fort Apache." Next picture, "Baltimore Escapade." Handsome, ingratiating. His studio likes his genuine humility and his wish to learn, which makes which all help him. He's married to Shirley Temple.


Rhonda Fleming: No current picture, until "Connecticut Yankee" gets out. Beautiful and sexy but career in balance until studio decides whether or not to share contract.

Louis Jourdan: Current picture, "Letter from an Unknown Woman," Next picture, "No Minor Vices." Tall, handsome, brooding, definitely across already. Has moved into top social spotlight faster than any newcomer, playing with the big producers, etc. This is an excellent success factor.

RKO
Now that Howard Hughes has bought the studio, no one knows for sure what will happen. This insecurity has caused RKO to drop some players it likes very much and not to sign some others it likes even more. Conscious in this list are:

Gloria Grahame: Her current picture "Crossfire." Her next "Roughshod." Her performance in "Crossfire" won her the Academy Award nomination for best supporting actress of the year—there were only five nominations. She is under contract to RKO.


Tim Holt: Current picture, "Arizona Ranger." Next picture, "Guns of Hate." Another veteran. Can't seem to escape "B" status at his home studio. Warner's about to sign him for another big one, like "Treasure of Sierra Madre," which may do the trick for him.


Joan Lorring: Last picture, "The Lost Moment." Forthcoming, "Good Sam." A little, intense girl, not easy to cast but highly effective in the right roles.

Jacqueline White: Current picture, "Return of the Bad Men." Next picture, "Mystery in Mexico." A color girl and very pretty, she is a hard luck girl. For example, started as Ma Baxter in "The Yearling," lost out because she looked too young and beautiful. No contract.

Lex Barker: Current picture, "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House." Next picture, "The Velvet Touch." He's 6'4", handsome, smart, a good bet and the new Tarzan.

Columbia
Columbia certainly discovers personalities, but is very uneven when it comes to handling them. Columbia is now backing three new people:

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3. Keep kitchen "inviting" to friends and yourself by re-decorating shelves with Royledge monthly. Fresh patterns make kitchen look like new, cost less than a penny a day. So easy. Strong double-edge Royledge is shelf paper and edging all-in-one. See gorgeous new Royledge patterns now at 5-and-10's, naborhood, hardware, dept. stores.

United Artists
United Artists isn't a studio. It's a releasing organization, putting out certain independent pictures. It hasn't, therefore, any stars or starlets under contract, but coming out in new United Artists' releases are three girls of very different types and backgrounds.

Jeanne Cagney: Jimmy and Bill's sister, she is in the Cagneys' "The Time of Your Life." No future picture scheduled, though Hollywood would be less than surprised if she turned up in the Cagney's production of "The Lion Is in the Streets." Another little girl with great dramatic intensity.


And that's it. The stars on whom we want you to vote. And what, you ask, was that thing we said about Guy Madison in the beginning?

The case of Guy is a typical example of the hidden factors that make or break success—in Hollywood or anywhere. Guy isn't temperamental, not at all. But he's still hard to cast, for he's young but not quite a kid; very handsome, but not instinctively an actor—good-humored but just a shade lazy and indulgent, so that he doesn't want to sacrifice all to his career.

Maybe he's right, too, in terms of human happiness. We are not going into that. But we repeat, those things influence the degree of success.

But your votes, your letters, your ticket buying—these will be the most potent factor of all. Which girl, which man among the new personalities presented this month, will you make stars? Cast your votes on the ballot on page 72, for your favorite actress and actor among them. The winners will be announced in the October issue. And following the announcement we will bring you frequent reports on the winners—together with portraits and informal pictures. In this way you will be able to follow the progress of those you have chosen.

The End
Lovely Dresses Given to You!

and earn up to $23.00 WEEKLY besides

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 Fall 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 are married or single—

WEAR IT with and without the dickey—a classic with a double life.

SUIT YOURSELF in soft, frost-striped COHAMA suiting—neat, trim, and tricky!

Free PORTFOLIO of LATEST FALL DRESSES or low as $3.98

VERSATILE SCARF makes a swingy new dress for every wearing.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE EXCEPTIONAL CASH EARNINGS LIKE THESE?

Marie Patton, Illinois—took in an average of $39 a week, this past year.

Mrs. Carl C. Birch, Maryland—earned an average of $36 a week—and loved every minute of it!

Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama—averaged $31.50 a week right in her home community.

housewife or employed—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 $23 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.

NO CANVASSING—NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Don't think you need experience. Every dress carries the famous seal of Good Housekeeping Magazine, and is sold on a Money Back Guarantee. When women see these exclusive styles—so different from run-of-the-mill dresses—so easy to buy without going to crowded stores—they just can't help but order 2 and 3 at a time! Women can't resist the alluring new fashions created especially by Constance Bennett, glamorous movie star and "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." Miss Bennett's name alone makes orders so easy, about all you have to do is write them down. What a pleasant way to take in steady cash earnings week after week! Can't you use a handy extra income—especially with Christmas coming on? And wouldn't you like your own lovely dresses without cost? Here's your chance. Just mail the coupon below!

START EARNING RIGHT AWAY!

So many women are taking this easy way to make money, there aren't too many openings left. So don't put it off. Get started earning extra money for the things you want. Your Style Portfolio—with samples of America's finest fabrics—is absolutely free. Make up your mind right now—then send the coupon. There's no obligation, nothing to pay. Paste the coupon on a post card, and mail it today!

Constance Bennett

...fascinating star of stage, screen, and radio. One of the world's ten best-dressed women. Designer for Fashion Frocks.

"My designs for these lovely Fashion Frocks were inspired by the $200 to $300 dresses that drew so many compliments when I wore them myself. I'm so proud to offer them at a tiny fraction of that cost."

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD—mail now!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk A2039, 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. Reserve my Free Portfolio and send me full information, without obligation.

Name.
Address.
City. Zone. State.

Age. Dress Size.

Fashion Frocks

INC.

DESK A2039, CINCINNATI 25, OHIO
COTTON CLASSICS FOR FUN AND FASHION!

Dorothy Cox, shown here in her salon, developed her keen color sense, her regard for detail, through the study of portrait painting. Now she lavishes all her talents on day-in, day-out, typically American fashions. Outstanding achievement? That classic favorite, the shirtwaist dress as tailored by McMullen!

Palest grey chambray is beguilingly feminine in this gently styled shirtwaist dress with its immaculate white tucked bosom and subtly flared skirt.

Dorothy Cox makes this sun-seeking dress with shoulder kerchief. Notice how beach-comber plaid cotton becomes a formal fabric in this undecorated style!

"Of all the different brands of cigarettes I've tried and compared, cool, mild Camels suit me best!" says Dorothy Cox.

"More people are smoking Camels than ever before!"

City or country, at work or at play—wherever you turn, you'll find more and more people smoking Camels. Why? Let your "T-Zone" tell you. (That's T for Taste and T for Throat.) Let your taste tell you about Camel's marvelous flavor. Let your throat discover that wonderful Camel mildness and coolness. See why, with smokers who have tried and compared different brands of cigarettes, Camels are the "choice of experience."

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

There leading independent research organizations asked one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most was Camel.

Let your "T-Zone" tell you why!
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R.J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.,
 Winston-Salem,
 N.C.
Photoplay

September

15c

The Woman I Love

by Alan Ladd

Alan Ladd

By Paul Hesse
Making a Sensational Splash!

Everybody's talking about the new Bath-Size Camay. Buying it. Trying it. Praising it to the skies! Because this bigger Camay makes every bath a luxurious beauty treatment. Bathe with it every day of your life—and your skin will be lovelier from head to toe. And you'll rise from your bath just touched with the delicate, flower-like fragrance of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women!

Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR CAMAY BEAUTY BATH

CAMAY NOW IN 2 SIZES!

Use Regular Camay for your complexion—the new Bath-Size for your Camay Beauty Bath.
“Dates are Such Fun!”

says this sparkling junior model

And cover-girl Louise Hyde's crowded
date-life owes plenty to her Ipana smile!

Air-minded. Louise is learning the know-how
of flying. But she doesn't need coaching in care
of her teeth and gums. She knows that firm,
healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth,
a radiant smile. So she never misses her Ipana
dental care!

Under the spell of Louise's enchanting smile,
her handsome date, Bill Loock, dreams as he
drives. Clever Louise — to guard that date-bait
smile with Ipana! For more dentists recommend
and use Ipana than any other tooth paste, a
recent national survey shows.

This is fun, too! Louise loves Ipana's
livelier flavor — the way it leaves her
mouth refreshed, her breath sweet. Try
Ipana! And follow your dentist's ad-
vise about gum massage. (9 out of 10
dentists recommend massage regular-
ly or in special cases, according to a
recent national survey.)

Having a high time is no novelty for
luscious New Yorker, Louise Hyde. A
radiant personality with a radiant Ipana
smile, 20-year-old Louise is a top-flight
Thornton model. And as for dates —
Louise has a calendarful. Her smile is a
magnet for the lads! For a date-winning
smile of your own, follow Louise's
"model" dental routine: Regular brush-
ing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle
gum massage. Get a tube of Ipana today!

Ipana Tooth Paste
for your Smile of Beauty

Product of Bristol-Myers
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 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 deodorant. 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. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Cremasol, will not crystallize 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 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.

(AAdvertisement)

PHOTOPLAY

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Fred R. Summis, Editorial Director
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Yunic Fink, Photographer
Sterling Smith, Photographer
Betty Jo Rhee, Asst. Photographer
Maxine Arnold, Contributing Editor

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Two great stars as you’ve never seen them before... clowning, kissing, kidding, cavorting, in M-G-M’s comedy hit of the year.

Julia Misbehaves

PETER LAWFORD • ELIZABETH TAYLOR
CESAR ROMERO
LUCILLE WATSON • NIGEL BRUCE
MARY BOLAND • REGINALD OWEN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Directed by JACK CONWAY. Produced by EVERETT RISKIN
Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG, HARRY RUSKIN and ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Adaptation by GINA KAUS and MONCKTON HOFFE
Based Upon the Novel “The Nutmeg Tree” by MARGERY SHARP
Patricia Wolcott's smile wins leading role in Little Theater play——

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Patricia Wolcott, Young Matron, made Little Theater history in Scarsdale, N. Y., recently when she was awarded the leading role in the Fort Hill Players' production, "Years Ago." A newcomer to the amateur stage, she stole the show during tryouts for the part of the beautiful heroine. But Patricia's favorite role is wife and mother. And her smile, so dazzling behind the footlights, sparkles in this real-life role, too. It's a Pepsodent Smile! "I've always depended on Pepsodent Tooth Paste to keep my teeth bright," she says. "besides, I love its taste!"

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste!

Like Patricia Wolcott, people all over America prefer New Pepsodent with trium for brighter smiles. Families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried! For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!

Pepsodent
ANOTHER FINE
LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ (A) ANNA KARENINA—20th Century-Fox: Tolstoy's tale of illicit love with lovely Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson and Reiner Moore. (July)
✓ (A) ARCH OF TRUMPH!—Milestone-U-A: A Boyer-Bergman triumph with the emphasis on romance. A dramatic treat with Louis Calhern. (July)
✓ (F) BERLIN EXPRESS—RKO: An exciting espionage tale told in semi-documentary style. With Paul Lukas. Merle Oberon. Robert Ryan. (July)
✓ (F) BRIDE GOES WILD, THE—MG-M: June Allyson and Van Johnson go joy-riding in a helter-skelter farce. Arlene Dahl, Butch Jenkins, Hume Cronyn and Una Merkel add to the hilarity. (June)
✓ (F) CARSON CITY RAIDERS—Republic: Special investigator Allan "Rocky" Lane tangles with Carson City's badmen led by Frank Reicher. (Aug.)
✓ (A) CASBAH—U-I: Tony Martin plays a romantic rogue more concerned about stealing hearts than jewels in this razzle-dazzle of crime and love set to music. With Yvonne De Carlo, Peter Lorre. (Aug.)
✓ (F) DREAM GIRL—Paramount: Here's some really de luxe daydreaming with Betty Hutton fancying herself in assorted bizarre roles while Macdonald Carey waits for her to come down to earth and into his arms. A diverting farce. (Aug.)
✓ (F) EASTER PARADE—MG-M: Irving Berlin's lavish Technicolor musical with Judy Garland and Fred Astaire in top form as dancing partners who make the big time. With Ann Miller, Peter Lawford. Great fun! (Aug.)
✓ (F) EMPEROR WALTZ, THE—Paramount: A turn-of-the-century romantic comedy brimming over with wonderful nonsense. With Bing Crosby, Jean Fontaine, Richard Haydn. (July)
✓ (F) ESCAPE—20th Century-Fox: The cards are stacked against convic Rex Harrison in this dramatic indictment of justice. With Peggy Cummins. (Aug.)
✓ (A) FOREIGN AFFAIR, A—Paramount: There's sophisticated spoofing in this romantic comedy that has Jean Arthur amusingly played congresswoman investigating the morale of American boys in Berlin. With John Lund, Marlene Dietrich. (Aug.)
✓ (F) FULLER BRUSH MAN, THE—Columbia: A fast and furious farce with Red Skelton peddling brushes so he can wed Janet Blair. (July)
✓ (F) GIVE ME REGARDS TO BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: Dan Dailey comes off second best to Charles Winninger in this sentimental story of an ex-vaudevilleian and his family. (Aug.)
✓ (A) HAZARD—Paramount: Paulette Goddard's gambling fever is so bad, only Macdonald Carey can cure her. A tough-and-tumble game of tag. (June)
✓ (F) HOMECOMING—MG-M: Stirring wartime drama with Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Anne Baxter, John Hodiak. You'll have a good cry. (July)
✓ (F) INSIDE STORY, THE—Republic: A mix-up over money involving Marsha Hunt, William Lundigan, Gene Lockhart, Charles Winninger. (July)
✓ (F) I REMEMBER MAMA—RKO: John Van Drean's play has been licitly transcribed to the screen. With Irene Dunne, Oscar Homolka, Philip Dorn, Barbara Britz. (June)
✓ (A) IRON CURTAIN, THE—20th Century-Fox: This fast-action tale has Dana Andrews portraying a cipher clerk with the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa. Switching from Communism to democracy, he steals top secrets from the files at the risk of his life. Gene Tierney scores as Dana's worried wife. (Aug.)
✓ (F) KEY LARGO—Warner: Good versus Evil in a high drama of a tense, taut gangster film bristling with suspense. With Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, Lionel Barrymore. (Aug.)

(Continued on page 6)
"How Can I Love You? You're The Wife Of The Man I Killed!"

The story of a strong man with ambition gone, on the edge of the precipice, staring numbly into disgrace and oblivion.

The story of a softly-radiant woman, whose tender inspiration leads him back to fight again and love again.

The story of an adventure where cowards quit early and weaklings never finish at all!
Young, proud and still pioneering

that's OKLAHOMA!

You'll look far and wide to find thundering herds, cowboys and Indians in Oklahoma. But-not so hard to find what makes it tick. It's the people! The pioneer spirit lingers on, in their hearts, in their actions and efforts to build a sound state.

Blessed in its natural resources—oil down under, crops and livestock on top—Oklahoma has come a long way since statehood only forty years ago.

Living in a land of rich harvests, Oklahomans relish the fine flavor of—

Beech-Nut Gum

It has the flavor you like

WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL
at Clarmore. Shrine and tomb of Oklahoma's beloved cowboy-humorist and native son.

...THEY MEET IN KEY LARGO

The far famed Maxwell Anderson play is given new scope and tremendous excitement on the screen!

HUMPHREY BOGART  EDWARD G. ROBINSON  LAUREN BACALL

WARNER BROS. PRESENT KEY LARGO A STORY AS EXPLOSIVE AS ITS CAST!

with LIONEL BARRYMORE  CLAIRE TREVOR and THOMAS GOMEZ-JOHN RODNEY

DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON  PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Richard Brooks and John Huston. Based on the Play by MAXWELL ANDERSON. As Produced on the Stage by the PRODUCTIONS COMPANY. Music by Alan Jay Lerner.
Rapier-wit Peter Lorre has an answer for everything.

A garrulous lady visitor, meeting him on the set, asked him coyly: "Oh, Mr. Lorre, have you killed anyone today?"

"No, madam," Lorre replied acidly. "Fortunately for you, I'm just resting."

Danny Kaye's business manager purchased a hotel and asked Danny to suggest a name. "Give me a clue," said Danny.

"Well, it's a class house, with a coat of arms in the lobby and heraldic patterns worked into the stained-glass windows in the foyer. Maybe Royal Arms would be appropriate. I'm sticking to my intention to make it strictly a bachelor hotel."

"That's easy," said Kaye, "Just call it 'Empty Arms.'"

Every bit of available wall space in the office of George Jessel is covered with photographs autographed to him by famous people—from preachers to chorus girls. But one confuses visitors. It's a big photograph of Jessel himself, which is autographed:

"With kindest regards—George Jessel."

Studios say they're going to dispense with superlatives in plugging their pictures. At a meeting, one executive told his staff: "We gotta find a way to say 'it's colossal' in a modest way."

Understatement of the month: That radio announcer reading a commercial for a hand-lotion company and saying:

"Beautiful hands have helped stars like Jane Russell get into pictures."

That big birthday party Paramount tossed for Bing Crosby was an immediate cue for Bob Hope. He sent Bing a telegram which read:

"Happy birthday again. Don't worry. Al Jolson made it and so can you."

Kiddie dept: Five-year-old David Niven Jr. told papa that he wanted to be a doctor. "Why?" asked Niven. "Because," said the tot, "I want to listen to the ladies' hearts."

Shirley Temple saw herself the other day as a small child doing her stuff in "Little Miss Marker." Asked later how she liked herself, Shirley said: "Terrible, as an actress. But I sure could dance."
All the excitement, suspense and gripping drama of the world’s most treasured story comes brilliantly to the screen!

J. Arthur Rank presents

"OLIVER TWIST"

by Charles Dickens

STARRING

ROBERT NEWTON
ALEC GUINNESS • KAY WALSH
FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

with HENRY STEPHENSON

and introducing JOHN HOWARD DAVIES as Oliver Twist

directed by DAVID LEAN • produced by RONALD NEAME

The Team That Gave You "Great Expectations"

Screenplay by DAVID LEAN and STANLEY HAYNES

A Cineguild Production

Released by EAGLE LION FILMS

Bringing to life these unforgettable characters:

Oliver Twist and Bill Sikes
The Beadle
Nancy
The Artful Dodger
NEW

Safe-and-sure deodorant ends perspiration troubles!

1. **ETIQUET** actually ends under-arm perspiration odor—safely—surely!

2. **ETIQUET**—made by specially patented formula—really checks under-arm perspiration!

3. **FLUFFY-LIGHT AND SOOTHING**—Etiquet goes on easily—disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!

4. **MORE ECONOMICAL TO BUY**—Etiquet won't dry out in the jar!

5. **NO DAMAGE TO CLOTHING** when you use Etiquet—famous cloth-test proves!

---

**Water Wings**

Esther Williams: Her prayer brought a champ "home"

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

This is the story of a "pin-up" girl, paraplegic and a prayer. It begins four years ago in a town where Esther Williams made a personal appearance. She stood by the desk in the hotel where she heard someone calling her name. Turning, she saw a little elderly woman, who held a cigar box under her arm. She was so sorry to bother her, the woman said. But she'd read the paper where the star would be visiting the Veterans Hospital the next day. She had favor to ask. Her son Jim was a paraplegic paralyzed from the waist down. He'd been a swimming champ. "He won't even talk the corrective swimming therapy now," she said sadly. "If you would only look at him up and talk to him. He was always so crazy about you," she added. "Look, and out of the box came a faded clipping of Esther. "He carried it with him all through the war. He has red hair, blue eyes, he's tall and," she stopped, remembering that he couldn't stand. This must be the boy, Esther thought the next day. Red hair, blue eyes and a bit of smile. "Hello, Jim," she said. His eyes opened wide with surprise; then turned little resentful. She was everything he had lost, could ever have been.

"In over your head, champ?" she asked softly. Then sat down and began talking to him. Talking of those times when they had lost. Of racing when she was ill with fever of 103, and how someone had pulled her through. Of being told, during a big shot, that her eardrum was punctured an of that terrible time when she almost went down for the third time.

He was listening now. All interest, the bit of interest was gone. "Funny what you'll do or think of times of danger," she said. "I always repeat the Lord's Prayer in my mind. I'll always remember.

He looked at her skeptically. "Always, you repeated. She leaned over and touched his forehead lightly. "Come on, Jim, get back in the swim."

One day in Hollywood an M-G-M staff, looking at a picture she'd received, a boy with red hair and blue eyes. A boy beside a swimming pool, wearing braces coaching children how to swim. She looked at it and smiled—the smiling of a happy mother was smiling as she straightened some sort of ventilator in a cigar box. Medals and a copy of the Lord's Prayer given them by Esther Williams, who had underscored, "Thy will be done."

---

**Etiquet**

THE SAFE-AND-SURE DEODORANT

---

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

---

10
Rosalind has her eye on three men.... three men have their eye on Rosalind.... one of them is up to no good!

Rosalind Russell

THE VELVET TOUCH

A FREDERICK BRISON PRODUCTION

also starring

Leo Genn • Claire Trevor
Sydney Greenstreet

with

LEON AMES • FRANK McHUGH • WALTER KINGSFORD • DAN TOBIN

Directed by JOHN GAGE • Screenplay by LEO ROSTEN
An RKO-Radio Release
The Favorites: Just for your benefit, Cal made a canvas of the various studios and talked to the feminine members of the publicity departments about their favorite actors—that is, the lads who are nicest to work with. Here are the results:

At RKO it's Robert Ryan, a college lad who is coming along great guns. At M-G-M it's Robert Taylor and Van Johnson. At Twentieth Century-Fox it's Dan Dailey and at Warners, Ronald Reagan. At Paramount, it's Macdonald Carey all the way, while the Columbia girls go for Bill Holden. It's Gregory Peck over at Selznick's and at Universal-International it's a toss-up between Howard Duff and Burt Lancaster. And at Republic—well, who else, pardner, but Roy Rogers.

Stay-at-home step out: Bing and Dixie Crosby are caught by cameramen. The occasion—the "Emperor Waltz" party given by Paramount's Henry Ginsberg.

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At RKO it's Robert Ryan, a college lad who is coming along great guns. At M-G-M it's Robert Taylor and Van Johnson. At Twentieth Century-Fox it's Dan Dailey and at Warners, Ronald Reagan. At Paramount, it's Macdonald Carey all the way, while the Columbia girls go for Bill Holden. It's Gregory Peck over at Selznick's and at Universal-International it's a toss-up between Howard Duff and Burt Lancaster. And at Republic—well, who else, pardner, but Roy Rogers.

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Date with a dentist: June Haver and husband-to-be Dr. John Duzik at the Motion Picture Golf Match

With Bette Davis on his handlebars, Bob Montgomery commutes from the commissary to the set of "June Bride"

Nice trick if you can do it: Barbara Bel Geddes earns to "roll her own" for "Blood on the Moon"

Present and pleased at the "Emperor Waltz" premiere: Larry Parks and his wife, Betty Garrett; Esther Williams and Ben Gage
with that "Well, of all excuses!" expression, and Shelley was left alone.

But what the town didn't seem to know or believe, was that Shelley was really reading Shakespeare, attending the class given every Saturday night by Charles Laughton.

Sonja Entertains: Again Sonja Henie's annual party is the talk of the town. This year as guests arrived at the front door and their cars were parked for them, they received little tags bearing their table numbers. Beautiful live swans floated in the pool where Sonja greeted her guests and fantastic ice carvings were everywhere. A bugler's mess call announced dinner which was served in the tented tennis court adorned by thousands of balloons. After dinner tag dance was played and Connie Bennett, Clark Gable and Ann Blyth walked off with prizes. Sonja's last guests didn't need lights to see their way home— it was dawn (Continued on page 16)
What Did This Bewitching Queen Really Want... the doctor's cure or... the DOCTOR?

Was she really sick... or did she just want to be alone with the handsome new court physician? Here's one of the many enjoyable situations in Edgar Maass' sensational new best seller, *THE QUEEN'S PHYSICIAN*—the story of a passion that raised a commoner to power over a kingdom. It's yours for a 3c stamp if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

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No other book club brings you popular current books by famous authors for only $1.00 each. You save 60 to 75 per cent from regular retail prices.

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Upon receipt of the attached coupon with a 3c stamp, you will be sent a copy of *Edgar Maass*'s exciting new romance "The Queen's Physician." You will also receive as your first selection for $1.00 your choice of any of the best sellers described in the next column:

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- The Golden Hawk
- Annie Jordan
- Came a Cavalier

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered at $1.00 each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month's selections, and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the special club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month, I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

---

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When you see your copy of "The Queen's Physician"—which you get for 3 cents—and your first $1.00 selection; when you consider these are typical values you receive for $1.00, you will be more than happy to have joined the Club.

---

**Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Garden City, N. Y.**
Before sailing for France, Clark Gable took Anita Colby to “Emperor Waltz” premiere

(Continued from page 14)

That Ball Doll: Walking down dressing-room row at Paramount, we came to a door literally covered with names. Our publicist friend laughed and said it was the dressing room of Lucille Ball who is making “Sorrowful Jones” with Bob Hope.

We looked at the names scribbled on her door with eyebrow pencil. They read: Lucille Ball, Wife of Desi Arnaz, Stooge for Bob Hope, Audience for Bob Welch (the picture’s producer), Despair of Sidney Lanfield (the director), Cell Mate of Barney Dean (Hope’s gag writer), New Fan of Bing Crosby’s.

Later we talked to Lucille who told us of her troubles with their ranch. “We have now reached a new high with twenty-six cats,” she said. “Last week a mother cat was killed by a car and we were unable to find the new kittens. At last faint mews gave us a clue. They were up under the roof eaves and we practically had to tear down the place to get the kittens out.”

A great gal this Luci Ball.

The Millands: Not too long ago Ray and Mal Milland were living modestly. Today they occupy a beautiful mansion with elaborate gardens and grounds. And yet, each have so well kept their balance that if tomorrow brought back the small apartment with no maid they could well make the adjustment. (Continued on page 21)

Sand and stars: Virginia Mayo and Ronald Reagan on the set of “The Girl from Jones Beach”
EASTER PARADE: Best of the lot is "Fella with an Umbrella," recorded by Bing Crosby (Decca), Skitch Henderson (Capitol), Guy Lombardo (Decca), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Three Suns (Victor). A typical Berlin musical wallo p is found in "Steppin' out with My Baby," and Johnnie Johnston (M-G-M), Dinah Shore (Columbia), Gordon MacRae (Capitol), and The Three Suns (Victor), make merry with it. The platter crooners, Sinatra, Como (Victor), Andy Russell (Capitol), and Art Lund (M-G-M) have a time with "It Only Happens When I Dance with You."

WHIPLASH: Helen Forrest sings the haunting theme melody called "Just for Now" (M-G-M).

BIG CITY: M-G-M has issued an album recalling the songs from this tribute to the big town. In it talented Betty Garrett sings "Ok! I Baby Dok!" and "I'm Gonna See a Lot of You." Art Lund croons, "Whate'll I Do?" Danny Thomas has an independent M-G-M disk patching "Singing in the Rain" with "It's Liable to Be True." Pleasant but not top-drawer.

MELODY TIME: Don't miss Dennis Day's corking rendition of "Johnny Appleseed" (Victor), Ethel Smith's dynamic organ doodlings of "Blame It on the Samba" (Decca) and the cute little one record album of "Little Toot" rendered by Don Wilson and The Starlighters (Capitol).

Luigi Infantino and Adriana Guerini of the Rome Opera Company sing arias from "La Traviata" in classic Italian opera style on this single disk . . . Lily Pons, assisted by husband Andre Kostelanetz sings a collection of operatic arias from "Barber of Seville," "Tales of Hoffman" and "Le Coq d'Or" . . . Milhaud's Symphony Number One is played by the CBS Symphony under the composer's baton . . . Schumann's Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra is played by Rudolph Serkin and the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy . . . The Pittsburgh Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner, plays Strauss' "A Hero's Life." All above excellently grooved by Columbia Masterworks.

HOPEFULLY, I consulted a leading hairdresser. After a shampoo with Lustre-Creme, my hair revealed new loveliness. "It's not a soap, not a liquid," he said, "but a rich-lathering cream shampoo with lanolin. Use it at home, too!"

From Hayride to Honeymoon

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Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR, you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

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PLATTER

By Lester Gottlieb

YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, glamorous "Dream Girl" hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Create it by Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

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Dorian
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recommend LINIT Starch. This
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nal finish and freshness."

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things, curvins, lingerie... LINIT
makes cotton look
and feel like linen. Keeps
them resistant to muss and
soil. Ask your grocer for
LINIT.

FOR THE FINISHING TOUCH
LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
MAKE COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE COTTON

Paging Producers:
I've been trying to figure out why Alan
Ladd is constantly cast in "B" pictures.
He is usually in the same odd film with
a different Far East setting. Alan's been in
pictures over five years and you'd think by
this time producers would put him in a
picture with a better plot. Ladd, who is
a hit at the box office in spite of fair
films, should be cast in an "A" picture.

PAT HARRISON
Chicago, I11.

Won't someone please take Lon Mc-
Callister off the farm and put him in the
city? Lon, my favorite actor, could really
act if given the chance. So how about
keeping him a city fellow, which is what he
really is.

ARLENE DUBINSKY

I wish M-G-M would cast Frank
Sinatra in another light-hearted picture
like "It Happened in Brooklyn." Also, I
wish they wouldn't make us wait a year
or more between his screen appearances.

MISS M. L. DALLEY
Los Angeles, Cal.

Hats Off Dept.:
Congratulations! I'm glad to see you
finally giving credit where credit's due.
In July Photoplay you make some refer-
ence to Pauley Croset's charms. I've been
aware of them for years.

"discovered" Paule three or four years
ago in the "Falcon" pictures and was
deeply impressed by her beauty and talent.
After meeting her in person I was struck
by her complete charm and friendliness.

BETRICE GUSSEL
Washington, D.C.

I don't think I ever read a more sincere
love story than that of Vic Mature and
spouse in your last Photoplay. This is
one marriage I'm betting on.

ANN RYANT
Cleveland, O.

I especially like the feature "Hollywood
Headliners" in the June issue. I'm refer-
ing to your story about Cary Grant and
the studio messenger girl who walked into
Bergman's shoes and played opposite Cary
Grant for a day. As a regular reader I
particularly enjoy these little behind-the-
scenres skits. When can I see some more?

JERRY WALKER
Middletown, O.

(Each month Photoplay will bring you
one of these stories from its weekly broad-
cast "Hollywood Headliners."

Querulous Query:
Why is it that in looking over photos
taken of Ingrid Bergman during her
Swedish career, she was beautifully
groomed and made up for roles and isn't
now? She was a raving beauty then, but
upon arriving in Hollywood went "back
to nature." Was this an affection? All
of her roles do not demand this gross,
unfeminine plainness. She tries harder
Britain vs. U. S.:

I get annoyed every time I hear people saying that they prefer British to American movies. They are quite entitled to their opinion, of course, but I don’t altogether see how they arrive at it. I admit that Britain has made some excellent movies, but in my opinion America can make movies just as good. Just contrast the drab and dull “Brief Encounter” with the delightful romance of “This Time for Keeps.”

ROBERT HURST
Natal, South Africa

Speak Your Mind:

In our lunch room yesterday here at the plant I read an article in your June issue by Fred R. Sammis, entitled “What’s Wrong with the Movies?” and whether you are interested or not, I will tell you what is wrong with the movies so far as my family is concerned: Mediocre actresses. (I am speaking of the new crop brought out by the war years and have no reference to such actresses as Bergman, Hepburn, Colbert, etc.)

Frankly, that is the reason we have passed up the movies.

V. A. TRACY, President
Purity Biscuit Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah

The Turner Question:

Having read the article in the newspapers on Lana Turner’s interview with the British Press, we feel it should be openly discussed about how crude she is, although she should know better. Miss Turner might not care about the impression she gives, but if she could take her mind off herself for a change and think that with her goes the impression of the American people, not just herself, she would help all of us a lot.

PANAMA MOVIE FAN CLUB
Papana Canal Zone

I wish to express my sincere thanks to Loella Parsons and Sara Hamilton for their wonderful report of Miss Turner’s marriage to Bob Topping.

It makes you happy to know there are a few people like Miss Parsons and Miss Hamilton who will give a deserving actress the dignity and respect she deserves.

PEGGY NIX
Metropolis, Ill.

Question Box:

In your July issue I read an article on “My Leap Year Specials.” There was some information on Clark Gable, stating he had been married three times. I would like to know to whom he was married before he married Carole Lombard.

Marilyn Herzog
Lincoln Park, Mich.

(Gable’s first wife was Josephine Dillon, his second, Maria Langham.)

Will you please tell me who played the part of Rusty in “Bury Me Dead”? Her scenes were the best in the picture.

Ina Mae Claypoole
Macon, Mo.

(Cathy O’Donnell played Rusty.)

(Addres 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.)
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Yours for a song! Yours for the most fabulous finger tips that ever twinkled! Nail Brilliance—the utterly, excitingly new kind of polish.

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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

For instance: The best day of the week to the Millards is Thursday, servants' night out. Ray takes off for the Spanish Kitchen, bringing home tamales and hot tasty food. Mal whips up a salad and dessert and with his son Danny, the three enjoy dinner in the kitchen.

They are honest enough to display real delight in their home. "Come down to the lily pond. I want to show you the moon reflected in the water," Ray will say. Or he will take a visitor out to the telescope on the lawn to gaze at the stars or to look down at the magnificent view below.

An Actor's Life: "Grow a beard."
Bob Hutton hung up the telephone and turned to his wife Cleatus. Three nights away was the swanky party they'd looked forward to. Mrs. Hutton's beautiful gown had arrived that morning from Don Loper's. "Honey," Bob said, "do you mind if I don't shave for awhile? I'm going to do a Western."

Next morning Bob was called out for riding practice. For hours he jogged and trotted, cantered and paced, or rather the horse did, while Bob hung on. By the evening of the party, Bob, sporting a three-day stubble of beard, limped beside his lovely wife. Unable to sit down, he stood miserably in a corner.

"Of course," Bob says, "by the time The Younger Brothers' get going, they'd decided against the stubble and most of the riding scenes had been eliminated."

But that, my friends, is "pitchers."

Hedy: She has more beauty than ten stars rolled into one. Yet Hedy Lamarr would rather be known as a great actress than a beautiful woman. In Hollywood she'll trot around with her hair in two pigtailed and no make-up as if she resented the beauty that seemed to stand in her way. But on the set she hasn't even time to resent beauty. She concentrates on the job at hand. We watched her work on the "Let's Live a Little" set and know this to be true.

She has more jewels than ten stars, but they remain locked in a bank vault. At one point she kept them in an old shoe box on the closet shelf.

She had more glamour than ten stars, yet she traded it all for children. She was obsessed with the desire for motherhood, adopting a son before her own two children were born. She is a mother who attends her own children's needs—is seldom seen at parties.

She's odd, Hollywood claims. But she's Hedy Lamarr, actress, mother and woman before she's anything else. And that's the way she wants it.

In Memoriam: Carole Landis is missed in Hollywood. It is still difficult to believe the gay and laughing Carole is dead by her own hand. We recall how before she sailed for England we went with friends to her home for a glass of milk after a party. She was never gayer or livelier than that night, challenging us to acrobatic stunts that left us breathless. Bob Topping rented her home with its spacious grounds and swimming pool while she was in England but never lived in it. There seemed to be a premonition of sadness about the place that depressed Topping. A premonition that too soon grew into actuality when Carole ended her own life with sleeping pills.
Date troubles: Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor are rivals in a musical as gay as young love itself

(A) Johnny Belinda (Warners)

A STIRRING story, admirably acted, makes this one of the most distinctive dramas of the year. The central character is a pathetic deaf-mute, condemned to a lonely life in rugged Nova Scotia until an idealistic young doctor interests himself in her welfare.

Jane Wyman—who demonstrated her dramatic ability in "The Yearling"—will make you weep. As Belinda, Jane never utters a single sound yet her eloquent portrayal clearly conveys what is in her heart and mind. Her farmer-father, Charles Bickford, and her sharp-tongued aunt, Agnes Moorehead, are too over-worked and impoverished to be helpful. Accordingly, when scoundrelly Stephen McNally takes cruel advantage of Belinda's plight, it is understanding medico Lew Ayres who makes life worthwhile again. Jan Sterling scores as a village maiden who settles for McNally when Ayres proves oblivious to her charms.

Your Reviewer Says: A drama that's different.

(F) A Date with Judy (M-G-M)

YOUNG love is the all-engrossing topic of a most engaging Technicolor musical in which cute canary Jane Powell plays Judy, Miss Sweet Sixteen.

Once Jane meets good-looking Robert Stack, poor Scotty Beckett plays second fiddle. However, his sister, Elizabeth Taylor—as spoiled and spiteful as she's rich and beautiful—has her eye on Bob, too. Bob, an outspoken young man, regards Jane as a mere child; as for the lovely Liz, she just needs to have her wings clipped and he is the lad to do it. Elizabeth's father, Leon Ames, thinks so at any rate, and he's a big shot around town.

Wallace Beery and Selena Royle are Jane's long-suffering parents; Jerry Hunter her pesky kid brother. Carmen Miranda sings and rhumbas with her customary Latin fervor; Xavier Cugat amiable waves his baton. In Judy's own words, it's all "stinky super" with Scotty Beckett rating a special mention as the lovelorn teenager.

Your Reviewer Says: Here's a date worth keeping.

Tenderly poignant: The story of a deaf-mute, given dramatic emphasis by Jane Wyman, Charles Bickford and Lew Ayres
W (F) Canon City (Eagle Lion)

LAST December, twelve desperate criminals broke out of the Colorado State Penitentiary. Writer-director Crane Wilbur, recognizing dramatic material in their escape and capture, has put it on the screen in an edge-of-the-seat story made doubly effective through the use of actual places and persons involved. Roy Best, for example, plays himself—the warden of Canon City's prison, housing hundreds of murderers, thieves, embezzlers.

Among these convicts is young Scott Brady, convicted of murder. His prison record is good but he has another ten years to go so he joins the others in making a break for it. Tough Jeff Corey is the ringleader who will stop at nothing to regain his freedom. How these men terrorize residents of the town in the three days they are at large and how Brady alone reveals a streak of decency is interestingly recounted.

The entire cast rates mention with attractive newcomer Scott Brady turning in an especially fine performance.

Your Reviewer Says: Nerve-tingling prison drama.

Murder by mistake: Rosalind Russell, supported by Leo Genn, gives an emotionally stirring performance

W (F) The Velvet Touch (Independent-RKO)

IT'S pure chance that makes a murderess of famous actress Rosalind Russell for she never meant to kill her producer-paramour, Leon Ames. But when Roz insists upon breaking off their business and personal ties, after meeting attractive architect Leo Genn, Ames taunts and threatens her to distraction.

Thereafter, Roz puts on the biggest act of her entire career to convince police captain Sydney Greenstreet of her innocence. But she can’t fool Claire Trevor, the producer’s lady love before Roz came along. Worse yet, when circumstantial evidence points to Claire as the guilty one, Roz must cope with her troublesome conscience—always an awkward business.

“The Velvet Touch” provides Rosalind Russell with a highly effective opportunity to emote. Aided by a fine supporting cast, sparkling dialogue and stunning sets and costumes, Russell really goes places.

Your Reviewer Says: A first-rate show.

(Continued on page 24)

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

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 120.
For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 26.
Are you in the know?

Should the lady be seated?
- Opposite the other girl
- At her left
- At her right

If you're ever bedevilled by this doubt... listen. Table etiquette decrees that ladies be seated opposite each other. Knowing for certain will de-panic you, next time.

What's a jilted jane to do?
- Let his memory linger on
- Pursue him by mail
- Get herself a hobby

If last summer's knight beams at someone else this season—no use toting the torch. Now is the hour to get yourself a hobby. Something fun and worthwhile—that keeps your brain, or hands, or tooties (why not learn to tap dance?) active. Fight off "calendar" blues, too, with the self-assurance Kotex brings. You, see, there's extra protection in that exclusive safety center of Kotex: a feature you'll find in all 3 Kotex sizes. Regular, Junior or Super helps preserve your peace of mind!

In business, must she begin with?
- Good follow-through
- All the answers
- A promising career

Your first job—and you're all a-jitter? The boss won't expect you to be a quiz kid. But he does demand dependability. Don't be a promiser. Finish what you start. Good follow-through is a business must. And don't try the vacant chair routine on "those" days. No excuse, with the new, softer Kotex! For dependable is definitely the word for such miracle-softness that holds its shape. You can stay on the job in comfort, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

More women choose Kotex* than all other sanitary napkins

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One Touch of Venus

Starring
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AVA GARDNER
DICK HAYMES

Thrill to the lilting hit tune "SPEAK LOW" and other gay songs!

Broadway's glamorous stage rage... NOW AGLOW ON THE SCREEN !!!!

with
EVE ARDEN * OLGA SAN JUAN * TOM CONWAY

Screenplay by Harry Kurnitz & Frank Tashlin - Based on the Musical Play - Music by Kurt Weill - Book by S. J. Perelman & Ogden Nash - Lyrics by Ogden Nash

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Produced by LESTER COWAN
The "Proud Look"... it's a Keepsake!

The ring to symbolize your love... the ring to reflect your heart's devotion is a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring... the most treasured and traditional symbol of the engagement. Only one diamond in hundreds meets the exacting standards of excellence in color, cut and clarity which distinguish every Keepsake Diamond Ring. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and the words "guaranteed registered perfect gem" on the tag... as illustrated. Let comparison prove that a Keepsake gives you higher quality and greater value than an ordinary ring of the same price. Better jewelers are authorized Keepsake Jewelers.

Prices from $100 to $5000.

(Continued from page 24) learns Mark's real identity... and the things begin to pop!

Stevens gives the best performance of his career and Widmark, with his mocking manner, invites your whole-heartied hatred. Barbara Lawrence is pathetic as the mobster's much abused wife while Donald Buka scores as his bodyguard.

Your Reviewer Says: Gripping gangster film

✓(F) Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein
(Universal-International)

WHAT will they think of next! This spooky farce has Abbott and Costell chasing—and being chased by—such weird characters as Dracula, the House of Horrors. They supposedly contain the remains of Dracula (Bela Lugosi) and Frankenstein's Monster (Glenn Strange).

Bud and Lou are a couple of railroad baggage clerks who are also the real owners of their business, when Lon Chaney phones from London to warn them about two crates being shipped to the House of Horrors. They are supposed to contain the remains of Dracula and Frankenstein's Monster. When enough, the shipment arrives and as Costello starts to unpack the crates, the creatures come to life. To add to the confusion, Chaney shows up. When the full moon rises, he changes into a Wolf Man.

Lenore Aubert and Jane Randolph are in on these wacky doings which will make you laugh in spite of yourself and scatter the daylight out of the small fry.

Your Reviewer Says: Fools and ghouls.

✓(F) Feudin', Fussin' and A-Fightin'
(Universal-International)

THERE'S more fussin' than feudin' and a-fightin' in this knockabout farce.

Hair-tonic salesman Donald O'Connor is arrested on a trumped-up charge by Mayor Marjorie Main who observes his speed in catching up with a departing stagecoach. With the annual foot race between Rimmrock and Big Bend approaching, the town is in desperate need of a fleet-footed opponent to lick husky Fred Kohler Jr.—and Donald is elected. He kicks up quite a fuss until pretty Penny Edwards smiles at him sweetly.

Although no Astaire, Donald executes a neat tap dance and sings a song or two.

Your Reviewer Says: A race for laughs.

(Continued on page 118)

Best Pictures of the Month
Johnny Belinda
The Velvet Touch
Rope

Best Performances of the Month
Jane Wyman. Lew Ayres in "Johnny Belinda"
Rosalind Russell in "The Velvet Touch"
John Dall, Farley Granger in "Rope"
Mark Stevens, Richard Widmark in "The Street with No Name"
Burgess Meredith, Kieron Moore in "Mine Own Executioner"
Joan Greenwood in "Bad Sister"
Wendell Corey in "Man-Eater of Kuma"
The laugh-by-laugh, tear-by-tear, cheer-by-cheer story of America's most beloved guy...

His life... fabulously exciting!

His times... America's greatest era!....

His heartbreak... told for the first time!

His triumphs... while millions cheered!....

"The Babe"!!!

Allied Artists Productions, presents

"The Babe Ruth Story"

Hear these all-time hits...
"Singin' In The Rain"
"I'm Nobody's Baby"
"I'll Get By"
"After The Ball"
"Wait 'Till The Sun Shines, Nellie"
"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
... and many more!

Starring

Roy Del Ruth's Production

William Claire Charles

Bendix Trevor Bickford

Sam Levene - William Frawley - Gertrude Niesen - Matt Briggs

Produced and Directed by Roy Del Ruth

Screenplay by Joe Kaufman

Bob Considine - George Callahan
Dear Miss Colbert:
I am thirty-three years old and have been married for ten years. I never loved my husband, but he had a car and a home that I wanted. We have no family, so I have never grown to think of us as an ordinary married couple.
Because we don't care for the same amusements, I started to step out with other men. My husband found out, so all he does now is nag at me and try to punish me in little ways. I asked for a divorce which he refused to give me. I feel sorry for him, but I don't know what to do because I am so miserable here. Would you advise me to go back to work, divorce him, and start life anew, or should I go on being a martyr to my husband's pride?
Mrs. Albert E.

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am sixteen and in eighth grade. I am behind my class because I had poor eyesight and failed several times. Now that I have glasses I have a straight A average. My mother and I live with my grandmother who is eighty-four and as mean as can be. She calls me names like "Ugly Duckling" and "Dumb Dope" and "Four Eyes" before my friends. This word has gone around, "Don't go to Edna's house because her grandmother will boot you out." My mother is fixing to get married again, so that will leave me alone with my grandparents and that is going to be awful.
Edna C.

Try to understand your grandmother. Older people (and by the term "older" I do not mean mere age whose years are many because it is possible for men and women of a hundred to be kindly and mentally alert, but I do mean those who have let themselves grow crabbed and mean) sometimes show great selfishness.
In your neighborhood there must be at least one motherly older woman. Why don't you make friends with her, run errands for her, explain to her that you are hungry for someone whom you can claim as an adopted aunt. I think that such a woman might invite your friends in occasionally for cookies and milk after school. The world is full of kindness, Edna. Believe in it, seek it, and you will find it.
Claudette Colbert

STAMPEDING ACROSS THE SCREEN...GREATEST OF OUTDOOR SPECTACLES!

Thrill to the wild, roaring spectacle of the Northwest's greatest action-packed rodeo—the Calgary Stampede!

"Northwest Stampede" in Cinecolor with CHILL WILLS, VICTOR KILIAN and The Dog, "FLAME" • Executive Producer DAVID HERSH

Produced and Directed by Albert S. Rogell • Story and Screenplay by Art Arthur and Lillie Hayward • Suggested by Saturday Evening Post Article, "Wild Horse Roundup" by Jean Muir • An EAGLE LION FILMS Production
Do you think it is okay for us to go steady under the circumstances?

Kathryn M.

No, I don't think it is "okay for you to go steady under the circumstances."

And neither do you.

There is no doubt that this boy and his wife made a terrible mistake. It would be bad enough if only they were involved, but they are bringing into the world a helpless, defenseless infant whose entire life will be clouded by the shockingly hap-hazard relationship between its parents.

Explain as gently as possible that you think he is going to have to grow up, be a man and accept the responsibility of his marriage.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Claudette Colbert:

Four years ago I was engaged to be married. A month before the wedding was to have taken place, we quarrelled over a fundamental attitude toward life, so I broke my engagement and started a new quest for happiness. Eight months ago I met a wonderful man, He and I agree on all the things about which I disagreed with the other boy. This man has asked me to marry him and I have accepted.

Would it be wrong or rude to wear the gown and veil I have stored in my closet?

Daphne D.

By all means, wear the wedding gown and veil. I believe you should regard the outfit as lucky. After all, you waited for the right man to come along and it may be that the idealism tacitly expressed by the gown was an important factor in canceling out plans for a marriage that might have ended disastrously.

May I wish you joy?

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirty-eight and hold a job which has been mine nineteen years. I have fallen in love with a man who works with me. He lost his wife when his children were small and he has done a fine job of rearing the three who are now at home.

This man has asked me to marry him, and I believe it would work out. I like his children and they seem to like me.

Here is the trouble: This man is twenty years my senior. My mother—with whom I live and whom I have supported for nineteen years—loathes him and has a fainting spell when I talk of marriage.

Even though I think my mother is wrong, she is very dear to me and I don't want to hurt her. This man loves me, of that I am positive. He is good, honorable and kind. What can I do to keep everyone happy?

Candace J.

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.

At thirty-eight you should have the right to choose your own husband.

I suspect that your mother's objections are based upon selfishness. She does not want to lose your companionship and financial support. You should make provision for her care if she is unable to support herself. But your life is your life, and she should allow you to live it.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married for a little over four years and we have two lovely children. Since my husband has returned from the Army he has the serious habit of borrowing money. He makes good money, but he never seems to have enough for his personal needs. I would like to save toward a home of our own and the education for our children, but my husband fritters our money away on pool, poker, dice, buying dinners for friends, etc.

Eventually those from whom my husband has borrowed come to me asking to be repaid. When I discuss it with my husband, he gets furious. I try not to nag, but this thing is serious.

Odell B.

The net result of living beyond one's income is misery. It is a pity that your husband hasn't grown up to that realization. Perhaps, if he would be contented with an allowance each pay period, allowing you to handle the family money, you would be able to straighten things out.

Incidentally, when someone from whom your husband has borrowed brings the problem to you, why don't you explain that the loan will have to be repaid by your husband, and advise the lender against future advances of credit.

Claudette Colbert

Produced by PAUL HENREID • Directed by STEVE SEKELY • Screenplay by DANIEL FUCHS • Based Upon a Novel by MURRAY FORBES
"I dress for a Barn Dance at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

1. "Here's how I manage those desk-to-dancing dates," says this smart career girl. "I wear a bright cotton suit and dark tailored blouse to the office. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. Because it protects me from perspiration and offensive odor a full 24 hours."

You'll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics . . . protects clothes from stains and rotting! And Odorono stays so creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "When date time comes I change to a light peasant blouse, tie on a big dark sash, and I'm set for an evening of fun. I'm confident of my charm all evening too— thanks to new Odorono Cream. Because the Halogene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known."

New Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula . . . even gentler, even more effective than ever before . . . all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don't find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.

UNRAVELLING WEBB

Clifton Webb goes collegiate in "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College"

"SINCE they made a baby sitter of me in 'Sitting Pretty,' perfect strangers accost me on the streets bidding for my service," Clifton Webb arched an eyebrow. "I am sometimes tempted beyond my strength to say, 'I wouldn't sit with them. I'd sit on them!' but I say nothing of the kind because actually I am gratified. "You see," Mr. Webb explained, "I'm really not according to the popular formula. I am not young and when it comes to looks, I'm no Tyrone Power. In my first movie 'Laura' I played a murderer—not exactly a glamorous hero. In 'The Razor's Edge' I played Uncle Elliott, a far cry from the accepted theory of what a dear old uncle should be like. "So, the night 'Sitting Pretty' was sneak-previewed, I had a sneaking suspicion that those in the audience who had previously seen me on the screen were quite sure that I was going to start right in by murdering the baby. But when they began to laugh uproariously, I had nothing to worry about. Mr. Belvedere was a success . . . Making a male baby sitter of lean and tweedily-elegant Mr. Webb, was a good gimmick. But, according to him, only a gimmick, "serving to introduce a great guy, Mr. Belvedere. I not only feel admiration for Belvedere, but," says Mr. Webb, "a certain identity with him. Belvedere is a man who has worked hard all his life. I, too, have worked hard all my life starting at the age of seven right through the years, when I had the good fortune to appear on Broadway with glamorous stars."

Known as a fashion plate and an urban type, Mr. Webb protests love of the country. "To put my feet in the earth, to be able to say 'Look, feel this soil—it's mine' is important to me. "Home," Mr. Webb added, "is very important to me. When I was living at High Acres, my place in Connecticut, I used to be up at seven every morning, out in the garden and up to my neck in ferns and fertilizer. Nails dirty, dungarees, literally—smelly!" Here Mr. Webb raised his glass of pale, dry sherry, sniffed and added, "Unmarried as I am and obviously childless, a home is, nonetheless, very important to me. I bought an adobe house, changed it into a Mediterranean villa. Walls knocked out, you know—arches removed—when will it be finished? Dear, it will be finished one of these days—and I'll be wheeled in."

In the meantime we can look forward to seeing "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College" which will be Clifton Webb's next picture. In fact, his studio plans one picture a year about Belvedere's adventures.

Which is all to the good. For, as one truck driver put it, "Hi, there, Sittin' Pretty. Carry on. We can use you in this sad world of today."
HER LOVE WAS PITFALL...
TO THE ONLY MAN SHE DIDN'T WANT TO HURT...

REGAL FILMS Presents

DICK POWELL - LIZABETH SCOTT

"PITFALL"

WITH JANE WYATT

AND RAYMOND BURR • BYRON BARR • JOHN LITEL
ANN DORAN • JIMMY HUNT • SELMER JACKSON

Based on the Novel "The Pitfall" by Jay Dratler
Screenplay by Karl Kamb

Directed by ANDRE DE TOOTH
Produced by SAMUEL BISCHOFF
Released thru United Artists.
The Leprechauns say:

"Lovers who kiss under a falling star are bound together forevermore..."

A romance fresh... joyful...lilting as an Irish air...to put enchantment in the very heart of you!

Tyrone Power Anne Baxter

The Luck of the Irish

20th Century-Fox

James Todd • Jayne Meadows • J. M. Kerrigan • Phil Brown • Charles Irwin

Directed by Henry Koster • Produced by Fred Kohlmar

Screen Play by Philip Dunne • Based on a Novel by Guy and Constance Jones

with

The Little Man

Cecil Kellaway

The Big Man

Lee J. Cobb
God and the road to peace

BY LEO McCAREY
Famous Hollywood Producer and Director

TODAY, from the four corners of the earth, sounds a steadily rising cry for a greater accent on religion.

Hollywood would do well to hear this cry. There is a place on the screen for entertainment with a religious theme. Screen stories which emphasize that man has something more to do in life than satisfy his selfish urges would help to direct motion picture audiences' attention to God. On the screen, too, the presentation of prayer should be more natural. The idea that strong men do not pray should be counteracted by evidence that they do. Washington, for instance, wasn't against kneeling in the snow at Valley Forge in order to seek Divine guidance!

Today, religion answers the deepest urges of the human heart. "Where do I come from? What am I doing here on this earth? Why am I?" The answers to these questions are bound up with happiness and if they are not given, neither will happiness be given. Undoubtedly, one of the sources of our unhappiness lies in the decline of religious faith.

Faith, a gift of God, is something we, as a nation, stand to lose unless we exercise great care. And currently, the threatening and dangerous evil of Communism strives to alienate us from our faith in God, and ultimately in ourselves.

The role that a resurgence of religious fervor can play towards insuring a future and lasting peace is practically limitless. Prayer and religion, by directing man's thoughts outward, helping him to forget his own selfish desires, create a more ordered life for him.

Religion played one of the greatest parts in my own life probably, when I decided to make "Going My Way" and "Bells of St. Mary's." Both these pictures played to three times as many people as "Love Affair," "The Awful Truth" and "Ruggles of Red Gap." So I really believe that the majority of film audiences are interested in spiritual values. As I had occasion one night to say: "I thank Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald for their performances and I thank God for the subject matter." And I meant that from the bottom of my heart.

My latest picture, "Good Sam," is the story of a good Samaritan. The underlying theme is "Faith, hope and charity, and the greatest of these is charity." At the moment I am preparing another film, "Adam and Eve," and I believe that this one, too, will have the kind of story that people want to hear about.

Religion must not be sold short. The United States was founded on a belief in God the Creator. When we reject this principle of Americanism we lay ourselves open to any and all subversive influences which would rob us of our most treasured heritage.
IT IS the halfway mark in the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards race of 1948. It is time to tell you, the people of America, how you as a group now feel about your favorite actors, actresses and pictures ... although how you will feel by the end of the year is anybody’s guess!

Right now, the interviewers of Audience Research, Inc. can only tell the directions in which, currently, you are heading. The results of our questions and your answers are as full of riddles as ever—and once again prove that where you are concerned, nothing is certain but change. But let us get on with the 1948 results as they now stand.

Again, your favorite of four years is still your favorite at four-and-a-half. But, before you say "I thought you
FAVORITES FOR 1948?

the line-up of your favorites shows some surprising changes

Director Of Audience Research, Inc.

just said nothing was certain but change! let me hastily give you a look back of the scenes.

It is true that Bing Crosby is still the most popular star. But although he is still far in the lead of your other men favorites—his lead is not as great as it was in the year of 1947.

Another look backstage: Did you know that at one time both Jimmy Stewart and Spencer Tracy were as high in popularity as Bing is now? In fact, before the war, Spencer Tracy was even higher than Bing has ever been!

During the early months of this year Bing was seen in two pictures. "Welcome Stranger" and "Road to Rio." As this goes to press, he is (Continued on page 72)
"I'm going to marry Ty Power"

Once again the international wires are humming with this latest report from Linda Christian

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

I AM not easily taken in by charmers—home-grown or international.
But I can tell you that Linda Christian, the lady from south of the border who has had Tyrone Power enthralled ever since he met her, is a most dangerously attractive woman.

Linda is as fascinating as any enchantress of fiction.

Her beauty, her accent and her vivacity make it easy to understand why Tyrone became first infatuated and then fell deeply in love with her.

This girl—believe me—has excitement, brains and an intelligence that seldom accompanies such a face and figure. Before our fabulous interview was over I found out that she speaks French, Spanish, Italian, German and Dutch as fluently as you and I speak our native tongue.

But she was talking straight English, no Dutch, when she gave me the first straightforward jolt of our talk.

"I'm going to marry Tyrone Power," she said.

"In Italy?" I tried to keep the gasp out of my voice.

"Perhaps," she said. "I shall be there when he is making 'Prince of Foxes' and he won't be leaving Europe until after January, 1949. That is when his divorce from Annabella is final.

"Oh, no," she went on, "There will be nothing illegal about our marriage. I would not marry him until he is legally free in the state of California. But when that moment comes—I'll marry him in a cell if necessary! I love Tyrone and he loves me.

"It means everything in the world to us that we can then be married in the Church. Tyrone and I are of the same religion. I have never been married. He has never (Continued on page 108)
On the international heart-line: Tyrone Power of "That Wonderful Urge"
Schuyler Van is quite a girl with her father's red hair and blue eyes. Van's in "Command Decision"
MY NEW LIFE

BY VAN JOHNSON

Here, answering his critics, Van talks frankly about his new career and reveals his new happiness

I used to be afraid of having roots—didn’t even unpack my trunks or hang up my hat those first years I spent in Hollywood hotels. But now, a husband and father, I know the responsibility of a home and family urges you to strike down and plan for the years ahead.

Seven years ago I was just a red-headed, star-struck guy. The first glimpse of Grauman’s Chinese I had was the day I stepped off a sight-seeing bus loaded with tourists. I remember how I thrilled looking at all the famous foot-o-graphs in the forecourt. While the school marm from Sioux City attempted timidly to put her summer whites into Mary Pickford’s tiny teet-erasers, I was experiencing great satisfaction putting my number elevens into Clark Gable’s footprints. There seemed to be little chance then that I would ever co-star with Clark or ever record my own footprints in Grauman’s cement.

But those things did happen. Just the other day, while I was co-starring with Clark in “Command Decision,” I was asked for my own footprints in Grauman’s. It was a big day for me. Evie was on the sidelines photographing the event for our posterity—our posterity, so far as I’m concerned, being a little lady of eight months christened Schuyler Van. It gives you a wonderful feeling of security to sign your name in cement and to realize you’re at last an accepted citizen of the cinemas—not just a flash in the pan.

When I first started in pictures, I was lucky enough to be tagged a “typical American guy,” and it meant a lot to me to feel that the public thought of me as someone they knew and liked. However, I knew that to survive I had to begin and build my future as a mature actor.

I’ve had lots of help. Spencer Tracy has my thanks for my role in “State of the Union.” It was Spence who put in the casual, “Why not give it to Van?” That’s why playing a drum-beater for Tracy in that picture was no difficult chore for me. I’ve felt like doing that for a long time. I did a double-take, however, when the picture was released and I heard the reviewers were also okaying me. It was incredible that I should draw attention in that league! I realized that people expected Tracy, Hepburn and Menjou to be great. The characterization I gave, different than any I’d ever done before, came more as a surprise. That role meant a lot to me. So did the loyal, till-death-do-us-part sarge in “Command Decision.”

All I want now is to have more solid roles like these—and as simple a life as the complications of movie-making allow.

Home is important to Evie and me—we like to have the gang over for tennis and to eat hot dogs and barbecue gourmet au Johnson. It’s fun to do things like whipping up that special barbecue sauce. After working for so many years to get some place, I got a big kick out of feeling success materially at first. The big house with its tennis courts and swimming pool was exciting. Now Evie and I are looking for a place where all the family can be closer together—where a dad can walk into the nursery and call on his daughter without formality. She’s quite a little personality, that daughter of mine. She has red hair, blue eyes and features that resemble her old man’s. She’s the reason why, even as I strike down roots, I’m also dealing in futures.
Judy, with husband Vincente Minnelli, will sacrifice glamour for realism any day.
the PUNCH in JUDY

She's high, she's low, she's
Judy Garland, who "just dies" until
a picture pays off and just lives
for dreams that never quite come true

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

She LIVES in a little pink stucco house with a black roof. It sits triumphantly on a Hollywood hilltop high above a glittering blanket of lights of every hue. She's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's queen of the box office, her every picture a pot of gold. But you feel that Judy Garland, of the haunting brown eyes, sensitive face and the voice with that heart-catching quality, has never relaxed. And certain it is that the very emotional intensity that has contributed to her success as an actress has been a jinx in her personal quest for happiness.

One day Judy is loaded with enthusiasm. The next, tight and tense, moody and distraight, she will go home weeping over some small incident; a scene she feels she could have done better, a scene she wasn't up to doing. Or she may arrive at the studio prepared to knock 'em over at 6:45 a.m., as she did recently, and—surprised at seeing the studio lot uninhabited—ask of the cop at the gate, "Hey, where is everybody?"

She has "opening day" jitters on every picture she makes. On the night of any preview she's just as nervous as though taking her first screen test. Her butterflies beget butterflies. She changes her mind a dozen times about attending. As in the case of the smash hit "Easter Parade." (Continued on page 98)
MARRIAGE morals—let's face it—are largely a matter of geography. The marriage morals of the United States aren't the same at all as those observed in the South Seas—or in Hollywood.

Girls in the United States, generally, marry for love—and if need be count the world well lost. But in Hollywood, there are girls who make a business of marriage. Not too successful in their career, they woo wealthy business men, marry them, prevail upon them to establish a California residence—because the California community property law tends to swell a settlement and alimony—and then promptly, pleading cruelty or heartbreak or both, seek a divorce.

These same ambitious Aphrodites also seek to devastate young actors in the studios. Young wives in the film colony well know how these girls work. One charming young (Continued on page 105)
MORALS

Only half this story ever has been told. It takes a Hollywood insider with courage to make it complete.

by that famous party giver and columnist

elsa maxwell

The Ray Millands: Smooth sailing now since Mal decided it's all in the way you look—at a star husband

The Robert Taylors: Bob's willingness to leave the spotlight to Barbara is a major factor in their marriage.
Humphrey Bogart has three pleasures. His first is Lauren Bacall. His second is working in any picture directed by John Huston. And his third pleasure he started upon very innocently—when he was a dizzy eight.

At this time he told his father that he was very interested in girls. His father gave him a shocked look and declared Humphrey didn’t know what he was talking about. That did it! He did know what he was talking about. He thought very highly of the feminine sex even then. But what shaped his character at that particular moment was the way his fond parent was thrown by such an honest expression.

So we have Bogey’s third pleasure—tossing verbal bombshells, then sitting back to see what will happen.

"I have pulled some bonehead plays and given out some bonehead statements in my life," he says. "But I have never lied. That I guarantee. I have always expressed my opinion on any subject at any time. If later, I’ve found I was wrong, in conviction or deed, I’ve confessed it. But when I think an attitude or an idea is right I say so."

There is, for example, the little episode of San Francisco’s civic pride vs. Bogey. Warners had sent their star up to the City of the Golden Gate for a movie opening. The San Francisco papers sent their reporters around to glean the Bogart opinion on three San Francisco features—its food, its (Continued on page 115)
He's been a decided character since the dizzy age of eight when he threw the first Bogart bombshell.

Lauren, who loves to "dress up," has changed Bogey's mind about dinner jackets.

"Once you get into the rut of being afraid," Bogey says, "you stop being yourself."
Appearances count with girls. When I'm out with Ann Blyth, who's in "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," I like to look my best. Girls have a way of keeping a fellow on his toes.

A fellow has something to remember when he shares little things—like this day in the park.

Girls keep a fellow tidy. When Ann calls she's a pal if she criticizes scenes like this.
A girl gives you new interests. Ann's interest is music. The stage of the Hollywood Bowl gave her a chance to try her voice—on me!

There are times when a fellow likes to talk. Ann and I discuss everything—books, our pictures. My next is "The Big Cat"

Dancing with Ann I realize how much fun a fellow misses alone. He really needs a girl!
Over the top: Howard Duff moves in on the star line in "Black Velvet"
When Duff was "discovered," he was

the sack-happiest sergeant on Saipan and

just about as glamorous as a GI shoe

BY JACK SHER

LET me say, right off, that Howie Duff is about as glamorous to me as a GI shoe. Yet, down the street is Howard's rugged puss all colored up pretty, plastered on a billboard. I've seen a good deal of that face. I've seen it on such hot Pacific rocks as Saipan and Guam and here in my New York apartment.

I haven't seen Howard in several months now, and his face is becoming unreal to me and so is he. This is embarrassing, but it isn't my friend Duff's fault—he just happens to be a guy who is very good at his particular dodge. I go to the movies and find friend Duff is a tough gee rubbing out some gusnel, or serving a stretch for something I know he couldn't possibly have done. It's ridiculous. So is the stuff I've been seeing in print about his being "the new feminine heart-throb" and "one of the year's thrilling finds."

All this makes me nervous, so I wrote the guy and told him it had gone far enough, that I was going to expose him. He said to go ahead, but to keep in mind that he would be ringing my doorbell in a couple of months. As one ex-sergeant to another, Duff doesn't (Continued on page 111)

Howie is a 185-pound six-footer who does his own cooking and likes to sleep late in the morning

Popular date with Duff is Ava Gardner, who'd be just as glamorous behind a ribbon counter, so far as Howard is concerned
When the circus came to town, Joan took Christopher and Christina, two of her four adopted children.
It’s the fulfillment of her childhood dream and a perfect setting for a star.

But is it a barrier to her happiness as a woman?

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

A far cry from the modest house this was when she bought it twenty years ago

Will Joan Crawford ever love a man as much as she loves her house? Another woman once put her home before everything—“Craig’s Wife.” Is Joan another “Craig’s Wife”?

Personally I think Joan is innately too intelligent to let a few pieces of stucco, wood and cement destroy her overwhelming dream for a happy normal life. But it’s a fact that today, Joan is less happy and more restless than at any time since she bought what was then a modest Spanish house in Brentwood.

That was in 1928 when her first husband, the very young Douglas Fairbanks Jr., carried the even younger Joan over the threshold into marriage and into competition with a “lover” that neither of them could possibly suspect—Joan’s house! How she loved that house and how she still does! Unless an earthquake destroys it, she will live there, she tells me, until she dies.

Before the still continuing additions, there were only eight or nine rooms. The house now adds up to fifteen main rooms and three servants’ rooms. Joan began the non-stop home expansion soon after her marriage to Doug. By the time she had changed her name to Mrs. Franchot Tone, the Spanish tiles and stucco had changed to the pretty English, rambling exterior of today.

After visiting Joan I tried to analyze why I so firmly believe this very attractive place has already lost her three husbands and countless beaus. And I decided that the man has yet to be born who can cope with a house as a rival. Yet I am sure that to be really happy, Joan must have a man.

During my visit, all four of Joan’s children were having supper in the huge aluminum gleaming kitchen. Maybe they will change the house from the place of perfection Joan has made it, into something more frail and human. You can’t always be after children, especially when they’re growing up, to keep chairs and tables just so. No matter how strict you are they leave toys behind, or they draw pictures on the walls, or they bring garden dirt into a room.

But the mother who really loves them—and don’t make any mistake, Joan does—doesn’t care too much. I’ve watched Joan (Continued on page 103)
After Alana and David are put to bed, Alan and Susie do their planning.

Alan, who's in "Beyond Glory," and Susie put their dreams on paper.

Susie had qualms about Alan's hobby, but it was she who started his gun collection.
The Ladds have differences, of course—but they also have a special kind of happiness insurance.
Many are the penalties paid by Maureen, who believes in speaking frankly or not at all

1. Q: Are you superstitious?
A: I'm afraid so. My whole family is. My aunt, a well-bred conservative person, once followed a sailor down the street in London for blocks trying to touch his collar for luck. When a picture falls from the wall I can't help feeling there will be a death in the family. My good sense tells me this is ridiculous, but still...

2. Q: Where do your loyalties lie first—with Ireland or America?
(Maureen wouldn't answer, so as a consequence—because she's Irish and superstitious—she had to go under a ladder to get a bite of lemon cream pie.)

3. Q: Tell me, whom do you consider the most beautiful star in Hollywood?
A: There are so many different kinds of beauty. I would say that Olivia de Havilland and little Elizabeth Taylor are truly beautiful, Ingrid

Daughter Bronwyn and Ralph had all the fun on Q. 15
GAME CONDUCTOR—RALPH EDWARDS

Bergman and Greta Garbo are handsome women, Linda Darnell and Hedy Lamarr are "exotic."

4. Q: Stop right there! What about Maureen O'Hara? Don't you think she's beautiful?
A: I don't like my nose—it's too long and pointed. My face is too square. I would like a more narrow jaw line. When I was a little girl I used to worry a lot about it and whenever I saw a pretty girl I would pray that I would grow up to be pretty someday.

5. Q: I've never seen you in a bathing-suit scene.
(Continued on page 92.)
Spencer Tracy’s valet—an insomniac now—talks about the guy who got him that way

BY LARRY KEETHE

Spence and Larry Keethe, who says they’ve never yet persuaded Spence to “dress up”

He runs away from make-up men with powder puffs
I'm supposed to be writing a piece about my boss, Spencer Tracy.

"Wonderful guy, Mr. Tracy," I could say. "You never met a finer fellow. So thoughtful, so generous!"

Then I could relax and fill out the rest with what professional writers call "anecdotes." Cute little stories all slanted to prove just what a saint Mr. Tracy is.

You'd read a bit of it, you'd yawn, and then you'd say, "Yeah. Buttering up the boss. What else could he say?"

If Spencer Tracy were just my boss, maybe I'd do it that way. The easy, simple, lazy way.

The trouble is—and nice kind of trouble—that Spence is more than my boss. He's my friend.

So, I'll do this the hard way.

I'll really try to tell you how it is with Spence and me. Straight...

First, you have to know that I'm a wardrobe man. About a dozen years ago, I was a "front office" wardrobe man. That is, my job concerned the clothes and costumes our players at M-G-M wore in pictures. But I didn't often get down on the stages to see how they looked and acted in the garments. It was a desk job, mainly.

But the stars used to drop in on us once in a while. One day a new chap came by. He'd just signed up after a term at the old Fox studios. His name was Spencer Tracy. I don't remember what he said or what I said, if any. (Continued on page 113)
Valli, the mother: Carlos de Mejo, three years old, responds only to “Charlie”

She knew what she was saying when she made “Miracle of the Bells”
OF ENCHANTMENT

FROM Italy Napoleon swiped the Mona Lisa and Selznick snatched Alida Valli.

Selznick's the winner. The two little masterpieces bear a smiling resemblance but Valli speaks.

"I know two words in English in Rome," she said. "But I listened a lot. I hear the GI's speak. Nice people."

"Lovely people," said an old GI.

Valli smiled.

It was from "nice people" her listening ear picked up the two words in English. We trembled to hear them.

"When in Rome I met many GI's," she said. "I hear them always say these words—hi and wonderful."

"Hi, Wonderful!" corrected the old GI.

Valli smiled her subtle smile. Valli is, as "nice people" say, hep.

You would not believe that Mrs. Paradine did not know what she was talking about in "The Paradine Case" if Valli did not tell you. She spoke the words without knowing their meaning and her performance was a stunning tour de force.

Valli's English is pure when she decants it for pictures but when she is furling spaghetti and sipping (Continued on page 99)

A lady from Como with a siren appeal that has America whistling "Hi, Wonderful!"

Photographs by Valeska

Ask her if she was an angel bambina and she'll say her nose was "up"

She loves spaghetti, vino and American freedom. But it's our oysters that really send her!

Listening to the GI's in Rome taught her what "nice people" say to girls!
He still laughs when it hurts, still acts

on impulse, but there's a new Peter

stepping out in those hundred-dollar brogues

**By HOWARD SHARPE**

**PETER LAWFORD**, having completed “Easter Parade,” was vacationing in New York. On this particular afternoon he was in the dim and elegant Pierre bar. With his friends, Ned and Jock McLean, sons of the late Evalyn Walsh McLean, whose estate was somewhat encumbered by the Hope Diamond, he was earnestly settling the problems of the world.

“Mr. Lawford,” discreetly, a white-coated waiter interrupted, “a telephone call for you, sir.”

Peter returned from the telephone booth looking rueful. “I have to catch the five o’clock for Philly—one of those benefit performances. I’m sorry!”

“You can’t go,” Jock said. “I’ve tickets for the fights. And you’re taking Betty. It’s all arranged.”

Peter grinned but shook his head. “It’s a benefit, I said! Square me with Betty and I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Things around Peter Lawford aren’t what they used to be. A year ago, on vacation, he would have flipped his lid at such an assignment and gone on to the fights. He’s growing up.

While Peter was in New York, for instance, he packed his bags and cleared out of the McLean apartment. Not because he wanted to go, and certainly not because the McLeans wanted him to. Peter felt he no longer had the right to stay—a teen-age fan club had somehow secured his telephone number at the McLeans and the phone had rung all day. So, to restore (Continued on page 101)
Heading the personality parade: Peter Lawford of "Easter Parade"
A modern Salome, Yvonne De Carlo has a mystery man in her life and the secrets her grandmother taught her in her heart.

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS

Next to being a fine singer, I’d like to raise horses," Yvonne De Carlo says. "And with the right man and kids of our own, I’ll bet I could make a success of ranching."

This is not as surprising a statement as you may think. For tear away the veils from this modern Salome and you uncover a shy girl with old-fashioned humility. She has a trick of putting her hand on your arm when she’s speaking to you. "Am I doing all right?" her smoky-blue eyes seem to ask. It’s refreshing! It’s different! Ask Yvonne where she came by her old-fashioned courtesies and she explains, "When I was a child in Canada I spent a lot of time with my grandmother—a wonderful woman, with very definite ideas."

And the “right man”? Well, Yvonne’s name has been linked with many beaus. But there is a mystery man at the moment.

Yvonne started her career as a dancer, although her real ambition is to sing. "Ever since I was a kid in Canada," she says, "I’ve daydreamed about giving a concert. I can see the faces of the people in the audience. I can hear myself." In part, Yvonne’s dream has come true, for in "Casbah" she sings one song. She was so delighted that she memorized the entire score of the opera “Carmen” from which the song was taken.

As to the future: Maybe Yvonne will stay in Hollywood. Or she may be on a concert stage in reality. Maybe she’ll find that right man and make ranching her brand of success. Whichever she chooses, I’ll cast my vote now for her as “Most Likely to Succeed!”

Her dancing has captivated Hollywood but Yvonne has different ambitions.
Peter Lawford prefers easy-to-reach closet drawers to bureaus.

There's a place for everything in the closets.

The bathroom retreats from public view in the bath-dressing room of Jeanette MacDonald's home.
AM about to enter where any angel decorator would fear to tread. To be brave and bold about it, I am going to give you notes on how to smarten up one of the most-viewed rooms in your home, the bathroom. Or, if you insist, the powder room.

Hollywood does them very well. With a little intelligence plus, as always, that pretty green stuff called money, there is no reason why you can't do yours very attractively, too. One of the smartest things Hollywood does with them is to combine them with a dressing room, which actually means with clothes closets. Don't despair if you have an old house with dark holes where real clothes closets should be, and a bath that was installed about 1907. You can still do much that is cheery, inexpensive and, from the point of view of caring for your wardrobe, most efficient.

Recently, for example, I was called upon to redecorate (Continued on page 90)
Beauty etched in copper: Joan Fontaine's cocktail suit steps into the limelight as fashion of the month
THE reasons for choosing Joan Fontaine’s exquisite cocktail suit as the fashion of the month are almost too numerous to mention. At first glance, this luxurious ensemble may seem too all-out expensive and high-styled for the pocketbooks of most gals. But take another look. Despite the fact that Joan paid Hattie Carnegie a fabulous price for the costume, the same effect can be achieved in a number of ways by almost anyone. The two-piece suit is of copper-colored faille, completely covered with fine black lace. The lace skirt flows loosely over the faille but the lace of the jacket is absolutely fitted to it. The all-over effect of this combination is to give the suit a vague plum-brown color.

The entire coat and skirt are splashed with small clusters of coppery sequins that highlight even more its basic elegance. Joan wears a soft veil of black lace pinned lightly to her blonde hair, in lieu of a hat. Her pearl choker and earrings are of coppery hue. A truly perfect costume for teas, cocktail parties, dinners, dancing—in fact, anything short of a ball!

Please note that Fontaine, who is one of Hollywood’s most chic femmes, is a fashion leader but no slave to fashion! With her pretty, small feet, she could well wear those closed-heel and -toe pumps—but prefers to enhance her feet rather than make them look twice their size. Heaven knows, there are few enough small feet left in the world. If the new shoes flatter you, wear ’em—if they don’t, forget ’em. The best rule to follow in any style—from head to toe—is: Don’t go for anything—unless it does something for you!

Now to get back to this dream suit. First of all, it would be so lovely in (Continued on page 86)
Lana Turner, as Lady de Winter, loses her head but not her heart to "The Three Musketeers"
Those Were The Days

Men lived for adventure—women for love—and D'Artagnan and the Musketeers became the gayest blades of history.

Once more the cry of The Three Musketeers sounds from the screen: "One for all—and all for one!"

Once more D'Artagnan, aided and abetted by the dandy Aramis, the disgruntled noble Athos and the lusty Porthos, recovers the queen's diamonds.

For Gene Kelly, the role of D'Artagnan is a dream come true. Twenty odd years ago it was the grace of movement of Douglas Fairbanks Sr. in this role that inspired Gene to become a dancer. Then Gene became a star. Then, making the cycle complete, M-G-M chose him to play D'Artagnan in this 1948 version of Dumas' perennial favorite.
Now gather 'round the campfire
While we tell a story strange
Of the rootin'-est, tootin'-est cowpoke
Ever rode the Texas range.

He was just a kid in diapers
When he hit the trail out West,
His paw and maw never missed him
When he fell from the family nest.

A big-hearted mother coyote
Adopted our Bill and he
Grew up with her family of puppies
And learned all the tricks of the free.

He rescued a frightened colt one day
From vultures swarming to kill.
'Twas the start of a beautiful friendship
Between Widowmaker and Bill.

As they grew so did stories about them,
Like the one old-timers relate
Of how Bill shot down every star but one—
That of the Lone Star State!

When rustlers rode off with his cattle
He was swift in pursuit of the villains
There's been gold ever since in the Texas hills—
He knocked out all of their fillin's!

When the redskins went on the warpath
Bill ended their little game
He scared them right out of their make-up
Gave the Painted Desert its name!

He was fillin' in time butting buffalo
When down the river she came,
Riding a bucking catfish—
Stuefoot Sue was her name.

Poor Bill was a goner from then on—
Which made Widowmaker toss . . .
Especially when Sue said she'd marry
Bill
If he'd let her ride his horse.

Suddenly Sue's bustle went bouncing,
Higher and higher she'd go!
Each time she'd come back, hit the ground with a whack
Then bounce another mile or so!

Bill tried to lasso Sue to safety
But he missed her and very soon
With one mighty bounce she shot out of sight
Right into that Texas moon!

Pecos Bill went back to the desert
And each night when the moon is high
You can hear poor Bill and the coyotes
Raising their mournful cry.

And that is why, to this very day
Coyotes howl at the moon that way.

A romantic idyll inspired
by Walt Disney's
"Melody Time."

Verse by
Rena Firth
Just as you picture a duchess to be—An incandescent, star quality in the Duchess of Leinster's face sends her loveliness out to you—makes you feel the graciousness that is her inmost self.

Your face is the keynote of your inner self. It is expressing You every minute—your spirit, your disposition, your habits. Help it then to reveal you clearly—as you want to be.

The Duchess' complexion is radiant, glowing-clear and silken-smooth

"I have an unbreakable rule for fresh, soft skin"—says Rafaelle, Duchess of Leinster

"I have an unbreakable rule for fresh, soft skin—Pond's Cold Cream," this lovely Duchess says. Follow her rule—and work magic on your face today. See how Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment brings your skin new loveliness. This is the way:

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with comfortably 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 your pores. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This rinses off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, aglow. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

Now...see your new face! It's alive! Rosy! Clean! Soft! It has a cleanliness that you can feel as well as see.

You'll want to give your face this new rewarding Pond's treatment every single day (and of course always at bedtime). It literally works on both sides of your skin at once.

From the Outside—soft, cool Pond's Cold Cream wraps itself around the surface dirt and make-up, as you massage—sweeps all cleanly away, as you tissue off. From the Inside—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation—speeds tiny blood vessels in their work of bringing in skin-cell food, and carrying away skin-cell waste.

Skin loveliness takes renewing every day. Bring your skin fresh loveliness this rewarding Pond's way. It is beauty care you'll never want to skip. Don't wait one more day to do it.

Pond's—used by more women than any other face cream.
The amazing discovery beauticians recommend to make hair wonderfully easy to arrange and keep in place... cloud-soft... romantically lustrous... alive with dancing highlights... control-able even after shampoo... safe from sun's drying action! For the whole family, men-folks, too. Rinses out in a twinkling.

**WHAT SUAVE IS NOT...**

Not a greasy "slicker downer"... not a hair oil, lacquer or pomade... not an upholstery "smearer"... not a dirt collector... not smelly... not drying; no alcohol... not sticky...

*Some pronounce it "swah"... others say "swaay"... either way it means beautiful hair.

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**Who Will Be Your Favorites for 1948?**

(Continued from page 35) about to be seen in "The Emperor Waltz." It may be that this picture will again raise him to new heights with you.

After Bing Crosby, your four favorite male stars are, in alphabetical order, Humphrey Bogart, Bob Hope, Alan Ladd and Gregory Peck. What does this tell us? That, in a few months, you have changed your mind about one of your top favorite men. You replaced Gary Cooper (one of your five favorites in 1947) with Bob Hope. Bob Hope was seen by you in two pictures thus far in 1948, one released late in 1947, "Where There's Life," and the 1948 release, "Road to Rio." You saw Alan Ladd in "Wild Harvest" and "Saigon"; Gregory Peck in "Duel in the Sun" and " Gentleman's Agreement." Humphrey Bogart appeared in two pictures, " Dark Passage" and " The Treasure of the Sierra Madre."

And now for your taste in women. (We put the men first intentionally. Right now you like men better than women in the films—but more of that later.)

At the halfway mark, your favorite actress is still Ingrid Bergman—and here is another look behind the scenes: Her lead over the next four most popular actresses is greater than Bing Crosby's lead over the four males at his heels. Three months after the start of 1948, she appeared in her first picture in over a year, "Arch of Triumph"; so, in 1948 at least, you have had a chance to see your favorite actress on the screen. In 1947, although you voted her the top actress, you didn't see her in a single new picture.

After Ingrid Bergman, your four favorite actresses are (in alphabetical order): June Allyson, Betty Grable, Barbara Stanwyck and Esther Williams. At the end of 1947, three of your five top favorites were Bette Davis, Greer Garson and Rita Hayworth. You have replaced all three. Only June Allyson remains with Ingrid Bergman among your Favorite Five, as in 1947. What pictures have aided her in staying at the top of your list? " Good News" and "The Bride Goes Wild." You saw Betty Grable in only one picture, " Mother Wore Tights"; Esther Williams in two, " Fiesta" and "This Time for Keeps" (both released in 1947); and Barbara Stanwyck in three pictures: " The Other Love," "Cry Wolf" and "B. F.'s Daughter"—two of which were also released in 1947.

But now to your ten favorite movies thus far in 1948. In the order of your choice, they are: Sitting Pretty, Life with Father, Call Northside 777, Gentleman's Agreement, The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, Secret Life of Walter Mitty, The Bishop's Wife, Kiss of Death, Body and Soul and Green Dolphin Street.

The top picture—your favorite for the early months of 1948—is probably what is known in Hollywood as a " sleeper." It starred Robert Young, Maureen O'Hara and Clifton Webb, none of whom are among your ten favorite male and female players. It was unheralded by much advance publicity, unlauded beforehand. Yet you, the people, went to it, enjoyed it hugely and told each other about it. You chose it as your top favorite for the start of 1948!

It is not the only "sleeper" you discovered either. "Kiss of Death," which holds eighth place in your choice of favorites was another. Starring Victor Mature and Brian Donlevy, this picture went out modestly into the world—and entertained you far more than many a million-dollar epic.

An interesting fact to be noted is that out of your ten (Continued on page 74)
"Better than my own favorite face powder!"... that's how enthusiastic women from Coast to Coast rated the amazing New Woodbury Powder. 4 out of 5 preferred Woodbury to the powder they were using! And Woodbury won on an average of 4 to 1 over all leading brands of powder.

Actually women preferred Woodbury for every beauty quality! They raved about its "satin-smoothness on the skin"... loved its richness of shade that gives a warmer, livelier color-glow!

Discover now that New Woodbury Powder makes the most dramatic difference on your skin... that it is literally the world's finest face powder.

6 exciting shades

(Continued from page 72) favorite men and women stars, only two of them (Humphrey Bogart and Gregory Peck) appeared in the pictures that you chose as the Top Ten in the halfway race for the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards. Gregory Peck starred in your fourth favorite picture, "Gentleman's Agreement," and Humphrey Bogart in your fifth choice, "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre."

Another interesting fact about your ten favorite pictures: You like every type of film. There is no set rule as to your taste in stories. You've chosen melodrama, comedies, dramatic stories, fantasies. Yet you, so far this year, have left out what every producer feels is sure-fire, a musical!

A last note on the pictures you liked most thus far in 1948. Three pictures did not reach the list because of late releases—but are strong contenders. They'll probably be on your Top Ten list by the end of the year. They are: "State of the Union," "Naked City," "I Remember Mama."

Now to a few other pieces of news on your ever-changing tastes:

In these past few months of 1948, you have singled out two young players to skyrocket into fast favoritism. These two young stars have shot up like meteors because of your liking for them. They are Burt Lancaster and Joan Caulfield. After them, climbing fast in your interest but not as rapidly as they, are: Barry Fitzgerald and Ronald Colman for the men; Susan Hayward and Lizabeth Scott for the women. Also it might interest you to know that you prefer men stars to women stars right now. For example, the five top men in your estimation are generally more popular with you than the top five women. And although Miss Bergman has a greater lead over other women stars than Bing Crosby has over the actors—nevertheless, he is stronger than Bergman at the box office.

Now for one last piece of information about you, the people of America: You buy seventy million tickets to the movies every week—equally divided between men and women. This is a drop in attendance from the all-time peak year for movie-going, 1946, when about eighty million tickets were purchased at the box office each week. But it is still a prodigious number of movie-watchers—and of movie-goers.

In another few months when 1948 draws to a close, whom will you choose as your favorite actor and actress? Will Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman still hold sway—or will they be replaced? And what picture will you have singled out for your favorite of the year?

Audience Research, Inc., can only find out by asking you, and you, and you. And the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards will be given to your choices.

The End

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Meet

"The Smartest Girl in Town"

Who? . . . . . . . . . . . Jeanne Crain
Who says so? . . . . . . . Elsa Maxwell
in October Photoplay

**********************
Slash fuel oil costs up to 25% with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-air!

You're not getting everything your money should buy in a heater for your home unless you get all these:

Real oil economy ... clean, workless heat ... fine period furniture styling.

But only a Duo-Therm heater gives you all three. Here's how and why:

Power-Air saves up to 1 out of every 4 gallons of oil!

Actual tests in a cold Northern climate prove that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air cuts fuel costs up to 25%. (This saving alone can pay for the cost of your Duo-Therm.) Only the Duo-Therm heater has Power-Air Blower.

Being a Blower—not a fan—Power-Air really moves the heat, too ... gets heat into hard-to-heat corners ... keeps floors much warmer ... gives you more heat and more comfort at the living level.

Save on oil with Duo-Therm's exclusive Burner

The Duo-Therm Burner is a fuel-miser, too. It mixes air and oil in 6 stages (a Duo-Therm exclusive) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame—gets more heat out of every drop of oil.

The Duo-Therm Burner transfers more heat to your home quicker, because its full-bodied, mushroom type flame floats in the lightweight steel heat chamber ... hugs the chamber walls. There are no moving parts—nothing to wear out. And it's utterly silent!

And it's so easy to heat with a Duo-Therm. Light your Duo-Therm on the first cool day. Then tend the fire all winter by turning a handy dial.

Your eyes tell you, too, that no other heater at any price can equal a Duo-Therm for beauty. That's because Every Duo-Therm's a fine piece of furniture

Yes, Duo-Therm is the only heater with genuine period furniture styling. And only Duo-Therm heaters have the magnificent new duo-tone mahogany finish—a new Duo-Therm development!

There's a Duo-Therm heater to fit your needs because Duo-Therm makes a complete line of heaters—offers a model for every purpose and pocketbook.

Clip and mail the coupon now!

See the complete line of Duo-Therm heaters at your local dealer's now. Meanwhile, send for the free, 12-page Duo-Therm heater catalog that shows the whole line in full color.

More than a million satisfied users!

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Always the leader...

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Please send me absolutely free your catalog on the
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FREE 12 page Duo-Therm catalog. Send coupon today.
It takes the Nurses to lead the way!

Tampax is "a different kind" of monthly sanitary protection because it is worn internally. Yet notwithstanding this radical difference, a recent survey among registered nurses shows 45% have already adopted Tampax for their own use. Invented by a doctor, the hygienic features of Tampax are outstanding - no odor, no chafing, easy disposal.

College girls too . . .

Count the college girls in, whenever improved modern methods are offered. Tampax sales actually soar in women's college towns. And no wonder! No belts or pins for Tampax means no bulges or ridges under a girl's sleek formal. And you can't even feel the Tampax!

... the young married set

Another recent survey shows the young married group "leading the way" for Tampax... Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in slim applicators, Tampax is dainty to use and a month's supply will slip into purse. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

"LET'S TALK HOLLYWOOD" Quiz

BY GEORGE MURPHY

Master of Ceremonies on the radio program, "Let's Talk Hollywood," NBC Sundays, 7:00 p.m., EDT. Check local newspapers for time in your vicinity.

Here we are again to test your movie knowledge and make you dig deep into your memory.

Prove yourself a Mastermind if you can, by scoring from 90 to 100 points; Lesser minds make 70 to 90; Popcornalities average 50 to 70; Sleepyheads 30 to 50, and you're hopeless if you score less than 30.

1. Name two of the principal players and the picture in which a younger was important to these plots. Five points for each correct answer.

[a] A child's dream of a real home comes true but not until an old man goes on trial winning acquittal through the demonstrated faith of children.
[b] An illustrator and a writer of children's books muddle through to marriage because of a little boy.
[c] Without their son, their act flopped. When their marriage nearly flopped, their son saved it.
[d] A young girl tells the story of an indomitable woman who created an illusion of security for her family.
[e] A young woman's desire to adopt a small boy leads her to romance.

2. Score one point for each of these stars that you are able to recognize by their private life nicknames:

[h] Dolly

3. Which stars, because of past experience, could fill these jobs? Again, one point for each right answer.


4. Gone from the screen but not forgotten, you'll remember them by these humorous biographies - you hope! Score three points for each correct one.

[a] Winner of the first Academy Award for outstanding performance, she now is married to a famous dress designer.
[b] Another Academy Award winner, she now is found most frequently at skiing resorts with her ski champion husband.
[c] Long known as "America's Sweetheart," she is married to a former hand-leader and actor. They both produce pictures now.
[d] The symbol of the flapper age, she married a cowboy star. Today they are reacquainted.
[e] Once a serial queen, she now conducts a successful public relations office in Hollywood.
[f] A top silent star, she is known as the "Story Book Lady" and as the creator of a fabulous dollhouse exhibited for charity.

