3 Shades for Your Type
Three exciting Reds to flatter you... a shade for every costume change.

Smoother Texture
New superfine texture makes lips look softer, more alluring.

Longer Lasting
The color stays on-and-on... until you take it off.

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New exclusive formula keeps lips moist, glamorous, lovely.

YES... a lipstick that has everything!... features until now only dreamed of, created for you by the genius of Max Factor Hollywood. Try it today... you'll see and feel the thrilling difference.

SELECT THE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE... correct for your coloring, correct for your costume

BLONDES
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In a modern-design metal case... $1.00
Don't be all washed-up that way, Pet!

Clinch that bath-freshness now—lest your charm and chums fade away!

**That Heavenly Bath!** You feel radiant... desirable. Yet, before the evening's over, Cookie—you may be guilty of underarm odor. And if daintiness deserts you—men may, too.

So be a Mum girl. After your bath washes away past perspiration, give underarms Mum's special protection against risk of odor to come.

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 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—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.
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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
are safe.
Made of compressed absorbent cotton, Tampax was invented by a doctor for this monthly use. Individual applicators make insertion easy and when the Tampax is in place it cannot be seen or felt. It is quick to change and easy to dispose of. Also, no odor can form. Do you wonder that millions of women are now using Tampax?
Buy Tampax and swim to your heart's content. At drug stores and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Month's supply fits into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

IT ISN'T a romance (we're sorry to say) but when Tyrone Power flew his own plane to Sun Valley, Ann Sothern was sitting right there beside him. At a Hollywood party, Ty happened to say he was making the trip to do location scenes for "That Wonderful Urge." Ann went into ecstacy over her favorite resort. As a result of Ty's wonderful urging, she went along for the ride and came back on the train

AT LONG last "The Fountainhead" is coming to the screen. Lauren Bacall is supposed to play opposite Gary Cooper (whom authoress Ayn Rand had in mind when she wrote the book). Barbara Stanwyck is rumored to be pouting because she isn't. But the beautiful dark horse in the running is an enthusiastic Garbo. Here's hoping!

THAT belated honeymoon of the Van Johnsons is still belated. The day their boat docked in Honolulu a cable from MGM ordered him to report immediately for "Command Decision." They took the next plane back Van suffered all the way from hay fever caused by leis from friendly Hawaiians.

GOSSIP Hot from Hollywood
Between the Perilous Gold of California and the Blazing Lead of Missouri lies 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 as big as America's dream!

Directed by Raoul Walsh
Produced by Owen Crump

Screenplay by Stephen Longstreet
From a novel by Stephen Longstreet

Thomas Mitchell, Bruce Bennett
Screenland
Bridal shower

of facts about these

Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different... stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.) All patterns made in the U.S.A.

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STERLING INLAID
SILVERPLATE


BALLERINA
by Sally Ann

Whirl, Ballerina, whirl in this heart-warming little shoe, soft as a baby's cheek. Outside heel and hidden wedge for light-hearted comfort. With or without ankle strap. Suede finish in black, lipstick red, Kelly green, snow white. Also a gold mesh. Medium widths. Sizes 3 to 10.

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BALLERINA: SIZE COLOR...
SIZE COLOR...
BALLERINA WITH ANKLE STRAP:
SIZE COLOR...
NAME...
STREET...

Customer agrees to pay C.O.D. charges

Lynn Bari and Marie Mac-Donald gaily chat woman-talk behind the ostrich feather fan, while Sid Luft, Lynn's husband, is an interested watcher. Are the days of fan coquetry coming back?

Leo "The Lip" Durocher, Manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, is still a favorite with Brooklyn baseball fans, now in the throngs of yelling their home team to victory. Laraine Day Durocher comes in for a large share of the fans' affection, too.

THE sweetest romance in all of Hollywood is that of Ann Blyth and Lon McCallister. They take turns—one week Lon treats Ann's aunt and uncle for dinner, the following week Ann treats Lon's mother and grandmother. On Saturday night the kids whoop it up with Elizabeth Taylor, Johnny Sands, Janie Powell and Roddy McDowall—seldom at night clubs, unless it's a special occasion.

THE Cornel Wildes are so happy these days they've taken the "For Sale" sign off their house. They have a new decorator, too, named Dusty Anderson. In private life the former model is married to Jean Negulesco, who's directing Cornel and Ida Lupino in "Road House." Jean invited the Wildes for dinner one night. They took one look at the Negulesco home and the next day Mrs. N. was in the decorating business.

IN "BLOOD on the Moon," Barbara Bel Geddes plays a gun-totin' pioneer heroine—a far cry from her own city background. On location she kept in practice by firing out into the sage brush. One day Bob Mitchum found a dead rabbit, and as a gag congratulated Barbara on her expert marksmanship. She took one look, and the "hard-boiled" daughter of the prairies burst into tears!

NOTICE to Peter Lawford, Philip Reed, Rod Cameron, and the rest of you eager beavers who would like to date Shelley Winters. She'll turn you down, and for a very good reason. His name is John Ireland, who was formerly under contract to 20th Century, and he's number one on Shelley's preferred list. Better luck next time, boys!

MISS Margaret O'Brien was in a junior-sized rage! It seems a local columnist referred to her as being 13. Miss Maggie has lived all of 10 years and definitely doesn't want to be relegated to the teen-age ranks just yet.

JOAN Crawford and Greg Bautzer may be in love. They may even marry. One thing is definite, Joan hasn't lost her sense of humor. Recently she ordered a pair of sports sandals for her boy friend. To get the correct size, she was instructed to trace a pencil around his feet, while he stood on a plain piece of white paper. Joan couldn't find a piece big enough—so she used the back of one of her own photographs. Love that girl!
Men called it "Lulu Belle fever"...

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 Kari Kamb
Based upon the play by Charles MacArthur and Edward Sheldon, produced by David Belasco
Directed by LESLIE FENTON

A BENEDICT BOGEAUS PRODUCTION
Judy Clark is the gal in Guy Madison’s arms, but it’s still Gail Russell who visits him on set of “Texas, Heaven and Brooklyn,” now shooting at United Artists.

Quite obviously those rumors linking the names of Danny Kaye and Eve Arden were just that. The day the Kayes formally announced their reconciliation, Danny, his wife Sylvia, and Eve all had lunch together. Danny’s recent conquest of London is still thrilling all who know him. Incidentally, he reports that actors in France prefer to be paid in food instead of money. Wonder if our own “hams” realize how lucky they are?

During a conversation with Lassie’s trainer, Red Skelton learned the famous canine star was about to get a vacation. “Where are you taking him?” quipped that mean lil ole MGM kid, “to the giant Redwood Forest?”

An old baby-naming epidemic is sweeping over Hollywood. Everyone thought Schuyler Van was a strange choice for Van Johnson’s little daughter. Now the John Beals have named their second girl Tandy. (No relation to Tandy bar!) Topping them all, Robert Ryan’s new son will be christened Cheney Cadwalader Ryan. Thank heaven, John Payne and Gloria de Haven are calling their new baby boy good old-fashioned Thomas.