5. For one point each, what cities do you associate with these pictures?

[a] Naked City, [b] Northside 777, [c] The Late George Apley, [d] Arch of Triumph

6. Sixteen actresses have won the Academy Award for outstanding star performances. Score yourself one point for all you can name up to ten.

7. These houses are famous although they existed only in fancy. Score two points for each answer. In what pictures did you find?


Answers:

[A] [B] [C] [D] [E] [F] [G] [H] [I] [J] [K] [L] [M] [N] [O] [P] [Q] [R] [S] [T] [U] [V] [W] [X] [Y] [Z]

[1] [2] [3] [4] [5] [6] [7] [8] [9] [10] [11] [12] [13] [14] [15] [16] [17] [18] [19] [20] [21] [22] [23] [24] [25] [26] [27] [28] [29] [30] [31] [32] [33] [34] [35] [36] [37] [38] [39] [40] [41] [42] [43] [44] [45] [46] [47] [48] [49] [50] [51] [52] [53] [54] [55] [56] [57] [58] [59] [60] [61] [62] [63] [64] [65] [66] [67] [68] [69] [70] [71] [72] [73] [74] [75] [76] [77] [78] [79] [80] [81] [82] [83] [84] [85] [86] [87] [88] [89] [90] [91] [92] [93] [94] [95] [96] [97] [98] [99] [100]
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**PROCTER & GAMBLE'S**

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**Mona Freeman** is a dreamy blonde who is romantically lovely in the Paramount picture, "Isn't It Romantic?"

The newest back-swept skirt in authentic plaid and a buttoned-up-the-back blouse give this Doris Dodson dress of lightweight wool its beguiling name "Backward Glance." Also forest green in sizes 9-15. $17.95 at Oppenheim Collins (Jr. Dept.), Brooklyn and New York, N. Y., and Kaufmann Dept. Stores, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Velvet Madecaps beret about $6.95.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 81.
Joan Chandler is pert and provocative in Alfred Hitchcock's newest thriller, "Rope," a Warner Brothers release.

A classic covert coat by Sportleigh that is indispensable to your fashion life. Comes in heather blue or neutral. Sizes 8-18 or 7-15. $40.00. Matching hat $11.95. Shoulder bag $8.95 at Lansburgh & Bro., Washington, D.C., and La Salle & Koch Co., Toledo, O.

For stores in your vicinity, see facing page.
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:

- **Red Blouse, Plaid Skirt**
  - Doris Dodson
  - 1120 Washington Ave.
  - St. Louis, Mo.

- **Covert Coat**
  - Fred P. Weissman Co.
  - Sportleigh Hall
  - Harrodsburg, Ky.

- **Striped Dress**
  - Reliance Mfg. Co.
  - 212 West Monroe St.
  - Chicago, Ill.

- **Corduroy Jumper**
  - Korday
  - 991 Avenue of the Americas
  - New York, N. Y.

- **Blouse**
  - Vicki Lynn
  - 2 Park Avenue
  - New York, N. Y.

- **Three-button Pumps**
  - Sandler of Boston
  - 183 Essex St.
  - Boston, Mass.

- **Velvet Beret**
  - Madcaps Co.
  - 28 West 39 St.
  - New York, N. Y.

**Stores selling Photoplay Patterns**

- **Gimbels**
  - New York, N. Y.

- **The Hecht Company**
  - Washington, D. C.

**Pattern Sketches**

Front

Back

---

For a Vibrant Lovelier you

**Perma-lift PANTIES**

NO BONES ABOUT IT!

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There's a "Perma-lift" Pantie designed just for you— the comfortable pantie preferred by millions of smartly styled women. The exclusive magic inset designed in the front panel is your guarantee that your "Perma-lift" Pantie won't roll over, won't wrinkle, won't bind, yet it stays up without stays. Be expertly fitted at your favorite corset department. Buy and try a "Perma-lift" Pantie today—$5.00 to $12.50.

Enjoy a "Perma-lift" Bra—America's favorite bra with "The Lift that never lets you down."

Sweet sixteen, Lois Butler is the petite new singing sensation in Eagle Lion’s “Mickey”.

City-wise dark tone stripes with a flirty-sleeve ruffle and silver buttons in Dan River chambray. A Kay Whitney in sizes 12 to 18 for the petite miss. $6.95 at Famous Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Schuster, Milwaukee, Wis. and Rich’s, Atlanta, Ga.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 81

Autumn Notes

Right now you’re thinking about fall and wonderful new clothes and accessories. But don’t forget you’ve got to start out with a good basis or all is lost. We’re talking about girdles. The new ones really do everything nice towards slimming. Two-way stretch for the young, strategically boned ones for those who need more control. Gay girdles are now trimmed with appliqued lace designs or painted motifs. Slips have never been prettier with deep lace or eyelet hem flounces and for those who can wear them, the slips with built-in bras are so comfortable. And don’t worry about your line, for the bra designers have a type and size for every figure—in strong wearing fabric or the filmiest net. Stockings are their loveliest in soft muted tones.
A trim corduroy jumper by Korday and a ruffled collar and deep cuff blouse by Vicki Lynn gives you perfect fall teamwork. Both come in vivid colors. Jumper sizes 10-18. $10.95. Blouse sizes 32-38. $3.95 at Gimbels, New York, N. Y. Sandler of Boston's three-button pump in leather or suede. $8.95 at I. Miller & Sons, New York, N. Y.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 81
PHOTOPLAY'S Pattern of the Month

Rosalind Russell's dress designed by Travis Banton and worn in Independent Artists' "The Velvet Touch," an RKO release

There's excitement in the scarf drape of this new fall fashion. The soft fluid skirt lines and self-covered belt make your waist look tinier. Mallinson's drapable Cathay crepe would be ideal for this pattern. Ask to see this fabric in the rich new Tapestry colors.

For sketches and stores carrying Photoplay Patterns see page 81
A Travis Banton designed costume is something for which all women long once they have seen a beautiful Banton fashion on the screen. So this month we choose, as Photoplay's Pattern, the dress that Travis created for Rosalind Russell to wear in "The Velvet Touch."

Speaking of this year's fashions Mr. Banton says, "If a woman uses discretion and follows a modified version of the new look, she will be able to enjoy her clothes for several years. However, women who go overboard for extreme styles undoubtedly will, in a short time, find themselves with clothes that look dated.

"The most flattering mode a woman can wear is the fluid drape line which I have used year in and year out, and which you'll find in the Rosalind Russell 'The Velvet Touch' pattern this month. This line suits all types of figures, as it lends grace and feminine softness.

"For real figure beauty no color is more effective than black. My second choice is the gray or beige tones. These colors come in such a wide range that be you blonde, brunette or red-head, there is a shade just right for you."

Figure control that leaves you lithe and free as a ballet beauty. You'll be amazed at the soft, natural feel of a Sturdi-flex Slenderizer... the all-in-one made of petal-smooth natural rubber with the soft swami uplift bra. You'll want to dance for joy when you see how much trimmer and slimmer you look.

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All-in-one, sizes 32-44, about $4.95

Step-in girdle, sizes 24-36, about $2.95

If not at your favorite store, write us for the name of the store nearest you at which Sturdi-flex is available.

Kleinert's, 485 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Fall Frosting

(Converted from page 67) many shades and many materials, beneath that black jacket, with or without the sequin trim. In deeper shades of shiny satin, emerald green, burgundy reds, rich blues or light pastel colors, providing the material is dull. How about remodeling that crepe or faille or silk suit that’s been hanging in the closet—and beading it up a bit? You’ll only wind up with a knockknot for fall.

Just as spectacular but not as practical is the startling “at home” costume that Connie Moore breezes around the family mansion in. It’s a dull skirt made entirely of squirrel pelts, pocketed and very full. With it she wears a black wool jersey pull-over sweater with push-back sleeves. Everything is kept in place with a silver kid belt. Of course, a soft gray wool skirt made the same way, with various contrasting pull-over tops and good-looking sandals, would be just as attractive. Especially since one hardly hears of slacks in any form being worn around the house any more, with all fashion going so extremely feminine.

Suit weather is coming up any minute and Dotty Lamour brought back a stunner from New York—a perfect job for the between-season days. The box jacket has a suggestion of swing. It also has a shirt collar with curved edges and the skirt is straight, calf-length and pleated only in front. It’s of soft green doeskin flannel. She wears white blouses with it and usually a brightly-hued scarf knotted at the throat. Brown or black accessories, or dark green, go well with the lovely shade of this suit.

There’s that stunning suit of pussylillow gray corded wool that Irene Dunne wore when lunching at LaGlo. It has a slightly flared four-gore skirt and is topped by a jacket featuring bellows pockets faced with a slightly deeper shade of gray. Irene fastens a diamond and ruby clip over the flap of one of the pockets which are at the base of the hip-length jacket. Any hunk of good-looking jewelry would be an eye-catcher if placed in a spot like that where you’d least expect it. Irene wears a huge brown alligator shoulder-slung bag, alligator pumps and alligator gloves with this outfit. And a small, soft beret-type of lid of the same material as the suit.

Mona Freeman has a slick suit that falls more into the spectator—sports class, but is perfect for any daytime hour. Of medium blue lightweight wool, its long-sleeved cardigan jacket fastens with smoked pearl buttons. The sleeves have turn-back cuffs of the same material. The slim skirt is box-pleated in front, with the pleats stitched down almost to the knees. Soft white blouses with little collars outside the jacket, or no blouse at all with the jacket buttoned up and topped perhaps by a contrasting scarf or lightweight fur piece, are two ways this casual costume looks well. A tiny, tailored hat to match brown or black accessories

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Burdine’s, Inc., Miami, Fla.
L. BAMBERGER & CO., NEWARK, N. J.
Gimbels Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
McAveys & Frank Company, PORTLAND, Ore.
B. FARMA Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Famous & Barr Co., ST. LOUIS, Mo.
Woodward & Lothrop, N. Bldg., Washington, D. C.

There’s a prize catch to the American Waltz Contest
in September Radio Mirror Magazine
BUY IT AND TRY IT!
Anita Colby was with Clark Gable at the party given after the "Emperor Waltz" premiere, and we got not only an eyeful but an earful. Anita was wearing a knockout red taffeta evening cape, right to the ground. It hung with great fullness down the back, tied softly at the neck with a large bow of the taffeta.

(Hmm, mm—looks like red is coming in as strongly around here this fall as emerald green did last year.) That Colby was sporting a huge dome-type ring of rubies with tiny diamonds in between, and Clark said he gave it to her for a "going-away present." But he's the one who went away—to Europe! Miss C. told us that while she was in New York, she took all those gold cuff links she used to wear with tailored shirtwaists and had them put into her best pairs of gloves. We really should say, she took her one-button shortie to somebody and had an extra buttonhole added to each, so that she could use the idle links in that manner. It's a wonderful idea. And if your brother or your husband or your pa suddenly finds his cuff links missing, blame Colby, not us for relaying the news!

Paulette Goddard showed up at the "Emperor" party wearing a jewel-studded tiara on her head. A crown, yet! But honestly, her coiffure, which was long and a bit frumpy that night, really wasn't what you'd expect with that kind of headgear! However, Paulette's hair—don't had nothing on Garbo's the night that the swank new Ocean House down at the beach opened with a beautiful formal ball. It's the old Marion Davies beach "castle" remodeled into a really divinely decorated resort club-hotel. Garbo was wearing a gown topped by a brocaded lamé jacket and was fairly unrecognizable, not only because she was "dressed up," but because her hair was going up, down and in all directions at the same time. Most of the Hollywood belles have cut it off real short. And they're wearing it in tiny curls or slick, soft swirls framing their faces.

But we want to get on to Dixie Crosby who, of course, was with Bing at the "Emperor Waltz" party. She looked so lovely and Bing looked so proud of her in her festive gown of white lace with very simple lines and a long, fitted bodice. The full-length skirt was studded all over with iridescent sequins. The top was high-necked and had a little turned-back collar, also studded with sequins. Dixie wore long white lace gloves (the bodice was sleeveless) which, too, were studded with the paillettes. There's one thing certain, get yourself gloves of satin, crepe, suede, lace or what have you for evening wear—and 'em loooong. But get the gloves!

The End

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Beauty Spots

A Shapely Beauty
VIVIAN BLAINE, Twentieth Century-Fox player, recently made a personal appearance at New York's famous Copa-cabana. Like everyone who appears before an audience, she was worried over the kind of reception she'd receive and consequently lost her appetite and some weight. So when the customers gave her an enthusiastic, friendly welcome, she felt relieved and her appetite immediately bounced back to normal.

However, she's going to watch her diet so carefully that she doesn't gain back the ten pounds she lost by eating too much mayonnaise and oily dressings on salads, drinking too many sweet drinks, and indulging in other "fattening" palate delights. She's not going to eliminate them from her diet; she will just partake of these things in moderation.

Vivian is tall, and has a trim, shapely figure. However, she's a movie actress and the camera has a way of making one appear ten pounds heavier. Have you noticed this when you've looked at a snapshot of yourself? Pride in her looks is another reason. But most important of all is keeping her husband's admiration. Even though you may not be a beauty like Vivian, being a woman, you can surely understand her feelings on this subject. And if you're overweight, how about either taking a salon reducing course or enrolling in a good home reducing course?

If, on your vacation, you have put on five or ten pounds, take them off at once, so you'll be able to get into your fall clothes.

Fragrance Lends Enchantment
During the summer, Vivian keeps a good supply of floral and spicy scented toilet waters and colognes on hand. After relaxing in a scented tub bath, she pats herself dry with a clean Turkish towel. Rubbing yourself dry in warm weather, she points out, stirs up the circulation and makes you perspire more.

Then she applies an underarm deodorant and perspiration check. As the final touch, she gives her body a refreshing rubdown with either cologne or toilet water, and dusts on bath powder, before dressing sachet-scented clean underwear.

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turns every eye your way...

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(Continued from page 65) one of California's early "Spanish-type" houses. The bathroom was a mess of "Spanish-type" tile and those silly recessed spaces. The washbasin was about as big as a mixing bowl, the tub moored to the floor with more tiles. The shower was over it, hidden behind a shower curtain.

The first thing was to have plastic marble cemented over the tile. Plastic marble is wonderful stuff. You can buy it in your town, I'm sure, and install it personally with very little trouble. It is highly decorative and modern, a cinch to keep clean and comes in wonderful colors.

I "framed" the washbasin, by putting plastic marble all around it, extending it on either side to the side walls. I mirrored the recesses, particularly the one above the washbasin. I put shag carpeting on the floor, straight to the baseboards. For window hangings, I used bath towels for the valances, hanging them in neat, small swags. They come, as you know, in wonderful fast colors. Glass doors were installed on top of the tub, to box the shower. On the wall opposite, I hung a pair of deep shelves, on which bath linen could be piled.

Now, let me analyze for you why I did each of those things. By boxing in the washbasin and mirroring the recess over it, I created a bathroom dressing table. (Look at the photographs of Jeanette MacDonald's bath-dressing room illustrated. It is a perfect example of this boxed-in washbasin treatment.)

The shag (or cotton) carpeting on the floor may seem a little revolutionary, but in this case I had to cover bad flooring (as you may have to do in your old bathroom). Linoleum would have been too expensive. This shag carpeting comes with a plastic back. It doesn't have to be bound. You can just cut it to fit. It is lifted up as easily as a small rug when it needs to be cleaned. The effect of it is soft on the eyes and softer on the feet.

The towel shelves, of course, were for added color and used otherwise lost space. As for boxing in the shower, I highly urge it, if you can afford it. If not, I advise you to get any of the new, clear plastic shower curtains.

Lately, I did a very small apartment bathroom with a white washable paper that had a big, splashy geranium design. The ceiling was plain, but where the paper met the ceiling, I appliqued a couple of the geraniums up over the border. To do likewise, just cut the geraniums out of the original paper.

But—maybe you are building your new home. If so, I advise you to make careful plans for a bath-dressing-sitting room. Yes, it will cost initially, but it will save you time, money, nerve strain and a lot of furniture buying in the future.

If you are building, you should take advantage of tricks like the concealed clothes, shoe and dresser closet in Peter Lawford's bedroom.

This is an excellent arrangement for a man. It does away with bureaus and chiffoniers and such things in the bedroom. I have one quarrel with this particular arrangement, however. I notice the coats and trousers all have to be hung from the same pole. To my mind, a much smarter use could have been made of the space by employing two poles, one high, for trousers, slacks and topcoats, one at half height, for the jackets. In the men's furnishings department of a department store you will see this in effect.

Women's closets need this principle even more. I like them to have separate closets of many types. This actually takes
Closets, each an E-MONTH of glamour, are practically an occupational disease with Hollywood. As I have said before, they are lazing, they are useful and their decorative value cannot be surpassed. And in Hollywood, they hide everything.

I've used Olivia de Havilland's bed-sitting room as a charming example. Livvie has one high-poled closet for evening clothes and daytime coats; one double-poled one for suit jackets, skirts and daytime dresses; one closet, hiding many narrow drawers for holding lingerie, stockings, bras, gloves, and above them a small-poled space for blouses, a particularly well-planned arrangement for shoes and another for hats on hat-stands, all cleverly hidden behind mirrored panels. All this is a matter of pre-thinking and final execution. If you are building or altering, it won't be cheap to install these closets, but it will be cheaper than buying dressing tables, chiffoneries and the like.

For some tricks along these lines: Plan as many shallow drawers as you have classifications of apparel. For myself, I have one drawer partitioned into squares in which I keep belts, one belt to each square. It keeps the belts from uncurling when not in use. It means you can select your favorite without upsetting the lot (just as Joan Leslie can get out one pair of shoes without having to smudge all of them). It also means you know where everything is at a glance. Have a deeper drawer for sweaters, which should never be hung; narrow ones, again for scarves, stockings and such.

You can buy quilted satin in your department store. Cut yourself some cardboard backings, an eighth of an inch shorter than the inside measurements of each drawer. Cut the quilted satin to the exact inside drawer measurement. Using vegetable glue, which you can buy in any hardware store, paste the satin on top of the cardboard. Voila, you've got perfect linings to go beneath your treasured nightgowns and finest nylons! And they are easily lifted out for cleaning or dusting.

Another nicety you may have, at penny value, is a fragrance that will greet you every time you open a closet door or drawer. You get this by painting the inside of all of them with liquid sachet after the regular paint is dry. This is colorless. You can get it at most drugstores or beauty parlors. Its scent lasts for months and when it wears out, you simply apply another coat.

Now, in case you are muddling that mirrors are too high-priced for your budget, don't think you can't do closets of this type anyway. You can always paper the doors. Joan Crawford has done this so efficiently in her upstairs sitting room that you don't even know the closets exist there. Or you can always cover them with the same material you are using for your window hangings. Either way, you have charm.

Actually, it all boils down to using your imagination for living. Going back again to Jeanette MacDonald's bath-dressing room, by putting that washstand behind mirrors, by using the otherwise useless space below a window, by boxing in her tub she achieved a delightful room. You, too, can live like a movie star in your home and go out looking like a glamour girl by using decorative touches like this.

In fact, next month I'm going to tell you how to live like a glamour girl in one room. You really can. I'll prove it to you.

This End

THE LOVABLE GIRL-OF-THE-MONTH

loves her LOVABLE BRA

MISS BEVERLY BURTON
do St. Louis, Mo.

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Nude, Black or White rayon satin $1.50

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Treasured Dreams by Gracette

Truth or Consequences

(Continued from page 55) quence on the screen or elsewhere. Why won't you pose in bathing suit art?

A: Because I don't think I look like Lana Turner in a bathing suit, frankly.

6. Q: By my figures, you're being much too modest. But I do seem to remember you very well in some pirate pictures of a very pleasant period. Why do you approve of those costumes?

A: Some stars are not reluctant about showing their legs and I have no inhibitions about showing my shoulders. Besides, I think certain period costumes are much more romantic looking than modern clothes.

7. Q: Are you dominated by your husband, Director Will Price?

A: He would completely deny it, but I think I am. In marriage a man must take the lead. If he's not the head of the house, where's your marriage?

8. Q: What provocation do you think you rightfully give him to exercise a little domination?

A: Travelling. My husband likes to travel, to just take off on trips on a moment's notice saying, "Let's go." But I don't like being on the move. I like to stay in my own back yard. I always dread the crowds and the confusion of travelling and I get crankier as the time approaches. But when he wants to go, I go with him and I must admit that most of the time I enjoy it—after we get there.

9. Q: Do you consider yourself a good actress?

A: Actually, you are only as good an actress as the script and the director who coaches you. The director okays the "take," you don't.

10. Q: Do you think you're too "cool" on the screen, emotionally speaking? I once read a surmise of the sort and believe you should be given the chance to answer it.

A: No, I don't think I'm "cool" on the screen at all.

11. Q: Do you think an actress should experience emotions to be better able to portray them?

A: That, I think, is a lot of tommyrot. You call yourself an actress because you are able to portray an emotion. If you have to resort to having lived it, then you're imitating—not acting.

12. Q: What picture did you most dislike doing? And what do you consider your best performance?

A: I can't answer the first question. But my favorite was "How Green Was My Valley." (For not answering the complete question, Maureen is blindfolded and told she has to walk on glass. But Ralph uses the old initiation gag—broken-up eggshells.)

13. Q: How's about a recipe for genuine Irish stew?

A: It won't be the glorified version. I'm afraid you won't like it. Real Irish stew is made of the lap of the mutton, the fleshy part under the breast of lamb. You put onions and potatoes with it and simmer at low heat for hours until it's like mush—but wonderful mush! Then you season with a little kitchen spice, if you want to. Here you call it "Kitchen Bouquet." In Ireland we call a similar spicy powder "Bisto."

14. Q: Name two people whom you most admire for their achievements, in Hollywood or elsewhere.

A: Eamon de Valera because he's one of the great statesmen of history and because he's done so much for Ireland. In Hollywood, Director John Ford because of his brilliance and his wonderful understanding of people.
15. Q: What are you most sensitive about? (Because she wouldn't answer, Maureen had to play baby sitter for Ralph—and entertain him till he finished his all-day sucker. Anyway, Bronwyn had fun—bringing all her dolls and toys to help Mommy.)
A: Their eyes. I look at hands too. I'm an amateur palmist and I used to read hands very well.

16. Q: What do you notice first about people you meet?
A: Their eyes. I look at hands too. I'm an amateur palmist and I used to read hands very well.

17. Q: If you had to choose between having brains or beauty, what would your choice be?
A: I'm afraid I would choose beauty, principally because I believe women are only happy with a man. I would prefer it to be accompanied by good common sense. But brains all by themselves, no thanks.

18. Q: Do you think beauty can be a handicap in Hollywood?
A: Career-wise, yes. I was picked as an actress first and in a contest where all contestants were equal as to face and features, so I know that I was chosen for ability. But after getting here I was cast in some roles which favored camera angles and appearance rather than acting ability.

19. Q: Tell me honestly, how long does it take you to get dressed?
A: As long as I have—and then some—as my husband could tell you. If I start dressing at ten o'clock in the morning I could still be dressing at seven that night. I'll change my dress five times, trying to decide what to wear. Then my hair, of course, must be combed again, new lip-stick applied, my accessories changed. I can put my wrap on, be going through the door, catch a glimpse of myself, decide I don't look good in that outfit, turn around and go back and change again.

20. Q: What other faults do you have?
A: My husband would probably mention my driving. According to Will, I don't drive a car, I "herd" it. He says I drive in the middle of the street as if nobody else were on it. But I've never had any accidents from fast driving. And when Bronwyn is with me, I drive like a lamb.

21. Q: Do you think there are more uninhibited men in Hollywood—or if you'll pardon the expression—more "wolves"?
A: No I don't. In Hollywood, or the world over, as my grandmother used to say, a man is only as wicked as a woman permits him to be.

22. Q: How many marriages does the marital vow allow?
A: One.
(Answer should have been sixteen: Four richer, four poorer, four better and four worse. Maureen, who has a beautiful dramatic soprano voice, to pay for this, had to hunt a four-leaf clover while singing "I'm Looking over a Four-Leaf Clover.

23. Q: Name three male stars whom you consider especially good-looking.
A: I think James Mason has a great quality. Not that he's "pretty" but he has an attractive face. Tyrone Power is handsome. And Claude Rains, for the great strength and kindness in his face.

24. Q: Do you like to go barefooted, as I've heard? An old Irish custom?
A: Yes, I love to go barefooted—at home, of course. I don't like high-heeled shoes. But I wasn't aware that this charming custom is limited to any particular nationality.

25. Q: What would you adjudge the biggest mistakes you've made concerning your career?
A: I made two big mistakes soon after arriving in Hollywood. My first was in not fighting harder to be allowed to do "Rebecca" when Alfred Hitchcock first wanted me for it. That might have changed the
course in casting for my entire career. The other was in not continuing studying voice at that time.

26. Q: What would you like to have been, if not an actress?
A: A magazine executive, an opera star or some sort of business woman. At one time I thought I would like to be a doctor.

27. Q: Tell us about your store, "Maurine O’Hara Inc.," in San Fernando Valley. Do you really work there? Are you a good saleswoman?
A: Yes, with my partners, Sue Daly and Lorna Murphy, I shop for merchandise in wholesale houses in downtown Los Angeles. And I work at the shop about two days a week. Yes, I do think I’m a pretty good saleswoman. I was brought up among sales people. My mother has a very successful shop in Ireland now.

28. Q: What was your toughest sale?
A: The first one. On opening day—and what a day! We were open a whole hour and didn’t sell anything. Finally we sold a two-dollar bracelet. That got things to rolling and they’ve never stopped since.

29. Q: Whom do you consider the worst-dressed actress in Hollywood?
(As a penalty for not answering, Maurine [who designs many of her own hats] had to make one of live flowers and wear it to a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. Ralph gave her a watering can to take along in case her chapeau should wilt.)

30. Q: Are you sentimental about keepsakes?
A: Yes, I’m pretty sentimental, and particularly about things people give me. I keep Christmas cards and everything. I still have a piece of my wedding cake. And I still have my wedding bouquet preserved in a bottle of wood alcohol.

31. Q: I don’t recall ever seeing a picture of your little four-year-old daughter. Why don’t you allow her to be photographed?
A: Because I want Bronwyn to lead as normal a life as possible. I would hate her to see a picture of herself in a magazine. I don’t want her to be conscious of the fact that she’s the daughter of movie people. It would hurt me for other children to be pointing her out or for her to feel that she is different from them.

32. Q: Do you believe in modern psychology on the raising of children?
A: If you mean just letting children go, rather than risk spoiling their initiative, no. I think some modern psychology is a boon to lazy mothers. A lovely excuse for them not to leave their novels or bridge tables and take the energy and time to supervise and train their children. As for disciplining Bronwyn, we just tell her why something is wrong, emphasizing that the next time this same problem presents itself, she may choose between right and wrong. Knowing that, if she does wrong, she will be punished, but if she does right, nothing will happen. The choice is hers.

Edward: Good idea. Spare the rod but don’t spoil the child!

THE END

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**The Woman I Love**

(Continued from page 53) The answer: "Yes, and he can be hers."

So in this piece about Susie, the pretty, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl I married, you'll see why she is more than my wife, more than the mother of our little Alana and David—she's also my friend Susie, my best friend Susie.

I'll tell you some things I've never told before...

But first, let's get it straight: This will be no smug account of a "perfect marriage." Susie and I would as soon flavor our coffee with insecticide as to pin that dangerous label on our union. Nor will this be a saccharine tribute. Susie isn't the saccharine type. She isn't "perfect," praise be; if she were, she might expect perfection from this all too human and imperfect husband.

Let's put it this way. Susie is right for me. She gives me every reason to believe I'm right for her. We live in the warm loneliness-dispelling assurance that we belong to each other. We get along.

And one of the main reasons we get along, we both believe, is that we were friends before we fell in love. Marriage counselors today are advising just such a basis—friendship ripening into love—for good marriages. Susie and I didn't have a marriage counselor, but that's how it was with us. We were lucky.

First time we met, neither of us took the count. Neither of us gasped, "This is it!"

The story of Susie's work as my agent has been told often. That's all right. That's "success story" stuff. But Susie and I lived day by day through the early struggles and we didn't know the happy ending. We shared the disappointments and rebuffs, the tiny triumphs of a small part here, a bit there. All I knew was Susie's faith in me. This faith kept her plugging for me at the studios as if I, an unknown, were already using Oscars for paperweights, doorstops and bowling pins.

It was in those days, making the studio rounds together, that we came to know each other. I'm a born worrier, but around Susie I began to feel relaxed, probably because I found someone as eager for my success as I was, someone who was worrying for me. We got so we could kid about losing parts—but not always. Susie is a fighter, but she's also a woman. Once, when it looked as if nobody, nobody wanted this guy she so believed in, Susie cried.

"Laddie," she sobbed, "they've just got to see what you can do!"

Not for the first time, nor the last, a woman's tears worked wonders. Trying to cheer her up, I forgot my own disappointment, my frequent uncertainty and shyness. I forgot myself.

"They will, Susie, they will," I said with more confidence than I really felt. Oddly enough, I began to believe it. Before that first year was out, I had become increasingly conscious of my need to be with Susie. I was living for the moments I could be near her, talk with her, see her smile. And one day—bright boy, this Ladd!—light dawned. I was head over heels! I rushed to Susie with this amazing discovery and, happily for me, I found her sharing it. I had to be a success now. There was no real point in it. And after the first reports on "This Gun for Hire," I felt that I could ask Susie to name the date. My contract wasn't for big money, but the hope was there—in the public's reception, in the fan mail, in Paramount's plans for me. Everything was perfect, until..."

Well, the bitterness is gone now, and most of the anger. I'm telling this now because it shows, better than I can otherwise, the kind of girl my Susie is.

---

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Our wedding plans were made and I was floating around on that cloud, when the blow fell. I met Susie that day. I could see she had been crying.

"What gives, honey?" I asked.

"Laddie," she said, fighting back tears, "I can't marry you."

She was kidding, of course. She had to be. I knew this and yet the very words punctured that cloud of mine. I felt as if I'd reached to earth.

"Don't rib me, Susie, about that," I managed. "I can't take it."

"It's not a rib, Laddie. I can't marry you—and I can't—can't tell you why."

It was preposterous, absurd, unbelievable. It didn't make sense.

"I'll find out what's behind this, Susie, if it's the last thing I do," I said finally.

"You are going to marry me."

I had a hunch and it was correct. The gossips had made believe that marriage would hurt my career. This revealing notion was practically Hollywood dogma a few years ago. And Susie—my friend Susie—cared too much for me to risk defying it! What success I'd had was as much hers as mine, if not more. But now, on the mere chance that marrying me might hurt my career, she was trying to step out of my life!

Boiling mad, I told a few people off—and not too politely, either. Then I went to Susie. I argued, I pleaded, I stormed, I begged. And finally, she told me (which was true) that if she didn't marry me my career would be over. Without her, I didn't want it. That did it and only that.

And that's just Susie. Always thinking of me.

In so many ways she thinks of me. She knows my idiosyncrasies and pampers them. She knows I hate telephoning so she does it for me when she can. I dislike the fuss and clutter of house cleaning, and that too is all done, with the help departed, before I'm home. She knows that I'm an erratic eater. So, cleverly and unobtrusively, she keeps me adequately stocked with vitamins. She's a great cook and I like to show off her culinary talents. When friends are in for an evening, I'm sure to ask Susie to whip up a late snack. Never anything simple. "Don't be pathetically. No. I want those bloody German pancakes or a cheese soufflé—something that's a real production. I'm proud of her artistry. She "converts" to things I like with gratifying rapidity. Like having at least some furniture a man can put his feet on. Like our little Hidden Valley ranch, where we spend our marble weekends. At first she had a hard time, but Susie had helped me start it all.

She is smart and practical. With a mind of her own, she speaks it freely. Working as a team, we throw thoughts out. But she has a talent for making me feel that, in the end, I'm the boss—which is how she likes it. Came a time a few years back when I was fed up with my contract and the way things were going in my work. Impetuously one day I called my agent (Susie had resigned the job shortly after we married) and told him I was through. I went home and told Susie what I'd done.

This could mean the end, or at least a terrible career slump. At first she was so shaken. She had done so much to build. It could mean the end of her security. But Susie didn't hesitate.

"Good!" she said.

"I went on a trip up north. When I'd begin to worry, Susie wouldn't let me. "Let's think of something else, she'd say. "Things will work out."

And they did. Shortly I was back at work, my difficulties all adjusted happily.

Wives are supposed to nag, and I wonder about that. "Are you a nagger, Susie?" I asked her one day.

"Of course I am," she laughed. "All wives nag. We can't help it."

If she does, she hides it from me pretty well. She's a great ribber, though. She calls me "Father Ladd" whenever I assume a stern paternal air around the children. I always say that Susie is too "soft" with them. If the kids ever write an "I Remember Mama," I'm sure Susie will be a nice heroine. What I'll get, of course, will be a "Ladd with Pathie!"

My friend Susie is honest, but I'm on to one of her little (Continued on page 98)

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**Take it Easy!**

There are still plenty of chances to win that picture of your favorite star. Every month Photoplay presents the ten winners of our Portrait Poll Contest with personally autographed pictures of their favorite stars. All you have to do is write us—in twenty-five words or less—why a certain star is your favorite.

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**CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY**

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AVA GARDNER is adorable indeed as she plays opposite ROBERT WALKER in Universal-International's "ONE TOUCH OF VENUS"

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—Lux Girls are Lovelier!
...there is her way to becoming top box-office success.

Judy has great personal warmth, Judy, and a vitality's always ready to sacrifice glamour for realism; as witness the mangy-looking wig, the tooth blacked out in front, the tattered costume, of the tram conductor in "Meet Me in St. Louis." In fact, Judy disapproved of a more flattering costume, saying, "This isn't half gruesome enough."

She found a size forty tux, had it torn up and put back together, then relaxed happily at the ludicrous effect achieved.

At LARGE parties Judy is likely to be quiet and retiring, almost shy. However, if a hostess insists—she accedes graciously and uncomplainingly. She is, in fact, a lady.

It was Judy's first day on the "Words and Music" set after not working for some time. She talked of her latest enthusiasm which is sewing. "I picked it up from Sylvia Sidney," she said. "Sylvia has so beautifully. I got one of those form things and I've made a robe, a cotton evening gown—that kind of clothes."

Asked if she had turned out any little numbers, she said, "Oh, no, I'm not good enough for that. I wouldn't want her to look homemaker."

Producer Arthur Freed, who has produced Judy, who has produced Judy, who has the utmost respect for her talent, says, "Judy's an honest humility." Arthur Freed, incidentally, was present on the momentous occasion of Judy's audition for the role of Esther Smith. With the exception of the "Gumm Sisters," she so captivated her official audience with "Zing Go the Strings of My Heart," that she was then...
Valli of Enchantment

(Continued from page 59) the vino it has a seductive bouquet that's inebriant.
Valli is opposite your old idea of an Italiana—the operatic, combustious cheri-biribim of Napoli who asphyxiates you with garlic kisses and sings Tosca while milking the goat in the parlor. She is still, subtle and opposed. Her voice is low and warm, and a little melancholy.
You keep wondering where you have seen before that cryptic smile, the amused glance from blue insinuative eyes beneath a classic brow that curves a little outward from the hairline in an ivory oval face. Suddenly you recollect it was in the Louvre—it was the little Mona Lisa who has been sending men for centuries.
Selznick is right in calling her simply Valli. It comes natural, as with Bergman and Garbo, Bernhardt and Duse.

Valli has made thirty-four pictures in Italy. She was Europe's sweetheart before the war. We had to fight to get her. Old Cap Dan Dailey who was with our troops in Italy says she was Italy's glamour girl. Valli herself says she was Italy's Deanna Durbin in the beginning. She doesn't sing but she has the naturalness and springtime freshness that Deanna bad.
From innocence of farmer's daughter, her roles have ranged through comedy and tragedy to Manon Lescaut, her favorite. She also played a ruined lady whom a newspaperman picks, up to storiers.
When the Germans took over Rome they looked her up first thing, naturally. They wanted her to make propaganda films. They invited her to join the Nazi-Fascist party. She did not as send regrets. She joined the Underground Resistance. After Liberation she was cited for glory by the Supreme Command in a scroll that reads:

"VALLI: A Solemn Praise.
During German occupation of Rome, inspired by high patriotic feelings, disregarding the Nazi-Fascist surveillance, she courageously excelled for the cause of resistance by strongly helping the clandestine organizations for the liberation of the oppressed Fatherland."

Our troops on reaching Rome found her name on a German Secret Service list, a memorandum reminding themselves to take her away with them. Instead we took her and won the war.

"Now I know what we were fighting for," said an enlightened GI on beholding her at a "Stars and Stripes" party.
"Before the GI's came I went in the streets only in the nights," she said.
"When I see coming a German I run fast."
"And when you see a GI coming?"

"I walk."
She has completed only two American films—"The Paradine Case" and "The Miracle of the Bells," but she has a couple of Oscars she packed in from Italy. One she achieved for best acting in 1941 at the Venice film festival, the other she married per amore in 1944. Oscar de Mejo, her handsome husband, is a musician and composer of popular music.

"When I hide from Germans," she said,
"I go at night to a house where others are hiding. There I meet Oscar."
Two can hide as cheaply as one. . .
They were young and they fell in love. And on a moonless night they were married in the nearby church of Santa Theresa. Next year a son was born. He is named Carlo but now at age three responds only to Charlie.

"Already he is American," said Valli. He laughs when he hears us speak Italian. I wrote of this in a letter to my mother in Italy. Just now I spoke to her on the telephone. She tells me she is

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studying English. "I do not want Carlo to laugh at me," she said. Is she not wonderful?"

Her mother is Italian; her father, who died ten years ago, was Austrian of a cultured Viennese family. During Valli's childhood he occupied a chair of philosophy at the University of Milan.

She was born in Pola across the Adriatic Sea from Venice but counts Como her home because her parents moved there when she was two. The Italian lake country where she grew up is so beautiful it is claimed by Italians to be a foretaste of Paradise.

"Were you an angel bambina?" she was asked. There was a stricken silence. She looked down at her hands.

"I was the most horrid of creatures," she said sadly. Silence fell again.

"Did you steal?"

She shook her head, "Not steal."

"I was this," she said, putting the tip of her finger to the tip of her nose and pushing up. "My nose was up. I knew everything. No one was so grand as I. What is English for such creature?" "Such creature," we said, "is cocky."

"Cocky," she repeated. "I will tell to Charlie not to be cocky!"

Something terrible must have hopped the beautiful nose of the beautiful cocky creature. She now is so unassuming as to appear self-effacing in the tradition of her great compatriot, Duse. Her simplicity and candor make those about her seem a little posed if not affected. She has the enticement of the Parme violet.

BUT love also smashed down the up- pitty nose. A Romeo and Juliet romance ending in tragedy of war.

"I was fourteen when I first fell in love," she said. "I loved him all my youth until he died. He was killed in Africa. A flyer, very young. He did not want to go to war. But he was killed in it. There had never been another boy."

She brushed back the hair from her forehead and took a sip of wine. "I was fortunate to have had that experience," she said. She believes that suffering accounts for the greatness of the Italian pictures. "Open City" and "Shoeshine" were born of pain that in Italy has stripped life bare of all illusions.

"Shoeshine," to which Hollywood paid obeisance with an Oscar, is simply the truth photographed. "That is the way it is with Italian boys now," she said.

Magnani who appeared in but two reels of "Open City" is a great actress, in Valli's opinion. It was Magnani's first picture. "She was our Ethel Merman," Valli said. "A music hall singer."

Valli did not want to come to America.

"I was afraid," she said. "I had in Italy a position. If I failed here I did not know if I could return."

Her husband is responsible for packing her up with her two words English and she is thankful to him.

She has a seven-year contract and will not return to Italy except possibly to make a picture. She misses nothing except her friends and family. "Oscar and I left many friends in Italy," she said. "My mother will join us soon I hope. Charlie will grow up here. America is home." But she is basic Italian in love of spaghetti. It's her dish. She has it for lunch with a roll and a glass of red wine. No cocktail, no salad, no dessert.

The American things she most loves are freedom to think, the easy life, GIs and oysters. In Italy oysters are dangerous, she says. Typhoid fever. In New York, on arrival, she ate oysters all day. Symbolic, says the old GI: America is her oyster.

THE END
The Lawford Touch

(Continued from page 60) Peace to the McLean premises, Peter departed bag and baggage, made sure, too, that the newspaper columnists were informed of his departure.

"At twenty-four," Ned McLean says, "Peter has the maturity and dignity of a man of thirty. Actually he's sharp, witty, very much aware. But put him in a college sweater for a campus musical and he looks like a perennial sophomore who has never found out he was graduated."

However, it's not likely he'll be seen in a college sweater again. For Metro has promised that "Easter Parade" is the last musical comedy in which he'll be cast. And right now he's assiduously reading new novels and scripts of successful plays.

Peter's doing some writing on his own these days, too—authoring a photographic journal of his two trips around the world.

Peter's book, tentatively titled, "How the World Looked to Me," draws upon the wealth of photographs taken by his father and the astonishing diaries of anecdotes and experiences kept by his mother on these trips. He hopes to have the rough draft completed before he begins work on M-G-M's "Little Women."

Again as Ned McLean says, "Peter has a trick of survival. It isn't just that he's clever. He can laugh when other people curl up and cry. I've seen him desperately hurt in his time, but after a few days or weeks he's managed to say 'Oh, the hell with it. Live along. I'll make out some way . . .'

Ned McLean, Peter says, knows him better than anyone else in the world. They met several years ago at the Gary Cooper's discovered each other to be tennis enthusiasts and since then have spent most of Peter's holidays together—usually at the McLean Colorado Springs ranch.

Whether it be something planned, or a spur-of-the-moment impulse, Peter has a sportsman's love of fun. Once, just as he was departing for Hollywood, he received a last-minute phone call from Ned.

"Why spend the weekend on the train?" Ned asked. "Fly to Denver. I'll meet you there."

Peter felt himself turning green at the mere prospect of a cross-country flight. "You know I hate to fly," he argued.

Ned was insistent however. He'd planned some skeet shooting. So Peter arrived that evening in Denver, white, wobbly and the worse for altitude.

"Quick!" he greeted Ned. "I want a

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Pickup, a bumbo, a cup of tea—anything.
"Can't. There's another plane waiting to fly us to the ranch."
"We could drive in two hours," Peter offered desperately.
"Flying, we'll make it in thirty minutes. But, okay, One pickup!"

Three “pickups” later they returned to the plane.

The guest who had been waiting departed in a huff and incidentally, in the only taxi. The pilot delivered a long dissertation about people who didn't keep appointments, got into his plane and took off. Suddenly the irony of the situation struck Peter. After an all-day flight during which he was constantly ill, he found himself, instead of skeet shooting, making his bed on a wooden bench in an airport terminal! So he and Ned laughed at themselves until they were too weak to do anything but sleep.

NED McLEAN is Peter's best friend. But Cary Grant is Peter's idol. Cary's early career followed much the same course that Peter's is now running. And Peter hopes that, like Cary, he'll go from straight leading-man roles to dramatic stardom and the independence of free-lancing. For years, in fact, Peter has studied Cary's pictures with an eye to self-improvement. But it wasn't until one summer night when, because of a flat tire, Peter was late to a dinner being given by his boss, Louis B. Mayer, that he came to value Cary as a human being.

One is not late to a Louis B. Mayer dinner. Particularly young M-G-M actors. Everyone had gone to the dining room and the bar was a tomb. While Peter hesitated, aghast, thinking, "I can't go in. Maybe if I just go out and break a leg—" Cary came lunging out of the men's room. "Jeepers," he said to Peter, "Are you glad to see you?"

Together they braved the dining room. They walked down the endlessly long stem of the "T" banquet table to their places. Conversation stopped.

Heads turned as their progress was observed. But it was Cary who was the center of this observation. Cary was mugging, grinning, nodding to people he knew, drawing attention to himself, so that the less secure Peter might find his seat and sink into it in decent obscurity.

This seemingly minor episode has endeared Cary to Peter for life.

Peter could do worse than fill Cary’s shoes someday. In a way, actually, he’s doing that right now. Cary owns a pair of brown alligator loafers. Peter, admiring them, asked, "Where did you get them?" Cary told him. And Peter, convinced that Cary is the best-dressed man in Hollywood or for that matter, in America, remembered.

So—a few months ago, when Peter was in New York, he received a telephone call from California advising him of a new five-year contract and a raise. "I think," he said to himself, "I should buy a nice present—to celebrate." The next morning early, at the address Cary had given him, he bought a pair of brown alligator loafers. Then, at the door, as he was leaving, he thought, "What about a black pair?"

He gave the salesman casually, "By the way, how much do they cost?"

"One hundred dollars," said the clerk.

Peter, who was leaving the following day for California, had reserved a compartment on a through car. Immediately he stopped at the ticket office and changed his reservation to a lower. After all—

To quote Ned McLean again, "Peter has a sportsman’s attitude about everything—his work, tennis, skeet shooting, spear-fishing off Catalina or courting a girl."

Also, we might add, the extravagance of two pairs of crocodile loafers.

The End
The House That Joan Built

(Continued from page 51) wash and diaper them during her frequent "without-a-nurse" periods. So far she has survived disaster to her beloved possessions by confining the children strictly to the garden, or to the thirty by forty kitchen where they usually eat their meals—except at birthday times—and to their own quarters in the main house. With four children, these quarters are now somewhat cramped. "I'm going to turn the outside bath house into two rooms for the children and one for the nurse," Joan tells me. And she'll do that with the same thoroughness and perfection that she does everything else.

"Perfection" perhaps, is the keynote of Joan's success and Joan's failure.

No one can be perfect all the time. And a time usually comes in the most "perfectionist" life when a person realizes this, makes a compromise and settles down to being happy.

But not Joan. If she takes up swimming, she wants to be as good as Esther Williams. If it's tennis, she bangs away at it in hopes of excelling Sarah Palfrey. If it's acting, she wants to out-do Helen Hayes. That's why Joan won't appear before a "live audience," in radio. "What if I made one mistake," she told me earnestly. "I couldn't do it over again. I'd die." But even Helen Hayes makes a slip now and then on the stage and on the air. It isn't the mistakes that count, but how you handle them.

And above all, her house. If Joan has a house, she wants it to be the best house ever. It should be the best house in California—with the effort Joan is still putting into it and what it has cost her.

Don't get me—or Joan—wrong. The house and what she does to it, also brings her almost unbearable joy. It's the crystallization of a childhood dream when home was not the beautiful one of today and when life was dangerously insecure. Maybe that's one reason why her now pastel-colored drawing room, her beige-toned den, her library, her bar and every corner of the spacious establishment gives her more happiness than any man, marriage, or movie, has been able to—yet!

Joan never stops improving herself or her house. Only a few weeks ago she completely did over her sleeping porch. Out went the big four-poster colonial bed and its matching furniture. In went a huge, very comfortable-looking modern bed, with a television set smack at the foot so that Joan can stretch out comfortably and watch

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Delightful eyeful!... makes you stop, and—LOOK! "Film day done," says Lizabeth, "I date Woodbury—rich and smoothing. Leaves skin simply velvet!"

Woodbury Cold Cream

103
people like Gorgeous George go through his television paces. She's always been a bug for the latest gadgets in radio or at all. But she doesn't clutter up her house.

I remember Joan's 'white' pash. Everything in the house, including Je, had to be white. She even painted the beautiful mahogany grand piano white. She match the drapes, carpet and furniture the big drawing room. And Joan always dressed in white for the room.

White has been discarded as a color along with Joan's gardenia phase. But she'll flood the house with the heavy smelling flowers and always wore a scarf in her hair or pinned to her belt or handbag. She still, however, groups the furniture to suit the dress she is wearing. She's in pastels, she'll invite you into a pastel drawing room.

If only, say Joan's friends, she would leave well enough alone and look at the mansion and say "There it is—this is the way I like it." But no. She keeps on doing and redecorating it over and over again. It's like her non-stop knitting a stems from the same restlessness. It is probably why Joan has her month in the scrubbing bingies.

After twelve times a year she cleans everything—a husband if she has one, the time out into the garden. The armed with pounds and pounds of cleaning soaps and fluids, a pail and two strobing brushes, Joan for hours if add up to days, scrubs and scrubs the house from top to bottom, and I mean to scrubs.

Joan's passion for perfection has earned her an army of servants, as well as husbands. I don't think even a quiz could add up the number of help that has been hired and fired by Miss Crawford the twenty years of her willing slavery her home. Because Joan insists, regardless of personal discomfort, on having everything just the way she wants it.

She likes to do things in the very grand manner. Even when she puts a diaper on one of her babies, she manages to suggest a queen doing something regal for a favored subject. When she's on a diet, she still a ceremonial rite. A simple glass of carrot juice will be carried by her butler— if she has one at the time—into the biger of her two dining rooms and served her with the dignity of a state function. A simple solo meal of cold tongue and salad called for silver butter plates, best cut glass and the most exquisite tablelinen, that is rushed to the laundry in mediating afterwards.

Franchot Tone, Joan's second husband and a blue blood in his own right, will under the magnificent way of living. I now finds happiness with blonde Je Wallace who boasts about how imperious she is!

Now I'm wondering, if Joan is wondering whether so much perfection is paying off. Because the last time I was in her home, Joan invited me to the large library that runs the full length of the living room. As we walked picturesquely on the oversized divan, and ate a special cocktail, cheese and clam concoction invented by Joan, she suddenly noticed that there were some ashes in the as trays. "I haven't been in here for that days," Joan told me, emptying them.

The old early days and to a few months ago, that could never have happened.

So maybe there's a change coming. Maybe Joan has started, subconsciously to realize that perfection is not a key to happiness. That no one can perfect all the time, not a man, not woman, not a house. When that happen will happy days be here for Joan?
Hollywood Marriage Morals

(continued from page 42) woman, married
a leading man just established with a big
do, rests uneasy these days because her
hustle has been given a dressing room of
her own.
It isn’t the girl stars on the lot I worry
about,” she told me. “They’re too occupied
looking after their own careers to be
distracted. It is the girls getting nowhere
to have no intention of letting a loving
man like me stand in their way!”

Always, observing a young Hollywood
strelle, I say a little prayer. Too few are
willing to continue as happily as I think
MacDonald Careys will.

Such of the Careys’ happiness is due to
the fact who has the good sense to look upon
her rising career as a business and who,
its far at least, has avoided becoming self-
interested. Betty Carey is quite a person too.
She is the daughter of a line Philadelphia
family, than which there is nothing more,
itty takes things in her stride. She
made it very funny when, upon her
return as a radio actress, her name disparaged
from the Social Register. She gave
up her career, too, when Mac—looking
the Hollywood couples who were try-
ting to juggle two careers and a marriage—
gave up this was advisable. She did this,
not at any sacrifice. Studios to-
bring up new stars without paying
her any fortune. Also, appearances must
maintained in spite of the income taxes
which must be made big inroads upon actors’ incomes.

When she first became engaged, the gold cuff links
she gave Mac the other day. One is
enjoyed “Class A.I! The other says “Cham-
pin Dish Washer.”

REALLY think the Careys, continuing to
observe the Hollywood scene cannily, will
take it all right. They remind me somewhat
of the Ray Millands. A few years ago,
I'll remember, Mal and Ray were sepa-
rated. It was, I have no doubt, as difficult
for Mal to be casual about Ray’s admirers
as it would have been for any other
man. However, when Ray sought a
reconciliation, Mal did not return
his overtures with recriminations. She saw
him when he came home, that their life
is pleasant. And now at parties when
men seek Ray and sometimes behave
frightly—for he is a very attractive gentle-
indeed—Mal, refusing to believe it
necessary to take either Ray or his ad-
dressers down a peg, looks the other way.

But the Millands now are a happy and
casual family threesome.

So, I think, has a greater effect upon
Hollywood’s marriage morals than any one
other thing. I go further. Ego, I think, has
a way to do with most love affairs than any
other thing, including sex. It is, after
all, finding ourselves so desirable in
other’s eyes that we cannot resist. Which
brings me to what I have been writing
about, stars, with necessarily well de-
panced egos, many capable to romance
than others might be. Romancing often
aves wounded egos, too. I’ve watched
for than one actor, with a wife who ex-
cluded him in the studio, turn to a little
egress, more often than not, an extra
or working in his wife’s film. Which is
interesting as it is sad, of course. He
was instinctively to a girl who is not suc-
cessful so, by comparison, he will feel im-
portant. And it is, of course, his subcon-
scious wish to get quits with the wife whose
success has hurt his ego that causes him to
flounder where it is most likely to hurt
him to pride.

Richard Ney couldn’t take Greer Gar-
land’s stardom—even though she was a great
star when he married her and even though, I
believe, he loved her sincerely. And years
ago when Joan Crawford and Douglas
Fairbanks Jr. were married, Doug couldn’t

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this new kind of shampoo . . .
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New, sm-o-o-o-o-th liquid creme. Beauty-
bathes hair to
“love-lighted” per-
fected. Rinses out
quickly, leaving hair
easy to manage,
free of loose
dandruff. At drug and
department stores.
take it either when Joan began to forget ahead. Now, married to Mary Lee who is solely a wife, Denx is a happy husband and an increasingly successful star.

There are exceptions, of course. There's Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor. I am convinced the Stanwyck-Taylor marriage survives largely because of the old-fashioned virtue Bob brings to it. For Bob really brings to his marriage the balance that a wife ordinarily supplies.

Lest you think I'm suggesting that Bob is effeminate or hemmed in or thing similarly unpleasant, let me explain. Where both a man and a wife are in pictures both almost inevitably become self-centered. All day both are the center of studio attention. It is too much, consequently, to expect either of them to be primarily concerned about the other when they get home and sit down to dinner. Should the wife remember to say—"I'm a wife should... — How do things go for you today, darling" more likely than not she will interrupt or be obviously inattentive long before her good husband has finished talking.

Bob Taylor, I think, may very well not only ask Barbara how her day went but listen, with quiet interest, irrespective of how long she takes to tell him.

In this marriage Barbara, undoubtedly, is the tough one. Bob is shy almost to the point of diffidence. When they enter a room it is Barbara you see first. And curiously enough, although Bob is a very handsome male creature, and Barbara not a beauty at all, it is Barbara you notice first, because of her dominant attitude, her drive, her critical acid speech. In her way she is attractive, too. But it is not any "little woman"s way. You know, seeing Brando and Bob together, that he is quite satisfied to have his marriage follow its unorthodox pattern. He thinks Barbara is wonderful as she is. She thinks he is wonderful as he is. And neither of them ever have been known to look at anyone else.

Often enough the stars' departure from the conventional American marriage morals code is studio induced. Studios, you see, frequently whistle the tunes to which their stars must dance.

Studios, necessarily perhaps, require their stars to maintain a certain way of living. Often young men and women stars, hapless in love and planning to be married, are asked to appear publicly with a player in whom their studio is interested and to accept the romantic items which result from these appearances.

Studios also have been known to have definite ideas about a star's children. Take, for instance, the studio's unwillingness to have Alan Ladd or Sue, his wife, discuss, or be photographed with his son or her daughter by previous marriages. Alan and Sue abide by this studio wish no longer. Which is wise, for in time such a state of affairs could have a grave effect upon the marriage morale as well as the marriage morals of those concerned.

It's difficult enough for a marriage to be true to the line when a man and wife live with another family. Imagine, therefore, how difficult it is to keep all the Hollywood dangers when it is lived before the whole world; when everything a husband and wife have and do is photographed and commented upon and, too often, misconstrued.

Which brings me to the marriage of Anne Baxter and John Hodiak. Anne and John, one way or another, have sidestepped this danger from the beginning, have kept their life apart from Hollywood influences. I first met Anne just a few months before her marriage to John at a dinner party given by Arthur Hornblow. She sat next to Alexander Korda. And I sympathized with the many compliments he paid her.
"She is very lovely," I whispered to him. "She would make a man like you a wonderful wife."

He shook his head. "I am too old for her. However, she is awfully pretty."

Later that evening when I told Anne I had been trying to make a match for her she laughed heartily; so heartily that I realize now her plans to marry John were well laid then.

Later, visiting in Burlingame, I heard from a hairdresser, arriving to do my hair, that the famous movie star, Miss Anne Baxter, was being married that afternoon to Mr. John Hodiak, in her parents' garden just around the corner.

So I sent Anne a beautiful bottle of perfume with a little note. And a few days later I had an announcement of the wedding with a card saying Anne and John would be at home after such and such a date at a Hollywood address.

All of it, including the quiet, correct wedding in exclusive Burlingame, was far removed from Hollywood. You hear nothing but good things about the life which Anne and John by some miracle have managed to establish on the most conventional marriage morals.

However, certain marriage conventions often are reversed in Hollywood, due to the professional demands made upon the stars. A point to illustrate this:

When a girl marries a doctor it is customary for her to hold herself aloof from his professional life—to avoid his office and appear completely impersonal in all his professional activities. That's the role the doctors and dentists who marry motion-picture stars play in Hollywood. Through all these bright years of Ingrid Bergman's success, her husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom, has remained in the background. He never appears with her publicly at studio functions, professional parties, premières or the dinners at which she received so many awards, including, twice now, the Photoplay Gold Medal. Ingrid and Doctor Lindstrom rarely appear in public together. They seldom are photographed together. All this in spite of the fact that he remains the only man in her life, handles her business affairs completely and is so trusted and respected by her that she makes no commitment without his approval.

Hollywood marriage morals are different—no doubt about it! No doubt either that they are, at least in part, the answer to that eternal question, "What's the matter with Hollywood marriages?"

The End

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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF*
I'm Going to Marry Ty Power

(Continued from page 30) been married in the Church."

Linda's voice was very low as she said, "Yes, I want a white wedding gown, a veil, the bridal flowers and the Church ceremony because—when I marry, it will be for always."

I looked closely at this girl who had supplanted blonde Lana Turner in Ty's affections, thereby turning gossip hounds in America, Europe and Mexico.

What she had said sounded as wide-eyed and naïve as would a sub-deb discussing the first romance in her life. Yet I knew better, and she knew I knew better.

Many men have been in love with Linda. Before she met Ty, her name was terribly linked with Durhan Berry and an almost alphabetical list of Hollywood escorts plus a certain "very important" man who is said to have lavished magnificent jewels upon her. The romantic legends of Linda are no secret from the press.

I found myself puzzled over the difference between what I had heard about her and what she turned out to be when she walked into my living room. Justified first she did not seem to be the great beauty I expected. Her hair, once red, was a pretty natural brown. There was practically no make-up around her clear green eyes. Her smile as a matter of fact was simple. She wore a bright red and green checked affair made in the new full skirt. Around her neck was a round, gold disc set with a faceted dark green stone. Her gold bracelets were set with small diamonds—but not flashily.

Was this the girl whose jewels were almost too valuable to be worn? On the other hand, if this was an "act" she needn't have worn jewels at all.

If she were a mind reader she couldn't have followed my train of thought more perfectly. Almost before I knew what was happening she was talking freely about that "very important man" whose name has been linked with hers, Linda even called the certain high official in Mexico by name—which is more than I intend to do.

"So we can understand each other, let me tell you about him," she said with a directness that convinced me she is the interviewer's delight.

"This man has been a friend of my family's since we returned to Mexico from Hollywood several years ago. We had traveled with our passports because, although Mother and I were both born in Mexico, my father is Dutch and Mother lost her citizenship when she married him. Incidentally, my real name is Blanca Rosa Meller, if you are interested.

"It made things very complicated for Mother and me—being born in Mexico and still not citizens of our native country. There was a great deal of red tape to be ironed out. But my schooling invited this official—they had known him for a long time—to our home.

"You think people gossip and chatter like magpies only in Hollywood?"

Linda rolled her green eyes heavenward and spread her hands in a gesture typically Latin.

"What chatter—chattering went on among the neighbors when two big official cars drove up to our door and this man got out? When he arrived again a few days later and then became a regular visitor, I could hear the whispers: 'It's that actress he is coming to see—chitter-chatter, chatter-chatter!'

"I tell you the truth when I say this man has no thought for me other than the friendship he feels for my family—my
mother and sister, and particularly my stepfather, Jose Alvarez Amezuita, who is doing such wonderful work in cancer research.

"But what stories those innocent visits to dinner started. They said, 'He is lavishing jewels on the actress. It is not safe for any suitor to take her out, he is so jealous!' When Turhan Bey came down to make a picture, it was even said that there had been threats on Turhan's life if he continued to be interested in me. "Nonsense—nonsense, all of it. What jewelery I have my parents gave to me. I have interesting pieces." (She touched the unusual jade disk around her neck that I had noted before.) "I love this old Mexican stone because it is an antique and unusual, I also have a few little gifts of jewelery from Tyrone." (Perhaps the gold and diamond bracelets—but she didn't say so.)

Neither did she mention anything Turhan might have given her other than his company. As I remember, the Bey never gave anything to Lana, either.

The thought prompted me to say—and I wondered how she would react—"You and Lana seem to have a talent for charming the same men, Linda."

Without batting an eyelash, she replied quickly, "I think that is a very great compliment. Miss Turner is very beautiful. I should like to be like her." How's that for diplomacy? This girl has what it takes. Getting into a tight corner just seems to bring out her latent ability to meet any emergency with disarming frankness.

If I had thought she was going to dodge Lana, I had another guess coming.

"When Tyrone and I met in Italy and were having so much fun together, I thought our dinner and dancing engagements were just a passing thing with him. "I thought there wasn't a chance for me, that as soon as he got back to Hollywood, he and Miss Turner would be the same as they were before he left home. That hurt, but I tried not to show it.

THEN I read that Tyrone and Lana had parted. He cabled me and I came on directly to Hollywood even before I went home to see my mother.

"How did you happen to be in Rome when Ty was there, Linda?" I asked.

She laughed, "Oh, that was just an accident. I was vacationing with my sister. One night I was having dinner with the Italian manager for M-G-M in Italy. He told me that Tyrone Power was in town and said, 'You Hollywood people should say hello to each other.'"

"Tyrone wasn't exactly a stranger. I had first met him at his house in Acapulco at a party he gave when he was filming "Captain from Castile." But it had been an enormous affair—hundreds of people. I was not at all sure he would remember me."

"And you came to fall in love with him?" I prompted.

"It was from the beginning—the first date," she agreed. "You know him well, so you know what charm he has."

"Tyrone is brilliant. His mind is so eager and inquiring. And he is an amazing student. Will you believe that he learned Spanish in only a few months because he wanted to speak my native language? His ear for languages is so fine that even when I read German poems to him, I do not have to translate. But with all his charm and brilliance, he is kind and simple. And best of all, he has the faculty for making me feel that I'm the only woman in the world for him! It's a wonderful feeling. It gives a woman confidence."

As though anyone needed to give you confidence, Linda, I thought. The more I talked with her, the harder it was to believe many events in her amaz-
ing career had happened "accidentally." I suspect Linda has directed many of the climaxs of her life.

She's twenty-four, and has lived as excitingly as the heroine of an adventure novel. At seventeen she was a censor in Mexico, reading mail that came in and went out of the country during the war.

A few years later, still in her teens, she was a fascinating and colorful figure in the night life of Mexico City, and none other than the famed Diego Riviera had painted her portrait twice. Ty has one of those portraits. The other hangs in the salon of the Reforma Hotel in Mexico City. With international playboys and playgirls for friends, and a well-to-do family back of her, I wondered why she had ever thought of Hollywood and an acting career on the screen.

"It is the same in Mexico as it is here," she said. "Mexican girls are as interested in the movies as are their American sisters. The screen has great glamour for girls anywhere."

When she was first signed by M-G-M she was titian-haired, a fact well played up in her publicity.

"Well, that red hair was tinted," she smiled with that startling frankness of hers. "They paint my hair first red, then black. But red or black, all they give me to do is sit in a café in background scenes, saying nothing."

Of all the things Linda can't stand, doing nothing ranks first. So at the end of a year's contract she asked for her release.

Now Sol Lesser is giving her a real break. "I have a chance for the first time in Tarzan and the Mermaid," she said.

Chance I would say, is the understatement of the year. In that movie, Linda gets top billing over Johnny Weissmuller and Brenda Joyce, the stars. But once again, the lady beat me to the point.

"That's because of all the publicity I have had as Tyrone's girl friend," she remarked flatter.

"And now you see the rest of your life tied up with Ty," I prompted.

Her clear green eyes grew serious. "He is the only man I want for my husband and the father of my children. And we will have children when we marry, lots of them. We both love children. How wonderful it was of fate to bring us together while we are still young and can build and plan our future."

"I will be twenty-four in November. Tyrone will be thirty-four his next birthday. That ten years difference is just right between a man and a woman."

Yes, everything is just right for Linda Christian these days—who's planning a life-long date with the man she loves. The End.

Close-up of romance: Linda Christian expects the year 1949 will ring in the fulfillment of dreams for her and Ty Power.
From Hut 67 to Hollywood

(Continued from page 49) Scarcely had I discovered him long before Hollywood did. He wasn’t thrilling then—he was a tired, sweaty guy holding down a sack in Hut 67 on Saipan. This sweltering, canvas-covered joint was crowded with six other transient GI’s, several large rodents, empty beer cans, a wire recorder, guns and duffle bags. I had just returned from Iwo Jima when they tossed in with these characters.

Sergeant Duff was sitting on the edge of his sack. He was very untidy, wearing a three-day beard and behaved like one of his Scottish ancestors. This sullen mood was caused by the fact he’d used up his beer ration and was uncommonly thirsty. “You get your beer ration card, yet?” he said. His voice was neither low, nor thrillingly vibrant. It sounded sort of cracked and parched. “Yeah,” I said, “but where do I get the beer?”

The face of Sergeant Duff became astonishingly alive. His grin was magnificent to see. “Come on,” he said, “let’s take off.”

Three cans of beer later (a can and a half piece) we were on our way toward a beautiful friendship. He told me what was wrong with the Army. I told him what was really wrong with the Army. We talked about women. This led to nothing. We talked about officers. This led to panic. We talked about places we would like to be, about food, politics, books and the heat and got back to women again.

It was a very illuminating conversation, as you can see. I believe that I lived that incident in Seattle, Washington. Then, a couple of days later, under the influence of more beer, he admitted to being an actor.

That was in 1943 and he was twenty-nine years old. He looked then just about the way he does now, being a 185-pound six-footer, with light brown hair, blue eyes, regular features. He had none of the characteristics you associate with an actor, no fancy talk about the dramatics, and he made no attempt to turn on the charm.

The others sweating it out in Hut 67 were a weird representation of civilian occupations. There was a bus driver, two carpenters, an insurance salesman, a bar- tender and a rosy, happy-faced corporal named Barron Polan, who had been a Hollywood agent. One night Corporal Polan made the observation that Sgt. Duff would probably be terrific in pictures.

Howard's reaction was wildly enthusiastic. He stretched and yawned and said, “if you’ll give him my right arm for a juicy steak.”

“I really think so,” Corporal Polan went on. “Duff could be a big thing in pictures.” That was about it -all of that. But apparently Howard was not as sleepy as he appeared that night, because he is on the way to becoming terrific in pictures, and Barron Polan is his agent.

It never occurred to me in those days to ask friend Duff anything about his past life and times as an actor. I only remember asking him how he managed to stay single. He said that he’d like to be married, but it was rough making a steady dollar in radio, that he’d get married when he was financially solvent and the right girl came along. He said he liked kids and a home life.

Now he writes that he’s married only with Ava Gardner, a young lady I do not know, but who looks all right to me.

My first real respect for Duff as a performer was based not so much on what he did, but the way he did it. One day I helped him lug a wire recorder out to Juan’s Agana Air Base, where he did interviews with GI’s who were waiting to be shipped Stateside. The guys who came to see him were nervous, anxious, war-

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I have a restless man. That's one of the reasons he has taken up oil painting. Relaxes him, he says. I believe I'm one of the few people, aside from his family, who has seen any of his work. He calls them "dabblings" and he's shy about them. But he'll chin the hour about things he's read about art and artists or good paintings he has seen. He'll chin by the hour about anything, in fact, especially if he has a cup of java in his fist.

He goes hospital-visiting pretty often, and he meets a couple of vets and invites them up to Hollywood. He gets me to fix up a little dinner at Romanoff's and the four of us get together for a spread. Spence will probably take a shillelagh to me for telling it.

A few years back I had an operation which, at the time, seemed pretty serious. Spence called up my doctor, and said: "You take care of Larry, and never mind the cost." I heard about this in a roundabout way much later. It so happened I didn't need any help that time, but if I had... well, it's good to know you've got a friend like that in the pinches.

You visit his ranch house and watch him with his wife, a very lovely person, and with his children, Johnny and Susie. You see their stables, where they keep some pretty fine thoroughbreds, including Mrs. Tracy's Halsworthy. But the stables don't house just the runners. No. You find there all of Spence's old polo ponies on pasture.

I like hunting and fishing, but somehow I can't get Spence to go along. He doesn't say so, but I have a feeling he'd feel sorry for the game birds and animals and wouldn't be able to shoot. I remember a time we all went down to Florida on location. I rented a little motorboat and took Spence out on what I meant to be a fishing trip. We wound up having a picnic on the beach, but no fishing.

So you add up a number of things like that and you come to that one conclusion about the big Irishman who for my dough is the best actor on the screen.

This is it: Spence can kid and throw the blarney and he can get burned up about things. He's not a guy anybody's going to push around. But you take him apart and what do you find?

A big softie?

Well, you could call it that.

I call it heart.
It's This Way
(Continued from page 44) climate and its women.
They should have known better. They were giving Bogey too much of a set-up. 'I told them, 'I think your food is overrated,'" Bogey says. "I said, 'Your weather stinks and your women are no better dressed than the average.'"

The reporters reacted just as his father had when he was eight. They told him he didn’t know what he was talking about. Next morning they took him apart in print.

"But," says Bogey, "the laugh of it is that I got ten times as much space as I would have if I had said food, weather and women were all simply too, too duckly. I suppose the incident sticks in my mind because, while I hadn’t seen that publicity, they had been seeking my opinion. Yet when they got it they yelled. If most of San Francisco's citizens believe that their weather, women and meals are flawless, why do they want it confirmed for them? Or do they just want flattery, even if it's a lie?"

A Hollywood custom that particularly irks him is that photographers' gag of removing the highball glasses from the tables of celebrities before a shot.

"This is to kid the American public into believing that you and the little woman dropped into a flossy salon on your way home to do exactly nothing," Bogey says. "If you stand for it, the pictures come out showing you sitting at a completely empty table, smiling gloriously at nobody.

"Few of us drink every day. I certainly don't. But I certainly do when I go out stepping, just as most people do.

"So, when the camera boys come around to my night-club table, I tell him to shoot it as - or not shoot it at all.

"As for those persons who shudder at the sight of me, alcohol and who stay away from my pictures as a result, - well, I don't if my particular brand of charm would ever have slayed them in the first place. Anyhow, I don't believe either group is typically American."

"Nor do I think the group I was told would level out on me because I married Lauren Bacall is typically American. Hollywood admired Betty. The public admired Betty, too. They went for her in as big a way as I had after her first picture."

"To Have and Have Not." I was in that picture, too, though I doubt that anybody remembers that.

"A bunch of frightened people in Holly-

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wood, who claim to know what 'they' will say, told me not to tell how much younger than I was. She was right, I promised. It was a cinch. All anybody had to do was look at the girl to know. You can't insult me by telling me I am older than I used to be. Who isn't? Besides, age doesn't necessarily have anything to do with love, any more than height does.

"I was also told to soft-pedal the fact that I had been married before. Anybody who has followed my career knows I was married before. Speaking impersonally, statistics prove that one in three marriages in this country ends in divorce. Those same statistics prove that most divorced people remarry. The American public knows about divorce, knows that some people get disillusioned by one marriage or two, but not by all marriage. I am definitely the marrying kind. I believe in home life. I can think of no wrong that can be said about a guy. When I go with a girl I have exactly one object: Matrimony. Other people are different. Okay. That's their privilege.

"Another" idea, that if you are a Hollywood star you have no political opinions, burns me completely. I do have political opinions. I feel that an actor has just as much right to express his political opinion as has a doctor, or a longshoreman, or a banker. That is the constitutional right of American citizens past twenty-one. I, for one, propose to keep right on exercising it and nobody's going to stop me.

Bogey sounds as coldly forceful in saying these things as he ever did in "Key Largo." He'll admit it's easier to be outspoken in success. "But I woke up when I was a long way from having arrived, too. I'll confess I scared myself to death, practically, when I did so."

The occasion was their first Hollywood dinner party. The date was the spring of 1932. The depression was on then. It wasn't Bogey's first trip to Hollywood. He had been out a couple of seasons previously and he had left the motion-picture business so unimpressed with his talents that they didn't care for him at any price. He could have had here at any price, too, for he was stony broke. Broadway liked him. He was all Broadway. He won the play to play, but the trouble was the public didn't go to those plays.

"Only a character named Gable proving to be a hit in 1922 gave me my second chance," Bogey told me. "I was signed to a contract and then I guess Hollywood decided anybody who looked like a heavy was worth a try. So I got called and I came running. But I hadn't quite signed a contract when I got invited to a dinner party that my ex-Broadway pals, now residing in Hollywood, told me I had to attend. A bid to this particular house was virtually a command performance. My pals claimed to meet all the big producers, directors and writers who could make or break me."

"I refused the bid, politely but firmly."

"Then, having refused it, I walked the floor all night. I knew I was a fool. In order to eat, I needed a Hollywood contract. But I also liked acting in movies, I believed in their future and the California climate had already got me. But now, if what I had been told was true, that turned-down date finished me.

"I called myself names all night long. I told myself it wouldn't have hurt me to have gone. I asked myself what kind of sense it made to ruin my career just because I hated getting into a dinner jacket.

"So what happened? Nothing. I got a contract, after all. Maybe the Hollywood housewives decided I was just kind of wacky, but they let me alone. I still don't like big parties. Betty now gets me into a dinner jacket every month or so. I
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Hollywood, because of Bogey's decided opinions and attitudes, has called him a "character." Bogey bristles at this.

"There's too much of this stickering on labels," he says, "like calling people 'tolerant' or 'liberal' or 'independent.' Those were good words, originally, but they are being misused. For instance, what happened recently with Fred Clark." Fred Clark is the Bogart's house man, butler and friend. He is a Negro, born in London, who served with our Army overseas. He has a broad English accent and amuses Bogey and Betty by calling them "milord" and "milady." Somehow or other, Fred got a chance to be in "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid," at Universal-International. When he failed, he asked if he could have time off to do that little thing, Bogey said sure, except he didn't want Fred to move away from their house.

"I figured he wouldn't be working every day," Bogey explains, "and since Betty and I were shooting on 'Key Largo' at the same time, we made an arrangement with Fred. On the mornings we were due early at Warners he would drive us over, and on the mornings he was due early at Universal, we'd drive him over. It worked out very neatly.

"But, what do I hear about myself, all of a sudden? I hear, "The Bogart's Crusade," as I'm being 'tolerant.' Well, I wasn't being anything of the sort. I wouldn't patronize any human being by being 'tolerant' with him or her. What I did for Fred, I did for a friend."

Bogey grins. "Thank God," he says, "America still is a country where a man can say what he pleases and do what he pleases, so long as he stays within the realms of good taste and fair dealings. And where he can laugh at what he pleases, too. Let's keep it that way."
Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 26)

✓ (A) Mine Own Executioner
(20th-Century-Fox)

MAN is a mighty complex creature! You'll come to that conclusion long before the end of this British movie, a specialist in curing the spiritually sick, Burgess Meredith himself—being only human—is assailed by doubts. Devoted though he is to his wife Dulcie Gray, he isn't averse to dallying with flirtatious Christine Norden. One of his patients, Kieron Moore, adores his wife, Barbara White, but has a strange compulsion to strangle her. When tragedy strikes, the psychiatrist is implicated.

The story builds up to a violent climax with Meredith and Moore delivering noteconvincing performances. Though the film is, a shorter sharper treatment would have made it even more effective.

Your Reviewer Says: Soul-searching drama.

✓ (F) Secret Service Investigator
(Republic)

“SHOCK ‘em into attention” is the slogan of most gangster movies today, and this one succeeds in doing just that. The plot revolves around jobless war veteran Lloyd Bridges who answers a help-wanted ad. He thinks he's hired by the Secret Service to pose as a certain ex-convict. Actually, it's a crooked outfit using Bridges to dispose of a plate for counterfeiting currency. The ex-convict's wife, June Storey, turns up and as if he weren't in enough trouble, Bridges stumbles with a second gang headed by tricky George Zucco.

Your Reviewer Says: Oooh, counterfeiters!

✓ (A) Bad Sister (Rank-UI)

LIKE a good cry? Then this British-made movie is for you! Joan Greenwood is sent to a home for delinquent girls after attempting to do away with herself and her fatherless babe. She's bitter and belligerent but “warden” Margaret Lockwood gradually draws her out by revealing her own bitterness. Although from entirely different environments, both have known disappointment in love. First, it's matter-of-fact Ian Hunter who fails to measure up to Margaret's idea of a husband. Next, there's handsome Dennis Price, the perfect answer to a girl's dreams. But their happiness, alas, is short-lived. Joan's story of her downfall implicates playboy Paul Dupuis, a kiss-and-run character.

Your Reviewer Says: More tears.

✓ (F) Man-Eater of Kumaon
(Universal-International)

MAN VERSUS beast furnishes the theme for an exciting movie set in India. Wendell Corey, an American doctor, takes to big-game hunting. To forget his unhappy marriage. He wounded a magnific- cent tiger, thereby turning the animal into a marauding man-eater. After the tiger attacks Joanne Page, the beloved wife of Sabu, a trap is set and Corey's gimmick begins. How the killer is eventually caught makes for a suspenseful and unusual story. Close-ups of the life-and-death struggle between the hunter and his prey are nothing short of remarkable.

Your Reviewer Says: Good jungle yarn.
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the Big Moment's waiting! Got to get the table set with that new chestful of million-dollar silverware!"

Know why it looks like a million? Because it bears those two silverwise old names—1881 Rogers® and Oneida. Naturally, the patterns these artists in silver turn out have authority, grace, style. And don't be afraid your 1881 Rogers® will wear out—your set's wear-areas are heavily reinforced with solid silver. So, set the table you've dreamed of, three times a day! Constant use just makes this silverware lovelier! Choose your pattern, and an easy-payment plan today. 5-piece place setting, $4.50. Complete services for 8 start at $39.75. No federal tax.

For young people

who take pride in living nicely

Pattern shown is the new Plantation™ Trade Mark. Copyright, 1948, Oneida, Ltd.
Keep your hands evening-soft all day long!*

This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic here... as well as here...

Hard-at-work and "on display," your hands lead a double life. So—pamper them with the double-beauty magic of Trushay.

Trushay, you see, is first of all a velvet-soft lotion—with a wondrous touch you've never known before. A luxury lotion for all your lotion needs—a joy to use any time. Every fragrant, peach-colored drop is so rich, your hands feel softer and smoother instantly!

Yet... Trushay's magic doesn't stop there. It also brings to you a fabulous "beforehand" extra!

Smoothed on your hands before doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Guards them from drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft all day long!

Adopt Trushay's double-beauty help—begin today to use Trushay!

TRUSHAY
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

the lotion with the "beforehand" extra
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.

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. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize 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—it 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.

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With these Great Stars ... and the Splendor of Technicolor ... M-G-M presents Dumas' Exciting Story of Love and Adventure!

For the first time in motion picture history ... the complete romance ... the full novel just as Alexandre Dumas wrote it!

Lana Turner
as Lady de Winter ... lovely as a jewel, deadly as a dagger, the wickedest woman in all Christendom.

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as D'Artagnan ... young and handsome soldier of fortune ... a dashing, audacious lover!

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as Constance ... golden-haired beauty entangled in a web of treachery and intrigue!

Van Heflin
as Athos ... a rollicking adventurer, fighting to live and living to love!

M-G-M presents
Alexandre Dumas' "The Three Musketeers"
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Angela Lansbury
as Queen Anne ... dazzling as her gilded palace ... for her, men dared a thousand perils!

Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Dear Miss Colbert:
I have been married only eight months, but most of that time I have been rather unhappy. You see, my husband has made it a practice to flatter and flirt with every one of my best girl friends. My girl friends are rather surprised; one of them said one day, "I don't understand it a bit, Jean, because you were always the prettiest and most popular girl in our crowd."

That was an exaggeration, but I always had plenty of dates with nice boys.

I have tried not to show my jealousy, but sometimes I could simply die of embarrassment. Is there anything I can do?

Jean L. F.

The clue to your husband's behavior is contained in the comment of your girl friend. Your husband feels that you are more popular and a more desirable mate than he is. Because of his conviction of inferiority, he goes out of his way to prove how devastating he is with women.

You are right in not having shown jealousy. You should devote yourself to him, paying no attention to other men. After the social events in which the two of you participate, you should be lavish in your praise of him; tell him how well he dances and how much everyone likes him.

Give your husband the security of your admiration and love, and he will stop trying to prove what a Romeo he is.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I would like to know how a girl gets a man to ask her for a second date unless she submits to his wishes. Every time I go out on a date with a boy and refuse his request, he simply never calls again.

I've talked to other girls and it seems to be a universal problem. Several of us have tried almost everything—going to movies, playing tennis, going out in groups, staying out of parked cars, but the truth is that men are not interested unless they can have their own way. They say, "Why don't you grow up?" At twenty-one, I'm certain that I am fully grown up, but I haven't taken leave of my senses.

Beulah G.

If you could read the desperate, heartbroken letters received by this department from girls who thought they had "grown up" and who have discovered that they were young yet the boy in the case denied all responsibility, you would simply laugh at the next lad who propostions you.

I have talked to social workers by the score and all are agreed that the man or boy in the case is a Romeo when he is trying to get his own way; he just doesn't know that he's shouldering a responsibility.

Don't be fooled by the wiles of wolves. Remember that it is still the woman who pays.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am twenty-two and in my third year of college. I have been going with the same girl since we were freshmen; she had agreed to marry me last Christmas. We have a great deal in common: We like the same sports, enjoy music, books and dancing.

Two weeks ago this girl announced that she was sorry but that she had decided not to be married. She said she had loved me "in my own way," explained, and that I had done nothing to hurt her but she wanted to play the field. She said that she had missed the college fun of dating a lot of guys and she felt "walled in."

Can you tell me how to get her back?

Miller T.

One of three things has happened: either your fiancée has met another man, with whom she is interested; her girl friends have persuaded her that she is wrong to marry without a wider study of the field; or she has concluded that your romance has been too placid.

If how we wish you will say very little about your broken engagement. You should start to date other girls at once. Apply a bit of patient, indulgent good humor to this situation and I believe that the two of you will eventually be able to build a permanent and satisfying marriage.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
My childhood was miserable because of quarreling parents, but now I have met the man who can give me the love I have always craved. Yet, we have some problems. I love children but he hates children. I have always been an active member of the Baptist Church, but he does not believe in organized religion. He loves opera, art exhibits and deep literature; I love simple things like tennis and dancing. Also I love small towns, but he hates them because he says they offer so few cultural advantages.

Will our problems be adjusted after marriage because of our intense love?

Battena L.

I believe that nothing but misery would result from your marriage to this man. In no way are the two of you prepared to build the true companionship which is the only basis for lasting marriage.

As years go by, two people held together only by the fever of youth must admit their mistake and resort to divorce, or remain together as hostile strangers. Imagine what your Sundays would be like:

You would want to go to church, but your husband would refuse to accompany you. When you came home from services, he would have departed for an art exhibit or a symphony. If you lived in the city, you would be yearning for the country, and if you lived in the country your husband would be morose and miserable.

Postpone your marriage for at least two years. In that time you may find greater spheres of interest, but I doubt it. I think you are two people who have the potentiality of making one another miserable.

Claudette Colbert
THE DRIVE!
40,000 hooves thundering across the vast plains and mighty rivers of a sprawling continent!

IN 25 YEARS-ONLY THREE!
"COVERED WAGON"
"CIMARRON"

AND NOW—
HOWARD HAWKS’ GREAT PRODUCTION
"RED RIVER"

THEAMBUSH!
Bullet against flaming arrow as blood-mad savages ride the ring of death!

THE FEUD!
Vengeance . . . exploding in the fury of a desperate fight to the finish . . . bringing new glory to a great new star—Montgomery Clift!

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HOWARD HAWKS’ “RED RIVER”

starring JOHN WAYNE • MONTGOMERY CLIFT • WALTER BRENNAN • JOANNE DRU
With HARRY CAREY, Sr. • COLEEN GRAY • JOHN IRELAND • NOAH BEERY, Jr. • HARRY CAREY, Jr. • PAUL FIX
From the Saturday Evening Post story, “The Chisholm Trail”, by Borden Chase
Screenplay by Borden Chase and Charles Schnee

Executive Producer, CHARLES K. FELDMAN • DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY HOWARD HAWKS • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
Your own hands will tell you why! They'll be softer...smoother...truly

**Pacquins Hand Cream**

**In the morning...at night...whenever your skin needs softening**

Massage your hands with snowy, fragrant Pacquins...morning...night...whenever skin is rough, chapped, or dry and you'll know why Pacquins is the choice of so many famous beauties! Your own hands will tell you why! They'll be softer...smoother...truly.

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**Cast of Current Pictures**

**BABE RUTH STORY—The**—Del Ruth-RA: Babe Ruth, William Bendix, Claire Trevor; Brother Matt, Charles Bickford; Phil Conrad, Sam Levene; Miller Huggins, Fred Lzighterman, Night Club Singer, Gertrude Roger, Jack Dan, William Frawley; George Herman Ruth Sr., Ralph Balan; Brian, Lloyd Gough; Dr. Menasco, Paul Cavanagh; Col Raper, Matt Brigg; Babe Ruth (as a boy), Bobby Ellin; Hazel Paisley, Warren Douglas; Bill Cavanagh, Pat Fisherty; Mark Kornig, Bob Murel, Zeppa Sore, H. V. Kaltenborn, Henry Wimper & Allen, Themselves; Narrator, Knox Manning.

**BLACK ARROW—The**—Columbia: Richard Sherton, Louie Hayward; Joanna Sedley, Janet Blair; Sir Daniel Brakely, George Macready; Della Harris, Sally Eiders; Sheriff O'Too, Edgar Buchanan; Abbe Miles, Barbara Read; Andy West, Wallace Ford; Ernie Combs, Forrest Tucker; Lesch Coughen, William Bishop; Frank Forde; Joe Sawyer; Wally Hamilton; Russell Simpson; Steve Shails, Douglas Fowley; Capt. Henry, Lee Bennett; McCune, Forrest Taylor; Bill Amold, Phil Schumaker; Ray Flinders, Warren Jackson.

**EMBRACE YOU—Warners**: Eddie, Dan Clark; Marie, Geraldine Brooks; Sammy, S. S. Sakall; Ferris, Wallace Ford; Sig Ketch, Richard Rober; Shelly, Liba Roman; Dr. Wirth, Douglas Kennedy; Miss Purdy, Mary Stuart; Matt, Philip Van Zandt; Bernse, Rod Rogers.

**EYES OF TEXAS—Republic**: Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers; Penny Thatcher, Larchin Roberts; Cookie Bull Tucker, Andy Devine; Nate Waters, Nasa Bryant; Vic Robins, Roy Barcroft; Frank Drains, Danny Mortenson; Gladys Cameron, Francis Ford; Pete, Pasquale Perry; Sheriff, Stanley Blinston; Bob Nolan; The Sons of the Pioneers.

**FURY AT Furnace CREEK—20th Century Fox**: Cash, Victor Mature; Molly Baxter, Coleen Gray; Rufe, Glenn Langan; Captain Walsh, Reginald Gardiner; Leverett, Albert Dekker; Bird, Frank Clark; Peaceful Jones, Charles Kemper; General Blackwell, Robert Warwick; Judge, George Cleveland; Al Shawks, Roy Roberts; General Leeds, Willard Robertson; Appleby, Griff Barnett; Eaves, Frank Orth; Pop, J. Ferrel MacDonald; Aresio, Charles Stevens; Little Dog, Jay Silverheels; Leverett, Kenichi Hanemache, Robert Adler; Professor, Harry Segunor; Clerk, Harry Carter; Defense Counsel, Maurice Hugo, Howard Negley; Prosecutor, Harlan Briggs; Jury Foreman, St. Jenks; Court Clerk, Guy Wilker son; Stranger, Robert Williams; Judge Advocate, James Flavin.

**GOOD SAI—RKO**: Sam Clayton, Gary Cooper; Jay, Ann Sheridan; Reverend Daniels, Ray Collins; A. L. Borden, Edmond O'Brien; Strycker; My, Joan Loring; Nelson, Clinton Sundberg; Mrs. 7e Ray, Joan Tandy; Deacon; Charles Kemper; Cloyd; Dick Ross; Lola, Lola Lee Clark; Butch, Bobo Dalin; Mr. Burton; Matt Moore; Mrs. Burton, Neta Packer; Ruther, Ruth Roman; Mrs. Adams, Carol Stevens; Joe Adams, Todd Karns; Trump, Irving Bacon; Tom, William Frawley; Banker, Hardy Hayden.

**HAMLET—Rank-U. I—Hamlet, Laurence Olivier; Queen, Eileen Herlie; King, Basil Sydney; Ophelia, Jean Simmons; Polonius, Nigel Davenport; Horatio, Norman Wooland; Laertes, Terence Morgan; Fortius Player, Harcourt Williams; Claudius, King, Patrick Troughton; Player Queen, Tony Tarver; Osric, Peter Ushing; Gravedigger, Stanley Holloway; Priest, Russell Thorndike; John, John Laurie; Bernardo, Esmond Knight; Marcellus, Anthony Quayle; Sea Captain, Robert Drury.

**ILLEGALS—THE—Levin Mayer Burstein; Sara Witter, Buenos Aires; Lee, Andy Blyth; Misa Witter, Yankel Miklowitz; The Illegals, themselves.

**MR. PEAODY AND THE MERMAID—U. I**: Mr. Peaoby, William Powell; Mermaid, Anna Blyth; Mrs. Polly Peabody, Irene Hervey; Cathy Livingston, A. Drea King; Alice Farrow, Canton Sandberg; Dr. Harvey, Art Smith; Major Hadley, Hugh French; Colonel Mandrake, Lumsden Hare; Basil, Fred Clark; Lieutenant, James Logan; Web Shop Cedar, Mary Field; Mother, Beatrice Roberts; Nurse, Cynthia Colley; Water Tom Stevens; Lady Toma; Mary Somerville; Patter, Richard Ryan; Boy, Bobby Hyatt; Sidney, Ivan H. Browning.

**NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES—Paramount**: John Sturges, Edward G. Robinson; Jean Courtal, Gail Russell; Elliott Carter, John Lund; Jenny, Virginia Bruce; Lorn, Shahan; William Demarest, Peter Vincent, Richard Webb; Whitby Coastland, Jerome Cowan; Dr. Walters, Onslow Stevens; Mr. Gilman, John Alexander; Nicolee W. Yen; Roman Robenen; Mr. Myers, Luis Van Rooten.

**PITFALL—Regal-U. I**: John Forbes, Dick Powell; Mona Stevens, Elizabeth Scott; Sue Forbes, Tom...
WIDE-OPEN ENTERTAINMENT!

SONG, SPECTACLE AND TERRIFIC TEXAS SWEETHEARTS!

Just LOOK at these song hits! Everybody's singing em'

"EVERY DAY I LOVE YOU A LITTLE BIT MORE"
"HANKERIN"
"MUSIC IN THE LAND"
"I DON'T CARE IF IT RAINS ALL NIGHT"

DENNIS MORGAN-CARSON

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS

Jack Morgan-Carson

WAHOO! HOW THOSE DUDE-RANCH ROMEOs MAKE WOO-WOO!

Pennie Malone

and Dorothy Edwards

Screen Play by I. A. L. Diamond and Allen Boretz
Suggested by a Play by Robert Sloane and Louis Pelletier
Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf
DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER • PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB

WARNER BROS': WIDE-OPEN ENTERTAINMENT!
FULL OF SONG, SPECTACLE AND TERRIFIC TEXAS SWEETHEARTS!
“Why live anywhere else?”

says MINNESOTA!

What space—and what a place! Vacationland is right at their doorstep, with field and stream, woods and lakes aplenty. Almost every kind of business is here, too—surrounded by prosperous farm and dairyland. Opportunity in every direction! No wonder there are so few “former Minnesotans” in other states.

Independent, intelligent and able people, nearby Minnesotans enjoy—as do so many throughout the U. S.—the fine flavor of—

Beech-Nut Gum

The flavor favorite everywhere

(Continued from page 6)

Watts; MacDonald, Raymond Burr; District Attorney, John Libb; Bill Smiley, Byron Barr; Tommy Farley, Jimmy Hunt; Maggie, Anna Doris; Ed Bramley, Selmer Jackson; Terry, Margaret Wells; Desk Sergeant, Dick Wessel.

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER—RKO: Rachel, Loretta Young; Big Dotty, William Holden; Jim, Robert Mitchum; Darcy, Gary Gray; Parnon Jackson, Tom Rudy; Mrs. Jackson, Sarry Hadley; Mr. Green, Frank Ferguson; Galli, Walter Baldwin; Mrs. Green, Regina Wallace.

SOMber, WRONG NUMBER—Paramount: Leona Stevenson, Shirley Swanson, Henry Strozier, Burt Lancaster; Sally Lord Dodge, Ann Richards; Dr. Alexander, Wendell Corey; Waldo Evans, Harold Vermilyea; James Cotterell, Ed Begley; Fred Lord, Leif Erickson; Morano, William Conrad; Joe (Detective), Tom Loder; Jimmy Hunt; Miss Jennings, Dorothy Neumann; Harpootlian, Paul Fiore.

THAT LADY IN ERMINE—20th Century-Fox: Francesco and Angelina, Betty Grable; Colonel and Duke, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Marti, Cesar Romero; Major Horvath and Beppo, Walter Abel; Alberta, Reginald Gardiner; Luigi, Harry Davenport; Theresa, Virginia Campbell; Guity, Whit Bissell; Captain Na-cook, Edmund MacDonald; Gabor, David Bond; Ace- tor, Harry Corbett, Belle Mitchell, Mary Bear, Jack George, John Parrish, Mary Newhall; Lester, Lester Allen.

TRAIN TO ALCATRAZ—Republic: Forbes, Donald Barry; Beatrice; Janet Martin; Tommy Culligan, Will-iam Phares; Grady, Roy Barratt; Virginia, June Storey; Aunt Ella, Jane Darwell; Bart Kinn, Mil-ler Stone; Conductor, Chester Clute; U. S. Marshal, Ralph Dunn; Andress, Richard Irving; Nick, John Alvin; Marty, Michael Care; Maddy, Marc Kreis; Huttis, Denver Pyle; Geomma, Ian Eyes Cody; Reeves, Kenneth MacDonald; George, Harvey Har-vey; Eddy, Steven Barron; Hollister, Bob Stone; Billings, Don Haggerty; McHenry, John A. Doucette.

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS—Warners: Steve Car-roll, Dennis Morgan; Davy Foster, Jack Carson; Jigger, Victor Kilis; Doreth, Reed; Wess, Penny Edwards; “Tex”, Bennett, Forrest Tucker; Dr. Strangler, Fred Clark; Link Jezell, Gerald Mohr; John, John Bromfield; Peter Lord, Jimmy Hunt; Miss Jennings, Dorothy Neumann; Harpootlian, Paul Fiore.

VICTIOUS CIRCLE, THE—U-A: Karl Nemec, Conrad Nagel, James Cagney, Fritz Kortner; Baron Aranyi, Reinhold Schunzel; Babys, Philip Van Zandt, John C. Levesque; Eddie Leroy; Preceding Judge, Edwin Maxwell; Stark, Frank Ferguson; Fisher, David Alexander; Marion, Robert Cherry; Mrs. Schwartz, Nina Hansen; Her-mans, Sam Bernard; Ethel Mihalyi, Rita Gould; Dr. Leach, John Cameron; Dr. Sarnoch, Peter Broeosa; Miss Horse, Belle Mitchell; Constable, Ben Welden; Mr. Horney, Michael Marks; Mrs. Tamasky, Nan Boardman; Anna Tamasky, Mary Lou Harrington; Clara Tamasky, Shirley Kneeland; Margaret Daroscopic, Christina Vale; Monna, Lester Dorr; Sex-scorent, horner, Donald Harvey; Judge Russo, Fred Fox; Ivan Peter, Peggy Wynne; Ramner, Manfred Furst; Weiss, Reuben Wenberg, Lieder, Herman Waldman; Tomb, Paul Baratoff.

WALLS OF JERICHO, THE—20th Century-Fox: Dave, Cornel Wilde; Allover, Linda Darrell; Julia, Ann Baxter; Tucker, Ted; Kirk Douglas; Belle, Ann Dvorak; Mrs. Duvall, Marjorie Rambeau; Jefferson, Nana; Henry Hull; Berling, Ressie Sansome; Colleen Townsend; Cactch McCardy, Barton MacLane; Judge Hutto, Giff Barnett; Cally Carton, William Tracy; Pedigree, Art Baker; Sarnoch, Frank Ferguson; Nellie, Ann Morrison; Mrs. Harte, Hope Langlin; Mrs. Ransom, Helen Brown; Andy Mcllwain, Norman Leavitt; Judge Potter, Whit-ford Kane; Biltiff, J. Farrell MacDonald; Maltin, Dick Rich; Dr. Patterson; Will Wright.

“WOMEN . . .

talk about moonlight and roses even as they're thinking of bank balances and prospects,” says

BOB MITCHEM

who proves he's no lady lover

in November Photoplay.
"I'm through helping other people... Lu...
from now on I'm concentrating on you....!"

RAINBOW PRODUCTIONS, INC. presents

GARY COOPER
ANN SHERIDAN
in
LEO McCAREY'S
GOOD SAM

But...here's Sam in another jam!

Produced and Directed by LEO McCAREY

Made by LEO McCAREY who gave you "THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S" and "GOING MY WAY"
"A dress for a bowling party... at 8 o'clock in the morning!"

1. "For office hours" I wear a tailored suit with trim jacket and widely flared skirt, set off with gold buttons, pin and earrings and sporting a separate bright cummerbund. And, of course, I rely on new, even gentler, even more effective Odorono Cream. Because I know it protects me from perspiration and offensive odors a full 24 hours.

You'll find new Odorono so safe you can use it right after shaving! So harmless to fine fabrics . . . protects clothes from stains and rotting! So creamy-smooth too . . . even if you leave the cap off for weeks!

2. "For after hours"—Off with the jacket, a quick change to bowling shoes, and I'm right down the alley for an evening of fun. I'm confident of my charm all evening too — thanks to new Odorono Cream. Because the Halogene in Odorono gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

Now, Odorono Cream brings you an improved new formula . . . even gentler, even more effective than ever before . . . all done up in its pretty, bright new package. Buy some today and see if you don't find this the most completely satisfying deodorant you have ever used.

THE EMPEROR WALTZ: You can get the whole score in a new Decca album which stars Bing Crosby, assisted by Victor Young's chorus and orchestra. If you prefer individual disks, try Alvino Rey's Capitol cutting of the yodel hit, "Friendly Mountains," Larry Douglas's crooning of "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" (Signature) or Spike Jones's daffy rendition of the same tune for Victor.

A DATE WITH JUDY: Two wonderful tunes were written for the production. The lilting "It's a Most Unusual Day" is recorded by Ray Noble (Columbia), while The Pied Pipers (Capitol), and George Paxton (M-G-M) prefer "Judaime."

NORTHWEST STAMPEDE: A good song is "Lazy Stream" and Wayne King (Victor) has done an excellent recording; vocal by Nancy Evans.

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS: Styne and Cahn come through with "I Don't Care If It Rains All Night," a smoothie ballad that Johnnie Johnston (M-G-M) clicks with, and a western-style melody "Hankerin'," first recorded by Hal McIntyre and his band (M-G-M).

NELSON EDDY: The cinema's most resounding pair of lungs are put to good use in a pretentious Columbia album of Stephen Foster songs.

Saint-Saëns' Symphony No. 3 in C Minor Op. 78 is played by the N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony, conducted by Charles Muench . . . The seldom-heard Sonata No. 2 by Charles Ives is played by John Kirkpatrick in a new album . . . The stirring Symphony No. 2 in D Major by Sibelius is excellently performed by The Philadelphia Orchestra under capable Eugene Ormandy . . . The choreographic poem, "La Valse," by Ravel is beautifully interpreted by The Pittsburgh Symphony with Fritz Reiner on the podium . . . In a lighter mood, try Morton Gould's Symphonic Band packet of patriotic airs and Victor Borge's whimsical piano impressions . . . All above are smoothly executed by Columbia Records.
James Nasser Presents

Fred MacMurray

who tries to put one over on

Madeleine Carroll

(who's not so innocent, either)

in . . . "AN INNOCENT AFFAIR"

with CHARLES 'BUDDY' ROGERS • RITA JOHNSON • LOUISE ALLBRITTON • ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by LLOYD BACON • A JAMES NASSER

Original Production • Screenplay by LOU BRESLOW and JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
Choose your star, Photoplay said. You did, in a flood of votes. Now

Choose your star" Photoplay said in the August issue. We lined up fifty-nine new personalities for your choice, asking you to vote for the two you thought most likely to win stardom.

The way you responded to our call delights the editorial heart—so we climb out from under mountains of letters, brush the mail bags from under weary eyes, and herewith give you the report on those young players you have so enthusiastically acclaimed the winners.

First, there’s a big surprise—the one person you boosted head and shoulders above everyone you’ve seen in only one picture. He’s John Agar of “Fort Apache.” There were twenty-three men on the list of potential stars and approximately one out of every four votes for males went to the handsome Mr. Agar. This brings out another very interesting point: The men enjoy a more concentrated popularity than the women.

Your first choice among the women, Jean Peters, doesn’t hold her lead as securely as John. There are four other girls close behind her—and one of them, Mona Freeman, has not been seen since last summer when she appeared almost simultaneously in “Dear Ruth” and “Mother Wore Tights.” Jean’s appearance in “Deep Waters” is also her first movie since “Captain from Castile.”

Next month Photoplay will bring you stories on both John Agar and Jean Peters, with beautiful full-color pictures.
WINNERS!
meet the lucky ones you have acclaimed “most likely to succeed”

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<td>Donald Buka</td>
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<td>Doris Day</td>
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At the Theater: With our friend Glenn Anders, who played Grigsby in "Lady from Shanghai," we traveled down to the Biltmore Theater to see Tallulah Bankhead in "Private Lives." Between acts, we chatted with various Hollywood friends in the lobby and it occurred to Cal again, what natural, charming people are Gregory and Greta Peck. Whether it's on a movie set, in a book shop or, as in this instance, a theater lobby, Greg is completely unaware of himself as a movie star, interested in everything around him. Both Rex Harrison and his wife Lilli Palmer assured us there was no one like Tallulah. "I'm getting the feel of the theater again," Rex (who goes back to Broadway soon) confided. We had jumped at Tallulah's invitation to supper, so we drove out to her suite at the Town House. Tallulah's one of the great actresses of our time, and if Cal had his way, she would be back in movies, where everyone could see and enjoy her great talent.

About People: Bob Walker's wedding attire of gray cuffed slacks and plaid sport shirt (no tie) had even informal Hollywood agog. Barbara, his bride, and the daughter of director John Ford, wore a peasant dress. The wedding took place a week after director Ford said it would. No one knows why. However, everyone wishes the couple happiness.

For whom the wedding bells toll: Collier Young, Ida Lupino

Snapped on arrival at Tallulah Bankhead opening, the Helmut Dantines will soon be premiering, too—as parents

At the Ambassador Hotel, Mrs. Larry Parks (Betty Garrett), gives Frank Sinatra a close-up—of her old-fashioned bouquet
STUFF

Of Hollywood

No one like Gable to keep them guessing. In Hollywood he dates equally pretty Anita Colby and Iris Bynum, but it was “Slim” Hawks who received his goodbye kiss on the ship in New York and Dolly O’Brien Dorelis who welcomed him in Europe. Safety in numbers, Cal presumes... Friends who traveled to Laguna, one week-day, claim they had the beach to themselves, except for Vic Mature, his dog and little step-son, to whom he is devoted. Incidentally, Vic, who has succumbed to the art craze, has his canvases framed before he begins to paint. Claims he hasn’t the nerve to let anyone see them afterwards—even a framer.

A Line or Two: Linda Darnell has completed a bust of her adopted baby Lola (short for Charlotte), who is not yet a year old... Richard Widmark is confused over a fan letter informing him that certain college lads are forming a Tommy Udo club (after Richard’s gangster character in “Kiss of Death”) for the express purpose of keeping women under control. Widmark claims even Udo didn’t know that secret... Hollywood is in hysterics over the mother of a movie bachelor who answers all telephone calls from her son’s girl friends with the reply, “Give me your name and I’ll put you on the list”... At the corner of Olympic and Spalding,

They’re off! A tense moment in the lives of June Allyson and Dick Powell, taking in the races at Hollywood Park
we waved to Lex Barker, the new Tarzan, when he called from his car and two minutes later ran into the retiring Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller, as he entered his mother’s door, across the court from Cal. Small world for so many Tarzans.

Set of the Month: An extended hand of welcome from director Otto Preminger made Cal feel cozily at home on “The Fan” set where Richard Greene, Madeleine Carroll and John Sutton were being put through their paces. Cal was struck with handsome Richard Greene’s method of relaxing just before Otto called “camera.” He’d either quickly bend both knees several times, or sing “Turkey in the Straw” with an accompanying dance step. And he an Englishman, too.

Roddy McDowall’s sister Virginia stood waiting under a spotlight for Otto to inspect her gown. “Please remove the flowers,” he told designer Renée Hubert. “I want to see that tiny waist.” The effect was just right.

Incidentally, there was no handsomer pair on any set today than Richard Greene and Madeleine Carroll. What a film this promises to be.

Sympathy to Clark: The death of Clark Gable’s father will leave an empty spot in the actor’s heart, for between Clark and William Gable, who died quietly in his sleep at seventy-eight, existed a relationship Hollywood knew little about. Through his teens, Clark had obeyed his father’s dictates to work with him in the oil fields but when he reached twenty-one, said, “I’m leaving now. I’m on my own.” There was a grimness to the set of William Gable’s mouth that expressed disapproval but he didn’t try to stop his son. They parted—each to go his own way, unaware of the other’s whereabouts for years. Then after fame lifted Clark into the limelight word came from his father. Clark immediately bought him a house out in the Valley, near Clark’s ranch. There William Gable spent his last happy years, hunting and fishing.

Three Charmers: When feminine employees beat a path to a certain sound stage, it’s a sure sign feminine fans will soon hit the box-office trail and for the same reason; the reason this time being Montgomery Clift, the handsome and single leading man in “The Heiress.” “Now don’t tell me you could grow a thing like that!” Cal demanded of Bob Arthur on the “Yellow Sky” set. He felt the inch-long beard on his baby face and wanted to know why not. We didn’t say it but we thought Bob too young for the beard growing business.

As he sat beside us in the doctor’s office, Cal pondered and wondered. Where had we seen that tall, handsome man with the fetching mustache. Suddenly we knew. It was Farley Granger, sporting his first mustache for “Enchanted.” “I had to look old enough to play opposite Evelyn Keyes,” he explained.

Simple Pleasures: With so much stress on the chi-chi of Hollywood, Cal wonders why its simpler pleasures aren’t more actively stressed. Take Hollywood’s young teen-age crowd, for instance. The kids have organized a Saturday Night Club that takes turns meeting at members’ homes to dance, listen to records, consume hot dogs and cokes.

Out in the Valley, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have (Continued on page 19)
IT'S GOING PLACES...
in the smartest handbags!
It's designed to keep the poreless-as-porcelain perfection of the "Fashion Plate" complexion at your fingertips... always.

Just finger-stroke it on...
Not a cake, "Fashion Plate" needs no water or sponge. It ends the old-fashioned, dry, mask-y look! Choose from exclusive fashion-genius colors.

The great new fashion in make-up! New vanity-case size 1.00 plus tax.
New, for you! A fabulous luxury polish—at a way-below-luxury price!

Nail Brilliance by Cutex
Only 25¢ plus tax.

Newly, truly luxurious! That's wondrous Nail Brilliance! And once you use it, how you'll marvel ... that this exciting new kind of polish could offer so many luxuries for an unbelievable 25¢, plus tax.

Dream-lovely bottle! Steady base ... camel-hair tipped brush, gleaming plastic handle, that makes you an artist to your finger tips.

Beyond-belief wear! Nail Brilliance stays perfect longer than you dreamed possible!

Heavenly purity! Free from all irritating substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use Nail Brilliance with perfect safety!

Glamour-wise shades! Ten of them—for every fashion, every need. Shades that stay brilliant—never turn foggy or dull.

COLOR-KEYED CUTEX LIPSTICKS, TOO!
Whether you choose Nail Brilliance in a delicate or a vivid shade, there's a Cutex Lipstick to harmonize! Creamy and clinging ... swift, subtle glamour for your lips. Both polish and lipstick available in a special dressing table package. Large-size Lipstick alone, 49¢, plus tax.
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 18) organized Saturday night square dances with a professional dance caller to teach them the numbers. Neighbors Viveca Lindfors and Eve Arden are helping Lucille and Desi get organized.

Look out For: Coleen Townsend, sweet-faced brunette, gone blonde for "Chicken Every Sunday." While working her way through Brigham Young University as a model, her picture on Look magazine brought her to Hollywood and movies. Nineteen years old, she lives with her mother and step-dad; is trying to finish her last two years of college by correspondence; loves to water ski; has a tiny mole on right cheek; belongs to the Saturday Night Club; has no steady beau and doesn't believe movies are her all-in-all. Taught the high-school group in Sunday school until they asked such intimate questions as, "Miss Townsend, how many times should I let a boy kiss me goodnight?" Now she teaches the junior-high school class that isn't so interested in kissing—as yet.

One Hear: Things have grown so serious between Isabellita and Rory Calhoun. She's the little singer who follows Rory on his location jaunts. Incidentally, she becomes Lita Baron when she follows Rory into movies... Those extra heavy demands, rumor has it, made by Van Heffin, cost him the lead in "Britannia Mews," a break for Dana Andrews who replaced him. With Mrs. Andrews and their two children, Dana sailed for England where the picture will be filmed... According to Paramount's fan mail department, Macdonald Carey, who has three pictures to be released, is rapidly becoming a star in the public's mind. Couldn't happen to a nicer ex-Marine...

Romance and Anne: Her slim legs were encased in a pair of old dungarees and her hair was tousled above a slightly soiled face. "This knockout I've worn for three months," Anne Baxter told Cal, "and carrying a rifle once in a while is my only change of costume." But Anne loves the picture "Yellow Sky," her director William Wellman and her leading man Gregory Peck.

"The things that people do to me in this picture! And that I do to them! Fighting, clawing, shooting. It's awful!"

We were in hysteres over Anne's description of a love scene with Gregory in a hot, stuffy sheep fold. Seems Greg with Richard Widmark, having just survived a trek across Death Valley, decides to kiss the little gal. In her frantic efforts to repulse Greg, Anne falls to the smelly floor and looks up into the face of her eager and would-be lover. On his forehead they fastened a rubber piece, so that he could hand Amie's head with his without bruising her. His studio pocked lips came undone and part of it having unconsciously. "This is my big love scene with Gregory Peck," Anne thought and burst out laughing.

Birthday Celebration: It was Cal's birthday, so off we trekked to Romanoff's to celebrate with the couple whose anniversary we mutually share—Bob Hutton and beautiful wife Cleatus. By coincidence, it was also the wedding day of our friend Michael Romanoff, who joined us for a toast. When the birthday cake arrived with candles glowing, all Romanoff's joined in the toast, warming Cal's heart and taking away the regret of that one more added year.

I never sit out this number...

I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

As a skating partner, Beautiful—you keep the boys going around in circles... around you. And with Mum for protection against underarm odor, you'll stay nice to be near.

So never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum. Remember, your bath only washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Get Mum today!

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.
"Mmmmm! here's something interesting. a finer, different kind of silverplate. Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of Sterling Silver. ...not like extra-plated or over-plated kinds. Stays lovelier longer! That's for me!

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID
SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

"Two blocks of sterling silver are invisibly inlaid at blocks of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks to make this different, finer silverplate stay lovelier longer!

LOVELY PATTERNS? The loveliest! Lovely Lady, Danish Princess and Youth, all made in the U.S.A. by the International Silver Company.

PRICED RIGHT? Indeed yes! Unlike so many other things the price of Holmes & Edwards has not gone up! Still only $68.50 for 52 pieces, service for eight with chest. (No Federal Tax.)

WHERE TO BUY? At jewelry and department stores everywhere.


Laughing Stock

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

The only thing left, after a big fire at a movie studio the other day, was a sign. It read: "No Smoking." * *

One of those gauche Hollywoodmen who frequently figure in such anecdotes went to see the new and very costly home of Fred MacMurray. Inspected it from attic to swimming pool without comment, until he came to the grand piano.

"You should buy an electric piano," he advised. "For a man of your money it looks undignified to be playing a piano by hand." * *

A quickie producer told the star of a picture to talk faster when speaking his lines.

"What's the idea?" said the star.

"It's a bad script," said the producer, "and we don't want the audience to hear everything." * *

Hollywood version: And so they were married and lived happily ever after. * *

An actor quarreled with his wife before leaving for the studio one morning. Seeking to placate her, he returned home in the evening with a present for her.

Holding the box behind his back, he said: "Darling, I have a present here for the person that I love best in all the world."

"What is it?" barked the still irate wife, "a box of cigars?" * *

Hollywood—Where love always finds a way out. * *

A movie queen got engaged and, in front of a party of friends, asked her fiancée where he'd like to go for their honeymoon.

He said: "Oh, I don't care particularly. Where do you usually go?"

Someone spotted Louis B. Mayer's shiny new 1948 limousine parked outside the M-G-M studio. "Humm," he said, "things are pretty tough in the film industry. L. B. is still driving this year's car." * *

Hollywood: Where even your office has double cross ventilation. * *

Party dialogue:

"It took me ten years to discover I had absolutely no acting talent."

"Did you quit?"

"No, of course not, by then I was famous."
Never Again!

THIS IS HER FIRST DATE with him ... and it will be her last. When the picture is over he is going to hustle her home faster than jet propulsion. And she won't know why*!

BEFORE ANY DATE where you want to be at your best, isn't it just plain common sense to be *extra careful* about your breath? You, yourself, may not realize when it is off-color.

AFTER ALL, THERE IS NOTHING that puts romance on the run like a case of halitosis* (unpleasant breath). Why run such a risk when Listerine Antiseptic provides such a delightful, extra precaution?

SIMPLY RINSE THE MOUTH with Listerine Antiseptic, and, lo, your breath is sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend; keeps it that way, too ... not for minutes but for hours!

SMART PEOPLE, popular people never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. It's an "extra careful" precaution that often spells the difference between popularity and oblivion.

WHILE SOME CASES of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning and before any date, business or social.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

P.S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?
(F) Hamlet
(Rank-Universal-International)

ALL the beauty and wisdom of Shakespeare's prose are superbly revealed in this awe-inspiring and interest-absorbing production. His hair bleached blonde, Laurence Olivier is star, producer and director.

As the Melancholy Dane, who suspects that "something is rotten in the state of Denmark," Olivier is tragically torn between revenge and indecision. His bitter denunciation of his queen mother (Eileen Herlie) for her haste in marrying the crafty Claudius (Basil Sydney) following the King's death, is powerfully projected. Thrilling, too, is the duel between Hamlet and Laertes (Terence Morgan). Jean Simmons is splendid as the lovely, childlike Ophelia whose reason gives way under stress of her sorrow; Felix Aylmer is fine as Polonius; Norman Wooland pleases as Horatio.

Olivier, J. Arthur Rank and the Theatre Guild are to be warmly commended for providing a rich and rewarding feast for everyone except the very young.

Your Reviewer Says: A brilliant and absorbing movie.

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

(A) Pitfall (Regal Films-UA)

So the woman always pays, eh? Not in the case of Dick Powell whose indiscretion leads to tragedy.

An employee of an insurance company, Dick is dreadfully bored with his humdrum life although he has a fine wife in Jane Wyatt and an adorable son in Jimmy Hunt. It's business that first takes Dick to Lizabeth Scott's apartment but he's soon ringing her doorbell again. "Detective" Raymond Burr, a hoodlum and a troublemaker, goes for the alluring Liz, too, and of course doesn't welcome competition from Dick. There are various dire developments, too, when the crafty fellow stirs up the girl's convict-sweetheart, Byron Barr, against Powell.

Excellent acting and direction and crisp dialogue lend interest to a familiar domestic drama dressed in brand new garb.

It all adds up to a warning to married men to stay in their own back yard, away from gals like Liz, if they want to preserve their happy home.

Your Reviewer Says: Dick Powell plays and pays.
The Walls of Jericho
(20th Century-Fox)

Actually, there are three stories, not one, in this overlong movie based on Paul Wellman's novel of a Kansas town in 1908.

There's the triangle involving county attorney Cornel Wilde, his worthless wife, Ann Dvorak, and his lawyer-sweetheart, Anne Baxter. Then there's overambitious Linda Darnell who, for political and personal reasons, causes conflict between her husband, Kirk Douglas, and his old friend, Cornel. A third plot presents itself when young Colleen Townsend kills rascally Barton MacLane in self-defense. These are a few of the many characters who traipse through the story.

As a victim of circumstance, Wilde will win your sympathy although he and Douglas could do with a bit more backbone. As for the luscious Linda, she still has more than a trace of Amber in her. Credit Colleen Townsend with making an auspicious debut, but save most of your applause for Anne Baxter.

Your Reviewer Says: Orchids to Anne Baxter!

Triple plot: Cornel Wilde, Anne Baxter and Linda Darnell become involved in a dramatic conflict between love and ambition.

Suspense: Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster are caught in a web of murder, ticking clocks and tense telephone conversations.

(F) Sorry, Wrong Number
(Paramount)

Suspense is the keynote of a spine-tingling murder meller acted to the hilt by Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

In highly dramatic fashion it tells how strong-willed Barbara, the "cough-drop queen," makes Burt marry her despite the pleas of her pretty classmate, Ann Richards, and the objections of her indulgent father, Ed Begley. Whenever anyone crosses Barbara, she's seized with a heart attack, and finally takes to her bed permanently. Physically strong but morally weak, Burt has about as much freedom as a pet poodle. All alone in the big house one evening, Barbara tries to reach her husband at his office and overhears a murder plot on a crossed wire. A woman is to be killed that very night at eleven-fifteen. As the clock ticks away Barbara gradually realizes she is the one marked for death.

An emotion-charged thriller which takes devious twists and turns to tell its story, it nevertheless tops the current crop of movie murders.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a hair-raiser.


**Good Sam**

(Leo McCarey-RKO)

Does it pay to be a Good Samaritan?

Jimmy Stewart thought so in "It's a Wonderful Life," and now Gary Cooper comes along imbued with the same idea. Producer-director Leo McCarey pokes gentle fun at him in a series of domestic adventures.

A guy who loves his fellow man, Gary is always rushing to someone's rescue to the exasperation of his more practical-minded spouse, Ann Sheridan. With the help of "Reverend" Ray Collins, she tries to convince Gary that he's overdoing the good neighbor policy. There's Ann's shiftless brother, Dick Ross, who has been sponging on them for months, and there's pathetic Joan Loring whom Gary saves from suicide and installs in his home. One misfortune piles upon another until the happiness and security of Gary and Ann are at stake.

Excellent teamwork on the part of these two lends enjoyment to a simple story, tenderly told.

Your Reviewer Says: Meet a good guy!

**Night Has a Thousand Eyes**

(Paramount)

A STRANGE, brooding quality pervades this melodrama about a mental wizard with the power of predicting the future.

Edward G. Robinson is the man cursed with this unusual "gift." A vaudeville man, he's in love with his attractive assistant, Virginia Bruce. Rather than bring harm to her, he runs away, leaving her to marry his friend, Jerome Cowan. The next chapter concerns their daughter Gall Russell, engaged to marry scientist John Lund. Robinson foresees sudden death, first for Gall's father, then for her, and tries to warn her. Convinced he's a faker, Lund calls in detective William Demarest.

You won't believe any of it for a moment, but that won't keep you from giving it your undivided attention. Robinson and Russell are very likeable and Lund struggles valiantly with a rather colorless role.

Your Reviewer Says: Glimpse into the Unknown.

**The Babe Ruth Story**

(Del Ruth-Allied Artists)

HOLLYWOOD pays a tribute to baseball's famous figure—Babe Ruth. As portrayed by William Bendix, he's a boyish, big-hearted fellow addicted to hot dogs, cold beer and ragged youngsters.

The ups and downs of The Bambino's career are sentimentally depicted, at times verging on the saccharine. There's his boyhood in a Baltimore school where Brother Matthias (Charles Bickford) takes a special interest in him and lands Babe his first job as left-handed pitcher with the Baltimore Orioles. From there he goes to the Boston Red Sox, then with Colonel Ruppert's New York Yankees. But the years take their toll and the baseball king begins to slip, playing his last game for the Boston Braves.

Claire Trevor is sympathetic as the girl Babe woos and weds.

Your Reviewer Says: Salute to an American idol.

**Rachel and the Stranger**

(RKO)

ORETTA YOUNG bag herself a backwoodsman in this unusual picture of pioneer days.

Wildflower Bill Holden weds Loretta so

(Continued on page 26)
Once was a man, a married man... Who couldn’t see the danger Until one day, one fateful day... Along came a Tall, Dark Stranger!

It's lovely Loretta's grandest role since her Academy Award performance as "The Farmer's Daughter!"

What a problem for the lonely bride... having to choose between a husband who bought her out of bondage... and a handsome stranger who courted her with a guitar.

DORÉ SCHARY presents

LORETTA YOUNG
WILLIAM HOLDEN
ROBERT MITCHUM

in

Rachel and the Stranger

Produced by RICHARD H. BERGER - Directed by NORMAN FOSTER - Screenplay by WALDO SAM
(Continued from page 24)

she can help raise his boy, Gary Gray, and make herself generally useful. But Gary
resists her and Bill treats her as a servant.
It's only when Bob Mitchum shows up and
eyes Loretta that Bill sees her in her true
light. There's homespun humor in the
situation and a bit of excitement when
Indians attack them with flaming arrows.
Both Bill and Bob are real he-men while
Loretta, poor girl, looks bedraggled.

Your Reviewer Says: Pioneer stuff.

✓✓ (F) Mr. Peabody and the
Mermaid (Universal-International)

WHEN it comes to tall tales, this fish story
tops 'em all!

William Powell hilariously portrays Mr.
Peabody, a middle-aged Bostonian recu-
perating from a bad case of flu. Accomp-
panied by his attractive wife, Irene
Hervey, he takes a holiday in the Carib-
bean. When his missus tactlessly reminds
him that he has a fiftieth birthday com-
ing up, he doesn't relish the prospect one bit.

Grumpily, he goes off for a little fishing—and
what do you suppose he catches? A
mermaid. Ann Blyth is the modern Lorelei
unable to walk or utter a word, but sur-
prisingly adept at love-making.

Polished performances plus deft direction
make this the season's catch in film fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Delightfully daffy.

✓✓ (F) The Vicious Circle
(Wilder-UA)

CORRUPTION and prejudice rear their
ugly heads in this human-interest dra-
ma, based on an actual case of Hungarian
court records of 1892.

"Baron" Reinhold Schunzel has a bill be-
fore Parliament to revoke the citizenship
and land-owning rights of Jews. Before
long, five of them are arrested and charged
with having "murdered" a servant girl,
allegedly last seen entering Fritz Kortner's
barn. The case attracts widespread atten-
tion with all five defendants protesting
their innocence. They have a staunch
friend in "lawyer" Conrad Nagel, a liberal
member of Parliament, bent upon de-
feating Schunzel and upholding true justice.

Nagel is dignified and sincere, Schunzel
sly and vindictive, Kortner and his co-
religionists pathetic scapegoats.

Your Reviewer Says: Courtroom drama of
yesteryear.

✓✓ (F) The illegals
(Levin-Mayer-Burstyn)

THIS full-length documentary poignantly
pictures the plight of Europe's Jews,
seeking entry into Palestine via the Hag-
anah's underground railway.

Director Michael Yankel Mikolowitch
portray a young Polish couple intent upon
rebuilding their lives in the new Jewish
city on Mt. Carmel. Excepting these two,
the entire cast is comprised of the so-
called "illegal" themselves. These people
are well aware of the risks involved, yet
they grimly cling to their determination
to reach Haifa.

An impressive and moving chronicle.

Your Reviewer Says: Tragedy of today's
DP's.

(F) That Lady in Ermine
(20th Century-Fox)

FOR all its fancy frills, furbelows and its
scrumptious-looking star, Betty Grable,
this Technicolor extravaganza is a crash-
ing bore.

(Continued on page 29)
Cheers and Jeers:

I bow low to Herb Howe for his story on Evelyn Keyes. I have long read Photoplay but Evelyn was hardly ever mentioned. I think she is wonderful.

ELLEN HARTNETT

I read your magazine constantly and I think you have a lot of swell stars in it. But where oh where is Ray Milland? Dig him out of your dusty old files and give us something to swoon about.

DIANE E. SMITH
Oakland, Cal.

Give my congratulations to Hyatt Downing for his wonderful article about Larry Parks, “Journey from Fear.” Now I can understand why Larry’s intense personality comes so forcefully over the screen. It’s because his whole heart and soul are behind his acting. I hope he will be given roles in the future that will enable him to show his ability to an even greater extent.

LOIS C. CYR
Vancouver, Wash.

At last you decided to edge out Elizabeth Taylor enough to publish a full story on Jane Powell in your June issue. More people and magazines have said Elizabeth Taylor is America’s ideal teen-ager, I disagree. She is pretty, but for acting, Jane has it all over her.

BURFORD PORTER, JR.
Lake Forest, Ill.

Do you have a grudge against Tony Martin? You must have, since that could be the only explanation for giving that terrible review of “Casbah.” I happen to know that “Casbah” is a wonderful picture, since I have already seen it seven times. So he isn’t such a good actor; he doesn’t have to be with those looks and that wonderful voice.

EVELYN HAMMER
Chicago, Ill.

“Doc” Power:

Recently I attended the Fifteenth Annual Commencement of the University of Tampa and saw Tyrone Power receive the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Humanities. Hollywood may well be proud of this actor-traveler who so lavishlv spreads the love of democracy abroad.

FRANysiS L. WAYNICK
Tampa, Fla.

Explosive Cobb:

Just read the “Choose Your Star” article in your August issue and it occurred to me that both you and Twentieth are passing up the best bet for stardom that I’ve seen in many a moon—Lee J. Cobb! That boy’s dynamite. We’re all waiting to see him in some roles beside efficient police chiefs, editors, etc. If he can make
French Dream Bait:

Why have they waited so long to discover Louis Jordan? Oh, Brother! He's out of this world. I saw him in "Letter from an Unknown Woman" and all I can say is—was Joan Fontaine ever lucky?

Kathleen Harkins
Washington, D. C.

Those Eyes:

I wish to make a correction in the article "Temple Lullaby" in your August issue. Shirley said "all babies eyes are blue" and Lenore Parsons said she knew that. Well, that is incorrect because I checked with my doctor, hospital and baby books.

Elisore Self
Kansas City, Mo.

(The head supervisors in charge of maternity wards in several New York Hospitals all agree that new-born babies eyes are always blue.)

The picture of Alan Ladd in the July issue was swell, but I am puzzled. Does he have brown or blue eyes? Every picture I have of him shows his eyes a different color.

Hazel Badeett
Knoxville, Tenn.

(Alan Ladd's eyes are blue.)

I have seen many pictures of Clark Gable. In some, his eyes are blue; brown in others. Could you tell me what color his eyes really are?

Lydia Kassin
Saginaw, Mich.

(Clark Gable's eyes are gray. Photographic lighting can sometimes account for changes in color.)

Question Box:

I recently read an article on Clark Gable which stated that his only Oscar to date was for "It Happened One Night." Then I saw a picture of Gable which said he was holding the Oscar for "Gone with the Wind." Which one is right?

Sharon McManaman
Los Angeles, Cal.

(Clark Gable's only Oscar was for "It Happened One Night.")

Would you please tell me who played the part of Nels, the oldest boy in the family in "I Remember Mama"?

Eileen Rice
Sioux Falls, S. D.

(Nels was played by Steve Brodie.)

I'd like to find out if F. Hugh Herbert and Hugh Herbert, the screen's funny man of years back, are the same man.

Grace Caldwell
Austin, Tex.

(No relation.)

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.
Betty, an Italian countess of a mythical principality, weds her childhood sweetheart, Cesar Romero. On their wedding night Doug Fairbanks, a Hungarian colonel, invades the castle. It's history repeating itself for, centuries ago a foreign interloper met his come-uppance from Betty's great-great-great granny. Every so often, she comes to life to sing a song or dance her way into the colonel's dreams.

The action is slow, the humor forced, the romance more corny than cute.

Your Reviewer Says: Big, beautiful and boring.

(F) Train to Alcatraz (Republic)

A carload of criminals, bound for Alcatraz, is obsessed with one thought—escape. Ringleader Milburn Stone concocts a plan but, at the crucial moment, Donald Barry takes charge. Among the prisoners is William Phipps who has been framed by Stone and is out to get him.

You can see that G. S. Marshal Ralph Dunn and guard Roy Bancroft have their hands full, making these men behave. The story races along at breakneck speed, taking time out for a bit of superfluous romance.

Your Reviewer Says: Terror on wheels.

(F) Embraceable You (Warner)

Some folks get the "breaks" but not Dane Clark and Geraldine Brooks. Broke and jobless, Gerry's the victim of hit-and-run driver Clark. Dane visits Gerry in the hospital only to learn that her days are numbered. When detective Wallace Ford puts in his appearance to insist that Clark provide a roof for the poor little orphan, Clark turns to gangster Richard Rober for help and then, brother, he's in a real fix! You can see this isn't a tuneful musical as its title implies, but a sentimental meller strewn with bullets and roses.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a cruel world!

(F) The Black Arrow (Columbia)

Returning from the war, in fifteenth-century England, gallant knight Louis Hayward learns that his father was murdered, presumably by Paul Cavanagh, but actually by Louis's dastardly uncle, George Macready. By the King's order, Macready becomes guardian of Cavanaugh's winsome daughter, Janet Blair. Soon Louis and Janet join forces to foil the villain and make their escape. An ingenious lad, Louis can be counted upon to surmount all obstacles. The big scene, full of pomp and ceremony, comes when Hayward and Macready stage a duel-to-the-death on horseback.

Your Reviewer Says: Treachery, 15th-century style.

(Continued on page 119)

Best Pictures of the Month

Hamlet
Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid
Sorry, Wrong Number

Best Performances of the Month

Gary Cooper, Ann Sheridan in "Good Sam"
Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet"
William Powell in "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid"
Dick Powell in "Pitfall"
Barbara Stanwyck, Burt Lancaster in "Sorry, Wrong Number"
Anne Baxter in "The Walls of Jericho"

CYD CHARISSE, FEATURED IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL "WORDS AND MUSIC"

Cyd Charisse changed my whole life

I was but definitely a lonely heart.

UNTIL: ONE DAY I READ

"Want to attract a man?" says Cyd Charisse. "Soft hands are a kind of love-spell. What hand care do I use? Oh, I always use Jergens Lotion."

So I started to use Jergens, too.

AND NOW—a man all my own, saying my hands are so soft... saying he loves me.

It's true—Jergens is for even softer, smoother hands today, thanks to recent research. Actually—2 skin-care ingredients many doctors swear by are both in today's Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). And no oiliness; no sticky feeling. See why the Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion
Faith Baldwin writes a down-to-earth story of young love—Castle-in-the-Air!

APARTMENT FOR Peggy

Color by TECHNICOLOR

This is PEGGY, who gave one man something to love for—another something to live for!

JEANNE CRAIN plays Peggy
WILLIAM HOLDEN plays Jason
Edmund Gwenn plays the Professor

"APARTMENT FOR PEGGY"
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Directed and written for the screen by:
GEORGE SEATON
Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
20th CENTURY-FOX

IT'S THE PICTURE THAT GIVES YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE ON LIFE!

This is JASON—Say! Look who's Holden Peggy now!

This is THE MAN behind "The Miracle on 34th Street" who discovers a new miracle—Peggy, herself!

Remember September is Youth Month—Saluting Young America
Memory's magic brings to life the lusty beginnings of the greatest show on earth

HOLLYWOOD... It's a word familiar to the tongues of those who speak many languages and everywhere it is a symbol of romance... it's headlines and stories of ambition and love.

If you are one of those who know only today's Hollywood—if you know nothing of the fabulous lives of matinee idols, silent films or the great screen names of yesteryear you'll discover on these pages a story as fascinating as the lure of the city itself. If you remember the days of the "nickelodeon" you'll find delight in reminiscing.

Not many years ago, few people had ever heard of this little town that lies between Los Angeles and the sea. Retired Western farmers rocked on the porches of the little, California mission-type houses and on the piazza of the big Hollywood Hotel, overlooking the main street, now magical Hollywood Boulevard.

Then—for a fascinating series of reasons, a few men, interested in a new form of entertainment, decided to work there. Incredibly soon, Hollywood became a word that encircled the earth.

Today, Hollywood, a crossroads of the world, is recognized as a Mecca, not only for screen-struck boys and girls, but for the greatest artists from many pursuits and many countries. Today, a world-wide press keeps 500 correspondents in Hollywood, and newspapers all over the United States and in Europe and Eastern capitals as well, carry a daily Hollywood date line.

What is the history of this Arabian Nights village? It lies not in commerce nor industry but in people. And so, by the same token, it is best told in stories; in Cinderella stories and some tragedies, in tales of lives dedicated to ruthless ambition and lives that, for love, counted a career and even the world well lost.

Ruth Waterbury, the author of "A Gay History of Hollywood," has observed the scene of which she writes, down through many of its years. Her love and understanding of Hollywood and its people, enriched by her limitless research and Photoplay's unique and rare photograph files, make this a story you will long remember.

The Editors

1: Buddy Rogers, Mary Pickford, director Sam Taylor. 2: Valentino, Natacha Rambova. 3: Dixie Lee, Clara Bow. 4: Gloria Swanson. 5: Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven." 6: Pearl White. 7: Blanche Sweet.
Who do you think signed a contract thirty years ago to star in pictures for Samuel Goldwyn? Tallulah Bankhead.

Who do you think said, fourteen years ago, in 1934, "When my contract with Paramount expires next year I will definitely retire"? Praise be, he didn't mean a word of it, for that was Bing Crosby.

Maybe you believe, when you hear that Cary Grant gets $300,000 a picture and makes two a year, that he is doing all right. Don't kid yourself. In the gay history of Hollywood, he's a pauper. Way back in 1920, the top stars were earning $10,000 to $17,500 a week, with not one dime going for taxes.
Movie-goers thrilled to the impossible adventures of serial queen Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline," and waited impatiently for the next breath-taking chapter.

The old look—in swim suits—had Chester Conklin, Sennett comic, ogling and audiences gasping when Mack Sennett's famous bathing beauties appeared on the screen.

Feminine hearts pounded when Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne made love on the screen—but their off-screen romance cost both of them their careers.
This was the era of vamps, when Theda Bara sent masculine pulses racing—before movie censorship.

Westerns vied with serials for popularity. Tom Mix (with Colleen Moore) draped his wife in diamonds.

1924—the age of flappers and "It" girl Clara Bow. Harry Richman gave her a $10,000 engagement ring.

And maybe, when you read about the colorful parties that Sonja Henie throws, you regard that as really tossing dough. But how about having your name in neon lights on the top of your house and a garage packed with four cars, all of which cost more than $20,000 each? Tom Mix did that.

The history of Hollywood! It's even more fabulous than you can realize, when you start really digging into it.

It was Ralph Waldo Emerson, the sage of Concord, Massachusetts, who once pointed out that there is no history. There is only biography. Ralph spoke more accurately than he knew about a Hollywood that wasn't even born, when he died.

Yet producers have spent millions trying to disprove his observation. They started by calling their players "The Biograph Girl," or "The Vitagraph Girl," to advertise the company. But we, the public, always sniffed out the stars we liked, rejected the others, and wouldn't even go, at the beginning, to see such success-productions as D. W. Griffith's and Cecil B. De Mille's, unless there were stars that lured us.

And the stars, though their names change all the time, weren't a bit different in 1913, when Hollywood began, than they are today. Nor were the political tactics of holding them to their contracts, either. De Mille got Blanche Sweet away from Griffith through the trick of agreeing to

"Seventh Heaven" established
Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor as sweetest love team of the day.
1929—Carole Lombard introduced Lew Ayres to Pathe. Lew was 19-year-old dance orchestra soloist.

Jackie Coogan, the boy who never grew up to public favor, made movie history in "The Kid" with Chaplin.

Pola Negri was inconsolable when Rudolph Valentino, the greatest movie idol of all times, died in 1926.

Garbo and John Gilbert. Their romance is a Hollywood legend.

sign her chauffeur. Since he was Mickey Neilan, who later became a top director himself, this worked out fine. Blanche had her troubles with Mickey from that time on, though eventually they married, and the legend is that she used to keep him home and from dating other girls by taking pot shots at him with her small revolver. They claim she never hit him, but that she often scared him badly, which is quite understandable.

Paramount had good luck, too, with Mae Murray. They wanted her signature on a contract and she wanted her best boy friend, Robert Leonard, to get a chance at directing. So they gave Bob the chance, and he made so good that he's still one of our very best directors down at M-G-M, where the young players call him "Pop" and go to him for advice. Or they go to Lewis Stone, who twenty-seven years ago signed his first contract with M-G-M, where he's stayed ever since—which should give you an idea of why he can afford one of the biggest yachts in the world!

The troubles the stars get into hasn't changed much either. Possibly, reading about Rex Harrison finding the body of Carole Landis, you thought that was really being in a jam. Or, recalling that Errol Flynn had to stand trial for a statutory rape charge against two under-age girls in 1942, you felt nothing much worse could happen to a stellar reputation. But worse things did.

One of the prettiest little girls who ever faced a camera, and an excellent actress, too, Mary Miles Minter, left the screen after William Desmond Taylor was found murdered. Nothing was ever proven against (Continued on page 115)
Once she wouldn't have said these things. That's part of the change in Jane

BY JANE WYMAN

THEY say I have changed! I must confess this came as a bit of a shock at first. There I was getting settled in my new Bel-Air home. Curtains up—pictures hung—paper on shelves, in fact, looking at my new world through the rosiest of rose-colored glasses. Then—boom! Photoplay put it right on the line.

Find out what's happened to Jane Wyman, the man said. We hear she's taking herself so seriously these days. She's supposed to have lost her sense of humor. Some hint she's got some kind of message about her work. They're even saying she won't talk to reporters when they visit her set. Evidently Jane Wyman has changed. Find out what gives.

There was a time when these accusations would have burned me to a nice (Continued on page 99)

An unexpected meeting on the set gave studio visitors a chance to change their minds about Jane

The lighter side of drama: Jane entertains her co-workers, Lew Ayres and Agnes Moorehead, in her dressing room
Wyman witchery: Jane reaches new heights as deaf-mute star of "Johnny Belinda"
The Pirates chased Crosby out of their clubhouse because of peanuts—but they welcome him to their hearts because he's Bing

BY JACK SHER

Dugout discussion with Billy Meyers, the Pirate manager, Commissioner Happy Chandler and New York Yankee owner Del Webb

Bing's not just an owner—he belongs

Home-run king, young Ralph Kiner, is not long on talk—unless Bing is around

The Crosby wit calls no strikes on Honus Wagner, the Pirates' beloved coach
HIGH in the broadcasting booth overlooking home plate, Rosey Rowswell was fidgeting like a nervous gnome, his firecracker-type voice describing the opening game of the season at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. Down below, the stands were jam-packed with Pirate fans, the sun warm on their backs, gloom deep in their hearts. The beloved Pirates were trailing the Cubs 1–0 in the fourth inning.

Into the broadcasting cage slid a man with wide-angle ears. He was wearing a large grin. He also wore a loud, open-collared sport shirt and on his head was a jaunty hat with a wide, multi-colored band. At the sight of this character, old Rosey began to relax. Mister "Good Luck" had shown and everything was going to be all right for the Pirates.

"Hi, assistant," Rosey said. "It's about time!"

The assistant, who goes by the handle of Bing Crosby, took over behind the microphone and, in a voice that is recognized by millions, said easily, "The count on Stan Rojek is two and one, Wally Westlake on deck, here's the pitch—"

Within a few moments, word spread like wildfire through the ball park that Der Bingle was at the mike. The atmosphere cleared. The wild-eyed Pittsburgh fans remembered opening day last year when Bing went on the air (Continued on page 77)
HOLLYWOOD’S NEW RENDEZVOUS

Very dreamy at night when you go out by “shore boat” to your yacht for a sail in the moonlight. Listen carefully and you may hear Humphrey Bogart talking to Lauren Bacall over his ship-to-shore telephone, asking her to bring him more shirts.

The low Mediterranean buildings, brilliantly pink and blue with white tiled roofs, have gay, casual interior color schemes, too.

Our tour leads to Toyon Bay—an Island Paradise—where stars drop anchor as the rest of the world sails by.

THIRTY miles across the open water from the port of Los Angeles, denting the Island of Catalina, lies the lovely cove of Toyon Bay. The hotel and bungalows nestle between towering mountains; mountains so wild they are inhabited only by animals, and so rough that not even a jeep could travel across them.

Charles Farrell, the very same Charles Farrell who owns the Palm Springs’ Racquet Club and once starred in movies with Janet Gaynor, runs Toyon; owns it, too, in partnership with Dick Haymes, Spencer Tracy and Ed (Duffy’s Tavern) Gardner. Boat-loving men, all of them, they have turned Toyon into a yachtman’s paradise. But a feminine touch is ever-present, too—in the pretty girl who greets you at the pier; in the gay interior decoration done by Mrs. Farrell, once Virginia Valli of movie fame; in the lipsticked autographs on the wall of the South Seas bar.

So, ship ahoy for Toyon Bay—accessible only by aquaplane, speedboat or private yacht—or—how exclusive can you get?
Host Charles Farrell with Dorothy Hart and Shelley Winters of Hollywood's younger set.

A wonderland beach of fine white sand leads to swimming that is right out of this world.

The oval pool is a stone's throw from the sea. Hills, edged with tropical shrubbery and towering trees, rise to the wild mountains above.

When Claire Trevor and M. E. Schacher came over for a day of diamond-in-the-roughing it, Toyon was sunny although fogs hung over Los Angeles.
WHEN Deanna Durbin and Felix Jackson separated and she said it was "their business" and could not possibly be of interest to the public, I let her have it, if you will pardon the unladylike expression.

As an actress, a public figure and a personality whose entire career is based on the support of the paying customers, I felt she had no right to issue such a silly statement and I said so over the radio and in my column.

It seemed to me that Deanna was embarked on a campaign to alienate the friends who had affection-

At fourteen she carried more than the weight of her career on her shoulders
ately supported her for years.

It was all over town that she was taking a high-handed attitude with her studio—that she was running her own show and refusing to listen to wiser heads about her movies.

Nor was she being more co-operative with the press. Her sets were frequently closed to visitors. Instead of lunching in the commissary with fellow workers, she isolated herself in her swank dressing room and lunched alone to the tune of highbrow records.

What was the matter? What had come over this girl whose innate charm and lyrical, throbbing voice had captivated millions? How come, this Garbo aloofness?

If I hadn't known and liked Deanna since she was fourteen, I suppose I wouldn't have cared. But I did know her from happier days and I was frankly curious and puzzled about this change.

When I asked her to come and see me, as she had often done in the past, I wasn't at all sure she would accept. Neither was I sure that she would talk freely.

But she did come and after two hours and (Continued on page 70)

... reason that caused her separation from second husband Felix Jackson

Deanna divorced her first husband Vaughn Paul for the same...
Bright-eyed dreamer: Barbara Bel Geddes of "Blood on the Moon"
It stems from a lesson learned
by a lonely child—and the love of a woman's
heart divided three ways

By PAULINE SWANSON

BARBARA BEL GEDDES knew very early what she wanted out of life. She wanted to be an actress. She had known that since she was a very little girl and had gone with her famous father, Norman Bel Geddes, to watch rehearsals in an empty theater.

And she wanted to be a wife and mother—to have a close, warm family life, the only possible security, she believed, in this frenetic world.

Barbara thinks she grew up the day these two deep urges came into apparent conflict and she had to work out a compromise between them. The big decision came, for Barbara, when she was twenty-two, an early age for important decisions.

She had been married a year and a half to Carl Schreuer, a young electrical engineer. Having, for a time, as one critic put it, “been a sensation in every flop on Broadway,” Barbara had turned down a succession of indifferent parts since their baby was born.

Susan was just six months old. But now in her hands was (Continued on page 109)
Cupid hits the jackpot in
Hollywood but it's the girls
in love who pay and pay

Betty Hutton had her own ideas about Ted Briskin's office

Giving husband Navion "Dreamboat" proved two-way treat for Colbert

Bette Davis gave "Sherry" the "Northern Light"

Romance was riding high when Greg Bautzer got this Cadillac convertible
Desi Arnaz only has one complaint to make about Lucille Ball's gifts—he can't take them with him!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

CALLING all men—ages eighteen to eighty! If you are opening a big office and you need stacks of smart modern furniture—marry Betty Hutton! You want a new streamlined expensive automobile? Then get yourself a job as Joan Crawford's best beau—or get a divorce from Jane Wyman! You don't want a car, you want an airplane? Then marry Claudette Colbert.

Simple isn't it—or is it . . .

It is, says Ted Briskin, the ever-loving, ever-grateful, husband of Betty Hutton. Ted is a wealthy man in his own right. So, says Mrs. Briskin, why should his money stand between her and his presents? It doesn't. When Ted recently opened his big factory to manufacture 8MM cameras, as a grand surprise, Betty got in ahead and furnished his office suite from scratch. On the last Father's Day but one, Betty gave Briskin an expensive agate ring with cuff links to match. Last year she bought him six pairs of British-made boots. And for no reason at all, except that she loves him, she also bought her man a star sapphire ring.

Joan Crawford, at one hectic period of her on-and-off romance with Greg Bautzer, reportedly gifted him with a shining black Cadillac (Continued on page 76)
I'M JUST WILD ABOUT LARRY

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Parks: Their dream has almost come true

"You're the girl I'm going to marry," he said on their first date. Larry Parks was so right—and the girl he married is so glad

BY BETTY GARRETT

Weekending at Pioneertown four thousand feet above the desert floor
I THINK Larry amazed himself as much as he did me when, on our first date, he asked me to marry him. I should say he told me, “You’re the girl I’m going to marry,” he said and, thinking he was kidding me, I answered, “You’re so right.”

We had met at the Actors’ Lab in Hollywood, where Larry was directing a variety show and I was the girl in one of the sketches.

Those wonderful weeks after our meeting seemed to fly—then I had to leave for Chicago where I was to open at the Drake Hotel. Larry said, “Will you call my mother? I want you to know each other because you’re the girl I’m going to marry.” This time I knew he wasn’t kidding.

Larry’s mother and I loved each other from the moment we met. I stayed with her during my engagement in Chicago. Then, back in New York, away from Larry and his mother, I found myself bursting into tears sud-(Continued on page 101)
He could take 'em or leave 'em. But when he crossed up Edwards, tough guy Lancaster met his match in consequences

1. Q: In your new role of producer, would you hire a certain lad named Burt Lancaster?  
   A: I already have. But let us say that, as a producer, I'm trying not to hire Lancaster. In the picture we're planning to make in Mexico, "The Eagle on the Cactus," I'm shooting for Dana Andrews. It's a great part and I'd love to play it but I believe Dana would be better for it. However, I am starring in my Universal-International production "Criss-Cross."

2. Q: Did you ever lose a fight?  
   A: When I was a kid, I was always getting licked, it seemed. But I was always fighting, too, if that means anything. Since I've been grown, somehow I've managed to escape them.

3. Q: And you can escape me, too. This is really for the ladies. Are you "boss" around home? (As a consequence for refusing to answer, Burt had to prove his nerves were steady by balancing two glasses of water on the backs of his hands. What he wasn't told was that Ralph was on hand to give him a "hot foot.")

4. Q: As a killer—a lady killer—on the screen, do you recommend using cave-man tactics?  
   A: That depends. If you're alluding to a woman who has any kind of sense, I would say no. But there are some women who have to be treated rough—who ask to be.

5. Q: What qualities do you look for in women?  
   A: Genuineness, frankness, sincerity.

6. Q: What feminine trait do you dislike most?  
   A: I hate "tricks." Most particularly that "you-great-big-wonderful-man-you" routine. Far from flattering, it actually shows no consideration for the person involved. I consider it most unwomanly. If a woman pulls it on me I dislike her immediately.

7. Q: What's the most dangerous feat you ever attempted?  
   A: It could be this Photoplay quiz—if we don't leave the ladies, or get back on the subject of how wonderful they are. The most dangerous? Acrobatics in the circus, I suppose. Any off-timing can mean death. But it doesn't bother you too much—you know you're well-trained.
8. Q: Have you ever known fear?
A: Surely. All the normal fears everyone has—death, the unknown. I wouldn't call it fear, but I have a certain sense of trepidation about my work. The important thing is to realize that nothing is important enough to continue fearing it. If you're forced into something which might have dangerous consequences, go ahead and gamble on it. Actually, it's good for us to be a little afraid—to stay aroused, to be aware of all the difficulties of a tough problem.

Q: Producer, name some stars who will never be on your pay roll.
(As a consequence for not answering, ex-circus performer Lancaster had to perform a feat)

(Continued on page 91)
That's Fred Astaire, back on his feet in Hollywood, worrying blissfully, as he takes a second fling at fame

BY HERB HOWE

Legs are regarded—by bankers as well as by boulevardiers—as gilt-edged securities, particularly when attached to winning horses and Fred Astaire.

Mr. Astaire's legs were insured for a million dollars by RKO fifteen years ago. They paid off in the first picture. Today Fred's are not the only winsome legs in the Astaire compound. His race horse Triplicate legged in with $240,000 so far and has a good chance for much more. But Trip has four legs. With four legs Mr. Astaire could pull the box office out of the current slump. In fact, he is doing it with two, now that he has retired from retirement and is back into his size eight dancing shoes.

Debonair as on the night he dazzled Broadway at seventeen, Mr. Astaire is entering upon his second life. That's what he says.

Mr. Astaire passed away a couple of years ago, but not quietly. The uproar in press and fan mail threw him from his bier.

His rebirth was jubilated under the appropriate title of "Easter Parade," and soon there will be dancing in the streets all over the world as teenage tots and elder blooms do the Astaire Swing Trot which he thought up in purgatory between his two lives.

It was purgatory, says the refugee from retire-

(Continued on page 95)

The Astaires (here with Randy Scott) built a house for racing cups

His own meanest critic, he once labelled his performance "grotesque!"
Fred and Judy Garland dust off their shoes... as new song-and-dance team in "Easter Parade"

For dancing on a dime, the Astaire Swing Trot

A fastidious dresser, he's been known to try on a suit fifty times!
ASK any Hollywood native who the smartest girl in town is and you'll hear: "Goddard! She has the first dollar she ever made—multiplied many times!" Or, "Well, Missy Colbert certainly doesn't belong in any dull group." Or, "Wanda Hendrix could compete for that distinction—if she doesn't have it already!"

Likely enough no one would mention Jeanne Crain. She's my candidate, nevertheless. There's no flash about Jeanne. She doesn't make opinionated speeches. She doesn't seem to have the least impulse to exhibit—to talk about the flattering new contract she received from her studio—to mention the fact that the land upon which she and Paul Brinkman built their streamlined homestead has tripled in value...

Neither does Jeanne exhibit in her appearance. I saw her in New York while she was on location for "Three Wives." She wore a tailored crepe dress almost the color of her brown hair, which she still wears long. She'd like to have it cut modishly short—but doesn't because Paul likes it the way it is. In California, she's partial to casual clothes; a powder blue corduroy skirt, sapphire blue sweater, gold and coral beads knotted and twisted at her young throat, gold kid sandals and, perhaps, a violet coat.

In both appearance and manner, Jeanne is reminiscent of a girl in a daguerreotype, until you look at her more closely—closely enough to be aware of the sparkle in her eyes—or listen to her carefully enough to catch the underlying zing in her voice. Like most people, I was completely fooled by Jeanne.

I met her in 1943. Darryl Zanuck introduced me to her at the Twentieth Century-Fox studios. "Imagine trying to make a star out of that little girl," I thought and said. (Continued on page 97)
Jeanne and Paul are planning a safari to Africa

Jeanne Crain fools you if

you think she’s just young and sweet—

for she has that certain some-

thing that made Eve a first

This was baby Paul’s first step in
the right direction—towards Mama

Her sketchbook is filled with
drawings of Paul Jr. from birth
This is the season when girls begin to wonder how he will look in a tuxedo instead of swim trunks... when the budget is unbalanced for a new dress pretty enough for a ball... when "Please Dress" is likely to appear on invitations. Elizabeth Taylor's first formal began at eight with a chafing dish buffet and ended at midnight. Her family disappeared, as they had promised to do, leaving Liz, as hostess, in complete charge of everything—even, alas, to attend to the final rites of cleaning up.
Putting on a tux is worth while when your hostess looks like this. It's eight o'clock, party time, as Marshall greets a lovely Liz.

After dinner they played charades. Liz makes like the Queen of Sheba for appreciative audience Marshall...

Liz planned the menu, served tea in the living room after dinner. This was Lois's first date with Lon.
Ann, Roddy, Lon McCallister and Lois. Missing—and missed—were Jane Powell and Tommy Breen, both out of town.

The dreamy mood didn’t last long! Liz and Marshall decided to cut a rug with some fast jitterbug steps.

Midnight—but for Liz, a weary Cinderella, there still remains the eternal battle of the dishtowel.

Liz is proud of her collection of records, got the gang in the groove with a waltz for that dressed-up party mood.
Tall, dark and deliberate,

Macdonald Carey is
taking Hollywood with
Scotch caution and Irish charm

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

MACDONALD CAREY is a native son of Iowa, where they grow them tall, dark and handsome. He's never been down to the last cardboard in his shoes. But when his father, a Midwestern banker, lost money in the crash of 1929 he washed dishes at a sorority house while attending university. The girls usually dried the dishes for him, however...so he could take them to a dance later on.

Originally he planned to be a lawyer and attend Dartmouth. But the crash of 1929 changed this and he went to the universities of Wisconsin and Iowa where he got an M.A. degree in dramatic art. Following a session with Shakespeare he decided to go more commercial and, in Chicago, worked on soap operas and “The First Nighter” program on the radio for two years.

One night, at a relative's home, he met Katharine Cornell who said conversationally, "When you come to New York you must see Guthrie McClintock. Taking his red suitcase, $100 he had saved and four days off, he went to New York. Most of the parts were cast except a bit in a (Continued on page 111)
Pictures meant the nearest movie, then. But that was in the days B. A. (before she acquired her own apartment!) Diana’s latest picture is “Ruthless”

In the old days Diana was a “castaway”—her clothes were everywhere but in the closet. She knew that Mother would pick up the pieces!

Budgets were Father’s headaches—now Diana knows why!
Now that I am twenty-one and living alone, I can see the mistakes I made as a teen-ager. Mistakes about clothes, friends, love and a number of other important things.

First let me say emphatically, I do not agree with those who say the teens are one’s happiest years. I found them painful and confusing.

When I entered my teens, I was discovered by Hollywood. My parents had been prepared for the possibility that someday I might become a celebrated pianist. But a career in motion pictures was something else again. While they hesitated to consider what was best for me, I screamed and wailed, “I’ll never forgive you if you don’t let me.”

I used that battle cry of the teen-ager to the day I moved into my own apartment. My parents have heard me cry out again and again against their efforts to do what was best for me.

Clothes provoked the cry. First there was that herd instinct to dress like all the other girls, regardless of how the clothes suited me.

Then came the stage when I wanted glamorous clothes. At sixteen I had an awful row with Mother over a cocktail suit I bought. It was heavy brocade in black and deep green. I wore (Continued on page 104)
Esther keeps her guests busy eating salad as the chops cook—and there's crushed ice under that bowl of crisp carrot and celery sticks. Clockwise: Betty Garrett, the Ricardo Montalbans, Bill Tracy, Ben, Esther, Larry Parks, Mrs. Gerry Dolin

BARBECUING GOES

Dessert, old and new: The Lazy Daisy Cake recipe has been in the Williams family for years—the Pineapple Dream is Esther’s own new trick. Mrs. Montalban (Loretta Young’s sister Georgianna) and Esther lend a helping hand to Bill Tracy. Esther believes that guests have more fun when they can share the hostessing
INDOORS

Esther relies on husband Ben Gage for the main course, which is his specialty, marinated charcoal-grilled chops.

Ben, who has a shiny medal to prove he once was marble champ of Illinois, gives a few lessons before the game begins.

---

**ON THE** evening that Esther Williams and Ben Gage planned a barbecue, rain threatened. Undaunted, Esther moved her party indoors.

Try a living-room barbecue sometime. It's fun! Esther kept her guests busy eating salad while Ben popped marinated chops on the hot grill over the charcoal embers. The mixture for marinating is Ben's own. It consists of: approximately ¾ cup olive oil, a dash of salt and pepper to each chop, the juice of 3 lemons and a bruised clove of garlic. Ben soaks the chops in this mixture twelve hours before a party. The mixture left over is combined with a bit of prepared mustard and used for basting.

Even though Esther is one of those gifted people who can fly through a domestic job at a moment's notice, she plans her menus so that most of her work is done before the guests arrive.

Esther baked the potatoes while she prepared lunch. Leaving a neat half shell, she scooped the potatoes out into a mixing bowl and whipped them with about a pint of sour cream, 2 tsps. of chopped chives, ½ tsp. of Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Then she loaded the potato mixture into the shells, topped it with a sprinkle of paprika and browned them in the oven just before serving.

For the salad, Esther broke lettuce by hand, quartered tomatoes and sliced cucumbers into a huge bowl. The avocado was added at the last minute, so that it wouldn't turn brown. The dressing contained about five times as much garlic oil as wine vinegar and salt and pepper to taste.

The Pineapple Dream dessert Esther made with a ripe pineapple, cut in half. She scooped the fruit out of the shell, cut it in chunks and put it in a bowl with powdered sugar. These prepared chunks were then stored in the icebox. At the last minute Esther put them into one half of the pineapple and filled the other half with raspberry sherbet. Coconut cake is divine with this dessert.

**Esther's Lazy Daisy Cake** is quickly and easily made. To 2 well-beaten eggs, add 1 cup sugar (slowly), 1 cup sifted flour, 1 tsp. baking powder. Mix together and beat about 2 minutes. Add 1 tsp. vanilla and ½ cup of boiling milk into which 1 tbsp. of butter has been melted. Beat and pour into square, greased baking pan. This is a very thin batter. Bake in 350-degree oven until light brown. As soon as the cake is taken from the oven, pour on the topping and sprinkle with grated coconut. Put back in the oven just long enough to brown.

**Topping:** Bring to a boil 5 tsps. brown sugar, 3 tsps. butter and 2 tsps. milk.

Who said you have to spend a young fortune to give a good party!
Star in your home

Make that one-room apartment a gay deceiver that will keep your guests guessing and your budget within bounds.

A tiny terrace for entertaining gives added attraction to Adele Jergens's one-room rustic house on a hill.

Sailcloth drapes, heavy enough to hang unlined, are floor-length—create the illusion of a larger window when drawn for the night.

Natural color burlap covers the daybed, built-in closets hide the bedding—but star item is a coffee table which can be raised to dining-table height.

by that famous Hollywood director and decorator mitch leisen
SINCE I began this series for Photoplay, I have received an increasing number of letters from young women who live alone in one-room apartments and hate it. They want their room to become so charming it will convince some man they must be immediately taken out of it and installed in a mansion for two. This I regard as most laudable.

I trust you have chosen your basic room wisely and well. In smaller communities where you are possibly living in one room of someone else's house (even your parents') you may face more difficulties—or even less. I am pretending that, as you read this, you haven't a thing except four walls, a floor and a ceiling—with at least the use of a bath and kitchen. Also, that you have imagination, ambition, and a limited budget.

Since you are a working girl, you obviously will spend more after-dark hours in your apartment than daylight ones. This may influence your choice of colors.

Start, then, with these three rules: [1] No room looks furnished without window drapes and floor coverings (notice, I don't say carpets). [2] No room looks lived in unless there is a bit too much in it. [3] You are not liked for yourself alone. (Continued on page 113)
ON THE STYLE FRONT

It's the original touch that puts the accent on feminine charm

Our choice for the fashion of the month is picked right from Betty Hutton's personal wardrobe and we can't imagine a more perfect or usable early fall dress—with or without coats. It's a Sophie shirtmaker dress of finest gabardine, "dressed up" with its white collar and cuffs which are solidly embroidered with tiny white beads. The dress is soft gray and its belt is engraved silver. Her little off-the-face hat is of matching gray felt, with gray veiling and a double pink rose placed at just the right angle on one side. The collar and cuffs of this comfortable, free-moving dress are double, which means they could be made detachable, creating a smart, plain dress to shop or lunch in—and with the "trimmin's" back on, it automatically becomes an outfit in which you can go on to cocktails or dinner. Betty is wearing warm-weather shoes and gloves, but dark brown, black or dark green accessories would go equally well. It's really an ideal all-year-rounder. P.S. Note the shoulders—not square, but really broad! (Continued on page 93)
HER FACE tells you the charming story of herself

In Mrs. du Pont's lovely face you see the true reflection of her lovely inner-self. For her face shows you, with its sparkle and beauty and intelligence, what a completely captivating woman lives back of it.

Does your face let the real You come through—so that others see you as you want to be? Your face is the outer picture of your inner-self, remember. And, it can be such a delightful, enjoyable picture, if you care enough to make it so.

A CHARMING FACE reveals you as a charming person. Don't think your face doesn't matter. It does. And so does the care you give it. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment. This is the way:

**Hot Stimulation**—splash face with hot water.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This softens and sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off well.

**Cream Rinse**—swirl on more Pond's. This rinses off last traces of dirt, and leaves your skin immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

See your face now! It looks re-made!

This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt and make-up, as you massage—sweeps them cleanly away, as you tissue off. From the Inside—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. It gives you a glowing air of confidence and happiness that wings from you to all who see you. It brings the Inner You closer to others.
(Continued from page 43) a heart-to-heart talk, I feel I've won back an old friend and that I understand many things that were misunderstood before.

She was carrying no chip on her shoulder about anything I may have said about her recent conduct. To the contrary, she took both my hands in hers in a warm greeting when we met.

Once again I was struck with her natural, fresh beauty. Deanna's brown hair always looks so well-groomed and nothing is obvious about her make-up.

If I was going to be treated to some double-talk, I wanted it early so we could get it over with. So I didn't put up my interviewing kid gloves when, after greeting each other, we got down to cases.

I said, "Deanna, I'm sorry about your break with Felix, particularly because of your little girl. But you are just twenty-six and he is forty-six and I always felt the great difference in your ages would be a hurdle."

She was facing me across a table spread with a tea service. She put down her cup and looked at me steadily before she said, "The difference in our ages had nothing to do with the failure of our marriage. That is true—I hope you believe me."

"You see, I have been married twice! Both times to men associated with me at the studio. When I married Vaughn Pau at nineteen, he was only twenty-three but already an executive at Universal. "Felix was much older than Vaughn but he, too, was a studio executive and the producer of my films. Never again will I marry a man who works with me."

"What do you mean, Deanna? Many of our most successful marriages have been between stars and their producer or executive husbands." I was thinking of Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier and Myrna Loy and Gertrude Lawrence and Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger and many others.

"Yes, I know," she nodded. "With many couples it might be an ideal arrangement. But it will never be right for me. I should know that now, after two failures."

"I haven't the sort of temperament that can take being with any human being under the sun twenty-four hours out of twenty-four. You know, many wives say 'No husband should be around the house during the daytime!' Well, I am the wife who says, 'No husband should be around the studio during working hours."

"If you are going to have little tempe-
mental moments—and most actresses do—it is just as well if the man you are married to isn't around to either sym-
pathize or argue with you about them. I found Felix and I were taking home these problems, still discussing incon-
sequential things that might have been for-
gotten if we had been apart during the day. "We never had new and different prob-
lems to discuss. Working together all day as we did, we found we had no outside interests, no stimulating contacts to bring to even the ordinary dinner conversation."

"Instead, trivialities of the day became major problems at the dinner table. O else we knew every detail of the other's, day so thoroughly we had nothing to talk about at all!"

She sighed. "One of those things lead to arguments—the other too," she said softly, "utter and complete boredom." He shoulders rose in a slight shrug. "And that is what happened between Felix and me. Boredom. Does (Continued on page 72)

The Stars Model
Photoplay Fashions on Page 81
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You don't want to pay more dollars for less heating comfort, but—

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5. Improved technique gives deep, soft crown wave...non-frizzy ends.
6. Only home permanent kit to include reconditioning creme rinse.

(Continued from page 70) that seem like a slight complaint to bring about the end of a marriage? Well, boredom can be a sea of monotony in which even the most able marriages can be shipwrecked. Most women are not as honest as Deanna in admitting it. And she was equally as honest in what she went on to say.

"I don't even know yet whether Felix and I are making our separation permanent. I talk with him every day over the telephone, long distance. Perhaps it seems curious, but now that we are separated by 3,000 miles as well as in our marriage, many things that were wrong between us are wearing thin.

"I admire him so much. He is such an intelligent and well-balanced man. He wasn't happy in Hollywood, so he went to New York to write the new play he'll produce on Broadway. You see, when he was in Germany, he was associated with the legitimate theater and he likes it better, much better than motion pictures."

"He is so eager and enthusiastic these days that we sometimes talk for an hour over the telephone." Deanna laughed, heartily. "It's very different from those times when we seemed to have nothing to say to each other."

"And are you planning to go back together again?" I pressed on.

"I don't know. Honestly, I don't. We aren't pressing things now. We are at the stage of waiting—waiting to be sure that whatever we decide is the right thing. Neither of us has any reason for rushing into a divorce."

Ah? That was interesting, I had heard that Deanna had two new beaux and couldn't decide between them.

"What's all this about you and Vincent Price lunches and dining almost daily? Or about you and good-looking young Al Proctor?"

She shook her head and laughed again. "Taking them one at a time—Vincent Price is just divorced and he is not in the least in love with me. We happen to be working on the same picture. We're both lonesome, so we have had dinner several times, but not every night, by a long shot.

"As for Al Proctor, he is my singing coach and I am working very hard with my voice these days. You see, I have a great deal in common with both these attractive gentlemen—but that is all there is to it."

She spoke of both men with a light lift to her voice that made me believe what she said. But, suddenly, she became more serious.

"Louella," she said—and I think it is the first time Deanna has ever called me by my first name, the "Miss Parsons" being a definite hangover from knowing me ever since she was a little girl—"there are just two vital issues in my life right now—and neither is a man."

"I am completely wrapped up in my two-year-old daughter, Jessica, who is a never-ending source of joy and happiness to me. And I want to make good pictures, fresh pictures, gay pictures like the ones that first brought me stardom."

Obviously, Deanna was not ignorant of the talk that her last few pictures had been far below the Durbin par.

"A great many people think that you or Felix, or both of you, made bad selections in your screen stories and in the songs you sang," I prompted her. "Do you think your husband, as your producer, unduly influenced your judgment?"

She shook her head emphatically. "I don't agree that Felix made poor pictures with me," she said, loyally. "And how silly to blame him for taking me out of little girlly-girly (Continued on page 74)
the spotlight
is on the

Bride
and
Groom

specially designed gift watches . . . 49.75 up . . .
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They'll dance at their wedding, and the spotlight will shine brightly on them! This is their happiest hour—their hour to remember!
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Shasta leaves your hair more lustrous, easier to manage!

Notice how much more lustrous and manageable Shasta leaves your hair. See the brilliant highlights and silky softness. Tonight, Shasta-shampoo your hair!

(Continued from page 72) roles and giving me something like 'Christmas Holiday.'

I am twenty-six years old. We knew I couldn't go ahead playing little girls with a big sailor hat on the back of my head. So we decided a quick change was better than a gradual breaking away. Hence the naughty heroine of 'Christmas Holiday.' After that we compromised—part nice, part naughty heroines.

Well, the paying customers didn't share Deanna's opinion, for Jackson was taken off her films and a fresh effort made to revive the Deanna who had been so popular in the old days, eleven years ago.

As yet, that movie hasn't come along—although I have not seen her latest picture. But I know, after talking with her, that her screen career is very seriously on her mind and the care, effort and hard work she is putting into every scene these days may be what is causing some people to say she is being temperamental.

I SINCERELY believe her aloofness is nothing but concentration. For, as she said, she wants more than anything else in the world, to make good pictures.

It is so easy to understand Deanna's side of things when you talk with her. In many ways she has had the most unusual starring career of any girl in pictures, and I do not except Shirley Temple or Judy Garland, her companions in juvenile careers.

At fourteen, she had on her shoulders, not only the success of her own films, but she was also carrying the fate of an entire company. Her films alone saved the old Universal company from bankruptcy. As a child singer her voice of operatic timbre was a novelty and a sensation. And then, life started rushing at her in overpowering gusts.

The public and the studio were flabbergasted when their teen-aged beauty fell in love with Vaugh Paul and took a firm stand about marrying him. With absolutely no one on her side, Deanna up and married her Prince Charming. When Shirley Temple married John Agar, the world smiled in tolerant affection. When Deanna Durbin, at the same age, took a husband, Wall Street and a million stockholders shuddered.

There was this same business of standing alone and making her own decision in the face of disapproval when she realized her marriage with Paul was a failure and she divorced him.

Several years later when she met and married the mature Felix Jackson, there was still that unspoken but definitely implied antagonism. On the heels of this came family trouble—a humiliating lawsuit with her sister.

I am not saying that she has not been wrong in her decisions at times. But, I do believe that not only did Deanna feel she was right but that she had the courage to fight for her convictions.

This constant battling ever since she was a child, this habitual stand of being one-against-the-world, has not left her a Little Miss Milk Toast.

Nor has it left her a cry-baby, either. She does not expect or want maudlin sympathy. If she has failed in two marriage tries, she is not asking her fans to produce shoulders for her to weep on. She made her decisions, and she is willing to pick up the pieces herself, without putting the blame on anyone else.

No, all this new Deanna is asking is the dignity of a little privacy while she tries to work out her personal problems. Also a little patience from all of us who are fond of her while she works hard, hard and harder to give us what we know she can do on the screen.

I'm for her. Aren't you?
THE WINNER!
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**WOODBURY POWDER!**

"More warmth, more life in Woodbury shades!" —vows Jeni Freeland of Knoxville, Tenn., in praise of New Woodbury Powder.

"Smoothest look my skin has ever known!" says Leona Fredricks of Miami Beach, Florida.

"I never used to wear powder—hate that 'made-up' look. But Woodbury gives skin a glow that's super!" writes Kay Crystal of Pelham Manor, N.Y.

**WOODBURY WINS 4 to 1**
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Women preferred New Woodbury Powder for every beauty quality! Now, see for yourself that Woodbury gives a lovelier "satin-finish" to your skin...without that 'powdery' look! Discover that it clings longer, covers amazingly...that New Woodbury is, literally, the world's finest face powder!

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**New** Secret Ingredient gives a smooth-as-satin finish to your skin!

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**6 exciting shades**—Get New Woodbury Powder—in the new "Venus" box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size $1.00. Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢, (plus tax)
They Say it with Presents

(Continued from page 47) that set her bank balance back by $5,000. This is quite a reverse play on the situation when Joa was courted by cowboy Red Barry. Then he gave Joa a white piano and fonts of jewelry. He didn’t pay for them—but the thought was nice anyway!

Of course, not all of the presents given by Hollywood stars are expensive. Sometimes they are merely cute. For instance, Ingrid Bergman asked her husband Doctor Peter Lindstrom, “What would you like me to give you for your birthday?”

Ingrid’s husband gives her a Doctor Lindstrom, who is known in these parts as a top brain surgeon.

“I’ve always wanted a Doger dog,” said Doc Lindstrom rather wistfully. The doctor was surprised when Ingrid said in Boxer turned out to be a Labrador retriever!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT says the sky is the limit to prove her love and affection for her hubby, Doctor Joel Pressman. For Christmas last year, she bought him a five-passenger Navion plane. Claudette, always practical, is taking lessons from the Doc and she’ll soon be as good at flying as she is at everything else. In her garlic pool is the smallest Hollywood is another gal who goes overboard when it comes to giving presents to the man she loves—Ben Gage. Ben, her husband, earns his bread and jam as a radio announcer. Esther Williams, later, she’s been married only a year, has switched to jewelry for him—her last bauble was a huge star sapphire ring.

When Lana Turner was in love with Ty- rone Power, like any other woman, she’s given to a fault, kept dashing to the jewellers to express her great affection for Ty. I remember one lovely present she bought him—jeweled cuff links with four stones that spelled “Dear”—diamond, emerald, amethyst and ruby. It’s just a passing thought, but I wonder if Ty wears them on his romance dates with Linda Christian?

Alexis Smith is practical. Her last present for Charlie Chaplin was a fully equipped work shop. Then she put him to work making furniture for their new home!

Jane Wyman believes in saying it with a car and delivering it, even when the romance is over. A few months before she gave Ronald Reagan his marching papers, Janie ordered a 1948 swank car as a big surprise for him. It certainly was. Because it arrived at his front door, tied up with a big blue bow, the week after he moved out of the house he used to share with Jane and the children. He kept the car as a legacy of the past!

As for Paulette Goddard, she’s a girl who definitely believes that it is more blessed to receive than give. She even cajoled a $150,000 diamond necklace from her husband, Burgess Meredith, because lately, she has been presenting him with some rare old brandies—Buzz is a connoisseur—and some expensive antiques for their shop on the farm in New York State. Paulette, you know, bought the up-state farm from her husband before she married him. Now he lives there with her and that’s the nicest way I know of keeping your property in the family—marry the girl.

See what I mean? It pays, or rather the woman pays—when she’s a movie star—and she’s in love.

THE END
Bing and His Pirates
(Continued from page 39) and the Pirates replied by slamming out seven runs in one inning! Now, ball players' heads popped out of the dugout to snatch a glimpse of their boss, Bing, up there in the booth and their grins were wonderful to see. And then they went ahead to win the game, 3-1.

I like to think they won that one for Bing, I do know that whenever Old Man Crosby is hanging around their home grounds, the Pirates are almost impossible to beat. Maybe he's just good luck—and ball players are a superstitious lot—but, somehow, I believe it's more than that. I think it has to do with the way Bing feels about the Pirates and the way they feel about him.

When Crosby bought a fourth ownership in the Pittsburgh Baseball Club for a reported $399,000, he did not automatically buy the respect and affection of the men who wear the Pirate uniform. I know ball players. They can spot a phony from a distance of ten bat lengths.

I talked to Bing shortly after he bought into the Pirates. The thing I expected was some gags about Hope's interest in the Cleveland Indians. There were no gags. Crosby was dead serious about the Pirates. "I've been following the Pirates for years," he said, "way back since the days of Honus Wagner and Kiki Cuyler. I've always loved baseball better than any other sport. I'd like to make a go of this. I hope I can do a little to help the team. I'd like," he said, almost wistfully, "for my boys to get in on the game, too."

YOU got the feeling that Bing wanted to be more than just the owner of a ball club. You felt that he wanted to belong to the Pirates, be accepted as one of them and as a guy who loves and knows baseball.

The best way to tell you how the Pirates reacted to Bing's being with them is to let them speak for themselves. It is by no means an ordinary thing for a ball player to talk about one of the owners of the team for which he plays. Owners usually have only a nodding acquaintance with the players. But Bing's sort of "ownership" is as special and different as that set of pipes he has which push out songs.

The first thing you see as you come into the Pittsburgh dressing room is a large radio-phonograph combination. On top of it are stacks of records and around it are generally four or five players eating sandwiches, drinking cokes and listening to the music of guess who. A metal plaque on the machine reads: "From Bing To The Pittsburgh Pirates."

"I want to tell you guys," Bing said when he gave them the set, "that this thing just chews up Sinatra records."

The gang let out a whoop and rushed out to stock up on Sinatra discs. When I visited the dressing room, Wally Westlake, the large, round-faced, slugging center fielder was the first to bend my ear about Crosby.

"Do like the guy?" he said, as though he thought the question indicated that my mind had jumped the track. "He's one of the greatest fellows I've ever known. I think he loves baseball more than any of us how can you help but like him?"

The thing that constantly surprises shortstop Rojek is that Bing knows more about the Pirates than they know about him. "He knows more about my career than I do," Rojek said.

The players like to kid broadcaster Rosey Rowsell, telling him that if he continues to let Crosby relieve him on the air, Bing is going to get his job.

Crosby never uses a program when he broadcasts. He knows all the data about every major league player without com-

---

One Word Led to Another

I scrub and scrub, but I can't get rid of this "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

**DISGUSTED**—What woman wouldn't be disgusted?
—when the lure of mysterious washing miracles and other 'inducements'—ends in the same old weary wash days and dingy, half-clean clothes.

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**BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"**

**GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS**

MADE IN PHILA. BY FELS & CO.
Don't hide from your daughter these Intimate Physical Facts!

But make sure your own knowledge is just as scientific, up-to-date as it can be!

In these modern times no girl or woman should have to be told how important vaginal douching often is. But this, she should learn and learn immediately. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicidal tested for this use is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as modern ZONITE. Scientists have proved this beyond doubt.

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It is indeed an unfortunate woman who, from ignorant advice of friends, still uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda in the douche. These are not germicides in the douche. They never can give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE. If only you realize how important it is to use a germicide intended for vaginal douching—one powerfully germicidal that deodorizes yet one safe to tissues. So benefit by ZONITE now!

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury—no harsh acids—over-strong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. ZONITE is a modern miracle! You can use it as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. It's positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

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ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Leaves you feeling so sweet and clean. Helps guard against infection, ZONITE immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure amazing ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

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sulting the book. His talk is spiked with zingy baseball lingo plus the unmistakable Crosby wit.

Nothing delights the Pirates so much as the playful chatter that goes on between Crosby and their beloved coach, the immortal Honus Wagner. At seventy-four, Honus is still climbing into a Pirate uniform. The bow-legged Flying Dutchman was one of the best baseball players ever. For twenty-one years, he electrified the National League by his spectacular play at shortstop, his tremendous hitting.

The Wagner legend is enshrined in Baseball's Hall of Fame. It will never die. Now, looking like an amiable Santa Claus, his spirit as alive as when he was burning up the league, old Honus is one of the few who can match Bing's natural wit.

"The first time I ever saw that boy Bing," Honus told me, "he was pegginn' balls down to second base. I knew then that he was once a ball player and I was going to like him. If Bing had stayed in baseball, he'd have been a success." His eyes twinkling, Honus added, "I guess he got carried away by that foolish idea of singing."

YOUNG Ralph Kiner, home-run king of the National League, is not very long on talk, except where friend Bing Crosby is concerned. In Hollywood, he followed Bing around golf courses and Crosby invited Kiner and other players to the studio to watch how movies were made.

"The guys are so crazy about him," Kiner grinned, "that they'd probably let him play second base permanently. Don't let them kid you, he's not that good as a ball player. I'll tell you that. As a ball player, I'd say Bing was a swell golfer. But what a wonderful guy to have around!"

At the end of the season, the people of Alhambra, California, Kiner's home town turned out to give him a big homecoming. One of the gifts was an expected—a watch from Bing Crosby. Somehow, Bing had found out about the welcome home for Ralph and wanted to ship in on it. "When I saw it, I almost couldn't believe it," Kiner said shyly. "The darn thing runs, too."

Kiner steered me on to Frankie Gustine, the tall, handsome third sacker. Gustine comes from a small Pennsylvania town named Waynesburg. In the off season, he coaches the town basketball team.

One day Bing walks up to me and begins talking about his basketball team. Gustine said: "How he found out about it, I'll never know. But he knew about the players, the games we'd won and lost and a lot about my home town. I almost got a lump in my throat listening to him."

The Pittsburgh Ball Club is owned by Frank E. McKinney, Bing Crosby, John W. Galbreath and Tom Johnson. Bing is not just a pleasant nice-to-have-around figurehead. "We don't make any major deals unless all of us sit in on them," President Frank McKinney told me. "Bing's knowledge of baseball is extremely valuable. When twenty farm clubs and Bing keeps up on the progress of all our young players. He loves them and likes to see them fight their way up to the majors."

Manager Billy Meyer, who took over that post this year, is always happy when Crosby catches up with the team. He was a little worried when Bing reported for spring training, figuring he might get hurt by a line drive or break a finger catching a ball. "He soon showed me he was no major player, and could take care of himself," Meyer said.

You can't crowd all the Pirates' comments about Crosby into one story. Ernie Bonham, the robust Pirate pitcher is too big to slight and his feeling for Bing, in spite of the way Crosby rides him about his waistline, is as enormous as his girth.

"Bing fits into this clubhouse as though
he's been around it all his life," Bonham said. "He's more of a ball player, in the way he acts, than he is anything else in this world. Boy, how I love to watch Bing and his kids sit on the bench and holler at the umps. And I like the easy way he handles his boys, herding them in to get hamburgers after a hot session on the field. He sure has them under control and they certainly love their dad."

General Manager Roy Hamey told me he wouldn't attempt to measure, in dollars and cents, Crosby's value to the Pirates. "When Bing is around things begin to hum," he said. "He takes the tension off the players. I can see the difference in them just as soon as Bing turns up at the ball park. It's not just luck that we've lost only one game while Bing has been at the mike. The players see him up there and it does something for them."

Bing's explanation of what his presence does for the Pirates is strictly in the Crosby tradition. "I try not to cause any trouble around here," he smiles.

Bing has caused trouble only once. One afternoon the assistant trainer, Byron Jorgensen, came into the dressing room and discovered peanuts all over the floor. He began to yell and carry on in a horrifying manner. Then he spotted Papa Crosby and the Crosby twins, Philip and Dennis, sitting on a bench, munching away.

"Hey!" young Jorgie yelled. "Don't you guys know that it is bad luck to eat peanuts in a clubhouse!"

"I never heard that one," Bing said, somewhat stunned. "It's the worst kind of luck!" the trainer said, still shouting. "You guys will have to get out of here with those peanuts!"

All three Crosbys got up and hi-tailed it out of the dressing room.

After Bing and the boys had left and Jorgensen had cooled down, he began to feel terrible. "I've insulted the nicest guy I've ever known in my whole life," he said.

This year, when Bing arrived in Pittsburgh for the opening game, he came down to the dressing room under the stands to visit the players. Before entering the room, he stuck his head in the door. On his face was the lovable Crosby grin. "Hey Jorgie!" he called to the trainer. Jorgensen turned around. "I haven't got a peanut on me. Can I come in?"

The Pirates are still talking about the expression on Jorgie's face when Bing then came all the way into the dressing room and put his arm around the guy's shoulder.

The End

what Three Little Words thrill every radio fan?

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the scintillating new Hollywood broadcast featuring George Murphy and Eddie Bracken.

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Photoplay presents reproductions of the Edith Head designs worn by Gail Russell in Paramount’s “Night Has a Thousand Eyes”

Gail Russell wearing the Edith Head original in a scene with John Lund and Edward G. Robinson in “Night Has a Thousand Eyes.”

Right, Gail models the reproduction of this dress.

You can’t help looking starry-eyed and romantic in this reproduction by Fred Perlberg. Gold coin dot taffeta also in red, kelly green, white or black. Sizes 10-16. $25.00. Rhinestone necklace by Coro.

For stores selling these fashions turn to page 88
Gail Russell wearing the Edith Head original in a scene with John Lund from Paramount's "Night Has a Thousand Eyes.
Right, Gail models the reproduction of this coat.

The perfect all-wool covert coat reproduced by Donnybrook. The coat can be worn three ways and all are terrific—completely belted, half belted with the back loose and easy, or no belt. Sizes 10-18. $39.95.

For stores selling these fashions turn to page 88.
The Donnybrook suit has a versatile neckline just made for scarves and blouses, smooth vertical hip pockets and a slim side-slit skirt. Both coat and suit come in green, wine, charcoal gray, brown, copper or black covert. Sizes 10-18, $39.95

What to wear

with the Edith Head Designs

The coat is a natural for working by day or glamour by night. Tie a scarf under the collar or wear it ascot fashion, as shown. Vary your scarves from hardy wool to lightest silk depending upon the season and your mood. Cinch in your waist with a leather belt—on this coat it looks wonderful... Dress up your suit with a velvet hat, an exciting lapel pin and suede gloves, bag and pumps in a shade dictated by your suit color... The perfect accessories for the evening dress are a gold bag, gold sandals and a rhinestone choker high at your throat. Don't detract from the lovely lines and rich fabric of this dress by too heavy jewelry or loud colors... Remove the white collar and cuffs from the faille dress, wear a flirtatious cocktail hat, a rope of pearls and gauntlet type gloves. To this recipe add your filmiest nylons—and get ready for dates...