It was Barbara Lawrence’s 18th birthday. When she walked into the studio commissary and requested a table, she really got one! There were fifty people sitting around it, invited by her mother. Funniest gag present came from Rex Harrison. Barbara, who’s been married to Johnny Fontaine since she was 17, unwrapped an old pistol. “Now you can shoot your school teacher,” cracked sexy Rexy.

Irene Dunne takes time out between courses at dinner with husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, to sign autograph. Irene’s latest picture, “I Remember Mama,” is winning audience approval.
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")

DORÉ 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."
Tells Secrets of "Stars"

Judy Wahn, of New York City, is a Public Relations specialist. Says Judy, who is glamour-page material herself, "Every girl in the public eye knows the importance of hair grooming, you just can't afford to look 'tousled', ever.

"And my celebrities have learned that a drop or two of Nestle HAIRLAC on the finished hair-do is the secret of hair-grooming success! Comb your hair—pat on Nestle HAIRLAC and your hair stays put for hours."

Nestle HAIRLAC is delicately scented, perfectly safe to use. Generous bottle for 50c, at drug and dept. stores.

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"QUILTED" COMFORT

"Quilting" keeps this tampon from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size—which could cause pressure, irritation. Only Fibs are quilted—for your comfort!

"QUILTED" SAFETY

This special feature helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate membranes. Only Fibs are quilted—for your safety!

ROUNDED ENDS

You'll say "At last—a tampon that's easy to use!" Because of all leading tampons, only Fibs have gently rounded ends to make insertion comfortable, easy.

Arch of Triumph

U. A.—Enterprise

The picture based on the best-seller by Erich Maria Remarque ought to be better, but it doesn't matter because of the stars' extraordinary performances. There seems to be no limit to Ingrid Bergman's versatility. In this film she's the moody, frightened but often gay young woman who's loved by a pre-World War II Austrian refugee surgeon (Charles Boyer) in Paris, whom she never ceases to love but to whom she cannot be true because he has no security to offer her. Her characterization is perfect, and only she could overcome some of the unfortunate dialogue. Boyer combines passion and tenderness, compassion and ruthlessness as no other contemporary actor can. He has, there's no doubt after this picture,
the most mobile face on the screen. Louis Calhern, too, gives a notable portrayal of a colorful ex-Czarist colonel, now a nightclub doorman, Boyer's close friend.

The State of the Union
MGM
The hit play by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay has lost none of its wit and biting political satire by its transfer to the screen. Spencer Tracy portrays the plane manufacturer who's drafted for presidential nomination by an ambitious and influential woman publisher who loves him. All kinds of people try to swell his head and corrupt him to achieve their individual purpose, except his estranged wife (Katharine Hepburn), who knows he's essentially humane and honest. The screenplay pulls no punches in exposing behind-the-scene political maneuvering, and the dialogue is well-nigh courageous. Tracy is allowed to make some strong speeches in favor of world unity and other timely problems. All the players are just about perfect. Angela Lansbury gives a striking performance as the sophisticated, beautifully dressed publisher; and it's doubtful if Van Johnson, as her ace reporter, could be improved. This picture adds immensely to the screen's maturity.

Another Part of the Forest
Universal-International
Not since "The Little Foxes" have more hateful and hating people been depicted on the screen, nor as effectively. Also based on a Lillian Hellman play, it's the story of a Southern family, whose head (Fredric March) is the most hated man in town because of his black market activities during the Civil War. Hatred permeates the entire family: his daughter (Ann Blyth) dislikes both her brothers (Edmond O'Brien and Dan Duryea), and the latter dislike each other. Each plays one against another and finally the oldest boy blackmails his father into signing everything over to him, then disowns the rest of the family, including his own mother, splendidly played by Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fredric March). It's not a pretty picture but the characterizations and production are excellent.

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House
RKO—Selznick
Here's a picture that will tickle everybody's fancy, especially the city slickers
WALLET SIZE PORTRAITS OF MOVIE STARS
Size 2” x 21/2”
Actual High-gloss Photos
16 Photos, 25c
32 Photos, 50c
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Your chance to get 8 or 16 photos of Hollywood stars direct from the heart of the movie capital. Beautiful actual glossy photos in the convenient wallet size are sold only in complete sets of 16. Every photo different; head, bust, full length, western, pinups, men, women, etc. Your friends will compliment and admire these fine photos—All late poses.
Your best photos come from Hollywood.
Order today. Specify set desired.
Set C.) Greer Garson, Shirley Temple, Peter Lawford, Peggy Cummins, Ann Blyth, Barbara Stanwyck, June Allyson, David Niven, Linda Darnell, Joan Fontaine, Katharine Hepburn, Lana Turner, Esther Williams, and Michael North.
Set D.) Rita Hayworth, Esther Williams, Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Lucille Ball, Ann Blyth, Barbara Stanwyck, June Allyson, David Niven, Linda Darnell, Joan Fontaine, Katharine Hepburn, Lana Turner, Esther Williams, and Michael North.
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Romance on the High Seas
Warner Bros.
This is a perfect example of how a flimsy story can become a really good film due to excellent performances and skilled direction by Michael Curtiz. It’s about a young married couple (Janis Paige and Don DeFore) who suspects each other of infidelity and set about to spy on the other only to find out they’re all wrong. The detective (Jack Carson), whom the husband hires, meets the girl (Doris Day), whom the wife hires to impersonate her, and there ensues a really amusing case of mistaken identities and true romance, involving Oscar Levant, too. Everybody concerned is far better than average, but none more than newcomer Doris Day, a nightclub singer who made the Hit Parade. Not only has she a female Frank Sinatra voice, but she’s beautiful and a totally different type of comedienne. She can also wear ultra clothes, as does Janis Paige—all designed by Milo Anderson.

So This Is New York
U. A.—Enter prise
Henry Morgan of the radio is the star of this picture, which it’s hard to believe is his first. He’s not funny in the popular sense of the word, but his masterful timing and tongue-in-cheek narration turn what could have been a mediocre story into a hilarious satire. It’s all about what happens to a couple of small towners in New York City after War II. When Henry’s wife (Virginia Grey) and her sister Kate (Donna Drake) inherit some money, they bully him into leaving South Bend for New York in quest of a suitable husband for Kate. The situations are funny, but not half as funny as Morgan’s glib comments make them.

The Strawberry Roan
Columbia
Gene Autry fans and horse lovers will delight in Gene’s first Technicolor picture. The lad looks well in color, and the film has some must-see-to-believe shots of a magnificent wild roan stallion (Champion) galloping on the colorful plains of Texas. The story revolves around Champ, who unwittingly injures the son of Gene’s boss but makes up for it after Gene has nursed and trained him. There’s a cute love story between Champ and Sweetheart, the mare belonging to Gene’s leading lady, Gloria Henry. Their colt will undoubtedly elicit feminine oh’s and ah’s.