Gail Russell wearing the Edith Head original.
Left, Gail models the reproduction of this suit.
Wanda Hendrix's suit designed by Edith Head for Paramount's "The Tatlock Millions"

The newest fashion idea from Hollywood is this sleeveless suit. A refreshing change—it has dropped shoulders which give the new rounded look and an over-all effect of softness and simplicity. Milliken's Monotone tweed would be charming made in this pattern and Milliken's also have crepe or satin linings dyed to match or contrast with the tweed. These linings would make stunning blouses.

For sketches and stores carrying Photoplay Patterns see page 88.
SONJA HENIE
starring in
A Westwood Production
"The Countess of Monte Cristo"
A Universal-International Release

Hollywood inspires them...
Everyone admires them

Joléne SHOES

You can't help feeling lovelier in
JOLENE Hollywood-Inspired Shoes.
They keep you "on stage" with young,
attention-getting details...dramatic colors,
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Slightly higher
West of Denver

For The Name of Your Nearest Jolene Store
TOBER-SAIFER SHOE MANUFACTURING COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS
You'll look glamorous and lovely at the office or on a date in this faille dress reproduced by Bloom and Egan. Detachable white faille collar and cuffs for a quick accessory change. Comes in black, brown or green faille. Sizes 10-16. $25.00.

Gail Russell wearing the Edith Head original in a scene with William Demarest and John Lund from Paramount's "Night Has a Thousand Eyes." Right, Gail models the reproduction of this dress.

For stores selling these fashions turn to page 88.

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS
The best wardrobe for a girl is one adaptable to changes. The clothes I designed for Gail Russell to wear in “Night has a Thousand Eyes” are, I believe, just that—dozens of slight changes will turn them into different outfits.

Take the evening dress: Add a tulle or chiffon stole or cover it with a sophisticated evening cardigan that hugs the waist tightly.

Or take the faille dress. Remove the white collar and cuffs and substitute other sets in plaid or striped material. Or leave the bodice unbuttoned, giving the plunge neckline effect, and wear a gilet or underwaist of striped taffeta, brilliant crepe or jersey. You can make any one of these easily, as they are simply fronts sewed to the waistband of the dress and held in place with a small halter or pins on your shoulder straps.

The lines of the suit jacket are so uncluttered this jacket may be worn over dresses or other skirts, and the slim skirt will look well with either blouses or sweaters. For another change wear this skirt with a sleeveless jersey pull-over, a white blouse underneath—and a leather cincher belt at your waist.

Remember, variety is the spice of life to any wardrobe.
For lovely young curves

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NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

There's magic in your "Perma-lift"* bra—comfortable permanent support not found in any other bra. There's a soft, yet firm cushion inset at the base of each bra cup. Your bust is naturally and healthfully supported from below, you feel the new comfort instantly. Wash your "Perma-lift" bra again and again, it never loses its famous lift. See the beautiful new styles in dainty lasting satins, broadcloths and nets at your favorite corsetieres'. Buy several today—$1.50 to $3.50.

Women everywhere prefer "Perma-lift" girdles too—No Bones about it, stays up without stays.

*Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of I. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Of.)

The reproductions of the Gail Russell clothes are available at:

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Great Falls, Mont. The Paris Co.
Harrisburg, Pa. Pomeroy's
Kansas City, Mo. Peck's
Minneapolis, Minn. L. S. Donaldson Co.
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Paterson, N. J. Quackenbush's
Pittsburgh, Pa. Gimbels
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Gimbels
New York, N. Y.
Lit Bros.
The Hecht Co.
Washington, D. C.

Pattern Sketches
Beauty Spots

A Charming Hostess

By MARY FULTON

JANE by Paramount

Tulip by publisher

feels on East

brows

lashes

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brown,

Geraldine

says,

such

her

draws a

very thin line on her lids

above her lashes with the sharply-pointed eye-lining pencil. As her hair is a chest-

nut brown, she thinks that brown mascara

and pencil look more natural on her than black, especially in daylight. Brows, she

says, make such a difference in facial expression. Straggly hairs should be plucked out. If your brows are thin in

places, lightly touch the pencil to the skin in these spots. Then finger-blend it so people will never suspect that you've

thickened your brows in this way.

Rouges Twice—But Lightly

Geraldine has skin as fair and fresh-

looking as you'd expect a pretty Irish lass to have. And she's fussy about keeping it

clean. Even our practiced eye wondered if

she were one of those fortunates with

natural cheek coloring. But no. She told us that she first applies a thin film of

light-tinted foundation cream or lotion, then cream rouge, then powder and then a

bit of dry rouge over the powder. Yet in

spite of this double use of rouge, there

was only a faint flush of rosy color to her

cheeks. Apply your make-up by a good light, Geraldine advises, and you're less apt to

overdo it.
Come one, come all! The third time 'round. Questions, answers, on movies we're bound.
Prove yourself a Mastermind if you make 90 to 100 points; Lesserminds make 70 to 90; popcornalis average 50 to 70; sleepyheads 30 to 50, and you're hopeless if you score less than 30.

1. What newcomers became overnight sensations in these pictures? Two points for each correct answer.

2. Some stars are so identified by a particular characterization you're apt to forget their professional names. Who portrayed these characters on the screen? Score two points for each correct one.

3. Some Twentieth Century composers have provided good film entertainment with stories concerning them. For two points each, whose story is told in these pictures?

4. Some stars are gone but not forgotten. Only a few clues are needed to identify them. Score yourself one point for all you can name.
   [a] She was Hollywood's girl of laughter who lost her life working on the home front during the war.
   [b] The screen's great lover of his day, his death was hysterically mourned by women the country over.
   [c] His grin, his twirling rope and his homey philosophy made him the idol of millions.
   [d] Sometimes called the 'blonde bombshell,' she died at the peak of her career.
   [e] A great, gusty woman, she achieved the pinnacle of screen fame and honor late in life.
   [f] Noted for his profile, he has been the subject of a biography written by a friend.
   [g] His widow produced a motion picture preaching against the habit which led to his death.
   [h] Fiery and tempestuous, she shocked everyone by taking her own life.

5. When the stars trudged off to school, many of them were known to their teachers by another name. Score two points for each one you are able to recognize.

6. For one point each which eight actors have outstandingly portrayed priests on the screen. Name four of them and the pictures in which they appeared.

7. Eighteen star actors have won the Academy Award for outstanding performances. Two won it twice. Name ten. Score two points for all you can name.

8. By their horses you know or have known them. For one point each, whom do you associate with:

Answers:
[Optional answer text]

Stockings of Matchless Beauty
in full fashioned
nylons proportioned for fit
Play Truth or Consequences with Burt Lancaster

Continued from page 51) under the “big top”—in this case, an umbrella. So Burt walked the tightrope but Ralph cut the rope.

10. Q: Are you seriously considering quitting pictures, as an actor, I mean?
A: I plan to devote as much time as possible to producing pictures, and to confine my acting to only those parts I'm really mad about doing.

11. Q: Would you like to get “paroled” from prison pictures?
A: I think so. I think the time has come for me to get out of jail. To do more things like “Sorry, Wrong Number.”

12. Q: Is that your favorite role?
A: Yes. I really sweated bullets on that one. This was the first part with which I couldn't identify Lancaster on the screen. Usually there's some movement, some characteristics, you recognize as your own. But not this one. Ten minutes after I walked into the theater I gave up looking for Lancaster. Seemed like a different person up there. It's a good movie.

13. Q: Are there any people you would personally like to cast behind bars?
A: I should say Director Siodmak for making me work so hard. He makes me do things over and over with no time off for good behavior. But you want the truth—and to be truthful, there are a few, but I can't say who. (To pay for this one, Burt had to perform with the dumbbells, but he turned the trick on Edwards by making it a double feature—letting lovely—and-not-so-dumbbell Yvonne De Carlo do the performing.)

14. Q: What do you consider the worst decision you ever made?
(This cost Burt another consequence. To prove his acrobatic skill, he had to hang by his feet from the bars and drink a glass of milk. To make the feat doubly ticklish, Ralph applied a feather.)

15. Q: You've portrayed screen tough guys very successfully. What is actually the most illegal “job” you’ve ever pulled?
A: I should take the consequences on this one—and I may yet. But I'll tell you. During the war when I was a Sergeant stationed in the desert near Casablanca, the food was pretty terrible. One day when our company was on guard duty at a ration dump nearby, I instructed the boys to take a truck in and load it with ham, bacon, peaches—everything. Our operation was in broad daylight, so straightforward the Lieutenant in charge thought it was legitimate and didn't stop us. We ate like kings for weeks. I could have been courtmartialed.

16. Q: Have you ever failed at anything you've attempted?
A: Yes. Playing the piano. Ordinarily, it's comparatively simple for me to learn anything in which I'm sufficiently interested, but learning to play a piano—Brother, that really stumps me. I practiced for three months once—and I can maneuver my way through a few simple arrangements. Student stuff. But someday I want to be a real musician.

17. Q: Do you have a temper?
A: Yes. A very bad temper, but it isn't as bad as it used to be. As time goes on, it gets better, a part of the business of making adjustments. I've always tried to control it, but when I really get mad, I go berserk. Really blow my top. Actually, I've never given way to it more than three times in my life. And it's usually the result of an accumulation of things, built up over a period of time.
18. Q: What has been your toughest problem as an actor?
A: To develop sufficient technique to enable me to be more relaxed about my work. A certain amount of tension is good—it keeps you on your toes. But I stay too tense all the time.

19. Q: Do you think you are a better actor for having come up the hard way? Starting life with a tough script?
A: I think that definitely helps. The only way to know about life is to be in conflict with life, otherwise there's no challenge. If it's too easy, people are inclined to be lazy.

20. Q: Do you think Hollywood dealt you film success too soon?
A: No. If it was meant for me to be successful, the timing was right. My experience in other phases of show business had given me a certain sense of timing, coordination and showmanship—and had also prepared me for Hollywood.

21. Q: What scene was most difficult for you?
A: The fade-out with Joan Fontaine in "The Unafraid," where the man purges himself of his entire former way of life to match hers. He must honestly change and it must show in his face. That was tough.

22. Q: What quality is most essential for film success?
A: Personality is the most important physical quality. Personality sells stars to an audience. Success in motion pictures is not only dependent upon good acting. A lot of good actors will never be stars. By the same token, many bad actors are. The ideal combination to shoot at is exemplified by Laurence Olivier, who has both personality and ability.

23. Q: Are you a romanticist?
A: Let's put it this way: I don't believe in fairy tales but I would like to. If you get to realistic—keep breaking life down too much—eventually in the end you will have arrived at nothing.

24. Q: What are your hobbies?
A: Books and music. I find both very relaxing. I like all the classical composers, particularly Beethoven and Mozart.

25. Q: Do you meet people easily?
A: That depends. I'm not too talkative until I feel at ease with them. But the length of our acquaintance has nothing to do with it. You know some people in ten minutes—others you feel you wouldn't know in ten years.

26. Q: Do you remember the most boring time you've ever had at a party?
A: Yes. When I first came to Hollywood. A very boring evening as long as it lasted, which wasn't too long. I didn't know many of the people there and they were chit-chatting a conversation that didn't interest me. So I went over in a corner, sat down and began reading a book. The hostess became irate and told me what she thought about it. And I retaliated with a few thoughts of my own. Whereupon she asked me to leave and I did. The address? I didn't take it down, feeling no future need for it.

27. Q: The lesson, I suppose, being: Leave Lancaster alone—in a library. Are you alone-ly person?
A: Sometimes. I'm pretty gregarious usually, but there are times when I feel I must be alone—away from everyone, including my own family and my wife. But Norma is very understanding. She just leaves me a clear field until I get over it. Actually, I'm pretty easy to get along with. She will tell you that.

28. Q: Do you think you are too independent?
A: No, just too impulsive. I don't think I'm too independent or headstrong. True, it's much easier to go through life agreeing with everybody but often getting nowhere. Sometimes it's better to fight and get results. I never contend unless I'm honestly convinced I'm right.

29. Q: Are you a restless person?
A: Yes. But it's good to be that way. Human progress comes about through a certain sense of dissatisfaction. That's the quality in people that keeps them moving, always searching for something better.

30. Q: Do you think Hollywood's product could be better?
A: In many instances, yes. Motion pictures haven't progressed with the times. Too often the same pictures are made over and over again. Utilizing the same proven-to-be-profitable format. The theory being, why make a better product when the one you've got sells like pancakes? We must exercise more vision. Otherwise, life as depicted by motion pictures loses its purpose.

Postscript: In other words, the more you see, the more you make!

THE END

It's Raining Star Pictures
for the ten lucky winners in Photoplay's Portrait Poll contest. So get in the next prize shower by sending in your entry now. All you have to do is write us, in twenty-five words or less, why a certain star is your favorite. If you win, you'll receive a personally autographed picture of your screen favorite.

Send your entries to: CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY,
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My favorite star is:

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Winners of last month's contest: Jo Anne Schafer, Hunter, Ark.; Delores Zang, Columbus, Ohio; Dianne Fellecotte, Los Angeles, Calif.; Linda Batcher, Mountaintair, New Mexico; Frank C. Prince, New York, N. Y.; Ralph D. Donahue, Mt. Washington, Fla.; Ingemar de Kauffmann, Copenhagen, Denmark; Walter Whelan, Whitefish, Mont.; Anita Eisenmann, Detroit, Mich.; Janet Campbell, Baldwin, N. Y.
On the Style Front

Another outfit that Sophie designed for Betty is a black satin-finish faille (faille will be more popular than ever this coming season) and it's again "that wonderful relief" from the bright and pale colors of summer. The suit is fashioned with dainty frills of lace edging around the collar, cuffs and peplum of the tailored jacket. The lace (which also has some jet beading) is black. The sheer white blouse is covered with tiny white beads and brilliants. The skirt, though not full, is free-flowing and almost ankle length. A tiny black felt sailor, trimmed with two soaring white feather wings, makes a flashing topper for this lovely costume.

MOST of the Hollywood glamour-belles are still gabbing about Sonja Henie's "annual event"—meaning her out-of-this-world party. Sonja wore white lace, all the family "jools," and a white orchid in her hair. Jennifer Jones sported the shortest haircut in the roomful of femmes with short haircuts. Her tresses are at the two-inch length right now—and getting shorter! Her gorgeous gown was simplicity itself—strapless, tightly draped bodice, rather long waistline, and a skirt much shorter in front than in back, but so magnificently cut that it seemed to have a million folds. Since the gown was fashioned of stiffest, glossy silk beige taffeta, you can imagine how it swayed as she walked or danced.

Loretta Young was wearing that stunning green taffeta gown that Adrian designed for her to wear to the Academy Award doings a few months ago. A couple of nights later Loretta went to a party in the same gown she wore to the Command Performance for England's King and Queen last year! That gal really loves her best "bibs and tuckers" and sticks to them. And why not? Connie Bennett appeared in a heavenly gown of gray lace, breathtakingly beaded all over with gray sequins and silver beads; Ingrid Bergman was in a rather meaningless dress of navy blue satin which did nothing for her. Neither does her too-short hair-do. Gives her a "husky" look. But maybe it's grown an inch or two by now.

Speaking of Ingrid, she gave a unique end-of-the-party party for the cast and crew of "Joan of Arc." She borrowed a set of a French inn which was still standing in the studio and greeted people in her native Swedish peasant costume. A gift of a porcelain mug was at every place and she invited one and all to drink some glogg, the Swedish drink of hot wine and brandy with fruits and nuts, brewed by Ingrid and served from giant silver punch bowls that she hauled over for the occasion.

Hedy Lamarr did some hauling over herself, but she did it in Sweden. When she went to Europe she took along a terrific wardrobe, instead of bringing one back as most gals do. She couldn't have found anything lovelier in Paris than one little number that Elsie Jensen designed for her. It's an elaborate evening gown of white brocade with an off-the-shoulder neckline which has a soft turned-up cuff. This gives a flower-petal effect. The bodice is long and tight and the full skirt is composed of two enormous circles. The top tier, however, is just as long as the under one.

Virginia Mayo gets us back into the daytime department with a knock-outfit of light-weight lilac wool that serves any number of purposes. It's a sleeveless jumper (sail length) though the material comes well over the shoulders and drapes softly toward the rather high, sharp V neckline. It buttons almost all the way down the front with self-covered buttons.

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and the skirt is full and gathered to the waistline. In this form, it can be worn with lots of jewelry at the neck, and perhaps a bauble at the belt, with dressy matching or contrasting gloves and be a perfect afternoon or dining outfit. But, when worn with a long-sleeved tailored white blouse, it becomes a smart jumper dress for almost any early daytime occasion.

Baubles at the belt, incidentally, are very much in evidence. There's Doris Day's "date belt," for instance. She wears seven little gold lockets dangling from the front of a gold link belt. Each locket is engraved with one day of the week. Inside, if she wants to, she can write the name of the "date" on a little plastic disc—but even if she doesn't make practical use of the lockets, they're an attractive "something new has been added" to the belt routine.

But most of all, we love little Mary Hatcher's gimmick for all those earrings that must be lying around every girl's house these days. The earring fad has been on so long, that millions of gals must have many a pair, some "half pairs" and some old and out of use. But dig this! Mary sometimes takes as many as five or six—all kinds—and clips them onto belts, necklines, lapels of suits, etc. in a row. Mixes them all up—jeweled ones, gold ones, any she happens to grab—and the effect on any simple, dark outfit is stunning. Naturally, you wouldn't be wearing any other jewelry except perhaps a single strand of pearls or a ring. But the "effect" will stand up on its own—try it and see!

The short hair—do's (and remember when we told you there soon wouldn't be a long mop left in Hollywood?) are bringing back the little snug-fitting bonnet-type hats in profusion. They're so feminine and pretty—and it's a comfort to slap on a hat with a crown that really fits again. Don't wear the kind that ties under the face though, unless your neckline is young and smooth. We saw an "aging starlet" the other night, and the little black velvet ribbon that tied her bonnet looked just like the dividing line for her chin! Walter Florell is combining ostrich feathers with lilacs for some of his fall bonnets—a refreshing seasonal anachronism—and so flattering with dark, dressy clothes.

Jean Louis has named a lovely new shade of lilac after Patricia Knight who's over at Columbia where she and Cornel Wilde are finishing "The Lovers," their first co-starring picture. Louis has designed at least four costumes in this shade for Pat to wear in the picture. One suit of this color is combined with shoes, hat and purse of darkish, vivid green. How's that for a charming combination?

The End
Top Happy

(Continued from page 52) Some men have of retiring one day to take it easy and shoot golf in the steady seventies. When he was not busting his sides on the golf course he was pushing his ligaments in pursuit of Tripliicate.

Mr. Astaire took up with the sport of kings twenty-five years ago in England, while bilking about with British aristocrats who took to him and his sister Adele as ducks take to ducks.

Adele, his dance partner then, never really got away from England. The son of the Duke of Devonshire carried her across the threshold of a castle in Ireland where she reigned thenceforth as the Lady Charles Cavendish. To keep the Atlantic balanced socially, Fred came home and married Phyllis Livingston Potter of the Back Bay Boston lineage.

He remained true to the sport of kings and a few years ago purchased the colt Tripliicate for $6,000. Trip won the Hollywood gold cup, the San Juan Capistrano gold cup, the Golden Gate silver and gold cup and many others.

The Astaires had to build a new house to hold cups. It is on the hill of peers in Beverly, next Pickfair and the Chaplin manse. Offhand, Fred said there were about fourteen rooms, but when he started counting in his meticulous way, he was aghast to find thirty. Not pretentious really, he said, and when asked its architectural period said, "Comfortable period." The house was completed when he announced his retirement but he found little time for retiring into it. He was racing around the country taking bows with his horse. One reason for his retirement was to carry out a yearning to establish a dancing-school business.

After the long line of Latin rhythms, Mr. Astaire agreed it was time to throw in an American number. But the old American dances were designed for the great open spaces; what was needed was one you could dance on a dime. Mr. Astaire dreamed up the Swing Trot.

By the time he had it smoothed to his satisfaction, he found himself drilling a hundred and fifty instructors in a cozy studio on Park Avenue, comprising a vast ballroom and twenty-eight individual studios. The ballroom was so beautiful, he named it Adele for his lovely sister.

Mr. Astaire had hardly turned his back on this little enterprise when it ballooned into a corporation, spawning studios across the land in twenty-six cities.

After two years of retirement, Mr. Astaire was a tired tycoon in need of rest. If the movie studio ever looked like a penal institution to an exhausted star, it now appeared a monastic retreat, and Mr. Astaire came stumbling back.

He is now worrying blissfully in the Nirvana of a vast silent stage, with only a pianist for organization, as he creates his dance routines for "The Barkleys of Broadway," his next M-G-M number.

It probably did him good to end his first life and attend his own wake, sniffing the flowery tributes and viewing the nostalgic displays such as the New York Times ran across two pages under the heading: "Forty Years a Hooper," for the Astaire ego is of such low candlewax, the smallest criticism can snuff it out. "Destructive criticism is my aversion," he says. "It kills me. I try to ignore it, but if there are ninety-nine good ones, the bad one will throw me. It's the brush-offs that do it, the implication that you think up a dance while shaving and tap it off on the way to breakfast."

Maddest of workers is madman Astaire.
His pessimism is for personal consumption only. For others he is a prophet of cheer. If anyone complains of bad breaks, Dr. Astaire is there with a ready pick-up. "I must get that from my mother," he said with depreciating smile. "Mother is an optimist. She travelled with Adele and me in vaudeville. We got sixty dollars for split weeks. Out of that we paid three railroad fares, ten per cent agent's commission, five per cent commission to the agent's agent. We ate what was left, which sometimes was the hole in the doughnut. Mother would always say comfortably that all we needed was experience. But you get so starved getting experience!"

Mr. Astaire was on his toes at seven. He made his debut at Perth Amboy with sister Adele, who was eight and a half. The billing read: "Fred and Adele in New Songs and Smart Dances."

They did seven numbers in eleven minutes. Freddie sang and played the piano while Adele changed. She danced half a minute while mama stripped the pants off Freddie. Then he reappeared in satin underpants. He treasures the review of a talent scout who caught the show. It read: "Girl is all right but boy can do nothing—awkward age."

With mama an optimist and sister Adele a philosopher who believed the object of life was fun, Master Fred, with two women on his hands, did the worrying. "Someone had to worry," he says. He likes Hollywood for associations, notably the team of Irving Berlin and Bing Crosby, with whom he wants to do another picture.

Though back at dancing, he says racing still is the greatest fun. He doesn't care about betting. It's the element of luck that excites.

"With racing it's luck," he says. "With dancing?"

"Sweat," he said. "Days of sweat."

He starts sweating promptly at nine in the morning, and his pores remain open till four. No closing time for lunch. The trouble with the world today, if you ask Mr. Astaire, is due to lunch. People are stupefied half the day from eating it.

Food does not interest him much at any hour. His favorite dish? Oh, noodle soup. He weighs 140 pounds. A man can't get fat sweating out noodle soup.

About clothes he's fastidious. He has been known to try on a suit fifty times before he was satisfied it was right.

If genius be the infinite capacity for taking pains, Mr. Astaire has it.

He is the greatest dancer in pants since the world started jumping. It's more classic to dance with a wreath in the hair and a tiger skin, but for millions who never heard the name Nijinsky, the god Terpsichore is Astaire in topknot and tails.

\textbf{The End}
Smartest Girl in Town

(Continued from page 94) But Darryl, fortunately, is not influenced easily. Discouraged easily, either. When I gave a big party at the home of the late Evalyn Walsh McLean, whose house guest I was, Darryl suggested I ask Jeanne.

I remember her arrival so well. "I am Jeanne Crain, Miss Maxwell," she said modestly. "It was so nice of you to ask me. I have never been to a big party like this before."

At dinner, rather mischievously, I placed her between Artur Rubinstein, brilliant raconteur and citizen of the world, as well as one of the great pianists, and the big, well-known judge, Lefty O'Connor. Neither of these men knew Jeanne from Adam.

After dinner I sought out Artur. "How did you like your little dinner companion?" I asked. His face brightened. "That lovely little thing! She was interested in my boohoy, Elsa! That's a wonderful and unusual girl ... Is she an actress?"

"Yes, but she hasn't made a movie yet!"

"She asked the most searching questions about music," Artur went on, sincerely impressed. "Next concert I give at the Hollywood Bowl! I'm going to send her tickets!"

I crossed the room to Judge Lefty O'Connor. "How did you like your little dinner companion?" I asked. "She's a wonderful little thing," he told me. "So sweet and charming! She wanted to know all about the Children's Court, asked the most intelligent questions, said she'd like to come down with her mother. I'm arranging it!"

About six months later, Darryl phoned that he was showing "Home in Indiana" and wanted me to see it.

"Who's the star?" I asked.

"No one you've ever seen," he said. "But take my word for it, it's a great picture and it presents a brilliant new star!"

The new star, of course, was Jeanne. Watching her in her first picture I was amazed. She was appealing and she had great poise. When the race track scenes flashed up on the screen, I remembered her success with Artur and Lefty and thought, "Now, who told her about horses?"

After this, it was simple to keep tabs on Jeanne. She was an instantaneous success. I watched her, as with quiet determination, she married Paul Brinkman—despite family opposition. I watched her, with sweet dignity, have her baby—even though her Hollywood friends advised her to wait until her career was further assured. I watched her at parties, with her hair up, wearing lovely, unpretentious clothes.

"This is a new dress, Miss Maxwell," she told me one night. "Do you like it?"

Truthfully I answered, "It does not matter, Jeanne, what you wear. Some girls must dress up to show off. But not you ... You are a real jewel!"

I watched her make her way socially with manners born of kindness and thoughtfulness; furthering conversation with her wide-eyed listening, sponsoring any game by playing it with enthusiasm, managing to be on time, always writing little notes of appreciation.

I watched her make her way professionally, each new role a true and sensitive portrait; in "Winged Victory," "Leave Her to Heaven," "In the Meantime, Darling," "Marry," and now as the wife of a young veteran in "Apartment for Peggy."

"Tell me, Jeanne," I said the other day, "do you feel you've done a better job as Peggy because you're married, had trouble finding a place to live, have had a baby? Do you feel all this experience has given you a greater kinship for that role?"

She shook her head. "When you're acting you forget yourself and all that has happened to you. You become the charac-
ter in the story. But it's true that the more experience you have had, the greater your knowledge and understanding of people, including the person you are playing.

"I think, for instance, that because I am married to Paul, whom I love, and because we have little Paul, I am better equipped for any role, whether that of a young girl who knows neither marriage nor motherhood or that of a woman who wishes no part of any conventional existence."

I watched Jeanne make her way personally too. There must be time for some of the things she wants to do. The Brinkman art library grows rapidly and you can see the influence of Jeanne's greater familiarity with the masters in the sketching and painting she does.

She has time for little Paul, too. "I don't want to miss any part of his development, his growth," she says.

She was with him when he christened himself 'Baba.' And again when he first walked. On this occasion a cameraman from the studio was at the house. "Could we get Baba walking, do you think?" he asked. "I doubt it," she said. "He's almost ready to go—but he hasn't yet. We can try . . ."

She sat down on the divan and called, "Come, Baba, come to Mama." And little Paul got up from the floor where he was playing and, while everyone held their breath, toddled across the room.

She has time for "Big Paul" too, for his friends and for a life of his choosing. "We're going on a safari, Paul and I," she told me, "as soon as we can take the time from our jobs and the baby is a little older. It will be a long holiday, in Africa perhaps . . . We are making our plans, studying schedules, poring over maps . . ."

"Jeanne," I said, "I can't imagine you shooting any animal."

She looked horrified. "Oh, I wouldn't hunt, Miss Maxwell. I couldn't kill anything. But Paul adores hunting. I would stay at the camp until he came home—hear all about his exciting day. I'm interested in such adventures."

I can see her before the fireplace, listening to Paul, her eyes wide, her questions as satisfactory as Artur Rubinstein and Judge O'Connor found them.

Some women forget to woo their husbands, put their feminine wisdom away when a wedding ring goes on their finger. Not Jeanne. Didn't I tell you she was the smartest girl in town?

The END

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Why I've Changed

(Continued from page 36) pretty crisp. But I hope I've come a long way since then. I believe I've lived to learn that sometimes, and nearly always when one's own self is involved, the closer we are to a situation, the less we can see it.

If they're saying I've changed, perhaps they (whoever they might be) are right. At least it's obvious that I have unwittingly provoked some kind of controversy. I care of course. No one particularly enjoys unfavorable criticism. But I'd like to make one point especially clear. It doesn't worry me. It might have once, but I think most of us in the public eye come to realize that no matter which way we turn, we're bound to offend someone.

I know my habits are the same, my real friends remain. With the possible exception that I am now divorced, the tenor of my life hasn't varied. Summing it all up, however, there is still only one answer—I have changed.

To myself I call it—growing up. By this I mean, growing up in self-confidence, so that I am no longer ashamed or afraid of expressing the serious thoughts that should belong to a mature person. Growing up to the extent that now the road ahead no longer twists and turns.

To those who associate me with the role of "laughing girl," this is somewhat of a confession. By nature I have always been a very serious-minded person. Even as a child, I lacked the abandon and blessed freedom from responsibility, which is the heritage of childhood. I shall never forget one particular neighbor, "Your little Sarah Jane," she'd sigh to my mother. "Her eyes are much too big—and much too serious. But with that turned-up nose, no one will ever take her seriously."

As a result, I grew up a clown. When I started having dates, it was always—"Get Janie—she's so much fun!" And so I became a gay person, but actually my gaiety created a false side. In the meantime, my more human side took a terrific beating. I wouldn't have dared show what I oftentimes felt inside, of telling anyone about my serious ambitions.

Oddly enough, today I can look back and be grateful. The gay side of my nature has helped me to live with my children. We have so much fun in our house. Something else came out of it too—something very precious in everyday living. All people are different. If you are able to give each that part of you that is wanted most, you'll never lack friends, or lose friends.

Twelve years ago I arrived in Hollywood. Because I needed room rent, I took the first job I could get. I was a waitress in a coffee shop. Then I managed to get in the line as a chorus girl at Paramount. This was the beginning. I don't think anyone can realize what it did for my self-confidence, when I was borrowed back years later for "The Lost Weekend."

Ten of my twelve Hollywood years have been spent under contract to Warners. During this time, I knew I learned that patience plays the greatest part in ambition. I went through a bitter period. I was antagonistic, put up a big front to show how little I cared. I was so on the defensive, when anyone did try to encourage me, I snapped his head off. There were many times when I felt I was ready to do serious roles. But invariably, when a dumb bunny role came along—I was elected.

I realize now, if they had given me a chance at serious drama, I wouldn't have been ready. But of course, then I could only think of one thing—they'll never accept this turned-up nose for anything but comedy. Meanwhile, I was fighting myself and the knowledge that I was rounded—
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I'm Just Wild about Larry

(Continued from page 49) denly and for no apparent reason. I couldn't eat. Finally my mother, who knew all about Larry, said, "I think you'd better get married."

I called Larry: "Shall I come out to Hollywood?" I asked. "Do you want to get married?"

"Are you kidding?" he said. "Of course I want to. You'd better hop on a plane—but fast."

Our wedding was hystreical—we didn't have time to send invitations, but when we met friends on the street, we'd say, "Hey, come to the wedding!"

We were married at nine p.m. at St. Thomas Episcopal Church two days after I arrived in Hollywood. Larry had to report for work the next morning at six.

Luckily, we found a little house at the beach. During most of the month we had together (I was signed to start "Laffing Room Only" back in New York), Larry worked from seven at night till five in the morning. We would sleep till noon, then move our mats to the beach and rest some more. That was our honeymoon.

Then I went back to New York and started rehearsals for the show.

We hated to be separated, but Larry would no more think of asking me to give up my work than I would think of asking him to give up his. This is a matter of principle with him. He feels that if a woman has talent, she has as much right to use it as a man.

To me, Larry's faults and virtues are all mixed up with each other. I find some of his virtues irritating and his faults delightful. His extreme punctuality and his fastidious neatness are annoying, because I just can't live up to them.

Knowing Larry as I do now, it's hard to believe that our courtship and marriage could have been so impulsive. Usually he plans everything ahead of time, down to the smallest detail. It takes him three days to decide which toothbrush to buy, and he is so punctual he arrives for a date a half hour beforehand. I come sliding in on the dot—or, a little after the dot. At first this bothered him, but now he just settles down with a book.

One of Larry's worst faults is that he's a chronic worrier. He worries himself silly over everything. When I was signed by M-G-M he was delighted. But then he began to worry about my scripts. When he read "Big City," he said fretfully, "I

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When asked for an autograph, Larry tries to put a look of tired patience on his face, but it's an act. He really loves it. And some of the fans are wonderful. There was one ten-year-old girl, Rochelle, whom Larry met at a show one evening. On Valentine's Day the doorbell rang and when I answered I could just see her disappearing. She left behind her a corsage box with a single red rose for Larry.

Larry is such a thoughtful person himself that he appreciates these things. He never forgets a birthday or an anniversary. On our first anniversary he gave me a heart-shaped pin with an aquamarine. On our last anniversary he gave me his mother's wedding ring.

He is wonderful around the house. On Friday's day off, I cook dinner and Larry helps with the chores. Ours is really a fifty-fifty household. If Larry wakes up earlier than I, he makes breakfast.

And, I never, oh never, have trouble getting a fire built in the home hearth-stone. There are few things Larry likes to do better, regardless of the weather or whose house he is in. Our friends laughingly accuse him of being a firebug.

But if he does like anything better than a fire, then it's a tree. We live in a five-room white frame house with a 50x100 foot lot, and on it we have fifty trees. I'm afraid the trees will eventually move us out of our house.

As for squabbles—you, we have those, too! I love to dance, but insist that Larry gets out of time. He denies it. He likes a nice, easy fox trot. I like to rhumba, so the minute rhumba music comes on, he rushes me off the floor. Don't get me wrong, the spots are few and far between because you see, Larry and I have a great deal in common.

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Then there are those wonderful weekend trips. One of our favorite spots is Pioneertown, a small village that rises on a thousand feet above the desert floor, right above Palm Springs. Larry and I put our jeans (I have red ones!) and ride or hike the tortuous mountain trails. No cars are allowed on Pioneertown's streets, so any traveling must be done by foot or oar—or, outside of town, by jeep.

The small hotel is built of railroad ties and there's a general store, a shooting alley, the Pioneertown Gazette office, a grocery store, a saloon, two restaurants, a rodeo stadium and a dance hall, where they old wonderful square dances.

Larry and I also share a dream. Some day we hope to own a big house with lots of land, and room for all Larry's trees, too. That will have to wait, though, till we collect a little more money.

Our business manager gives me only twenty dollars a week to spend and Larry, seventy. Larry's seventy is supposed to cover our groceries. However, I started saving for the groceries, then borrowed ten dollars Larry when I ran short. After a while I began to wonder what was happening to Larry's checks. One day I came across ten of his back checks on a spindled file. He was saving them so that he could accumulate enough for French doors on our den to our terrace. He feels that he doesn't put aside money for things round the house, the money will go any day. He is like a little squirrel tucking its nuts away in a corner and sometimes forgetting where he hid them.

Larry has very definite likes and dislikes. If he doesn't care for a dress I've bought, I wear it anyway. The next time I go shopping though, I'm careful not to get the same type of thing. He loves strapless evening gowns and ballerina dresses, mple blouses, girlie clothes and tailored suits. I hardly ever wear hats, but he likes a few crazy ones I have.

My gripes? I have very few. The only one I can think of is that Larry sleeps with three or four blankets in the middle of summer. His mother warned me about that when we used to talk about him by hour. She was so proud of Larry and even when she was very ill and he was shearing with the playbacks for "The Jolson Story," she never got tired of watching him work. I'm terribly glad she had a chance to see "The Jolson Story" before she died.

As for a crisis, there hasn't been one. Our biggest bone of contention is my habit of collecting cats. I now have three cats and a dog. Let's to myself, I'll gladly get three cats wreck the house, tear up the furniture and do anything they want. Larry likes animals too, but he thinks they go too far. He let me keep the cat over the foot of the bed, till he found a flea one day. Then he put his foot down. I always knew Larry had great talent. I've seen him give wonderful performances at the Actors' Laboratory, but at first his roles in pictures were ordinary ones. Then, "The Jolson Story" was completed, Larry came to New York, and we saw him picture together. When he asked me if I liked it. In answer, I just opened my mouth and cried like a baby. He finally had to drag me into another room until I could pull myself together. I course, I was only crying because I was so happy.

The End

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My Teen-age Mistakes

I encountered the dating problem later than most girls because most of the time I was the only student in the studio school, and therefore had little opportunity to meet boys of my own age. My first date was for a high-school senior prom. I was excited, scared and painfully self-conscious. I would have given anything to know the girls in that high school, to have chatted with them about what to wear and what to say.

As it turned out, they talked about how tough their English teacher was, the football team's chances and all the other interests teen-agers usually have. They were relaxed and themselves.

LATER dating brought up the problem of how late I could stay out. By the time I was eighteen, my mother and father occasionally let me stay out until one or two but usually I had to be in by midnight. I thought I should be permitted to go out every night and stay out until two or three. They tried to make me understand that I couldn't keep those hours and expect to accomplish anything during the day. But I yelled and yelled about "never forgiving unless ..."

Finally Father said, "All right, you've got the ball now. See how far you can run with it."

I did and fell flat on my career. Those late hours I kept showed up in "Our Hearts Were Growing Up." I nearly broke mine. I'm ashamed of my work in that picture.

Every teen-ager has just as important and demanding a career in school, only the results of late hours don't show up quite as quickly. I feel it is tragic to be content to just "try" in anything. The years should be the keen. Keen to get all the benefit of studies which equip an adult to lead a full, happy life.

How well I remember a stormy scene at three-thirty one morning. My mother and I had just arrived home from a party. Father met us and in no uncertain terms threw the full blame on the boy. He had told him he couldn't take me out again before he got a word in. It took me a while to explain that I was the one at fault. The boy had urged me several times to call home so my parents wouldn't worry. Eager to appear sophisticated, I had assured him I wasn't necessary. When a boy is unjustly accused, he's apt to think a long time before he asks the inconsiderate girl out again.

In my experience, a girl determines the hour to go home. She should have consideration for her escort and her parents. Yet I was afraid everyone would think I was a drip if I did. That again is the herd instinct—not wanting to be different. The real sophisticates are alert, healthy persons who know where they're going.

And chaperones! Mother and I have had some hot discussions over that matter. The fuss first came up when several girls and I planned a beach party. Mother said I couldn't go without a chaperone. I was indignant. Mother was adamant. Now I understand it was for my own safety. All I have to do is pick up the papers. Young, unchaperoned girls have fallen quite innocently into tragic experiences.

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Aside from safety, Mother believes in a chaperone for appearance's sake. Everyone, I am sure, abhors being the object of gossip. While most of the columnists have been wonderful to me, there are a few who have run false rumors about me and hurt my feelings, too.

Mother and Father have helped me there. They have made me see that my life cannot be run by the neighbors. But that I should use common sense so that they and my friends need not worry about me nor have any doubts about the falseness of such gossip. Now that I am independent, I would not think of going out of town for even a weekend without being accompanied by an older woman.

Then there are the mistakes I've made about friendship. I have been engaged only once. It was to Henry Willson, whose friendship I value deeply. We have been friends for a long time.

Mother and Father like Henry very much, but when we became engaged they asked that I postpone marriage until after I'd completed the picture I was then working on.

During the next weeks Mother tried to prepare me for the responsibilities of marriage. Mother had always had to pick up after me. I was a very sloppy girl. Clothes were dropped all over room, lights were left burning in a trail after me, dirty ash trays never bothered me and flowers would have stayed in vases forever if Mother hadn't changed them.

Then Father took a hand. He'd gather every misplaced thing in my room and pile it in a heap on my bed. Like as not, I'd just dump it all on the floor when I went to bed. Mother's remarks about my irresponsibility came home however.

I realized suddenly that I hadn't thought beyond the wedding day. My friends were getting married and their new lives seemed so much more complete and romantic than mine, that I'd just fallen in love with the idea of being married. Our engagement was broken. Fortunately for me, Henry still remains my friend.

Now I think I have a much better concept of marriage. There are those who assert two people can be happy together only if they are exact opposites. I don't believe that. In my opinion, two direct opposites are apt to find themselves throwing frying pans at each other. Nor do I believe a couple should have the exact same interests. Nodding in constant agreement with a person would put me to sleep.

**************

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I do believe, however, that married people should have the same broad interests.
I will not be engaged again until I am ready to announce the date of my marriage. That doesn’t mean I want an overnight romance. I feel it is important to know a man well before you marry him.
But I do feel that the engagement period, gay and romantic as it is, is a strain. And when you are ready for the responsibilities of marriage, the wedding should follow soon after your decision is made.

When I became twenty-one, my parents turned the management of my finances over to me. They approved when I purchased an apartment house. But when I announced I was going to live in one of the apartments alone, they were taken aback.

Most girls make that break through college, a job in another town or marriage. But my career is the same as it was when I was a grammar-school student. There was no outside force compelling me to leave the home they provided me. Just my desire to live alone.

I argued that a girl of twenty-one should have the responsibility of looking after herself completely. I granted I’d make mistakes but insisted I’d learn a great deal by the experience. Finally they became reconciled to the idea.

I LEARNED it was one thing to plan an apartment in beautiful period pieces and another to actually do it. When I discovered the cost of my original idea, I quickly and willingly compromised on an Early American decor. All the hours of hard work I did with the interior decorators taught me to appreciate how much care, thought and money goes into creating a home. And how much maintenance. Now I'm frantic if I discover a dirty ash tray. I know that when you leave the heat unnecessarily it shows up on the bill. The same with lights. I know that I must line up the work for the cleaning woman to get the full value of my money in service. I’m not a real “a place for everything and everything in its place” person. And I’m more budget conscious.

My parents have learned to like my independence, too. When we get together, which is several times a week, we have so much to talk about, we enjoy each other's company more than we ever have before. We’re real friends.

Now Mother and Father have bought an apartment house next door to me. They suggested that we not make a habit of dropping in on each other unannounced. We always telephone to make sure a visit is convenient.

That gesture makes me realize they are content that I have come safely through my teens. And that they’re pleased.

So, take advice of Old Lady Lynn, lucky enough not to have been hurt permanently by her teen-age mistakes. If you’re in your teens now, don’t be so sure your parents are old fogies trying to keep you from being like the other kids. In these flashy forties, we’re singing the same songs they sang in the torrid twenties. Don’t you know they were in their teens in a torrid time? They sang, “I’m Looking over a Four-Year Clover,” “The Best Things in Life Are Free,” and a lot of the other songs we sing today. In a different tempo, it’s true. But the words and the meaning are still the same. They read books which make "Forever Amber" seem even dullest reading.

They were teen-agers themselves once. That’s why. And that’s why keep your wonderful "stop, look and listen" signs for a lifetime.

Teen-agers do grow up. Then they discover how much brighter their parents are than they seemed.

It's such a painfully confusing time. I'm glad I'm twenty-one.

The End
Brief Reviews

(F) ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN—U-I: For a good case of gooseflesh, see this zombi special. Abbott and Costello play tag with Dracula and Frankensteen's Monster. (Sept.)


(A) ARCH OF TRIUMPH—Milestone-U-A: A Boyer Bergman triumph with the emphasis on romance. A dramatic treat with Louis Calhern. (July)

(A) BAD SISTER—Rank-U-I: Take along a hanky to this British-made movie, starring Margaret Lockwood as a warden and Joan Greenwood as a delinquent. With Ian Hunter, Paul Dupuis, Dennis Price. (Sept.)

(F) BERLIN EXPRESS—RKO: An exciting espionage tale told in semi-documentary style, With Paul Lukas, Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan. (July)

(F) BEYOND GLORY—Paramount: West Point cadet Alan Ladd is on the spot when attorney George Coulouris accuses him of assorted crimes in an investigating board. Fairly interesting but talky with Donna Reed as the feminine foil. (Sept.)

(F) CANON CITY—Eagle Lion: Based on a real-life story. How twelve convicts engineer their escape, only to be recaptured, in thrillingly told, Scott Brady and Jeff Corey give fine performances. (Sept.)

(F) CARSON CITY RAIDERS—Republic: Special investigator Allan "Rocky" Lane tangles with Carson City's badmen led by Frank Reicher. (Aug.)

(A) CASBAH—U-I: Tony Martin plays a romantic rogue more concerned about stealing hearts than jewels in this razzle-dazzle of crime and love set to music. With Yvonne De Carlo, Peter Lorre. (Aug.)

(F) DATE WITH JUDY—M-G-M: Life and love are pressing problems to cute teenager, Jane Powell, Scotty Beckett is her faithful beau, Robert Stack the handsome elder man to whom she's attracted, Elizabeth Taylor, a lovely-but-lonely rich girl. A joyful musical. (Sept.)

(F) DEEP WATERS—20th Century-Fox: Fisherman Dana Andrews and his young protege, Dean Stockwell, hear the call of the sea in a heartwarming tale of life on the Maine coast. With Jean Peters, Cesar Romero and Anne Revere. (Sept.)

(F) DREAM GIRL—Paramount: Here's some really de luxe daydreaming with Betty Hutton and Macdonald Carey, A diverting farce. (Aug.)

(F) EASTER PARADE—M-G-M: Irving Berlin's lavish Technicolor musical with Judy Garland and Fred Astaire in top form as dancing partners who make the big time. With Alim Miller, Peter Lawford. Great fun! (Aug.)

(F) EMPEROR WALTZ, THE—Paramount: A turn-of-the-century romantic comedy brimming over with wonderful numbers. With Bing Crosby, Joan Fontaine, Richard Haydn. (July)

(F) ESCAPE—20th Century-Fox: The cards are stacked against convict Rex Harrison in this dramatic indictment of justice, With Peggie Cummins. (Aug.)

(F) FEUDIN', FUSSIN', AND A-FIGHTIN'—U-I: Punny Donald O'Connor is forced to compete with husky Fred Kohler Jr. in a foot race. Marjorie Main spoils Donald on with threats while Penny Edwards resorts to sweet smiles. (Sept.)

(A) FOREIGN AFFAIR, A—Paramount: There's sophisticated spoofing in this romantic comedy that has Jean Arthur amusingly playing a congresswoman investigating the morals of American boys in Berlin. With John Lund, Marlene Dietrich. (Aug.)

(F) FULLER BRUSH MAN, THE—Columbia: A fast and furious farce with Red Skelton peddling brushes so he can wed Janet Blair. (July)

(F) GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: Don DeFore comes off second best to Charles Winninger in this sentimental story of an ex-vendevillian and his family. (Aug.)

(F) GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING—20th Century-Fox: Love life of a pair of "party horses" in Technicolor, plus a pleasing romance "twist tomboy Peggie Cummins and nice Robert Arthur. (Sept.)

(F) HOMECOMING—M-G-M: Stirring wartime drama with Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Anne Baxter, John Hodiak. You'll have a good cry. (July)

(F) INSIDE STORY, THE—Republic: A mix-up over money involving Marsha Hunt, William Lundigan, Gene Lockhart, Charles Halton. (July)

(A) IRON CURTAIN, THE—20th Century-Fox: This fact-fiction tale has Dana Andrews portraying a go-between clerk with the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa. Switching from Communism to democracy, he steals top secrets from the files at the risk of his life. Gene Tierney scores as Dana's worried wife. (Aug.)

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(F) (JOHNNY BELINDA—Warners: A strong story, tenderly told, with Jane Wyman eloquently portraying a deaf-mute and Lew Ayres playing a gallant young lovelorn. It’s weak but wonderful, the setting by Jan Sterling, Charles Bickford, Agnes Moorehead. (Sept.)

(F) (KEY LARGO—Warner: Good versus Evil is the theme of a tense, taut gangster film bristling with suspense. With Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, Lionel Barrymore. (Aug.)

(A) (LULU BELLE—Columbia: Here’s a lurid account of the love life of a fickle Southern gal who breaks men’s hearts like nobody’s business. With Dotie Lamore, George Montgomery, Greg McClure, Albert Dekker and Otto Kruger. (Sept.)

(F) MAN-ENTER OF KUMAON—U-I: In this exciting jungle yarn, Wendell Corey hunts tigers in India. He wends one which turns into a maddening man-eater, attacking the villagers, among them Joanne Page, wife of Sam. Thereafter, it’s a struggle to the death (twist hunter and hunted. (Sept.)

(F) (MELODY TIME—Disney-RKO: Disney’s latest offering is an enchanting package full of color, romance, fantasy, humor and song. (Aug.)

(F) (MICKEY—Eagle Lion: The troubles of a teen-ager are amusingly depicted with newcomer Lois Butler as a tomboy who learns to dance and date. With Bill Goodwin, Irene Hervey, Homeister. (Sept.)

(A) (MINE OWN EXECUTIONER—20th Century-Fox: This soul-searching British drama has Burgess Meredith as a psychiatrist seeking to cure Kerion Moore of his murderous tendencies. (Sept.)

(F) (MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE—Sezni-RKO: Here’s a blue-print for laughter with Cary Grant, Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas. (July)

(F) (ON AN ISLAND WITH YOU—M-G-M: This colorful comedy features Esther Williams, Peter Lawford, Ricardo Montalban, Jimmy Durante. (July)

(F) (RAW DEAL—Reliance-Eagle Lion: There’s plenty of rough stuff in this prison drama with hard-boiled Dennis O’Keefe as an escaped convict. (Aug.)

(F) (RED RIVER—Monterey-UA: Overlong but interesting pioneer picture with John Wayne as a ruthless cattle baron who lets nobody stand in his way, especially his foster son, Montgomery Clift. Complete with Indians, a cattle stampede and fistfights. (Aug.)

(F) (RETURN OF THE BAD MEN—RKO: It’s a dull moment in this breezy Western with Rand Scott in hot pursuit of outlaw Bob Ryan. With Anne Jeffreys, Jacqueline White. (Aug.)

(F) (RIVER LADY—U-I: Yvonne De Carlo and Helena Carter chase Rod Cameron in this soothing log-cabin romance. (Aug.)

(A) (ROPE—Warner: Alfred Hitchcock’s sensational murder yarn has John Dall brilliantly portraying a psychopathic killer, plotting the “perfect” crime with Farley Granger’s aid. Suspicious Jimmy Stewart prevents them from getting away with it. A top-notch cast includes John Cuddy, Cedric Hardwicke, Douglas Dick. (Sept.)

(F) (SECRET SERVICE INVESTIGATOR—Republic: When Lloyd Bridges is caught between two countercurrents, it looks as if his life isn’t worth a nickel. With Lynne Roberts, George Zucco. (Sept.)

(A) (SO EVIL MY LOVE—Paramount: “Evil” is the word for this sordid and allegedly true crime chronicle, set in England in 1866. With Ray Milland, Anne Todd, Geraldine Fitzgerald. (Sept.)

(A) (STATE OF THE UNION—M-G-M: This is one of the season’s best with prize performances by Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Angela Lansbury, Van Johnson, Adolphe Menjou. (Aug.)

(F) (STREET WITH NO NAME—THE—20th Century-Fox: This gripping gangster movie shows how the F.B.I., through agent Mark Stevens, tracks down mobster Richard Widmark. Lloyd Nolan, John McIntire, Barbara Lawrence and Donald Buka round out an excellent cast. (Sept.)

(F) (TAP ROOTS—U-I: A rousing romance of the Old South with Van Heijin, Susan Hayward, Boris Karloff, Ward Bond, Julie London. (Aug.)

(A) (TIME OF YOUR LIFE, THE—Cagney-Larue: Samyuk’s comedy, wriggling with wacky characters, will fascinate you or leave you cold depending on your taste for the unusual. With James Cagney, W.C. Fields, Eve Arden, Jean Parker, John Morris. (Aug.)

(F) (UNDER CALIFORNIA STARS—Republic: Roy Rogers plays himself, a popular movie star, whose famous horse Trigger is kidnapped. With Jane Frazee, Andy Devine. (Aug.)

(F) (UP IN CENTRAL PARK—U-I: A mild musical romance, with Deanna Durbin, Vincent Price, Dick Haymes. (July)

(F) (VELPET TOUCH, THE—Independent: A love story for lovers is the theme of this engrossing drama with Roz Russell, Leo Genn, Claire Trevor, Sydney Greenstreet. (Sept.)
In the three years since Barbara decided to try to do two jobs well, she has justified her conviction that she was meant to be, that she had to be a good actress. Hollywood offers soon followed her sensational success in "Deep Are the Roots." She played a tragic waif in "The Long Night," a fourteen-year-old in "I Remember Mama," and a tomboy kid in "Blood on the Moon," completely bowing over some motion picture big shots.

The other half of the story, which everyone doesn't know, is how well she has done with the other job—the woman job—her relationships with Susan and Carl. The Schreurers live in an English farm house in Beverly Hills which Barbara thinks is too big and fancy but which visitors find refreshingly informal. Carl has found work in his specialty and also takes an enthusiastic interest in Barbara's career. She trusts his opinion over any others on script questions. She states firmly that Carl should have been in the theater. And he would have been if he'd ever had half a chance. I want terribly for him to go into production.

Carl calls for Barbara after every day's shooting. Sometimes Susie comes too, and then the three of them roll off westward in the open convertible. Susie's "day" is spent at the Town and Country nursery school, where Barbara says, she is majoring in sand pile. A few years ago Barbara would have bitterly resented even the suggestion that she send her little daughter to school. She hated school in her own childhood—had always felt unwanted—as she puts it, "like poison ivy."

But Carl made her see that it was not the school life which embittered her. It was the sense of rejection, of being left out of her family's life that hurt. Barbara still recalls with pain bearing about her parents' divorce. The breakup of the family was all settled when Barbara was only six. She was heartbroken. She loved her father, wanted to be near him.

In the years that followed, the occasional visits at Christmas, the trips into town to the circus, or—best of all—to a rehearsal of one of the plays Norman Bel Geddes was mounting for its New York premiere were good, but not enough. When she was fourteen, her mother died, and she ached for her father more than ever. But what she got was a different set of schools.

She wanted to be in New York—with its theaters, its excitement, her friends, her father—and she found herself at Putney, as she puts it explosively, playfully!

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Although Susan is not yet four, she takes her school life in stride because she also has a life with her family. This is one of the most important points in Barbara's compromise. Susie must have what she needs in her mother's support, love and stability which are so vital a part of family security. Barbara doesn't have too much time with her little girl, but the time she does spend with her is rich in communication and comradeship. To protect her late afternoons and her weekends with Susan and Carl, Barbara tries to keep business appointments to business hours. Whenever possible she manages her interviews and publicity pictures during working hours. Fortunately, Carl agrees that home is more fun than any night club, and the baby more interesting than any celebrity. They want a new and different house, and every other Sunday—with Susan and a picnic basket in the car—they go on a house hunting spree which takes them into every canyon and every hilltop in Southern California. A big, flat house "you can live in, and you can't live in" is what Barbara wants. Susie's luxurious nursery has everything a little girl is supposed to want, but her parents feel that Susan would be happier with a big outdoor yard to play in.

Barbara has made a science of knowing her husband and her daughter, knowing what they really want. So many well-intentioned parents, she believes, are always giving their children what they are supposed to want—while withholding probably because they don't really know their children very well—what it is they really crave—a sense of being loved and appreciated and wanted. No amount of "advantages" can make up for that.

When she was sixteen, Barbara felt she was ready to try out as an actress and went to her father for help. He helped her—but only after convincing her that the theater was hard work, disillusioning and heartbreaking. He didn't find it too hard, Barbara thought. And he was her opinion should she?

With one phone call to Alexander Kirkland—"I have a round, sweet daughter who wants to act,” he said—Norman Bel Geddes fixed things for Barbara. She was on her way within a week to Kirkland's summer theater. And her first night in Manchester, Connecticut, she played a part—a walk on. By the end of the summer she was playing good parts, getting good notices and could report to her father that she made Broadway.” Kirkland wanted her for "Out of the Frying Pan," which he was bringing into New York.

"I've made your team,” was what Barbara thought her report would mean to her father. "See, I'm in the theater too. Now I have earned my place with you.” He rewarded her with what he thought her triumphant apartment of her own. Barbara admits that any other girl would have given her teetotal for such a set-up. But she lived alone and didn't like it until she met Carl. Carl and Barbara were married in 1944 in St. Thomas's Church, New York. "I've never been particularly religious,” Barbara says, "but I knew I'd never feel married if we weren't married in church.

They made their decision very quickly and Norman Bel Geddes was in Florida. But Barbara's aunt and uncle came with them. The ceremony was beautiful, and Barbara's eyes still fill with tears when she talks about it. Susan arrived a year later and with that, Barbara at last had everything she wanted—her marriage, her child, her work—and richly rewarding.

Life was to give generously to Barbara Bel Geddes. Because, as any philosopher knows, she puts so very much into it.
Leave it to Mac
(Continued from page 61) play that eventually failed. He worked in more radio serials and did a little summer stock. While in summer stock he met producer Cheryl Crawford who took him to see Miss Hart, then casting “Lady in the Dark.” Hart was dubious. “Too young,” he said. But the producer let him read a few lines anyway. Then he gave him a script with instructions to come back the next day. This time Mac read a scene. With the familiar “We’ll let you know in a few days,” Mac thought he was being brushed off. But that night, walking along in front of the theater, he ran into the producer who said he had the role. From “Lady in the Dark” came overnight success and a Paramount contract.

Scotch-Irish by birth, Mac’s a mixture of Scotch caution and Irish charm. His wife, Betty, compares him with the Irish poets. “He has all their weakness and their strength,” she says.

It is characteristic of him that his favorite expression, when confronted by what could constitute a perplexing situation, is a calm, “There’s no problem there.”

“Nothing ever throws him,” Betty says. She was in the hospital when they moved to their new Brentwood home, worrying, of course, over where the furniture would go and their sixteen barrels of wedding presents. Mac called her from the studio. “Don’t worry, darling,” he said. “There’s no problem.”

Mac proposed to Betty, a former socialite who turned actress, the day after they met. “And every day thereafter for a year and a half,” she says.

Until finally, with a certain sense of trepidation, she acceded to her mother’s desire to meet him, check his references and so forth.

They met in an acting class in Greenwich Village. “I roped Mac,” Betty says, “into taking me to lunch.”

WHEN it comes to his career he will either be a great actor or a flop. There will be no in-between. He will get to the top or he’ll quit and go into another business. Law perhaps. He has no fear about beginning another career.

Friends like Paul Caruso, godfather of two-year-old Lynn Carey, say, “Mac’s a deep student of everything.”

Paul and Mac, who were buddies in Marine officers’ boot camp, often get together to whip up snatches of fragrant spaghetti over which they have fiery philosophical discussions. If Mac challenges Paul, who is studying law, on some legal point Paul protests, “You stick to your acting. I’m the lawyer!” Frequently, however, he admits Mac is right.

Mac makes a point of seeing his pictures in downtown Los Angeles theaters, instead of via the reserved section at Hollywood previews. Recently, teenage girls sitting behind Mac and his pal Paul said, “Isn’t he the cutest thing?” Mac blushed. Then a man in front of him commented on a bit of business with, “That’s ridiculous!” And as Mac’s face appeared, an infant near them began to bellow furiously. Again Mac squirmed. But he still sat on, making mental notes of all comments and reactions.

On the set, co-workers describe him as very friendly but a little reserved. There’s no horse play about him. You’ll find him in his dressing room, reading some property the studio has bought, to see if there’s a possible part in it for him. And between scenes on “The Great Gatsby,” in which he plays a socialite, it was funny to watch him, in white tie and tails, prancing the draw, twirling guns for his next role in “Streets of Laredo.”
Also, preparing for this movie in which he plays a heavy for the first time, he mounts and dismounts at the stable near his home—with all the neighborhood kids sitting on the fence acting as technical advisers, saying, "You're doing it wrong, Gene Autry does it this way." Ma's favorite role is that of a Hollywood homewife, with life centering around Betty, his two-year-old daughter, and a pet-harp called "Stitch."

They live "country style" in a rustic stucco rambling ranch house in Mendelville Canyon, shaded by tall pines and one heavily scented magnolia tree. Mac says simply, but with undisguised pride, "It's a home." He shows you around, pointing out the improvements they've made . . . the den they made out of an old garage, pine-paneled, and a closet boarded up for the radio phonograph that has speakers hidden in the walls throughout the house . . . the bedroom they added to their airy bedroom with its oversize bed, with a white glintz curtain spread, its many windows with sixty yards of white, priscilla, crisscross curtain.

Hanging in first grab spot, in his closet, is his favorite old khaki-colored sweater hanging on a hanger. His chest of drawers, in fact, is full of sweaters. He's sweater happy, he says.

"But there really isn't much he can do about it," laughs Betty. "I keep knitting them."

For recreation, he concentrates on tennis and poker. He has a regular Monday Night Poker Club. They say he's a good poker player. "He's learning to bluff," they say. "But when he really has em, you know he has em."

THE Careyes—gaye Betty, tall, graceful, with dimples, blue eyes and dark complexion, and serious Mac, who is very handsome in a healthy kind of way, tall, athletic build, with dark hair and big brown eyes, a tanned skin sprinkled with freckles, a warm smile, strong handclasp and a magnetic baritone voice, are a perfect balance for each other. She gave up her career when they married. But she cures Mac at home. They rehearse all over the house, really giving it its all. Betty has been, Paulette Goddard for "Fire," Betty Hutton for "Dream Girl." Her favorite role was Wanda Hendrix, in "Now and Forever." "There's a love scene that was so easy to do," she sighs.

Press writer, a pleasant, full of her husband's, she discloses he's a confirmed coffee drinker. Despite numerous demonstrations on her part, showing him how to scrape the bottom of a coffee cup past the saucer onto the mouth to remove the dribbles, he fails to do so. "He's always getting ashes all over everything, too. He gets immersed in some book he's reading, and by the time he's finished, he's all over the place, and I never told him."

He's a great dishwasher and he can clean up a kitchen beautifully.

"He's marvelous with the baby, too," she goes on. Now, after the credit side of his ledger, Betty continues ad infinitum. "He was very helpful about planning the house and the interior decoration. He has a great sense of color combinations, excellent taste."

You can get a close-up of the Careyes in action when Mac comes home from the studio, throws down a script, kisses his wife and goes into the little study. Little Lynda goes to play, as she toddles along trying to match her father's tall stride.
Star in Your Home

(Continued from page 67) This rule is important and if you wonder how it comes into a decorating article, I can only say it comes into everything you do.

So, consider your flooring first. To carpet or "rug" it, will cost you, for an average-sized room, about $500 at today's prices. That's too much.

Painted floors wear off and look shabby in no time. The smart compromise is to get the new blocks you can obtain at any lumber company and set them over your softwood or even hardwood floor. I have this block flooring in my own Hollywood apartment over a hardwood floor. I did the labor myself, just as you can, since it is very simple. The blocks are thin and grooved to fit together. All you have to do is measure your floor space and get the right number of squares, plus some mastic to hold them and set the blocks in. They usually come already stained in a variety of shades, but if you can't, you can stain them yourself. Wax them lightly and you have a parquet flooring of great distinction at an extremely minor cost. After the initial waxing, it takes very little additional work to keep them clean.

THE cost of draperies, if you have them made, is prohibitive. The average made-up drapes are trite.

You can make your own easily.

Simply measure from curtain poles to floor, allowing for a hem at the top and bottom. Your budget can be your guide as to how scant or full you want them. Draw threads to be sure your hem lines are straight. You can buy weights to make your curtains hang correctly and pleating tape which automatically fixes your pleats. You can even line your hangings, if that is needed.

All you have to do for linings is spread each curtain out flat on the floor. Tack it down with pins so that it will stay flat. Then put your lining down on the curtain (with the interlining between them, if you are using interlinings). Tack the lining and interlining down the length of the curtain, very lightly at every inch. Allow three or more inches of the outer curtain for overlap on the lining. Blind stitch it down, then put out the pins. Hang the curtain and that's all.

Should the curtains hang a little crooked, mere weight will straighten them in as little as a week.

Your floor is parqueted, your curtains are up, and you already have your daybed or studio couch. Cover this daybed to match your draperies and get comfortable pillows in contrasting colors, as Adrienne Baur has done so successfully with her studio couch.

Do you know about the new coffee tables that look like a big square but which can separate into four small squares, good for individual eating spaces or side tables? These delightful new tables are now available at prices within reach of your purse. Or, there is another clever table you may prefer. This is a high-low arrangement, that can be reduced to coffee table size, or raised to dinner size, like the one Adele Jergens uses. And there are new folding tables, just big enough for one, that slide light and inexpensive and so small you can store a dozen in a closet.

You can do very decorative things with plates and cups and saucers in your living-bedroom. You can serve a small, with plates and cups, and other vegetables in their natural colors, that you can put on a plate raking on the wall near the ceiling. Or, like Elizabeth Scott, you can make a wall shadow-box case in

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which to display your cherished pieces. And don’t forget plastic table mats, many of them hand-painted with charming designs. Their initial cost is the only cost they have. Wiped off with a damp cloth after serving, they can be easily stored in any drawer. I have already written about storage space several times in PhotoPlay. Here I can only repeat: A good cabinet, bookcase, or dresser with several shallow drawers, can hide a multitude of things, and be very decorative besides.

And now for my suggestion that a room should be a little overfurnished to look lived in. I don’t mean a collection of glass animals or similar things that cost a good deal and need frequent dusting. I do mean some objects d’art.

Objects d’art don’t necessarily have to be “art” though it helps if they are. From some relative—your Great Aunt Agatha or Grandpa Smithers—you must have one memento. (If you haven’t, go buy one and give Great Aunt Agatha credit, anyhow. This is excellent man bait, since it lends you so much atmosphere). However, regardless of what the object is, don’t make a virtual shrine of it. Don’t feature it so with lighting and location that it screams out to the visitor to look at it.

A lovely piece of china, a little statue, a painting or a print, give a whole room charm. And, a few extra books around are delightful. Flowers or plants are almost a “must.” Lemon or laurel leaves, or whatever: native to your part of the country, are fairly cheap and add a good color note to a room.

Interesting cigarette boxes and ash trays also help. Recently I made some charming cigarette boxes out of old photo albums of the kind that grandma used to treasure. You can pick up brass-bound, velvet-backed albums in almost any antique shop. To make a box of them, glue each page carefully down, one upon the other. Cut a square out of the place where the photographs were and you have a unique cigarette box and a conversation-making piece. As for ash trays, use single saucers and small painted tin trays, which you can buy for a quarter or more. See how easy it is to make your one room look like a treasure trove?

The End

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A Gay History of Hollywood

(Continued from page 35) Mary, except that her name had been linked with Taylor's and Hollywood has since come to admire her gallant courage, for today she is one of Beverly Hills' best business women and leading interior decorators.

Poor Fatty Arbuckle valiantly tried for a come-back under the name of Will B. Good, but the public wanted no glimpse of him after Virginia Rappe died in 1921, as the result of a drinking party, which he had started. And speaking of liquor, Lawrence Tierney's battles with the bottle are pale beside the tragic deaths of Wally Reid, Alma Rubens and a couple of others from drug addiction.

Little did Cecil B. De Mille and Jesse L. Lasky dream, when they rented a barn at the corner of Selma and Vine Streets in Hollywood, for $25 a month, that they would stir up all this color, glamour, tragedy and comedy. C. B. and Jesse weren't out for either excitement or art. They were two smart guys after a fast buck and actors who would work without beards.

Back there in 1913, movies were already going strong in France, Chicago and New York's Brooklyn and Bronx. Edison had started it all. There was a lot of to-do about patents with foreign and domestic inventors, but the thing was that, even though the public had not yet to see these flickers in dingy little stores, halls, tents or whatever, they liked them.

The actors, then as now, yearning to "do better things," tried to maintain their prestige and their stock by picking up some fast bucks of their own. So, around New York, they wore beards before the camera.

However, Tom Ince and William Selig, working out in California, in a spot called Etiwanda, midway between Pasadena and Glendale and great hunks of wide, open space, reported no such difficulties. Neither did the strongly established Universal Company, working in a desert spot one day to be known as "The Valley." Not only were they finding boys and girls willing to show their full faces to the camera, but they were not bothered by the problems of seasonal weather and electric light bills.

This listened dandy to De Mille and his partner, Lasky. Heading West, they stopped off first in Flagstaff, Arizona. The quality of the sun was all right for lighting, but Flagstaff proved too high and too cold. So they chugged on to Albuquerque, where the sun was also okay, but Albuquerque was too low and too hot. They had to stop at Los Angeles, because it was the end of the line, and when they felt the sunshine, smelled the orange blossoms and got hold of the rent on that barn, they were in and Hollywood was born. De Mille lured out Dustin Farnum, a very important Broadway star, for "The Squaw Man," and tried to make a deal with him to take a quarter interest in the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Company, by way of salary. De Mille owned $5,000, Lasky, ditto, and Lasky's brother-in-law, a similar amount. They were willing to call Dustin worth $5,000, too.

But Dustin was smart, just as Al Jolson was in 1926, when Warner Brothers offered Al, just the same kind of a deal, on the first important sound picture. But Dustin, like Al, took cash instead of bonds, and thereby, like Al, kissed ten or twenty millions good-bye.

But "The Squaw Man" proved what could be done, and by late 1924, the subtitle had come into being.

As 1915 approached, Hollywood was crawling with actors and actresses, the quarry of whom took the late Mary Pickford, already inching her way toward a pitance
of $10,000 a week. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne were turning the screen's great lovers, blending their profiles toward the camera and their thoughts toward one another. Serials were going strong, particularly "The Perils of Pauline," starring Pearl White, and "Gloria's Romance" with a redhead named Billie Burke. Mack Sennett was launching the Sennett Bathing Beauties, while very few people anywhere in America, but practically none in Hollywood or its environs, paid any attention to the fact that a World War was going on.

By 1915, they knew about it because the newswires let them be. Still, it was pleasant to think about the talented Tal-madges, Norma and Constance, the feuds between De Mille and D. W. Griffith, who was definitely the king, and who had just invented the close-up as we know it. It was a won- derful Gish sisters under contract.

If Griffith was the artist, De Mille was the showman. When Griffith announced he wouldactories with Constance Talmadge, De Mille announced he would do "Joan of Arc" with Geraldine Farrar, the Metropolitan Opera prima donna. (And isn't it amazing to think that now another Joan of Arc is in the offing, in Wally Beery, who is going to be the pick? They were the titans, De Mille and Griffith, but other producers were doing all right, too.

Tom Welling from WOccupation were so successful, they were advanced from one reel to two and then--willy-nilly--up to five. Mrs. Mix was so loaded with jewels, she got her nose bobbed to match their elegance. Sennett had a new girl in his harem, called Swanson, who was married to Wally Beery. And he believed in another kid, who had started as a child actress named Jane Peters and under the influence of none other than Dorothy and Carole Lombard. Mack was in love with pert, young, Mabel Normand. He, alone, was keeping his pictures simple and speedy. All the others were going for enormous sets and enormous crowds, enormous plots, until a dish named Theda Bara—which was "arab" spelled backward and "death" twisted around—did the most intimate pos-sible drama. We know the way she turned strong men into putty was terrific, particularly at the box-office.

However, not all the heat of Hollywood was on the screen. Dainty little Mary Pick- ford was married to Douglas Fairbanks, but her mother was raising dainty little you-know-what over the fact that she was seeing less of dashing Douglas Fairbanks and even trying to get a divorce in order to marry him. This was heresy to Mrs. Pickford, since they were Catholics.

Mrs. Francis X. Bushman, however, listened to her husband's pleadings and gave him his freedom to marry Beverly Bayne. This, the first great profile did prono, only to have the public revolt against the union. Down went the B and B stock, which scared the other stars to the point where, for years, no one admitted the family or to having children, even though they had plenty of both.

However, the public acted like the public, then as now. "No matrimony," it shouted at Bushman, and only to welcome the comedy-team of Mrs. and Mrs. Bayne (who were billed just like that. It also forgot Bushman in its worship of Wallace Beery and Florence Lawrence. Betty Hutton, a Japanese, branded the heroine's shoulder in "The Cheat," audiences sizzled with delight and sadness—a little emotion that was forgotten as a box-office property for almost twenty years, until "Mutiny on the Bounty" came along.

Hollywood pioneers, many of whom are still around, swear there never has been an actor handier, more talented or more
Charming than Wallace Reid. Which only makes his personal downfall greater. Wally
was happily married and had the world
at his feet. Why he ever got to taking
drugs, no one can figure. When, finally, they got
him into a sanitarium, he was too far gone.

In the later years of Alma Rubens, she
was a secret addict, but everybody knew
about Wally and nobody could help him.
He was Hollywood's first major tragedy.

By 1921, Hollywood was truly jumping.
Richard Barthelmess had been made a star
by the release of "Broken Blossoms." Both
Lionel and John Barrymore were in pic-
tures. So was Marian Davies and Colleen
Moore, and Chaplin, the top, mar-
rried his first child-bride, Mildred Harris.

HAPLIN had two rivals for his position
up as comic and scores of imitators. The
rivals were Fatty Arbuckle and an ex-
extra boy named Harold Lloyd, and Charlie
was soon to have a rival in his home. Louis
B. Mayer started a studio in back of the
Selig Zoo and hired Mildred Harris at $1,000
a week. Charlie didn't mind that,
until Mayer starred her as Mildred Harris
Chaplin, casting her on his name in a man-
ner that drove Mr. C. nuts. It was at
Mayer's studio, incidentally, where stand-
ins first appeared. The difference then
was that those stand-ins were dolls' heads
on a stick, the exact size of the actor.

In households besides the Chaplins', love
was happening like mad, too. Or as now.
Gloria Swanson had divorced Wally Beery,
married Herb Sombory and had a baby.
War was really being broken. Herbert, too,
went to China and stayed off the screen for nearly
a year, recovering. Mary Pickford got a
dispensation to divorce Owen Moore and
married Doug Fairbanks. Richard Bar-
thelmess married Mary Hay and Zasu Pitts
married Tom Gallery. Only Mildred Harris
soon was talking about divorce without
a new love in sight, except, possibly, that
$50,000 she got out of Charlie, who began
going with May Collins.

In 1921, the rest of America was feeling
the post-war depression, but not Holly-
wood. Its particular form of prosperity
was called the "Apocalypse." It starred
Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry, and
was made by Rex Ingram, who was shortly
to marry Miss Terry. The impact of Rudy
on American women made men want to
murder him. By the time "The Sheik"
was released, his screen kisses ran five to ten
minutes long, while delirious crowds stood
up and chanted "Bing!" Bill Hart, the greatest of
the two-gun men and pure as milk on the screen,
murdered Winifred Westover. Dorothy Gish
married James Rennie, which she later reg-
retted. Charlie Chaplin released "The Kid,
featuring a junior genius named
Jackie Coogan. The first film starring Pola
Negri came over from Germany. De Mille's
star, Leatrice Joy, married an obscure actor
named John Gilbert and Elsie Ferguson
came to Famous Players-Lasky, with a
clause written into her contract that, on
her set, all the carpenters, prop men and
other common people, must wear coats
and be ordered not to speak to her. But Holly-
wood barely noticed any of that, dominated
as it was by the miracle of Valentino.

So what did Rudy do? He did what most
starstruck men do with their romances:
divorced his wife because he now
knew true love. In his case, love was
an exotic girl named Winifred Hudnut,
who called herself Natacha Rambova.

It is said this marriage was simple
and unspoiled Italian boy that she would
lead him to higher things. By way of
proving it, she put on her own film version
of "Salome." "Salome" was notable for prac-
tically killing her screen box-office
Nazimova, but it did have the virtue of

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discovering a little dancer named Myrna Loy.

Next, Rudy fought with his producers and feuded with Ingram (who said he could replace Rudy—and did—with Ramon Navarro). Valentin got into such legal litty that he walked out on the production. But he didn’t suffer too much, because he went on a dance tour, at $6,000 a week.

“The Four Horsemen” was so sexy that it couldn’t possibly be shown today. De Mille’s first attempt at the big screen, it was a box office hit. But there were two whose title couldn’t leave you guessing. It was merely, “Male and Female.” Thomas Meighan, a great star since “The Miracle Makers,” and Gloria Swanson, lead the leads, Gloria, who became the clotheshorse of the screen, played one scene, in a cage full of wild lions. Little did she dream then, that Pola Negrí, whom Chaplin had gone to meet in Paris, was about to drive her wilder by invading her studio territory. Other studios took such fire from the De Mille, Griffith and Ingram essays into—not boy meets girl—but girl meets and how—that the public got too excited.

Will Hays, a big politician, was hired by Hollywood to clean up and clamp down on every-thing. His initial work was made a lot easier, if right at that moment, Nita Naldi and Barbara La Marr hadn’t clicked and Pola Negrí hadn’t arrived in California. None of these girls were the desired type and Pola isn’t even perfect anywhere with Charlie Chaplin, in his big car, on which he had painted his coat of arms.

In its eleventh year, Hollywood experienced its first really serious series of events. Wally Reid died and Pearl White, in France, retired into a convent. Charlie R. trying to prove that he could produce, direct and act all on his own, put out The Champion, Miles Standish, and lost not only his fortune, but his public. Mary Miles Minter, out of pictures, and very over-weight, though still barely out of her teens, was sent to France, there, to come back from her mother. The law ruled that her parent could keep the cash, just as it was later to do in the case of Jackie Coogan. Barbara La Marr got in trouble too, when she was made the new beautiful girl. William Hart got hurt by being mixed up in a paternity suit, though he was eventually cleared of the charges, and was, they say, so pour from his health, that he went to France, far away from the studio. The tide was running, put out “The Ten Commandments.” And the head boys of Hollywood began worrying over the threat of something called radio.

But the whole world was in the big, bootleg-prosperity mood and Hollywood couldn’t stay downbeat for long. There was, by 1924, a new beauty in town called Dorothy Mackaill, a girl known as Marlene Dietrich and Clara Bow, a new handsome male, Ronald Colman. Charlie Chaplin forgot Pola Negrí, replacing her with his second child-bride, Lina Grey. Tom Ince built the first of the big houses, and had a hundred millionaire Philam Plant, would marry him, too. Mae Murray, divorced from Bob Leonard, wed Prince David Mivani, and Pola, not to be outdone, married another brother, Prince Alexis.

As a matter of counter-balance, a small Princess of Hollywood was born. She was promptly named Leatrice Joy Gilbert and her fatherless scored his first big success, in “He Who Gets Slapped,” at M-G-M, laboratories, under the protege of the Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller. Nobody paid any attention to the girl, anyhow. She was Greta Garbo and had only been given a little contract to keep the bootleg-prosperity mood and Pola, was there, to make sure that the important feminine discoveries that the whole world was excited about. One was a dark, mysterious beauty from Mexico, Dolores del Rio. The other was that blonde, Vlma, who married the Hungarian Rhapsody. She was brought over to play opposite Valentino, but while she and Ronald Colman co-starred, people said that there had never been such romantic love scenes.

Two pictures were in production, during those months of 1923: “The Tormentor” with Greta Garbo and “The Big Parade” with John Gilbert and Pola Negri.

Women everywhere were reading “The Green Hat” and wanted to be like its free-love heroine. With the release of “The Tormentor,” Garbo became the embodiment of this screen siren type, from the grossly physical to the distinctly passionate and spiritual. Off screen, she also lived up to it. In Hollywood, she had never been a romance, on screen off, as great as that of John Gilbert and Garbo. They acted divinely, with an exciting blend of earthiness. They were different, and made it better. They were Santa Ana. Why they never married, only Garbo can ever tell. For Jack Gilbert is dead, and before he died, he knew the bitterness of defeat, in which and the ashes of which the whole world was lived.

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Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 29)

\( \sqrt{F} \) Coronor Creek (Columbia)

A n eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

Rugged Randy Scott grimly follows that ancient Biblical precept when he tracks down villainous George Macready. But right to the tail end of this bloodthirsty Western, bearing the season's most formidable title, Randy's motive for wanting to kill Macready is anybody's guess.

There are many shortcomings exchanged before Randy's mission is accomplished. This puts a crimp into his romance with Marguerite Chapman who wants to know what all the shootin' is for anyway. Apache Indians add color to a scenically stunning production.

Your Reviewer Says: Grim and gory.

\( \sqrt{F} \) Eyes of Texas (Republic)

A SONG on his lips and a gun in his hand, U. S. Marshal Roy Rogers sets about solving the sudden, strange death of a wealthy Texas rancher.

Roy suspects foul play when the dead man's "nephew," Danny Morton, turns up to claim the estate, thus depriving war-orphaned boys of a camp. The brains of the despicable plot is created by Nana Bryant, an ogre of a woman who sets her wild dogs on folks and has badman Roy Barcroft do her bidding.

Lynne Roberts, Andy Devine and Bob Nolan are a welcome sight amidst these melodramatic doings in Truecolor.

Your Reviewer Says: Fast and furious.

\( \sqrt{F} \) Fury at Furnace Creek (Twentieth-Century-Fox)

Although there are no surprises in this machine-made Western, it gallops along at a good clip.

Gambling is more to Victor Mature's liking than an army career but when the reputation of his general-father is blackened, resulting in his premature death, Vic leaves off card playing and takes to target practice. He finds his sister, Glenn Langan, also going gunning for the man who brought disgrace to the family name. Suspecting that ex-army captain, Reginald Gardiner, knows a thing or two, Vic tries to get him to talk but it's to the interest of crooked Albert Dekker to keep the whisky-sodden Gardiner quiet.

A man with a purpose, Mature nevertheless has a few tricks up his sleeve for Coleen Gray, a little lady with a lot of spirit.

Your Reviewer Says: Lively six-shooter.

(\( \sqrt{F} \)) Two Guys from Texas (Warner)

IMAGINE fun-loving Jack Carson, if you can, as a guy so scared of animals that he's practically a booby-hatch case. Jack plays a jobless night-club entertainer stranded with his singing partner, Dennis Morgan, in the wide open spaces of Texas.

A smooth operator, Dennis talks ranch owner Dorothy Malone into putting them up at her place for free, then loses no time in romancing her. Jack tries to win her away from his pal on the advice of "Doctor" Fred Clark who prescribes it as a cure for his animal phobia. It doesn't faze them that their flirtatious hostess is engaged to "Sheriff" Forrest Tucker or that pert-n'-pretty Penny Edwards, also at the ranch, is longing for a little attention. The hodge-podge plot also includes a hold-up for which the boys are blamed.

Your Reviewer Says: More foolish than funny.
#961—A complete wardrobe in one versatile suit... wear it jauntily carefree without a belt, belted all the way around, belted in front, and take advantage of the skirt and topper separately, too... wear your favorite blouses and sweaters with the skirt—toss the full flaring topper over your dresses and solid skirts. It's all possible because the fabric is a wool-like rayon men's wear worsted in a subtle Monotone plaid that goes with everything. Added features are the roomy patch pockets, the smart turn-back cuffs, the fine leather belt, the self covered buttons, and the long, pencil-slim skirt, which is destined to be THE silhouette for fall. GREY or BEIGE Monotone plaid in sizes 12-14-16-18-20.

Send for the exciting new 48 page issue of "HEYDAY"—featuring thrilling stories, advance fashions, quizzes, recipes, helps and hints. Enclose 10c please to cover handling and postage.
Is your make-up fair to your EYES?

You use lipstick, of course—and for that very reason your eyes need added allure. Perhaps you've never realized (until just this moment) that neglected eyes appear pale and flat in contrast with made-up lips. Now see how easily Maybelline glorifies the eyes and restores color balance.

With a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, eyes look naturally darker, longer and more luxuriant. The soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil accents rows gracefully, making them much more expressive.

What a thrilling difference! With completely flattering make-up, your entire face radiates charm! So never neglect to accent your eyes. Add Maybelline to your beauty routine and look your loveliest always.

MAYBELLINE
MAKEUP EYES
MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA (applied without water) comes in handy vanity, $1. Refills, 30c. Black, Brown, Blue. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.)

MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL, soft, smooth quality, fine point—so easy to use! Purse size, 10c. Professional size, 25c. Black, Dark Brown and Light Brown.

MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW in subtle shades: Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.
NOTED INTERIOR DECORATOR

Melanie Kahane

AGREES: "IN DECORATING A ROOM . . .
AND IN CHOOSING A CIGARETTE . . .

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

"I tried one brand after another until I found the cigarette that suits me best—Camel," says Miss Kahane.

She's decorated Park Avenue penthouses . . .
country kitchens . . .
ranch houses in Texas.
Here at the right you see talented, charming
Melanie Kahane in her
own Manhattan apartment . . .
enjoying her
favorite cigarette—
cool, mild Camels.

More people are smoking Camels
than ever before!

With Melanie Kahane—with millions of other smokers
who have tried and compared different brands of ciga-
rettes—Camels are the "choice of experience!"

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone"—T for
Taste and T for Throat—your own proving ground for
any cigarette. Let your taste tell you about Camel's
famous flavor. Let your throat tell you about Camel's
marvelous mildness. Let your own experience tell you
why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

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

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent
research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!
Who are Hollywood’s Dangerous Women?

Full-color pictures

PHOTOPLAY

November 15¢

ayworth

ayworth
A Lovelier Skin is yours with your First Cake of Camay!

You're as lovely as your complexion!
And your skin can grow in loveliness with your first cake of Camay. Do this!
Give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay care on scores of women—found most complexions grew softer and smoother with just one cake of Camay! Follow the directions on the wrapper for a really lovelier skin!

MEET MR. AND MRS. GAVERT!
Paul proposed in a tiny New York restaurant. No wonder! Christine's lovely complexion calls for love! "My very first cake of Camay led to a lovelier skin," says she.

The Gaverts have lots of mutual interests besides music. And Paul takes a special interest in Christine's complexion. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!
This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic here... as well as here...

Hard-at-work and "on display," your hands lead a double life. So—pamper them with the double-beauty magic of Trushay.

Trushay, you see, is first of all a velvet-soft lotion—with a wondrous touch you've never known before. A luxury lotion for all your lotion needs—a joy to use any time. Every fragrant, peach-colored drop is so rich, your hands feel softer and smoother instantly!

Yet... Trushay's magic doesn't stop there. It also brings to you a fabulous "beforehand" extra!

Smoothed on your hands before doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Guards them from drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft all day long!

Adopt Trushay's double-beauty help—begin today to use Trushay!
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.

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 your girls 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. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize 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 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.

(Advertisement)
NO MINOR VICES
is full of Life's Spices

The ENTERPRISE STUDIOS present

DANA ANDREWS • LILLI PALMER
Best role of his life!

and

LOUIS JOURDAN
Screen's newest big star!

DISTRIBUTED BY METRO GOLDWYN MAYER

with JANE WYATT and NORMAN LLOYD • Screenplay by ARNOLD MANOFF

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE
Jacqueline Crouse's smile wins a feather for her hat!

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Jacqueline Crouse, Art Student, outsparkled 1300 of Boston's brightest beauties in a Community Fund contest to choose the city's 1948 Red Feather Girl. A jury of prominent citizens awarded her the "crown"—a Lilly Dache hat adorned with a red feather, symbol of the Community Chests of America.

Jacqueline's smile has a way with college men, too. They voted her "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" at Brown University. Now her smile is brightening the campus of the Rhode Island School of Design. "It's a Pepsodent Smile," Jacqueline says. "No other tooth paste will do for me!"

Jacqueline Crouse knows it, people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!

Beauty Spots

Charm note: Lois Butler, tuneful star of "Mickey"

By Mary Jane Fulton

Adorable Newcomer

It was a delightful experience to talk with such a charming sixteen-year-old as LOIS BUTLER. A newcomer to films, she feels fortunate and very much awed, in being chosen to play the role of Mickey in Eagle Lion's picture of that name. We have the word of this film company that they feel lucky to have found such an adorable youngster for the part and one, too, whose coloratura voice is exceptional. She has a singing range of three octaves—from G to G above high C. Completely fascinated as we were by this diminutive miss (she's but 5 feet tall and weighs only 97 pounds) it was difficult to be polite and not stare. For she looked like a picture in a powder blue woolen dress, which was a perfect complement to her chestnut-gold hair and blue eyes. However, being a well-poised young lady, Lois talked easily about what she thinks every young girl should know about making and keeping herself beautiful.

Sweet, Clean and Lovely

She said that it's very important to get her full quota of sleep nightly, regular daily exercise, to eat well-balanced meals, fewer sweets and between-meal snacks. She also stressed cleanliness of body, complexion and hair. Lois uses a bath brush to soap-massage and scrub herself all over in the tub; a well-lathered complexion brush to get her face thoroughly clean; and a hair brush to brush her hair to a high, clean sparkle. To keep her skin soft, she lubricates it nightly with baby oil and always, after her bath, applies an underarm deodorant. She says you'll probably think she's not telling you any new beauty secrets and she isn't, really. You know yourself that being daintily clean is a fundamental charm requisite.

Lois, who is now almost grownup, says lipstick and a bit of powder gave her a greater feeling of self-confidence than she might otherwise have had at that tender age. However, Lois admitted that because of professional reasons, make-up was a necessity. Behind bright footlights her own coloring faded and she looked too pale. Most girls of fourteen have enough natural coloring so that make-up isn't absolutely needed. If it is, go light on it, she advises, or boys will think you silly for trying to look too sophisticated.
Nothing ever held you like Alfred Hitchcock's

ROPE

IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

STARRING JAMES STEWART WITH JOHN DALL, FARLEY GRANGER, SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, CONSTANCE COLLE, JOAN CHANDLER

A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURES PRODUCTION
Dear Miss Colbert:
I am in eighth grade and one of our English assignments has been to get an answer to the question: "What do adults think of teen-agers?" We interviewed seventy people in our city. These represented a cross section of trades and professions. We found that opinions varied greatly. According to some we are a lost generation; according to others we are better prepared, more intelligent and more capable than the youngsters of the last generation. We are not satisfied with our local survey because we feel it is not conclusive. I would like to know what you think about teen-agers. Do they impress you as being a wide-awake group who know where they are going or do you see them as lawless, arrogant, without ambition and poorly prepared for life?
Austine F.

Obviously you want me to say that this particular group of teen-agers are tops. Actually, that is true. But it is also true that some of them are, as you put it, "lawless, arrogant, without ambition and poorly prepared for life." It seems to me that it is a mistake to make too great a distinction between teen-agers and adults. Teen-agers are a section of our population—not a group utterly different from everyone else. Like their elders, they can be generous or selfish, smart or stupid, careful or reckless.

It really doesn't matter what youth thinks of age or vice versa; what does matter is how age and youth work together to build a better world.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
Two of my buddies and I want to sign up on a ship and work our way across to England or France as seamen, explore the countries, then work our way back home. We'd like to do this as a sort of cure for our yen for travel and also to earn some pocket cash. I am now in college, have two more years to go but want to take a number of trips between sessions and my buddies are all for it.
Here's the rub: I have a girl friend who wants to get married as soon as I can get money enough. We've been going together for eight months and I guess I'm in love with her although I certainly am not in favor of settling down for several years. I don't quite know how to go about explaining this to my girl—that I love her but do not want to marry until I finish college and have satisfied this hunger for travel.
Lockridge F.

I can assure you that your best bet in dealing with this girl is to be frank. Don't try to break it gently. Tell her clearly, honestly and fully what you intend to do. I think you should finish college and establish yourself in business before you are married. Don't be afraid of losing a girl because you make your position clear. Only by skillfully charting will you inspire her disrespect.
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:
I am a widow thirty-two and have a six-year-old daughter. For over two years I have been going with a very nice young man of twenty-eight. He lives at home with his parents, who are among the nicest people I have ever known. This man is particularly devoted to his mother. Although he has never asked me to marry him, he does talk of the time when we will be married and have our own home, but he always changes the subject when I try to pin him down about a definite date. He has said that because his parents are not young, he may soon become their sole support. I love this man very much and I'm willing to wait, but I don't think this financial barrier is really important or valid, as I have an excellent job and would want to keep it. He knows I would
There was temptation in her helpless silence

WHEREVER motion pictures are shown "Johnny Belinda" will be the most discussed drama this year...

Never has the screen been more fearlessly outspoken. Rarely, if ever, has there been a story of a young girl's betrayal to touch you as will this one. You certainly will want to see it— we urge you to watch for the opening date.

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With this performance Jane Wyman unquestionably establishes her talent as among the very foremost on the screen.

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Directed by PRODUCED BY

With this performance Jane Wyman unquestionably establishes her talent as among the very foremost on the screen.

The doctor first to find her secret, first to share her shame.

From the Stage Play by Elmer Rice - From the Screen Play by Elmer Rice - Produced by Harry Rapf

Music by MAX STEINER
Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been an ugly duckling all my life. However, I had the wonderful luck to attract a very handsome man who has been my husband nearly five years. I have always sought out handsome people, so you will understand when I say that I have two beautiful girl friends who spend a great deal of time at our house. I always kid my husband about them, saying things like, "Stop making eyes at so-and-so while she is talking, it distracts her," and then we all laugh. Lately, he has become super-sensitive about my kidding and he finally accused me of being jealous. I did a foolish thing. I asked my friends in my husband's presence if they thought I was jealous and they said "no." Then I asked which one wanted my husband and they both laughed, still thinking it a joke. I am now thinking of divorcing my husband so that he can seek out a beautiful woman who will match him in all respects.