Eddie Albert and Gale Storm play Indians for a scene in Allied Artists’ “The Dude Goes West.”


Henry Morgan’s glib chatter puts Enter prise’s “So This Is New York” in hilarious satire class.

The Dude Goes West
Allied Artists
A competent cast is wasted on the old story about the Easterner, this time a gunsmith (Eddie Albert), who goes West to make good, and does. En route he meets a girl (Gale Storm) who’s carrying the coveted map of her late father’s gold mine. They meet up with some pretty tough hombrew, including the town’s strong woman (Binnie Barnes), but our hero outsmarts and outshoots ’em all, with some help from his pal, James Glea-
son. There's nothing much any of these players could do with this.

**Berlin Express**  
**RKO**

Certain aspects of Germany as it is now are made fairly clear in a film about postwar Berlin and Frankfurt, and the struggle there of right over wrong. It concerns a German statesman (Paul Lukas), who's working with the Allies on a plan to unify his country, and his devoted secretary (Merle Oberon), who enlists the aid of four young men, (Robert Ryan), from America (Charles Korvin), France, England and Russia, to help her find her boss after he's been abducted by the Nazi underground. During the search, they find they are all human beings and very much alike, despite differences of nationalities and creeds. The key photographic shots were made right on the spot, giving an authentic note and local color to this very interesting picture.

**Anna Karenina**  
**20th Century-Fox**

Although this film isn't quite as good as most of us expect when Vivien Leigh is the star, it's a true portrait of the times and customs author Leo Tolstoy wrote about. The story is in the sombre mood of the Russian literature of the past century. Anna Karenina is a society lady, circa 1875, who falls in love with a very young man (Kieron Moore) and gives up all for him. Miss Leigh is as (Please turn to page 65)
An experienced traveler, Marsha Hunt talks on appearance, packing, poise

Courtenay Marvin

This is the time for going places—for week-ends or for weeks. It's the time for a trip, a tour, a cruise, for seeing old friends and new places. In fact, mid-summer is the most casually social of all seasons. And to look your best, to feel your best, to play the rôle of the experienced traveler means double joy from these bright days.

But the preparation for a trip is a chore to most, so to ease the pain of packing and help you present your prettiest self at journey's end, I sought out Marsha Hunt for timely suggestions. Miss Hunt, now co-starring in the Broadway play, "Joy to the World," a gay jibe at Hollywood, recently finished the forthcoming picture, "Raw Deal," for Eagle Lion, and so she is particularly conscious of what it means to jump across the United States, bag and baggage, on short notice.

I met Miss Hunt backstage of the Plymouth Theater. A rehearsal was in progress, and the command for silence was passed along, but we found seclusion in her dressing-room. Petite, pretty, with blue-gray eyes, a piquant face, auburn-lighted hair, she laughed at the purpose of my call.

"I'm probably the world's worst packer," she said reflectively, launching into ideas that immediately proved the opposite. "I work from a list," she said. "I list everything I need to take. Then I list each costume with its accessories. It takes a little time and thought, but it's worth it. I keep my lists before me as I pack. And I go into seclusion for the packing, itself. This usually takes place the night before a trip, and at times I've stayed up all night at the job. But I try to do this only when I know that next day I can rest completely in train or plane.

"Clothing and toilet articles for immediate use go into an over-night bag. For the traveler with one bag only, these should go on top. I avoid large jars and bottles by raiding the bathroom medicine cabinet. There, I usually find small editions of containers, and with medicine dropper and knife the transfer of lotions and creams is quickly made. For home use, I buy large sizes of creams and so on.

"In travel, I use a slight makeup. I find one looks nicer and fresher this way. Motion often makes a thorough job difficult, and it's better to look sweet and natural than badly done. A lip brush is particularly helpful, because the hand can steady it against motion and get a better lipline than with lipstick alone.

"Hair is a problem to many, especially in berths. My (Please turn to page 57)
It can happen here

... ALL TOO EASILY!

Ugly flakes and scales that cloud the highlights of your hair... a telltale shower on clothes, brush and comb... colonies of germs on your scalp!

They may mean infectious dandruff which is so easy to "catch"... so hard to get rid of.

Don't let this troublesome condition get a head start. There's a simple, easy, delightful precaution which has become a weekly "must" with countless fastidious women. It is Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

If you prize the health of your scalp and the good looks of your hair, use Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair.

And, if infection has already started, use it even oftener.

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a wonderfully cooling antiseptic bath... kills germs by millions, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale).

This is the germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

You will be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear... how wonderfully refreshed and healthy your scalp feels... how much fresher your hair looks.

Remember, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO.
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for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF • LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

- Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine TOOTH PASTE?
"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!"

**THE WALLS OF JERICHO**

All the heartbeat and people of a great best-seller!
"HOLLYWOOD was never like this!" you said, all eager and glowing, as you fought your way through stage-door autograph hounds after the final curtain of "For Love or Money," in which you made the biggest hit of any young actress since Helen Hayes was discovered. Of course you're thrilled to be Best Young Actress of the Year, with George Jean Nathan and other august critics tossing such adjectives as radiant, refreshing, and merely wonderful at you, and with all New York flocking to see the sensational new star. But oddly enough, you've kept your head—oddly, until I remember you're Gene Lockhart's daughter and a born trouper. No hard feelings about Hollywood, either—even though they took you pretty much for granted, first as a child actress in "All This and Heaven Too" and "Sergeant York"; then as a budding ingenue in support of Lassie and other big stars. Now you're going back to Hollywood a big star yourself, to play "Kenny," with a production budget of $2,000,000, and you're really happy. After all, you say modestly, all you did was to carry your screen technique onto the stage, not acting any different than you'd been acting in pictures right along. And Broadway liked it. Only now Hollywood likes it too.
Summer Siren

Gene Tierney, star of "The Iron Curtain"

"With all the glamor girls Mac works with," says his pretty wife, "his technique certainly should be improved when he comes home!"

I DON'T think I'll ever forget the day I first met him. Talk about Fate arranging things!

At the time I was an aspiring actress. The "theater" was all I thought about. One day Joan Tetzel, a friend of mine, asked me to go along with her to Benno Schneider's rehearsal hall in New York. For the benefit of those who are uninformed about Mr. Schneider, he had a place where Equity actors could come and rehearse their parts and get his criticism if they so desired. It was crowded that day, but I saw only one person—a tall, sort-of-blond-sort-of-brunette fellow who was really impressive. I was definitely not unhappy when Mr. Schneider unexpectedly picked this gentleman out of the crowd and told him to work with me. For our study, he gave us scenes from "Love from a Stranger" to do. And that's how I met Mr. MacDonald Carey.

After we read for a while together, I was even more impressed with him. I thought he had one of the most terrific voices I'd ever heard. And when I got a glimpse of his eyelashes, I really went overboard. They were so long they'd put a smudge on his glasses when he wore them.

After the session at the hall, Mac seemed rather interested in me. At least, he suggested that he come to my place the next afternoon and rehearse the scenes with me. I certainly wasn't going to play coy at that point and say, "This is so sudden!" I'd fallen for him fast, and I wasn't (Please turn to page 65)
ABOUT fourteen years ago a boy in London wrote a fan letter asking for an autographed picture to a boy in Hollywood who happened to be in pictures. The English boy, too, had had rather a brilliant career in British movies, unfortunately cut short by a law which was passed prohibiting children under fourteen from working for stage or screen. The English boy received his picture from some dutiful secretary, for the American lad was all of eleven, then. And that was that.

Frankly, I don't remember the incident. Although the letter was sent to me, I never saw it. But I certainly believe it happened because it was told to me by its writer, who now is my best friend.
friend and whose word I would take on anything. His name? Peter Lawford.

Quite a guy, Pete. I've never shared so much with a friend as I have with Pete during the past year and a half. He's the first guy my own age—he's a year younger than I—that I've ever had as a pal. Most of my friends were always quite a lot older. And he's my first close friend who is also in pictures; I've always seemed before to pal with non-professionals. Additionally, each of us is an only child and always missed having a brother; our friendship seems a compensation on that score.

Shortly after we met at Lynn Bari's and Sid Luft's home we discovered that temperamentally we were alike, which of course is another fortunate coincidence. We're both restless, can't sit still very long—except at the beach—and like to be doing something constantly. We are both nuts about outdoor sports and the beach, like music, the theater, movies, dancing and night clubs, the same kind of clothes and, most important, the same type of people. Down-to-earth people.

Very conveniently, my wife June and Pete are also mutually fond of each other. She has a wonderful sense of humor and a maternal quality unusual in so young a girl; Pete loves the former and leans on the latter. He treats her and talks to her like the sister he doesn't have. To make the picture complete, our baby Jack Junior is crazy about Pete. One of the first words he was able to say after the usual mama and dada was Peter, which came out something like "Beeter" but was close enough to satisfy Pete's pride as an adopted uncle.

Pete has had so much publicity as a Young Man About Town, because of his dates with many of Hollywood's younger glamor girls, that the public might be inclined to imagine his primary interest is night clubs and parties. Believe me, Pete is a man's man. He is athletic, direct and honest. Except for his English accent he is what we like to call "as American as apple pie."

Pete has

(Please turn to page 73)
TAKE it straight from headquarters, the only man who could crack this case wide open is Sam Spade, Private Eye of the Airlanes. But good Sam vacillates between duty and despair when it comes to a public grilling of Howard Duff. It so happens these two gentlemen are one and the same.

Rugged, ruthless Sam, backed by 248 fan clubs who have taken Spade to their hearts, has been forcing fast talk since July, 1946. Quiet-mannered, introspective Howard is still so new to the film firmament that he has patient paroxysms when he is put on the spot to talk about himself in an interview.

"I'm a voice who suddenly found a body on his hands," muses the man everyone loved and "loathed" in Universal-International's "Naked City." "Added to which, I have an aversion to people who talk too much about themselves. Maybe it's because I've always been too sensitive about most people. There's some sort of chemical reaction and I just freeze up inside. As a result, I oftentimes give the impression of being detached. It still can't be helped. Even to those closest to me, I have never been able to 'open up.'"

For the benefit of the Spade senders and the Duff devotees, a bit of personal probing proves that hero Howard is six feet tall, weighs 185 lbs. on the badminton court, has brown hair, and blue eyes that can best be described as questioning eyes. For the past two years he's lived in a small apartment which he still refers to as "temporary quarters." He eats most of his meals out, hates to cook but admits to being a "helluva egg man at breakfast"—which is usually noon when he's read most of the night.

To combat loneliness, he likes going (Please turn to page 63)
Buxom beauty Jane Russell learns about movie life from "Paleface" Bob Hope.

Jane Russell plays the rôle of Calamity Jane in the new Bob Hope comedy for Paramount, "The Paleface." Like Dottie Lamour and all other Hope heroines before her, Jane had to learn to "take it" from wisecracking Bob, but she loved it. On this page, informal closeups and typical scenes from the forthcoming Hope picture. Right, Jane in her own natural and wholesome character seems to be laughing at the Jane Russell built up as the sexy personality she played in her first motion picture, "The Outlaw."
WHEN it was announced that Jane Russell—the girl whose anatomy has been made famous by "The Outlaw"—was going to star opposite Bob Hope in "The Paleface," everyone said, "Gosh, that will be murder. Imagine the gags Bob will pull on her!"

But the people who said that didn't know Jane Russell. She is a girl who always gives back as good as she gets—and better. Where Dorothy Lamour has been driven frantic at times by the Hope gags, Jane Russell was simply waiting for him to start in on her so she could let loose a Sunday punch on him—and brother, when Jane lets loose a Sunday punch, you feel it!

For Jane, believe it or not, was born a tomboy. Raised with four younger brothers, she learned early how to hold her own in any form of combat, verbal or otherwise. She is an earthy sort of person—straightforward, hard-hitting, with a gleam in her eye that betokens just plain fighting spirit.

When Jane first heard rumors that she was going to be cast as Calamity Jane in "The Paleface," she thought the rumors were goofy. After all, by this time she was accustomed to Hollywood's crazy rumors, and while she wondered how this one had sprung up, she paid it little attention, till the day her agent phoned her and told her the deal was all set. Meanwhile, Bob Hope, vacationing in South America, received a phone call one day from William Meiklejohn, head of talent casting at Paramount. Meiklejohn, calling from Lucey's, said triumphantly, "It's all set, Bob. Jane Russell will play Calamity Jane in 'The Paleface.'" Bob had previously heard that Paramount wanted Jane for the role, and he was enthusiastic about the idea, but until that moment no one had known whether the unpredictable Howard Hughes would consent to the loan or not.

Bob and Jane Russell had met a number of times at benefits, but their conversation had been limited to "How do you do?" So when they met at rehearsals of "The Paleface," they measured each other, like two opponents getting ready for a big bout. Undoubtedly Bob wondered what sort of a co-star he had drawn now. Jane, for her part, wondered how soon the gags would begin, and how rough they would be.

"To my surprise," she told me recently, "as we had lunch together in her dressing room on the Paramount lot, 'Bob was extremely formal with me all during the first few weeks. He didn't pull a single gag while I was on the set.'

Jane, at the moment she told me this, looked so different from the exotic girl she played in "The Outlaw" or even the attractive girl she played in "Young Widow" that at first I hadn't recognized her. For Jane was wearing the makeup and clothes she wears for the tag in "The Paleface." In this last scene Bob's a gold statue and Jane's an old woman. When she had entered the dressing room with her companion, Portia Nelson, I wondered to myself, "Who the heck are these two characters?"