Lodene V.

Thank you for admitting that you know you behaved foolishly. The important thing is to analyze your action. You must not feel inferior simply because your features don't happen to be regular and your body an answer to Venus. Settle your quarrel at once and be happy in the knowledge that everyone is gifted in some way. Perhaps you have a gift of laughter. Make use of it.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

On the screen I have noticed that a producer usually gets individual credit. Would you mind explaining his responsibilities?

Mrs. F. L. M.

A producer is to a motion picture unit exactly what a general manager is to a commercial concern. He selects or is assigned to turn a story into a picture; he selects or is assigned the personnel (stars, director, a technical crew). He is allowed a certain sum of money with which to pay for his production. He is also expected to complete a picture in a given length of time.

I'm happy to be an actress, agonizing only over my responsibility to give a good performance. I have aspired to be a producer only on Spring days when I felt Olympian.

Claudette Colbert
The world is full of Carmens. They may not know it except in their most secret day dreams.
World-renowned stage star says...

"For dream hands, Cream your hands"

Try her method for just three days...a 12-second hand massage with non-sticky, non-greasy Pacquins Hand Cream...morning...night...and after hand-roughening household chores

TRY THIS simple hand beauty treatment and see why Pacquins is the largest-selling hand cream in the world! Your own two hands will tell you why! How smooth they’ll be! Softer...lovelier...really romantic!

A regular Pacquins hand massage is more important than ever, these "servant-problem" days; so keep Pacquins within reach to smooth on rough, chapped, dry hands. Pacquins leaves no greasy after-film. For truly dream hands take your cue from stage star Gertrude Lawrence...cream, cream, CREAM your hands with Pacquins!

"To me, hand care is just as important as complexion care...that's why I always CREAM my hands...with Pacquins!"

-- Gertrude Lawrence

On sale at all cosmetic counters in the United States and Canada

PLATTER

By Lester Gottlieb

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS: Harry James (Columbia), Gordon MacRae (Capitol) and Tex Beneke (Victor) handle "Hankerin," Beatrice Kay (Columbia) and The Korn Kobs (M-G-M) have fun with "I Wanna be a Cowboy in the Movies," James and Beneke plus Johnny Mercer (Capitol) take on the ballad, "I Don't Care if It Rains," while Vaughn Monroe (Victor) and Jo Stafford (Capitol) prefer "Everyday I Love You." A lesser tune, "There's Music in the Land" is grooved by Art Mooney (M-G-M) and Monroe.

LADY IN ER Mine: This costume piece comes up with a sure-fire tune, "This is the Moment," recorded by Dinah Shore (Columbia) and Jo Stafford (Capitol)

BING CROSBY: A reissue of very old Groaner recordings in Columbia album form. These are collectors' items which include such tunes as "Let's Put out the Lights," "A Ghost of a Chance" and "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?"

A DATE WITH JUDY: Add to the list of tunes from this delightful musical, Tommy Dorsey's disc of "Juduline." (Victor)

THE NIGHT HAS 1,000 EYES: The ingratiating theme song is excellently performed by Buddy Clark. (Columbia)

EASTER PARADE: There's a new version of the title tune by Kate Smith. (M-G-M)

RACE STREET: This thriller is helped mightily by the tune "Love That Boy," Dinah Shore spins it merrily. (Columbia)

De Falla's three dances from "The Three Cornered Hat" are excitingly performed by Alceo Galliero and The Philharmonia Orchestra... Nadine Connor, soprano, accompanied by The Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, sings arias from "Tales of Hoffman" and "Louise" in a new 12-inch single disc. The above recorded by Columbia Masterworks.
It is the party of the year... her night-of-nights. Down below are dozens of girls who will envy her looks... dozens of men who will cut in endlessly... and one in particular who will press her close when the lights are low and whisper “Darling!... So she thinks. Unfortunately, it isn't going to be that way. There's a fly in the ointment as big as a blackbird. Instead of eagerness and attention she will meet indifference and neglect. Tonight will be one of the grimmest nights of her life... one that it will take a long time to live down. And she won't know why*

All too often it happens that way; on the very night you wish to be at your best you may be at your worst without realizing it. Unfortunately, halitosis* (unpleasant breath) doesn't always announce itself to the victim, but it invariably shouts its presence to others. They are likely to hold it against you for a long time... look on you as an objectionable person.

Isn't it foolish to risk putting yourself in the worst possible light when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, quick and wholly delightful precaution against simple, non-systemic bad breath? You merely rinse your mouth with it and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

So... when you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date... it's an extra-careful precaution against offending.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri
It's a Hutton habit: Betty, with husband Ted Briskin, says her usual prayer before going on with personal appearance show

Inside the News: Greer Garson's beau, Texas millionaire Buddy Fogelson, is looking for bachelor diggings in Beverly Hills, which doesn't sound as if a marriage were imminent. A friend, whose apartment Mr. Fogelson inspected, reports him completely charming. Certainly Greer seems happy in his company. Her divorce from Richard Ney becomes final in October . . . With young Ney, Cal drove to La Jolla to see "Serena Blan- dish" and to congratulate Constance Collier, Louis Jourdan and Jennifer Jones on their performances. Over dinner in Laguna, by the sea, Richard had only praise for Mr. Fogelson and only wants Greer to be happy . . . And speaking of Jennifer, Cal wonders if maybe that divorce between her and Robert Walker is not the root of his present unhappiness. His separation from his bride Barbara Ford after a few weeks of marriage and the news behind it smacks of some deep inner hurt. Cal is truly sorry for his neighbor, Bob Walker. And sorrier for Barbara . . . The baby girl adopted by Dick Powell and June Allyson will heal whatever breach has come between them, friends hope. Powell, whom we've known for years, is a big guy, make no mistake . . . From the argument we accidentally overheard on the Mocambo dance floor between John Payne and Gloria De Haven, we judged that this tottering marriage would eventually totter. It did.

The Judy Garland Mystery: It broke Judy Garland's heart, we've been assured, to have to bow out of "The Barkleys of Broadway" with Fred Astaire, for Fred and Judy had become not only a successful team, as witness "Easter Parade," but understanding friends as well. But Judy must rest for at least six months more, so precarious is the state of her
Rory Calhoun, whose surprise wedding story is in this issue on page 24, tells John Russell all about it.

Family centerpiece: It's easy to see where Liz Taylor gets her looks. She's with her parents at an Ocean House party.

Just like old times: After twelve years, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are together again in "The Barkleys of Broadway"
Date line: Ronnie's divorce isn't keeping him at home. The Reagan smile flashes at Bette Bligh while Ciro-supping.

Southern comfort: That's Ann's daughter, Patricia, paying visit to Mom on set of "Three Wives".

Tough break: Diana Lynn broke her arm while playing summer stock—but still appeared at a Don Loper showing.

Around and About: When cablegrams signed Tyrone and Linda flooded the town, announcing their immediate marriage, the one person who failed to receive one was Cal's dear friend, Patia Power, Tyrone's mother. That pretty well told both of us the wedding wouldn't take place at that specified date, Tyrone and his mother being particularly close friends... The town wondering over John Lund's acceptance of the role Ray Milland refused to play in "Mask for Lucretia" since Ray claimed the clothes he was asked to wear were too—shall we say lacy? Or maybe they toned them down for John who is going great guns since "Foreign Affair"... Cutest romance in town is Bob Arthur and Betty Lynn, the freckle-faced baby sitter in "Sitting Pretty."
Tested in the ex-Mrs. Ned McLean ... Jimmy Stewart, looking his age with those silver locks among the brown, greeting friends in the lobby of the Academy Theatre after the preview of "Rope" ... Betty Hutton nervous over her London stint at the Palladium and Barbara Stanwyck glowing over the tributes tossed her way for "Sorry, Wrong Number." ... If it's not too soon to predict an Academy Award, Cal suggests Barbara.

Bette Davis and Sherry: With heavy heart, Cal took himself out to Warners for a day's visit, for we'd read that Bette Davis and William Sherry were on the verge of separation. Fond of both of them, Cal felt deep sympathy for the couple. Imagine our surprise when Bette, spotting Sherry on the sideline of her "June Bride" set, impulsively ran over to kiss him. They talked together as people do who are deeply interested in each other. Needless to say we offered no sympathy to this obviously happy couple who left a few days later for their farm in New Hampshire.

Incidentally, this Davis gal puts up with no nonsense. Her contract stipulates that five o'clock is quitting time and at twenty minutes to, Bette spoke to director Windust. "It will be impossible to line up and shoot this scene before five, so I'll see you in the morning." And while the director eyed her beseechingly, hoping she'd change her mind, Bette firmly strode from view.

A girl who knows her rights and sticks to them, Cal decided.

Home Town Winner: Jeanette MacDonald is still a queen in her own home town judging from the applause after her concert in the Hollywood Bowl. Later, at the reception given the singer in the home of Betsi Stack, Bob's beautiful mother, we congratulated Jeanette. Nearby stood the wife of Governor Warren and her three charming daughters. "They look so much alike," Cesar Romero complained. "I can't tell which is 'Honey Bear,'" but "Honey Bear's" blushes gave her away. Incidentally, Cesar tells us it was an economy measure that kept him from going to Rome to play in "Prince of Foxes" as Tyrone had confided to us that Cesar would. Orson Welles, who is already there, may get the role.

It was pleasant again seeing our friend of many years, Maureen O'Sullivan who, with husband-director John Farrow and four of their children, had just returned from Ireland. The way Maureen was recruiting talent for the St. John's Hospital circus benefit was a caution. After hearing that Walter Pidgeon was practising a tight rope act, Cal volunteered to hang by his teeth from a chandelier.

Bob Stack's best girl, Irene Wrightman, told us about her new M-G-M contract, while her sister Charleen (Mrs. Helmut Dantine) talked only of their young son while beamed. And looking as pretty as ever, despite her broken arm, we glimpsed Diana Lynn back with her old beau, Henry Wilson.

Be Yourself Department: Jane Wyman is the toast of Hollywood today and all because she took a chance on running to the corner drugstore minus the glamour treatment. Whatever Jane needed, she had in a hurry so, ignoring the fact that she wore no powder, mascara or even lipstick, she tied a scarf over her uncurled locks and trotted off. Luck, she moaned, had deserted her, for in the store was a prominent producer, who stared openly at the barefaced Jane. The next day she was summoned to M-G-M and the role of Ma in "The Yearling" was hers. It was that plain, unadorned face that did it.

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.
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Just any silverplate won't do!
Your modern bride-to-be knows all silverplate is not alike...knows there is a finer, different kind with these

It's Holmes & Edwards silverplate and it's not to be confused with the extra-plated or over-plated kinds. It is Sterling Inlaid to stay lovely longer!
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THE LOVELIEST PATTERNS! Choose from three of the finest examples of American craftsmanship. Danish Princess, Youth, Lovely Lady. All made in the U. S. A. by the International Silver Company.

SO WONDERFULLY PRICED! Not up like so many, many things. But still down. Only $6.50 for beautiful 2-piece service for eight with chest (no fed. tax).

AVAILABLE NOW! At the silverware counter of your jewelry or department stores.

Recently, a preview audience made up of Hollywood's greats, witnessed another "plain Jane" performance in "Johnny Belinda." Through the natural beauty of Jane's dark eyes and peasantlike features, unmade by make-up, there shone a radiance seldom seen on the screen. Because Jane Wyman once again dared to be herself, the theater rang with applause and when a preview audience applauded, the tribute is well deserved.

Farewells: Two location jaunts called for a celebration, the Van Johnsons decided, so with Bob and Cleatus Hutton who were off to Paris to make "The Man in the Eiffel Tower," we drove over to dine with Van and Evie who left next day for Reno and "Mother Was a Freshman." Writer Radie Harris, Ricard Montalban and his beautiful wife Georgianna, Hugh Winters, lovely Constance Moore and Johnny Maschio were the other guests. We were struck with Ricardo's devotion to Georgianna who expects a third little Montalban soon. And it was fun listening to Ricardo and Cleatus exchange memories of their old schoo days together at Fairfax High.

At dinner the talk turned to that new comer Montgomery Clift and when actors talk of another actor, so new to the business, it's a sure sign he has that certain something. Everyone at table agreed Montgomery had it.

After dinner Ricardo entertained with anecdotes concerning famous bull fighters and then Van showed home movies of his baby, just like fathers everywhere.

That Bogey: No two ways about it Humphrey Bogart is a card and one Hollywood will never lose in the shuffle. Recently Bogey and Lauren Bacall escorted the actor's new leading lady, Susan Perry, to a party. Miss Perry was unknown to Hollywood before she was signed for "Knock on Any Door" and when Bogey introduced her as a new Vienesse discovery, the wolves howled "Speak with your pretty accent," Bogey cautioned and Miss Perry obliged.

Of course, what the guests didn't know was that Miss Perry is from Vienna all right, only it's Vienna, Missouri, and not Austria. The accent had been assumed as part of the gag and what the wolves say when they find out doesn't bother either Susan or Bogey.

Picture on the Spot: Before it even began, "The Fountainhead" had caused a lot of grief. Clark Gable had urged his studio to buy it for him. They ignored his suggestion and chose the not-so-ho "The Hucksters" instead. The "King hasn't forgotten.

Then Barbara Stanwyck read the book and finally succeeded in persuading Warners to purchase the story. They did, but instead of giving the picture to Barbara they cast Patricia Neal for the starring role. Barbara promptly quit the studio cold.

So it was with misgivings that we visited "The Fountainhead" set to view Raymond Massey, Kent Smith and Patricia Neal enact a scene. Smith, Massey and Miss Neal were seated at a large dinner table. The dialogue was crisp and heavy with dark implications. And when director King Vidor called for a repeat of the scene over and over, the trio onl succeeded in creating a desire within us to see more of the picture. No wonder we thought, Gable and Stanwyck were hurt and disappointed. Incidentally, the same time next year, Patricia Neal will be among the top stars of Hollywood. That light in her bright, intelligent eyes tell us so.
EVER SINCE Johnny Appleseed planted his first trees, we Americans have been eating and liking apple dumplings.

Now, everybody'll like 'em even better because there's a new trick, thanks to KARO® Syrup, that gives them a gorgeous golden crust, and a more delicious flavor.

Why not make some KARO apple dumplings today? They're easy and economical. Want to know what your family will say? Just two words ... "More, please".

APPLE DUMPLINGS

1 recipe baking powder biscuit dough
6 medium baking apples, pared and cored
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups KARO Syrup, Blue Label
3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
1/2 teaspoons lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg

Roll baking powder biscuit dough into a rectangle 3/4 inch thick. Cut into 6 squares. Place an apple in center of each square. Fill centers of apples with mixtures of 2 tablespoons melted butter, sugar, lemon juice, salt and spices. Pinch corners of squares together over each apple. Place in greased pan (7 1/2 x 1 x 2 inches). Combine KARO Syrup, water and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Pour over dumplings. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 10 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350° F. and continue baking 35 to 40 minutes or until apples are tender. Baste occasionally with syrup mixture during baking. Makes 6 servings.

KARO adds richness and flavor to baked apples, apple pies, and many other delicious apple dishes. Send today for the FREE recipe booklet, address Helen Holmes, Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N.Y.
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again demonstrates her matchless flair for intimate-fashion design with this exquisite hostess robe of flowered, petal-fresh organdy. Washable? "Yes, indeed," says Mme. Tewi, "provided you starch it with LINIT." This finest of laundry starches restores original finish... helps all cottons stay fresh and unrumpled 'tween launderings.

Navy Salute:
Since the supposed suicide of Miss Carole Landis, I think a lot of us have begun to think about the lady a great deal. I had the privilege of working with Miss Landis during the war in connection with the Special Services Division, and all of us thought she was one swell person. I know her death was just as great a shock to the millions of GI's who saw her entertain as it was to me. The whole point I'm getting at is, I hope the Hollywood magazines give the little lady a real break, she's got it coming. Congrats on a wonderful issue (August). You have a swell magazine.

O. LLOYD, HN, USN
Key West, Fla.

Dinner Tux, Boy, Please?

LINIT has won the dinner tux for millions of homemakers, and magazine editors take note! It's easy to see why. LINIT helps keep clothes looking their best; and for women who want extra lauderness, LINIT also has a broad range of starches and detergents for your household needs.
The more I see of Glenn Langan, which isn’t enough, the more I wonder at Hollywood’s inability to appreciate his box-office possibilities. Everybody knows about Hollywood’s delirious habit of building up to letdowns. There was Philip Dorn, Hurd Hatfield, Bill Edwards. I could go on and on but it won’t do any good. Hollywood will continue to spend time and money training people, only to waste them.

RUTH KING
Cranford, N. J.

Thanks a million for your heartwarming article on Alan Ladd. I think Alan, his "friend and wife" and Alana and David are a very good example to Hollywood couples who can’t quite make the grade. The Ladds can show people that those in the movie industry can really have a happy normal home life with love, friendship and hard work.

JANET NAGAR
Atwater, Cal.

Could someone tell me what has happened to Hollywood producers? Are they blind or what? Can’t they see an actor as wonderful as Dana Andrews? Just saw "The Best Years of Our Lives." Why, a guy with talent like Dana’s should never be wasted.

MARTIN PASSERO
Chicago, Ill.

As I sit home sick with the mumps, I think of only one person, and that is Don Taylor. I saw him three times in "The Naked City" and I’ll see it as many more times as I can. I think he is one of the best actors in Hollywood. You see, I love that man and you, too, Photoplay.

SHIRLEY MULHERON
Chicago, Ill.

I think Betty Hutton deserves a big hand for just being a swell gal. She is really popping with personality. Hollywood needs more like her instead of so many so-called beauties who act like a bunch of plaster heads.

WANDA WOODWARD
San Francisco, Cal.

Question Box:

In two of June Allyson’s movies, she played a piano and in another movie, she played a bass fiddle. Can June really play these instruments?

FRANCES ZITRAUER
Garden City, Ga.

(June Allyson has played the piano for years. She took lessons on the bass fiddle for the part in the picture.)

I read in your “Choose Your Stars” (August issue) that Coleen Townsend had played in “Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!” Would you please tell me what part she played? Also, I read in another issue that John Agar played in a picture named, “War Party.” Is that the former name of “Fort Apache”? If not, why is it said that “Fort Apache” is his first picture?

ALMA FOLEY
Wayland, Mass.

(In the picture "Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!" Coleen Townsend played a bit part—seen briefly at the church. “War Party” was the original title of the movie “Fort Apache.”)

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 promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

YES, I’M JEANNIE. Together, Fred and I turned out songs...about love and moonbeams. To amuse me he sometimes whistled “Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair...” for my brown hair was nothing to dream about. It was just dingy-looking and unruly.

BACKSTAGE ONE NIGHT, my chum Whitey told me the secret of her gorgeous hair. “Lustre-Creme Shampoo,” she said. “My hairdresser uses it. It’s not a soap, nor a liquid, but a new cream shampoo with lanolin. Use it at home, too, and keep your hair lovely!”

Jeannie with the dull wild hair... now a lovely "LUSTRE-CREME" Girl

WHEN I DAILY ARRIVED at our studio next day, Fred whistled in amazement. “Hold it, Gorgeous!” he cried. “Your hair! It’s wonderful! If Stephen Foster could write lyrics about lovely brown hair, so can I. What rhymes with glisten, glamour, sheen, and pays off with lovely dream girl?” Thanks to Lustre-Creme Shampoo, I rated a love song after all.

YOU... can have soft, gleaming, glamorous hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Dauget, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
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Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. No special rinse needed. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl. 4-oz jar $1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 39¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it today!

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The New Cream-Type Make-Up in unique stick form

Now...for you...Hollywood's newest way to create glamorous beauty...instantly...miraculously. It's Pan-Stik...a new amazing cream-type make-up discovery as revolutionary as the first lipstick. Your complexion looks new, flawless, fascinatingly beautiful. Your skin feels soft, refreshed, unbelievably smooth. Pan-Stik is so easy and quick to apply, so light, so long-lasting, so wonderfully convenient, so completely different from anything you have ever used before...You'll love it from the very first make-up.

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A Secret National Survey Shows... Most women who have tried Pan-Stik actually prefer it to any make-up they have ever used.

HERE'S WHAT THEY SAY!

☆ "I have never used any make-up that is so completely satisfactory."
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☆ "It's so easy to apply, goes on smoothly and evenly, never becomes greasy, streaky, or sticky."
☆ "It looks so natural no one knows I have it on—I'm just wild about it."
☆ "It covers blemishes, feels satiny smooth and makes my skin look more youthful."
☆ "My skin feels refreshed—never drawn, tight, or dry."

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As easy to use as your lipstick!

A few light strokes of Pan-Stik...smoothed with your fingertips...creates a lovelier complexion.

Looks glowingly natural, soft and youthful—stays on from morning to night.

Non-drying...your skin feels refreshed...never tight, drawn, or dry.

Easily tucked away for any unexpected make-up need.
"LET'S TALK HOLLYWOOD"

Quiz

BY GEORGE MURPHY
Master of Ceremonies on the radio program, “Let’s Talk Hollywood,” NBC, Sundays, 7:00 p.m., EST. Check local newspapers for time in your vicinity.

We’re here again to test your memory of names, faces and tales of Hollywood. Masterminds make from 90 to 100 points; Lesserminds from 70 to 90; Popcornatics, 50 to 70; Sleepeheads, 30 to 50. If you can’t beat a score of 30, give up or brush up.

1. All it takes is a whisper to make you recognize many stars even if you don’t hear their names. Two points for each correct answer:
   [a] She made her first big hit, then broke her back. Now fully recovered, she “swims like a fish” in her current picture.
   [b] A child piano prodigy, she landed on the screen in outstanding juvenile roles. Now 21, she’s a Hollywood heart-throbber.
   [c] Rejected first by Hollywood because of big ears, he became one of the all-time Hollywood stars.
   [d] She broke the typing of Oriental sirens when she played the wife of a detective in a series. Now she’s usually the lovely wife.
   [e] Born in Sweden, orphaned at twelve, she became an actress and now usually is called the “First Lady of the Screen.”

2. To moviegoers, these scientists are associated with whom? Score three points for each one you are able to recognize.

3. You can’t hear, hum or sing these songs without thinking of a movie personality who sang his or her way into your heart with them. Name the player associated with each for two points.

4. Tucked away among their souvenirs are decorations which attest some Hollywood personalities were real life heroes as well as screen heroes. Who won these decorations? For four points each, whom do you associate with?

5. Maybe you don’t expect to find movie stars on lists of authors of books, but they are. Who wrote the following for three points each.

6. If you hear your friends talking about the latest motion pictures they’ve seen in these terms, would you know the pictures? Score five points for each one you identify correctly.
   [a] The struggle for power between a pioneer Kansas editor and a politician is complicated by the editor’s beautiful, conniving wife.
   [b] A self-satisfied pediatritian almost loses his wife to a gay and carefree artist who tries to lure her away from her position not only as his wife, but as his head nurse, too.
   [c] An American newspaper correspondent travelling in Ireland has his entire viewpoint changed by a leprechaun.
   [d] An invalid wife learns on the telephone that her husband is planning to kill her and is unsuccessful in thwarting him.
   [e] Trying to escape a murderous associate, he hits and injures a girl. Going to the hospital posing as a friend of her brother, he meets and falls in love with her.
   [f] A schoolteacher unwittingly causes two boys to kill a school chum.

7. Why would these players make a good poker hand? Bette Davis, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Charles Laughton and George Sanders? Score two points for each one you get right.

~

Answers:

DOTTIE ON THE ROAD to laughter again...

in her gayest comedy since “ROAD TO RIO”

BENEDICT BOGUEAU presents

DOROTHY LAMOUR
GEORGE MONTGOMERY
CHARLES LAUGHTON

in

"The Girl from Manhattan"

with

ERNEST TRUEX • HUGH HERBERT • WM. FRAWLEY
CONSTANCY COLIER • SARA ALLGOOD
DIRECTED BY ALFRED E. GREEN
Original Story and Screenplay by Howard Estabrook
PRODUCED BY BENEDICT BOGUEAU

Released thru United Artists
How a fine, upstanding fellow can become a lovesick, cringing criminal is vividly depicted in glowing Technicolor with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford in the leading roles.

As the gypsy Carmen, Rita is a seductive creature, at once treacherous and tantalizing. No wonder the moment Ford—a correct young corporal stationed in Old Seville—sets eyes on her, he's a gone goose, his promising military career forgotten! When Glenn's colonel, Arnold Moss, also courts the redheaded charmer with the mocking manner, a duel ensues, the colonel is killed and Ford and Rita flee to the gypsy bandits' hideout in the hills. To his dismay, Glenn discovers his sweetheart has an ugly cutthroat of a husband, Victor Jory, whom she neglected to mention. With the police combing the countryside for him on the one hand and his Spanish spitfire two-timing him on the other, life becomes unbearable for the poor guy. Inevitably, Carmen and her true love are headed for tragedy.

Your Reviewer Says: Torrid tale of a fabulous female.

Florence Eldridge, Edmond O'Brien, Geraldine Brooks and Fredric March play their poignant parts in this highly controversial drama.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 26.
Luxury Liner (M-G-M)

Get out your cruise clothes for a joyful jaunt on Metro’s “Luxury Liner”!

George Brent makes a trim ship’s captain. Daughter is pocket-sized Jane Powell who pouts prettily and sings entrancingly. Jane is eager to join her pop aboard his boat bound for Rio. So she stows away and soon she’s peeling potatoes like any other culprit caught in the act. Frances Gifford, in the role of Lady Bountiful, rescues Jane by paying her passage. In return, Jane tries to patch up the busted romance ’twixt Frances and her wealthy suitor, Richard Derr. Meanwhile, the captain falls for Frances hook, line and sinker which isn’t surprising for she’s a lass with class.

Lauritz Melchior and Marina Koshetz are on the passenger list, too. Melchior as lovable as ever, while Marina plays a man-chasing soprano. Tommy Breen adds to the general merriment as a personable young captain’s mate who casts sheep’s eyes at Jane.

"Cugie" and his boys give out with their special brand of rhumbas, providing the final touch to a delightful voyage.

Your Reviewer Says: A boatload of melody and fun.

(Continued on page 26)

An Innocent Affair (Nasser-UA)

This sprightly mister-and-missus comedy has Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll spiritedly playing the ever popular game, “He loves me, he loves me not.”

Madeleine is understandably disturbed because her advertising executive spouse is spending so much time with a certain “Mr. Frazer.” She suspects this client is actually a female rival.

MacMurray is at his most comical as a guy who can’t keep out of the doghouse and Carroll looks lovelier than ever after her long screen absence. Charles “Buddy” Rogers is attractive as a Southern tobacco magnate drawn into the domestic difficulties of the Young Marrieds.

Louise Allbritton is convincing as a wealthy widow out of Fred’s past. The sets are the swankiest of the season.

Your Reviewer Says: Saucy and glossy.

A saucy tidbit for the movie-minded, with Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll, Buddy Rogers among those involved in comedy of consequences.
It all happened swiftly—as swiftly as Lita came into Rory's heart, but the hustle and bustle weren't allowed to interfere with a single tradition.

**BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER**

RORY CALHOUN will never forget a certain Spring evening early this year. He was lonely. His father and mother, with whom he was living at the time, were dining out and Rory; trying to shake off a melancholy mood, dined at a swank hotel all alone. "I really had myself a meal—trying to kill time," he remembered.

"I cracked crabs and ate steak and dawdled over coffee but when I finished it was still early. I was feeling sort of lost—the way you do sometimes. So I dropped in at the Mocambo. Lita Baron was singing there (she called herself Isabelita then) but it wasn't time for her to go on yet and she stopped by my table to say hello. I had met her several times before, but this seemed different. She had on a black shiny dress that night—satin, I guess—and all of a sudden I saw her as if I had never seen her before. I began to feel funny and I thought, ‘Oh boy!’ Then I felt still funnier because I realized that I had almost said it aloud.

"We danced until the place began to fill up and it was time for her first number. Later on we danced some more and I stuck around until closing time to drive her home. I was still thinking 'How can anyone be so lovely?' and wondering that I had not noticed how beautiful she was before.”

But for a young man who had been moonstruck so abruptly, Rory took his time. Lita didn't hear from him again for four whole weeks. He was away on (Continued on page 91)
says AVA GARDNER:

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In dramatic Nation-Wide Test
WOODBURY WINS 4 TO 1 over all leading brands of powder

In the most extraordinary beauty test ever made, women from Coast to Coast voted their overwhelming preference for New Woodbury Powder. They chose Woodbury over their own favorite brands of powder! Actually, Woodbury won on an average of 4 to 1 over all other leading brands. And women said Woodbury was better for every beauty quality!

AVA GARDNER, co-starred in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Bribe", is one of the many Hollywood beauties who chose New Woodbury Powder.

Today—see the Dramatic Difference on your skin!

See for yourself that New Woodbury Powder gives a smooth-as-satin finish to skin (a finish never possible with powder alone before!)... see that Woodbury covers tiny blemishes amazingly...yet gives the natural 'un-powdery' look that you and Hollywood adore!

See that the colors are warmer, lovelier, livelier! Truly, New Woodbury is the world's finest face powder!

6 exciting Shades! Get New Woodbury Powder—in the new "Venus" box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size $1.00, Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢. (Prices plus tax)
**(F) One Touch of Venus**  
(Universal-International)

LOVE is the theme of a piquant comedy with musical trimmings starring Robert Walker and Ava Gardner. However, it's not the usual boy-meets-girl affair for the little lady happens to be Venus, Goddess of Love. Being an ordinary mortal, Bob couldn't possibly escape the clutches of such a captivating creature. It all starts when Bob sets the stage for the unveiling of the statue which his department store boss, Tom Conway, has purchased. On an impulse, Bob kisses Venus and—lo and behold!—she hops off her pedestal, behaving not like a goddess but a down-to-earth human being. Far from being enchanted, Bob—who turns in the most comical performance of his career—is worried about losing his window trimming job and his best girl, Olga San Juan. These are trifling obstacles to Venus, literally a dish for the gods. Apart from looking delectable, Ava sings several numbers. Dick Haymes joins in effectively and Eve Arden scores as Conway's cynical secretary.

Your Reviewer Says: Fresh, funny, original.

**(F) The Saxon Charm**  
(Universal-International)

FASHIONED from the novel of Frederic Wakeman with Robert Montgomery in the key role, this is a portrait of an egocentric play producer who flies into violent rages one moment, only to be devastatingly charming the next. Naturally, women find him fascinating, especially Audrey Totter whose portrayal of a female falling out of love is one of the film's highlights.

It's Audrey who warns Susan Hayward to steer her playwright-husband, John Payne, clear of Montgomery if she values their happiness. But the playwright is completely taken in by the producer who first mutilates his play, then invades his private life. As the despicable Matt Saxon who creates so much havoc, Montgomery gives an arresting performance. Payne is convincingly confused, Hayward very charming. Her drunk scene, however, is not only superfluous but out of character.

Heather Angel is pathetic and Chill Wills humorous in a movie that could do with more action and less talk.

Your Reviewer Says: Talky but interesting.

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**Best Pictures of the Month**

**Luxury Liner**

One Touch of Venus

**Best Performances of the Month**

Fredric March in "An Act of Murder"

Valerie Hobson, Stewart Granger in "Blanche Fury"

John Payne, Shelley Winters in "Larceny"

Rita Hayworth in "The Loves of Carmen"

Jane Powell in "Luxury Liner"

Robert Walker, Ava Gardner in "One Touch of Venus"

Robert Montgomery, Audrey Totter in "The Saxon Charm"

---

**(A) Blanche Fury**  
(Rank-Eagle-Lion)

In case you think folks were prim and proper in the Victorian era, take a look at Valerie Hobson and Stewart Granger! Penniless but beautiful, Valerie is invited to share the home of her wealthy uncle (Walter Fitzgerald), his widower son (Michael Gough) and the latter's little girl. The vast estate is capably managed by Granger, a handsome, embittered man, obsessed with the idea of proving he is its rightful owner. Valerie shares his ambition until she discovers it so dominates his life that he will stop at nothing, even murder, to achieve it.

Here's a spectacular story, magnificently mounted in Technicolor, with fine performances by Hobson and Granger.

Your Reviewer Says: Colorful Victorian romance.

**(F) Larceny**  
(Universal-International)

A TRIGGER-tense tale of crime and conflict, "Larceny." As a smooth-talking swindler, John Payne makes the most of a juicy role. His fellow-faker, Dan Duryea, cooks up a cruel conspiracy whereby Payne pretends to naively know a swindler-husband, killed in battle. When he enlists her aid in promoting a war memorial in her home town, John only means to steal Joan's money, but he winds up stealing her heart and losing his own. That doesn't suit hard-boiled Shelley Winters. Although supposedly Duryea's girl, it's Payne who is head man in her life. Shelley turns in a striking performance.

Your Reviewer Says: Checkful of action.

---

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With Kleenex you save time, trouble, tissues. Pull just one double tissue at a time. Next one pops up ready for use!
Are you in the know?

Do you open bobby pins with—
☐ Your fingernails
☐ Your front teeth
☐ Your left thumb

Which improves outsize ankles?
☐ Massage
☐ Spike heels
☐ Roller skating

If he's your guest, what about tickets?
☐ Buy them at the door
☐ Buy them in advance
☐ The boy should buy them

Could be he goes to a different school; or lives in another town. In any case, when gal invites guy, the shindig tickets are her problem. Buy and hand 'em over in advance. Don't fluster him by fumbling at the door. There's a way you can stay unflustered...even though your calendar defies you. It's simply a matter of choosing Kotex, knowing those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. So, relax. And stroll through the dance in confidence!

Why does a gal buy 2 sanitary belts?
☐ For extra security
☐ For that "bandbox feeling"
☐ One belt's for her sister

Next time you're dressing for a date—donning fresh undies, a charming frock—you'll want a change of sanitary belts. Yes, for that crisp, "bandbox feeling" you need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a change.

You know, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. And because it's adjustable, all-elastic, your Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. So for more comfort, buy the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. And buy two—

for a change!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins
WILL Shakespeare's Assorted and Lucino breaks the ice with Donna Reed as the feminine foil. (Sept.)

(A) BAD SISTER—Rank-U-I: Take along a branchy to this British-made movie, starring Margaret Lockwood as a warden and Joan Greenwood as a deplorable. With Ian Hunter, Paul Dupuis, Dennis Price. (Sept.)

(F) BEYOND GLORY—Paramount: West Point cadet Alan Ladd is on the spot when attorney George Coulouris accuses him of assorted crimes before an investigating board. Fairly interesting but talky with Donna Reed as the feminine foil. (Sept.)

(F) BLACK ARROW, THE—Columbia: Robert Louis Hayward playing the gallant knight rescued 100x by his lady friend, Claire Trevor is Mrs. Ruth, Charles Bickford and Sam Levene loyal friends. (Oct.)

(F) 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 black-hearted Bamboo, Claire Trevor is Mrs. Ruth, Charles Bickford and Sam Levene loyal friends. (Oct.)

(F) I'LL STAND BY YOU—Columbia: Robert Louis Hayward playing the gallant knight rescued 100x by his lady friend, Claire Trevor is Mrs. Ruth, Charles Bickford and Sam Levene loyal friends. Complete with duels, dungeons, castles, moats and arrow-shooting Edgar Buchanan. (Oct.)

(F) CAYON CITY—Eagle-Lion: Based on a real-life story. Here's a fascinating capture, only to be recaptured, is thrillingly told. Scott Brady and Jeff Corey give fine performances. (Sept.)

(F) CORONER CREEK—Columbia: A grim and gory Western with rugged Randy Scott as a testament to George Macready's trail. Forrest Tucker and Joe Sawyer are on Macready's side while Randy Scott and Marguerite Chapman and Wallace Ford to root for. (Oct.)

(F) DATE WITH JUDY, A—M-G-M: Life and love are pressing problems to cute teen-agers, Jane Powell. Scotty Beckett is her faithful hero. Robert Stack, the handsome older man to whom she is attracted, Elizabeth Taylor, a lovely-but-lonely rich girl. A joyful musical. (Sept.)

(F) DEEP WATERS—20th Century-Fox: Fisherman Dana Andrews and his young protege, Dean Stockwell, land the love of their heart on a heart-warming tale of life on the Maine coast. With Jean Peters, Cesar Romero and Anne Revere. (Sept.)

(F) EMBRACEABLE YOU—Warner's: Dane Clark and Geraldine Brooks fall in love the hard way in this weepy gangster tale strung with bullets and roses. Detective Wallace Ford is sent after Richard Rober to threaten their happiness. (Oct.)

(F) EYES OF TEXAS—Republic: A fast-burning "hass" opera with Roy Rogers as a U. S. Marshal, who is on a Texas ranch in search of Nana Bryant and Roy Barcroft is a pair of schemers, Lynne Roberts the romantic interest. (Oct.)

(F) FEUDIN', FUSSIN', AND A-FIGHTIN'—U-P: Puny Donald O'Connor is forced to combine with husky Fred Kohler Jr. in a foot race. Marjorie Main spurs Donald on with threats while pretty Penny Edwards shows them the ropes. (Sept.)

(F) FURY AT FUR-NACE CREEK—20th Century-Fox: Gambler Vic Mature turns detective to vindicate the honor of his army general-father implicated in an Indian massacre. A live study with Coleen Gray as Vic's heart throb, Glenn Langan as his resentful brother, Reginald Gardiner as a weakling, Albert Dekker as the villain. (Oct.)

(F) GOOD SAM—McCary-Reko: This domestic comedy with a dash of drama and lots of humor has Gary Cooper playing the Good Samaritan, always rushing to someone's rescue much to his wife, Ann Sheridan's distress, with Ray Collins, Joan Loring, Dick Ross. (Oct.)

(F) GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING—20th Century-Fox: Love life of a pair of "purity bosses" in Technicolor, plus a pleasing romance "twixt tomboy Pat Garver and nice Robert Arthur. (Sept.)

(F) HAMLET—Rank-U-I: Shakespeare's brilliant tragedy done to perfection with Laurence Olivier as the Macbeth of Dane, Basil Sydney as Claudius and Peter Wyngarde as Ophelia. A magnificent and thrilling production. (Oct.)

(F) ILlegals, The—Levin-Mayer-Burston: An impressive and moving documentary recording the worst of Europe's displaced Jews seeking a home via the underground railway. (Oct.)

(F) JOHNNY BELINDA—Warner's: A strong story, tenderly told, with Jane Wyman eloquently portraying a deaf-mute and Lew Ayres playing a gallant young doctor. It's weepy but wonderful. Fine acting by Jan Sterling, Charles Bickford, Agnes Moorehead. (Sept.)

(F) LULU BELLE—Columbia: Here's a lurid account of the love life of a feckless Southern gal who breaks men's hearts like nobody's business. With

Brie! Reviews

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH.

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth Psi helps clean out decaying food particles—stops yellowing saliva colors—removes the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely."

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

NOW EVERYTHING'S OKAY WITH JIM AND I LOVE BOTH MY DOG AND HIM!
No need to bear down!

Yes—just glide a new Bissell® back and forth under beds and tables—everywhere! It sweeps clean, with no pressure on the handle whatsoever!

"Bisco-matic" brush action does work for you!

Only Bissell has this revolutionary feature that adjusts the brush automatically to any pile rug, from deep broadloom to smooth Orientals.

Just roll your Bissell along for quick, thorough clean-ups.

“Bisco-matic” Brush Action is now available in two models . . . the "Vanity" at $8.45, and the "Grand Rapids" at only $6.95.

Both complete with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty.

—The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
—Grand Rapids, Michigan
You may have wondered where your favorite stars get the deep feeling and warmth to put over a song or dance or a love scene so that it remains your fondest memory for years.

Now there's a Technicolor motion picture that tells you—"WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME."

They get it from their own lives. It is distilled out of their own experiences. They get it from the heart because they are real people.

No other picture in my opinion has ever presented show people to the public with such realism, human-ness, tenderness and warmth.

Naturally, I am prejudiced. But I know show business. I also know audiences. You, too, have a heart. It will be touched by this picture.
IT’S YOUR DREAM HOUSE!

... and “The Photoplay Dream House” Contest in December issue offers you a chance to move in

NEXT SPRING this Industry Engineered Home is going to be built in someone’s favorite town—and presented to them free of any mortgage!

It has charm, this house. The green roof slopes gently. On all sides windows let in the sun. There are two bedrooms. The kitchen and bathroom are as modern as tomorrow. The spacious living room provides dining space. The doorway is hospitably covered against the weather.

Not only is it a charming house. It is also a sound house; an Industry Engineered Home sponsored by the National Retail Lumber Dealers’ Association. The kitchen, bath and heating unit are by Borg-Warner. The hardwood floors will come from E. L. Bruce. The framing lumber, sheathing and siding will be by Weyerhauser. The wallboard will be supplied by Gypsum Association. The millwork will come from Ponderosa Pine. The roofing will be by the Asphalt Roofing Industry Bureau and the insulation will be by National Mineral Wool.

No wonder Photoplay’s Board, comprised of Hollywood’s pre-eminent stars and home authorities, chose this as The Photoplay Dream House.

This house will also be furnished! In it the fortunate winner—and it can be you—will find Kroehler furniture in the living room, occasional pieces by Mengel and a radio by Crosley. The kitchen will boast a Thor Automagic washer, dishwasher and Gladiron, Norge refrigerator and an Apex electric vacuum cleaner. The dining furniture will be modern by Mengel. The bedrooms, too, will be by Mengel. In the bedrooms there will be Beautyrest mattresses, Simmons Electronic blankets, E-Z-Do closet accessories, Dan River sheets and pillowcases and a Lane Cedar Chest. And there will be Alexander Smith rugs and carpeting, Certified Lamps, Clopay draperies and shades, United ready pasted wallpaper, a Nu Tone Door Chime and Ozite under-rug cushions.

Details of The Photoplay Dream House contest will appear in the December Photoplay together with colored photographs of the house, a blueprint of the floor plan and the jingle for which a last line must be supplied.

The Photoplay Dream House is a home to dream about and, better still, a home to live in happily. You can win it!

The Editors

31
Her tragedy is well-known but the real story of the girl who hid her heartbreak behind

Dorothy. It's about Carole—

Have you ever had a moment when you knew something instinctively, yet your conscious mind refused to register it? And you answered as you might answer normally, at any other time, refusing realization? You knew it hadn't happened. It couldn't. Yet something inside you insisted—yes.

She told me then. As carefully and briefly as she could. And when she had finished telling me, the detective took over and elaborated...

A little later my mother phoned. She was crying—hysterical. She had heard it over the radio! Diane answered the phone first.

"Mama!" she said, "Grandma's (Continued on page 70)
Of My Sister
HOLLYWOOD DIDN'T KNOW

her gay smile is told here for the first time

BY DOROTHY ROSS

Carole (around 3) and Dorothy in their San Diego doll-days

“A gay, happy kid, she had a feeling for the dramatic”
1934: “Calling me her ‘baby’ sister was a private joke”

“Horace Schmidlapp was more Carole’s type”

“Her first break—Lonna of ‘1,000,000 B.C.’”
A mother looks back over the years and her story is bright with memories of Esther, whose coming upset a balance in the Williams family.

BY BULA G. WILLIAMS

The Williams wit gets a workout, with Esther and her parents the fun center for her brother, two sisters and their families.

Dishwashing may be fun to Aunt Esther but it's just a chore to niece Joyce.
Talking things out of her system with mother helped solve many a problem for Esther.

ESTHER was only a few moments old when she provided our family with one of its favorite jokes. Esther’s father examined her carefully when the doctor handed her over, just to be sure that she was properly assembled. She was an active infant with a shock of short, dark hair and with eyes which seemed to have an Oriental slant.

“You’ve made a mistake, Mother,” Esther’s proud daddy said, “Every fourth child born in California is Japanese, but you didn’t live up to statistics until our fifth!”

Esther was born in the living room of the home which her father and I still occupy; it is a large, comfortable room with a fireplace and it was the only room suitable for the demands of the stork. There were three bedrooms in the house, but they were occupied by our four children.

I don’t mean to give the impression that we were not wealthy, because—in the essentials—we were. We were rich in love for one another, in trust in the future, in a profound belief in the goodness of God.

Sometimes we did not have a great deal of money, but that fact was dwarfed by comparison with the magnitude of the things we did have.

We felt that our family of two boys and two girls...
With her husband Ben Gage: Once Esther was afraid success would make it difficult for her to keep her balance was complete and nicely balanced and then along came Esther, as sort of a divine dividend. Esther gave our entire family a lift; she was a funny baby, full of mirth and cute stunts. As she grew older everything she said and did somehow turned out to be laugh-provoking.

Maureen, my oldest daughter, once said about Esther, "When God gave us Esther, I think He must have said, 'Well folks, here's one for laughs.'"

She was still a tiny thing when she began to exhibit her ability to think a thing through. She was only about three when she asked abruptly at the breakfast table one morning, "Is God everywhere?"

I told her, "Yes."

"Does He take care of us all the time?" she pursued.

I assured her that He did.

"Well, then I won't be afraid of anything, ever," she said in obvious relief. "Not even of great big dogs."

In the celebrated manner of families, we did not think of Esther in terms of public renown, certainly not as an actress despite her obvious flare. Even when, in high school, she wrote, directed and appeared in a play and we served as a preview audience, we regarded both her literary and her dramatic work as hilarious rather than histrionically impressive.

Not that we made fun; in our family we never did that. We simply enjoyed one another and anything (Continued on page 95)
Let's Play Games

WHEN I first went to Hollywood fifteen years ago, I, who had invented games and played them all over the world, was amazed to find that no one in this dream town played any game except poker.

A horrible state of affairs, this, which I set about to correct at once. For I think games are a great pastime, a fine diversion. I have no time at all for the intellectual elegants who tell you that they and their friends prefer conversation to games. Nonsense! There are not, let's face it, enough brilliant people in the world to come to the aid of that many parties. Games, therefore, are essential to a party's success. For they stir the wits and bring guests together. Whereupon everybody has fun.

My favorite game, very popular in Hollywood now, is one I invented. It is Treasure Hunt. Treasure Hunt has become generally popular in recent years and in the process it has been ruined. For too many have played it improperly.

This is the right way to play it. I give it to you straight from the author's mouth. This is the way Marlene Dietrich, Jimmy Stewart, Director George Cukor, Jeanette MacDonald, Olivia deHavilland, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and his Mary Lee and Kate Hepburn, among others, played it at a party I gave in Hollywood.

I had a dinner party first but this, of course, is not essential. It is just as much fun to serve refreshments when your hunters return weary and excited, with their loot. After my dinner I gave
each couple a list of the objects for which they must search:

- Jack Benny's violin bow
- Joan Crawford's bed pillow
- Darryl Zanuck's polo mallet
- Charles Boyer's toupe
- A live animal
- Three red hairs from a well-known woman's head

Jeanette MacDonald disappeared in the same instant that she read to the bottom of the list. She could see every hair being wrenched from her handsome head.

In such a hunt, the couple who return within the time limit with the greatest number of required objects wins the prize. If two couples have an equal number of required objects the couple who come in first are the winners.

There is another Treasure Hunt which I also invented. Some of my Hollywood friends think it even more fun. This hunt, like the first, can be engaged in by couples or by teams. It also can range over an area of thirty miles or more or be limited to one house. Either way is fun.

Before this hunt begins you, as the hostess, deposit a prize in some secret place. For one hunt, I remember, I deposited one hundred dollars under the black wig a waiter at Mike Romanoff's consented to wear.

At the start of such a hunt you give each couple or each team, as the case may be, a clue. It's fun to have your clues in verse. (Continued on page 88)
WHO are the most dangerous females in Hollywood—beg pardon, Hollywood?

One thing is certain. Beauty alone doesn’t make a woman dangerous. It does not even carry her very far. Witness the dozens and dozens of girls in this town, beautiful beyond words, who work at any job they can get while they wait to be discovered.

Not one of the women I vote Hollywood’s most dangerous ever sat and waited for anything to happen. That you can count on! By one device or another, they made it happen or, knowing it was going to happen, saw to it they were at the right place at the right time.

Incidentally, what do I mean by dangerous? I mean exactly that. I mean those
DANGEROUS WOMEN

isn’t the potent plus

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

women who are dangerous to you if you are a producer, if you are a bachelor, or if you are another star who wants the same wonderful part in some new production. In other words, the women in Hollywood I think dangerous are those whose wits, courage, determination and sex appeal give them the highest potentials for succeeding in whatever they’ve made up their minds to get.

In my opinion, Ava Gardner leads the field. She’s the most completely feminine piece of femininity to hit Hollywood in the past ten years. Then—and not in the order named—Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Crawford, June Haver, Rita Hayworth, Wanda Hendrix, Lana Turner, Jane (Continued on page 110)
Stage-trained Betsy Drake was afraid Hollywood producers would have her head—in a bleaching can!

The latest Hollywood excitement is Betsy Drake. With reason—five reasons, in fact.
1. In her first motion picture, she ranks as a co-star.
2. She doesn’t like being an actress. “Most of the time I hate it,” she says. “But for some peculiar reason I go on searching for that interval when I have a moment of believing that I’m almost good. I may someday be really good.”
3. She has been down to her last dime.
4. She’s as sensitive as a windflower but she’s strong too. And she knows the art of survival.
5. Hollywood is convinced that she and Cary Grant are in love. This seemed likely as long ago as last Spring when Cary amazed everyone by agreeing to co-star with her, an unknown. A summer of rumors followed. Then in September, she followed Cary to England where he is making “I Was a Male War Bride”—chaperoned on her trans-Atlantic flight by Cary’s lawyer. Whereupon it was generally agreed they plan to marry over there.

Whatever this Cinderella who is a girl named Betsy does—one thing is certain—she will have people watching her. She’s different!

“My mother wanted me to live with her when I invaded New York in search of a career in the theater,” she says, “but I wanted to be independent. For all of two days I was bright and courageous. Then I began to realize what I was up against.

“I became scared to look around for jobs. Finally I heard about modeling and signed up. I was an awful model, always being called down because I went around with no hat, wearing moccasins and holding back my hair with combs (Continued on page 98)
Once upon a time she lived in a cold-water flat... was down to her last dime... and Cary Grant wasn't even in her dreams.

BY WYNN ROBERTS

Director Don Hartman rehearses a scene with Betsy and Cary Grant for "Every Girl Should be Married"
Candid charm: Rising young star John Agar of “Baltimore Escapade”
there are dozens of ways to establish a career in the movies—all hard. And while certain eager aspirants may have thought that John Agar chose the easy route when he became the husband of Shirley Temple, veterans in Hollywood hold a different view. Getting in, they say, is one thing, but going forward under your own steam is another.

A big, loose-jointed youngster who surprised everyone by winning Photoplay’s “Choose Your Star” poll last month, Jack Agar is facing his problems honestly. Richard Wallace, who directed him in “Baltimore Escapade,” says: “Perhaps it was his successful meat packer father in Chicago who taught him to accept facts. If there is a choice between an easy method and a tough facing-up to a situation, he chooses the harder way.”

When scene photographs are made, he seizes upon them—and then groans in anguish. “What a mug,” he says. “Look at me, hamming all over the place!” Jack maintains his objective attitude even in pursuit of his favorite hobby, golf. At the Riviera Country Club where he shoots in the middle seventies, he has been known to heave a club far up the fairway when he flubs a drive. “I hate to kick things around,” he says, “acting, sport or just living.”

At the studio he insists on a trailer dressing room instead of the luxurious quarters usually assigned to Shirley. He likes to associate with technicians, learning how to do things with his hands. He hates ostentation and refuses to ride in a taxicab if street cars go in the same direction. And you should hear him complain about the high prices of meat and groceries. “What do they think people are?” he asks. “Millionaires?”

Now, with two good pictures behind him, “Fort Apache” and “Baltimore Escapade,” the father of an eight-months-old daughter, Linda Susan, and at the beginning of a career, John Agar is looking ahead. Sometime he hopes to be a director. “Actors are short-lived, professionally,” he says. “I like this business and want to stay in it.”

Shirley smiles—John groans. They’re looking at scene photographs on set of “Baltimore Escapade”
No longer a shy siren, there's a new

glow to Rita Hayworth, who has the

world in a spin at her dancing feet

BY JACK LAIT

SINCE Rita Hayworth has parted from Orson Welles
a second time she has grown up—grown up so fast
that it is difficult to comprehend the great change
in her. Rita has always been too shy to assert her-
sel. Orson and the other aggressive men she loved
have always dominated her.

Now it is different. Now Rita has her own com-
pany, with a share in the profits and firm authority
over what she will and will not do. And now, instead
of sitting in Hollywood when she finishes a picture,
she goes gallivanting off on European holidays. The
first time she landed in Europe, because she had not
yet sufficiently mastered her shyness to protect her-
sel in countries where she was unfamiliar with the
customs and language, she left herself open to
criticism.

This year it was different. This year, in Paris, on
the Riviera and in Rome, she was accepted enthu-
siastically. The fabulously wealthy Ali Kahn, son of
Agar Kahn, entertained for (Continued on page114)
woman

Magnetic: The star of "The Loves of Carmen" can't resist the lure of lace and frills
Pete aims to please but there comes a time in every gentleman's life when it's better to take the consequences.

1. Q: Well if it isn't Lochinvar Lawford, the Ladies' Man. Tell me, what's the line you use that gets them?
   A: That depends on the angler, naturally. I would recommend a very light tackle for trolling. Reel off with a light thin line and...

2. Q: So that's what's wrong. The towrope approach is no good, eh? The ladies go for more subtle flattery?
   A: Ladies? So sorry, old boy. I was thinking about going fishing. I never go, but I'm always thinking about going. However, I would think a light unobtrusive line would be best with them too. Personally, I never use one. I don't believe in them.

3. Q: And why not, old boy?
   A: Any girl who's smart can see right through it. I've heard fellows reel off about what a ravishingly beautiful creature a girl is. When he leaves, the girl

Tune in Truth or Consequences with Ralph Edwards
GAME CONDUCTOR—
RALPH EDWARDS

invariably says, "Who does he think he's kidding with that line?" So I don't flatter. I don't want to walk away and be knifed.

4. Q: Who's your favorite date among the screen colony?
(As a consequence for not answering, Pete had to demonstrate his technique as a lady killer. He thought he was to have Marcia Van Dyke as his partner but, blinded by the ten-gallon hat, he didn't know until the last moment that Ralph had substituted a dummy.)

5. Q: Well, you're chivalrous and sensible. But I'll make it easier. Name several favorite dates.
A: Ava Gardner because she is a good dancer and a lot of fun. Audrey Totter, for her sense of humor. Elizabeth Taylor because she is an excellent horsewoman and so much fun at the beach. And...

6: Hold it! Have you ever proposed to any girl?

(Continued on page 94)

Saturday on NBC, 8:30 P.M. EST

Pete gets the horse-laugh from Ralph as he polishes off the penalties on Q. 11
Pete cooled off on Q. 26—had to do a red-hot number as a consequence
If you find a donkey on your doorstep you may know that Paulette cares.

Evelyn Keyes and John Huston found one lolling at their portal when they came home from a cocktail party. Evelyn, who is excitable, thought of calling Alcoholics Anonymous. But she wasn’t seeing things. The donkey politely introduced himself as Socrates via card on his chest: “Socrates bearing love from Paulette.”

Socrates is not the first donkey Paulette has distributed. Unlike the kids in the Maeterlinck fantasy who poked round the world looking for the bluebird of happiness only to find it on their own doorstep, Paulette’s idea is not to look for the bird on your own front porch but to drop burros on other people’s.

If you are looking for the secret of happiness you couldn’t do better than to consult Mme. Paulette, the donkey-giver.

The pink-beige walls of her little salon are precious with paintings by Braque, Picasso, Modigliani and a taxicab driver who cannot afford to practice art exclusively, “because,” says Paulette succinctly, “he is married.”

There are only a few of (Continued on page 92)
A lady who practices her own philosophy: Paulette Goddard of "A Mask for Lucretia"
The Strange Case of Robert Mitchum

A frank report on the baffling man behind those headlines

BY
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

When the news broke that Robert Mitchum had been arrested for a violation of the narcotics act by city and Federal agents, he is reported to have said: "This was bound to happen, sooner or later." Whereupon, so the story went, he gave an insolent shrug of his shoulders.

Nothing could be more typical of both the cynicism and straightforwardness that mark him always. Besides, it expressed the attitude he has always taken about his career, repeatedly insisting that it was too good to last, that such fortune simply was not for him.

Good fortune certainly hasn't been his in the past. For a long time he and his wife Dorothy and his two sons, Josh, seven and Chris, five, had to live crowded into a little house on a Hollywood side street with his mother, two sisters and brother.

Bob had no money when he came out of the armed services. Previously, he had been a drop hammer operator at Lockheed, until a bad back injury was sufficiently healed to permit him to enlist. Before that he had worked as a truck driver, stevedore, bouncer, bartender and even as an adagio dancer. Before that he had spent time in a Georgia chain gang.

Much of his trouble and ill-fortune has been of his own making. There's little doubt about that...

His sisters well remember the loneliness and worry that prevailed at home whenever Bob disappeared, because once again he had an urge to hit out and see the country. They remember, too, how he used to come back full of laughter and tall tales.

There are some people in Hollywood who insist Bob's defiance of studio edicts, his carelessness of appearance, his barbed humor and his insolence are pure exhibitionism; his clever way of cornering attention for himself. It could be. But those who knew Bob before he became a star so suddenly, after we all saw him in Ernie Pyle's "Story of G.I. Joe," insist these characteristics have been part of his make-up always, that he is definitely an off-beat guy.

He had much to lose certainly, the first time he hurled his threats at a top studio executive. He wasn't even important enough at this time to rate a dressing room. That was what all the fuss was about. He asked for a dressing room in a proper manner first. But when this failed to produce results, he telephoned the studio head and bellowed that unless he was given a room within a half-hour, he would disrobe in the main studio street. He was just about to step out of his trousers, too, when a custodian with a key and room reservation arrived pantingly on the spot.

Curiosity prod him. Recently in a Photoplay interview with Ruth Waterbury he said, "I don't know why I'm smoking cigars. I hate them. I bought these for myself for Christmas. I'd never had a box of cigars for Christmas and I wanted to see what it was like."

Ruth Waterbury commented then: "I'll wager that half the things he's done in his life have been for just that reason—to see what they were like."

A friend who was living with Bob and was with him only a half-hour before his arrest says the same thing. "Don't you believe Bob's any 'reefer' addict," he insists. "Of course he's lived a lot, been around a lot. And he's curious. Maybe he's tried 'reefers' once or twice. Lots of fellows have. But nobody can make me believe he's an addict or carries them on him."

"If you ask me," this friend (Continued on page 90)
Robert Mitchum stars next in "Rachel and the Stranger"
Laurence Olivier, knighted by the King and husband of Vivien Leigh of "Gone with the Wind," gives the greatest performance of his career as Hamlet.

"Hamlet" shows black and white photography at its best. Polonius (Felix Aylmer) with Ophelia, Laertes.

Breath-taking are the scenes in which Hamlet taunts the King (Basil Sydney), a conscience-stricken murderer of his brother.
"Hamlet" is Photoplay's prescription for those who have been asking, "What's wrong with the movies?"

Sir Laurence Olivier—producer, director and star

Horatio (Norman Wooland) and the Queen coming upon the young Ophelia (Jean Simmons) in her first stage of madness

The most dramatic sequence is that in which Hamlet accuses his queen-mother (Eileen Herlie) of her sins.

The duel between Laertes (Terence Morgan) and Hamlet is as beautiful as a ballet—but it brings you to the edge of your chair.

HAMLET," in the school room, comes under the dull heading of required reading. Do not let this prejudice you against seeing this movie. For it is a picture to hold you spellbound, a movie must.

Laurence Olivier, as the director and producer, creates such mystery and drama as William Shakespeare must have dreamed about when he wrote his tragedy of a royal Danish house. As the star, Olivier creates a Hamlet who is completely understandable—and so are the famous lines he speaks.

Jean Simmons, as Ophelia, makes the poor mad maid with flowers in her hair as human as a teen-ager brooding over a first lost love.

Photoplay recommends "Hamlet" for your movie date book.
“Miss Ohio State” came west for the train ride—and stayed

Wiser than a girl at twenty-one has any right to be, Jean is firm in her beliefs. In school she defied sororities—in Hollywood, the studios

Halfway

“Pete’s” happiness has nothing to do with Hollywood—it has to do with

“Pete” and all her wonderful, crazy ways

By Rosalie Wallace

In her “Mr. Belvedere Goes to College” role she’s right at home

Not only did she study economics—she also practices them

Her college-boy dates can’t afford the tariff on Sunset Strip. But that’s all right with Jean, who hates dancing—would rather go skeet shooting
To Heaven

GREEN-EYED, brown-haired Jean Peters, winner of Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" contest flashed her way into public awareness as the fiery Catana in "Captain from Castile."

Catana was Jean's first performance and she was justly and lavishly praised. But when you meet her, you realize it was an even greater performance than the critics acclaimed it. Because that Catana abandon is about as much like Jean, off-screen, as so many tons of glass brick.

Her second role, opposite Dana Andrews, in "Deep Waters" is infinitely more characteristic. Deep waters, if you reverse the proverb, run still.

Jean is a "still" girl. Still, meaning quiet. Still, meaning secret.

Wolves who whistle at her succeed only in getting winded—but a "cute fellow" who can play a good game of golf—he's different!
Jean's dressing room is just a tiny, simply done trailer.

Her modest little house has an advantage, it is only a short walk from the studio.

Jean's iron and washing machine—her most proud possessions.

Even her beauty, off-screen, while highly visible, is subdued, held in check.

She's wise and cagey, too, outstandingly so for twenty-one. As for instance. She lives in a modest little white house with terrible, rented furniture, within walking distance of her studio, Twentieth Century-Fox. Jean is perfectly aware that the house isn't the best and the furniture pretty bad, but the house was the only one she could find in inflated Hollywood on which the rent did not exceed one-quarter of her monthly income. She studied economics at Ohio State College and the first law of economics is that no more than a quarter of one's income should go for rent. So she pays no more.

Jean Peters is her real name. Elizabeth Jean Peters, but if you are a close friend, you call her Pete. She has been a half-orphan since she was ten, her father having died then. Along with Jean's thirteen-year-old sister, Shirley, Mrs. Peters still lives (Continued on page 100).
To Heaven

She loves and understands music, but says she can’t sing a note.

Energetic “Pete” isn’t bothered by weight worries—the only calorie concession she makes: Potatoes.

She dates a polo team and loves to bake cakes for hungry collegiates.

Portrait of “Pete,” who stars with Dana Andrews in “Deep Waters”
A new twist to the old box-lunch idea. Doris adds a note of glamour to the scene with individual baskets

Watermelon, a picnic pick-me-up. Doris keeps it cold in a wet towel, leaves it in the shade until needed

Hammock harmony for the group: Shelley Winters, Bob Stack, Jim Mitchell, Douglas Dick, Doris and June Knight

Shelley gets some Ping-pong pointers from Bob before teaming up for real competition with the others
IN THE PARK

DOŘIS DAY is an old-fashioned miss when it comes to planning a picnic party. There are a thousand and one fancies you can tuck in a basket, but Doris thinks there will be long faces if good old potato salad and fried chicken are not highlights.

Doris remembers how, when she was a little girl, her mother put flour, salt and black pepper in a paper bag, added the cleaned dried pieces of chicken and gave it a good shaking. So that’s the way she does it. Then she fries it to a golden brown in a good amount of fat in a heavy iron frying pan. After it is brown she covers it and lets it steam a few minutes—there’s nothing worse than pink-in-the-middle chicken!

For potato salad, Doris boils potatoes with their skins on, cools, peels and cubes them and adds chopped hard-boiled egg, diced celery and onion, loads of mayonnaise, a little wine vinegar, salad dressing, a little prepared mustard, salt and pepper. She does not go for fancy fixin’s such as anchovies, cheese, etc., but uses her imagination in decorating the top with olives, tomatoes, sliced egg, etc. Deviled eggs are another must. Boil fresh eggs for at least 10 minutes, cut in half the long way then mix the yolks with mayonnaise, mustard, salt and pepper and stuff back into the whites. Stick them together with a toothpick.

Doris just loves to fix candied apples and popcorn balls. For 12 apples: Combine 2 cups sugar, ½ cup light corn sirup, 1 cup water and a pinch of salt. Toss in a cinnamon stick for flavor and boil until the mixture makes a thin thread. Just before dipping the apples, color the sirup a brilliant red, or any other color you fancy. Get skewers from your butcher and stick them through the apples to dip (no burned fingers). Let them harden on wax paper.

Popcorn balls: Pop the corn first in a popcorn popper or a covered Dutch oven. For sirup: In a heavy saucepan, combine ¾ cup molasses, 1½ cup sugar, ¼ cup water, 1 tsp. vinegar, a pinch of salt and bring to a boil over low heat. Cook until the sirup makes a hard ball in cold water and, last, stir in 3 tbsp. butter. Put popcorn in a huge bowl and add mixture, stirring with a wooden spoon. Grease hands slightly with butter and press popcorn into balls. (This recipe makes 24 balls.) Roll in wax paper. Yummy!

For sandwiches, Doris uses fresh, squasy bread—cut thin and buttered. Some she leaves unfilled and for others she uses thin slices of cucumber and fresh watercress. These are refreshing and tasty with chicken. She gives the cucumbers and watercress a quick dip in French dressing, and sprinkles with salt and coarse ground black pepper.

When it comes to cookies, Doris buys icebox rolls and bakes them the day before the picnic. A nice watermelon and all is set for a happy picnic party.

The boys made the fire for the coffee while the girls spread out the food. Douglas Dick couldn’t wait for the rest—he just dived right in. Instead of water, Doris filled a canteen with pink lemonade, a little on the sour side
Bette Davis, with first husband Harmon Nelson, was a George Arliss find, said she wouldn't "last" in pictures!

Out of the sound and fury in Hollywood emerged the voice of Al Jolson, in first talkie hit, "The Jazz Singer"

A young crooner, with wife Dixie Lee, arrived to make "The Big Broadcast." His name was "Bing" Crosby

Jean Harlow, with Clark Gable, Richard Barthelmess, electrified world with "platinum" hair, set "oomph" style

Famous for biographical roles, George Arliss was billed as "Mr."—a treatment that later failed with Paul Muni

A Gay HISTORY OF HOLLYWOOD

The talkies arrive... lives go into tailspins... new careers skyrocket as filmtown begins its most fabulous chapter

BY RUTH WATERBURY
This story began not too many years ago in an old barn in Los Angeles. From this setting came moving pictures of deathless loves, Keystone comedies and Western thrillers. More and more American audiences were fascinated. The motion picture was on its way to becoming the tremendous world-wide industry it is today. Hollywood was born. In those days as now, the public chose some players for favorites, rejected others. Fortunes were made. Lives were broken. Then came an exciting new development—sound. Whereupon Hollywood became more fabulous than ever before...

* * *

Part II

The years 1927-1928 saw the big-spending, small-speakeasy era everywhere and Hollywood and its pictures reflected this. On the screen, Clara Bow was the typical flapper. Off screen, Joan Crawford was, and Pickfair...
Not young, not beautiful, Mae West was box-office hit—gave Cary Grant his chance.

The kid around the lot was pretty—but no one guessed the future of Lana Turner.

Rocked to its platinum foundations when she and young Doug became engaged. And then, once again, Hollywood's creativeness took the attention away from its human side. For in October, 1927, "The Jazz Singer" with Al Jolson was released.

The town was never to be the same again. A young millionaire, Howard Hughes, making "Hell's Angels" with a new girl, Jean Harlow, tore the whole production apart to put sound in it. The newly organized Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, having awarded its first statuette to Janet Gaynor for her exquisite work opposite Charles Farrell, couldn't foresee that entirely new standards of judgment would be required. Janet survived sound, Charlie didn't, Garbo did, Gilbert did not. Crawford and Shearer were triumphant, but other beauties disappeared never to be heard of again.

Along with the elocution teachers, a flood of new names came in to town—Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Lawrence Tibbett, Paul Whiteman, Ruth Chatterton, Chester Morris, Ann Harding and the vagabond lover-boy, Rudy Vallee, bringing along Alice Faye, a girl madly infatuated with him. There was no reason for anyone to note an item, under Los Angeles vital statistics, in the Spring of 1928, that a daughter, Shirley, had been born to Mr. and Mrs. George Temple. And what with the whole stock market blowing up in October, 1929, who had time to glance at a big-eared, snaggly—(Continued on page 103)

Nobody paid any attention to the extra in this picture—seated, left. But later, in "Dance, Fools, Dance," audiences went wild over bit player Clark Gable.
A Gay

HISTORY OF HOLLYWOOD

Expectations were too high for Paul Muni, who zoomed to instant success in biographical films like "The Life of Emil Zola.

In 1934 a dimpled tot appeared in "Little Miss Marker." Everybody tried to cash in with child stars—but Shirley Temple was tops.

Plump Judy Garland had a variety of talents which brought success—but not enduring happiness.

Like Judy, Deanna Durbin's debut was influenced by Shirley. She never equalled her early triumphs.
Copy kittens: Candice and Lindsay Hutton's beds are miniatures of mother's

Star in your home

Hollywood's nurseries set many themes

for decorating lullaby-land
Hollywood parties today, there is so much chatter about babies, I sometimes feel that nobody talks anything but Pabium. It is very interesting, thinking back to the days when no star mentioned matrimony—let alone motherhood—to realize that today a Hollywood house not blessed with at least two children is pretty hard to find.

Four children is getting to be par for cinema households, whether the youngsters came as bundles from heaven or from adoption centers. The five F arrows; the four Crosbys; the four Crawfords; the four daughters of Joan Bennett are typical.

The fact that these babes in the Hollywoods are born with platinum spoons in their mouths and grow up against the most beautiful backgrounds in the world, makes their surroundings too elaborate for practical purposes (Continued on page 116)
... finds the "little black dress" turning every color—and Grandma's dolman sleeves, shawls and antique jewelry becoming the lady of today

by Photoplay's Reporter-about-town

edith gwynn

Sophisticated simplicity: Wanda's darker-than-Kelly crepe dress has dolman sleeves and princess lines

Wanda Hendrix's Italy-bound wardrobe included this aqua jersey, smartly accented with tan stripes

WHEN cute little Wanda Hendrix (her engagement to Audie Murphy is official now) sailed for Italy to play opposite Tyrone Power in "Prince of Foxes," she took along a complete wardrobe that would be the delight of any girl anywhere. And she was so proud of the fact that every stitch was made in California. Besides the costumes that famed designer Edith Head whipped up for her, several leading California manufacturers (knowing that Wanda is not a rich girl and how much this trip meant to her) cooperated to the extent of giving her special prices on a lot of things. One of her ensembles was a dolman sleeved princess dress of green (darker than Kelly) crepe, with a tiny felt hat of the same green trimmed with a bit of shocking pink—a little flat-crowned, small brimmed job. Over the dress went a matching green wool coat with full, comfortable sleeves, and fashioned in a manner not too tailored nor too dressy so that it can be worn over many things. Wanda's gloves, shoes and bag for this costume were (Continued on page 83)
Her Inner Self glows through her Lovely Face

Wherever she goes, she brings loveliness with her, fun and joyousness and friendliness. You can see in her face what a delightful-to-be-with person she is.

Your face is speaking for you to everyone who sees you. It is the You that others see first—the outgoing expression of your inner self. Nothing about you has more lovely possibilities—or responds more gratefully to your loving attention.

The Duchess' complexion is glowing—clear and soft with perfect grooming

"I don't know a better face cream in the world," the beautiful Duchess says

YOU are responsible for what your face gives out to the world—the way it reveals the Inner You to others. Be exacting, then, in the way you care for it. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do this Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment:

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 with Pond's literally works on both sides of your skin. From the Outside—Pond's Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt and make-up as you massage—sweeps them cleanly away as you tissue off. From the Inside—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely it does something special and happy to you, and to everyone who sees you. It brings the real Inner You closer to others.
At last! a shampoo made especially for you who do your hair at home!

NEW Shasta beauty cream Shampoo

- Makes home permanents “take” better!
  Shasta-washed hair “takes” a better permanent. Even a fresh new wave looks softer and more natural the very first day. Soaping your hair with the most expensive creams or liquids won’t give you Shasta’s perfect results!

- Makes pin-curls comb out softer!
  Your pin-curls comb out softer—your hair stays lovely all day long. Shasta gives you better results than any soap shampoo. You’ll see that Shasta is made especially for girls who do their hair at home!

*Procter & Gamble’s new beauty miracle! Not a soap . . . Leaves no dulling film!

The True Story of My Sister

(Continued from page 32) crying. Something terrible must have happened." I took the phone from Diane. Mother told me again and Diane was standing right there. Diane Carole is my ten-year-old girl, Carole’s namesake and pal. She heard it all. Yet she said nothing to the other three children. She gave me a chance to tell them in my own way later.

NEARLY all of Hollywood knew only the mask of my sister, Carole Landis, as a gay golden girl with a wealth of beauty, a warmth of personality and a constant smile.

But behind her “mask” beautiful as it was, lay an entire stranger to the town she called “home.” So many misinterpretations, so many outright lies regarding Carole’s “real life” have been presented that I am glad to have the opportunity to tell of the Carole that my mother and I, my children and her few real intimates knew. Memories are difficult to present in regular order, since one recollection of someone you love inspires a dozen more. But I shall try to recall a few of the things that were Carole.

The last time I saw Carole alive was on Easter Saturday when our whole family was together at her place. Mother was there and my brother Lawrence, his wife Helen and their two children, my husband Walt (or Babe as everyone calls him) and our four children. We spent a long lazy day, talking, reminiscing, eating and playing with the children. Carole, as always, repeated her desire to adopt one of my “too many.” She used to refer envirously— in fun—to my having so many children.

My earliest memories of Carole are a confused montage of very early days in San Diego when we used to climb high fences and blow bubbles and play with dolls. Carole’s doll was always dressed smarter and more attractively than mine. She had a hair, even then. Dad was in the service at that time, before he and Mother separated.

Later, we moved north—Mother, our two older brothers, Carole and myself. Only remotely do I remember the death of the younger boy. Carole and I missed him, of course, and realized the suffering which my mother and brother felt.

Carole was a gay, happy kid. In the room which she and I shared, she had her little altar with Madonna and crucifixes in one corner. We were baptized in the Catholic faith. Then, the rest of the walls were covered with pictures she cut from movie magazines. Her favorite stars were Kay Francis and Mary Astor. One entire wall was devoted to them!

She had a little “saying” that expressed her eventual way of life. It was “Pass the good deed along.” As she did. Whatever she received from life in the way of happiness or worldly goods, she shared wholly.

Not only was she a financial help when it was needed; her generosity of spirit was prodigious. Her care of my Mother through all the years since she first went into pictures, has been heart-warming.

Perhaps Carole’s philosophy took form in her childhood, since in our house we worked together.

I remember one week Carole got her pair of shoes. Next week it was my turn. But Carole had seen another pair; she was crazy for, for some special event. Mother had to explain that (Continued on page 72)
9 out of 10 Screen Stars are Lux Girls!

“My Lux Soap facials bring quick new Loveliness!”
says Myrna Loy

Here’s a proved complexion care! In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions became lovelier in a short time!

“Smooth the fragrant lather well in,” says Myrna Loy. "Rinse with warm water, then cold. As you pat with a soft towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!”

Don’t let neglect cheat you of romance. Take Hollywood’s tip. See what this gentle beauty care will do for you!

Lux Toilet Soap

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Myrna Loy
Star of Republic Pictures’ 
"THE RED PONY"
IT'S so soothing, so caressing... this new kind of shampoo. The reason? A little powdered egg! Yes, and Richard Hudnut Shampoo brings out all the “lovelights,” the glorious natural sheen of your hair! Be sure to try this luxury shampoo, created especially for patrons of Hudnut's exclusive Fifth Avenue Salon... and for you!

A New Kind of Hair Beauty from a World-Famous Cosmetic House

I (Continued from page 70) she already had her quota till her turn came again. We were in modest circumstances and Mother couldn't afford to buy two pair that week.

Outwardly there was no sign that Carole was disappointed. She took it with good grace. If Carole was unhappy, she kept it hidden behind that smile.

So, she took this with a smile. But on the way home, we started thinking how much she wanted those shoes. I looked at Mother, Mother looked at Carole, Carole looked at me. We started to grin. Just turned around and exchanged mine for hers. Because I knew that another time, it might be something I'd want very much and Carole would give up her share for me, as she had done before.

SHE never bore a grudge, and was never petty. And I don't believe she ever hurt anyone knowingly. When we were kids, she often took the blame for things she hadn't done. It hurt her less to be punished, than to see someone she loved hurt.

Early, she arrived at the realization that what one person had done, another could do—that if you worked and strove and studied, you could attain anything you really wanted. She went after and fought for things she wanted. When she achieved them, she enjoyed them more because they were hard won.

I never saw such a happy girl as Carole was the night of the premiere in San Diego of her first picture, “1,000,000 B. C.” In it she starred with Vic Mature. She was on her way at last, after years of study, night club singing, bit-parts, training, waiting.

I lacked the drive and self-assurance which she had. But I remember so well when I came to Hollywood to visit her, she gave me some advice which helped me all the rest of my life.

The first day she took me on the set and started introducing me around as her 'baby sister,' even though I was older. But I suppose in experience she was older than I. Meeting the celebrities, I was scared. She saw what had happened to me. She took me to the dressing room and said, “Look, Dottie! Relax! There's no reason to be overwhelmed. They're only people! One person is the same as another—never forget that. And the bigger they are, honey, the more genuine and just average folks they are.” It was a lesson I have always been grateful for.

Carole was very curious as a child. She wanted to know the whys of everything. Perhaps this (Continued on page 74)

"IT'S A PEEK INTO PRIVATE LIVES..."

... So writes one listener about the “reality”... the true-to-life quality... of the daily dramas on “My True Story” Radio Program, prepared in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Listen to radio's greatest morning show Monday through Friday mornings and you'll understand why so many thousands of women say "This is genuine! This is real life!" You'll be fascinated.

Tune in "MY TRUE STORY"
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS
Save up to 25% on fuel oil with a Duo-Therm heater with Power-air!

When you can have substantial fuel oil savings, clean, workless heat and fine period furniture styling—why accept less in a heater for your home?

But remember: you get all three only in a Duo-Therm heater!

Power-Air saves up to 1 gallon of oil out of every 4!

Make no mistake: only Duo-Therm heaters have this revolutionary Blower. And tests made by an independent authority in a cold Northern climate prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that Duo-Therm with Power-Air actually saves up to 25% on fuel oil! (This saving by itself can pay for your new Duo-Therm heater!)

Because it is a Blower—not a fan—Power-Air gets heat into hard-to-heat corners, too... keeps floors much warmer... gives you much more heat and comfort at the living level.

Exclusive Burner saves fuel oil, too

Yes, in addition to Power-Air fuel savings, you enjoy real fuel economy with this exclusive Duo-Therm Burner.

It mixes air and oil in 6 stages (another Duo-Therm exclusive) for clean, efficient operation from low pilot to highest flame—thus gets more heat from every drop of oil you burn.

The full-bodied, mushroom type Duo-Therm flame floats in the tough, lightweight steel heat chamber... hugs the chamber walls to transfer more heat to your home quicker. There's nothing to wear out because there are no moving parts. And it's absolutely silent!

You beautify your home as you heat it

Duo-Therm heaters—and only Duo-Therm—are styled like fine period furniture to add beauty to a room. Only Duo-Therm gives you its newly developed duo-tone mahogany finish, too—so beautiful, so practical!

And when you own a Duo-Therm you enjoy all the comforts of heat with none of the work. On the first cool day, light your Duo-Therm—then sit back and relax. You can tend the fire all winter by turning a simple dial.

You can enjoy Duo-Therm's clean, effortless heat in any one of a wide choice of models. For Duo-Therm makes a heater for practically every purse and purpose.

Free, fact-packed 12-page catalog

It shows all Duo-Therm models in full color, real room settings... gives you all the shopping facts you'll want to invest wisely in a heater. Send for your free copy now. In the meantime, visit your local Duo-Therm dealer and inspect the complete Duo-Therm line.

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This is the brand new, beautiful Duo-Therm Sheraton-style upright heater with fine period furniture styling and exclusive duo-tone mahogany finish.
you're their picture. "You're their picture."

We went through her things after her death, we found notebooks which she had kept from the time she was little. She had never finished high school. She left home and went into a nightclub, as a singer.

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WHEN she married Horace Schmidlapp, despite what people thought—for as I said, most of them judged the real Carole by the superficial mask of Carole Landis, the Star—I was happy. He was more of her type than any other man she ever had known. He liked sports, as she did. He liked to stay home, to read, and study, as she did.

And just after she married Horace, she confided to Mother's lifelong friend, Ruth Powers, after I'd had little Bill, “Pray for me, Ruthie! Maybe by this time next year I'll have a little one to hold in my arms!”

I don't quite know why Carole did not find the happiness in marriage that she sought. Perhaps it was just that, though she sought earnestly, she never found the right man. Her very early marriage to Irving Wheeler, while she was still at home and before she had gone into the entertainment world, was just a “kiddie” impulse. She was only fifteen, just a baby. He sort of swept her off her feet. It was not a real marriage, actually.

She left home within a year after that, to go to San Francisco and start singing in night clubs there. It was while she was there that she got her contract offer for Hollywood and went South. She was still under age and Mother, of course, had to give her consent and sign the contract. Carole came home so gay and triumphant. And we were all so wonderfully happy for her. Because one of our “corporation” had made good, it was as if each of us had had a personal triumph.

She signed her first contract for $50 a week. It seemed like tremendous money then. While she was home, with Mother's help she worked out a little budget which she carried around in a little book. She kept track of every expense, every soda, every stamp!

Her marriages to Willis Hunt and Tommy Wallace—I don't quite know why she didn't find in these the happiness she sought. Willis she married at an early, unsettled time in her career. With Tommy, it was one of those wartime things. They scarcely knew each other. They were married in England while she was on tour. Tommy was a wonderful fellow. We liked him very much, Mother and I. I think the reason that it didn't work out was that they weren't together enough to learn to know each other. He was flying over Germany most of the time and she was touring. Tommy had gone into the R.A.P. before we went into the war. Then he changed over to the U.S. Army when we went in. They never had an opportunity to have much time together.

Carole always had been very healthy and strong. Then on her long, arduous tour of the various South Pacific bases, she contracted severe malaria. On personal appearance tours in the States when she returned, Mother often had to go along to care for her. She would take paregoric in warm water to kill the pain while she made her appearance.

Once in Boston on a series of hospital shows, she had a severe attack. While she was on stage, the mike started weeping as she held it. They didn't know what was the matter. They got her off stage and took her into the office. She went to bed on the couch and stayed there between appearances. It was the same when she was on personal appearance with the picture, "Wilson." She did her part of the performance and then went to bed between stints on the stage. She kept her show going in order not to let anyone down. Perhaps this was one of Carole's greatest faults, if it can be called a fault. She gave so much of herself so unswervingly that when finally she needed great strength it had gone to others.

It's a safe guess all Butch needs is a 'change' . . . from itchy, half-clean clothes to things that are washed completely clean and sweet . . . with Fels-Naptha Soap.

This extra gentle laundry soap—an exclusive blend of mild, golden soap and active naptha—gets out every stain, every source of irritation. Leaves dainty garments soothingly soft and white.

Like other modern mothers, you'll find Fels-Naptha the perfect soap for doing a 'baby wash' cleaner and quicker!
If mother and I had lived far away from Carole and had not known her well, we still would have learned the kind of person she was behind the ‘mask,’ by the thousands of incredibly beautiful letters that came in our mail after the tragedy. I never received so many sincere sentiments of love, gratitude and admiration could be expressed over one human being. Letters from all parts of the world, told how Carole had helped people—most of them complete strangers to us.

We still talk of Carole as if she were here. I told Mother the other day, “Carole doesn’t seem dead to us. She isn’t. She is in everything we see.” She was so lovely, and people as fine as she do not completely die. They live on in the lives of the people they have touched and influenced and helped. So Carole’s memory lives in the lives of the thousands she knew and I lie awake and think of things even now. She always found what was good in people, and what their potential assets were. She told me, “You should write, Dorothy.” I plan to try to do just that, because she found in me and expressed, a secret wish I have always had.

She touched our lives more than most, of course, but so many others won’t forget her—others like Peggy, her stand-in, whom Carole met as a fan on a personal appearance tour in Chicago. Later Peggy came to Hollywood and saw Carole when she needed help. Carole took her in, got her a screen Guild card, and gave her a job as a stand-in when she needed it desperately. She lived with Mother and Carole for three months, until she was able to go on her own.

Others like Carole’s little Western Union boy who always delivered her telegrams and was so ecstatic when Carole spotted him and recognized him in the South Pacific. He was in the medical department in the service. She gave him a warm greeting and brought for a moment a spot of home to a lonely guy.

Others—like her close women friends—Florence Wasson, Margaret Roach, Mitzi Mayfair and Martha Raye. The last two knew Carole under the most trying conditions of tours in war time—their famous African and European tours. And they loved and respected her as she loved them.

Like the hundreds of anonymous needy girls she helped through her favorite charity.

Each of her devoted dogs—Dippy, the Great Dane and Gina, the French poodle. They loved her and they miss her. Dippy still moons around forlornly, searching for Carole.

Carole was also very fond of her cat, Miss C., a Siamese she had had quite awhile. There was a lot of comment about a note Carole left at the last (which incidentally we did not see) to the effect that she wanted the maid to take Miss C. to the veterinary and have her foot checked. Miss C. picked up a stickers in her paws around the place. But Mother checked and found her feet were all right. Carole never could stand to see an animal neglected, mistreated or in discomfort. It was so like her that at the very last, she thought of the welfare of her pet.

For me, there are no words left to describe and express all the wonderful things that Carole was to us and to countless people. But as my husband reminds me, we should not grieve too much. In the first place, Carole would not want us to. In the second place, Carole lived a full life. She met so many people and was loved by so many. She did more, saw more, experienced more and learned more in her few, wonderful, generous years than most people ever know or experience in a life three times as long.

But we miss her so.

THE END
BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

F RANK SINATRA'S new baby weighed more than eight pounds at birth and Hollywood ribbers tried to make his life miserable. But Frankie himself stopped them cold with:

"The baby carried me into the nursery and introduced me to the other babies."

Not in the script: Gordon MacRae: "Don't be afraid to slap me hard in this scene, honey. I can take it."

June Haver: "Don't be silly, chum. I smacked Dick Haymes in 'Irish Eyes Are Smiling' and we had to shoot around his black eye for three days."

Someone asked a star how come he was so cheap and yet his wife was always buying expensive clothes and toasting extravagant parties. The star answered: "She's got a rich husband. I haven't."

Daniele Amfitheatrof, who composes all those movie musical scores, once worked with an orchestra in Russia. One of his jobs was to play a phonograph recording of canaries singing, during a performance of the tone poem, "The Pines of Rome."

Once the conductor complained about the timing of the phonograph record. Amfitheatrof blew up.

"Listen," he yelled, "I've got diplomas in piano and organ but I never studied to be a phonograph player."

Overheard in a Hollywood night club: "Their engagement is still a secret—or so everybody is saying."

Orson Welles was directing Rita Hayworth when the make-up man said: "Rita needs some sweat on her face."

Roared Orson: "Never use the word sweat. Only horses sweat. People perspire. Rita Hayworth glows."

And that reminds me: Rita always shoots a 16 mm. film with her own camera behind the scenes of her pictures. One day she asked her cameraman, Rudy Mate, to look at some of the footage during lunch hour. The film ran several reels in a projection room with Rita's dress designer, Jean Louis, as an audience of one. Mate watched the film, then said:

"Rita, you're a little over-exposed."

"Impossible," yelled Louis. "All of Rita's clothes have been approved by the censors."

CHEN YU "REDS" BEAUTIFY YOUR HAND COMPLEXION!

Chen Yu has the red-shining, subtle or brilliant—each an exclamation of the superb excitement Chen Yu created—colors give your lips, your fingertips, your costumes!

Sun Red—ivory-toned skin
Chinese Red—rachel complexion
Oriental Sapphire—rosy-toned skin

$1.00 plus tax
Hostess Highlights... with the "Accent on Good Taste!"

HIGH LIFE PARTY SUPPER
Tasty Frankfurters filled with melted cheese and wrapped with bacon slices.
First, partially cook the bacon slices in frying pan. Split frankfurters three-quarters through lengthwise, and insert wedge of American Cheese. Wrap frankfurters with partially cooked bacon and place in hot oven for five minutes. Serve with warmed buns.

And in selecting a beverage, the thoughtful hostess always remembers that her guests will enjoy Life with Miller High Life... The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Vera Ralston's proudest possession is her U.S. citizenship papers. She's an exciting charmer in Republic's "Drums Along the Amazon."

So new and right for that dressed up feeling is this Carole King crepe and faille dress with a button-on square collar. Underneath neckline is a rounded oval banded in faille. Also comes in black or brown. Sizes 9-15.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 89
Elegance in your accessories.

This season there will be a Victoria elegance in your accessories. You find exquisite back interest and details in shoes and gloves. There are knitted gloves so tight across the wrist that you really pull them on, there are crocheted velvet mitts, and there are shorties and long gloves that have exciting new detail. Slender shoes are a must in your wardrobe. You'll love the dressy detail touches on these shoes—the braid-vamp decoration, the cut-out work, or the shiny buckle trim.

There's back interest too in the luscious, the high-heel cuffs and the slender ankle straps. Both gloves and shoes this season complement your lovely feminine clothes.

Ann Miller, who wins new honors in M-G-M's beautiful technicolor "Easter Parade"

This demure Victorian black faille charmer by June Bentley has the newest high Empire waistline and short puffed sleeves. Sizes 9-15. Under $18.00 at Shillito's, Cincinnati, O., and Victorian jewelry by Donna

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturers listed on page 89
Lucille Ball's dress and stole designed by Mary Kay Dodson for Paramount's "Sorrowful Jones"

The old-fashioned shawl has hit a new high in popularity with style-wise women throughout the country. So what could be more perfect than this gracefully easy dress with its companion stole. The dress, with a V-neck and push-up sleeves, is a wonderful foil for accessories. Also, according to the designer, it is one of the simplest dresses to make. Heller has a 100% worsted wool jersey that comes in over forty shades—so you can pick the color best suited to you. Buy an additional yard of fabric to make the stole and trim the edge with fringe.

For sketches and stores selling Photoplay Patterns see page 89
The Hollywood Scene

(Continued from page 68) of a much deeper green and these accessories too, are interchangeable with the same gowns, etc. Then there were the wonderful dress-with-cardigan outfits—so swell elegant for travelling, so easy to pack—so unmussing. Tweed cardigans and velveteen cardigans that were sported with lightweight wools—and even some silk dresses. Try cutting up some of your suitcoats in this manner—and even lining them with the material of these new dresses—and match the stunning ensemble that suddenly emerges. And how about a shawl collar or little round collar of the same material as the dress, to make the cardigan-suit even more unique?

THE “little black dress” for Fall is still with us. Only this year, it is more likely to be elephant gray, a deep slate blue, chocolate brown or deep green for colors as “basics” are more and more upon us. Beautiful Patricia Neal, who landed the lead in “The Fountainhead” with Gary Cooper, over a half dozen great years when she craved the role of a gal who knows how to show off her statuesque figure with simple, flattering lines. Pat started off her fall wardrobe with a slate blue wool dress, destined to be a big seller. It’s buttoned from pointed collar to waistline with shiny blue buttons and the gently skirted skirt features unpressed pleats in the back—where most skirt interest now centers. The dress has it in an overall fabric in the tie at the neck and in the facing of its cuffs on the long sleeves. Another smart daytimer—particularly for late afternoons—is Pat’s Puritan gray dress, which is well above the ankles, by the way. The only trimming to this heavy taffeta is its prim dead-white collar and cuffs. Something that may give you an idea—even if it is a black fabric and with other bandings—is the very full, matching gray suede coat that Pat wears over this. It comes to the hem of her dress. Toward the bottom are several rows of deeper gray bands in rather narrow bands. Deep red, burgundy or leaf green shoes and accessories, with an outfit such as this, furnish a stunning color note and take the “too conservative” look away.

Those “Mirage” berets that Walter Florell introduced are catching on big with the movie gals. They’re fashioned so that their tailored edges are styled by velvet bands or little veils tied close to the face. They’re “cut in half”—showing a color balance of lighter and darker shades to go with almost any type of costume, preferably tailored ones, of course. The “halves” are joined together with saddle stitching. Very good-looking—and becoming to almost any type of face.

The short hair-do’s are getting shorter and shorter. At the party the Danny Kayes gave (it was a dancing supper-party instead of the usual dinner and dancing party). The enormous buffet wasn’t spread out until one or 2 A.M.! Believe it or not, they had “square dancing”—but not by a bunch of squares!) we ran our hand over the back of Claudette Colbert’s head and by golly, it was practically shingled. Claudette’s Sophie gown that night was out of this world—a dreamy dancing frock, utterly feminine elegance! Its tightly-fitted, long-waister top was of very delicate black lace over white—low, very wide neckline, the edging of which just covered the top of her shoulders—but snugly. From the hip-line, the skirt flared out for miles and beginning at the hip, bands of black lace alternated with bands of white chiffon, the bands becoming wider as they reached the floor until the last band (of lace) was about eight inches wide. Here and there all over the black lace parts, were tiny, twinkling brilliants. Underneath the gorgeous skirt was a very full petticoat or slip of stiff white taffeta—making the whole thing stand out to the walls, it seemed. With Claudette’s dazzling diamond brooch, ring and bracelet (we’ve noted she never wears colored gems) she really was a picture that night.

AND while in the after dark division, I want to tell you about a heavenly evening gown that Anita Colby was wearing to a party at the swank new Ocean House. And the gown had a separate scarf. And the reason we can’t wait to describe it, is because the whole thing suggests countless ways you can make any lovely laced trimmed, full-skirted frock into a glowing, glamorous new gown. Colby’s was of sea-foam green starched marquisette—strapless, with a softly draped bodice and a tremendously full, flowing floor-length skirt. From a point just above the hips to a point just above the knees, a beautiful pattern of silvery sequins and brilliant beads was embroidered in an intricate, scattered design that shimmered with every step. The scarf of the marquisette was yards long and about a yard wide—and if, too, carried the sequined beading design—except through the middle portion. Now—this scarf isn’t worn across the neck and chest and hanging free from the shoulders down the back, as was so popular last year. You wear it in the “old-fashioned way”—just loosely, hanging around the back and dipping forward over your arms. And you can’t imagine how divine the whole effect is—unless you try it. Now—how about that flowy dress you have hanging in the closet? If you have no extra material of same, how about combining a scarf of net that matches the color (dye it if necessary) and, if you can’t afford to have both dress and scarf beaded in the manner we’ve just described, then you can easily get almost as striking an effect by splattering the proper section of the skirt generously with sequins—and doing ditto with the scarf. Silver not recommended except for white or very pastel shades.

With fashions so extremely feminine, with waists so tiny and heads so trim and neat, more and more antique jewelry is being worn—not just the old watch-fob on suit lapel gag, or bits and pieces on charm bracelets. Some stars have even raked out some of the family heirlooms and had earrings or some other piece made to match! Antique necklaces—even cameos are much in evidence—at all hours of the day and night.

The End

WILL GREER GARSON MARRY BUDDY FOGELSON?

Louella Parsons asked Greer point-blank . . . and the answers she gave make a story as exciting as her future promises to be.

A Photoplay December treat—on sale November 10

Velvet step shoes

such a feminine way to be casually lady-like . . .

WILL GREER GARSON MARRY BUDDY FOGELSON?

Louella Parsons asked Greer point-blank... and the answers she gave make a story as exciting as her future promises to be.

A Photoplay December treat—on sale November 10
June Havoc is a beautiful comedienne in Twentieth Century-Fox's "When My Baby Smiles at Me"

A full-skirted taffeta dance frock by David Klein to waltz you right into romance. Holiday colors in royal, red, green, gray or lime Bur-Mil taffeta. Sizes 9-15 or 10-16. $25.00 at Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill., and Nancy's, Hollywood, Cal.

Rhinestone jewelry by Donna.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 89
Mary Kay Dodson

Paramount designer, believes in “dresses that move”

PHOTOPLAY’S pattern this month (on page 82) is the wonderful green jersey dress and stole that Mary Kay Dodson designed for Lucille Ball to wear in “Sorrowful Jones.”

The first day Lucille talked with Mary Kay about the clothes she was to wear in this picture she said, “I can’t stand clothes that hamper me. When I walk I sort of stride and I like clothes that move with me.”

Of all the dresses she wears in this picture, her favorite is this green jersey. In fact, when she came to New York right after completing the picture, she had two dresses made exactly like it—one in black jersey, the other in white. She had two shawls made, too; one black and one white. These she alternated, thus providing a greater variety of costumes.

Miss Dodson calls this dress “the dress that moves” because the unpressed pleats of the skirt fall in such smooth lines and allow you to stride if you wish. It is a wonderful dress for travel, incidentally because, made of jersey, it doesn’t need pressing.
"I love to give buffet suppers... and serve from my smart-looking stain-resistant Samson table." You can really be proud of Samson sparkling color accents, of their handsome simulated wood design of their easy-to-keep-clean, one-piece tops.

"They're wonderful!", says lovely Jane Russell. "My Samson tables are the most useful furniture I've ever owned... and so very practical. Just look at all the things I do with my stunning Samson tables... and think how grand they'll be in your home, no matter how large or small it may be."
"I study my scripts at my Samson table, too." You'll find Samson tables wonderful for desk work and studies. At $5.95 you can afford several tables at a time without denting your budget.

"I like to run off pictures at home in the evening. Here's a scene from my new picture 'Paleface.' Our Samson tables are ideal to use for a projection machine and a screen." Samson's rugged frame and steel legs stand up under all kinds of weight and strain.

"Cards are a lot more fun with a Samson table like this." Your guests will especially appreciate the comfort of Samson's smooth, electrically welded tubular steel legs that can't snag nylons or fabrics.

"I get a thrill out of watching telecasts of my favorite man playing football. And our Samson table makes a perfect base for our set because it's so sturdy." Yes, Samson is plenty strong—for it's famous as the table that's "Strong enough to stand on."

Your home will sing too with wonderful, colorful, Samson tables for only $5.95 each.

To get your copy of "Room Service," an exciting, new color booklet of decorating ideas, send 10¢ to Dept. PH.

PS: Don't forget Samson folding chairs, in colors to match, $7.95 each.
(Continued from page 39)

My first clue read:

The hint is on
Look well, look well
For the first clue hangs
On a Wishing Well!

On the Wishing Well in the gardens of the Beverly Hills Hotel was the incorrect cryptic clue. The first couple or team to find it lost it, of course, for those who followed. And so on and on, each clue leading to another, sometimes miles apart; until the last clue, fastened to the awning beside the Rita Hayworth pool read:

The night is fair
A Prince is there
Look for the one
With the funny hair!

It was Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s team, I remember, that unwigged Prince Mike's waiter and captured the one hundred dollars. Doug is marvellous at games, like his famous father before him. He excels at Twenty Questions, too.

THERE's a game, Twenty Questions! Clifton Webb adores it. So do Gene Tierney and Judy Garland, Vincente Minnelli and Producer Arthur Freed. One night when we played Twenty Questions it was Clifton who was sent from the room.

"We must think of something very, very difficult," I announced, "Otherwise Clifton, a wizard at this, will guess it immediately!"

We thought we chose something very, very difficult too. We chose Cleopatra's toes. He then asked:

"Vegetable, animal or mineral?" Clifton asked when we called him into the room.

"Animal," we announced. After this declaration he was limited to questions that could be answered by "Yes" or "No."

"Alive?" he asked next. Then, "Human?" Whereupon he began to break down the years until he had established the era in which the person had lived. For his tenth question he had ascertained it was some part of Cleopatra's body. And long before his twenty questions were up he had announced it was her toenails.

Perhaps more fun than any other party I have ever given Hollywood was a progressive dinner. I hired a bus first to pick up my fifty guests and then to transport them from house to house where the different courses were served—usually five courses, on board and a bar. And we were as gay as larks. In fact, when, following our last course, we arrived at a dance Mary Pickford was giving we took the party over.

My guests included Milton Bren, a producer for RKO, the William Powells, Roz Russell, Freddi Brisson, Claudette Colbert, Jack Pressman and Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, then married as were Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland.

No one knew where we were going. Behind the backs of the several guests at whose lovely homes we were served several courses to be served I had been in secret conclave with their cooks.

We stopped first at Milton Bren's. Whereupon, after observing the time for every last member of my party began to worry about the course their kitchen might have been called upon to provide. I'll never forget Claudette's face when she discovered we were having soup at her house. All guests, you see, were blindfolded long before we approached any house.

Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow's rambling little ranch house at the top of Cold Water Canyon was the last stop before we joined the dancing guests at Pickfair. For Arthur is famous for his coffee Diablo.

Fifty guests in a hired bus is a progressive dinner party on a grand scale. But believe me that a party in which family or neighborhood cars are the conveyances and mothers or sisters, rather than cooks, are taken into the plan, so they may prepare the required courses, is just as grand fun.

Then there's The Game! I wish I could claim authorship of this too but the credit must go to Neysa McMein, the famous cover artist and her husband, Jack Baragwanath. I did have the pleasure of introducing Darryl Zanuck house party. It was, as it deserves to be when it is played properly, an instantaneous success. Never, I think, has there been a greater stimulus for quick wits and imagination.

THERE should be eight people on each side. Each side must have a captain. And each must choose or concoct as many quotations as there are people on the team.

Sometimes, I must tell you, the quotations are hilarious, the broadest phrases of Mr. Shakespeare. And sometimes quotations are veiledly chosen so that the player who must enact the quotation in pantomime for his team will find it expedient to indulge in amusing conduct. All of which, of course, occasions hysterical mirth.

The captain of each team collects the quotations from the opposing side and delivers one to each of his teammates. Since the papers on which the quotations are written are folded, all choices are blind.

No talking is permitted. Each player, acting out one quotation, indicates first the number of words in the quotation by boxes; then chooses any word in the quotation, by boxes; then chooses any word in the quotation, by boxes, to make the word. There are times when a player will choose the entire word without breaking it down. This was done successfully by a player who chose the word "mysterious" from the quotation "It is a matter of doubt whether we do not possess a mysterious knowledge of the human heart." The quotation was that famous one from Macbeth: "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care." Lilli Palmer enacted it so vividly that it was guessed on the first try. Lilli, a brilliant young woman, plays The Game fantastically well.

The teams alternate in acting out the quotations and the opposing team always holds the watch. If a team fails to guess a quotation within five minutes, the count goes against them. The Game is fascinating and amusing. I recommend it.

Above all I love card games. Perhaps that is why I introduced these other games to Hollywood in the first place. Because it killed me to sit by while poker was being played. And sit by I did. For I could scarcely keep the Marx Brothers at bay when they entered the chip.

Bridge, curiously, has never been very popular in the film colony except with the men. "Arrowheads," "S总监s," "Arrows," and "Loops," all card games, are played. Gin Rummy was a real craze for a while. Many stars, men and women, in fact, used to cross the continent by train rather than play Gin. Drinking Gin. Then Gin graduated into Oklahoma. And now I have inflected Hollywood with the new Argentine Gin, Canasta. This game was taught me by Mrs. Otilie H. Behn, who is a Hungarian maiden named Donohue. Irene Dunne and her husband Dr. Francis Griffin are two whom I taught Canasta who are quite mad about it.

Canasta, which means basket and is played like a deck of cards and four jokers, can be played by two but it is a better game when you play partners.

It is a great gambling game and I advise beginners against playing for money. Listen to the Voice of Experience. I repeat—games are fun. Let's play.

THE END
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:

Gray Dress with Button-on Collar
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1641 Washington Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

Gold Bracelets
Coro
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Lampl Fashions Inc.
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Cleveland, O.

Black Faille Dress
Rhea Manufacturing Co.
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Victorian Necklace, Bracelet and Earrings—also Rhinestone Jewelry
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Evening Dress
David Klein
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Stores selling Photoplay Patterns
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Lit Brothers
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Pattern Sketches

Gown by Adele Daneri

When you choose your ring ... choose by name and be sure...for a trusted name in jewelry is your certain guide to value. Genuine Art-carved diamond rings are made by America's oldest and largest ringmaker. He brings you fine diamonds...never before worn...cuts them and sets them in original hand-carved rings. The savings from this world-wide operation are yours in prices from $75 to $5000. Ask your jeweler to show you the name Art-carved* in the ring, on the tag. Wedding rings from $8

FREE! "How to Select Your Diamond Ring," a new, illustrated booklet. Write to J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. P-8, 216 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Beloved by brides for almost a hundred years (1850-1948)
The Strange Case of Robert Mitchum

(Continued from page 52) goes on, "Bob couldn't have been in that Laurel Canyon place of Lila Leeds for more than five minutes when the officers broke in on him, Vic Evans and Robin Ford. I had just left Bob and Ford, a real estate man. They had been looking for a place for Bob to live. Bob had received a wire from his wife saying that she and the children were returning to the house the following Friday and he had thought it would give him a better chance to effect a reconciliation if he was out of the house. He's been in love with Dorothy since she was fourteen and he was sixteen.

"Bob was counting on that reconciliation. He was planning to buy a place with more room—turning their present home into two rental units. For weeks he had been painting, hammering, sawing and enjoying himself thoroughly."

It was reported that Bob told the officers who took him into custody that he had been on marijuana for two years. Such a statement might very well be Mitchum defiance and bravado, his verbal gesture to hide his true feelings, which he always has been loath to show to any man.

Just as it might very well be the things he wrote about women, originally scheduled to appear in this space, undoubtedly was his attempt to hide the hurt he felt because his wife had told him she was going to leave him.

Bob has many faults. But his faults are faults that hurt only Bob Mitchum and inevitably, those who love him. They are neither directed towards others.

All of which is written to give a proper picture of the man, not in any attempt to gloss over any wrong he may have done.

It also must be reported that for all Bob Mitchum's faults he is likeable. His honesty carries a challenge. His humor is provocative. And he has quick sympathy and understanding.

When you hear something shocking about someone you know and like, as we did recently about Bob Mitchum, you remember, as we do, the different times you were with him. We remembered a Photo-play cocktail party something over a year ago. Bob behaved in a—for him—exemplary fashion. And much of the time he spent with those lone girls that you find at any party, the shy, inarticulate girls who sometimes are the nicest of all. Of course he built up the ego of these girls no end. And don't think for one moment that Bob was not aware of what he was doing. He's been around enough and he's aware enough to know the score—always.

"It's ironic that when we left New York he certainly did not look like a man on "reefers." His frame had taken on some of the glow of success. He had a good color. And his mind was working overtime. Bob Mitchum has now denied saying the things he was first reported as saying. He insists he is going to fight the charges.

"You just wait and see how I fight," he has said. And saying it he didn't laugh or shrug his shoulders or pretend he did not care. Possibly he remembers another time he was in the hands of the law—and ended in a Georgia chain gang.

For Bob insists that when, at sixteen, he was grabbed by officials in Savannah, Georgia, on charges of robbing a shoe store, he was sentenced—to the chain gang—unjustly. He insists that at the time of the shoe store theft he had been in jail on charges of vagrancy.

By this time Bob Mitchum will probably have stood trial. If he is guilty of the charges that have been brought against him, it is proper that he serve the sentence that is adjudged adequate for his crime. The fact that millions of dollars are tied up in pictures he has made which have not yet been released should not be allowed to influence his hearing. But, on the other hand, neither should the fact that he is a motion picture star with the public's eyes focused upon his case be allowed to mitigate against him. For it might well be that this experience has taught Robert Mitchum something he obviously never learned before—the advisability of conforming, in some measure at least, to the adult, conventional pattern. And with this lesson learned he might very well know such contentment as he has never known—and a lasting happiness with his wife and family.

The End

for lovely young curves

The Lift that never lets you down

Your dainty "Perma-lift"* bra is specially constructed to add allure to your youthful figure. The exclusive cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently and healthfully support your bust from below, never lose that support through countless washings and wear. See the new styles at your favorite corsetiere—$1.50 to $3.50. Buy your "Perma-lift" bra today.

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Don't slip up

on this months chance to win a portrait of your favorite star, personally autographed

Just tell us in twenty-five words or less what you like about the star. If you're among the ten best entries, you're a winner! Send your entries to:

CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Last month's winners were: Sally Sinsel, New York, N. Y.; Bernice Tomren, Hope, N. D.; Dr. Joseph Tymon, Roxborough, Pa.; June Boyer, Detroit, Mich.; Lynn Rowlinson, Hollywood, Cal.; Sue Goring, Oatsware, Ky.; Jean Hopkins, St. Barrington, Mass.; Beverly Sebold, Tray, Ohio; PFC Richard Haveron, New York, N. Y.; Sergio Passorini, Campinas, Brazil
Week-end Wedding

(Continued from page 24) location most of the time and—well, he just couldn’t believe that he had been smitten permanently—all in a flash. When he did see her again he knew it was true.

He began taking Lita dining and dancing as often as he could persuade her to go.

He bought her a tiny wrist watch and was ecstatic to see her wear it constantly. Then he grew a bit balder and when he went to Colorado on another location trip, bought her a beautiful silver fox cape. She wore that a lot, too. So he bought her an Italian lace frock, “just because it looked like the sort of beautiful thing a girl like Lita should wear.”

They weren’t formally engaged—as a matter of fact, they never were. A few days before they were married, I asked Rory if he had bought Lita an engagement ring and he replied, looking rather startled, “Oh, it’s too soon for that!” When they did make up their minds they did so with a rush. They had planned a formal church wedding in the autumn when they would be free of picture commitments and have time for a real honeymoon. “But,” Rory said, “about the middle of August we began to be unhappy. We would go dancing and stay out much too late. Then when I would leave Lita and go home it would seem so lonely that I’d call her and we’d talk and talk. That wasn’t very wise considering we had to be up early. So one evening we discussed what we wanted to do and suddenly there didn’t seem to be any sensibilities in waiting and making ourselves miserable!”

The marriage had to be arranged for a week-end because Rory had additional scenes in “Sand” and might have to be on set the following Monday.

In California, couples must have blood tests taken before they can marry and these take two days. They didn’t want to get the license in Los Angeles, where their names would be known because they wanted a quiet wedding with only their immediate families present. The nearest town where they could get a license was Santa Barbara. So they rushed up there early Saturday morning with Lita’s brother Pete, her sister Barbara, her father Henry Willson, Rory’s best friend and an executive at Rory’s studio, who was to be best man. There they registered under the legal names, Isabel Beth Castro and Francis Timothy Durgin. Then Pete drove Lita home to pack and Rory and Henry stayed in Santa Barbara to make arrangements. Henry gave Rory a “bachelor’s dinner” that evening. There were just the two of them but they had champagne and all the trimmings. A bit of hustle and bustle wasn’t to be allowed to interfere with a single tradition! And that evening Rory also telephoned his father and mother and invited them to his wedding.

By four o’clock on Sunday, Santa Barbara’s lovely Trinity Episcopal church was banked with flowers and the organ was playing the old, old solemn music. The wedding party assembled—Rory’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel T. Durgin; Lita’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter G. Castro; her two brothers, Pete and Bobby, and her sister Mary, who was a shy but lovely maid of honor.

Lita was as poised and radiant as if she had had weeks instead of days to prepare for this moment. She wore a high necked, form-fitting, soft gray frock, a flowing gray chantilly lace scarf and white gloves. Her bouquet was one of the most beautiful any bride ever had—lavender and white orchids, framed in white carnations and gardenias.

And suddenly, as the cool notes of the organ sounded and Lita walked slowly down the aisle, it (Continued on page 118)
Golden Dish

(Continued from page 50) her modern art collection here, the rest are in her old Revolutionary farmhouse at Suffern, fifty miles from New York.

She also is said to possess a collection of fine jewels. But she only wore golden earrings which made her look gypsy, and a skirt with zingaro flare and a red beret that aptly reminded you of a cherry atop a Manhattan cocktail.

"I do not collect jewels," she said. "I am not a collector of anything." But there was a splendid portrait of her looking like a queen in a tiara of old rose diamonds.

Paulette's first husband was Edward James, who owned acres of golden pine in Carolina. "That was a fine friendship," said Paulette.

Friendship triumphed over matrimony. At the end of a year, Paulette kissed her friend goodbye and came west in a Duesenberg for a view of Hollywood. Here she transferred her pretty stance to Charlie Chaplin's yacht. During a maritcal cruise of six years, she and Charlie became the best of friends and parted. Paulette was not lonesome long. Burgess Meredith carried her across the threshold of his old manse at Suffern, which still has Revolutionary cannons on the front lawn.

RECENTLY in Los Angeles, there was a forum to discuss Aristotle's view on happiness. One man, a dangerous radical, no doubt, said that money can't buy happiness. This subversive view brought a sharp rejoinder from a Hollywood grass roots man who said that happiness can't buy money either, so what good is happiness?

Paulette was not involved in the forum but she could have mediated. She knows Aristotle. What's more, she has achieved happiness.

"I went to work when I was fourteen," she said. "I had to work so that I could pay for my dancing lessons from Nell Wayburn in order to go on the stage."

Happiness lies not in things, says Paulette pronomically, but in your attitude toward things. In a word, appreciation.

"The only time I got whacked was when I failed to be appreciative," she said. "I was seven. My mother allowed me to invite three neighbor children to supper in the kitchen. We had lamb chops and peas and mashed potatoes. At our house the dish was lamb chops, not steak or chicken. After the children had gone home, I flounced about, stuffed and snippy and said... I had not enjoyed the party much."

"What!" cried my mother, reaching.

"I was not only whacked, I was tossed about."

Paulette is a grateful child today. "Everyone is kind and good to me," she said. "I am constantly surprised at my good fortune."

"I am a pessimist and a cynic. I expect nothing. So when a thing turns out well it delights me as though it were a Christmas present. If a thing fails, I'm back where I started. I expected nothing."

"Anything wrong I create myself. I have made many mistakes. But not twice." Out of the twenty-seven pictures in which she has appeared she thinks she has had one fine part. "Kitty."

"But I am not frustrated about my work," she said. "How many great books do you find? One in a million. When the component parts of a picture mesh properly, it is magic."

She agrees with Somerset Maugham that beauty is a bit of a bore and has even become ruinous.

"An actress with tangle hair and protruding stomach would be a sensation. Look at Anna Magnani in 'The Open City.'"

"Magnani is the finest actress today. She
She went to Europe with her husband while he made "A GI Returns." Paulette wanted to go along but couldn't bear to without a purpose of her own.

"It is more fun travelling if you have a purpose," she said.

So she picked up the telephone and called CARE, the organization that distributes food packages in Europe without profit. She asked if she could be of service abroad. They enthusiastically replied she could be of service even before she started.

That night Paulette went on the air with the golden Goddard touch. Twenty-two thousand pounds of food were ordered by people all over the United States for her distribution in Europe.

From London, Paris and Rome she made broadcasts back to this country telling of the misery and the courage she saw. She went to England, France, Italy and Holland with truckloads of food for orphanages, factories and schools. In three weeks she made thirty appearances, talking with children and workers.

In the East End of London the children of the poor said: "We know you, Miss Goddard. You are a film star."

"Yes, I am a film actress," Paulette admitted. "But I come to you as a messenger from the children of America. They want you to know that they are thinking of you every day and that they admire you for your pluck. All children are equal. If some have more food and clothes than others, the fault is not that of children, it is the fault of grownups."

She congratulated the mothers, who stood beaming about on the beauty and brightness of their children.

"We do our best," the mothers said. "Our government does it best."

The English have pride, Paulette observes, the pride of self-respect that disdains black markets and appreciates its government.

"They are proud of their Labour government. It functions. Fruit, liver and vitamins go first to the children. Each child in Britain gets his egg."

She saw the Dutch rebuilding Rotterdam, which was smashed three times and delivered food and clothing to them.

"They are building the most modern and beautiful city in the world," she said. "All the utilities are underground, even the heating system. The people themselves are building it, a socialized city; they are not working for a contractor."

Outside Paris in a dismal chateau, bleak without furnishings, Paulette found fifty crippled orphans. They are the blessés—the wounded ones, children mutilated in a war of grownup men.

A black pot of beans stood on a bare table. The children, blue with cold, huddled about it for lunch. Afterward they sat listless and pale in the gloom. There were no games, no planned recreation, no one to care warmly for them. Their silent pitifulness broke her. She telephoned the CARE office in Paris.

"Send a donkey," she said tearfully, "for the blessés and charge it to me."

"A donkey?" said the CARE boys, marveling at the eccentricity of a movie star. "A donkey, a French donkey," said Paulette. "They would break their necks with a horse. They must have something to love and caress."

So it is, the beloved of Goddard are blessed with burros and she by the joy of small blessés circling round a French donkey.

The End
Play Truth or Consequences with Peter Lawford

(Continued from page 49) A: No. Word of Honor.

7. Q: How have you managed to remain a bachelor?
A: Principally because I haven’t yet met the girl with whom I would like to settle down.

8. Q: Describe your dream girl.
A: Her coloring doesn’t matter—blonde, brunette or redhead. She doesn’t have to be beautiful, just attractive, intelligent, with a good sense of humor, good manners, good taste in clothes, etc. I’ve made one or two good starts but something always goes wrong. . . . She will wear the strangest-looking hats or something.

9. Q: What kind of hats do you like?
A: I don’t like any kind of hats—period. Or any frightening, assorted costumes which are in bad taste. Or horrible collections of jangling bracelets and necklaces worn in unison. These irritate me.

10. Q: How much longer do you prefer being a bachelor? When would you like to get married?
A: Not until I’m twenty-eight or thirty, preferably. I want to do too many things. I want to do a lot of travelling.

11. Q: To what do you attribute your fan appeal?
A: (For refusing to answer, Pete, who hates to shine shoes, got a whole batch of them to work on—including a pair of horse-shoes!)

12. Q: Do you prefer dating an actress to a non-professional?
A: Definitely not. I like to get away from pictures and talk about something else for a couple of hours.

13. Q: What quality do you find most offensive in women?
A: Over-possessiveness. I guess every woman is a little possessive. But when a girl has two dates with you it takes it for granted you’re “going together” and starts asking you what you’ll be doing a year from next March, that’s the quickest way to make a guy shy away.

14. Q: What exhibition of bad manners irritates you most?
A: When people flaut their egos before you and insist on letting you know how important they are or how much money they have.

15. Q: Do you give way to your temper?
A: It takes a long time for me to work up to it. I don’t flare easily. I boil for a while.

16. Q: What has been your most disagreeable experience in Hollywood?
A: (For refusing to answer, Pete had to “shoot it out” with Edwards—with seltzer!)

17. Q: What material possession are you most proud of?
A: My Cadillac. I’m in love with my new car.

18. Q: Of what honor conferred upon you are you most proud?
A: Being made a Deputy Sheriff in Texas. I can carry a gun, make arrests, etc. I’m a big man in Dallas County, until the present Sheriff is out of office. And he has just been re-elected, I was very happy to hear.

19. Q: Do you think you could be a better actor?

20. Q: Do you think British talent surpasses that of Hollywood?
A: (As a consequence for not answering, Peter had to prove his eligibility for the office of Deputy Sheriff by “making with the six shooters!”)

21. Q: Internationally speaking, who tops your marqueses?
A: Laurence Olivier. I can’t think of anybody else in England or in America who comes close to him. Although Montgomery Clift is a very fine new actor. He was in the search and in “Red River,” which I’ve just seen.

22. Q: Now don’t disillusion me—or the ladies. Would you like to play a real tough-guy role?
A: Not to the extent of a “dem” and “dose” character. Nobody would believe me—including myself. But I would like very much to portray a role like Mark Stevens’s in “Street with No Name,” for example. I would love to play real people—you know, the kind who, if you cut them with a knife, look as if they might bleed.

A: By that which is right and that which is wrong. If you hang on to those values, if you’ve had training like mine and parents like mine and if you try never to hurt the other fellow in any way, I don’t know how you can go too far wrong.

24. Q: What personal loss touched you most?
A: My dog Spotty, who died from a wound some terrible person inflicted. I’d had him for twelve years. He was a wonderful little friend.

25. Q: Have you found the bobby-sox brigade destructive in their over-enthusiasm?
A: They’ve been much better-behaved. I think the war had a lot to do with all of that. Oh, I have lost a few things like monogrammed handkerchiefs. I left New York my last trip with only one handkerchief. They sort of whisk them out of one’s pocket and run.

26. Q: What feminine screen star would you least enjoy making love to on the screen?
A: (Deputy Sheriff Lawford, for refusing to answer, had to sing “Home on the Range,” while sitting on a “mild” stove.)

27. Q: What chore do you dislike doing most?
A: Getting up in the morning.

A: The above. Hating to arise. Not being on time—I’m always late, except on a date or on a picture. Sometimes I forget appointments and find myself down at the beach instead, unless someone has thoughtfully reminded me. It’s hard for me to disguise my feelings. If I’m offended or if I really disapprove of someone, I might as well write them a letter about it. For it all shows in my face.

29. Q: Of which accomplishment, as a sportsman, are you most proud?
A: My skeet shooting. I just got my first twenty-five straight birds the other day.

30. Q: Have you a frustrated ambition?
A: Yes, to be a beachcomber. I think it would be wonderful to sail away to a deserted cove on some far-away isle.

31. Q: What has been your greatest mistake?
A: I suppose I should say “Little Women,” from the picture of the same name. (Plug!) But that wouldn’t be true. They’re such wonderful, charming, delectable creatures. Edwards: Right you are, old boy. You don’t have a line. You have a chapter.
This One's for Laughs
(Continued from page 36) that one of the children did entertain us, Esther's antics just happened to be amusing.

In addition to her gift of laughter, Esther was endowed with a fund of common sense. She was only about eight or nine when she decided that she wanted to take a daily swimming lesson at the Manchester Recreation Center.

I remember her coming home and telling me, "The swimming instructor at the playground says I'm a natural. He says I can be a champion but that I'll have to take a lesson every day."

I congratulated her, then I suggested that we discuss the cost. I didn't tell her we couldn't afford it; I simply outlined our expenses and income. In that way I showed her that one lesson a week was all we could manage without stinting the other children. I was careful not to frighten her about our finances because I believe such a procedure worries children far more than many parents realize.

A few days later she said, "We can use the money for my swimming lessons for something else because a wonderful thing happened. I have a job taking care of the towels at the swimming pool and I'm to be paid with a swimming lesson every day. Lucky, huh?"

I was pleased that Esther felt that her first job was a lucky break rather than a responsibility. It indicated that our casual conversations had been absorbed. In our family we have always looked upon work as the daily fulfillment of living. To contribute to the general good by doing an honest job, is to take a long step toward personal peace of mind.

It delights me to watch the workings of Esther's agile intellect. She has always been a person who could think things out for herself.

Parenthood, it goes without saying, is not all joy. There were many times when my heart was heavy with frustration at having to watch one of my children toil painfully toward maturity without being able to help too much.

Esther was as excited as most girls are about graduating from junior high school and going into high school. She and her chum of the moment spent many hours discussing their plans but one day this girl told Esther, "I hate to say this, but I think I should break with you now. I'm not going to be your best friend in high school."

Esther, struck to the heart, asked, "Why?"

"Because I don't think you're going to be very popular with boys. I want to be the best friend of a girl who has lots of dates and does all the glamorous things. I'm going into activities and I'm going to run for school offices, so I have to be careful of the friends I choose."

Esther brought this story to me in a voice that she forced to remain matter-of-fact except for one small catch when she asked, "What's wrong with me, Mother? Is it my nose?"

For some curious reasons, Esther never had confidence in her nose as an object of pride, let alone beauty. When she was growing up, she used to scowl at the mirror, then ask, "Do you think my nose will begin to grow soon? It doesn't amount to much as it is."

I reassured her about her nose. "It isn't anything that superficial," I explained. "I'm afraid you aren't as careful about personal daintiness as you should be. Sometimes you step out of your school skirt at night, leaving it on the floor. Next morning you step into it, wrinkled as it is and wear it to class. There's nothing really wrong with your taste, it's just that you're careless."

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FROM that day to this, Esther has kept herself immaculate. That summer she began washing her blouses after each wearing, as well as underthings and stockings. Her hair was shampooed each week and she took excellent care of her hands. No garment was ever left on a chair—everything had a place and was kept there.

This new sense of personal pride and the assurance which good grooming inevitably gives a girl, made a tremendous difference to Esther's approach to high school. At the end of her first week as a freshman, she came to my room.

"I've been watching the kids at school," Esther confided, "and I've found out something. Everybody is lonely. Kids are afraid of making silly mistakes. They're afraid they won't be liked, that they won't make friends. I'm going to speak to everyone. I'm going to pretend I'm not lonely and maybe that will help other kids get over their loneliness, too."

Naturally I wasn't too surprised when school elections were held, that Esther usually won an office.

I still get letters from unhappy girls who bemoan their lack of good looks. "If only I looked like Esther Williams," these girls lament. "Does she have any beauty secrets you can pass on?"

The truth is that we didn't think of Esther as being pretty. We thought her a lovable, lighthearted pixie who said funny things. She was always lampooning herself for her lack of beauty.

One summer she applied for a job at the local dime store and asked to be assigned to the cosmetic counter which was in the front of the store. She was deeply interested in cosmetics and she also was eager to greet everyone who entered the shop.

The manager blighted her hopes. He relegated her to the underwear section at the back of the store, explaining with more candor than tact that only the prettiest girls were allowed to work in the front. Some girls might have been crushed by this slight; not Esther. She told the story on herself repeatedly.

I have received letters from girls who complain, "If only my mother had pushed me, advised and guided me as you have Esther, I could have been successful too." The truth is that I never "pushed" advised or guided. I always tried to discuss their problems with my children so that every facet of a situation would be understood.

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Bert Parks tells his own life story in the current issue of TRUE STORY magazine now at newsstands.
ACTUALLY, I always refrained from giving advice. I think now that at times I should have been a little more forceful but I have a strong conviction that parents cannot, must not live the lives of their children. Our children do not belong to us but to themselves; they can not inherit our ambitions and realize them for us but must form their own dreams.

Only once did I take a strong stand on Esther's career, when she was trying to make a decision about going East to the national swimming meet. I felt that she was being influenced by a boy friend.

This boy selfishly wanted her to stay in Los Angeles. He offered many reasons why it would be better for Esther to give up the idea of competing. She might fail, he suggested and that would surely give her a complex. I had my say. I told Esther to make her own decision.

She looked at me in big-eyed surprise and said, "So you really think I can win?"

We burst into laughter. It was like Esther to speak straight to the heart of the matter. Though I always was certain that Esther would win, I never stressed the winning. When she and I went to the meets in which she competed, she was always composed and happy.

Many of the swimmers could always be found nervously hovering around the pool, getting last minute counsel from their coaches and generally drawing themselves as taut as a fiddle string.

Esther and I would sit relaxed in a dressing room until she was called. We would discuss various things not related to athletics. One of our favorite topics was our belief that within every person there is the ability to realize any good ambition. If this possibility of fulfillment did not exist, then human beings would not even begin the dreams. To hunger for progress is, I think, an indication that the means with which to achieve that progress are there.

I would say, "I think you can win but winning is not as important as competing well. The thing to avoid is worry. Don't get nervous, don't try too hard. Just remember that it's fun to give all you have to the game."

As Esther's success increased, she said during one of our chats, "I don't think I want to sign a picture contract. I don't know whether I'm big enough a person to handle that sort of life. From the little attention I've had, I can understand how hard it must be for really successful people to keep their balance. In the picture business I might get caught up in a whirl that would dizzy me out of what I really want."

I let her talk on about without interruption. Suddenly she leaned back and laughed. "There. That's out of my system. Now I think I'll be all right."

I think proof of her "all-rightness" lies in the fact that Esther is exactly the same today as she was in our home, real, unostentatious... and funny.

Of course the passing years have brought changing problems. Not long ago our entire family met for a reunion at Esther's easy home in Santa Monica. Esther had us laughing hilariously with her convulsing anecdotes resulting from her decision not to continue as a swimming star but to develop into a real actress.

Esther, without help, had cooked the dinner we were eating, so her father was applying his closest attention to the roast, the salad, the spicy vegetables and the hot orange rolls. Suddenly he said, "I don't care whether or not Esther ever becomes a great actress," he howled, "Just as long as she can cook like this."

Everyone howled, Esther with the greatest enjoyment of all. As we have always agreed in our family, "Esther was given to us to laugh.

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Cinderella Is a Girl Named Betsy

(Continued from page 42) that had no teeth. I never acquired the ability to go
flipping down Park Avenue, my costume
in a hat box and my hair perfect.

"I still care nothing for clothes . . ."
Perhaps not but she has a flair for wear-
ing the few casual, tweedy things that
comprise her wardrobe, very effectively.
Because she's long-limbed and honey-
haired and her strange green eyes flash
with lively intelligence.

No one looking at Betsy would find the
great and instant attraction interest Cary
showed in her, at all odd. They were
crossing on the S.S. Queen Mary, you
know, when he saw her. She was re-
turning from a London engagement in
"Deep Are the Roots" in which she had
played the one feminine role.

"Who is that girl?" Cary asked Merle
Oberon. Merle introduced him. Betsy
was very pleased to meet him. But
she said what very few girls ever
say about Hollywood offers. She wanted
no part of it. Until Cary, the hour after
they docked, insisted upon introducing her
to Dore Schary, then head of RKO. And
made a film test with her. And Schary
offered her a contract. And Cary said if
she would sign it then and there he would
cast her in his own picture.

Betsy, you see, had suffered—almost
died, in fact—to be on the stage and it
took a miracle—in the form of Mr. Grant
—to change her mind.

When she first lived in New York, she
lived in Greenwich Village. That's where
so many new, young, artistically inclined
youngsters cluster. In a wild moment she
left Conover's—on the ground that such
work had no future. And soon her fort-
unes got so bad that she went into an old-
fashioned decline. When she got down
to her last ten cents, however, she came
out of it.

She learned the art of survival when
she was six and her parents brought her
home from Paris where she had been
born. For they proceeded to journey from
place to place, and Betsy went to a dozen
different schools and had no roots any-
where. When she was ten her parents
separated. It was then she determined to
be "Something Important!" and all during
grammar school would lock herself in her
room and read Chekhov, sobbing with
deep, Russian gloom. It was when she
won a scholarship in the Kingsmill School
of the Theatre, in Washington, D. C., that
things brightened up.

"I had one fairly nice hat and dress,
my only one," Betsy said. "That day I was
down to my last ten cents. So I went
uptown on the subway to call on an agent
and he looked me over and said 'I get
jobs only for people who need them.' I
was so hurt. I told him I was down to
my last nickel. He laughed. 'Maybe I
can get you a job as an usher,' he said.

She walked back downtown. It was
days, but she wanted to keep the nickel
for a cup of coffee in the morning. In the
morning, fortunately, her luck changed.
She got a job as understudy with a
Broadway show. It tided her over for
a few weeks until the play failed.
After that—"my gosh it was awful,"
Betsy says. "My gosh," are her cuss
words. She uses them constantly, with
force, young emphasis. She was too
proud to go back to Conover. She moved
to a cold water flat in the slums beyond
the Village. If you don't know about
cold water flats, be assured they are the
end in housing—no steam heat, no hot
water, no nothing but four walls and a
By way of earning eating money, Betsy took a job in her agent's office, sorting cards. Her wages were unique—she earned fifteen dollars a week and an ice cream cone at the end of each day. This was in 1945, mind you, in the era of the inflated wartime prices, so eventually she got so broke, she even had to get a roommate to share the cold water flat.

"I remember one night coming home with a temperature of 103," Betsy reminisces. "I was coming down with flu. As I unlocked the door to the flat, I saw my roommate in the kitchen, her head in the oven. She was trying to start the fire and weeping because she couldn't manage it. I couldn't either, so we both cried ourselves to sleep.

"I never knew before," she said, "how important warmth and food and protection were and why girls marry men they don't love. I nearly did marry one boy that winter. But then Spring came. I got ten weeks in stock at fifty dollars a week. Then, miraculously, Hal Wallis heard of me and signed me for Hollywood."

Her dreams were reseate and she saw herself picking up Oscars every April. So out she came. She knew no one in town and no one knew her. She sat and sat—and all she got was a screen test. Betsy isn't angry about it. "My gosh, I know Mr. Wallis had more important things to think about than my career—but I didn't," she explains.

Her sense of timing warned her that she must wait too long. Wallis told her if she went back to New York she would starve. He had no idea what a shuddering train of memories he stirred up in her by that crack.

Thus in May, 1947, Betsy came back to Broadway and tested for the London company of "Deep Are the Roots" and arrived in London during the miserable winter weather and austerity.

She grew thin during that tour—but she also grew in her art. That she knew. It was on this score, really, that she said "no" to Cary when he suggested Hollywood. But she is glad Cary changed her mind.

"I know now," she says, smiling, "that you can get as much happiness out of acting in Hollywood as in the theater. Because of the people who surround you. Without exception, from the prop men to the director, they know their jobs and love them."

I didn't want her to get started on her favorite subject, acting, again. I told her the public wanted to know more about her, herself.

"My gosh," said Betsy, and this time her eyes twinkled. "Should I tell that in my youth I used to play golf and tennis and read and read and read?"

Her mood changed—suddenly. "I was so sad on the last day's shooting of 'Every Girl Should Get Married.'" I'm sure that all actresses have an inferiority feeling in private life. Otherwise we wouldn't have to become actresses and live dramatically through our work. But in the picture, Francho Tone has a line about my being happy that through all my trickery, I've got my man. I can't tell you how horrible I felt, thinking that perhaps someone might think I'd do anything like that, really. I'm pretty normal, even old-fashioned, I guess. I believe in all the cliches, all the sentimental things about marriage and children. I want them very much.

You see what kind of an extraordinary girl she is? And you see, too, don't you, how Mr. Cary Grant's beautiful good taste has once again manifested itself.

The End
Halfway to Heaven

(Continued from page 58) In East Canton, Ohio, "Pete" shares her home with Aunt Mel, who is, officially, Mrs. Melba Dyson. She and Aunt Mel do all the housework and cooking except for the cleaning woman who comes in twice a week.

She came to Hollywood two years ago on April Fool's Day and she is not sure but that it is significant.

As you've probably read, a friend of hers, Arlen Hurwitz, entered Pete's picture in a "Miss Ohio State" contest. Pete's victory led to a two-week Christmas vacation trip to Hollywood and a test with Twentieth Century-Fox.

She came West for the train ride. After two hours of rehearsal, a few days after her arrival in Hollywood, she made the test. She expected nothing of it. That evening, by studio request, she went out on a publicity date with Victor Mature. Nothing came of that, but with the test, something did. She got a six-months' option.

SHE thought a six-months' vacation in Hollywood would be fun, at the end of which time she would return to Ohio State and get credits for her B. A. So now look. She's a star. The irony of it is that her friend Arlen was always a rabid movie fan, while Pete never was. Even at school, she had no acting ambitions.

Those secretive green eyes, that glowing skin and that figure make her what wolves howl for. Which will only get thronging house, for she is not listening.

In her two and a half years' residence in Glittertown, she has been to the Mo-cambo once, Ciro's twice. Dancing bores her, because, she admits, she's terrible at it. Night life bores her even more, because her strongest drink is a coke. Besides, she prefers college boys to Hollywood wolves and college boys can't afford that Sunset Strip tariff.

With "cute fellows," as she calls them, from UCLA and USC she plays golf and tennis, both of which she does excellently and tries skeet shooting, which is currently fascinating her. Her one stellar extravagance so far is having her own box at the ball game.

She smokes incessantly and does her own marketing. This is that old devil economics at work again. "They charge too much when they come by the door or when you telephone some market," she explains.

When she goes out on a college-boy date, she loves eating hot dogs, peanuts and popcorn or "hamburgs" as she calls them. At home she stokes up on what she tags "farm food"—soup, steak, vegetables and home-made cake. Even breakfast, which she doesn't have until ten-thirty, when she is not working, is a heavy meal—ham and eggs and coffee but she doesn't have to worry too much about weight because she swims every day and plays tennis often.

Her only calorie concession is shunning potatoes. She weighs exactly one hundred and twenty-four pounds, which is eminently satisfactory on the curves of her five-foot-five figure. She keeps no liquor in the house, not even for make bite and even less for the lads who regard themselves as God's gift to young glamour girls. But she always whips up a cake when she has a date, for midnight eating, just in case the fellow wants a snack when he brings her home.

She never goes to beauty parlors and off-screen wears no make-up except lipstick and a little of that. Her hair curls naturally and she shampoos and cuts it herself. She does her own manicuring and never uses polish.

Fashion is spinach as far as she is con-

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a new
quick way
to
lovelier-looking
eyes!

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Wonderful new Vaseline
Eyebrow-Eyelash Cream brushes
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This fragrant new cream is non-
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brows to a prettier, cleaner, trimmer
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adds a subtle, satiny touch...
makes eyes look romantically
depth and dreamy.

Look lovely
and be loved!

with Lasti-Side
Cup
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The bra that insures perfect fit... by controlling the fit right in the
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At leading Specialty, Corset or Dept Stores
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MOTHERS—here's your chance to help give your
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ingles bring to baby's head.

• Easy to use—gentle—created especially for
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• Used for over 35 years by thousands of
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• Awarded the famous Seal of Commendation
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At drug, dept. stores, baby and beauty shops. If
unable to buy locally...
HER musical taste is highbrowish. She doesn't collect swing records but loves symphonies and wants to weep when she hears Tchaikowsky, particularly the "Romeo and Juliet Overture." She can't sing a note but wishes she could. Her sense of humor is as subtle and wise as her whole personality. Talking of herself vs. the pianoforte she says, "I can play 'Sweet and Low' with both hands—if I play slowly enough."

She is religious and glad to admit it. Back home in Canton, Ohio, she never missed a Sunday at the Methodist Church and she taught a class at the Sunday School. She hasn't hooked up with a Sunday School class yet in Hollywood but she rarely misses a Sunday at church. She hates hats and hasn't even got a Sunday one. Currently she is studying "Kings" in the Bible, those two great books of Ancient History, now known as "First Kings" and "Second Kings." Jean can tell you the sequence of them with all the confidence of an elderly Bishop.

Think of Catana, the wild beauty and then brace yourself for the fact that the unspoiled Miss Peters does her own washing and is as proud of her washing machine and steam iron as the Turners. Her starlet is proud of her new convertible.

With one exception she made no close friends in the Hollywood film colony and doesn't even know where most of the big stars live. After going to a couple of big parties where no one knew her and she didn't even know her hostess, she's had all she wanted of that. When you pin her right down to it, she tells you that she has found California a stand-offish place. Then she smiles. "My mother expected me to be plunged into wickedness out here," she says, "but I found Hollywood almost excessively normal." The word "normal" is full of meaning for Jean. She murmurs that she hopes to stay "normal." She wants to live a "normal" life. But she admits that it misses the seasons and the sights and scents of Ohio farm life. That she is fantastically normal right now is proven by what she said to Darryl Zanuck when he told her cerned. She dresses collegiate style, preferring skirts and sweaters, with saddle shoes. She makes her own skirts and blouses and knits her own sweaters. For the latter she has, she says, "lots of sharp designs." She learned to sew when she was eight but in Hollywood she hasn't a sewing machine. "There's always some one from whom you can borrow one," she announces, sagely.

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that she, an unknown, was going to get the
role of Catana, a role which Linda Darnell,
Jeanne Crain and a couple of other
stars had fought over.

"Roger," said Jean—and that was all.
Aunt Mel is more a girl friend than a
relative, being only twelve years Jean's
senior. She's a widow, having lost her
husband twenty years ago. Her one Holly-
wood pal is keen, young Vanessa Brown,
who you may remember used to be a
Quiz kid. They go to the opera together.
"You should see Vanessa on opening
night," Jean grins. "She loves to dress.
Jean admits to being a terrific sleepy-
head, come evening, but she certainly
packs her daytime hours. Besides the
housework, cooking, piano lessons and her
career, she models in clay, tries oil paint-
ing and attempts writing. She says, in
fact, that she is studying more now than
she did at college, since she also takes a
daily dieton lesson plus a daily dancing
lesson at the studio.

She still yearns occasionally to be
on the staff of a university and write use-
ful textbooks. That's what the girl says.
Can you imagine a class of young males,
looking up at a teacher like Jean and
keeping their minds on their trigonometry?
Ask her about boy friends and she
obviously believes in numbers. There is
nothing coy or vague about her at any
time but the boy friends seem to be
lured in one anonymous group-
labeled "cute." There was a "nice boy" at
Ohio State, who is now a doctor and who
journeys way out here to see her. There
is a "cute Phi Delta" locally, whom she
sees frequently. With a group of girls
she goes with members of the Los Angeles
polo team and was enthralled by the re-
cent Olympics and the California winners,
since she knew so many of them personally.

From this you undoubtedly gather, as
I do, that she is still more slanted
toward college than she is toward
Hollywood. This, in fact, may explain her
recent flare-up at the studio that stocked,
by its very boldness, Twentieth Century-
Fox into speechlessness. For after only
two pictures, she dared turn down "Yel-
low Sky," opposite Gregory Peck and then
"Sand," opposite Mark Stevens. Jean said
she didn't like the parts and she may
have been right but Anne Baxter and
Collen Gray, respectively, were promptly
put into them and Jean took an eight
weeks' suspension, which is the most sus-
pension any studio can dish out. But you
will soon see her with Clifton Webb in
"Mr. Belvedere Goes to College."

Nevertheless, this freedom of thought
followed by action is very characteristic.
At the University of Michigan, where she
spent her freshman year and at Ohio
State, where she was a soph, she went all
out against sororities. Obviously she's a
natural "pledge," her eyes flash as she
says, "They are symbols of the most child-
ish cruelties. They attempt to make rules
for life—and what they do is ruin alto-
gether too many lives."

She doesn't intend to have her life
ruined, either by bad parts or Hollywood
and certainly not by extravagance.
would have been a fool not to have come
to Hollywood, when I got this opportu-
nity," she says. "If I make good I'll have
the thrill of great achievement plus much
more money than I ever dreamed I could
earn."

She'll need that money, too—unless she
falls in love with a rich man. For her first
dream is to get married, have four chil-
dren and live on a big farm. Until that
happens, whatever else she may do or
have, she insists she'll only be halfway
to Heaven.

THE END
A Gay History of Hollywood

(Continued from page 64) toothed extra boy, who that month turned up in the “Collegian” series at Universal.

Yet there, at the end of prosperity and silence were big Clark Gable and tiny Shirley Temple, slated to become the brightest twinkle in the glamorous second chapter of Hollywood.

THE whole world rocked to the stock market crash of October, 1929—the whole world except Hollywood, that is. Oh, sure, there were some people who dropped a fortune in the market—Wally Beery for one, Garbo for another. No one in movietown gave it a second thought. Everybody, including Beery and Garbo, was busy making new fortunes. The advent of sound was not an overnight revolution. Theaters had to be wired. New studio techniques had to be worked out. The battle of survival was on. D. W. Griffith, for instance, made a “talkie” of “Abraham Lincoln” with a cast of one hundred and ten and a script by the very distinguished Stephen Vincent Benet. Yet by 1933, Griffith was out, his interest in United Artists sold, he himself in retirement.

Those first “sound” years followed the pattern of the early movie years. Where originally, it was enough that a train moved on the screen, in 1927 to 1930, it was enough that the train’s whistle whistled, or that Al Jolson’s voice echoed through “The Jazz Singer.” By 1931, the thrill of listening was leveling off. The sophistication of the screen was rising, at M-G-M particularly, with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery reading the bright lines of Noel Coward and the gangster cycle was also in. The brutal acts of violence that were creating newspaper headlines in the prohibition era were translated to the screen with all their gore and action visible. At Warners there was a new star, Edward G. Robinson (out from Broadway) in “Little Caesar.” There were James Cagney and Joan Blondell (also from Broadway) in “Sinner’s Holiday” and Cagney pushing a grapefruit in Mae Clarke’s face in “Public Enemy.” Howard Hughes, today’s head of RKO, followed up the hit of “Hell’s Angels” with a bigger hit called “Scarface,” actually a story of Al Capone (which the Johnston office won’t permit on screen today) which discovered Paul Muni and George Raft for the public. Warners were also showing what the screen could do with muscals and chorus girls. What they did with chorus girls was a caution. They hung from chandeliers—in fact, they were the chandeliers. They sang under water—or were the waterfalls.

At the same time, Warners were trying to do superior things. Oddly enough, under all their noise and acoustics, their quarrels with stars and creators, Warners always try to do superior things—and often achieve them.

In the 30’s, their highbrow yearnings were embodied in George Arliss and later, “Mr.” Paul Muni. Arliss was always “Mr.” George Arliss in the Warner ads. He did what Don Ameche has tried to do since—he survived and Don got badly hurt by it. Arliss did biography—“Disraeli,” “Alexander Hamilton,” “Voltaire,” “Richelieu” and others. Only age stopped him—but “Stephen Foster” and “Alexander Graham Bell” almost murdered Don Ameche in his youth. Muni, having scored as a man of action, did “Louis Pasteur,” “Zola,” “Juarez” and others and got away with them. He was deeply acclaimed and deeply successful but the moment Warners tried to give him the “Arliss” treatment and advertised him as “Mr.” Muni, he seemed to get deeply depressed with himself. And

What this young wife WANTS TO KNOW BUT HATES TO ASK...

It's pretty difficult for a young wife who hasn't been instructed by her doctor on how important vaginal douching often is to intimate cleanliness, health, womanly charm and marriage happiness. Worse yet—put the wife who from ignorant advice of friends, still uses weak or dangerous products for her douche. You owe it to yourself and husband to learn now about modern ZONITE—how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues.

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THE timing was exactly right for Clark. Like Montgomery Clift today, his second big picture reached the public before his original one. The bits he had played previously were ignored. Having been pushed around in the theatrical business for years before that—and even in Hollywood, having been dropped by Warners because he couldn't act—he had balance enough not to lose his head in the fame that instantly engulfed him. Off screen, too, Hollywood was a setup for Clark and vice versa. Because by this time, Hollywood had absorbed the technical advance of talkies—and the huge fortunes created thereby and was blazing with a new intensity.

Both Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks tried sound pictures—and while they didn't flop, their success in no way measured up to their silent films. And while Pickfair may have been aghast at young Doug's marrying that crazy, dancing Joan Crawford at the very end of 1929, there was no denying that this same Miss Crawford was doing simply magnificently in sound pictures and also living most magnificently in the section of town called Brentwood.

Brentwood was so new that while it had a few main streets, its cross streets were unpaved. There was the love of all loves, so much so that over the door of their Spanish hacienda in Brentwood, mechanical doves that sang a song would run from door bell to inside the house. The married lovers never went from room to room or upstairs or down yet, without one another. Never, for two years.

Yet neither she, nor her mother-in-law, Mary Pickford, were the queens of Hollywood at that period. Ane Harding and Ruth Chatterton were. They, too, were ideally married. Miss Chatterton to very handsome Ralph Forbes, Miss Harding to fairly handsome Harry Bannister. Miss Chatterton bought an Italianate mansion out in the swankiest section of Beverly Hills and they do claim that the very dishes on which guests were asked to deposit their gum were made of the greenest jade.

But Miss Harding had no truck with the mere purchase of a home. She built her own. Her contract called for her to earn a million dollars in three years, so she gouged out the side of a mountain for her home site. Roads had to be built to reach it and miles of retaining walls. Maybe it's legend, but people who should know claim that the finished castle, with a big swimming pool for the Bannisters and a small wading pool for their little girl, was worth a million for automobiles, so that visitors would be saved the arduous task of having to turn their own cars and suchlike refinements, cost better than $500,000. Rudy Vallee, always a canny lad with cash, lives there now. He picked it up in 1940 for about $35,000.

Hollywood was positively ablaze with deathless loves. Loretta Young, a tenest, had eloped with Grant Withers, William Powell had married Carole Lombard, quite a bit younger. John Barrymore had married Dolores Costello. Clark Gable remarried his second wife, Rhea Langham, to be sure that their union was utterly, utterly legal. Only about that time, he began appearing a lot at Mrs.
Dough Fairbanks, Jr.'s dinner parties. Charlie Chaplin, divorced from his two child-brides, began turning at Pickfair dinner parties with a girl divorced from her own child marriage, Paulette Goddard. And a Mr. George Brent, divorced from his first wife, began appearing at Miss Martha Chatterton's dinner parties. And a new, very blonde girl, whom Arliss had discovered, said of herself, "I'm simply not right for pictures. I can't last." She was Bette Davis.

In case you want my opinion on a current marriage that will survive everything, I give you that of the little girl who appeared in 1934 in "Little Miss Marker" and changed the entire course of film history. Naturally, I mean Mrs. John Agar, the gayest, most level-headed little thing who ever faced a camera. Today at the venerable age of twenty, Shirley Temple is still just that—gay, wise, talented and beautiful. And rich!

She created her own wealth, little Miss Shirley. She created a troupe of imitators—Jane Withers, Virginia Weidler, Gloria Jean, Sibby Jason—and today's Margaret O'Brien.

Even boys tried to cash in on the cute kiddy act—Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Bobby Breen, Roddy McDowall, Bobby and Billy Mauch (the twins) and Mickey Rooney. The original debuts of plump little Judy Garland and inhibited Deanna Durbin were influenced by the success of Shirley. Brutal as it is to say, it is still true that Margaret O'Brien, Mickey Rooney, with his great talent, Deanna, who could be great, are all waning stars.

Freddie Bartholomew, Roddy McDowall and Jackie Cooper are off-screen almost completely. Mitzi Green, child star before Temple, is a night club entertainer.

Nobody in those old days noticed that a kid named Lana Turner entered Hollywood High School one day there was a new young attorney—about-town, Greg Bautzer. Hollywood was saddened by the death of Will Rogers and it had new worries. One was whether movie stars should go into radio. Another was Jimmy Cagney's walking out on his Warner contract and Warners saying they'd fix him so that he'd never work again—except for them. The last and most important was—what to do about Mae West.

In the history of Hollywood—Pickford, Valentino, Garbo, Gable, Temple and West must forever be listed as the super-stars. Rivals and imitators are just as good but they were the "originals."

Some other great originals, like Will Rogers and Marie Dressler, got started too late, really. Dietrich, the Garbo imitator, is surviving the original—movie personalities stemming from the same pattern, is the current expression of the initial vogue, with Viveca Lindfors, at Warners and Marta Toren, at Universal, being urged by their studios to latch on to same, if possible.

West was the rowdiest star of all. She was not young when she came into pictures. She was never beautiful. She was forced to quit because she made things too hot for herself—her own productions, her private life and the reaction of the more correct audiences. But while she lasted she was sensational and among the most unique things she did, one of her most minor ones has had the most lasting screen benefit, she gave his biggest chance to an obscure leading man, Cary Grant.

By 1936, Jack O'Connor, married Franchot Tone. Clark Gable, divorced, was escorting Carole Lombard, divorced from Bill Powell and recovering from her heartbreak over Russ Columbo's untimely death. That same year, the first

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color picture, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," had been released. A "charming young society girl," as publicity had it—and for once publicity was telling the truth, had been signed by M-G-M under her own name. This was Rosalind Russell. Humphrey Bogart had clicked big with "Petriified Forest," which starred Leslie Howard and another new guy, Jimmy Stewart, was so good that his pal, Henry Fonda, told producer Walter Wanger that if he'd only been smart he could have had Stewart instead of Fonda. Fonda was involved with two big romance rumors at that time. One set declared he would definitely remarry his ex-wife, Margaret Sullivan. The other said he would definitely marry Shirley Ross, a girl who had clicked singing a tune called "Thanks for the Memory" with a Broadway comic, Bob Hope. Hank said he wouldn't marry either one and he didn't.

PARAMOUNT had two newcomers also—
Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland (who had been let out by M-G-M) but the new riot was one Errol Flynn, married to the French beauty, Lili Damita and little dreaming of the effect that either portholes or a cigarette-stand girl Nora Eddington were later to have on his life.

William Powell was dating Jean Harlow while divorced Joan Blondell married Dick Powell and everyone expected Cary Grant to marry Phyllis Brooks—who looked so much like his ex-wife, Virginia Cherrill. The newest reigning beauties on screen were Olivia de Havilland and Merle Oberon, one so naive, the other so worldly. Olivia had a gangling-legged sister, Joan Fontaine, who was very much in love with Conrad Nagel, many years her senior. Everybody nearly died when the Fontaine kid went into a Fred Astaire picture and she nearly died in the same production when Fred insisted upon fifty-six takes of a scene they had together. Who dreamed then that she would one day be grabbing Oscars away from the real queen of RKO, the scintillating Katharine Hepburn, or flowering with her Oscar-winning sister, Olivia?

As for Merle, she was a firebrand. She was allegedly engaged to Joseph M. Schenck, the film magnate who had wed Norma Talmadge, though she did appear at a lot of places with a penniless young Englishman, named David Niven. She was

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Pals with Norma Shearer, the screen’s “first lady” and she also sponsored parties for the new Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, ex-Lady Sylvia Ashley. Hostesses didn’t know what to do. To be in right with Merle meant antagonizing many people one way or the other.

In 1936 everybody was playing “Knock-knock, Who’s There?” and when Hollywood played it, the answer was radio. The Lux show came out. Cantor came out. Jack Benny, a radio boy, went into pictures. Bing Crosby, not much of an actor, you understand, but distinctly a comedian and a crooner, was doing so well that he brought the whole Crosby clan to Hollywood, with all of them working for him in various capacities. He and Dick Arlen, with their wives, Dixie Lee and Jobyna Ralston (each of them with a son) made a happy group out in the very newest development, Toluca Lake.

George Brent moved out there, too, and began romancing, of all people, Miss Greta Garbo. Hollywood was fretting over the threat of radio and when Irving Thalberg, a truly great producer died, they became more fearful. Although they felt Hollywood itself might survive this loss, they were confident that M-G-M couldn’t. M-G-M was Thalberg, they said.

They paid slight attention to the success of an M-G-M production, “Naughty Marietta” with Nelson Eddy, who would, he promised, always remain a bachelor and Jeanette MacDonald, who seemed to be forever a bachelor-girl, despite her constant appearances with executive, Robert Rich. And nobody, including the public, paid any attention to an extremely minor Twentieth Century-Fox picture released the very month Thalberg died. It was called “Pigskin Parade” and it starred Stewart Erwin and Arline Judge. So why am I bringing it up twelve years later? Well, playing bit roles in it were Betty Grable, Tony Martin and Judy Garland.

England got a new king and queen that summer of 1937, but Hollywood lost one of its favorite queens: Jean Harlow. People didn’t know whether or not Bill Powell could survive her loss. 1938 saw the dark-haired little Turner girl go over to Metro with her discoverer, Mervyn Le Roy. 1938 saw a redheaded girl come over from England and sit out eleven months of a twelve-month contract, when they finally cast her in “Good-bye, Mr. Chips” and gave the world-wide screen Greer Garson. 1938 saw a French girl, Annabelle, come to town with her husband, Jean Murat and that most beautiful girl, Hedy Lamarr, from Austria.

In Europe, the Austrian paperhanger, Adolf Hitler, murmured about war but Hollywood didn’t think much about it. Hollywood didn’t think. It was too busy with Cupid and by the time 1939 came along, it was in its most marrying year.

Because that was the year that Carole Lombard married Clark Gable, when Joan Fontaine married Brian Aherne, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor got married that spring, Bill Powell and Diana Lewis, twenty-six years his junior, were wed. That same year, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. having dated Gertrude Lawrence, Marion Dietrich, Vera Zorina and other exotics, married Mary Lee Hartford and Janet Gaynor married Adrian, the dress designer, while Tyr married Annabella.

The picture, “Intermezzo” with Leslie Howard wasn’t much of a hit but Hollywood rather liked the girl making her English-speaking debut in it—a brunette named Ingrid Bergman, a bit overweight but very beautiful. War was declared in Europe in September, 1939, but Hollywood had the Civil War on its hands with the release of “Gone with the Wind,”

**Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only**

**WHY DOES HER HUSBAND PREFER TO STAY OUT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT?**

A. Because this wife has not bothered about their intimate marital happiness.

Q. How has she failed?

A. By not practicing sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching ... “Lysol” in proper solution.

Q. Wouldn’t soup, soda, or salt do just as well?

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Q. Do doctors recommend “Lysol” for vaginal douching?

A. Yes, indeed! Many leading doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with “Lysol” brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. Safe to use as often as you want. No greasy after-effect. Three times as many women use “Lysol” for feminine hygiene as all other liquid products combined!

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107
having spent two years in a search for a Scarlett O'Hara. Laurence Olivier refused to answer questions about himself and Vivien Leigh, who had been so wonderful as Scarlett O'Hara, she got an Academy award for it. So on the last day of August, 1940, in the presence of Katharine Hepburn and Garson Kanin (who were expected to wed), Vivien May Hunter (as the wedding certificate called them) became Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Olivier.

The year 1940 saw the parting of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. (Jolson was through by 1940, anyhow, it was said.) Douglas Fairbanks died—and a way of life died, too, for even though the war was in Europe, it was affecting the looks of Hollywood. Montgomery went to France to drive an ambulance. Leslie Howard and young Richard Greene packed their gear, preparatory to going back to England. The beautiful glamour girls began going out with older men. Garbo was with Gaylord Hauser, the food faddist; Norma Shearer with George Raft; Ginger Rogers with Howard Hughes (definitely they would marry!) and sweet Livvy de Havilland (who was seen everywhere with Jimmy Stewart—not knowing then that he would be the first man from Hollywood to enter service in our flying corps).

War nerves were beginning, but Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, when questioned, said, "We never let a night go by without feeling mad." Just one year later, Mayo Methot said the same thing about herself and Humphrey Bogart. She pointed out that the third Mrs. Bogart, she understated the guy perfectly and nothing could ever part them. At that time Bogart had not discovered "Baby" Bacall. Not even Howard, Robert Montgomery was one of the fully satisfied in 1940, that of Loretta Young to Tom Lewis, the advertising executive and one very surprising one, that of Betty Davis to Arthur Farnsworth, a hotel man and Doris Lamour began going everywhere with Greg Bautzer.

With 1941, the war was coming closer to us. War pictures were coming out, particularly "I Wanted Wings" in which the leading woman was Constance Moore, but the standout performance was given by an apparently one-eyed girl, Veronica Lake. Two new boys were discovered that year, Dana Andrews and Glenn Ford. The only trouble with Glenn, said Hollywood, was that he had so little sex-appeal. Nobody anticipated "Gilda" with the girl who played a bit in Joan Crawford's "Morgan and God," which was released right then! She did have sex-appeal, this Spanish girl, Rita Cansino, screen-named Hayworth, but she was so demure and so very married to Ed Judson that nobody expected very much of her.

After Pearl Harbor, the men really began leaving town. David Niven was gone now. So too, was Flight Officer Laurence Olivier. And more and more from the Hollywood ranks kept leaving. Gary Cooper, Reagan, the well-knowns and the lesser-knowns, Power, Taylor, Payne, Skelton and many others. And backing up the soldiers in uniform were the soldiers in greasepaint—Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Kay Kyser, Jack Benny—that list is endless, blazing with tragic brilliance with the name of Carole Lombard who died in a plane crash coming back from a bond drive in January, 1942. Mickey Rooney, before donning uniform, took time off to marry Ava Gardner and Lew Ayres startled everybody by dating his ex-wife, Ginger Rogers. Jackie Briggs was heading toward the Marines at that moment, but who knew, including Jackie, that he was also heading toward a very happy sea of matrimony with the ex-Mrs. Ayres? Very
If you suffer from some of the torture-like kinds of "RHEUMATIC" PAINS or from "ARTHROSIS" "LUMBAGO" simple neuralgia or muscular aches

PLEASE READ THIS CAREFULLY

We don't know of any other electric massage that will relieve the kinds of pain which you suffer from some of the torture-like kinds of RHEUMATIC, ARTHRITIC or NEURITIC TYPES, or from LUMBAGO, simple neuralgia, or muscular aches due to cold exposure or fatigue - or will relieve the mystery that makes something mysterious our solution. It is a well-known fact that heat has relieved the various pains described above. Our electric massager is the only machine ever made which enables you to massage the painful area at the same time that the stimulating heat is applied. You will be amazed at the efficiency of this new apparatus. Operates on any 110-volt AC or DC. Send $1.00 cash, check or Money Order and we will ship prepaid or, if you wish, we will ship COD, and you can pay the Postman $1.00 plus few cents postage.

Here's proof!

From original letters on file.

B. J. W. of Missouri writes: "Words cannot express the wonderful relief I have had in this short time. you will be surprised if you order some time by doubting them. I am satisfied.

Mrs. R. W. of Texas writes: "I purchased your apparatus and have used it many, many times for relief of pain in various parts of my body, especially for muscular aches. I wouldn't be without one."

Metropolitan Electronic Co., Dept. 60-A
42 Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.

IN 1943 they discovered a fellow in "Batman" named Robert Walker and his wife, Phyl, called Jennifer Jones for screen purposes, made "The Song of Bernadette." Such a divinely happy, darling couple they were. Linda Darnell, playing the Virgin in the latter picture, eloped with her cameraman, Pev Marley. An impossible marriage, said Hollywood. It couldn't last. And the Garson-Ney marriage looked bad, too, but the law婚姻 perfect. There was the fantastic marriage between Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles, the genius. Bette Davis' husband, Arthur Farnsworth, died most unexpectedly.

By 1944 time was whirling faster. There was that great paiship between Van Johnson and his very best friends, Evie and Keenan Wynn, the happy couple. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell separated and Betty Grable had her first daughter, Victoria Elizabeth James.

Then the Germans and the Japs fell. Peace came. And Hollywood didn't know but its second chapter wrote its own ending then. For the men came back from war to replace the new boys. The new boys were badly hurt—Van, Frankie, Lon McCallister and the rest, but the men who came back, including even Gable, died, came back to quite the prominence they had known before. Yet, astonishingly, an "older" star was tops and stayed tops, the one and only Bing, of course.

And what has happened to Hollywood since 1945 does not belong in its third chapter. For the box office has changed completely, and your box office demand is scaring Hollywood badly. Because naturally, Hollywood is still trying itself. With the rest of the world in a boom, Hollywood is going through a depression.

So, what's the third chapter? Television maybe, Maybe. And where are the new stars coming from? Right where they have always come from, from the ranks of some pictures now shooting. Somewhere in some picture now shooting there is a kid playing a part. And you'll find her, you dear, nabulous, or find him, and you'll make him, bless you.

And ten years or twenty from now, I hope, I'll be writing Hollywood's third chapter for you.

The End

New-Drape

Clever draping makes this high shade luxurious quality Rayon Gabardine a stand-out. It's exquisitely tailored and fashioned and is finely saddle-stitched, in contrasting color, to give it that made-to-order look. It can't be duplicated anywhere at this exceptionally low price and you'll be amazed at how expensive it really looks.

Colors: Beige, Aqua, Winter White, Gray, Black, Kelly.

Sizes: JUNIOR . . . $9.98
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207 S. Garfield Ave., Monterey Park, Calif.
Please send me The New-Drape. I'll pay postage $10.98 plus C.O.D. postage with the understanding I may return dress in 10 days for full refund if not satisfied.

NAME ____________
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Hollywood’s Dangerous Women

(Continued from page 41) Wyman. It would take a book to describe adequately Ava Gardner’s combustible effect on the male of the species. So, for a quick lesson on Ava’s sexiness, I’ll take you to the set at Metro where she’s making a movie with Robert Taylor. Here she is in her dressing room—sitting on her long, lissom legs, wearing a long, loose black dress, and almost barefoot. Her long, lissom legs, wearing a long, loose black dress, and almost barefoot. Her black chiffon gown is wispy. The door is open, to save Ava from asphyxiation. Every able-bodied man on the M-G-M lot has some vague but urgent reason to be on the set and, more specifically, near that open dressing-room door.

AND AVA—she’s generous. She yarns, she swears, she tells bare truths, smiles and says something funny to this man and something serious to that and nothing at all to the others. She knows her man. And she knows the technique that will make her difficult for him to forget. The masculine sex voluntarily drawn in Ava’s sea green eyes. She’s a fascinating reincarnation of all the Jennies fatales, from Eve and Cleopatra to DuBarry and Mata Hari. Because she’s just as smart, Ava uses men to get what she wants. And I don’t mean money.

From second husband Artie Shaw, Ava extracted an education. She now not only reads good books, she understands them. With her first mate, Mickey Rooney, Ava had a twenty-four-hour-a-day course on “How To Be a Personality.” Add her own native wits to why Ava’s always em all goofy—and that goes for Peter Lawford, Howard Duff, Howard Hughes, Prince Palavhi of Persia and the Man on the Street.

What are her natural talents—provocativeness and the come-and-get-me aura that every woman has who ever has been loved by man. Plus dignity. The woman who doesn’t have dignity is a lost cause. Dignity serves as a barrier against the obvious and flagrant, towards which men may be drawn, but from which they retreat rapidly.

First met Wanda Hendrix when she was sixteen years old. And even then Wanda was passionately in love. I won’t mention his name because she begged me not to. Wanda, a small, intense bundle of warmth, was desperate in love. That’s one of her charms.

But curiously, in spite of this, Wanda is completely without coquettishness. She says what she thinks, when she thinks it. If you don’t like her, she’s too bad. Audie Murphy likes it. He has asked Wanda to marry him when she returns from Italy in December. And he doesn’t have to worry that Wanda will put some against Don Juan during her absence. She’s the Rock of Gibraltar. She doesn’t always want what she gets but she always wants what she wants. She knows her way around. She was poor. She had to work. She had to make her way. And now that she has made her way I am certain she will let no one get in her way. She means to get places and do things. Watch her as Hollywood is watching her. Sometimes she is against the grain, even when you meet Wanda casually, that she has in her personality the drive, realism and intense ambition that makes little girls like her stronger and more forceful than men who are twice their size.

Joan Crawford has been dazzling the Hollywood male for all of twenty years. But her brew of bravado, self-confidence and more potent today than when she first kicked up her “Charleston” heels in the middle twenties. Now she knows the answers.
Philadelphia filly hungrier restaurant mimics CO quite am irresistible. way sponge.

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BETTY CO-ED of Hollywood, Dept. 355

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The handsome young Irishman sings, clowns, mimics his way through a half hour of uproarious entertain-

Tune in "A Day In The Life Of Dennis Day" SATURDAY NIGHT NBC

Read "My True Romance" by Dennis Day in the breathtaking November issue of TRUE ROMANCE magazine

She knows, obviously, among other things, that a man, no matter how successful or powerful he may be, has a hungry ego and when he steps out with a woman on his arm whom others find desirable, he feels, temporarily at least, like a king. Joan always does her men proud. She owns a huge wardrobe of expensive dresses and furs. And the jewels! If I were a man dating Joan, I wouldn't know what to look at first, those egg-sized diamonds around her neck or her attractive face with its look of sympathy and intelligence. When Joan walks into a restaurant or theater, even the children know that she's a great and glamorous Movie Queen.

Joan has great position in her profession. She regained it when everyone said she was through, proving she has courage, aggressiveness and energy. She is enormously wealthy because she made a fortune and saved it before income taxes whittled star salaries, proving she has sound money sense. And she has qualities in such boundless measure that they would have made her important—and dangerous—in any other profession had she not been a beautiful woman.

Elizabeth Taylor is a filly of a quite different color. The combination of her very black hair and very blue eyes and exquisite little figure is irresistible. She mows men down, from sophisticates like Orson Welles—he's dying to have her play Juliet with him—Boys like Marshall Thompson, Barry Nelson, Richard Stapley, who are dying—period!

However, I must in all honesty confess, Elizabeth currently is not dangerous. Potentially, however, she's powerful stuff. For she's like a sponge. She absorbs. And it's the brilliant, aggressive women in her home town that her eyes follow. They pique her interest. They stir her imagination. They, I am sure, people her dreams. Right now, at the ripe young age of sixteen, Elizabeth is suddenly getting a thrill out of the blatant masculine admiration she meets. But she still has
Acid indigestion is one of the common causes of sleepless nights. So before you slip into bed, slip on one or two Tums in your mouth. Tums bring you sweet relief almost instantly—let you get to sleep faster, sleep better. There is no baking soda in Tums. No risk of overalkalizing—no acid rebound. Ask for Tums today.

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On call to appear before the camera at a moment's notice, lovely honey-blond Nancy Shelby—New York model, famous for her clear, sparkling, photogenic complexion—says her idea of the year is Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. There's nothing like its quick beauty pick-up when you have to look your loveliest in a hurry. See for yourself how fresh this luminous, cream-like mask smooths away the day's strain lines, lifts your tired face out of its slump, and makes skin glow with a new look of sparkling radiance! Get Hopper White Clay Pack today! And for everyday care, use Edna Wallace Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream.

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No more lipstick smears
A clear liquid protection for lip stick
USE TRIMAL "LIP COVERS" instant
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Your lips—LASTING RESULTS—WILL AMAZE YOU
25c complete with brush applicator—at your favorite 5c and 10c store

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Howard Hughes to Prince Troubetzkoy.

Rita used to make the overtures, I think, because she came out of her marriage to Edward Judd—Incredible Edward Judd—as it may seem—an inferiority complex. But after she was hurt a few more times and after her complex had been cured by all the swains who sought her, Rita, I believe, decided it was her turn. She then began concentrating on her career. She arranged to participate in the profits of her films. She saw to it that her daughter, Rebecca, Welles, whom she had made a vice-president of her company. Which means, no doubt, that whatever share of her profits Rita saw fit to allot to Becky go into a trust fund whereupon those rights are not subject to the high surtax that would be imposed upon them if they remained part of Rita's profits.

Rita today is an executive as well as a star. She is, in very words, this is the fact that she is still attractive to men and still finds men attractive and you have a very different woman than Marguerite Cansino started out to be—an infinitely more dangerous woman too.

Well, now I've named them and tried to explain them. How do you like them?
The END

Casts of Current Pictures

ACT OF MURDER, '39—U.: Judge Calvin Cooke, Fredric March, Fifi D'Alphoso, Edmond O'Brien; Catherine Crook, Florence Eldridge; Eddie Cook, Geraldine Brooks; Dr. Walter Morrison, Stanley Ridges, Judge Quale, John Hodiak; Charles Dayton, Frederic Tozer; Judge Jim Wilder, Will Wright; Mrs. Russell, Virginia Leith, Mr. Russell, Frances McDonald; Julia, Mary Servoss; Pearson, Don Beddoe; Mr. Pope, Clarence Muse.

BLANCHE FURY — Rank-Eagle Lion: Blanche Fury, Valerie Hobson, Philip Thorn, Stewart Granger; Laurence Treacy, Michael Gough; Simon Fury, Walter Fitzgerald; Lavinia Fury, Suzanne Gibb; Santos, Marissa Dreman; Lionel, Stacy Bishop; Calamy, Ernest Jay, Raoul, Townsend Whiting; Doctor, J. B. Hutton; Weatherly, Allan Hayes; Colonel Freda, Edward Levy; Lord Redford, Arthur Wonner; Mrs. Wintonspon, Arlene Venus, Molly, Cherry London; Aimee, John Barter; Jordan, Lionel Grov; Elliot, Brian Herbert; Mrs. Haines, Margaret Wilters; Coroner, Norman Pearson; Clerk of the Court, Wilford Cutman; Judge, James Hale.

INNOCENT AFFAIR, '39—U.: Proctor Durance, Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard, Madeleine Carroll; Claude Kalmv, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; Eve Langton, Rita Johnson; Michael Fray, Louise Albritton; Ken St. Clair, Alan Mowbray; Maty D., "Prince" Mike Romanoff; T. D. McBride, Pierre Watkin; Gayford, William Taunton; Lester Bardey, James Sevy; Ted Burke, Matt McHugh, Hilda Marie Blake: Fvatclay, Susan Miller; Gaylay, Anne, Nung; Orchestra Leader, Eddie LeBaron.

LARCEY—U.: Rick Moran, John Payne; Deborah Owen's Clark, Joan Canfield; Silky Raudall, Dan Durren; Jassy, Shelly Winters; Madeleine, Dorothy Hart; Mar, Richard Robe; Duke, Dan D'Herlhy; Walter Vanderline; Nicholas Joy; Charlie Jordan, Percy Helion; Mr. Owns, Walter Grose; Witness, Patricia Alphon; Mr. McNulty, Harry Aratun; Detective, Ron Conway; Mechanic, Paul Briniger; Master of Ceremonies, Don Wilson.

LOVES OF CARMEN, THE, '39—Columbia: Carmen, Rita Hayworth; Don José, Glenn Ford; Andrea, Ron Randell; Garcia, Victor Jory; Danziane, Luther Adler; Gabriel, Arnold Moss; Remondino, Joseph Bublak; Old Crowe, Margaret Wetherly; Pablo, Bernard Neeled; Lucas, John Baraghy.

LUXURY LINER—M.G.M.: Captain Jeremy Bradford, George Brent; First Officer, Dan Durren; Olaf Erikson, Lauritz Melchior; Laura Dane, Frances Gifford; Zita Romanoff, Marina Koestler; Xavier Crapt, Himself; Denis Malloy, Thomas E. Brown; Charles G. K. Worth, Richard Derr; Chief Officer Magee, John Hageney.


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"Cover Me With the Scent of Romance" from the Telephone, "Are You Ready for the Night" from the Stove, "I Almost Love You" from the Gasoline Pump, and "I've Never Been in Love Before" from the Drying Rack, all in the same play, which indicates that the average American has no idea what TELLTALE MEAN.

Yet tonight, when she goes out for the first time since the last downpour, her skin is pale and her eyes are fixed on the horizon, the woman is always more than a little apprehensive. It is not because of the weather, or of the clothes she has on, or of the men in the room. It is because of the woman herself, or of the fact that she is the woman. And this means that the woman will be looking for a way to make herself more attractive, more coquettish, more alluring, more alluring, more alluring.

"Ah'm tellin' you, son, that Rita Hayworth shos all woman!"

Never. I think, was there a more complete summation of anybody.

The End
Make yourself a Star to HIM

Give your letters, your notes, your invitations a touch of Hollywood — the glamorous touch that makes your letters brightest of all he gets. Just lend us your loveliest snapshot (or negatives) and we'll make it 50 times lovelier with 50 miniature photographic portraits of you in a book of exquisite photo-stamps. Please print your name and address clearly, enclose $1.00 with your picture; we pay the return postage on stamps.

“Star in Your Home” (Continued from page 67) in many ways. If you are among the millions upon millions of new mothers in this country, you may not want to give your babies satin-padded headboards to their cribs, a la Betty Bouton Briskin, or net-trilled bassinettes a la Joan Bennett Wanger, but still every movie nursery has ideas that you can adapt easily, to glamorize your own nursery. I'll give you some general rules, and then we will get down to particular cases.

Don't build a nursery like a jewel case. There are new plastic tables and chairs which never chip or scratch. There are new plastic covers for chairs and mattresses which make these stainproof, so your initial investment has an absolute guarantee of life. There is a new rubber tile for floors that won't mar and yet which is not slippery. There are washable, stainproof papers for nursery walls in which all mothers can find practical comfort.

NURSERY purchases shouldn't be too jim-crack—or too much covered elephants, ducks and the like, either. Naturally, the furniture should be scaled down to your child’s size, but you can get things that will grow with your child grows, too. On the market now there are tables that can increase in height, closet rods that can be adjusted at various levels and a new type of blackboard that you can use on the walls as a wide dado, which is easily cleaned, but a constant encouragement to your junior Rembrandts to paint themselves.

Nursery colors are usually kept to pink, blue and white—I am personally a little bored by this—and I bet many babies are. Linda Darnell's nursery for her baby, Lola, is totally decorated in black and white because Lola is a Brunette baby and the cream and yellow wall coloring is very flattering to her. A circus parade goes around the top of the room and that, too, is in strong red predominating, and the yellow and black zebras, scattered here and there on the walls, are very amusing. Betty Bouton Briskin with her two beautiful small blondes, Candy and Sandy, insists upon pastels and in this case I concur. Betty has fairy stories—very Disneyesque ones—on her babies' walls. But you can copy this for your child at a very nominal price by buying circus posters, or a circus wallpaper and using any part of it as an applique right on your paint or plaster walls. You can do the same with paper animals. Just cut out your giraffe, elephant or other member of the zoo and lace him to the wall with colorless varnish.

There are, of course, all kinds of lamps for children on the market and I give you mostly outdoor ones. I can’t do it here. Buy good, solid lamp bases that small hands can’t knock over, cracking the shade and scaring themselves half to death. Personal favor would be tonts’ lamps. Many lamps are made up in china but I think they should be avoided like the plague. For a child’s nursery that I did recently, I took small bells — the kind in which spiced dates or figs are shipped — had them wired, painted them red. With red plastic shades, they were very gay and inexpensive and almost impossible to break. You can do such lamps yourself—except for the wiring. While I know there are lamps on the market, complete with small radios, clocks and such concealed in them, I’m agin’ em for the reason that they’re easily broken and get out of order—and look frightful as a result.

I like a practical facing of all the possibilities of destruction to which children are prone. I particularly admire Betty

---

**v**

After years of research, many noted medical scientists have reached the opinion that Periagra results from certain internal disorders. A number of physicians have, for the last five years been recommending satisfactory treatment of this malady with the new formula called lipan — taken internally, LIPAN, a combination of glandular substances and vitamins, attacks what is now believed to be the internal cause of Periagra, and tends to aid in the digestion and assimilation of foods. LIPAN is harmless, non-habit forming, and can be taken with confidence by both young and old. Physician inquiries are invited. Ask your druggist for LIPAN or write us direct for free booklet. Order a month's supply of LIPAN—bottle containing 180 tablets—at once, enclosing cash or money order for $8.50.

Spirut & Company, Dept. P-11, Waterbury, Conn.
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WHEN DAZZLING ZIRCONS FROM THE LAND OF THE INDIANS SWEET East are so effective in the treatment of colic, dysentery, and other digestive and intestinal troubles, why use any substitutes? You cannot compare them in comfort and efficiency. Get them at Foley's today. For prices, write for FREE BOOK.

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Easy to use Visconse Home treat. Heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs, or lack of circulation. Free for trial. If it fails to show results in 10 days, destroy your therapist and get a new BOX.

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Now you can get that relief you want from constipation, with Petro-Syllum®. If other laxatives have failed, try the comfortable lubricating action of Petro-Syllum®. It's gentle, but so thorough you'll wonder why you haven't tried it before. Taken as directed, it's the way many doctors recommend to start bowel movements comfortably again. Used for easy action by many piles sufferers, this paste to your drug store so you will be sure to get genuine Petro-Syllum today.

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HANDY COTTON SQUARES LARGE PACKAGE 29¢

Your PERSONAL CORRESPONDENT in HOLLYWOOD!

Let KAY DUNCAN answer your questions

About the STARS! STUDIOs! RADIO! PEOPLE! NIGHT CLUBs! Kay Duncan, who lives and works among the stars, will be glad to answer your questions about the glamorous motion picture people and places in and around Hollywood. Write your queries. You may have them answered completely and speedily. Switch for just 33 and a four-cent stamp. In case it proves impossible to answer your question, your money will be refunded.

Write your questions to Kay Duncan, BOX 407 BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

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Want to know about Feminine Hygiene

There are no secrets to be kept. There are facts every woman should know.

Boro-Pheno-Form the modern, easy, simple medicated suppository method of Feminine Hygiene—deodorizing, cleansing, soothing, soothing—ready for instant use. For years, Boro-Pheno-Form has been the choice of thousands of women who testify to its satisfactory use.

FREE! Interesting and informative booklet explains the Boro-Pheno-Form way of Feminine Hygiene. Your copy is free.

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Boro-Pheno-Form the modern, easy, simple medicated suppository method of Feminine Hygiene—deodorizing, cleansing, soothing, soothing—ready for instant use. For years, Boro-Pheno-Form has been the choice of thousands of women who testify to its satisfactory use.

Free! Interesting and informative booklet explains the Boro-Pheno-Form way of Feminine Hygiene. Your copy is free.

Ask Your Druggist, or Write Dr. Pierre Chemical Company 2092 Proud Rose Ave.—Chicago, Illinois—Dept. 5-12.
Week-end Wedding

(Continued from page 91) didn't seem possible that there could have been any hurry and bustle. There was a hush, as, at the altar, the solemn words of the double-ring ceremony were spoken by the Reverend Richard Flagg Ayers. The clear voices of Lita and Rory responded and then the organ crashed joyous notes and it was over—with a few tears, much laughter and that certain feeling about a new beginning for two people which is a part of every wedding.

Rory decided, "This was much, much better than a big formal wedding. But then we never had any thought of a runaway Hollywood elopement."

"I GUESS it was the Reverend Ayers who made it all seem so perfect. First there was the friendly, intimate talk he had with Lita and me before the ceremony. Then, at the service itself, he was so kind and grave and his voice was so beautiful—well, something happened in my throat. I'm glad we had this kind of wedding."

The wedding supper was held at Santa Barbara's beautiful Harbour Club. Lights danced over the water outside and gaiety reigned over a flower-decked candle-lighted table inside.

After Rory and Lita left for their suite at the Santa Barbara Biltmore, the younger males of the party attached tin cans to the car to make a dreadful din when Rory and his bride took off for Ojai the following morning.

Rory's bride is very beautiful. Lita's soft dark eyes and glowing skin would proclaim her Spanish ancestry even if she hadn't betrayed that piquant accent which Rory finds so alluring.

Her parents are Spanish—she was born in Madrid and lived there until she was six. Then the family moved to Detroit where Lita grew up and went to school. Xavier Cugat discovered her there while she was still in her early 'teens and she sang with his band whenever he had engagements in that city. Later she went on tour with the band and still later when Hollywood beckoned, her father and mother uprooted the entire family and moved there to look after her. But Lita is only now beginning to find the real and very promising place she sought in motion pictures. This is the girl whom Rory—the dream man—has married.

Lita and Rory had only a few days away from Hollywood after their wedding, but a real honeymoon in Honolulu is in prospect. And impetuous but efficient Rory has even contrived to rent a furnished apartment which will be available within a few weeks.

Right at this moment, though, the newlyweds are doing some new dreaming—they're planning to build their own home next summer. Mr. and Mrs. Rory Calhoun will settle down "on a lot—somewhere with an ocean view."

THE END

A YULETIDE TREAT
for December Photoplay readers . . .

A Susan Peters special on
"What Christmas Means to the Stars"
Mine is the one and only nail polish at any price containing Plasteen...the miracle, chip-proofing ingredient!

My new nail polish has so much beauty to offer so many women. You'll be amazed to see how a polish selling for 10¢ makes fingertips so lovely. Plasteen, my exclusive ingredient, makes polish flow on easier and dry with a new jewel-like brilliance. No "bubbles"! You'll be amazed.

My polish has these 5 advantages:

1. Plasteen to help prevent chipping
2. No "bubbles"
3. New, jewel-like brilliance
4. Last word in "high-style" shades
5. Finer, more pliable brush gives neater outlines

HELEN NEUSHAEFER...making her shade selections for Fall and Winter...in harmony with the season's smart costume colors.

Helen Neushaefer NAIL POLISH

New Rose...a featured Fall shade...See all 12 new fashion tones of rose and red—all with Plasteen—at most 5 and 10's and drug stores. 10¢

A. Sartorius & Co., Inc. • College Point, N. Y.
MOST people, like Judith Garden, know that experience is the best teacher. That's why millions of smokers who tried and compared different brands of cigarettes say, "Camels are the choice of experience with me!" Let your own "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat—tell you about Camels. Let your taste tell you about Camel's marvelous flavor. Let your throat discover that wonderful Camel mildness and coolness. See how your own experience tells you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand.
The

gift that says “You’re lovely.”
Face Powder. Rouge and Lipstick, in
a sparkling holiday box .... $2.75

Perfume

$1.65, $3.00; Triple Vanity

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in

handsomely encased

gleaming gold-color metal

Gifts

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Complim.ent her with a gift of charm!
Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne and

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Fragrance of Romance

box containing Evening

Gift of glamour! Deluxe Chest, con-

Gift

taining Face Powder, Talcum, Rouge,

Perfume, Talcum, Face Powder,
Rouge. Lipstick, Eau de Cologne $5.00

Lipstick and

Perfume

$7.50

in Paris

I

Eau de Cologne, Talcum. Bubbling Bath
Essence .... $3.35

The gift of Romance Evening in Paris
Perfume, Eau de Cologne and Tal!

cum,

in

gay holiday box

$2.00

$9.00
Rouge. Lipstick

All prices plus tax.


"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior Model Babs March shows how it can work for you, too.

Just 17 and stepping out to success, cover girl Babs March of Roselle, N. J. has a smile that gets her modelling dates—and dance dates!

"I follow the Ipana way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," explains Babs, "because dentists say it works!" Her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too—like this...

Here's the Ipana way that dentists say works! "And it's a pleasure!" adds Babs. Easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all teeth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums gently as your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula helps stimulate your gums—you can feel the tingle!)

Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an Ipana smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY...

Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth

---

*Latest national poll

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!
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 dinner, 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. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize 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 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 39c plus tax.

(Advertisement)
A BIG NEW M-G-M SMASH HIT!

THE SENSATIONAL STORY OF A NUMBERS KING WHOSE NUMBER WAS UP!

JOHN GARFIELD
puts his Body and Soul
into his greatest role

''FORCE OF EVIL''

Brother against brother!

Maybe she was bad
— but she sure was beautiful!

The tapped wire!