Gray hair was piled in a high bun on Jane's natural hair. The makeup man had drawn all sorts of wrinkles and crow's feet on Jane's naturally unlined skin, and the frontier pants Jane was wearing hid her curves. Even though Jane was wearing a sweater, you just don't expect to see a sweater girl with wrinkles on her face and gray hair piled high on her head!

"Bob's been kidding me plenty about this makeup," laughed Jane. "But that's been in the last couple of weeks. During our first few weeks of work on the picture, he laid completely low on gags. I wondered why he was so formal at first, but finally I (Please turn to page 38)
Here's the house that Blandings built, in RKO's gay film version of the best seller, "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," with Cary Grant and Myrna Loy as Mr. and Mrs. B., Melyvn Douglas playing the lawyer, and Sharyn Moffett and Connie Marshall as the kids.

Mr. Blandings' Dream House
EVERY so often I hear the younger players here in Hollywood comment on the habits of some of their teen-age acquaintances, and in no uncertain terms they let it be known that they've had enough of those particular characters. These are hard words, especially if you happen to be the teen-ager who's the unhappy target for these most uncomplimentary observations. But if you are, take stock of yourself. What's the real reason for your troubles? Why do your chums polish you off that way? Obviously, there must be some basis for their decision about you. Ask yourself why, and if you're honest, you'll probably find a number of unpleasant facts which practically stare you right in the face!

I've discovered one highly important thing in my years of living, and I think it's worth passing on. It's a lot easier to have people dislike you than it is to develop true friends, and keep them as your friends. All you have to do is behave without consideration for others, and you're sunk. I believe the best way for young people to get along with one another is to be sincere, unaffected, helpful to others, and live and let live. Keep these standards always in mind.

I'm not trying to tell you how to change yourself overnight, or give you any easy lessons on how to be the life of the party. I'm talking straight from the shoulder to the cliff-dweller as well as country lass and lad, and I offer them with the hope that you may find some clues to a successful way of facing each day's problems as they come. And believe me, the reward is very satisfactory! (Please turn to page 53)

A very live Pidgeon indeed, Walter is an idol of young-sters in and out of the MGM Studios. They know he'll never "preach" to them, but they also respect his judgment and accept his advice. Right, the tables are turned as Elizabeth Taylor, his screen "daughter" of "Julia Misbehaves," kibitzes his checker game. He calls her affectionately, off-stage, "Junior." Below, memorable scene with Janet Leigh in "If Winter Comes."

The younger set sit up and listen when their favorite "father" talks to them straight from the shoulder

By Walter Pidgeon

As told to
Paul Marsh
"Without the Leer"

The Laughtons, Charles and his actress wife, Elsa, on the set of Paramount's "The Big Clock." Right, together in a scene. Right above, cozy moment with Maureen O'Sullivan, who makes her movie come-back in this film directed by her husband, John Farrow.

THERE hate interviews, everyone told me. "What's more," they added. "Elsa and Charles Laughton hate interviewers. That mountainous Charles Laughton will put you over the cliff that drops in a sheer line from the edge of his Pacific Palisades garden. And Elsa Lanchester will laugh that "Big Clock" laugh of hers, and they'll think themselves well rid of you."

Well, it wasn't like that at all. We met in the round bricked front patio of the house, built around a beautiful tree—I think it's one of those wonderful California oaks. I was afraid to ask later on because I had already made a faux pas by identifying a camellia bush as a gardenia, and Charles had quickly corrected me.

"Have a sapote," offered Elsa. I took a piece of the strange sweet fruit she had picked only a few hours before at their Palos Verdes "shack." That's Charles' name for it, though I'm told it's a pretty place down in extraordinarily scenic country. It's a shack to him because they do all their own housework there—bedmaking, cooking, dishwashing, cleaning, digging. When we got in the house and I went straight toward a particularly fine, brightly blue Dufy, and the pulpy sapote collapsed in my fingers just before the last couple of bites and messed up a corner of the table I was leaning across, I thought Charles might "do a Laughton" —the thing "they" had warned me about. But he just let me clean up the mess all by myself, while he smiled.

They're a study in contrast, these two. He has the dignity and quiet that seem to go with king-size males, and she's so alive that you're conscious of her being in the room every moment. She's smaller than you expect, was dressed in a country knit in earthy colors, has hair that's called auburn (Please turn to page 69).
Seven Academy Award winners bring you the picture so wonderful it may never again be equalled on the screen!

Dazzling as a crown—democratic as a kiss, it's the funniest frolic in many a movie year when American Traveling Salesman Bing sells blue-blooded Countess Joan a scandalous bill of goods, as they whirl headlong through riotous escapades and gay indiscretions!

Paramount presents

**BING CROSBY * JOAN FONTAINE**

in

**The Emperor Waltz**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

with Roland Culver • Lucile Watson • Richard Haydn • Harold Vermilyea

Produced by Charles Brackett • Directed by BILLY WILDER

Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder

Even their dogs are in love...and in the royal doghouse!

* * *

When Bing sings those lilting love melodies, "The Kiss In Your Eyes," "Friendly Mountains," "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" and "Emperor Waltz"...your heart will beat in three-quarter time!
Location scenes amid scenic splendor of Jasper National Park provide fun but it's no lap of luxury for stars Joan Fontaine, left with makeup man Bill Wood, and Bing Crosby, center with chef. Right, Bing and Joan with Billy Wilder, director of Paramount's Technicolor musical farce.

Picture-making isn't always a picnic—but Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine, on location for "The Emperor Waltz," enjoyed their jobs, as you'll enjoy their picture.
FOR YOUR ALL-TIME GOOD TIME!
Jam packed with novelty, music and mirth!

Walt Disney's
GREAT NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

"MELODY TIME"

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

ROY ROGERS
STARRING IN "PEGOS BILL"

SONS OF THE PIONEERS IN "PEGOS BILL"

THE ANDREWS SISTERS IN "LITTLE TOOT"
FRANCES LANGFORD IN "ONCE UPON A WINTERTIME"

BUDDY CLARK AS SINGING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

ETHEL SMITH IN "BLAME IT ON THE SAMBA"

FRED WARING AND HIS PHILADELIANS
THE DINNING SISTERS
JACK FINA AT THE PIANO
LEONA PATTEN AND BORSY OLSZCZAK

DENNIS DAY
AS "JOHNNY APPLESEED"

FREDDY MARTIN IN "BUMBLE BOOGIE"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR!
RELEASED THROUGH RADDI PICTURES @WB

WORLD PREMIERE AT THE FAMOUS ASTOR THEATER, BROADWAY, NEW YORK
The statue, "Miss Liberty" all those boys in uniform crowded around the rail called it, was out there somewhere in the mist, so close that Ulysses felt he could touch it. Above the blasts of the transport's foghorn, above the shrill whistles of the tugs, he could hear other sounds, the sounds of home, the whisper that was really the shouting of the welcoming crowd on the pier, rising and falling above muted strains of a brass band. Punctuating all of them was the piping staccato of automobile horns, the trucks, taxis, and the endless stream of cars so characteristically New York. Yes, they were all there, right behind the fog, but the Europe he had just left seemed much nearer to Dr. Ulysses Johnson, Major in the U.S. Army Medical Corps.

In less than an hour he would be in New York and in scarcely more than a day later he would be home—home with Penny. But there was none of the elation that should have come, thinking of Penny. When he had left, the only thing he had to hold on to had been this homecoming, but now that it had come the taste of it was like ashes in his mouth. Even Penny, most of all Penny, seemed like part of a dream he had dreamed and forgotten long ago.

They had once been so happy with each other, and in their gracious life that had seemed to leave nothing to be desired. Success had come easily to him and he had escaped the grueling grind so many of his colleagues were still going through. It amazed him sometimes how he had become the most fashionable surgeon in town, while men he had thought far more promising than himself had been—well, grubbing along was really the only way he could describe it.

Men like Bob Sunday, for instance, who was still practicing down in that dreary slum where he had first hung out his shingle. Chester Village it was called, though there was nothing about that crowded malaria infested tenement section to suggest the wide spaces and charming houses and gardens its name would imply. Ulysses had always felt Bob must have been lacking either in nerve or ambition to stay there year after year. But sometimes he made him feel guilty, too, like the time Ulysses had promised to go down and talk about the slum clearance project the other was so excited about putting into effect.

Ulysses had completely forgotten it was Penny's birthday, so he had put Bob off and spent the afternoon with her at the club. That was only a few months before Pearl Harbor and the next time he had seen Bob was at the farewell cocktail party Penny had given the evening before he left for camp.

He had worn his uniform and
for once he didn't feel that twinge he'd felt before after disappointing Bob. Instead, he felt superior to the other in every way now, not only in the material way he had always had, but in the more subtle one of conscience. After all, wasn't he serving his country while Bob was still in civilians? Maybe he had been a bit pompous, a bit smug, as he talked of what he was doing. For suddenly Bob had lashed out at him. "Look, Lee, don't talk to me about issues," he had said.

Ulysses hadn't been put off. "Your country's been attacked!" he reminded him a little too sharply.

Bob had taken a deep breath then and let him have it. "When you have the guts to tell me my country's been attacked, implying that I'm not doing anything about it, that's pretty hard to take. Over there in Chester Village men have been dying for years. Children are dying just for the lack of decent care. Malaria, malnutrition, hookworm! My country attacked? You're darn right it has been. For a long time! But did you care? And don't kid yourself about that uniform you've got on. You're in it because it's the thing to do right now, because everybody else is doing it. Get wise to yourself, Lee!"
That had washed them up completely. A friendship of years, gone, just like
that! He had wanted to forget it, the
way he always did unpleasant things.
And yet he couldn't. It was as clear to
him now as the day it had happened.
Much clearer to him than Penny was.
He tried to think of her then, of the fun
they'd always had, of the excitement of
being with her. He tried to recapture
that feeling he'd had the morning he
kissed her goodbye, and the loneliness
that had come afterwards when he
thought of her. But even the loneliness
couldn't come through to him now, not
with that other loneliness which seemed
to be a part of his very bones, that's
how deep it lay inside of him.
"Snapshot," he whispered and even her
name seemed a part of him. "Snapshot."

It was on the transport taking him
overseas he met her. She was a striking-
looking girl with that yellow hair of hers
and those deep violet-blue eyes, but he
didn't notice her any more than he had
the other nurses in his outfit, not with
every thought he had back home with
Penny, continually in his mind.
"I wonder where we're headed for,"
he had said to Dr. Silver, one of the
older officers, as they lounged comfort-
ably on deck that evening. "Can't be

"HOMECOMING"
Produced by Sidney Franklin in
association with Gottfried Rein-
hardt. Directed by Mervyn Le
Roy. Screenplay by Paul Osborn
from the original story by Sidney
Kingsley, adapted by Jan Lustig.
With the following cast:
Dr. Ulysses Johnson.. CLARK GABLE
Lt. Jane "Snapshot" McCall...... LANA TURNER
Penny Johnson...... ANNE BAXTER
Dr. Robert Sunday... JOHN HODIAK
Dr. Avery Silver...... RAY COLLINS
Sgt. Monkevicz........................... CAMERON MITCHELL
Sgt. MeKen................................. MARSHALL THOMPSON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Africa, because that campaign's in the
bag now that Montgomery's got Rom-
mel on the run. Probably won't be long
before the whole war's over, now that
we've come in."
Silver didn't have a chance to answer,
not with that clear, scornful voice break-
ing in. "Wishful thinking," she said and
as Ulysses turned sharply he saw the girl
half-sitting, half-lying beside him, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes staring up at the stars. “Wishful thinking, just the way we got here.”

Ulysses shrugged and turned away, “I wonder what my wife’s doing now, this minute.”

Silver tamped down his pipe thoughtfully. “Mine’s just putting the kids to bed. You got any?”

“No,” Ulysses said. “Never felt the need for any.”

There was a rustling beside him as the girl straightened into a sitting position. “You don’t know what you’ve missed,” she said. “My boy is six now.”

“Really?” Ulysses glanced at her indifferently. “Then why are you here?”

“Because I want him to become twelve,” she said.

Ulysses lifted an eyebrow. “Where’s your husband?”

“Somewhere in China.” Her voice didn’t change at all. “He’s buried there.”

He shifted uncomfortably. “Oh,” he said. And then: “Sorry.”

“It was six years ago,” she said simply, “and anyway, he was fighting for what he believed in.”


“No. He was an American pilot.”

Ulysses felt more bewildered than ever. “Why can’t people just stay home and live their own lives?” he sighed. “Enjoy the good things, their work, their homes . . .”

The girl’s short laugh came. “Comfortable philosophy, Major. You can’t understand it at all, can you? Why an American should be fighting in China?”

He flushed. “No, I can’t,” he said abruptly. “A man leaves his wife and child to fight in a war that was none of our business!”

“What?” she asked cryptically.

“Not six years ago,” he retorted.

She looked at him, then swung lightly to her feet. “My husband hated aggression even six years ago,” she said and his sense of discomfort heightened as she left her place on the deck.

“Of all the fresh . . .” he grumbled.

“Who is she?”

“Snapshot, they call her.” Silver knocked the ash out of his pipe. “I think her name’s . . . let’s see . . . McCall. That’s it. Lieutenant McCall.”

“Whose nurse is she?” Ulysses asked.

“Not yours, I hope.”

“No.” A faint glimmer of amusement tugged at Silver’s lips. “She’s yours.”