A girl a guy could marry!

The ENTERPRISE Studios present The ROBERTS Production
with THOMAS GOMEZ and MARIE WINDSOR and introducing

BEATRICE PEARSON

Screen Play by ABRAHAM POLONSKY and IRA WOLFERT • Based upon the novel "TUCKER'S PEOPLE" by Ira Wolfert

Directed by ABRAHAM POLONSKY • Produced by BOB ROBERTS
Peggy Diggins’ smile wins her a story-book career!

Peggy Diggins, Beauty Director at famed John Robert Powers School, attracts glamorous assignments wherever she goes. Peggy’s charming smile was first spotted by a famous columnist, who launched her on a promising movie career.

When war began, Peggy left Hollywood to join the WAC. Overseas, another exciting task awaited her—as a war correspondent, she interviewed world-famous people. Now marriage and motherhood keep Peggy in New York. Her winning smile serves as a shining example to her Powers students. It’s a Pepsodent Smile! Peggy says, “Using Pepsodent is part of my beauty routine.”

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Peggy Diggins knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! They’ve seen how Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in their smiles!

Wins 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste — families from coast to coast recently compared New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!

Cheers and Jeers:
I think I ought to have my head examined. I’ve just come from seeing “Romance on the High Seas” and I am starry-eyed over Don DeFore. Nuts about handsome Jack Carson? No! My swooning is done over one Oscar Levant. Not only can the guy pound out a snappy note on the piano but he sends my pulse soaring. Talk about sex appeal!
ELIZABETH BOWER Fredericktown, Pa.

Why doesn’t someone wise Elizabeth Taylor up? After all, she’s only sixteen years old but she dresses and acts like she is twenty or so.
SALLY WINTERS Trenton, N. J.

In your September issue of Photoplay, you had what you thought was a fine picture of Peter Lawford. But it really didn’t do him justice at all. Why don’t you please put a good picture of the teens’ favorite in one of the future issues?
DONA DEVEN Baltimore, Md.

I am shocked at the result of “Choose Your Star.” In my opinion, Doris Day is the best find. That gal has lots more than acting ability and beauty plus the best singing voice among female warblers. She has sparkle. When she came on in “Romance on the High Seas,” she livened up the whole picture. All I can say is the public has been most unfair.
CHARLOTTE WATKINS Baltimore, Md.

For months I have been going to write you concerning this irksome individual, Alan Ladd. The mystery to me is how he ever got into pictures. Considering his limited talents and physical charms, he is most fortunate. By simply not going to his pictures, I can ignore these matters. But every movie magazine features articles on him every month. This has been going on for years and proof of this was your September issue. To me he is just another Hollywood Ham!
RITA MCCALLOUGH Homestead, Pa.

Hats Off:
If you have a “Hats Off Department” I’d certainly like to take mine off to Humphrey Bogart for his wonderful article in your September issue entitled: “It’s This Way.” I have never read an article written by a star that was so straightforward and so thoroughly American. In it, Bogey expresses his belief in speaking the truth, regardless of the reactions of the public. Hollywood may call Bogey a “character” for his truthfulness, but to me and many others, he is a grand guy and a great American.
FAITH CASHANE Cleveland, O.

(Continued on page 6)
One $20,000,000 kiss and halfpenny!
He's a bum!

She teaches him his ABC's by drawing them on his chest... and he doesn't care if school never ends!

Prod. 6, Paramount Pictures Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y. I am enclosing $1 for an autographed picture of handsome John Lund, thrilling star of "A Foreign Affair!"

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
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GIRLS

BOYS

Send this coupon, plus a dime, to cover handling charges, for your autographed picture of handsome John Lund, thrilling star of "A Foreign Affair!"

Prod. 6, Paramount Pictures Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y. I am enclosing $1 for an autographed picture of Wanda Hendrix, lovable star of "Ride The Pink Horse" and "Welcome Stranger!" Just send a dime, plus coupon.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City__ State__

BOYS

GIRLS

Paramount presents

JOHN LUND
WANDA HENDRIX
BARRY FITZGERALD
MONTY WOOLLEY

"Miss Tatlock's Millions"

DOROTHY STICKNEY, ELIZABETH PATTERSON

Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT Directed by RICHARD HAYDN

Screenplay by Charles Brackett and Richard L. Breen

Suggested by a play by Jacques Deval
Try the hand beauty treatment of famous stars—a Pacquins massage morning...night...whenver skin needs softening. Your own softer, smoother hands will tell you why Pacquins is the largest-selling hand cream in the world! When household tasks roughen or chap your hands, regular Pacquins massage softens them...soothes...and, Pacquins will never leave any greasy after-film.

Keep Pacquins within reach and for dream hands...take a hint from lovely Lynn Fontanne: cream, cream, CREAM your hands with Pacquins!

Among the famous stars who use Pacquins are:

GLADYS SWARTHOUT • VERA ZORINA
RISE STEVENS • GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

Try her method for 3 days...a 12-second hand massage with non-sticky, non-greasy Pacquins Hand Cream...morning...night...and whenever housework roughens your hands!

Congratulations to Louella Parsons's "Temple Lullaby" (August). She gave all of us a grand picture as to what the Agars really are now that Linda Susan is here. That Temple girl has always been tops with me. And I'll wager that in a year or so, John Agar, himself, will be up there at the top.

Sgt. Harold Johnson
Neuberg, Germany

I don't think I've ever read a more true and sincere article than Leo McCarey's "God and the Road to Peace," in September Photoplay. Neither have I seen any better pictures than "Going My Way" and "The Bells of St. Mary's." If more producers took that attitude, maybe we would get rid of some of the junk that is in the movies today.

Janet Reynor
Daly City, Cal.

Before seeing Wanda Hendrix in "Ride the Pink Horse" and "Nora Prentiss," I thought Ann Blyth the only young Hollywood actress who can really act. I see now I was mistaken. Congratulations to Hollywood for discovering Wanda.

E. L. Wong
Hong Kong, China

Just finished reading in your October issue the article by Jane Wyman, "Why I've Changed." Would like to say, "three cheers for Janie," as she is one of the few stars that will admit being honest with herself as well as her fans!

Hilda P. Suggs
Midway Park, N. C.

Open Letter to Hollywood:

Have you all gone mad? Where do you get your ideas, putting Greer Garson in a mauling, leg-dangling picture like "Julia Misbehaves?" Why that ridiculous advertisement of the picture where Greer is sitting in a huge champagne glass is enough to disgust her fans after seeing her in the other pictures she has made. Leave those pictures to Rita Hayworth or Betty Grable but leave Greer out of them.

Warren Thomas
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Question Box:

In your September issue, I read that "Easter Parade" was Peter Lawford's last musical comedy, but wasn't "Julia Misbehaves,″ made later, a musical comedy? Kathleen Osaki
Sacramento, Cal.

("Julia Misbehaves" is classified by the studios as a comedy, not a musical.)

About a month ago I saw the movie "Lured," starring Lucille Ball and George Sanders, at one of the theaters here in Cleveland. A few weeks later I saw the same movie in Lorain, Ohio, but it was shown under the title "Personal Column." This was the first time I ever saw one movie with two different titles, therefore I am quite interested in finding out why the change was made.

June Bonness
Cleveland, O.

(The picture was originally released as "Lured." It was changed to "Personal Column" when the first title did not seem to have enough sales appeal.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 265 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.
A barrage of Bouquets for Warner Bros. June Bride!

"One of the best comedies in years!"

"The best Bette Davis picture in years!"

"A wonderfully funny picture!"

"The comedy of the year! The Bette Davis picture the public has been waiting for!"

Bette Davis  Robert Montgomery in June Bride

Fay Bainter  Betty Lynn  Tom Tully

Directed by Bretaigne Windust  Produced by Henry Blanke

Screen Play by RALD MacDOUGALL  Based on a Play by Eileen Tighe and Graeme Lorimer
"Darling, it's a Keepsake"

To you from him ... the gift that says "I Love You" this Christmas and forever ... a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. Only one diamond in hundreds meets the exacting standards of excellence in color, cut and clarity which distinguish every Keepsake Diamond Ring. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and the words "guaranteed registered perfect gem" on the tag ... as illustrated. Let comparison prove that a Keepsake gives you higher quality and greater value than an ordinary ring of the same price. Better jewelers are authorized Keepsake Jewelers. Prices from $100 to $5000.

A. MALDEN Ring 675.00
Also $575
Wedding Ring 150.00

* Man's Diamond Ring 125.00
Available at $75 to 250 to match all engagement rings

Look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring, and require the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration. All rings illustrated available in white as well as natural gold. Rings enlarged to show details. Prices include Federal tax.

Anywhere in the U.S.A., for the name of your local Keepsake jeweler, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

PLATTER

By Lester Gottlieb

PALEFACE: Dinah Shore and up-and-comin' Betty Garrett have both disc'd the delicious new tune, "Buttons and Bows." (Columbia)

XAVIER CUGAT: A brace of his steamin' sambas have been put into a slick Columbia album. Standouts are "Brazil" and "Tico-Tico."

WHIPLASH: This has a haunting theme, "Just for Now." Vic Damone's Mercury disc is worth having.

INTRIGUE: The title song is a honey, especially the way baritone Billy Eckstine introduces it. (M-G-M)

LADY IN ERGINE: Add to your collection of recordings from this musical, Tony Martin's version of "This is the Moment." (Victor)

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS: For the best pairing of tunes, try Harry James' matching of "Everyday I Love You Just a Little Bit More" and "Music in the Land." (Columbia)

NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES: Two new songs, the title number which Art Mooney (M-G-M) plays expertly and the humorous "Love That Boy," just grooved by Johnny Mercer for Capitol.

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME: Helen Forrest has waxed the blue-sy "What Did I Do?" (M-G-M).

Andre Kostelanetz provides lovers of Latin American music with a brilliant album "Carnival Tropicana," which features "Adios" and "Yours." Flawless recording by Columbia ... Capitol presents an excellent album of Chopin delicately played by pianist Ray Turner ... This same company has issued a sweeping collection of familiar Viennese waltzes played by Frank De Vol ... Met opera tenor, Jan Peerce, has a single disc that should sell briskly, the popular "Bluebird of Happiness" and the standard "Because." Another opera star, baritone Leonard Warren, has a new single disc, "Blow the Man Down" and the hearty "Drunken Sailor" song. The last two are Victor Red Seal issues.
During years of motion picture making I have read many thousands of stories in a constant search for new screen material. A rare few, almost miraculously, seemed to combine all the elements of great entertainment. 'THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES' was one, and soon you will see another, 'ENCHANTMENT'.

The moment I read the story as 'A Fugue In Time' in The Ladies' Home Journal, I knew that this was it. Its thrilling romance, gripping drama, warmth and tenderness seemed to demand screen production. From the first pre-production conferences right down through the final editing, everyone associated with the film caught that same feeling. Stars, writers, director, technicians—they all were sure that this was something rare in motion pictures, a true screen "natural". No effort was too great, no detail too small to be carried out with all the care and talent each could command.

As a result, 'ENCHANTMENT' is a film I am as proud of as any I have ever made—a pride that is justly shared by everyone who was connected with its production.

One word more; in 'ENCHANTMENT', in addition to a distinguished cast starring David Niven, Teresa Wright, Evelyn Keyes, Farley Granger, Jayne Meadows and Leo G. Carroll, you will have the pleasure of discovering a great new star, young Gigi Perreau. I'm sure you will find her as exciting and refreshing as the motion picture that brings her to the screen.

See 'ENCHANTMENT', I think you will agree that it's JUST ABOUT THE MOST WONDERFUL LOVE STORY EVER FILMED."

SAMUEL GOLDFWN

SAMUEL GOLDFWN

SAMUEL GOLDFWN

SAMUEL GOLDFWN

"Enchantment"

SAMUEL GOLDFWN

present s

DAVID NIVEN • TERESA WRIGHT • EVELYN KEYES • FARLEY GRANGER

Screen Play by John Patrick • From the Novel by Rumer Godden • Directed by IRVING REIS • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-one, my husband is twenty-six and we have a baby boy seven months old. When we married, we took the only apartment we could find. It was many miles from his family, on the extreme opposite end of town, which pleased me. Now that there are apartments available nearer his family, my husband wants to move. I am afraid to agree for fear my husband would leave me alone with the baby night after night, in order to be with his family. I would have no one to turn to, and I am making myself sick. I don’t think our marriage has a chance if we live within a few blocks of his people.

Mrs. Lehigh W.

You are ruining your health and jeopardizing your marriage by being afraid of something that might happen. At twenty-one, it is natural to expect the worst. At thirty-one, you will know that ninety-nine percent of the things you worry about in this life, simply never happen. It seems to me that you have everything to lose by bickering with your husband over this move and nothing to gain.

Optimism, courage, and faith in your husband will help solve your problem.

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert:

My husband is a chiropract and has a very successful practice but now he wants to give it up and go to medical school to become an M.D. Everyone, including several of our doctor friends, tells me my husband is brilliant and should certainly get his medical degree but going through medical school will present some serious problems to us. Because of the demands of study, we would be seriously curtailed in our family life, and our family life is absolutely essential to our happiness. We do not think our problems can be solved by going to medical school, and we are worried about the future of our family life.

DEAR Miss Colbert: I am looking forward to seeing your article in the next column. I have been reading your column for many years and I am always interested in your advice. I hope you will be able to help me with my problem. The problem is that I am not sure what to do with my husband. He is very busy with his work and does not seem to have enough time for us. I am worried about the future of our marriage and I would like your advice. What should I do?

Claudette Colbert

DEAR Miss Colbert: I am writing to you because I have a problem. My husband is very busy with his work and does not seem to have enough time for us. I am worried about the future of our marriage and I would like your advice. What should I do?

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UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

DICK POWELL
MARTA TOREN
The Temptations Hit of "CASBAH"
VINCENT PRICE

Outcasts from 100 lands...living for the thrill of cold steel—the pleasure of warm lips!

She could bring out the worst in any man!

ROGUES' REGIMENT
OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION

with STEPHEN McNALLY - Carol Thurston - Edgar Barrier - Screenplay by ROBERT BUCKNER
Original Story by ROBERT BUCKNER and ROBERT FLOREY - A ROBERT BUCKNER PRODUCTION - Directed by ROBERT FLOREY
INSIDE STUFF
Cal York's Gossip Of Hollywood

Harry Lewis and Geraldine Brooks at party given by the Cornwell Jacksons (she's Gail Patrick) at Bel Air Hotel

The Laddls greet the guest of honor at party—Fuller Warren, Democratic nominee for Florida governorship

Old-time dances kept the guests busy—changing partners; Ann Blyth and Roddy McDowall are on this swing shift
One good time deserves another: The Bob Hopes join the revelries at Romanoff's after big circus

Bachelor Party: Everybody came and stayed at the bachelor quarters party given by Cesar "Butch" Romero, by far the best party of its kind. The new wing, added to the house Butch so graciously turned over to his relations, was jammed with celebrities who stayed until all hours. Greer Garson brought her new beau, Buddy Fogelson, a charming and popular mario. Margo, wife of Eddie Albert, executed a tango with Butch that was sensational, while Butch's lovely mother sang Spanish songs. Zack Scott told Cal how John Hodiak had shot Jack rabbits while sitting astride Zack's car tearing over the Texas plains and how Anne Baxter Hodiak had stolen every Texan heart. The two couples had spent their vacation at Zack's home in the Lone Star state. Ray and Mal Milland have the happy faculty of obvious enjoyment and seem to draw people to them like magnets. Loreta Young brought her pretty sister, Sally Blaine, and Sally's director-husband, Norman Foster. Ronald Reagan was in keeping with the host and came as a bachelor but ex-bachelor Rory Calhoun never left the side of his little bride, Lita Baron Calhoun.

Chuckle of the Month: Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s predilection for all things British reached a climax at the formal party given by the Fairbankses prior to their sailing for England, when Doug greeted his guests in black tie, tuxedo, and bright plaid kilts, socks and the works. At any rate, the following night the Danny Kayes prepared to leave for another swanky party when Sylvia Kaye took one look at her spouse and gasped. From the waist up his evening clothes were perfect, but instead of trousers, Danny had wrapped himself in one of his wife's old plaid skirts draped in front with a whisk broom. It took Sylvia twenty minutes to get it off him.

Funsters: For weeks Hollywood has crowded Slapsie Maxie's to the doors, eager to witness the fresh, young, clean comedy of Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin. But closing night really topped them all with celebrities all over the place. Gloria DeHaven, looking happier since her separation from John Payne, sat with a party of friends. Barbara Lawrence had Mack Grey hovering about, which should make Mickey Rooney green with jealousy. Frank Sinatra and Jimmy Van Huser sat at a corner table and Peter Lawford actually blackened his face and joined in the dance routine of the four boys who preceded Martin and Lewis.

Farewell Fete: Errol and Nora Flynn came by to drive Cal to the Cobina Wright Sr. party. Joan Crawford, in her favorite shade of blue made into the prettiest dress Cal ever laid his eyes on, talked shop with other guests. Jimmy Stewart and Gloria McLean sat at dinner with Errol, Nora, Cobina and Cal and ours was the gayest table by far. Jimmy and Gloria are real cozy together. Joan Fontaine's happiness over her approaching motherhood is something to behold.

Round About: Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly reminded Cal of the postman who goes for long walks. Between scenes for "Take Me out to the Ball Game" under a hot sun on an M-G-M back lot, the two got out to the sidelines and pitched ball like crazy. Frank has worn himself to a shadow... Letters from Bob Hutton, working in "The Man in Eiffel Tower" in Paris, reveal the French, who have painfully scanty material, feel Hollywood, with so much, could and should make better pictures. Maybe Hollywood producers should think that over... Something happens to Farley Granger's eyes and voice when he pronounces the name Pat Neal, the Warner actress. Could be love or somethin', eh?... Reggie Gardiner, who will become a father for the first time, is casting aside his famous imitations of windshield wipers and wallpaper, to learn how to rock a baby to sleep, and no imitations about it...
Among stars who attended Ice Follies were Farley Granger and Patricia Neal, who stars in "The Fountainhead".

Paul Brinkman and Jeanne Crain enjoy being taken for a bus ride—to Ice Follies, following Mocambo dinner party.

INSIDE STUFF

Ice-bound guests included Betty and Larry Parks, chatting with friend-across-the-way Keenan Wynn.
The Ice Show was fun—but not as funny as Montgomery Clift for Barbara Bel Geddes and her husband. And the lovingest couple in Hollywood, for our money, is Jeanne Crain and her hubby Paul Brinkman who are enlarging their home before the arrival of their second child.

Crosby: He may seem casual at work or play, indifferent to Hollywood's social dictates and demands, but for all that, Bing Crosby's popularity lies rooted in two things: His ability to speak any man's language, rich, poor, high, or low and the way he keeps in contact with friends be they rich, poor, high or lowly. A friend tells of visiting Bing at his Elko, Nevada, ranch for some fishing and hunting. At six o'clock the friend was roused from bed for breakfast with Bing. But instead of taking off for an early start, Bing excused himself at 6:30 and went to his study. For four hours he remained there, going over every single letter that had been sorted out and sent him by his secretary. Into a recording machine he dictated answers to letters from business tycoons, jockeys, baseball players, English bigwigs, GI's overseas, speaking the lingo of each and every one in an intimate and understanding fellowship. Only when this task was finished four hours later and the records sent off to Hollywood for transcribing by his secretary, did he feel free to start the day's pleasures. With a daily routine like this, how can the public fail to respond with real affection.

Interesting Personalities: You saw him first, or perhaps were impressed by him first, in "Gilda." A tall, blond handsome man, slightly fortyish, an interesting scar across his left cheek which certainly became the sadistic husband of Rita Hayworth. His name is George McCreedy. You've (Continued on page 15)
for fingertips like this

Take a good searching look at your fingers. Are they soft and lovely as you dream they can be? Or are the cuticles ragged—the skin dry and rough? Try this tip for the loveliest fingertips you've ever had!

Massage rich, creamy 'Vaseline' Cuticle and Nail Cream on and around your cuticles... see how supple and plant they become... how soft and silky they feel. You'll find 'Vaseline' Cuticle and Nail Cream a delight to use... it's full of soothing emollient oils, fragrant with 'Forget-Me-Not.' And you'll find there's nothing better for preventing cuticle hangnails!

NEW! VASELINE® CUTICLE AND NAIL CREAM

seen him many times since, of course, and will again in "Knock on Any Door.
Mr. McCready, whom Cal met recently at a dinner party, is one of those quietly unobtrusive but charming men, devoted to home and children. A widower, he lives with his teen-age son, an exact replica of his dad, and during the summer, with his two younger daughters. "I just like to sit and look at them," he told us, and this despite the fact he is constantly badgered by his offspring concerning his clothes, his appearance and especially his weight.

"Now you don't need that cocktail before dinner," they'll say, "it only puts on weight." At the ball game recently his son leaned over and said, "You're getting a paunch Dad. Now you take it off."

"But other fathers—" began George.

"You're not other fathers," the boy answered with pride, "we want you to keep young." Loving it, Mr. McCready takes it in stride, knowing he is, indeed, a very lucky man.

A United Good: Behind the success of "Johnny Belinda" lies a story Hollywood people should ponder well. Each evening on location, the cast, including Jane Wyman, Charles Bickford, Lew Ayers and Agnes Moorehead, gathered with director John Negulesco to go over the next day's shooting. They had one purpose in mind, to make this the best picture they knew how. Bickford or Moorehead, two of the best supporting players in the business, would speak up with the suggestion that certain of their scenes with whole pages of dialogue could be cut thereby making for greater force in action. Or Jane and Lew would suggest that more emphasis be laid on Moorehead's or Bickford's scenes. And if you think that's an easy sacrifice for any Hollywood player who is constantly fighting for bigger and better parts, you don't know Hollywood.

Our Friend Sydney: Dinner with Sydney Greenstreet, recovered from a long illness and ready to plunge into work again in "Flamingo Road," is always an enjoyable experience. We were fascinated with the stories of Dr. Lloyd Douglas who wrote "The Robe," and so many other successes and who has just finished "The Big Fisherman." It seems Dr. Douglas, who has a sharp sense of humor, feared his failing health would not permit him to finish this last book. But one day recently he finally wrote the final word—finis.

"I put down my pen," Dr. Douglas said and just yelled "Yippee!"

On the way to the preview of "June Bride," Sydney gave his guests a synopsis of his role in "Flamingo Road."

"Do you realize, Sydney," Cal said later, "we're probably the only persons tonight who got a double feature?" Sydney snorted.

The Lunds: No two ways about it. John Lund's wife, Marie, shares equal billing with John in the affections of all who know them—and with reason. They possess a happy and unusual combination of rare humor and plain horse sense. At a party the other night, a writer approached the Lunds with the comment that rumor had it Marie was not only a pretty woman, with her feet on the ground, but she managed her home well, guided her husband well, cooked divinely and designed all her own clothes. Marie listened quietly to the praise and then said, "Everything you say is true, all true."

John proved he is not without his droll side, too. When (Continued on page 21)
No wonder women adore it!

So many luxuries—

So low-priced!

Luxury-loving women are finding so many glamour-extras in new Nail Brilliance! You will, too, and all for a low 25¢!

Perfume-type bottle, steady based, with beautifully balanced artist-type brush. Dream-come-true wear. Defies peeling or chipping. Wonderful purity. Free from all irritating substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use Nail Brilliance with perfect safety. Ten fashion-show shades that stay dazzling, never turn dull.

Try Color-keyed Cutex Lipsticks, too—created to blend perfectly with each Nail Brilliance shade. So creamy! So clinging! Large size, 49¢.

*Plus tax
THE ASPIRIN TABLET
THAT SOLVED
CHILD DOSAGE PROBLEMS

✓ Eliminates Tablet Cutting
✓ Assures Correct Dosage
✓ Easy to Give
✓ Easy to Take

ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN is enjoying the confidence of mothers everywhere. It's the answer to their long expressed wish for an aspirin made just for children! Yes, ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN, the first nationally advertised aspirin made especially for children, eliminates child dosage problems. Mother, you no longer have to cut or break regular aspirin tablets. ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN contains 1 1/2 grains of aspirin—1/2 of the usual 5-grain adult tablet—which assures accurate dosage. Your child will like the orange flavor. 50 tablets, 35¢. Buy a package today, mother.

ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN

Made by the makers of St. Joseph Aspirin
World's Largest Seller at 10¢

Beauty Spots
G. I.'s Remember Her

By MARY
MEN YOU know probably visited New York's Stage Door Canteen during the war and can recall GERALDINE BROOKS, one of the many lovely hostesses there. Geraldine receives letters from ex-GI admirers, who tell her what a swell job they think she did in her current Warner Brothers picture, "Embraceable You." This, she says, inspires her to work even harder to warrant their continued admiration andgoo' will.

Smart Christmas Shopper

But, she just had to take time off from film work for a visit with her family and friends in New York and to do her Christmas shopping. If gift buying is left until the last minute, she says, "early birds" will have beaten you to it and so you may have to take what's left. Then added to your worry over whether the things you want to get will please, is the one of whether you can find what you want. To almost everyone on her list she's giving something in cosmetics. Perfume, toilet water, cologne, sachets, bath products, dresser sets, comb and brush sets, purse kits, compacts, purse perfume atomizers, manicure sets, lipstick wardrobes, make-up sets and make-up kits are only a few of the many pretty and practical choices.

... Another advantage to her early Christmas shopping is that she'll have more time for fun immediately preceding and during the holidays. For Geraldine is five-feet-two-inches tall, weighs only ninety-eight pounds, has blue eyes, dark brown hair, lots of charm and therefore makes a mighty attractive date.

Happy On Her Feet

A friend who was with her said that she's also a wonderful dancer. Pleased with the compliment, Geraldine claimed that, with practice, any girl can learn how to dance well—providing she doesn't have to think of her feet all the time... She gives her frequent foot baths, massages them with a soothing, softening foot cream or lotion, dusts them with an antiseptic foot powder before donning stockings and keeps them free of unsightly, painful corns and callouses. Comfortably heeled shoes also help to make her dancing more fun... Take a tip from Geraldine and have your feet in good holiday condition. Then if your dancing partner steps on your toes, instead of a painted grimace you'll flash him a sweet, forgiving smile.
Coming in 1949
JOAN OF ARC
starring INGRID BERGMAN
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
MRS. RUSSELL FLAGG GREER, this beautiful Camay bride, says: "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a really lovelier skin! My very first cake helped make my skin clearer and smoother.

NOW YOU CAN GET 12 of the most exquisite Christmas cards you've ever seen—complete with envelopes—for only 25 cents and 3 Camay wrappers! These lovely cards are all different—in full color—printed on fine quality paper with the fashionable double fold. So beautiful—you'll want to order several sets!

SO DON'T WAIT!
Get Camay today! Your complexion can be softer, smoother with your first cake of Camay—if you give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. The wrapper tells how. And to be lovelier all over, take a daily Camay Beauty Bath with Bath-Size Camay.

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR CARDS
For each set you order, mail 25¢ and 3 Camay wrappers—either regular Complexion-Size or Bath-Size, to:
Camay, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio
Offer good in continental United States (except Montana). Offer expires December 1, 1948. Order your cards today!
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) the writer then went on to assure John everything he was and would become was due to Marie. "I see," said John, "and if I become a bum then I have only Marie to blame?"

The writer finally gave up the Lunds and moved on to couples more susceptible to flattery.

A Date with Ann: "Come see my new home," Ann Sothern telephoned and Ann, being one of our favorite people, didn't have to ask twice. The house, the exquisite garden, the beautifully prepared dinner again confirmed our opinion that Ann knows how to live graciously and well. "But I don't like living alone," she told us. We predict it won't be for long, anyway. Guests Donna Reed and Husband Tony Owen told us how happy they were with their newly adopted children. Donna couldn't wait for Tony to complete his story about the babies before she began hers. Happy in her career, having made two pictures in a row with Alan Ladd and happy in her home, Donna is a radiant woman these days. Beautiful as a doll is Ann's three-year-old, Tisha. With actor Johnny Miles tapping a tambourine while Tisha played the harmonica, we had music that really filled the night.

About People: Lana Turner's one desire in life has been to have a baby brother or sister for five-year-old Cheryl. And Cal couldn't be happier at the news about a little Topping in the offing. Her voice over the phone from New York, however, indicated a heavy cold and knowing the many times Lana was rushed to the hospital to save her first baby, we hope she has smooth sailing in the months to come ... A note to Cal from Tyrone Power in Rome includes a picture of one of the beautiful sets for his picture "The Prince of Foxes" which is being made in Italy. Tyrone also adds that he and Linda are very happy, which should discredit reports to the contrary 

... Ann Blyth, who is scarily in her twenties, has bought herself and family a brand new house. It was properly housewarmed by her friends Elizabeth Taylor, Roddy McDowall, Jane Powell and Douglas Dick

Newcomer: Be prepared for Rossano Brazzi, the Italian who created a furor in "Furia" an Italian film, and a mild tempest in his first American film, "Little Women." Cal met Brazzi at a formal dinner party in Hollywood and, girls, we wouldn't fool you; here's the most attractive man since Valentino. His mother-in-law, he told us, taught him to speak English in three months. Under contract to Selznick, we predict Brazzi will be your rave star in the very near future.

Husband? Career?: Cal's phone rang. The voice on the other end belonged to Audrey Totter expressing enthusiasm over her new film "The Dark Circle." "A wonderful part," Audrey said. "My first real meaty role." And director Johnny Farrow and star Ray Milland came in for some Totter raves, too. In fact, only one thing seemed to stand in the way of her happiness—no sweetheart, no home and husband, no children.

"I'd give up my career if necessary for the right man," she told us. Ambitious as she is, we believe her. And it isn't as if Audrey hadn't been proposed to. But like the sensible girl she is, she's choosy. There will be no compromise. He'll be Mr. Right or no one.

Villain: He rang the bell and waited on the doorstep. "Good evening," he said when the man of the house answered. "I'm a neighbor up here on the hill and I'm organizing a fire-fighting brigade. Wondered if you'd like to join?"

"Come right in," was the greeting. "I've been worried about this dry wood around us and no rain for months. Now what can I do?"

So, tall, likeable Dan Duryea, who had gone from house to house for miles around, enlisted another volunteer.

What's more Dan's two sons organized their own brigade among the boys and together the two amateur fire-fighting groups work out their defense in case a spark sets off the bone-dry timber.

Fans who know Dan only on the screen regard him as a first class villain. But to Hollywood, Duryea is a first class, useful citizen who gets things done.
\textbf{Good} \textbf{Very good} \textbf{Outstanding} \textbf{F—For the whole family} \textbf{A—For adults} \\

Bob Montgomery and Bette Davis mix thorns and orange blossoms in gay farce

\textbf{(F)} June Bride (Warners)

\textbf{NOT} to quibble about it, here's a comedy that clicks from start to finish.

Bette Davis and Bob Montgomery toss verbal brickbats at each other with admirable dexterity. Their smart chatter spruces up a wafer-thin plot about a super-efficient magazine editor and her irresponsible but fascinating swain. Definitely allergic to rice and orange blossoms, Bob walked out on Bette several years before without any explanations. Now he is assigned to write a series of articles for her and she's able to pay him back. It's then that Bette learns that revenge may be sweet, but love is still sweeter.

Bette is very chic in the "New Look" and Bob has that little-boy-stealing-jam expression, but on him it's becoming.

Fay Bainter, Betty Lynn, Tom Tully, Barbara Bates and Jerome Cowan are all present and accounted for in the merriest movie we've seen in a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: Light, bright, just right.

\textbf{(F)} The Return of October (Columbia)

\textbf{NOW} here's a racetrack romance that's really different, for it doesn't tell how a girl and boy nurse a sick horse so it can run in the Derby and win them a pot of money. Instead, it amusingly recounts the story of winsome teen-ager Terry Moore who takes her beloved uncle James Gleason seriously when he says he would like to return to this earth as a race horse. Upon setting eyes on October at an auction, Terry starts bidding for him, certain he's the reincarnation of her departed uncle. Professor Glenn Ford, doing research in animal psychology, promptly bids against her—and then the hullabaloo begins. In between the laughs, there are some tender moments to make you misty-eyed. A little girl with a big personality, Terry Moore turns her meaty role to fine advantage. Ford is a comically confused man of science; Albert Sharpe stands out as a race-track tout; Dame May Whitty registers as an eccentric woman of wealth.

Your Reviewer Says: A blue ribbon winner.

The odds are in favor of Terry Moore, Glenn Ford, in tender racetrack romance

Shadow

BY ELSA
**WW (F) Apartment for Peggy**  
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

Humor, wisdom and sentiment are beautifully blended into a heartwarming picture with Jeanne Crain and Edmund Gwenn sharing acting honors. The setting is an American university campus dotted with the huts and trailers of the struggling student-veterans and their families. Jeanne encourages her husband, personable Bill Holden, to become a chemistry teacher. With a blessed event in the offing, they are desperate for living quarters. Before Professor Gwenn can stop them, they take over his attic, injecting considerable chaos and color into his all too tedious life. They don't know that the old fellow, convinced that his usefulness has ended, is contemplating suicide. As the fast-talking Peggy, who has her head in the clouds but her feet firmly planted on the ground, Jeanne is entrancing. Holden is convincing as her serious-minded mate, fretting because he isn't a better provider. In the role of the crusty but soft-hearted professor, Gwenn tops his performance in "Miracle on 34th Street."

**Your Reviewer Says:** Run, don't walk, to this one!

**WW (F) The Three Musketeers**  
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

One for all and all for one. That's the slogan of the Three Musketeers and they certainly live up to it in the season's fanciest costume extravaganza inspired by the Alexandre Dumas novel. As D'Artagnan, Gene Kelly is a swordsman of no mean ability and something of a clown. He fights his foes and woos his women with a fine flourish. As Lady de Winter, Lana Turner is a bewitchingly bad creature embroiled in scandal and intrigue. June Allyson plays the sweetly sorrowful Constance while Heflin is a man of great valor and bitter memories. Vincent Price is the rascally Richelieu, and very convincing, too. As Louis XIII, Henry Morgan represents frustrated royalty and Angela Lansbury cuts a queenly figure as Anne. Keenan Wynn makes a delightful dunece.

John Sutton, Gig Young and Robert Coote are also in this long, elaborate production. Enhanced by Technicolor, "The Three Musketeers" is robust entertainment.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Romantic adventure at its most colorful.

(Continued on page 24)
**Ring out the Old Chime
IN THE NEW!**

The MT. VERNON
In rich hammered brass, Colonial design. Two notes for front door, one for rear. Gift-boxed, $8.95.

The JEFFERSON. Chosen for Photoplay’s ‘Dream House’ and most “Blandings Dream House.” Chime and electric clock (Telechron movement), in mahogany-veneer case. Eight Westminster notes for front door, single note for rear. Radio-type volume control. $69.95, plus fed. tax.

Happy gift thought! A NUTONE Door Chime... for your own home, or for the nicest couple you know! These beautiful, melodious chimes are made for every Christmas. Here are two beauties, and the coupon will bring you news of sixteen models, from $3.95 to $69.95. Hear them at your favorite department, hardware, or electrical store.

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**✓ (F) Julia Misbehaves**
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It’s a new Greer Garson you’ll see as the misbehaving Julia. Greer throws dignity to the winds and slides into slappstick with the greatest of ease, winding up in a gooey mud bath right up to her beautiful neck. A gal whose charm greatly exceeds her scruples, Greer has made a precarious living as a showgirl since separating from her wealthy mate, Walter Pidgeon, and their offspring, Elizabeth Taylor. To Greer’s gratification, she’s invited to hostess her daughter’s wedding and promptly turns the household upside down. Observing that unconventional Peter Lawford is really the man for Liz, Greer encourages a romance between them. Pidgeon is enchanted with his ex-wife and woos her anew. Cesar Romero scores as a masculine gent eager to have Greer join his acrobatic act.

Your Reviewer Says: Garson goes gay.

**✓ (F) Miss Tatlock’s Millions**
(Paramount)

TALL John Lund and tiny Wanda Hendrix are involved in some funny shenanigans in this wonderful farce. Lund tackles his role with relish as well he might, for his leading lady is about as cute as they come. He is hired by Barry Holts' defense lawyer, Fitzgerald, to impersonate the nitwit heir to millions whom he strongly resembles. Fitzgerald, a whiskey-soaked schemer, never reported that the feeble-minded young fellow, left in his care by his heartless mother, left in his care by his heartless mother, left in his care by his heartless mother, has long since disappeared for that would put an end to certain financial benefits. So Barry and John arrive in Scotts, Barbara to find a flock of greedy "relatives," including sharp-tongued Monty Woolley, eagerly awaiting the reading of the will.

Your Reviewer Says: For that screwball mood.

**✓ (F) The Luck of the Irish**
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

FOREIGN correspondent Ty Power plays leapfrog with a pixie named Horace in this Irish folk tale in modern dress. Once more, as in “The Razor’s Edge,” power plays the hard-boiled man. Should he seize the material success within his grasp, or remain a free soul enjoying the simple pleasures of life? It’s a conflict ‘twixt head and heart with lovely Anne Baxter and effin Cecil Kellaway pulling Power one way while tycoon Lee J. Cobb and his ambitious daughter, Jayne Meadows, pull him another.

Your Reviewer Says: Whimsical is the word.

**✓ (F) My Dear Secretary**
(Popkin-UA)

ALTHOUGH the headliners here are Lauren Day and Kirk Douglas, it’s that very droll young man, Keenan Wynn, whose caustic wit enlivens a fundamentally shallow story. And in the latter’s Vallee and Florence Bates are all in there pitching, too. The picture starts promisingly enough with Lauren as a would-be writer who attends a lecture by popular author Douglas and blissfully becomes his secretary. To her disillusionment, she discovers he’s first a playboy, then a writer. There follows a series of childish squabbles referred by Wynn in the role of Kirk’s Man Friday.

Your Reviewer Says: Hi-jinks in the lit’ry set.

**✓ (F) No Minor Vices**
(Enterprise-M-G-M)

YE old triangle rears its silly head here, and we do mean silly. The picture’s redeeming feature is its hard-working cast which includes attractive Dana Andrews, pleasingly pert Lilli Palmer and handsome Louis Jourdan. Dana plays a doctor happily married to Lilli until Louis, nothing daunted, sows seeds of discord in their midst. An artist with a talent for trouble, Louis insists upon painting Lilli as he sees her, a misunderstood housewife slavering for a spouse unworthy of her. Jane Wyatt is Dana’s deeply devoted nurse; Norman Lloyd is diverting as his timid colleague. Between them, they provide a few chuckles drowned in a torrent of talk.

Your Reviewer Says: Jourdan’s in it, girls.

**✓ (F) Sealed Verdict**
(Paramount)

THE Nazi war crimes trial is the subject of a topical drama at once interesting and confusing. The role of the sorely troubled American prosecutor is well handled by Ray Milland. His evidence against Nazi officer John Hoyt, while sufficient to condemn him, is insufficient to convince Milland of the man’s absolute guilt. Hoyt is a strikingly attractive French girl, Florence Marly, who makes her English-speaking debut in this film. Although she fights her fate and nail in court, Ray succumbs to her charm in spite of himself. So does American Captain Broderick Crawford who inserts a bit of humor into an essentially serious story.

Your Reviewer Says: Dramatization of the Nuremberg Trials.

**✓ (F) A Song Is Born**
(Goldwyn)

ALL the ingredients of a first-rate film are here. There’s Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo and Benny Goodman plus such hard-picked entertainers as Tommy Dorsey, Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Barnet and Mel Powell. The trouble is that, although the story starts and ends with a bang, it lags in between. The long-hand of the jazz kind—Danny invites more sympathy than laughs. Along with several colleagues, he is preparing a history of music. Unaware of the one of swing and jive, Danny conducts a scientific tour and meets the jazz greats of the day. He also meets hard-boiled nightclub singer Mayo.

Your Reviewer Says: A musical must, a comedy bust.

**✓ (F) Cry of the City**
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

VICTOR MATURE is the cop, Richard Conte the killer in a brutal crime chronicle that has its gripping moments. Following a shooting fray with a police-courteous sort of man—the latter’s death, Conte is operated upon to save his life for the electric chair. With the help of trustee Walter Baldwin, he escapes only to commit another murder. Conte’s respectable Italian family shrinks from shielding him but his kid brother, Tommy Cook, regards him as a hero. Mature sets out to disillusion the lad and show up Conte as a vicious menace with one human trait; his love for Debra Paget, who sheds exquisite tears over his plight. Conte is realistic as the gangster and as the conscience cop stalking (Continued on page 26)
Look out for Infectious Dandruff

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair
(Continued from page 24) his quarry. Mature maintains an unshakeable calm.

Your Reviewer Says: A gruesome game of tag.

✓ (F) Hollow Triumph
   (Eagle Lion)

PAUL HENREID and Joan Bennett lend interest to a lurid melodrama that's easier to follow than swallow. Crooked to the core, Paul gets into a jam when he and his boys hold up a gambling house and two of them are caught. Henreid realizes that eventually the gamblers will track him down and mete out the man-made justice of the underworld. Conveniently enough, he discovers there's a psychiatrist who amazingly resembles him except for a telltale scar on one cheek. What he doesn't know, when he assumes the medico's identity, is that he is merely exchanging one kind of trouble for another. Joan Bennett pleasingly portrays the scientist's secretary who falls for Henreid against her better judgment.

Your Reviewer Says: Incredible but exciting.

✓ (F) Isn't It Romantic
   (Paramount)

THE presence of such pleasant players as Veronica Lake and Mona Freeman, among others, fails to offset the heavy-handed horseplay of a trite and tedious filmusical. Roland Culver plays a gaited old windbag, Southern accent and all, up to a aristocratic neck in debt. His three daughters vainly attempt to keep him in line. There's Veronica, the romantic one, Mona, the pert-n'pretty one and Mary Hatcher, who is something of a soild. Personable Richard Webb is Mary's beau while Veronica's swain is prissy Billy De Wolfe. She refuses to take him seriously and welcomes the arrival in town of sharpshooter Patric Knowles. In between their insane antics, everyone sings, dances and acts too quaint for words.

Your Reviewer Says: A boring movie.

✓ (F) Race Street
   (RKO)

IF YOU must break the law, don't be foolish enough to spur the help of a guy like Bill Bendix. That's the lesson to be learned here. District attorney George Raft, fails to heed it. Poker-faced and tight-lipped, he goes after the racketeer responsible for the brutal murder of his boyhood pal, Henry Morgan. Determined to avenge his king-sized grudge personally, Rft becomes embroiled in a sinister cat-and-rat game. Marilyn Maxwell plays a sweet-talking, double-dealing dame who has George Raft believing that she loves him, and Gale Robbins is his blues-singing sister.

Your Reviewer Says: Standard gangster story.

✓ (F) A Southern Yankee
   (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

A GAG-STREWN story of Civil War days, this will have you giggling or groaning depending on whether or not you consider Red Skelton funny. He's a would-be spy for the Union Army intent upon catching the South's reckless-and-renowned Gray Spider (George Coulouris). Once the Spider is caught, Skelton is instructed to impersonate him and when he meets Southern charmer Arlene Dahl, he outdoes himself to impress her. Brian Donlevy schemes to get Skelton out of the way so he can have Arlene for himself.

Your Reviewer Says: A gloomy chaser.

✓ (F) Station West
   (RKO)

HERE'S a swift-moving, slam-bang oat opera with Dick Powell all decked out in spurs, shooting irons and a nifty expression. What makes Powell so surly is that he's been sent to investigate the murder of a couple of soldiers guarding a gold shipment. Movie owner Agnes Moorehead cooperates with him up to a certain point but her bull-headed fiancé, Tom Powers, proves a stumbling block. Then there's slick Jane Greer, a gambling-hall queen who rules her dishonest domain ruthlessly. Although strongly attracted to each other, Jane and Dick are, alas, on opposite sides of the law.

Your Reviewer Says: Bang! Bang! Bang!

✓ (F) They Live by Night
   (RKO)

CATHY O'DONNELL and Farley Granger do their best to brighten up a tale of love and crime which drives home the lesson that, if you break the law, you must expect to pay the penalty. Early in life, young Farley killed a man and went to prison where he met hardened criminals Howard da Silva and Jay C. Flippen. The three escape from a prison with the aid of an attractive woman who is not actually related to them. They settle in a small town and settle down to a peaceful life, but aallele is sent for by the authorities. Farley and Cathy are now forced to go on the run again. The story is well told and the acting is good. The picture is recommended for those who enjoy fast-paced thrillers.

Your Reviewer Says: Love's sad story.

✓ (F) For the Love of Mary
   (Universal-International)

ALL Washington is at Deanna Durbin's feet in this romantic rigger about a White House telephone operator and her three very eligible suitors. No less a personage than the President, aided by a couple of Supreme Court Justices, plays Cupid. To be sure, it's a knotty problem for Mary to choose between attractive Don Taylor, eager Edmond O'Brien and persistent Jeffrey Lynn. But she manages a song or two, notably the famous aria from "The Barber of Seville."

Your Reviewer Says: If Deanna's your dream girl . . .

Best Pictures of the Month

Apartment for Peggy
June Bride
The Three Musketeers

Best Performances of the Month

Jeanne Crain, Edmund Gwenn in "Apartment for Peggy"
Cecil Kellaway in "The Luck of the Irish"
Keenan Wynn in "My Dear Secretary"
Louis Jourdan in "No Minor Vices"
Glenn Ford, Terry Moore in "The Return of October"
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This fabulous lotion is double-beauty magic here... as well as here...
You can say “yes” to Romance because...

(F) BABE RUTH STORY, THE—Del Ruth.

(F) BEYOND GLORY—Paramount: West Point cadet Alan Ladd is on the spot when attorney George Coulouris accuses him of assorted crimes before an investigating board. Fairly interesting but tautly with Donna Reed as the femme fatale, (Sept.)

(F) BLACK ARROW, THE—Columbia: Robert L. Stevenson's romance of 15th century England. For his own self with Louis Hayward playing the gallant knight rescuing Janet Blair from George Macready. (Oct.)

(A) BLANCHE FURY—Rank-Eagle: Lion: Boulevardier Valerie Hobson and shockwart Stewart Granger, too ambitious for their own good, lend reality to a turbulent romance of the Victorian era. (Nov.)

(C) CANNON CITY—Eagle Lion: Based on a novel and with Brice and Webster each other's only, are recaptured, is thrillingly told, Scott Brady and Jeff Corey give fine performances. (Sept.)

(A) CASE AGAINST CALVIN COOKE, THE—Thalberg: 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 Edmund O'Brien, Florence Eldridge, Geraldine Brooks and Stanley Ridges. (Nov.)

(F) CORONET CREEK—Columbia: A grim and gory Western with rugged Randy Scott on a despotic George Macready's trail with Forrest Tucker, Margaret Chapman and Wallace Ford. (Oct.)

(F) DATE WITH JUDY, A—M-G-M: Life and love are pressing problems to Jane Powell, Scotty Beckett is her faithful beau, Robert Stack, the handsome older man, Elizabeth Taylor, a lovely rich girl. A joyful musical. (Sept.)

(F) DEEP WATERS—20th Century-Fox: Fisherman Dana Andrews and Dein Stockwell heed the call of the sea in a heartwarming tale. With Juan Peters, Cesar Romero and Anne Revere. (Sept.)

(F) EMBRACEABLE YOU—Warner: Dana Clark and Geraldine Brooks fall in love the hard way in this gripping gangster tale strewn with bullets and roses. (Oct.)

(F) EYES OF TEXAS—Republic: A fast-n-furious "buss" opera with Roy Rogers as a U. S. Marshal out to solve a murder. (Oct.)

(F) FEUDIN', FUSSEIN', AND A-FIGHTIN'—U-I: Puny Donald O'Connor is forced to compete with husky Fred Kohler Jr. in a fast Marjorie Main spurs Donald on with threats while pretty Penny Edwards resorts to sweet smiles. (Sept.)

(F) FURY AT FURNACE CREEK—20th Century-Fox: Gambler (V) Mature turns detective to vindicate the honor of his army general-father implicated in an Indian massacre. A lively six-shooter with Ginger Gray, Glenn Langan, Reginald-Cowan Langan and (F) (Oct.)

(F) GOOD SAM—McCary RKO: This dramatic comedy with a dash of drama and lots of humor has Gary Cooper playing the Good Samaritan, much to the delight of the shipwrecked Marlow Martin Peters, and Donne Knight. (Oct.)

(F) GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING—20th Century-Fox: Love life of a pair of "party horses" in Technicolor in a pleasing pleasanter story by Tommy Thomas. (Oct.)

(A) HAMLET—Rank-U-I: Shakespeare's brilliant tragedy done to perfection with Laurence Olivier as the hero and Cedric Hardwicke as Claudius and Jeanne Simmons as Ophelia. A magnificent and thrilling production. (Nov.)

(c) ILLEGALS, THE—Lew-Strauss-Mayer: An impressive and moving documentary recording the woes of Europe's displaced Jews seeking entry into the United States. (Oct.)

(c) INNOCENT AFFAIR, AN—Nasser-U-A: A sassy, glossy comedy about a pair of Young Marries, Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll are at their contemptible best as Charles Rogers, Rita Johnson, Louise Allbritton. (Nov.)

(A) JOHNNY BELINDA—Warner: A strong story, tenderly told, with Jane Wyman eloquently portraying a deaf-mutant girl. It's weepy but wonderful. (Sept.)

(F) LARCENY—U-I: John Payne plays a 14-carat laker who sets out to steal Jean Caufield's large diamond. It is a delightful and cozy tale. With Mary Wickes, Michael Rennie as a sleazy lawyer, a bit weep, but wonderful indeed. (Sept.)

(F) LOVES OF CARMEN, THE—Columbia: Lively and dashing story, Rita Hayworth is magnificent as Carmen; Glenn Ford is the unhappily Don Jose. With Victor Jory, Claire Trevor, Charles Bickford, Sam Levene. (Oct.)

(F) LUXURY LINER—M-G-M: A joyful musical jaunt full of melody and fun with George Brent, Dorothy Lamour, Frances Foyce, Tommy Blue, Lantern Melchior. (Nov)

(F) MAN-EATER OF KUMNOON—U-I: In this exciting jungle yarn, Wendell Corey hunts tigers with a .44, and gets turned into a man-eater, attacking the villagers, among them Joanne Page, wife of Salas. (Sept.)

(A) MINE OWN EXECUTIONER—20th Century-Fox: Unusually engrossing murder drama has Burgess Meredith as a psychiatrist seeking to cure Kieron Moore of his murderous tendencies. (Sept.)


(F) NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES—Paramount: His power to predict the future is the curse of Edward G. Robinson who struggles with his own weakness. (Oct.)

(F) ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—U-I: Boy meets goddess in this piquant comedy with musical trimmings. With Ava Gardner, Bob Walker, Oiga San Juan, Dick Haymes. (Nov.)

(A) PITFALL—Regal Films-U-A: Indiscretion leads to tragedy in a strong domestic drama involving Dick Powell, his wife, Jane Wyatt, and the "other woman." Elizabeth Scott. (Oct.)

(F) RACHEL AND THE STRANGER—RKO: Unusual pioneer picture with Loretta Young, Bill Holden, Bob Mitchum. Bill's wife Loretta so she can look after her motherless boy, Gary Gray, but it's Bob who wows her. Indians stir up some excitement. (Oct.)

(A) ROPE—Warners: Alfred Hitchcock's sensational murder yarn has John Dall brilliantly portraying a psychopathic killer, plotting the "perfect" crime with Farley Granger's aid. Suspicious Jimmy Stewart prevents them from getting away with it. A topnotch cast includes John Chander, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Donald Crisp. (Oct.)

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

(A) SO ENGLISH, I LOVE—you—Paramount: "Fezli" is the word for this serdul and allegedly true crime chronicle, set in England in 1866. With Ray Milland, Donald Crisp. (Dec.)

(F) SORRY, WRONG NUMBER—Paramount: A hair-raiser, crammed with suspense, teaming Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster to fine advantage. Bells is a woman marked for murder, Burt is her morally weak hubby. (Oct.)

(F) STREET WITHOUT NAME, THE—20th Century-Fox: This gripping gangster movie shows how F.B.I. agent Mark Stevens, teams down mobster Richard Widmark. With Lloyd Nolan, John McIntire, Barbara Lawrence and Donald Buka. (Sept.)

(F) THAT LADY IN ERmine—20th Century-Fox: For all its royal trappings, this fantasy foldered fails to come up to the mark. With Betsy Drake, playing a glamorous Italian Countess whose honeymoon with Cesare Romero is rudely interrupted by Doug Fairbanks. (Oct.)

(F) TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS—Warners: Dennis Morgan and Ronald Reagan try to out-wit all of the local night-club entertainers stranded in Texas. With Dorothy Malone, Penny Edwards, Forrest Tucker, Fred Clark. (Oct.)

(F) VELVET TOUCH, THE—Independent RKO: Murder for love is the theme of an engrossing drama by Robert L. Sherwood. With Keenan Wynn, Claire Trevor, Sydney Greenstreet. (Sept.)

(F) VICIOUS CIRCLE, THE—Wilder-U-A: A true case in Hungarian court records of 1882 inspired this tense, exciting picture. With John Lund, Reinhold Schunzel frames several Jews for the murder of a servant girl. Attorney Conrad Nagel defends them. (Oct.)

(F) WALLS OF JERICHO, THE—20th Century-Fox: It's Anne Baxter who rates your applause in this engaging movie with Rhys Williams, Michael Rennie, John Ireland. (Oct.)

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Produced by ANATOLE LITVAK and ROBERT BASSLER

Screen Play by Frank Partos and Millen Brand - Based on the Novel by Mary Jane Ward
In southern California an acute hospital shortage exists. One of the remedies proposed was a one-hundred-room addition to St. John’s Hospital at Santa Monica. How to raise the small fortune that such a wing would cost was the problem.

Kay Kyser had a brainstorm. “Let’s bring the Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey Circus out here and get the film stars to participate with the regular circus performers,” he said. “Bing can work with the clowns. Greer Garson can ride an elephant. Burt Lancaster can work as an acrobat. Harry James can lead the circus band . . .”

It was a fantastic idea—so fantastic there were immediate objections. Committee members felt the stars would not be willing to work as circus performers. Some stars, they protested, would not even be in Los Angeles at the time. Other stars, in production, would find it an almost superhuman feat to rehearse their act, be fitted for costumes and work in the big tent until all hours on show (Continued on page 70)
the truth about

This is a story important to anyone interested in Hollywood. It comes from a newspaper woman long respected for her fearless reporting. Those who have already formed their opinions undoubtedly will find it surprising.

WHEN the Hollywood police gained entrance to Lila Leeds' hillside home and arrested Robert Mitchum on a charge of smoking marijuana, a chain reaction of unfavorable publicity was started, which stretched around the world and could result in a loss of millions for the American motion picture companies. This startling news was meat and drink for the press. Hollywood was luridly pictured as puffing away at the weed that makes man loco. Police Sergeant Alvin Barr, leading the arresting officers who trapped Mitchum, Lila, Vicki Evans and a lad named Robin Ford, was quoted as predicting that other and more important arrests were pending. A famous young singing star, a well-known comedian, several prominent film executives were on the suspect list, Sergeant Barr broadly hinted.

Around the studios, everybody was watching everybody else to see if the cigarette being lighted was one of the dangerous reefers. What does marijuana do to you? This was the question being asked everywhere. Anyone who would admit they had tried it came up with the report that the sensations experienced were not worth running the risk of arrest.

Overnight, marijuana became the menace in all Hollywood social activities. One columnist from Washington, D. C., actually wrote what purported to be an interview with Harry S. Anslinger, Federal Commissioner of Narcotics, in which the narcotics chief was depicted as having begged producers not to put Mitchum in a picture because of the impending certainty of his arrest. Investigations disclosed that Anslinger was far too busy running down importers and peddlers of narcotics to have been concerned with advising motion picture producers on what to do with an actor who was suspected of having smoked a few reefers.

As a matter of fact, the federal narcotics agents have not been greatly concerned with the arrest of tea smokers, as users of marijuana are called, leaving such prosecutions to the state, county and city law enforcement officers. These U. S. officials look upon traffic in the dangerous derivatives of the poppy such
as opium, morphine and Heroin, or cocaine made from coca leaves, as their business. The addiction to these drugs is a far more difficult thing to overcome than the use of marijuana. A person, for instance, who has been taking any of the opium-poppy narcotics for as long as six months, undergoes organic changes in the nervous system and other biochemical changes, which alter the metabolic processes of the body. It is necessary then to have the drug to feel normal. Marijuana does not have this reaction.

In the poorer sections of Los Angeles there are people picked up by the dozens every day charged with possession and smoking reefer but these names are never important enough to warrant even a line in the newspapers. But when Bob Mitchum, who is a $20,000,000 investment for David Selznick and RKO Studio, jointly owning his contract, gets picked up, the mills of publicity start whirling with a fury that threatens to make the screen star an outcast should he be found guilty. Under California law, Mitchum cannot be given probation if the judge rules that he did puff at the little yellow-papered cigarette found under the couch on which he was sitting when the cops burst in at the back door. He'll have to sweat it out for at least ninety days in the Los Angeles County Jail and if the conspiracy to smoke charge is upheld, both he and Lila Leeds will face terms in the penitentiary. And of course, they will both face oblivion so far as their future screen careers are concerned. This is a frightful penalty to pay for a few minutes of what looked like fun.

It should certainly be a lesson to any other foolish young film stars with the urge to play with matches and marijuana sticks. Apparently none of them realized what dangerous smoke rings they were blowing. All this could have easily happened to a very charming young star who was trying to save her young musician-husband from the wrath of her mother. The mother had reported the musician to the police and daughter, hearing about it, hurried to join her husband at the cafe where he was playing. She hid his (Continued on page 72)
RIVIERA REVELS

An Indian prince woos a Hollywood queen... H.R.H. plays golf with the “King”... Elsa reports from her international party station

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Orson Welles with Lea Padovani, Italian actress and the woman who may hold the answer to his future

Fabulous setting for a holiday—lovely Eden Roc

This year the Cote D'Azur—the beautiful blue coastline of the Mediterranean—looked to me like Malibu or Santa Monica. Not scenically. But when you focused upon those who swam in the sky-blue pools and blue sea, sunned themselves, in costumes abbreviated and chic, dined and danced at the gay cafes and stacked their chips on the green baize at the big Casinos, you might have been in California.

For Hollywood, discovering the Riviera, took over the villas and the cabanas, the fastest motor cars and motor boats, the finest swimming, golf and water-skiing instructors and the grandest suites in the grandest hotels.

Every day, so it seemed, another magnificent car would flash along a boulevard and come to a stop before one of the big villas or hotels. Whereupon another familiar face—and figure—would alight. And I, who have lived on my farm behind the one-thousand-year-old town of Auribeau for countless summers, will confess I was overjoyed to have my Hollywood friends about and to observe the enthusiasm with which, for the most part, older settlers received them.

Clark Gable arrived one weekend, driving a new Jaguar, with Dolly (Continued on page 79)
Ali Khan danced attendance on Rita Hayworth, sensation of the Riviera season.

Clark Gable runs from crowds—but not from Elsa's farm during Riviera stay. Ty is busy with
WIN

Photoplay’s completely furnished Industry Engineered Dream House. It will go—
together with the land on which it is built—to the reader who supplies
the winning line for the jingle that appears below

READ these simple rules:

1. Simply write or print in the space indicated on the coupon that appears on
   the left—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’ deci-
   sions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

(Continued on page 105)
There will be no mortgage on this completely furnished home when it is built next spring in our winner’s favorite town in the U. S. A.

Photoplay’s Dream House—like all Industry Engineered Homes—is created and built for the average American family—designed for quality, planned for adequate living and engineered for minimum cost and upkeep.
Win This

Joan Crawford: “One of the best things in life—a home with security”

Gregory Peck: “I am all for young couples owning their own homes”

Loretta Young: “A home of one’s own helps to build happiness”

Shirley Temple: “It is a wonderful thing to have a home of your own”

Claudette Colbert: “A real problem of today is the housing shortage”

Mitch Leisen: “My congratulations to the family that wins this house”

These are the judges who chose the Photoplay Dream House

... as the ideal home for the American way of life

Floor Plan

Living Room 16’ x 14’

Dining Area 8’ x 11’10”

Kitchen 8’ x 10’

Space for Drying

Bed Room 12’10” x 10’

Closet

Linens

Garage

Bed Room 11’8” x 11’4”

Bath 5’ x 8’

Ingersoll

Utility Unit

Range

Dry Tray

Sink

Washing Machine

Linen Closet

Closet

Refr.

Clos

Closet

Storage Cl.
Dream House—(continued)

The Industry Engineered Dream House Will Have:

A Kitchen, Bath and Heating Unit by Borg-Warner
Hardwood Floors by E. L. Bruce
Framing, Lumber, Sheathing and Siding by Weyerhauser
Insulation by National Mineral Wool
Roofing by Asphalt Roofing Industries
Millwork by Ponderosa Pine
Wallboard by Gypsum Association

The Furnishings Will Be:

Rugs and Carpeting by Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Co.
Clothes Washer, Dish Washer and Chlador by Thor Corp.
Two Bedroom Suites by Mengel Furniture Co.
Dinette Suite by Mengel Furniture Co.
Desk and Bookcase by Mengel Furniture Co.
Cedar Chest by Lane Cedar Chest Co.
Closet and Wardrobe Accessories by E-Z-Do and Princess House
Electronic Blankets, Beauty Rest Mattresses by Simmons Co.
Window Shades and Drapes by Clopay Corp.
Sheets and Pillowcases by Dan River Mills, Inc.
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 Hair & Felt Co.
Carpet Sweeper by Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Flatware Service for Four by Dirilute Flatware
Refreshers Boxes for Storing Food by Ruzak
Shelving and Dollies by Royledge Co.
Mirrors by Donnelly-Kelley Glass Co.
Electric Toaster, Never-lift Iron, Cordminder by Proctor Electric Co.
Jewelite Brushes and Dresser Set by Pro-Phy-Lac-Tie Brush Co.
Fire King Ovenware, 53-Piece Set Jade-ite Dishes by Anchor Hocking Glass Co.

See page 105 for organizations cooperating with Industry Engineered Homes

Hildegard Neff, Selznick star, with Lane Cedar Chest—a colorful treasure chest

Joan Caulfield with closet accessories by Princess House and E-Z-Do

Barbara Britton in kitchen part of Ingersoll Utility Unit. Refrigerator is Norge “Hold-mor”

Wanda Hendrix beside NuTone Chimes—a added note of charm

THE PHOTOPLAY DREAM HOUSE
Hazel Brooks at the ivory-bisque oak modern dressing table in bedroom by Mengel Furniture Co. Drapes and shades by Clopay Corp.

Hazel Brooks in another view of bedroom by Mengel. Beauty Rest mattress and Electronic blanket (not shown) are by Simmons

The Ingersoll Utility Unit bathroom, installed by Borg-Warner, a housewife's dream of comfort and convenience, gets smiling approval from Shelley Winters
Chris Kelleen, Selznick star, on designed-for-comfort davenport, part of living-room suite by Kroehler Mfg. Co.

Lovely to look at, luxurious to walk on, are rugs throughout the house by Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Co.

THE PHOTOPLAY DREAM HOUSE
will be furnished — like this!

The winner will have music. Rory Calhoun tunes in the luxury model Crosley radio from Avo Mfg. Co.

Billy De Wolfe gets an entertaining view of light oak dinette furniture contributed by Mengel Furniture Co., consisting of drop-leaf table, four chairs, chest and credenza.
Because It's Christmas

Santa Claus takes the curtain calls as careers are forgotten in celebration of a season that makes Hollywood just another Hometown

BY SUSAN PETERS

It was son Timothy who gave Susan Peters her loveliest Christmas gift

For Betty Hutton an old hurt will be lost under the Christmas tree with her present to Lindsay

Photographs by Ornitz
West and Scott with Daddy Bill Holden. Bill will never forget the reasons that kept him from West's first Christmas.

Young Los Angeles will receive gifts from heaven if Bob Cummings's Christmas idea goes through. With wife, Bob Jr. and small Mary Melinda

Linda, Tony, Kelly, Nora are Bob Hope's Christmas stars—but a hospital gets Bob's first call

I T WAS at a movie one night that I heard the real meaning of Christmas. The words reached so deep inside me that I begged for those pages from the script of "The Bishop's Wife." I know them by heart now, just as David Niven spoke them:

"Once upon a midnight clear there was a child's cry, a blazing star hung over a stable and wise men came with birthday gifts. We haven't forgotten that night down the centuries. We celebrate it with stars hung on the Christmas tree and the cry of bells and gifts. Especially with gifts. We buy them and wrap them and put them under the tree. You give me a tie, I give you a book. Cousin Martha always wanted an orange squeezer. Uncle Harry can use a new pipe. Oh, we forget nobody, adult or child. All the stockings are filled.

"All, that is, except one. (Continued on page 75)
Buddy Fogelson first saw Greer walking a tightrope. They've been walking on air ever since.

**BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS**

New Life, New Love

MY LOVELY red-haired and good friend, Greer Garson, was really in a tizzy when I blithely told the world that she had made plans to marry Texas millionaire Buddy Fogelson early this winter. Not that she didn't think the story was complimentary. Quite simply, she felt I should not write a word about her new romance until her divorce from Richard Ney became final in September.

Greer is a stickler for propriety. She can't help it. It's been bred in her. She is the sort of person who has a horror of anything not according to the Emily Post code and in her opinion, she has no right to even discuss marriage until she is legally free.

I suppose Greer is right in her contention—but I'm a newspaper woman—and news is news.

I had heard indirectly that she had had a few things to say about my romantic scoop. But she called me to say that this was not true.

Parsons-like, I lost no time coming to the point. “I hear you are after my scalp!”

“Oh, Louella,” she replied, “you know I could not be really angry with you. But you were naughty writing in the paper and saying on the radio that I am marrying Buddy Fogelson.”

“But you are, aren't you?” I persisted.

“I haven't...” she began and got no farther because I interrupted with, “I know you haven't and before you (Continued on page 106)

A new gay Greer emerges in her latest picture, “Julia Misbehaves”
June can be grownup and practical on occasion.

In her role for "Little Women"

The rumors about June and co-star...

Peter Lawford got a different reaction from Dick Powell, in New York.
A watching Hollywood asks—how wise
can a June in pigtails be?

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

FOR months now the Allyson-Powell marriage has been Hollywood's conversation piece. And no wonder. Never before has there been such a puzzle! June and Dick, it must be said, have seemed happy enough. But what appears evidence to the contrary crops up constantly.

It was reported, for instance, that Dick was going off on a six-months cruise and he and June were selling the house they had built and furnished so joyfully. Then, making all the rumors that immediately began to fly sound pretty silly, came another announcement. June and Dick had adopted a baby and named her Allyson Powell.

June admits, "I didn't even know until eight days before the baby arrived that I was going to have one."

Almost the moment the baby arrived Dick departed—not on any six-months cruise but for New York. This seemed reasonable enough, however. He had appearances to make with "Pitfall," his first joint producing and acting venture. But it was Dick's absence from home that (Continued on page 99)

Dick has always had a tendency to baby June—both at home and in public
25 Gifts

Your presents will have that personal touch

Linoleum block prints, a Hurd Hatfield specialty, suggest Christmas gifts from the artist in you

Jeff Donnell’s designs on her husband’s shirts give you a Yuletide idea for the man in your life

Second-hand stores yield hidden treasures to Ida Lupino, putting new finish to old picture frame

A fetching idea for evening is scarf Dorothy Lamour knitted, Audrea of Hollywood designed

Barbara Bates’s initial attempts merit appreciation from her bobby-sox pals this Christmas

THese days you would think Santa Claus had moved his workroom to Hollywood. The stars are busy with knitting needles, crochet hooks and wood lathes, using their various talents to make gifts that will have the personal touch that no store-bought present can have. So—go Hollywood! Make your gifts this year. It will save you money and your gifts will have the hand-made individuality found only in luxury items. Above all, they will express you. Hollywood suggests:

1. Mittens: Virginia Mayo, Warner’s star, has a good idea for a child’s present—gay mittens. She makes them from a quilted fabric and trims them with bias tape.
You Can Make
with these Hollywood designs for Christmas giving

2. Cocktail Mittens: For grownups, Virginia uses the same mitten pattern—available in department stores for a very small sum—and white outing flannel to which she sews red ball fringe. These mittens keep their hands from chilling or slipping when shaking cocktails.

3. Dolls: Christmas, above all, is the children's season. For her little daughter Susan, Barbara Bel Geddes, between scenes of her latest Enterprise picture, "Caught," has been busy making a stuffed doll, complete with a wardrobe to delight any little girl. You can buy patterns for both doll and wardrobe at any department store. (Continued on page 50)
Gifts

Aprons become assets in her friends' lives. Dorothy Malone models one of the cocktail aprons she designed.

Bruce Bennett's hobby keeps his friends' dishes on display—gift suggestions for you if you're handy with tools.

Virginia Mayo's design for a gay gift—perky mittens of different materials to suit both children and grownups.

4. Animals: One of the big pattern companies has patterns for eight different toys—in one package. It costs 30c. The bodies of these toys come in two pieces, with bias tape for tails. All you have to do is stitch them up and stuff them with cotton.

5. Cocktail Aprons: Dorothy Malone, of Warner's is making organdy cocktail aprons this year. Frequently she buys a piece of floral patterned glazed chintz on a month-end sale and cuts out a flower and appliques it in one corner. For something more substantial than organdy, Dorothy suggests gay printed calicos trimmed in rickrack braid of a contrasting color.

6. Bed Jackets: Sewing has been Loretta Young's hobby ever since her convent days. Her specialty is bed jackets. She makes these from a variety of fabrics—crepes, challis or a lightweight wool and, elegant thought, velvet! It was such a bed jacket, peach-colored velvet with a pattern of shirring around the neckline and down the front, which Loretta was making when I finally caught up with her on the set of "Mother Is a Freshman," at Twentieth. If you are a beginner, Loretta suggests you try this simple bed jacket: Take a straight piece of material (2 yards of 36-inch wool or rayon). Sew beading across the top (lace or eyelet embroidery, whatever you like), then thread ribbon through your beading, pull up around the neck and tie. Hem both the sides and the bottom with a simple whip stitch and presto—you have a bed jacket. You can add lace above the beading and around the edge. Loretta suggests buying a basic pattern at any department store. The average jacket takes 2½ yards of 36-inch or 1½ yards of 54-inch material. The material to be used will, of course, depend entirely on your budget. But Loretta says not to overlook the charm of hand-quilted cotton.
7. Petticoats: Hollywood starlet and Santa Claus helper, M'liss McClure loves to give those handmade petticoats so wonderful with peasant skirts. Here are her directions for them: Following a paper pattern, cut the slip from fine batiste on four gores—two in front and two in back. This pattern is for a full-flared slip, fitted over the hips and at the waist to eliminate bulk. The four gores are joined with felled (lapped) seams and the waistband is folded to the outside of the slip and edge-stitched all around. To prepare the ruffle (which is cut in eight sections, each the width of the material and joined) it is first hemmed. This can be either a hand-rolled hem or a narrow "shirt-tail" hem on the machine. If it is machine-hemmed, a lingerie finish can be obtained by stitching around the edge of the hem. The material is then ruffled at the other edge by using the ruffler attachment. After it is ruffled, it is sewn to the lower edge of the slip, after first checking the length of the garment. The slip can be made shorter by sewing the ruffle higher up on the garment and trimming off the excess. After the ruffle is in place, eyelet beading is applied by folding back the raw edges of the beading and stitching along the edge. Narrow ribbon is threaded through the beading and tied in a generous bow in front.

8. Stoles: Jean Peters, Twentieth Century-Fox star, who makes many of her own clothes, is making stoles for Christmas gifts. Two yards of material, 54-inches wide—and you can buy suitable wools for $1.95 a yard—will make two stoles. A current fashion favorite—college girls have taken up stoles like mad—they are equally nice to throw around mother's or grandmother's shoulders on a cold evening.

Anyone who can sew at all can make the stole such as Jean has made. Buy two yards of wool of a loose weave, if you are going to fringe the ends. (Continued on page 77)
He's twenty-eight, handsome and can act like a house afire, but what he doesn't know about women—is how they feel about him!

Montgomery Clift is that rarest of all Hollywood paradoxes—a young actor who isn't excited about his appeal for feminine movie-goers.

William Wyler, producer-director of "The Heiress," Clift's latest picture, says: "I've never seen anything like it. A young guy of twenty-eight, handsome, who can act like a house afire and who appears to be completely unaware that all the dames on the lot are drooling over him. It's beyond belief."

Richard Widmark, who knows Clift, talking about him as all Hollywood is, says: "Monty's casual attitude is easily explained. He has just one ambition—to be the best actor in the business. There's a curious dedication about the kid. Something like that which controls Laurence Olivier. He just hasn't time for anything else but his job."

There seems some justification for this opinion. Recently Clift, offered a long-term contract by a major studio, turned it down. "I don't want to be 'owned' by a studio or anyone else," he remarked. "I want to spend all of my time in being a good actor."

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1920, Montgomery Clift today probably lives the most unspectacular life of any young actor in Hollywood. He has a single room with a pull-down bed in a modest apartment building, drives an old Ford of ancient vintage and on off days when he isn't working, wanders down to the Santa Monica beach. There he plays volleyball with any group that needs an extra pair of hands, or helps kids build sand-castles. He never appears in night clubs and is rarely seen with any girl.

Currently, Monty is looking forward to a play which Lillian Hellman is writing from the best-selling novel, "The Naked and the Dead." There is a chance that he will get a good part in this and he is excited about it. "I think it'll be a tough role," he says, "and probably won't help me very much with my movie box office appeal."

But, as has been said before, this does not seem to disturb him. A very remarkable young man!

The fortune-hunter: With Olivia de Havilland in "The Heiress"  "Red River" cowboy: Tough roles are his meat
While Hollywood talks— Montgomery Clift acts
Beach sports: Ava Gardner of “The Bribe” and Howard Duff, one of the men in her life
Ava Gardner made her world premiere on a tobacco farm one Yuletide—and male experts agree she’s the cream of the crop.

AVA’S got more than one touch of Venus. Ava’s been gifted by the gods with everything. Things just come naturally to Ava. She never did a thing to attain her beauty or her career. They just happened. She thought her life would be simple, following the pattern of her sisters.

“I took it for granted,” she sighed, “that when I grew up I’d marry some nice boy from our home town, settle down and raise a huge family. I’m mad about children,” she added.

Happily for us, the gods had other ideas. But when Ava found herself Hollywood bound she wasn’t even excited. She thought it would be fun but that was all.

Then things began to happen, not to her career, but to Ava. She met Mickey Rooney and fell in love. They were married, but it didn’t work out. (Continued on page 102)
Swing Your Partner

Star guests come out at night for an old-fashioned barn dance on Sonny Tufts's ranch

BY KAY MULVEY

Photographs by Fink and Smith

There was laughter and singing in the old corn patch when Barbara and Sonny Tufts called in their friends for a Square Dance and Mexican food! The Tufts live in Hidden Valley on a six acre "city ranch"—with all the buildings, house included, the red barn type. Barbecuing lamb filled the air with a pungent aroma as it baked in the open, over a homemade pit that was half-filled with bricks and charcoal. A crossed pipe—which a blacksmith made for Sonny for seventy-five cents—held the spit.

Barbara Tufts has a real talent for entertaining, mostly because she can do things herself. Sonny has only to drop a hint about having friends over and before you can say Louis B. Mayer backwards, Barbara has thought up an unusual party. For this party she served the Mexican food for which she had gathered recipes on a recent Mexican holiday—and got raves for each delectable dish! Clip out the recipe for her Tamale Pie and Guacamolé because, generous as Barbara is, it was like asking to borrow Sonny for a date to get the recipes from her!

Of course no one intended to appear greedy, but everybody came back for more until there were only the merest scraps left. Barbara had soaked the legs of lamb in a mixture of barbecue sauce, oil, garlic, salt, pepper and lemon juice all day—turning them often. As they were barbecuing over the pit, she brushed them with this mixture from time to time, too. Her salad was also one of the highlights of the dinner; cooked green beans, quartered tomatoes, grated raw onions and sliced cucumbers all tossed together with French dressing. Barbara makes her dressing of half salad oil and half olive oil, wine vinegar, salt and coarse ground pepper to taste.

As for Barbara's tamale pie—words fail us. Here's her treasured recipe: For crust: Stir 1½ cups yellow corn meal and 1½ tsp. salt slowly into 6 cups boiling water—cook for half an hour at low temperature, stirring constantly. Generously line bottom of large baking dish with corn meal mixture, save enough for top crust. The main body of the pie is cooked in an iron Dutch oven: Fry slowly together, ½ pound bulk sausage, 2 cloves mashed garlic, 2 large-chopped onions, 1 diced green bell pepper, 1 cup chopped celery. When these are a light brown, add 1½ pounds ground beef, 2 tsp. (Continued on page 74)
Time to rest—and a pipe for Glenn

Gay addition to a barbecue—Barbara's Mexican dishes, frosted lamb cakes

Barbecuing lamb adds a spicy accompaniment to Roy and Dale's singing

The turtle race was Sonny's idea but Barbara added an extra prop. Guests sat on bales of hay

Roy (with Dale) called the square dances
The Zaca's brass shines—from the polishing by the homeless boy Errol hired. "Austin-in-charge-of-brass," Errol calls him!

The Flynns keep a pictorial record of their voyages. Here a cameraman works on film as Nora takes it easy nearby.

A capable, considerate captain, Errol never fails to end a command with "thank you," is respected and liked by his crew of 11.

LAST year, after a layover in Mexico while Orson Welles used the Zaca for scenes in "Lady from Shanghai," the Flynns headed for South America. A storm threw them off course. Sighting Jamaica, Errol made port. When, several hundred miles farther on, he came to Navy Island, he said he had found his second home. And Nora agreed. Recently when they completed "Adventures of Don Juan" and just before their headlined quarrel—Errol and Nora sailed again for Navy Island, which provides all the sports that Errol loves—fishing, swimming and water-skiing, the first sight of which threw the natives into a panic.

At Navy Island the Flynns lived aboard the Zaca. In the evenings, as they dined on deck, the voices of the Calypso singers drifted across the water. Errol, who knows every note and word of the native songs, joined in. Hollywood seemed far away . . .

A friend, Bert Cooper, and the Flynns enjoy picnic lunch, native songs. Errol installed an "overseer" when he bought Navy Island.
THE SAILOR

rocky beds of the Rio Grande. Errol’s an expert at the sport

Any old port in a storm, they say—
but the winds of chance brought Errol Flynn his
island—a miniature continent in the Caribbean

BY SARA HAMILTON

From the judges’ stand on his estate, Errol and friends view his
first race meet—a picturesque bedlam, with natives as jockeys

Nora loves the island as much as Errol. Sheep and peacocks roa
its seventy acres beneath pineapple, banana and coconut tre
Petite Point: Jane Powell of "Luxury Liner"
A GROUP of young people were having dinner at the “Tail o’ the Cock” restaurant in Beverly Hills. They’d just come from a lavish garden party given by two of her girl friends in honor of Jane Powell’s opening in the Greek Theatre production of “The Student Prince.”

During dinner one pretty socialite remarked with super-sophisticated mien that her father had finally gotten her some sables. She’d had to wait four months for them because he had only recently presented her with a beaver coat.

Which reminded the guest of honor of an important new addition to her own wardrobe. “Jinkers! I almost forgot to tell you,” she said, facing the group with wide, excited blue eyes. “I’m getting my suede coat and Dad’s getting it wholesale!”

Innocently unconscious of having drawn a comparison, Janie just couldn’t wait to share her good news with them. After four years of wanting one, she was getting a suede coat. What’s more, she was getting it wholesale.

“That’s Janie,” says the friend who related this story. “She’s so down-to-earth.”

Which undoubtedly is one reason for Janie’s popularity with this college crowd; and one reason, too, why this sweet petite is breaking box-office records everywhere.

Down-to-earth. Yes, that’s (Continued on page 96)
GOOD HUMOR MAN

He may appear with a black eye or sing unhappily off-key—but don’t laugh, the joke is probably on you.

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER

The Kayes take the cake! Danny and daughter Dena celebrate her first birthday, Kaye fashion.
DANNY KAYE was restless. It looked as if he were not going to be called to the set that afternoon, but he had been asked to stand by for an hour. He watched the Goldwyn Girls go through a rehearsal for the third time, then he slipped away from the sound stage and went exploring.

There was no one on the next stage and the cafe was empty. He mooched into the make-up department. There he had better luck. He found a kindred spirit, also temporarily unoccupied, and they retired to a dressing room and began to experiment.

First they gave him a black eye, a notable shiner, which gave Danny and his pal some happy moments as they contemplated the shock it would give the director. Then they decided to add a fine slash down one cheek, complete with synthetic blood.

Danny was wearing a new twenty-dollar shirt. Tempted as he was by realism, the make-up man hesitated, but not Danny. He dripped a little stock gore on his collar and down one sleeve.

"How about a nice broken nose?" suggested the make-up man. "It won't take very long."

"No," Danny decided after careful thought. "That would be overdoing it." And he headed for the set, weaving slightly and muttering invitations to battle.

Consternation gripped everyone at his entrance. Danny had been in Hollywood only two weeks and his love of practical jokes was completely unsuspected. Just an hour before his fellow workers had seen him refuse even a beer at lunch. Now, here he was, Goldwyn's newest treasure, the fair-haired boy of the lot, star of "Up in Arms," obviously the loser of some monumental conflict and definitely not sober.

Strong men turned pale at the sight of the wound that certainly would hold up production for weeks. Women screamed. Some scattered for dressing rooms as Danny's bleary leer fixed on them. Others sought shelter close to the more stalwart members of the cast as Danny roared an invitation to one and all to come out and fight.

The invitation was countered with soothing words and an offer to go see the nice doctor in the nice hospital. This (Continued on page 92)
WELL, look here! A really new twist—and we do mean twist! Such an ingenious idea—to be used with so many variations—for occasions both practical and dressy. It's a frame that is a hat—even without being draped with almost any fabric or fur. You'll get a much snappier idea of the many ways you will soon be able to enjoy it with lovely Esther Williams illustrating what we mean.

It was designed by milliner Jamie Ballard and will soon be sold in department stores all over the land. There are about one hundred and fifty ways of draping scarves, lace, fur, fabric, etc., on this frame to make it a hat. Anyone can do it. For sports or informal wear, simply twist a silk scarf over, in and around it as you prefer. Or, use bits of leftover suit or dress fabric to form a matching topper for your new outfit. For cocktail time, any piece of lace or sequined material can be draped over the frame or just folded in between its edges. Or tuck one end of lace or veiling under the upper part and let the rest hang over your hair to any length you desire. You'll be buying it in all the different colors if you're smart.

Hollywood has taken to heart the Dame Fashion plea for more color consciousness this winter. Colored shoes, once the anathema of any well-dressed gal, are much in evidence, being used as match-mates for daytime as well as evening wear. The new metallic leathers that harmonize with the smart new tones of brown, green, navy and wine are especially popular. Jeanne Crain pairs gunmetal shell pumps with a lovely gown of gray brocade for the cocktail-through-dinner hours. The dress has a tiny bodice, with elbow-length sleeves. It has an off-the-shoulder draped collar, and the skirt is flared and ankle-length. A row of tiny matching brocade buttons marches down the bodice—the only trimming on the dress.

Riding high in favor, though, are the cinnamon, bronze and ginger shades, in all kinds of materials. Virginia Mayo has such a smart suit of bronze taffeta (so becoming to a blonde), a perfect outfit for dining and theater-going. It has a long fitted jacket that features bronze beading in a scroll pattern around the jacket's full peplum. The skirt is medium full and a little longer than calf-length. Long sleeves, tiny, flat shawl-shaped collar and that's it! Except for bronze metallic leather sandals and a small off-the-face bonnet-type hat made of deeper bronze velvet. Very dark green or brown accessories, of course, would be equally effective.

In the cinnamon department is Joan Bennett's stunning new faille suit. A Peter Pan collar tops a row of tiny gold buttons and her jacket, too, is rather longer than usual. The jacket is simply tailored and achieves a bustle effect through folds of material draped from the waistline. The skirt is long and slim, slit to just below the knees at the front seam. Joan wears a toque of cinnamon-colored felt draped and trimmed with shining feathers—a really dreamy small hat that looks wonderful with almost any dark, vivid shade.

Dotty Lamour came back from New York with lots of clothes but none more usable than a costume suit that is a real "basic" for any casual wardrobe. It's a dress of ginger-colored wool crepe, as slim as an exclamation point. Over it goes a fitted jacket of rough, textured knit fabric that combines touches of blue, brown and white with its own ginger color. The one-button jacket features long straight sleeves, tailored lapels and a cuff on the peplum that forms pockets in front. Dotty wears ginger shoes, gloves and bag. Her ginger-colored felt hat has loops of blue and brown grosgrain on the side for trimming. But again we say, accessories in several other dark shades are just as smart with these lovely new colors. We don't advise these shades though, unless your skin is clear and light. They really make the sallow look even sallower!

Remember that we told you, months ago, how effective and charming was the real, big rose that Gene Tierney had clamped to the center of her pearl choker? Well, if you want to (Continued on page 108)
There are more ways than one to make this hat look different! Esther makes one change with fur.

A bright print replaces the fur, for late winter or early spring wear, completely hiding the basic felt frame.

Esther Williams, with the new Jamie Ballard turban, a frame that is also a hat, demonstrates with gay kerchief.

She lets the ends dangle and presto, another bonnet. For dates or sportswear—it's a hat to go everywhere!
Daily walks are fun, but Lita Baron Calhoun has to hurry to keep up with Rory!

There's plenty of room to be alone on the Inn's two hundred acres of land! Rory's next picture is "When a Man's a Man".

Career cares are forgotten as Rory and Lita take off in the Inn's pool. A year-round resort, the Inn is owned by a company which includes Randy Scott, Loretta Young, Irene Dunne.
Only two days out of a busy week but for the Rory Calhouns, an enchanted honeymoon

Tee for two: A honeymoon is a good time, Lita decided, to learn golf, gets a lesson from the pro as Rory waits to tee off

Dinnertime—and time to go. But for the Calhouns there will be other weekends—other honeymoon hours at Ojai
PHOTOPLAY has created a dream house, starting in this issue. You possess a dream house, in fact, or in fancy. And where do I come in? I'm here to tell you how to get color into your home. Color is one of my favorite subjects.

We beat the word "color" to a pulp in Hollywood. We talk of "colorful" personalities, of "colorful" scripts, of a "colorful" production—though often we are referring to a movie shot strictly in black and white. We mean, as probably you do, that the person, the story or the movie is exciting, glamorous or stimulating. I don't think it is any accident that the word "color" has taken on this double meaning, any more than the fact that the word "smart" means either brainy or chic.

Color expresses you, more than you realize. The colors of your dream house can make it look larger or smaller, smart or dowdy, expensive or cheap. They can tell other people at a glance whether you know what is going on, whether you are just beginning to learn, or whether there will ever be any hope. And more important than all this—colors can make you happy or wretched.

The Photoplay Dream House, for example, reveals by its color that it could not possibly have existed in the Victorian era. How? By the use of blonde wood. Nobody ever heard of such a thing in Grandma's day. Wood was brown then, as in mahogany or oak or paint bucket. Unless it was white, as in the South and New England, or copied after those French, who rubbed down the chateau chairs with white. But bleached wood—uh-uh. That's completely current, very chic and I personally believe it will be with us for an indefinite period.

Personally I recommend that you start "coloring" your dream house by deciding on your drapes for your living room and bedrooms. You heard me. Don't pick out your carpet or your wall colors first and then try to find matching window fabrics. The hangings don't necessarily have to be made up and ready, but decide on the (Continued on page 90)
says ELIZABETH TAYLOR: "I Love the Super-Smooth Finish
New Woodbury Powder gives my Skin!"

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, beautiful co-star of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"LITTLE WOMEN", wears
satin-smooth
Woodbury Powder.

In Nation-Wide Test
WOODBURY WINS 4 TO 1
over all leading
brands of powder

From Coast to Coast women voted
New Woodbury Powder the best... they said Woodbury was
better than their own favorite face
powders! In this most dramatic
beauty test of all time, Woodbury
won on an average of 4 to 1 over all
other leading brands of powder.

6 exciting shades
in New Woodbury Powder. Medium
and "Purse" sizes 50c and 15¢ plus tax.

You'll find a new kind of beauty
in the Woodbury box—

it's the world's finest face powder! You'll see
the difference the instant you wear divinely
frangrant New Woodbury Powder:
"There's no "powdery" look!
"Shades are warmer, richer, yet the color
seems your own natural coloring.
"New Woodbury Powder gives a satin-smooth
finish powder alone could never give before.

TWICE NEW!
New Secret Ingredient
gives a satin-smooth finish to your skin!
New Revolutionary Process
—plus Woodbury's
"Super-Blender" gives
warmest, liveliest shades,
finest texture!
Little—but with big ideas about the foods she likes! She proves it by the way she goes for those good-tasting Gerber’s! From the flavorful Cereals through delicious Vegetables, Fruits, Meat-combinations and Desserts, Gerber’s seem to taste better to tots!

Even spinach rates a call for “seconds.” Mothers call for more Gerber’s, too. They know what scrupulous care goes into the selection and preparation of Gerber’s. They know that baby benefits by Gerber’s special processing and cooking in order to retain the highest nutritional values.

Count on less leftovers with those good-tasting Gerber’s that doctors approve. When baby graduates from Strained to Junior Foods, tempting, easy-to-chew Gerber’s make the going easier. Same size container—same low price.

Now... **ARMOUR®** Beef! Veal! Liver!

Gerber’s Strained and Junior Meats come in 3½ ounce containers—at one price. Naturally, this is higher than Gerber’s other Strained and Junior Foods. These also come in one size container at one low price.

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**Dinner Belle**

ringing for more!

(Continued from page 31) night. After all, the circus people themselves often found the going rough.

But you know how people are when they have an idea. They become attached to it. Besides, Kay Kyser knew the motion picture people better than the committee members did.

So it was arranged. The circus came to Los Angeles for the Saturday night benefit. And the audience that jammed the big tent and circus grounds discovered the ballyhoo had not exaggerated. George Murphy and Ronald Reagan announced the acts. Harry James led the circus band. Bing Crosby circled the ring with the circus clowns. Van Johnson was a clown, too. So were Mickey Rooney, Frank Sinatra and Ronald Colman. Harpo Marx, Boris Karloff and Jack Norton performed a comedy Frankenstein. And Elizabeth Taylor and Gary Cooper did a scene from “Robinson Crusoe.”


RIDING the elephants were Greer Garson, Esther Williams, Celeste Holm, Sabu, Maureen O’Sullivan, Robert Cummings, Nature Boy and Hedda Hopper, with Danny Kaye and Bob Hope as elephant boys, following not too far behind. Danny Kaye was also the man on the flying trapeze. Claudette Colbert and Barbara Stanwyck rode side saddle. Among the other riders were Gene Raymond, Glenn Ford, Valli, Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour, Jennifer Jones, Loreta Young, Van Heflin, Peter Lawford and Irene Dunne. There never were such barkers as Jack Dempsey, Edgar Bergen, Dan Dailey, John Lund, Atwater Kent, Peter Lawford, Richard Widmark, Keenan Wynn, Richard Conte and Roddy McDowall.

All of which, literally, is not the half of it. Over three hundred Hollywood stars worked in the circus that night, waited tirelessly and uncomplainingly in the crowded dressing rooms for their cues and finally performed with the enthusiasm and verve that makes a circus a circus...

Whereupon $250,000 was presented to Mrs. Sven Lokrantz, president of the Saint John’s Hospital Guild, which we find important. Because Saint John’s Hospital will have that critically needed wing of one hundred rooms. And because such events, typical of Hollywood, never are headlined on front pages. Instead front page headlines deal with exceptional Hollywood cases which find a single member of the film colony dying by sleeping pills or escaping reality for a few hours with marijuana. Which brings us to “The Truth about Dope in Hollywood” which appears in this issue. It was written by Florabel Muir, a candid Los Angeles newspaper reporter who has been respected in her profession for many years because it is her practice to deal not with sensational rumor but with truth. We recommend her report of the Hollywood scene to you.

The Editors.

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Turn to page 83 for Photoplay Fashions in Color
AGITATOR ACTION washes clothes cleanest!

OVERFLOW RINISING makes clothes sweetest!

Single-tub SPIN DRYING leaves YOU freshest!

You get all three with

THOR AUTOMAGIC WASHER

You do your washing with your fingertips
No Wringer—No Rinse Tubs—No Lifting
No Hard Work—Just flick a switch, that's all!

Here is a washer for every woman who hates wearisome work but loves clean, sweet clothes. Now dreary washdays can become happy days, for this wonderful new Thor Washes, Rinses, Spin-Dries while you relax.