That was the first time he mentioned Snapshot in his letters to Penny, feeling some of his annoyance leave him as he wrote, the way exasperation always had a way of going when he talked things over with her. He gave the girl a wide berth for the rest of the trip and then forgot her. For it was Africa they’d been heading towards after all, coming in on D-Day directly after the first wave attacked Casablanca. There was plenty to keep the Medical busy then—so busy that Ulysses didn’t even recognize her at first as one of the nurses assisting him.

It was her amazing competence that made him notice her again. The attack on Kasserine Pass had begun then and he wouldn’t have known what to do without Snapshot during those nights and days. It was uncanny how she was always there, right when she was needed.

One night—it was really morning, for reveille sounded just as he reached his tent—he was so exhausted that he didn’t have the energy to begin undressing. As he sat on his cot, Snapshot suddenly appeared in the opening of his tent carrying two mugs of coffee.

“Mind if I sit down a minute?” she said, and as he nodded, sank down on a chair facing him. “I was very rude to you that evening on the boat. I’m sorry.”

It was amazing how much it pleased him. “Well,” he grinned ruefully. “I can’t say as I blame you . . .”

“I’m a very irritating person,” she said.

“So am I,” he confessed. He looked at her and was amazed to see the color flooding her (Please turn to page 51)
Right off the Record

Latest list of waxen attractions lend a musical ounce of bounce to your gayest summer playtime.

H YA, Sy! Well, if it isn't July! Get those boots laced up high, and let's ride to the sky!

That's just about how far the fresh stacks of wax reach, and to dig 'em all we gotta glue our tympanic membrane to that sound box practically the whole twenty-four of the day—just so your little hearing flap won't be mistreated.

Had a big ball with Luella Ball's boy, Desi Arnaz. He took over the program from the records to the commercials, which he did in Spanish, and almost made a date with one of the chicks he called whose meter started ticking that day—her birthday, that is. Si, chiquito, Des does everything! That "Teenimer" program we did together—wow! Never saw so many of the lipstick legion melt en masse! What's he got that I haven't and where can I buy it cheap? Don't answer that! But what's in the way of ecstatic static?

HEAVENLY!
FRANK SINATRA: Nancy's Daddy's been getting lotsa of tonal exercise of late, or else Columbia's sputting out cookies like a machine gun, hon. And so what? We could stand fresh Frankie cookies for breakfast, lunch and demitasse every day, hey! There's "I've Got a Crush on You," a lovely Gershwin song over 16 years old which we begged him to wax long ago and he finally did. And you'll be glad, too, 'speach with such nice racket by Bobby Hackett on trumpet waxen all round. Flip is "Ever Homeward," adapted from a Polish melody, with Frank getting off a chorus in both English and Polish for no extra charge. For another helping of yelping, "All of Me" and "I Went Down to Virginia," loaded with many an ounce of the bounce that counts and bubbling like fiz water and fish eggs. (Columbia)

NAT COLE: Yogi the set of grooves we've been poppin' our cork about on the "280 Club," Bub, "Nature Boy," with the new groom on his own against a bank of beautiful Frank DeVol strings. 'S one of the greatest slicings ever cut, just a simple, tender, poignant piece of philosophy the UN could dig, the greatest thing in life is to love and be loved in return." Twas written by a yogi farmer, Eden Abez, and not only getcha like the witches got Macbeth but puts the proper feeling of reverence in your ear. Flip is the double bubble beauty from "Bishop's Wife" that Cary did on the harp. "Lost April," which'll keep you in that state of escapist bliss, Sis, from now until next April. (Capitol)

BILLY BUTTERFIELD: Win. covers that horn like black covers prunes on "I Can't Get (Please turn to page 71)"

Vaughn Monroe brings two of the boys from his band to discuss the pro and con of "corn"
JULY is bringing Hollywood out of doors, where the patios, lanais and gardens, now in full bloom, make colorful and effective settings for most of the important parties of the month. I've even had an outdoor bamboo bar installed in the open patio adjoining my own garden, and I christened it the other evening with a cocktail party for my friend, the Baroness de Selys Longchamps, a distinguished visitor.

That lovely Italian star, Valli, Sonja Henie, Robert Mitchum and his wife, Dorothy, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Diana Lynn, Ann Miller and Turhan Bey were among the many who came to welcome the Baroness to her first Hollywood party.

Below my garden the lights of the city spread out a carpet of glistening diamonds, and I saw Beatrice Lillie watching the scene with apparent fascination. "Isn't it beautiful, Bea?" I asked her. "Don't tell me, Cobina. I know. -In just a minute they all come together and spell 'MGM'!"

It was at this party that I introduced Turhan Bey to exquisite Arlene Dahl, and he was quite smitten with her titian-tressed beauty. Now they're seeing each other quite regularly. Diana Lynn came with the young Texas oil millionaire, Bob Neal, but they both deny that there are any wedding bells ringing in the immediate future and claim that that heavily chaperoned trip to Mexico was just a beginning of a romance? Turhan Bey and Arlene Dahl are seeing each other regularly since meeting at one of Cobina's parties. At right, the popular hostess herself with Robert Mitchum, bearded for a movie, and Sonja Henie.
vacation, a colorful change of scenery.

I had invited Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, but they called to say that they were both working so hard in "Key Largo" that they wondered if they could have a rain check.

"You know, Cobina," Bogey said, "it's the worst-dressed picture of the year. I wear the same old suit throughout the entire film. Lauren's one-change wardrobe only cost seventy-five dollars and Claire Trevor's single dress is a forty-five-dollar one. Edward G. Robinson wears just one suit and a sleazy robe and Lionel Barrymore's outfit consists of a shirt, dungarees and a straw hat. We're such a disreputably dressed crew that even the producer, Jerry Wald, feels obliged to wear a five-year-old suit when he visits the set! So you can see we're hardly groomed to meet a Baroness."

A rugged appearance, however, didn't halt Robert Mitchum. He arrived, apologizing for wearing a six-day growth of beard, explaining that the studio wouldn't let him shave because of his current role in "Blood on the Moon." The Baroness was fascinated, and called "Beaver" when Bob was introduced to her.

Bette Davis didn't give her party out of doors for her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Williams of Columbus, Georgia, but she did the next best thing. She literally brought a garden into the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel with some of the most stunning floral arrangements I have seen. Bette used great pink and green elephant ear leaves at the base of several bowls piled high with giant pink tulips, roses and pink carnations, all on candle-lit tables with pink satin cloths.

Bette's invitations were so cute. She sent out wires saying that she and her husband, Bill Sherry, hadn't given a party in a long time and that she wished us to come for cocktails and a dance or two—or twenty-two! And we did dance until we were out of breath, because Bette and Bill insisted on teaching the Robert Montgomerys, Rosalind Russell and Fred Brisson, Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer and both Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper how to do the "zamba-teacher." (Please turn to page 61)
EVEN though it’s Leap Year, girls, I advise you to look first!