The grandest part of it is that the Thor Automagic does washing that's cleaner and rinsing that's more perfect than you have ever known before from either new-style or old-style machines! That's because of three features: (1) Thor Agitator Action, the best washing method ever developed, (2) Thor Agitator-Overflow Rinse that floats soap curds away at the top, (3) Thor high speed Spin-Drying that gets out 25% more water than a wringer.

Compare these three wonderful advantages with any other washer on the market of any style or at any price. Then you'll come home a winner... with an Automagic Thor!

Complete price, excluding normal installation $229.50

THOR CORPORATION — Chicago 50, Illinois
Thor-Canadian Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada
Plants in Chicago, Illinois, Bloomington, Illinois; El Monte, California, Toronto, Canada, London, England

And for only $79.95 you can add this THOR AUTOMAGIC DISHWASHER UNIT
Washes, Rinses, Sanitizes and Dries your dishes—Washes better than by hand—Saves at least an hour of work a day.
Here are features no Dishwasher ever offered before. Uses less water than any other Dishwasher—often less than for dishpan washing. Safe and gentle—only the water moves. Washes, rinses and sanitizes the dinner dishes in just five minutes—and does it electrically as you flick a switch.
Dishwasher is beautiful Stainless Steel Unit that clips into machines in place of the wash tub. Dishes never touched by anything used in clothes washing. Switching Units takes only 1½ minutes.

The THOR Automagic Washer and THOR Automagic Gladiron have been chosen for the Industry Engineered Home featured in this issue of PHOTOPLAY
The Truth about Dope in Hollywood

(Continued from page 33) reefers in her own purse so that when the cops searched him they found nothing. If by chance they had decided to search her, too, she would have gone to jail. Her studio boss hit the ceiling when they heard about this and I`m sure she`ll never do anything so silly again.

Drug addicts are looked upon by the medical profession as being in need of hospitalization and nursing care rather than arrest and jail and this humane treatment has become almost universal. However, known addicts are watched so that dope peddlers can be prosecuted.

Marijuana which is also known as hashish, bang, gunja, charas and kif, is a wild hemp, indigenous to India, Arabia, China and Mexico. From the leaves and flowers comes a narcotic drug called Cannabis Indica. It is easily cultivated. A minister in Hollywood recently complained to the police that vandals were stripping the leaves off a fine tree growing in his yard. Investigation disclosed that it was a marijuana plant and the vandals were selling cigarettes made from the leaves.

Because marijuana is so easy to get, a few of the younger and more irresponsible film actors and actresses began experimenting with the weed a few months ago. It came to be a smart thing to smoke their tea instead of drinking it. Their tea is said it gave them a feeling of confidence and even superiority. A few puffs and the boys became handsome Don Juans and the girls ravishing sirens. Of course this was mostly in Hollywood, for young people everywhere liked to become possessed with the urge to live dangerously.

I do not know whether or not Mitchum was smoking marijuana on the night he was arrested. Only a court trial will bring the facts out on that. But if he did indulge it is probably because Bob has one of the worst cases of inferiority in Hollywood. I have watched him on set around the studios where he used to walk before the cameras and he was always in a cold sweat for fear he couldn`t do the scene. He has never believed in himself as an actor. He was always tempted to try something that could give him the confidence he needed.

Police Sergeant Barr told newspaper reporters that he had been watching Mitchum for eight months because he was suspected of smoking the forbidden tea. I must come to the conclusion that if it took them that long to catch him he couldn`t have been indulging flagrantly and since there hasn`t been the wholesale arrests that were predicted among film players it seems apparent that there was a great deal more smoke than there were reefers floating around.

Bob was picked up and searched several months before his arrest but at that time nothing was found on him. Of course this should have been a lesson to him to stay away from trouble by avoiding the pals who were suspected of indulging.

But telling him this now is like locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen. Federal and state narcotic agents have been investigating the "famous girl singer" who has been in a highly nervous condition for many months because of a persistent whispering campaign against her. There is no doubt that this poor child has made herself ill by taking too many sleeping pills. She has been caught in a vicious circle of getting to sleep with pills and getting back on the beam with stimulants such as benzedrine. Always driven by the great demands of her profession, she has strained her body to the breaking point but there has been absolutely no evidence turned up to indicate that she has become a victim of the poppy drugs or even marijuana.

Film stars of unstable character are always victims of pernicious characters who haunt the make-believe world where there is big money to tempt their slimy fingers. This was the case in the old days when Wallace Reid went to his death from drugs because he was too good a guy to brush them off.

Picture producers invest millions of dollars in these children with their handsome faces and their exquisitely turned-out bodies to delight you on the screen but never to tempt their souls or give them the guts to withstand temptations flying all around them. It is those who come to the industry with great stamina and well-built-up characters who survive.

And when the weak ones fall the only place where they find sympathy is in the dictionary. Living in goldfish bowls for all the world to see their weaknesses, they are labeled in every quarter when their feet slip. And as these front-page babies go down they bring calumny on all the film industry. Like a prairie fire running wild around the country goes the talk today that Hollywood is full of dope fiends.

You can bet all the so-called tea in Hollywood that not more than two per cent of the inhabitants have indulged in marijuana. In every quarter where their feet slip and as these front-page babies go down they bring calumny on all the film industry. Like a prairie fire running wild around the country goes the talk today that Hollywood is full of dope fiends.

Perhaps the tempest winds blowing in this Hollywood teapot will be strong enough to clear the minds of the foolish ones who didn`t have brains enough to know they were fooling with dynamite.

The End

have that second cup of coffee with

DON MCNEILL

on the

Breakfast Club

Start the morning right—Monday through Friday—with the “Breakfast Club” (9 a.m. EST) over ABC Stations

Read the heartwarming love story of Don McNeill and his lovely wife, Kay, in the current TRUE ROMANCE magazine now at newstands.
Just picture this superb instrument in your own home. It is the same 8 tube radio-phonograph with FM-AM which is featured in Photoplay's Dream House—a beautiful cabinet...glorious tone provides a wonderful selection of radio entertainment.

It's easy to win! All you need do is write a letter telling in your own words why you would like to own this Crosley Radio-Phonograph. The five best letters will be selected by the judges, and to each of these five winners this Crosley Radio-Phonograph (Model 9-203B) will be delivered. To improve your letter, visit your Crosley dealer and hear this set demonstrated—decide what you like best about it. His address is in your Classified Directory.

Then read the instructions carefully; write your letter and mail it!

CROSLEY
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BONITA GRANVILLE, star of "STRIKE IT RICH"
A Jack Warner Production for Allied Artists.

Contest Regulations
1. Letters must not exceed 50 words. Each letter will be judged solely for its originality and expression of thought. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Judges' decision is final.
2. Only one entry can be accepted from any person.
3. The attached coupon with your name and address printed on it, must accompany your letter. Print your name and address at the upper right-hand corner of your letter.
4. All entries must be mailed to Crosley Division, AVCO Mfg. Corp., Cincinnati 25, Ohio, and must be postmarked not later than mid-night, February 15, 1949. All letters become the property of the Crosley Division; no letters will be returned and no correspondence will be exchanged with entrants. Winners will be advised by mail. Your entry is your acceptance of the rules governing this contest.
5. The contest is open to all persons living in the United States, its possessions, Alaska and Hawaii, except Crosley employees, their families and their advertising agency.

Mail This Coupon with Your Entry

Crosley Division, AVCO Manufacturing Corp., Div. 25, Cincinnati 25, Ohio
Attached herewith is my entry in your radio-phonograph contest announced in Photoplay Magazine.
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Shelvador® Refrigerators ✶ Frostmaster Home Freezers ✶ Ranges ✶ Radios ✶ Radio-Phonographs ✶ Television
Are you in the know?

When giving a party, which is important?

☐ Fancy refreshments  ☐ Banishing the family  ☐ Keeping the guests busy

Good hosting doesn’t take caterer’s chow . . . or shoosing Mom to the movies. Plan the doings. Have records handy. Provide the "props" for games. At Christmas, let your guests trim the tree; anything to keep them busy. And should your calendar suddenly betray you, turn to Kotex, for comfort. For softness that holds its shape. Be carefree with the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And the bend-as-you-please freedom that’s yours with the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Adjustable; all-elastic!

If your back’s blemished, what’s best?

☐ A white hanky  ☐ A rain check  ☐ A stole

Stoles are high fashion . . . not meant for hiding hiccups! And you can’t "un-date" at zero hour. To cover back break-outs, start days ahead with antiseptic—plus white hanky, pinned to shoulderstraps. Worn beneath school dresses, the medicated "goop" works while you grind! Never fret about how to conceal "certain" outlines. Kotex and those flat-pressed ends prevent outlines; protect you from the slightest whisper! Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex.

What’s the jinx in this jolopy?

☐ The cuddle couple  ☐ The boogie blast  ☐ Four’s a crowd

Joy ride? Uh-uh. For here, say safety experts, are the makings of a crash landing! (See all three answers above.) First, the car’s crowded; bad for careful driving. The raucous music adds more distraction. Anyway, how can a highway Romeo keep his mind on the road? Sharp gals take no risks. Even of problem-day accidents. And that’s why they choose Kotex . . . because the exclusive safety center of Kotex means extra protection. Extra confidence!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Swing Your Partner

(Continued from page 56) salt, 3 tps. chili powder, dash of cayenne pepper, 1 can tomatoes, 1 can whole corn and 1 cup pitted olives. Cook slowly in the Dutch oven for 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Cut up six real tamales (the kind in corn husks). Place these in the crusted-lined baking dish and pour mixture from Dutch oven over them, moistening corn meal mixture with a little hot water, if necessary. Top with contents of crate and sprinkle with 1½ cups grated American cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 400° for one hour, letting top get nicely browned. This recipe will serve 12.

Guacamole is a simple avocado mixture that can be used as a salad, hors d’oeuvres or side dish. Barbara serves tortillas with the heaped dish of Guacamole so that each guest can generously spread a tortilla with the mixture and roll it. Tortillas, wrapped in cellophane, a dozen to a package, are available in delicatessens and most grocery stores, they also come in cans. And they can be kept indefinitely in refrigerator or deep freeze. Guacamole: Mash 2 ripe avocados, mix with 2 tbs. onion juice, juice of a half a lemon, cayenne pepper, 1 tsp. salt, one chopped ripe tomato, 1 tbsp. finely chopped canned green chili pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Season to suit individual taste. Make at last minute so the mixture won’t turn brown. This is really delicious.

The lamb cakes for dessert were a high-light, baked in special half lamb molds—so the two halves of cake can be put together to form a whole—topped with white frosting and shredded coconut to look like wool. Tiny red candies made the eyes and a real bell tied around their necks made them look demure. For the cake mixture: Beat 9 egg whites until frothy, add ¾ tsp. cream of tartar, 1 tsp salt and beat until stiff. Beat 5 yolks until thick and lemon colored, add 1½ cups sugar slowly, mix well and combine with whites. Add 1 cup well-sifted cake flour, folding in slowly. Add 1 tsp. vanilla and 1 tsp. lemon juice. Bake at 400° until done—about 50 minutes. Frosting: Boil together 2 cups sugar, ¼ tsp. cream of tartar, ¼ cup water until sirup threads. Whip slowly into well-beaten whites of 2 eggs until it stands in soft peaks. Frost immediately and cover all over with shredded coconut.

If you’d like to try this angel sponge cake and don’t have the lamb molds, you can bake it in a nine-inch tube pan (un-greased) at 350° for 50 minutes.

The End

war against v. d.

The U. S. Public Health Service is conducting a nationwide drive against venereal disease. During the next few weeks radio programs will bring much-needed knowledge about the menace and tragic cost of syphilis and gonorrhea. Listen to your radio—cooperate with your local health authorities.

We Can’t Win if We Don’t All Fight
Because It's Christmas
(Continued from page 43) We have even forgotten to hang it up. A stocking for that Child born in the manger. It's His birthday we're celebrating. Don't let us forget that.

"Let us ask ourselves what we would wish for most, then let each put in his share: Loving kindness, warm hearts and that stretched-out hand of tolerance—all the shining gifts which make up peace-on-earth, good will to men."

Christmas is the day for sharing. It is the best reminder I know that no man or woman is an island—that we have nothing to fear and everything to hope for if we have faith in people like ourselves.

I guess you never really know that until you are lucky enough to be able to share Christmas with a child. My Timothy has brought to me part of his innocent simplicity and warmth. And I have watched that gift from children happen to my friends in Hollywood. One of my favorite stories is the one Jane Wyman told me about her daughter Maureen and Santa Claus.

Until Maureen arrived, Christmas to Jane meant shopping and more shopping, trying to get presents wrapped and delivered by the zero hour, making the rounds, planning menus, trying to serve dinner on time to friends and family.

"Then the whole picture changed," Jane told me. "Suddenly Christmas had one very personal precious meaning—it was for Maureen. On her first Christmas she was only one year old—hardly old enough to appreciate anything but the glittering tree decorations. But on her second Christmas, we went out. We shopped early—we shopped late. We delivered all our presents in advance, so the last two days could be devoted to Maureen.

"Right after dinner on Christmas Eve, Maureen got ready for bed. In her gown and slippers I took her into the kitchen. We took a jar and put three coconut cookies in it. These are for Santa Claus," I explained. 'He'll be hungry when he gets here, so you put these right by the chimney where he will find them.' We tucked our little girl in for the night and then we brought out the tree.

"It was nearly three in the morning when that last bit of tinsel was draped. Exhausted we fell into bed. About dawn, I was awakened by Maureen clattering down the stairs to see what Santa Claus had left her. Santa Claus! A thought hit me like an electric shock. The cookies! I'd completely forgotten about them! I scrambled down the stairs, managed to get to the living room just as Maureen headed for the fireplace. I grabbed the jar and emptied it as Maureen hurled herself into my arms. There was only one thing to do if she wasn't to see the cookies. I stuffed them into my mouth. You'll never be able to appreciate how I felt until you've swallowed three dry coconut cookies in one big hunk—at five in the morning."

Christmas for the Ladds centers around their children, too. Alan had known for some time that Alana wanted a Palomino colt. When one was born on the ranch shortly before Christmas, he decided to make Alana's dream come true.

Christmas, to be Christmas, must carry with it a feeling of belonging. Of belonging to family, to friends—or, maybe, of just belonging to other human beings. But you must belong—to receive, you must give. That's why Olivia de Havilland will never forget the Christmas of 1943. She was away for the holidays—visiting the men in the Army hospitals.

Christmas day dawned gray and wet at the Tinker Field Hospital outside Okahoma City. Olivia began walking into the...
Look lovely and be loved!

be certain of figure perfection with the

Last-Side Cup
by CELEBRITY

THE BRA THAT INSURES PERFECT FIT... BY CONTROLLING THE FIT RIGHT IN THE CUP ITSELF... The amazing "Last-side" cup eliminates sagging, gaping and bulging, smoothly, and comfortably. The ingenues inset gives you MORE bustline beauty, more controlled comfort than any other bra available. $2 and $2.50.

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Light as Air

TWO 'N ONE Panti-Belt by Glutex

"THE BRIEF"
It's a panti belt and a panti, it's the nol, convenient way to keep your stockings sleekly smooth. In lace laces and run proof rayon jersey. Pink, blue, black, white, mixes. Small, medium, and large. About $2

At stores all over America or write GLUTEX CORPORATION 35 East 32nd Street, New York City by the makers of "Snuggles".

Look lovely and be loved!

ward. And she was sorry for herself—sad and lonely, miles from home; for company, sick men in cheerless white cots. Then she crossed into the first ward. She stopped, quiet, to listen. A group of badly wounded veterans were singing "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas". Their faces had lights in them. Their voices carried a strange kind of hope. Then it hit her. She was less lonely. She'd never be lonely again. She was part of a family here. Olivia spent all Christmas Day there. She took hundreds of names and phone numbers from men in cots and wheel chairs. When she left the hospital, she Christmas and didn't get numbers. The sound of the voices and the grateful words were the best Christmas presents she ever received. Every Christmas she will ever have will be richer and better because of it.

THAT same Christmas of 1943 brought a new longing and a fresh awareness to Betty Holden. He spent it alone, with thousands of other lonely men, in the Army. He'd been given a leave in November so he could be with Brenda when their son, West, was born. It was a strange Christmas day for him. He kept picturing Brenda and wondering how small West was reacting to the colors and the excitement. He had a picture of the new baby. Again and again he took it out and looked at it. It was a poor substitute. Weather and Civil Aeronautics long day he began to get a new insight into the precious celebration. The glamour and tinsel that had always surrounded the holida were far away. Now, he began to feel it as the day to remember the family unit, the dependence of one upon the other, the warmth that comes from the spirit of love and trust. The Holdens' peacetime Christmases are highly important days, too, lives now. Bill will never forget the reasons for his being away for West's first Christmas. He knows that if he and all the fathers in the world are to be home with their families on Christmas day, he and all the fathers must do their best to make the true Christmas spirit work—peace, tolerance, faith in man.

The Christmas Esther Williams remembers best is the one she celebrated in February, yes—February of 1946. During Christmas holidays that year Esther had been on location in Mexico making "Fiesta." She had tried frantically to think of the spirit of the day away from home. She had cooked Christmas dinner in the hotel kitchen for the cast and the crew.

Everybody had seemed to have a won- derful time. Except for her, it is never really Christmas unless she can spend it with their family. But she didn't get back home until the middle of February. When she got to her mother's house, to Betty's great joy, she found that the Christmas tree had been up since Christmas Eve. It was no longer fresh and green and smelling of pine. But dry and brittle as it was, the spirit of Christmas was still there. Betty Williams as if the date had been December 25th. Esther's gifts lay under the Christmas tree, waiting for her. The family gathered around together. And they sang Christmas carols—and proved again, that the spirit of Christmas can belong to day or every day.

To so many of my Hollywood friends the whole concept of loneliness is bound up in the feeling of being together, of laying aside the alien ties of career and success and the strange life of forever being on display. Bob Hope, with his inexhaustible passion for war work, with his sense of business and his need to work, takes only two things from Christmas. First, at least one hospital visit on Christmas Day. And then, Christmas dinner with their family. And Betty, Nora, Linda and Tony. Marie and John Lund will be in a Santa Claus heaven this year when Marie cooks their first Christmas dinner in their own home. Glenn Ford spent three Christmases with the Marines. Nothing is more important now than spending it with his family.

Betty Hutton can't wait until Baby Candy sees her first tree—and until four-year-old Lindsay's face wipes clean for Betty a scar that has lived many years. Lindsay is the greatest, most bitter disappointment of her life. Many things have happened to her since then. Hard things, wonderful things—but nothing like the pair of skates she won't get.

A family friend gave Betty's sister Marion a pair of those beautiful, precious skates. But none for Betty—and her parents were too poor to buy her a pair. They recognized and shrank from the sinister look in her eyes. But there was no money for years, that disappointment lived with Betty. But this year she hopes to bury the memory. That's why the Christ- mas tree she and Ted Briskin put up will be a pair of skates for Lindsay. The name tag, though, will really read "For Betty."

One of my big Christmas thrills is knowing that many of my friends use their good fortune to bring happiness to others. Bob Cummings has a wonderful idea which can't miss. He's an amateur pilot, you know, and the Civil Aeronautics Board permitting, he's going to fly very slowly over Los Angeles and drop small, light parachutes, equipped with little toys and gifts, to the children of lucky youngsters. They hope to have three-year-old Bob along as an amateur Santa Claus this year. He wants his children, more than anything else, to share the real spirit of Christmas.

Margaret O'Brien also will never forget the Christmas when she was an assistant Santa Claus. For years and years, before she was in pictures, Margaret dreamed of some day playing Santa Claus alongside of lucky youngsters. He hopes to have three-year-old Bob along as an amateur Santa Claus this year. He wants his children, more than anything else, to share the real spirit of Christmas.

Two years ago Margaret asked her mother, "Mother, am I a movie star?"

"Well, I don't know," her mother said hesitantly, "but you're in motion pictures."

"But," says Mrs. O'Brien, "I've been careful to teach her that Christmas is more than just a day for receiving gifts. She knows that giving is much more important than receiving. Betty recognizes far more gifts than any one girl should have. So each year she chooses from the toys given her a few that she likes very much. From the rest, the nicest toys are chosen to go to the more unfortunate children. ""Margaret knows one thing above all else: The spirit of Christmas lies in sharing one's good fortune."

And the words from "The Bishop's Wife" meant so much? Every Christmas memory and incident I can think of which concerns my friends or me carries the message of those words. Unless you have a concept of Christmas, there is no such thing as loneliness. So long as you can share anything—a gift, a smile, a thought, a memory—you can never be alone. Just remember how you would wish for most, then let each put in his share: Loving kindness, warm hearts and that stretched-out hand of tolerance—all the shining gifts which make up a Christmas, good will to men. Merry Christmas! The End.
25 Gifts You Can Make

(Continued from page 51.) Double the material the long way, pin to keep even and cut along the fold. This will give you two pieces of material two yards long and 27-inches wide. You will have two selvedge edges and the other two edges you will whip by hand. Then fringe out the ends to whatever length you wish the fringe to be. Jean says she can make a stole in less than an hour and the cost is comparatively small.

Jean has another suggestion for finishing these scarves. Crochet a shell stitch in yarn of a contrasting color as a border. Or, if you use plaid material, pick up one color out of the plaid and do your shell stitch in a yarn of that color. Gay and young, too, is the use of ball fringe for the finish on such stoles.

9. Monogrammed Items: For that purely personal touch there is nothing more delightful than monogrammed shirts, scarves, etc. Jeff Donnell monograms not only pillowcases and handkerchiefs for friends, but does tiny monograms on her husband's shirt sleeves. Jeff suggests it is wiser to use transfer patterns than to sketch your own monogram.

10. Sequinned Evening Scarves: Anne Baxter adds a sequinned touch to scarves of crepe or chiffon. Anne glues the sequins on, then outlines the initials with tiny sewn-on glass beads. To glue on the sequins all you need is a bottle of fabric glue, an orange stick and a pair of tweezers. Hold the sequin with the tweezer, apply the thinnest bit of glue with the pointed end of the orange stick and then drop the sequin in it. If your fabric is very fine you can anchor each sequin with a tiny glass bead. A very fine needle which will go through the eye of the sequin and the glass bead is all that's required.

11. Knitted Ties: Audrea of Hollywood, famous for her individually-styled knittwear, instructs many stars like Joan Crawford, Dorothy Lamour, Janis Paige and others in the art of knitting and crochet wear. One of her Christmas gift suggestions is knitting ties, which can be made for $2.00 and make interesting gifts for your men friends. These, knit on the bias, do not stretch out of shape.

12. Knitted Evening Scarves: Another decorative gift designed by Audrea and which Dorothy Lamour makes, is an evening scarf. Dorothy made hers of white boucle and gold mixed yarn and edged it in gold lace. It is about 60-inches long and 18-inches wide (67 stitches) and made of a simple knit two, pearl two stitch on an uneven number of stitches, but you always start with the knit two. A simply elegant gift which even an amateur knitter could make without difficulty!

13. Crocheted Evening Bags: Audrea also suggests as a simple-to-make gift, a crocheted evening bag. Joan Crawford has made many number of these bags. They are easy to knit and for added decoration may be beaded or sequin-trimmed. The materials for this Audrea original bag are one steel crochet hook, size 0, and two four-ounce skeins of knitting worsted. The instructions are: Work a chain to required length. (Average envelope bag is 9-inches wide by 12-inches long.) Always allow 2-ch to turn for the following row, working your length of 12-inches in chain stitch.

First Pattern row—ch 1, single crochet 1.
Second Pattern row—ch 1, work 1 single crochet in the hole of the previous row left by the chain 1. Repeat across row and work 20 inches in this manner. Break off wool. Divide the 9 inches in three sections. Work the center third for 2½ inches. This is the flap end.

Finishing—work 1 row single crochet through the loop and join into a ring. Fasten off. The bag is finished in the same manner as the ring.

Love-quiz... For Married Women Only

WHY DOES HE TURN HIS BACK ON HIS WIFE'S TEARS?

A. Because she has neglected one precaution, often of major importance to intimate marital happiness.
Q. What is that important precaution that can so greatly help to safeguard marital happiness?
A. The practice of sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.
Q. Why are wives wrong to trust to soap instead?
A. Because soap, like soda or salt, is an old-fashioned make-shift that cannot compare with "Lysol" germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Destroys the source of objectionable odors... kills germs on contact.
Q. Do many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?
A. Three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined! Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure cleanliness alone. No grease aftereffect. Use it as often as you want.

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!
Your Shoes are Showing!

Embarassing, isn't it?

Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps keep shoes flexible—and new-looking longer.

Shinola is easy to apply and economical to buy. For good grooming and longer wear—KeeP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA. In Canada it's 2-4-1.

To Get It Use Shampoo Made Specially for Blondes... containing ANDIUM

The newest shade of blonde hair is soft, shining, lovely. To keep it light—but not hard, brindling-looking—use BLONDEX the home shampoo that contains amazing new ANDIUM for extra lighness and SHINE. Instantly removes the dusty film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Washes hair shades lighter, gives lustrous highlights. Takes only 11 minutes. Safe for children. Get BLONDEX at 10c, drug and department stores.

THE NEW BLONDE LOOK...is Soft Shiny Lovely, NOT BRASSY GOLD

around entire bag, taking care to keep corners at right angles. Fold into envelope shape, making flap as deep as you wish. Sew sides of bag together. This design can be made to fit the commercial bag-fillers that are available in stores or you can line it with any novelty material you wish.

14. Initialled Socks: If you are a confirmed sock-knitter, Audrea suggests a way of personalizing your gift socks for best friend-fairy god-sisters. Use a duplicate stitch to follow the yarn stitch and embroidery the initial first on top of one sock and last initial on the other. Barbara Bates, who likes this idea for Christmas gifts, sometimes puts both initials on one sock.

15. Afghans: Janis Paige has crocheted an afghan for a friend. With Christmas just around the corner there is not time to finish an afghan now, but Janis suggests that you crochet or knit several squares in all the colors you plan to use and wrap them with a note or jingle that explains this is a sample of the gift to come!

16. Bells: Doris Breakfast has something new in the crochet field to make a bell gift. It is a plastic yarn, which you can buy in most department stores. (Using a single crochet stitch with this yarn you can complete a bell in a day. Doris suggests you want to make a bell like Doris's, crocheting 12 chain stitches will make one about 2-inches wide, she says. Then go back and finish with a single crochet for the length you want your bell. Buy a buckle to attach and presto—you have a "new look" bell.

17. Wooden Boxes: Franchot Tone, Brian Donlevy, Don Taylor and Bruce Bennett are among the stars who have their own wood workshops where they make things for their own homes as well as for friends. Franchot Tone specializes in picture frames; Don Taylor makes flower boxes for windows, Don Taylor creates interesting cigarette boxes.

18. Plate Racks: Bruce Bennett is busy making stained pine plate racks—a delightful gift for china-collecting friends. Bruce also makes some beautiful hand-crafted children's toys.

19. Picture Frames: Among the women stars who are adept in handicrafts is Ida Lupino, who turns out picture frames and refinishes them, as she has done those in the illustration. Here's how she does it:

First of all remove the paint with paint remover. Then apply a few coats of clear lacquer (one coat at a time). Brush on clear lacquer—any paint store can give you directions about the kind of paint, brushes, etc. After that is dry, paint the frame in the hardcraft particular frame Ida painted dark green with a gold lip). Then, if you want an extra smooth finish, sand again between the first and second coats. For an extra hush luster, finish the frame with a final coat of clear lacquer or varnish. Dull, antique finishes are obtained by rubbing white or gray flat paint unevenly with a rag on the frame after you have sanded the first coat.

20. Lamp Shades: Janis Carter, Columbia star, is making yarn-covered lamp shades for her Christmas presents. This is something fairly new in the handicraft field and, since custom-made shades are quite expensive, a shade made with yarn to pick up the colors in a friend's home would make a delightful gift. Small shades cost the "make it" dollar, larger ones for $2.00 and up, depending on the size of the lamp and quality of the yarn.

21. Trout Flies: For your friends who are fishermen, Bob Stack, champion skeet shooter, hunter, fisherman and fly-fisherman suggests you make especially designed flies. A book on fly-tying is available at any sports goods store, he says. Then, all you need is a clasp of feathers, some materials of your choice, some wire, and your imagination. He also suggests that if you both hunt and fish or have friends who do, that you save the feathers from green wing teal or any game birds and use them in your fly-tying.

22. Cards: Another Christmas suggestion comes from Hud Hatfield, who makes his own Christmas cards as well as name cards for book owners, from linoleum blocks printed. Instructions: On a piece of cloth Hud recommends "Linoleum Block Printing with Color" by Henry Frankenstein. The necessary tools are not expensive, he says, and once purchased, are good for years.

23. Chef Aids: Charles Korvin, an accomplished chef, has a perfect suggestion for friends who are gourmets—ready-made boxes of spices and seasonings as gifts, accompanied by unusual recipes.

24. Pomander Balls: Joan Caulfield is making these spicy-smelling balls for her friends to hang in international. Her recipe is in the December column. Pop whole cloves into a thin-skinned California orange. To prevent the skin from cracking, she does not insert the cloves in even rows. When the orange is covered, she ties the end with a long ribbon. Then hangs it on a coat hook. If you have a gift any home-loving friend will value.

25. A Special Dessert: For that final gift for friends who drop in, we can think of nothing nicer than Jeanette MacDonald's holiday ice cream. Her recipe is in the December column. The motor she is using has been packed with alternate layers of ice, salt, ice and salt (coarse freezing salt). After chilled by contact with cold cylinder, add several tablespoons of rum or brandy, put in the freezer which is filled with ice cream. Freeze until ice cream is thick, firm and creamy in consistency.

END
Riviera Revels

(Continued from page 34) O'Brien Dorelis beside him. They had come from Deauville, which Clark did not favor. But then I think he was one of the few Hollywood citizens who did not especially revel in Riviera pleasures. Clark is strictly the hunting and fishing type. He was not too unhappy, however. For besides him he had Dolly, the sweetest, frankest and most seductive woman I have ever known, even if she is a grandmother.

Clark does not like crowds. He told me quite frankly, that when people press close to him, wave hands in his face and grab his arm, he suffers from claustrophobia. Whereupon, instinctively, he edges back and back until, free, he runs like a jack-rabbit. Even if the people who press against him are movie magnets!

"I have to be handled, Elsa," he told me. But he also smiled when I followed his glance to the lovely Dolly. Dolly has always been a man's woman. And curiously enough I do not think this is due primarily to her beauty or seductiveness but rather to the fact that she is a wonderful pal. She makes men laugh.

One night when a dozen or more of us dined at my farm, a pleasant change from the gala cafes because I am a good cook and we dine outside, an old stone mill wheel serving as our table, I asked the Duchess of Windsor if she thought Clark and Dolly were in love. She shrugged her lovely shoulders. "Who knows about such things, Elsa?" she said. And her eyes sought the Duke who had played golf with Clark that afternoon and, to his delight, beat Clark by one hole.

Our souffle brought Clark concern for his waistline. At first I thought his meansarrat flattery but later when we played The Game I was prepared to believe he had over-indulged. He was not, I must report, a very good actor. Neither was Tyrone Power. Darryl Zanuck outdone everyone at enacting the most difficult quotations for which H.R.H. was responsible.

While we were sitting over our coffee and brandy, we saw a red-mustached gentleman with a camera slung over his arm crossing the terrace. He was John Swope, son of Gerald Swope of General Electric and a photographer extraordinary. Immediately he began to take our pictures. With him was a lovely young woman who turned out to be Dorothy McGuire. All of which was as it should be since John and Dorothy are, happily, man and wife.

Charles Boyer came to the Riviera, too. A house guest at Maurice Chevalier's villa near Cannes, he led a quiet life and was seldom seen about. However, his joy at the reception he had received upon his return to his native land was evident.

Chevalier's house, which was once called "La Louque," is now named "La Nouvelle Louque"—the New Look. It was at this villa, with its partly Hollywood swimming pool and partly modern Provencal, that he hid Nita Raye, a Rumanian Jewess, from the Germans during the occupation. Maurice has grown weary of being a bachelor, I think. And it may very well be that following his one man show in Paris he will take Nita, with whom he is happy and comfortable, for his wife.

Rita Hayworth was the sensation of the season. Not only because of her beauty and her gaiety and her divine clothes, but because she promptly snared Ali Kahn. He is thirty-eight, darkly handsome, the multi-millionaire son of Aga Khan. Which means he one day will be the spiritual head of about twenty million Moslems and like his father will annually receive from his subjects his weight in gold. All, educated at Oxford, is very charming and a great

How to give your kitchen the "New Look"

No more drab, "blank" look—you can give your kitchen the bright, colorful "new look" that decorators favor—in seconds! Pick one of the charming new Royledge Shelving patterns—scatter color throughout the room in a jiffy. So easy, simply place durable Royledge on shelf, fold down colorfult edge.

Brighten the whole house by using beautifal Royledge to "glamorize" linen closets, toy shelves, open shelves, etc. There's a perfect Royledge design for every room!
Exquisite
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sportman. He won the English Derby and
tested for the last time by a test run. His horse My Love is
fabulous. This, the G. W. Whistle my horse purchased the
former Maxine Elliott property "Chateau d'o"
and immediately did it over in a
luxuriously gracious style. He stocked the
garage with his own personal staff, and
had bought new boats. And his airplane
brought his guests from London and Paris.
I introduced him to Rita and it was
evident from the beginning, that he was
deeply interested. I instructed that she and
her secretary join him and his guests at
the chateau. And, therefore, every
morning he and his house guests and his
two sons by his wife, from whom he is separated, drove in his state wagon to
Eden Roc for the swimming hour.
Rita, obviously, was entranced. Any
woman would be. In fact she overstayed her supply that returned to
the United States until she was commanded by her
studio. Unquestionably this romance
continues. I predict that when Ali Khan comes over to race his stable at
Belmont Park at the Prix. He will go first to Hollywood to see Rita.

I HAVE

It was then that I was called to the
showing. We had a doubt. I was told that he
and Rita will marry. They get along well
enough. But it would not do considering the
big position he will inherit from his
father.
Rita has grown wiser in the last year, I
think. When I am with her I have the
feeling that she has matured. Undoubtedly
she still loves Orson Welles, in a fashion.
I think, too, that Ali Khan caught her on
the rebound. She may have learned of
Orson's devotion to the Italian actress,
Lea Padovani.
I had a note from her after she dined
with me. It was about flowers, and she
white gladiori. "Dear Elsa," she wrote,
"Your party was sensational. Would so
like to come out to the farm and see you.
Love, Rita.

And we talked of Orson. He
did call her from Rome the previous day.
He was, he had said, coming to Cannes to
see her and Darryl Zanuck. Darryl wanted
to talk to him about playing in "Prince
of Foxes," the Tyrone Power-Wanda Hendrix
film being produced in Rome.
"You love Orson, don't you, Elsa?" Rita
asked.
I had agreed that I did. "He is a bad boy
sometimes," I admitted. "But I always seem
to forgive him. Because he has more charm
than most. Also I make excuses for him
because I think his touch of genius separ-
ates him from his fellows and causes him to act
differently.

Then, point blank, I asked, "You love him
too, don't you, Rita?"
She said, "I will always love him," she
said gently, "even though our troubled married
life will end in November when our divorce
becomes final. I am glad I have a souvenir of
that life in Rebecca. She has her father's
hand in that one, Elsa.

"I hope," I said, "that she looks like you.
"Rita laughed. "She has Orson's
forehead. But we can cover that with her
hair easily enough. She is such a won-
derful actress that she is sometimes even
grown with anyone for more than a minute. And
she has an imagination and talent that I
hope will equal her father's."

Darryl and Orson had two phone con-
versations in Rome, one conversation
with Orson had gone.

"Wonderfully well," she said. "When
Orson talked of his chicken pox I told him
about my anemia. And when he com-
mented on my arguments on
my blood transfusion. Whereupon we both
laughed at ourselves and at each other!

During one of the nights that Orson was
at Cannes I was told that he
had completed "Cagliostro" in Rome
and was planning to make "Pirandello."

He told Rita and me about the villa he
had bought for a song in the Tuscan hills -
a villa that met my eyes when I entered my new
home," he
boomed, "were pictures of Rita as Gilda
painted all over my walls. It was a terrible
thing to do away with Rita," he looked
straight at her.

He went on. "My three people at the
villa, my cook, gardener and maid, also
sang the song Rita sang in 'Gilda.' They
preferred the Italian folk songs which
LATER, in Venice, I saw Orson again and
met his Lea Padovani. She dominates him
in every way. This is Tyrone Power—and I doubt any woman ever
dominated Orson Welles before. This
domination may be good for his
soul.

Lea Padovani. Her life has been hard.
She was widowed when the war
broke out and after she was often peni-
less and sometimes she was hungry.

"It is a most horrid thing," she told us
with tears in her eyes, "to have your country occupied by the enemy.

Until I met Orson, I hated all men. But
Orson—he is good!"

I had thought when I left my farm that
I would meet Tyrone Power—Linda
Christian marriage in Rome. Ty had asked me to be there. But the marriage, as you
know, was postponed. I think this was
occasioned when Ty thought he
should wait until his divorce from
Anita Bella was final. That will come in
January when he also will have completed "Prince of Foxes" and he and Linda
will have a real wedding.

Linda, in Rome, leased one of the build-

ings on Countess Di Frasso's estate, "Villa
Madonna." There, on the day her marriage
to Tyrone Power will take place, she
will give a big luncheon. Which was unusual
because she and Ty attend few parties,

Tyrone is extraordinarily proud of
Linda. He held a dinner Darryl
Zanuck gave at Cannes in midseason, that
when he and Linda were in Spain, she
had spoken the language with scarcely
any accent. She speaks several other languages
very fluently. And she looks like the
Geneva convent educated. Plus the fact
that she is very smart. She knew Europe,

of course, far better than the other Holly-
wood stars of the time.

You would not expect her to have the
whip hand over Tyrone, as she has, be-
cause she is quiet in manner. In fact, when
meeting people, she seems rather indifferent.

She reminds me always of a mountain
lady. Strong, quiet, sure and fascinatingly
attractive. I found myself watching her.
And there never was a time when I
did not feel that she was the most
beautiful woman in the room.

No wonder Lana Turner did not look
happy the night she and Bob Topping
found themselves at the cafe where Darryl
Zanuck was entertaining a pretty lady. She
did not, I am sure, enjoy her splendid view of
Ty's straight black back. But then Topping
did not look happy either. I wonder about
this marriage now that the word is out that
a baby will arrive very soon. Lana and
Bob look bored when they are alone to-
gether and the rumor that their marriage
is on the rocks followed them everywhere.

Lana Topping is a red haired Riva,
crippled from birth. Neither was Sonja Henie.
Although Sonja
did astonish everyone by her skill at
water-skiing, a new sport for her.

Generally, however, our motion picture
stars are about as syndicated as our
thrust with which they were welcomed.
Next year they'll return, I think, in
greater numbers. I am beginning to regret that no extra leaves came to go to the old stone
mill that serves as a dining

THE END
This Christmas thrill her with the Real Love-Gift

Whisper, "I love you truly" with this most intimate gift of all—her very own Lane Cedar Hope Chest. An ever-present reminder of your love. Symbol of the Dream Days of Now, sanctuary for her precious possessions—she will cherish her Lane Hope Chest forever.

But be sure you choose a genuine Lane, the only pressure-tested AROMA-TIGHT Cedar Chest in the world, with many other exclusive Lane patented features.

WRITE US. If you don't know the name of the Lane dealer in your town, write us. Or, if you wish to have a chest delivered, send us your money order, and we will arrange for delivery through our nearest Lane dealer.


No. 2247. Ever-popular modern design in Limed Oak. Equipped with Lane's patented round-cornered automatic tray.

FREE Moth Insurance Policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies, goes with every Lane Cedar Chest.


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Star Fire! ... a fragrance endearingly feminine, to add new enchantment to you!
Exciting as a shooting star ... vitreous as lilting laughter ... lingering as the memory of a romantic yesterday. Available in all the toilet treasures you love best, each exquisitely packaged. No lovelier gift.

Peggy Cammin is a bewitching and charming actress in Alexander Korda's new film "Autumn Violins".

Wear a royal blue velvet dress during the holidays when you want to appear your most beautiful. This one, by Jonathan Logan, also comes in purple, wine, green or black crush-resistant Crompton velvet. Sizes 9-15. 817.95 at William Taylor Son & Co., Cleveland, O.

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 89.
DEAR SANTA:

Please bring me . . .

... a gray and red striped sweater by Jane Irwill that I can wear on or off the shoulders with that "something new added" in the wonderful neckline. About $6.00 . . . a pair of sling-back Oomphies for my leisure hours in tie jacquard that makes them look so rich and colorful. $5.00 . . . a Marilyn belt in that luscious bronze leather and if I'm very, very good could I have two more so I can wear all three with my favorite suit? Each belt $1.00 . . . a Kadin drawstring bag in bronze leather to make me a very "accessory right" young lady because bronze can be worn with any color. $5.00 . . . a pure silk and accordion-pleated Glentex scarf. There's a little loop on one end which means I can wear it so many different ways. It comes in every color. $2.00 . . . a pair of Dawnelle gloves for very best—the ones that have lacings up the side and a contrasting color on the inside gauntlet cuff. $5.00 . . . a really dreamy Gracette nightie in softest pastel satin with a smart mandarin collar and an embroidered motif on the bodice. $5.95 . . . a Macon umbrella with a hand-carved and hand-painted lucite handle to keep away the raindrops. $6.95

For stores selling these accessories turn to page 89.

Lovely Joan Caulfield now appearing in Universal-International's "Larceny."

Deanna Durbin's suit designed by Orry-Kelly for Universal-International's "For the Love of Mary"

What could be smarter than a beautifully tailored suit to wear under furs now and through spring. This suit is a perfect foil for dressy or tailored blouses. Or, you can wear a variety of dickeys with it. (A dickey pattern is also enclosed.) Miron's Imperial gabardine tailors like a dream and comes in a wide range of spring colors. For something smart and different make the jacket in Miron's navy and white shadow squares and the skirt in their matching solid navy.

For store nearest you write manufacturer listed on page 89.
**Orry-Kelly**

Designer of Deanna Durbin's suit in "For the Love of Mary"

**Orry-Kelly** is one of Hollywood's staunchest advocates of the supremacy of Hollywood as a world style center. His clothes have a beauty of line and natural grace that is exemplified in the suit we have chosen as our pattern this month. This basic suit is cut with the utmost simplicity and, says Orry-Kelly, the slim skirt and wrist-length jacket are designed to act as a background for lovely blouses and accessories.

With the lovely slim skirt lines in vogue this year Orry-Kelly feels it is imperative to note shoes. He thinks the closed toe and heel is the greatest boon to womankind since grandma's gusset. He cannot, in fact, understand how the feminine contingent wore open-toed and cut-out shoes for so long, as this type of shoe showed their feet to such disadvantage. He claims the generation involved in this particular open-toed fashion will have to learn to walk all over again to gain the poise and grace necessary for the new lady-like fashions.
For your “entertaining” friends . . .
gift aprons of Dan River fabric

Both host and hostess will appreciate these gala little
aprons of Dan River’s high-hearted taffeta plaid.

Aprons by Nona Lou. About $2.50 at The Halle
Bros. Co., Cleveland; Marshall Field & Company,
Chicago; Schuster’s, Milwaukee; The Dayton
Company, Minneapolis.

*Fabric shrinkage less than 1%
Delphine's TALISMAN necklace—
the gift magnificent!

No gift could be more thrilling than Delphine's new Talisman simulated pearl necklace! Lustrous and luminous, this shimmering strand of fine simulated pearls will add luxury to every costume, daytime or night. Expertly matched and graduated single strand, striking jade-color Chinese type treasure chest...$24.50. Double strand $34.50, triple strand $44.50. Other popular Delphine necklaces from $3.00.

(Continued from page 68) patterns you are going to use, not only for the living room but at least for your master bedroom. Here's why. Modern drapery fabrics are excellently designed by outstanding artists. The colors they will combine in a chintz or a linen will not only be good combinations but they will also be good for today's styles and have relationship to colors now being used in rugs, upholstered furniture, wallpapers and the like.

Because you can thus co-ordinate your color schemes without driving yourself mad, shopping or having everything made, to order, you have a terrific head-start on your dream residence. But I still mutter one word of warning. The best colors for you to buy—starting with your drapes, are colors to which you react most favorably. Today's color tendency is toward clearer and brighter colors or toward darker and more definite ones, depending upon which you prefer. If you are over thirty, you surely remember some fabrics from your childhood background, those muted tans, those interwoven designs of such whizzy-washy shades that you couldn't see them even when you were right next to them. We don't do that now. We are not in the least timid about combining red with white or yellow with blue or whatever.

However, if you don't like a brilliant color, don't buy it. If you are only happy with pastels, get pastels. You are the person who is going to live in your house and the house should express you. So don't be bamboozled into selecting something you don't really want.

Your color scheme, also, must be influenced by the type of city you live in, the size of your income and the brand of entertaining you do. For example in dusty, dirty cities like New York and London, the buildings are gray or dark-toned. So, too, are furnishings—dark woods, dark walls. But color is expressed in bright red doorways, in vivid green shutters and the like. Years ago in London, Cyril Maugham started the vogue for all-white drawing rooms. It was enormously chic because it was audacious and outrageously expensive. None but the very rich, in a sooty city, could afford it. So everybody 'who was anybody' tried it.

Another drawback was that such rooms were obviously only suited to people in evening dress. In California, where we live outdoors more than in, plushy drawing rooms like this would be ridiculous. Obviously, in a house where there are children, they would be disastrous. But you should consider all these factors in picking out the original chintzes or toiles or whatever you like.

I'll assume, however, you select a white background with a bouquet of garden flowers on it, tied with a scrap of yellow ribbon. This is simply an arbitrary color scheme on my part, for illustration. Such a chintz implies a leisurely, friendly-looking room. The walls, obviously, should not be white. Personally I would pick up one of the flower colors, whichever I liked best, for my walls, taking into consideration whether I wanted the room to look sunny or serene.

I might use this same color for my chairs' upholstering, or I might use one of the other flower tints, but somewhere in that room I'd use at least a spot of that yellow. Either that, or I'd use a lot of the yellow and mute down the other shades. But I would never use any tone that wasn't in that original chintz and, carrying through into the bedrooms, I would still stick to them, combining them differently, perhaps, but still keeping in the same key.

Just as a small woman shouldn't wear too many accessories, a small room can't
The young white yellowish I liant drapes effective like porry old marriage. Crawford Colbert's playroom, which must be at least forty by twenty-five feet, is an example of this. Her walls are bleached gray wood, but the upholstery throughout the room is as vivid as the shades in most contemporary painting.

There is a good tip for you, too. If you have a cherished old master, or an equally cherished new master—or even a print of either one, which you greatly admire, you can take your color scheme from it and build your room around it.

Naturally you must always remember the difference between day and night light and between sunshine and shade. With the increasing size of windows—and I am all for them—we are naturally going in for darker wall and floor tones. Lamp can make all the contrast you need at night, but remember their daytime shades should be of tones that won't fight with everything near them when viewed in sunlight.

My own feeling is that wallpapers, particularly of floral designs, should only be used in quaint or "cute" rooms. But if you like them, or have such a room, remember the same color rules apply. Pick up one of those tones for the solid color drapes. Don't put figured paper, figured drapes and a figured rug all in one room—unless you want to go mad.

Personally, I like carpets darker than wall tones and definitely plain, and even if I already possessed an Oriental rug I'd either sell it and buy a plain rug or have it "stripped." Any good carpet man can tell you about this. It is actually a kind of bleaching process and you can do it with any type of carpet, so don't think you have to be stuck with Aunt Sabrina's wedding gift forever. You can even strip a carpet and dye it another shade. I mean an expert carpet man can.

Finally, remember this: Pink is flattering to all women and you should have it somewhere in your bedroom, though it can be a yellowish pink, a pink pink, a white pink, even a red pink, depending upon your own likes and coloring.

Generally speaking, men are not as fond of green as women are and reversely they like blue better than women do. But there are numerous blue greens, or green blues, on which you can compromise. Which, after all, is essentially the spirit of marriage.

The End

Be A Silent Knight!

Put your seal of approval on the great work of the National Tuberculosis Association by buying their Christmas Seals — or sending a donation to their local branch.

The greater the sale—the greater the hope of wiping out the dread disease—T.B.

It's your chance to give others a chance at another Christmas!

Carole King DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

"PEEK-A-BOO"... young drama, to set the stage for a merry whirl... to steal after-dusk scenes, every one. A Carole King Original in rayon crepe. Junior sizes 9 to 15. About $17.00. For name of the exclusive Carole King store in your city, write Carole King, Dept. 1, 1641 Washington, St. Louis 3, Mo.
Good Humor Man

(Continued from page 63) appeared to insult Danny beyond endurance. Most skillfully, for one so seemingly jingled, he evaded the stealthy flanking movement of half a dozen hefty property men and made a dash for the door.

"I'm going to front the inform office about this!" he threatened. "Won't ignored to be stand like this! Going straight to Mr. Goldwyn!"

And he tore up the steps to the great Goldwyn's private office.

The strong-arm squad paused uncertainly at the bottom of the steps, ready if needed. But no summon for help came from the boss for the good reason that he did not know what was going on. Sheltered behind soundproof doors, he did not hear his secretary scream at the first sight of the ravaged Danny as, a brave woman, she put her back to her employer's door.

"Be calm, Mr. Kaye," she said. "Just lie down for a minute." Danny straightened up and gave her a wink.

Then she really took a firm stand.

"You go right back to make-up," she said. "Mr. Goldwyn will not think you are funny. You beat it, Mr. Kaye."

On second thought, it seemed like sound advice. Danny made his way down some back stairs to make-up where he traded the wound on his cheek for a beard and a wig. In this disguise, he slipped happily out of the studio and home, where he rang his own bell imperatively.

"I want to see that fellow Kaye," he ground out in a gruff voice when his housekeeper answered.

"He's at the studio," she said, reaching for the bolt. Danny put his foot in the crack.

"Then I'll see that wife of his," he said, shouldering past the housekeeper who fled.

But she was a woman of steel fibre. She fled only to arm herself. Before he was through the living room, Danny was horrified to see her burst out of the kitchen with a meat cleaver upraised in a very business-like fashion. Never did he talk faster in any git-gat-gittle routine than he did in the next instant.

"May! Take it easy! Hey! May! It's me!" he shouted frantically, dodging behind a couch and tugging at his beard. He never played a trick on May again.

NEW acquaintances are Danny's particular joy until they discover that he is two quite different people.

On the screen, he resembles a firecracker at the moment of explosive disintegration, a jumping jack hitched to a perpetual motion machine and emotions flash across his face with the speed of horses over a finish line. Off the screen, his manner is almost bucolically mild and he appears quietly happy and innocent.

However, when Danny appears the most innocent, he is plotting no good for some unwary friend.

One of his most elaborate gags needed the cooperation of an entire orchestra. When he first signed a contract to make recordings for Decca, Jack Kapp, the president, was joyful that he had won the services of the sought-after star. He was paying Danny a fabulous fee. For that reason, among others, he was eager to hear the first recording. He left instructions that the record was to be sent to him the minute it was finished.

Danny spent all morning in the recording studio, rehearsing, polishing and finally getting a perfect record on wax. But what he also got on wax that morning was an utterly atrocious record—excruciatingly off key, appalling to a casual listener and guaranteed to send the company that was paying a vast sum for it into the scream-
At the end of the day, Danny called up the eager Mr. Kapp.

"Thought you'd like to know I've just heard the playback," he said. "All I can say is I am thrilled. Such an orchestra! Such perfection of recording! Such nice people to work with! Your technicians—great! I know you will be pleased, Jack. I am."

Kapp was delighted. Kaye is notoriously critical of his own work. If he was satisfied, surely Decca had nothing to worry about. Happily, Kapp summoned his top executives. They were waiting when the record arrived. He whipped it out of the hands of the messenger and put it directly on the machine in his office.

It was the sour recording. The good one did not arrive until an hour later.

DANNY'S gags are saved strictly for back-stage. He has far too high a regard for his profession to break up a performer in front of the footlights, though he did it once. He was in a musical, "Let's Face It," and Eddie Cantor was appearing at the next door theater in the musical version of "Three Men on a Horse."

Danny had a break in his show at just about the time Eddie did a number with six chorus boys. It took a little advance planning, but one night Danny slipped out of his own show, made a split-second change into a chorus boy's costume and pranced out on the stage behind Cantor. As a grace note, he took along a banana which he ate during the routine.

The number got laughs it never had before. Cantor knew that something must be happening behind his back, but every time he turned around the banana disappeared. He examined each boy sharply.

"Funny..." he thought. "That new chorus boy looks exactly like Danny Kaye..."

The new chorus boy eyed him with the mildly affectionate look of a loving but none too bright spaniel that Danny affects on occasions when he is up to no good. Cantor looked harder. Danny looked more loving and tossed first one foot and then the other at Cantor in perfect time with the rest of the chorus. Then Cantor caught on and all but broke up the show.

This was a case where, no matter what had happened, the show could not have been harmed. It was comedy to start with. Danny injected his surprise appearance at a time when Cantor had no dialogue so that any extra laughs would not interfere with established comedy. In Danny's code, that would not have been cricket.

Edward Dukoff, Danny's manager and friend, has been the victim of many of his gags.

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Minx Modes Junior

Divine date-duo of floating net overskirt, rustling rayon taffeta underskirt; heavenly blue slipper satin sash. The total effect, very belle-of-the-ball. Approved by the Minx Modes Junior Board of Review*, in deepest Demitasse Black. Sizes 7 to 15. Under $20 in one fine store in your community; write us we'll tell you where.
Danny is like a blotting paper for mannerisms," he says. "To this day, he takes me in with an accent every once in a while. I called the other day and an Englishman answered. I asked for Danny and the guy said, 'What, what, who?' so I said 'Sorry, I must have the wrong number.' 'I am new in your country,' said the guy. 'Tell me exactly how you get a wrong number on one of your instruments, will you? Curiosity, you know.' I was deep into telling the guy how to get a wrong number before I realized it was Danny, dying with laughter on the other end."

On occasion, Danny's gags have backfired. Take for example the framing of Mr. Ludwig Stossel, that fine actor of great dignity who was seen as Einstein in "The Beginning or the End." In Danny's new film, "A Song Is Born," he plays a professor of music—very quiet, very distinguished, very conservative. Mr. Stossel has many talents, but, as is often the case, he takes keenest pride in one of his minor skills. Let other people show press clippings praising them to the skies for brilliant performances. Mr. Stossel takes his greatest joy in showing up all comedians at gin rummy.

Early during the making of "A Song Is Born," Mr. Stossel established his supremacy. Within a week he was the undisputed gin rummy champion of the Goldwyn lot. He beat Virginia Mayo. He beat Hugh Herbert. He beat the whole cast, including Danny. Then something happened. He lost a game to Danny. Then another. Then another. Nothing had ever been seen like the run of good cards that fell to Danny. Astounding! Danny won all that day, all that week, all month!

Mr. Stossel began to think that the cards were bewitched—or shocking thought—that Danny must be cheating. This suspicion had barely entered his mind when he won a hand. Then another and another.

His triumph was short-lived. Suddenly stern and chill-eyed, Danny demanded a new deck. The implication was all too clear. Everyone could tell Danny thought dirty work was afoot.

"Some people," said Danny darkly, "will do anything to win," and he drew another half dozen cards with a lightning-like flip of his long fingers and stashed them away in a hand already bulging with illicitly acquired cards. By this time everyone on the set knew Danny was cheating outrageously. They had to know, because of course, when Danny cheated, Mr. Stossel, he cheated everyone else in the game. Hugh Herbert, no mean gagster himself, took particular joy in the plot and lost to Danny with convincing annoyance, just to make things look on the up-and-up. And indeed they were, in a way. All money won on that set went to the Cancer Fund.

On the day near the end of the shooting, when I visited the set, there was much secret joy over the mixed emotions that Mr. Stossel would experience when he found out what had been done to him. The happy gagsters decided that the cream of the jest would be in never telling him. "Let him read it in Photoplay!" they said happily. "He'll never know until the story is in print." But after one look at Mr. Stossel's calm something told me that he was quietly congratulating himself on the sizable contribution the entire cast made to the Cancer Fund—that it was not Mr. Stossel who was going to be surprised at this reading of Photoplay.

Danny is capable of planning for hours and carrying on gags for days, so this is fair warning to everyone at Warners where Danny moved to make "Happy Times" after he finished "A Song Is Born." In case they don't know, they signed up a full time comedian, on the set and off, when they put Mr. Kaye under contract.

The End
Laughing Stock

By Erskine Johnson

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

Hollywood’s economy wave goes on its merry way. A recent script contained this description of a scene: “Two policemen swarm into the room.”

A friend met the wife of a movie hero at a party. “I saw your husband’s new picture,” she said. “He played the role of a gentleman to perfection.”

“Yes,” replied the wife, “it was a very clever impersonation.”

This is Hollywood, Mrs. Jones: It’s a movie set. The director yells for quiet. His assistant yells for quiet. The assistant’s assistant yells for quiet. The script clerk, prop, sound and boom men yell for quiet. The only noisy thing about a movie set is people yelling for quiet.

Hollywood cocktail party: A place where you talk to people you don’t know about things in which neither you nor they are interested.

John Wayne and his writers were talking about the script of “Wake of the Red Witch.” “Now before we film this undersea sequence,” suggested one of the writers, “I think we should ask the research department if a shark will really bite a man.”

One of the writers lifted his eyebrows. “A shark bite a man?” he said. “But that wouldn’t be spectacular enough. For a picture of this size and importance we’ll have to have the man bite the shark.”

Betty Grable walked into a Hollywood night club. “Gosh,” said a Hollywoodswoman, “Betty Grable has the kind of legs that certainly cut into a conversation.”

A Hollywood furrier was showing a movie doll a mink coat. “It’s a Canadian mink, very durable,” he said.

The movie doll wasn’t too convinced. “But I’ve heard that the minks came from the eastern part of Canada,” she said. “Is this an eastern Canadian mink?”

“East, west, south,” muttered the furrier. “How can I tell—they run around so much.”

Bob Hope’s crack about a shirt he gave Bing Crosby for his birthday, “It was wrapped up in a green and yellow wrapper and the next day I saw Bing wearing the wrapper,”


Wonderfully lovely Gold Tassel bath toiletries will delight the lover of beauty in you... lusciously scented bubble bath, cologne, bath powder, bath crystals—huge, sculptured bath cakes...

exquisitely ensambled for you or for precious gift-giving.

In Sets or Singly... One to Two-and-One-Half Dollars
Jinkers It’s Janie

(Continued from page 61) Janie, feet on the ground. Voice in the sky. Ninety-eight pounds of pep and personality. Heart-high, with enormous, expressive blue eyes, a deeply tanned skin, dimples and short cropped blonde curls.

In a gay mood, usually dashing guests at Janie’s bubbles along talking animatedly and with mounting enthusiasm. She has a sparkling sense of humor. A level head. Great depth and sincerity. Occasionally, there’s a “down” day, although she bounces back fast with her usual buoyancy.

She lives every scene she plays. Every song she sings. And on the set, movie extras who have long since hardened to such, drop their grumpy faces and their racing forms, and listen when Janie sings—spellbound by the big voice coming out of this tiny girl who’s always shown so much friendly interest in them.

In Janie’s first stage appearance, “The Student Prince,” as the little waitress Katie who lost her prince to the haunting strains of “Deep in My Heart,” the entire audience could be heard blowing its collective nose. It was no wonder the composer, Sigismund Romberg, wrote Janie complimenting her and commenting, “Right from the start you not only won the hearts of the audience, but also made me one of your many admirers.”

When her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Burce, who always admitted “choked up a little” when their daughter sings, worked their way backstage through twenty-five baskets of flowers and flashing photographers, they found a jubilant Janie taking the whole thing in stride, her eyes glowing like oversized sapphires. “This is fun,” she kept saying.

Then, “Jinkers, don’t cry, Mother,” she said concernedly. “It’s all over now,” her daughter comforted her.

The Burces live on a tree-shaded street in North Hollywood in a modest white bungalow with yellow trim, marked by lawns and rose bushes, a grapefruit tree, a grapevine and a number of carpenters who hammer away in great derring-do. Often to the distraction of Janie, who dislikes confusion and who flees to her pink and blue bedroom where she makes detailed fashion sketches or writes lengthy letters in a southpaw scrawl.

As proud as any average American family now improving their homes, the Burces show you the room that was a garage and is being converted into a dining room, the living room, the room with Janie’s new skis proudly crossed over the fireplace, an enlarged paved patio and the walled-in breezeway with auscromy tree growing right through the roof. “Janie couldn’t stand to part with the tree, so we just cut a hole and let it grow through,” her parents explain.

There’s a juke-box in the patio for dancing. The family eats at Janie’s “hamburger fries” or swimming parties in the modest-sized pool and for their Janie’s personal use.

Occasionally can’t stand inactivity and spends her time between scenes on a movie set knitting Argyle socks or intricate sweater patterns and she’s been crocheting like mad since “Ma,” the studio body make-up woman, taught her how.

At home, it’s a most unusual day for Janie that doesn’t begin with hot tea and a large bowl of puffed rice with sliced bananas and expand to sunning, swimming, voice and piano lessons, cutting out recipes for her private cook file, hour-long phone conversations with girl friends, eventually grabbing her beloved red baseball cap and breezing off in her blue Buick convertible to shop for a sale.

“I’m just mad about sales,” confides Janie enthusiastically. “I’ll buy anything if I can get it at a bargain. I particularly love to go window-shopping in men’s clothing stores, you know, looking at sports shirts in haberdasheries. I never buy anything but I’m always shopping for them. I saw the most beautiful shirt yesterday, a zodiac print in Aztec design, that I’m just mad to get somebody for Christmas. Which reminds me,” she says suddenly, “there’s a haberdashery going out of business. I think I’ll go look it over.”

Her stand-in, Margie Dillon, often accompanies her on window-shopping sprees and when the convertible comes to a sudden screeching stop, Margie knows Janie’s seen a sign and wants to go in and see what’s for sale there.

A practical little person, she easily stays within her allowance and has money left over for her piggy-bank that says “Thanks,” which was given to her by the crew of “Luxury Liner.” She sets her own hair, grooms her own nails with her favorite pink polish and designs the size seven “Powell Originals” her dressmaker later executes. Her parents have been properly proud of Janie’s skill at sketching but they thought she was being a little too original when it developed that one tricky little off-the-shoulder number that was all bustle in the back would cost some $7.50 to be cleaned and pressed.

Like any other typical teen-ager, Janie’s popular complaint is still “I haven’t a thing to wear,” upon which ensues a sales spiel about a bargain she’s just found.

You’ll have a GOOD TIME WITH CHARLIE...

every Sunday evening when he and Edgar Bergen along with Mortimer Snerd and Ray Noble’s orchestra bring you hilarious entertainment on

“The Charlie McCarthy Show”

Listen this Sunday (8 p.m. EST) over NBC Stations

Don’t miss Edgar Bergen’s exciting life story in the December TRUE STORY magazine now at newsstands.
practical, that,” she says, shrugging it off as a by-product of the Glacier Age.

She loves lunching with girl friends at the Beverly Hills Hotel, the “Tall o’ the Cock,” or “Dolores Drive-in,” and has a definite affinity for goofy whipped cream fudge sundae at Wil Wright’s, but watches her ninety-eight pounds anxiously.

One morning recently, a girl friend, Beverley Jacobson, answered the phone to Janie’s panic-stricken “I’ve gained two pounds. May I borrow your diet . . . quick?” She was relieved when assured the diet would be dispensed immediately, mailed Special Delivery.

Concerning boy friends, Gary Steffen, formerly with Sonja Henie’s ice show and now with an insurance company in Chicago, is definitely the one at the moment. Janie says seriously, “At one time I did. But I look at a lot of college kids . . . and they don’t know what they want to do. College is fine if you go for a reason. But I have my work. So there would be no reason for me to go . . . except for fun. You know, parties, teas, sororities and so on and I’m afraid I’m not too social—snobbed,” she says. Janie doesn’t go along with the non-fraternization between those who belong to Greek groups and those who don’t. “I feel so sorry for the girls who can’t get into a sorority. That’s why they go to college . . . to have fun. They want to be in the swing of things. And sometimes unless a girl has certain clothes, or money, or something, they won’t pledge her. I don’t agree with that!”

How much she doesn’t agree with that was demonstrated at a friend’s home the other day when Janie was present and an acquaintance called, asking for some information about a girl her sorority had been discussing at rush meeting. Some members criticized the girl because of the way she had dressed five years before. Janie’s eyes were twin blue points of fire. “How can girls be so cruel!” she said.

Janie’s own popularity with her crowd is seconded by her parents. At a party if a friend’s mother is a little short of help, it’ll be Janie who, without fuss, goes around picking up dirty glasses, taking them to the kitchen. When her friend Beverley, who’s very active in charity work, appealed to the girls in her gang to accompany her to an orphanage, “Nobody could go but Janie,” the others all found excuses, but Janie’s typical reaction was, “I’m not quite dressed . . . but I’ll.comply on the way.”

Like any veteran of nineteen, she would prefer to act her age on screen, instead of girls three years her junior. “Just my own age, that’s all,” she says wistfully. “But since I am short and I do look young, it’s all right. It will come.”

Of Janie, Producer Joe Pasternak says “She’s a breath of spring without clouds.” And for her, one hopes there will never be clouds.

The End
(Continued from page 10) become a priest, so he went away to a seminary. He studied so hard that within a year he was sent home with a nervous breakdown. Somehow, while he was away, I couldn't seem to get used to other boys. I still held the torch for Andy. We were two of a kind, crazy about tennis, swimming, all active games. While he was home, we went together but only on a basis of palship. After he got adjusted, he went back to the seminary, but after another year he was sent home because he had tuberculosis. I understand that he will be in the sanatorium for a year. Of course he will not be able to enter the priesthood, so he has told me during my visits with him that he wants to marry me.

This is what I need to know for our future happiness: If I married this boy and we have children, would his disease be passed on to our children?

This is terribly important to me, Miss Colbert.

Herta B.

Why don't you talk to your family doctor? I can assure you, from the little I know, that a person who is an arrested tubercular patient, has an excellent chance of outliving a person who has never been so afflicted. Also, a recovered person can have a beautiful and healthy child.

From the intelligent approach of your letter, I believe that you and Andy may look forward to a long and happy marriage, blessed by healthy and affectionate children.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of sixteen, still in high school. I have a boy friend of twenty-one, who admits that he has had his fun in this life. He says he loves me and wants to marry me even though I do not love him. This would be very simple if it weren't for my mother, who says I should marry and quit school.

When I say that I don't love him, she says that I would grow into love. The trouble with my mother is that whenever she is in the wrong and my father or some other person in our family points it out to her, she starts to talk about how hard she works.

She does work hard, but she thinks that simply because she works hard she never makes a mistake.

Do you think I should give up school and ruin my life, or should I just go on trying to convince my mother that I am wrong in trying to marry me off, even if she does work hard?

Modestine F.

I believe I understand your mother's difficulty and I sympathize although I heartily disagree with her attempted means of solving the problem. Your repeated reference to your mother's hard work convinces me that she is trying to give you and other members of your family certain "advantages." Perhaps she has reached such a condition of weariness that she wants to solve part of her problem by marrying you off. I agree that you are far too young to marry and this man strikes me as being a poor matrimonial risk.

What you should do is to secure a job after school hours and over the weekends in order to help your mother financially. If she sees that you understand how expensive the maintenance of a family can be nowadays and if she realizes how eager you are to help, she undoubtedly will be glad to have you continue your schooling while remaining in the home.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fifteen years old and in the tenth grade. I came to the U.S. after World War II. My first day in an American school started with the boys laughing at my British accent. This not being enough they started to call me the daughter of a Chinese laundryman. If this were true, I would be proud of such a father, but it so happens that my father (who was killed in the Philippines) was half Irish and half Dutch, and my mother is a Filipino. I have features and coloring from both parents. But here is the funny thing: I was born in Long Beach, California. We left when I was a year old and went to live in Shanghai, China.

Before I came to America I thought Americans never asked about anyone's nationality because it did not matter. While I was in China if anybody asked that (and only a very impolite person would do such a thing) I always said, "I'm American and proud of it." I love America. That is why I did not and neither did anyone in my family, give up our citizenship when the Japanese in China tried to force us to do it.

Is it that some Americans always have to make fun of other people, even if they are Americans, too?

Juliana G.

You came to the right person for sympathy and understanding. How well I remember what I went through when I came to this country as a small youngster who spoke with a French accent! It required a little time for me to realize that this type of kidding was merely an American attempt at good-natured fun. I discovered that those people whom the school children ignored were good deal unhappier than those of us singled out for attention. I learned another fact about Americans, too. They are curious people. They want to know about a person who seems different. Sometimes their attempts to find out about the wonders of the far places of the world are a little crude and even boisterous, but they are not meant to be unkind.

However, this same situation you have spoken of can happen to an American visiting other countries. Curiosity and an eagerness to know about other people and their way of life is a very human characteristic that is not limited just to Americans.

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.
Allyson-Powell Puzzle

(Continued from page 47) occasioned the Peter Lawford incident. June went to a party with him at Mocambo. Mervyn Le Roy, who gave the party, suggested it. "I was so upset," June confided, "when that radio commentator saw us and announced on the air that I was stepping out solo with Pete while my husband was in New York. Pete and I were just together that once, but I do wonder why I've been asked about Richard's reactions. Would he understand? But even before I called him, he was calling me. ' Honey,' he said, 'don't worry—so long as they pronounce your name right.' "

"Do you know how much I love you so much?" she continued. "Ours is a good solid marriage. The exciting love that you read about in books—that's just in books. Real love isn't based on the false stimulation of running around. It happens at home when you are alone with your husband. It's sitting quietly without talking and then saying part of your thoughts aloud, confident he will know everything you mean when you say only the fewest words. It's understanding and trust and friendship."

True!

But almost immediately upon Dicks' return from New York, June announced that she was leaving for New York—with Gloria De Haven!

The speculation started all over again.

And one wag went so far as to insist that he could understand why it had been Dick's idea to adopt the baby—that unconsciously Dick had hoped the responsibility of motherhood would influence June to act and even appear a little older and thus in some way bridge the gap of twenty years' difference in their ages. Unlike Dick? Yes. Yet what about that age question? Just how old is too young? And is June too young for Dick?

A while back, Dick, June and the two Powell youngsters (from his marriage to Joan Blondell) breezed into The Kings, settled noisily at a table and shrieked with one voice. "I'm thirty," the waiter, after taking Dick's order, suggested three Shirley Temple's for the rest of the group. A Shirley Temple is King's special concoction for the younger set, dressed up prettily to resemble an adult drink.

"Yes, "Three Shirley Temple's" repeated the slightly elder of the two pig-tailed girls, and I'd like just a little Scotch in mine, please," the waiter did a double take. He wasn't sure about the face, but that husky voice was unmistakable. It was June Allyson. "Pardon me, Mrs. Powell. I thought you were Mr. Powell's daughter—the pigtails—the clothes—and—" He was embarrassed.

"Think nothing of it," laughed June. "I've been mistaken for his daughter before, haven't I, Richard?"

"Yeah," sighed Dick, "you have."

I was sitting in the booth next to theirs and I thought I detected a tiny trace of exasperation on Dick's pleasant face. I wondered then, if Dick was 100% happy when waiters mistake his wife for his daughter, or when nearsighted fans elbow June with the apology—"I want your father's autograph." It's one thing to be very proud of having a very young wife—which Dick is. It's quite another to be constantly reminded of the difference in your age. A few days after The Kings incident, I came upon June in her dressing room and decided to risk annihilation by putting the question squarely in her lap.

"I don't think age means anything," she said, vehemently. "I never think of Richard being older than I am, even though I have been mistaken for his daughter. "But," she continued, seriously, "it's good
for me and our marriage for me to be younger than Richard. He'll never need to go looking for a younger girl. You know sometimes a man in his forties looks for someone young to make him feel younger. They do come younger than I am, of course, but there are some who can enjoy being young as I do. And they can't come more in love.”

I agree there. Of the two, I'd say June from the first was perhaps a fraction more in love than Richard. Or maybe with Dick's being older, he was inclined to control his emotions in public better. He has sometimes tried to control June's when they got too vociferous. As when her loving soul broke loose and she had to shout to the nearest person, "Isn't he wonderful?" Dick doesn't object to the flattery. After all, he is a man. But he's old enough to see the smiles on the neighboring faces, and that embarrasses him.

However, the fault doesn't lie entirely with June. Dick always has had a tendency to baby June, both at home and in public. Like the time she sent all in a picture of herself and the young 'un and he insisted she put a ribbon in the hair of the smaller Powell so she could tell which was which. Then there's the way he has refused to let her drive alone at night and tried to fatten her up with milk, which she loathed and made her cut down on coffee, which she loves. During their courtship he was responsible for the change in June's clothes from blacks and tweeds to the gay peasant outfits which give her anything but the "young matron look."

June is capable of being quite grownup and practical on occasion, especially when it comes to giving presents. Although the set of household dishes she gave Dick for Christmas shortly after they moved into the new house and the car she bought him to give her are shades of a child playing at being grownup.

This babying on Dick's part almost had a serious consequence a little over a year ago. Dick had been seriously ill in Havana with penicillin poisoning. He flew back to Hollywood without a word to June about his illness. "I didn't want to worry her," says Dick. So June arrived at the airport bubbling with joy because her Richard had come home to her and found herself face to face with a skeleton practically. (Dick had lost over forty pounds.) "His face was swollen and his feet and hands," she sobbed to me. This was the biggest shock in June's married life up to that point. June took very seriously that clause in the vows: "To love and to cherish in sickness and in health."

When Dick is ill, June does more then her share of cherishing. And the penicillin poisoning almost scared her out of her young wits.

The same excuse, "I didn't want to worry her," was Dick's reason for his adoption secrecy. He knew June wanted a little girl of her own desperately and for reasons that neither of them will discuss, it wasn't possible for her to have one at that time. So Dick conceived the adoption once or twice with that faraway look in her eyes. Dick was all for it. But he didn't want his June to go through all the suspense and waiting that an adoption involves. So he waited until he was sure that nothing would prevent his plans, before breaking the wonderful news to her.

Not long ago when I asked June if she realized Richard was babying her, she pretended to be indignant and said, "That's ridiculous. I feel twice as old as he is sometimes. In the house," she added, "I'm always after him when she messes things up."

I get so mad when he thinks he's going to hang up pictures on one part of the wall and then, after he's banged in the hole, he decides to put the picture somewhere else! And there goes my lovely wall—all ruined.

June, like my very small daughter Wendy, sometimes plays house. Everything has to be spick-and-span. She chases Dick out of the house when she "plays" at being cook. And the writing desk in her bedroom always has to be just so. Dick gets you-know-what if he ever changes anything on it. "This is mine," says June. "You have your own desk."

"But," she adds with a tender expression, "he's the most perfect man in the whole world."

Do you remember when he wanted to go on a cruise with some pals of his own age? Immediately Hollywood was full of rumors. But before those rumors could damage their marriage, he called the whole thing off. He flew back to June, that strange things could happen to a couple parted for a whole half-year—the worst being that they grow away from each other and forget the daily-familiarities on which love and marriage thrive.

What is the truth about the Allyson-Powell marriage? Hollywood would like to know. It will be psychologically interesting to watch June and Mike the Powells' love and marriage for the next few years.

THE END

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Christmas Eve

(Continued from page 55) A year after her divorce was final she fell in love again with Artie Shaw. This, too, ended in failure, but Ava adores the man and makes beautiful language. She's daft about writers. But she isn't listening to male sirens now. If you should see her dancing with Howard Duff or Peter Lawford; she only dancing, she isn't listening. They are not writers. She won't listen even to a writer's beautiful language. She tells him to write it down and send it to her. Ava's performance on the highest peak in Hollywoodland. Her house is an all-night jazz jump above Peter the Hirt. This makes Ava Hollywood's top heroin. Ava's up so high she is practically outside of Southern California. No palms, no swimming pool, no whistling wolves; just sycamores, sky, Ava and maid. The lights are all Ava. The one thing she dislikes about California is the climate. She says it makes her feel lazy. Ava was born not only beautiful but wise. From the outset she felt that one's life work should be avoiding same. But California climate not only makes you lazy, it makes you blue.

SOME say Ava's eyes are green, some say hazel, but an observing writer says they are darkly prismatic, changing with moods. Her hair is a dark cloud in a fiery scarf when she is driving her Cadillac convertible. Her height is five-feet-five-and-a-half and her weight 118 perfect pounds. She wears skirts—never slacks—that mould to the waistline, doing justice where justice is due. Her skin has magnetic beauty. One model to match Ava's to screen or sheik. Her face is the most sensuous this side Mohomets Paradise says the Artists League of America.

In moving up the mountains, Ava is following in the steps of Venus who dwelt atop Mt. Olympus. Even her birth had a mythical touch. Ordinary mortal babies are plucked squalling hit-or-miss in the world, but Ava arrived with bells on Christmas Eve down the chimney. Also she was a seventh child, a sign of something special.

She chose Jonas and Mary Gardner for her parents and a tobacco farm in North Carolina for her world premiere. The farm grew the finest tobacco by secret tests, including one by little Ava for which her perfect figure got spanked on its plus-perfect contours. Happily no damage was done that naked eye can see.

The favorites of the gods do have vulnerable spots. However. With Achilles it was the heel, with Ava it's the heart. She suffers mortally from amour. At six she fell in love with the butcher. This showed foresight, but he was thirty-six and unwelcome and nothing came of it. Ava wisely released him. The other day after depositing five bucks toward two small steaks and a strip of Canadian bacon.

Not that her first love was utilitarian; she's not mercenary. She loved the fellow for his beauty. She only saw him when she accompanied mama to market and so the amours were nursed in secret. It may have inhibited her. Until then she had been carefree, active and dancing. At ten she suddenly became shy and introverted, forsaking men and frivolity. Not until she was a spinner in high school was her heart sideswiped again. It was a hit-and-run affair. The fool kid moved away.

Ava was always an easygoing honey-child who took nothing serious except love. Love unhinged her. Work, she was told, was the bread and salt. This suited her, born wise, regarded the remedy as painful as the heart burn. However, she trudged off to Atlantic Christian College
for a no-nonsense commercial course.

But before her starry eyes were dimmed and her lovely figure stooped by desk work she fortunately saw the need for a vacation. She went to New York for a rest with her sister, Mr. Tarr. Mr. Tarr was a photographer and his camera naturally took after Ava. Mr. Tarr mailed some prints to the New York office of M-G-M.

Ava, who always had felt allergic to industry, preferring the hammock to the hoe or even the tennis racket, was yanked from cushioned ease for a film test. She couldn't act. Her Southern accent, thick as sorghum, candied the mike. So she was just close-upped looking dreamy, for which she was gifted. Ava had no ambition to be a movie queen. She had read that it entailed struggle and work, work, work. The only thing about movies that interested Ava was Gable. He was her dreamboat after the butcher.

Such is the perversity of fate that unassuming Ava found herself packed into Hollywood, put to work with a drama coach and made to overcome her sorghum accent by reciting "How now, brown cow."

Ava saw no glamour in the business. Gable had gone to war. The studio looked grim. That's when Mickey came along and bore her away to the altar.

Ava says she never was one of those Southern belles. She was too shy. But in Hollywood it seemed like she never would get down to work, what with men wanting to marry her and Ava with innate courtesy obliging.

It took "The Killers" to really get Ava. She got her first good part. Burt Lancaster was getting his first break. None of the cast was an awesome Oscar-flaunter. Ava felt on a par, no longer shy. She found to her surprise that work was fun and there was something in this acting business. And the critics said she was an actress, by gosh.

From there she was launched smack into dreamboat Gable in "The Hucksters." For a few days Ava lost her Northern accent and couldn't recall the Southern; she was back where she started, capable only...
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(Continued from page 36)

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New Life, New Love
(Continued from page 45) do, I'm coming over to talk about it.

Greer was waiting for me in the comfortable living room of her Bel Air home where we had so many heart-to-heart talks. She was a new Greer. She sparkled and radiated happiness. I took a quick but good look at her to see if any trace of unhappiness remained. I was so glad that she was a woman, calmly gray, but today she has found the man she really loves and is no longer seeking some substitute for completeness.

No sooner were we comfortably settled on the big divan that faces the garden, than I was back into the thick of Greer's romance with the rich Texan.

"You are going to marry Buddy, aren't you?" I repeated, being a girl with a one-track mind in these matters.

"I haven't made any plans yet, Louella," she said. "I have not been free to become engaged. You know that." I had to smile at a phrase that came to mind. Bless her heart. Until the day she dies, Greer will never step out of line or say anything she considers in bad taste. But I had my guns sighted and I was firing.

"Greer, dear," I went on, "you have an understanding, let us say. You have been out with Buddy every night and he has been your house guest at Pebble Beach twice. Methinks to any other girl since he met you and you haven't gone with any other suitor." Greer's I haven't made up my mind, believe me, she said, evasively. "You know, Mrs. Fogelson, he is in a motion picture colony and he doesn't understand all the publicity about an actor's private affairs. I am not embarrassed for myself, but for him." Nina Garson, Greer's mother, who had joined us said, "You know, Louella, Greer always takes a long time to make up her mind."

All right. But, between you and me, I believe Greer has made up her mind and that soon she will listen to the persuasive voice of the fabulous Fogelson who has fallen head over oil barrels for her.

"How did you meet him?" I asked.

"We were introduced on the set of 'Julia Misbehaves' by Peter Lawford," Greer explained. "But don't think for a minute that he was yarning to meet me or that he was a one-paced admirer. Mr. Fogelson had never seen me on the screen."

I had previously heard the story of how Pete, who was playing in this comedy in which Greer walks a tightrope, takes down her hair and has as much fun as any Keystone comediene ever did, had brought Mr. Big from Dallas over to M-G-M as his launch-out guest. Pete had told to Budd "I want you to meet Garson, our star." Fogelson had heard the name and seen it on theater marquees, beyond that he didn't know Garson from Eve.

He all noticed when he walked on the set with young Lawford was a redheaded girl laughing with a group of acrobats, kidding with the prop men and having a high old time.

"That's for me," Buddy said. "Why bother with Garson?"

The highly amused Pete said nothing but a little later insisted on taking his friend over to the "stars'" dressing room.

There, to Fogelson's surprise, was the "redhead," the same bewitching creature who had so completely won him on the set. He fell in love for the first moment and ever since he has been wooing her.
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What an unusual situation for a woman like Greer, the famed and pampered queen of the M-G-M lot, to be in. Her fame means nothing to this man who has fallen in love with her. And for that matter, his millions mean little to her. As Greer says, "I have all the money I need and an annuity to take care of Nina."

"Tell me something about your Dream Prince," I said, "what type of man is he?"

"The lady did not miss the innuendo. "You keep saying 'mine,'" she corrected. "Why don't we wait? But I want to tell you about him. He has the most marvelous war record. He went into the army and supplied oil to General Eisenhower during the last dramatic days at the close of the war when oil was so important to victory. But above everything else that can be said of him, he's my person."

In the eyes of ladies not in love with him, Buddy Fogelson is not a handsome man. He has a strong face. Everything about him spells authority. You might not know just who he is if he walked into a crowded room, but you would recognize that he was a person of importance.

"How about Nina, does she approve?"

"Nina always approves of anything that is for my happiness," Greer replied. "You know how hard she tried, when I was married to Richard, to help him. But, really, we are talking too much about my romance."

"All right," I laughed. "Let's talk about you. What a different person you are since the last time I was here. You were so unhappy, ill, discouraged and that was just six or seven months ago."

GREER nodded. "I know. At that time I didn't see how I could overcome my troubles. I was depressed about my career. 'Desire Me' was not a good picture. It was no one's fault. The story just was not right. I had injured myself on location and my health was bad. And then my marriage broke up. But that is all over. Now, I love every day of my life. I am happier than I have been in a long time. All my worries seem to have vanished."

"Just as everything was all wrong, now everything is all right. I am so pleased with 'Julia Misbehaves.' At the preview, I laughed and laughed and I felt they were with me. And, I felt all was too good. In my mind and heart I am contented. What more can one ask for?"

"I thought to myself, the happy marriage I know is in store for me. Because, knowing Greer, I feel she has been hurt by two failures in marriage."

When she was just a girl in England she had married a judge, many years her senior. It had worked out badly because she was not in love with him. She had married for security for her mother and herself and she was more a daughter than a wife to the older man. You know the "inside" of her marriage to Nee, a boy too young to give her understanding and real sympathy. That wasn't right. But with Buddy Fogelson she will find what she has been seeking, of that I am sure.

Greer said, "If I marry again, it must be for forever. Do you know I'm the only one in my family ever to be divorced? I could never go through that. I went through that awful day when I was kept at the courthouse for hours, being photographed and interviewed."

"You have known me a long time and you know how happy I am. It's not having the companionship of a man, but when I do marry, it's got to be right! That is why I am taking my time to reach a decision."

Ah, my dear Greer, I believe you have made that decision. And I believe you have made the right one.

The End
Hollywood Fashion Vane

(Continued from page 64) know what “the latest from Paris” is, it’s a “first cousin” item to the information given. Except that your postpaid or bright shade, should come peeping out from the collar of any dark and simple suit. Just let it come from underneath—no matter what shape the collar, preferably right up close to your neck—center! The effect is feminine and eye-catching.

And speaking of Paris, reports are that although there will be a new silhouette from time to time, you can relax and be happy with anything you’ve bought during the past year. Because this time really anything goes. Anything that is either strictly faithful to or a reasonable adaptation of the old “new look.” But neither the French designers nor the Americans seem to agree on set rules for clothes. The full skirts, tiny waists, modified shoulders, the “naked look” for evening will still be with us for a long time to come, along with whatever new fashion foibles arises. One thing is certain—padding is out! The skirts of some of the Parisian couturiers are so full, American gals would feel they were wearing full bustles and you can bet that when they’re adapted by American designers, some of the fabulous folds will be missing though the basic silhouettes will remain. The very newest gimmick is combining two or more materials such as winter navy satin with wine crepe for evening, or bright satins with black velvets. To say nothing of those new two-toned tweeds which are worn to give something like a changeable effect. There’s one tweed (it really isn’t tweed but a more comfortable, lighter material) that resembles a dark red and blue threads going in opposite ways. The weave gives an iridescent effect so that one minute the suit looks red and then blue. It is wonderful with black, blue or white accessories.

Colors or no colors, time-tested black will always have its place in any well-dressed gal’s wardrobe. Ran into Dinah Shore at L’Aglo when before she sailed for England and she was wearing a stunning, dreary, heavy black taffeta suit. The skirt was medium full and it was almost ankle-length. It was only high-waisted. And it—well, tight-fitting jacket gave an almost Empire line effect. The jacket had long sleeves and slightly padded shoulders. It buttoned high with big buttons, up to a petal-shaped collar (about three inches wide) which lay flat. Only a close look revealed Dinah’s smart outfit to be a suit. At first glance it looked more like a two-piece dress. Now, can you imagine how attractive a large pink or red velvet rose would have looked emerging from the collar at her throat?

Myrna Dell has a dream of a dancing frock that illustrates how many fabrics you can combine with ease and style these days and what a floaty thing it is! From a tiny waistline that is tied with a dark gray garter (that really is only two inches wide) hangs the fullest of skirts, yards and yards of soft gray tulle over dead-white lace over a pink satin slip! Through, everything, show, but everything, because the tulle is so plentiful. The bodice is quite simple, being merely the softly draped gray tulle over pink satin—draped up to a mere string over the shoulders, with sleeves, a straightiz front and back. She was also tickled at being Johnny Weismuller’s new leading lady in his “Jungle Jim” picture.

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RACE STREET—RKO: Gannin, George Raft; Runson, William Bendix; Robbie, Marilyn Maxwell; Phil Dickson, Frank Faylen; Hal Powers, Henry Morgan; Blaine Ganna, Dale Robbins; Denby, Freddy Steele; Mike Holden, Colly Richards; Ray, Russell Hicks; Al, Richard Powers; Nick, William Forrest; Herbie, Jim Nolan; Dixie, George Turner; Son, Richard Benedict; Big Jack, Dick Whitman.

RETURN OF OCTOBER, THE—Columbia: Professor Basset, Glenn Ford; Terry Ramsey, Terry Moore; Vince, the Tout, Albert Sharpe; Uncle Willie, James Gleason; Aunt Martha, Dame May Whitty; President Huberts, Henry O'Neill; Mitchell, Fredric Terry; Judge Northrup, Samuel S. Hinds; Therece, Nana Bryant; Dutton, Loyal Cragan; Colonel Wood, Roland Winsor; Professor Stewart, Stephen Dunne; Benny, Gus, Shilling: Little Mac, Murray, Alper; Big Louie, Horace MacMahon; Margaret, Victoria Horne; Jonathan, Byron Foulger; Tommy, Bill Pearson; Taylor, Russell Hicks; Detective, Robert Malcolm; Reporter, Ray Walker.

SEIZED VERDICT—Paramount: Major Robert Lansing, Ray Milland; Thomas Del liss, Florence Marly; Captain Kinsella, Broderick Crawford; Gen. Otto Steigman, John Hoyt; Captain Lance Niles, John Ridgely; Jacob Mervyn, Ludwig Donath; Private Clay Hochland, Paul Lees; Camille Canno, Oliva Blakely; Cap, Griswold; Mr. Oof Jounnet; Mrs. Emma Steigman, Celia Lovsky; Lina Rinaldi, Norbert Schiller; Lanie, Parker, Dan Tobin; Mr. Elmer Hochland, James Bell; Mr. Cota Hochland, Elizabeth Redden; Colonial Jake, Frank Conroy; Gen. F. O., Evans; Charles, Evans; Nick, Adams, Gough; Jim, Dingle; Pete, Ives; John, Winter.

SONG IS BORN. A—Goldwyn: Professor Robert Friske, Danny Kaye; honey Swanson, Virginia Mayo; Professor Magenbruch, Benny Goodman; Professor Ritter, H. H. Hewlett; Steve Cochran; Dr. Eliau, J. Edward Bromberg; Professor Goldwyn, Felix Bressart; Professor Tannen, Ludwig Stossel; Professor Oddly, O. Z. Whitehead; Miss Arna, Esther Fattere; Miss Stone, Marlen; Mr. Setter, Howard Chamberlin; Joe, Paul Langdon; Adams, Sidney Blackmer; Monte, Ben Weldon; Ben, Ben Chasen; Lewis, Peter Virgo; Ben, Ben Bab, drums, Louis Bollson; Guitar, Alton Hendrickson; also Tommy Dorsey, Louis Armstrong, Lennie Hayton, Charlie Barten, Mr. Powell, Buck & Bubbles, The Page Cavanaugh Trio, The Golden Gate Quartet, Russo and The Samba Kings.

SOUTHERN ANECD—M-G-M: Aubrey Firmore, Red Skelton; Kuri Deery, Brian Donlevy; Sally Ann Weatherby, Atene Dahl; Major Jack Drumman, George Coe; Captain, Steve Ford; Lloyd Gough; Captain 3rd Calbern, John Ireland; General Watkins, Minor Watson; Colonel Weatherby, Charles Dingle; Colonel Clifford M. Baker, Art Baker; Fred Munsey, Reed Hadley; Mary Harris; Arthur Space; House, Dobson, Compton.

STATION WEST—RKO: Haven, Dick Powell; Charlie, Jane Greer; Mrs. Castin, Agnes Moorehead; Hotel Clerk, Bert Ives; Captain Dea, Tom Powers; Professor Grover, Osmon Davis; Professor Tannen, Richard Gunnu, "Big Boy" Williams; Mary Brittain, Raymond Burr; Bar Tender, Jack Elam; Hotel Chef, Steve Steele; Cook, Olin Howlin; Pianist, John Herkes; Pete, Dan White; Ben, John Kelly; Sheriff, Charles Middleton; Bartender, John Denver; Tom, Tom Frandell.

THEY LIVE BY NIGHT—RKO: Keechie, Cathy O'Donnell; Bonie, Farley Granger; Chicamora, Howard da Silva; T-Dub, Jay C. Flippen; Mattie, Helen Craig; Able, Will Wright; Young Farmer, William Philips; Hazenheimer, Harry Harvey; Singer, Marie Bryant; Hawkins, Ian Wolfe.

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—M-G-M: Lady de Winter, Lana Turner; D'Aramon, Gene Kelly; Constance, June Allyson; Abie, Van Heflin; Queen Anne, Angela Lansbury; King Louis XIII, Frank Morgan; Devereau, Vincent Price; Planchet, Keenan Wynn; The Duke of Buckingham, John Sutton; Pershias, Gia Young; Arah, Robert Cote; Treville, Reginald Owen; Rochefort, Ian Keith; Kitty, Patricia Medina; Albert, Richard Sturtevant.

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