When I was in New York recently on a personal appearance tour, Editor Delight Evans asked me to tell about my Hollywood “dates.” “Marilyn, you’re one of the most-dated girls in the film colony,” she said. “Why don’t you give our readers the lowdown on dates and how you feel about the many men you go out with—to the theater, night clubs, concerts and parties?”

“I’m afraid I’m out-dated, Delight,” I said. “It’s like Mark Twain’s remark about the report of his death—the number of my dates is greatly exaggerated. If I lived to be a hundred, I couldn’t possibly go out with the thousands I’m supposed to have been with.”

There are several reasons for this. One is, I think, because the average Hollywood bystander is innocently nearsighted. A person sights a blonde in a theater or a restaurant and asks, “Who is she?” and the companion is very likely to say, “Oh, that’s Marilyn Maxwell with so-and-so.” It makes no difference that it might be Doris Day, Martha Vickers or Lady Mendl. They’ve said it and that makes it so. Another reason is due to press-agent dream-ups. A publicity man will have a handsome male client he wants to have seen with the current crop of glamor girls—so presto, date-o—you read that you’re being romanced by a dream boy you’ve only seen at fifty paces. Once, I stayed home playing cards with my mother all evening, only to pick up the paper the next morning and discover that I had been out on the town in seven different night spots with three men I had never even met! I’m still looking for that blurb-planter.

I think one of the most amusing examples occurred right while I was in New York, making an appearance at the Capitol Theater. My ex-husband, John Conte, and I are still very great friends. (Just because our marriage didn’t pan out, doesn’t mean that we glare at one another in public.) John was appearing in that wonderful Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, “Allegro,” and doing such a terrific job I wanted to see the show. I called him to ask about tickets because I knew they were almost impossible to get. John obligingly arranged for me and my girl friend to get good seats for the
The truth about those "dangerous Hollywood dates" you've heard about
By
Marilyn Maxwell

following night. After the show was over he took us out for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The next day three nationally syndicated columns broke out in a rash of statements to the effect that John and I had reconciled!

Many girls who first come to Hollywood feel that they have to make the so-called night club circuit. I made the same mistake. I was advised that I would come to the attention of producers and directors more quickly if I stepped out more often. Believe me, kids, there isn't a quicker way of stepping out of pictures, entirely. I, luckily, caught up with that "being seen nightly" routine. It's not that I don't love to dine and dance, but I prefer to go to a night club only when there is some special entertainment I want to see. Or, if I happen to be singing there professionally, myself. The managers are rather insistent on that point!

Of course, where a girl goes on a date and how she spends the evening depends a lot on the man she's with, and I think there are five important factors a girl can use as a guide to insure having a satisfactory date—whether it's in Hollywood or Hohokus.

First, a girl should not accept a date with a man unless she has had a proper introduction, that is, through a mutual friend or relative.

Secondly, she should let the man plan the evening. On a first date, particularly, I like to know where we are going, so that I will know how to dress correctly. If it's for din- (Please turn to page 68)

Definitely not a date with Bill Bendix, Marilyn might be—but isn't—saying in this scene from her new picture for RKO, "Race Street," with George Raft. Marilyn becomes a brunette for this one film only.

One minute late! How dare Michael North keep the lovely Miss Maxwell waiting? It's their very first date, too.

All is forgiven as Mike orders gourmet's dinner at Ciro's. Handsome Mike, the Curtiz star, minds his manners.

You guessed it! They take in a movie 'Mike wants to see: MGM's "Summer Holiday," which features Miss Marilyn Maxwell.'

Back to Ciro's for a spot of dancing, cheek-to-cheek. Then one last stop at a drive-in for snack. Thanks for a lovely evening!
What Are The Wild Wolves Whistling?

Eeee-woo! Speaking of bathing beauties, Hollywood has 'em

Exclusive photos by Len Weissman
Yvonne De Carlo (far left) starring in “Casbah” and “River Lady,” for Universal-International, graces a Jantzen two-piece white satin lastex suit with strips of coral, black, and aqua. Ava Gardner, soon to be in U-I’s “One Touch of Venus,” is wearing a white satin lastex suit with a green fern print, by Mabs. Cute Olga San Juan of “Are You With It?” (right) in a one-piece, all blue wool suit trimmed with flowered white ric-rac. By Jantzen. Above, Olga models a one-piece lastex-faille pink with huge flowers on white background. A Catalina suit. Right above, Janet Blair of Columbia’s “I Love Trouble” and “Ful ler Brush Man” chooses a two-piece yellow wool with half skirt to add to pool-side glamor. By Jantzen.
SIX-FOOT-three-inch Barry Sullivan was up for an excellent part in “The Great Gatsby.” Practically everyone discouraged him. “You’ll never get it,” they said. “Alan Ladd won’t play opposite an actor so much taller than himself.” Eventually Alan looked at the tests of all the actors being considered. Barry was his choice, and Barry got the part. That’s the kind of right guy Alan is.

DINNER guests at Jane Wyman’s were surprised and delighted when Ronnie Reagan walked in unexpectedly. So at least their situation looks promising. Speaking of Ronnie, every day when he eats lunch in the Warner Bros. Green Room there’s a huge portrait of Jane smiling down at his table. His eyes are automatically drawn to it, especially when he’s raving about her brilliant performance in “Johnny Belinda.” And he’s usually raving about it.

I’m terribly sorry I won’t be able to be there for your birthday.” It was Clark Gable calling Mrs. Walter “Fieldsie” Lang from New York where he had gone to see “Command Decision.” (His next MGM movie). Eighteen hours later Clark walked in on the Langs—wearing a huge grin and carrying a magnum of champagne. “Fieldsie” Lang was Carole Lombard’s closest friend and secretary. Wild horses couldn’t have kept Clark away on that day.

MAYBE you think her studio wasn’t pretty pleased when Gene Tierney reconciled with Oleg Cassini. Her dressing room on “That Wonderful Urge” (how appropriate can a title be?) set looked like a florist’s shop. To commemorate the happy occasion, Oleg gave Gene an antique ring set with seed pearls and opals.

AT A drive-in not far from Warner Bros. Studio a blue-eyed, pig-tailed little girl in a middy blouse and skirt munched on a sandwich. Next to her sat a nice young man, but they didn’t look like sister and brother! It was June Haver, dressed for her role of the youthful Marilynn Miller in “Silver Lining,” and
Dr. John Duzik, who had dashed out to see Junie on her lunch hour. She’s finally divorced from band leader Jimmy Zito. The good doctor was always one of her favorite escorts.

IT’S BEEN Jack Carson’s rule never to come to the studio on a day off. But that was before he met lovely Patricia Neal, whom you’ll see for the first time in “John Loves Mary.” He was at the studio the day she tested for a new part. He took her to lunch, waited to drive her home, and we even saw him walking her dog!

EVER since they announced their engagement, Michael North and Marilyn Maxwell are greeted with the wedding march whenever they go to a night club. Because the ring he ordered wasn’t ready before the news leaked out, Mike slipped a five-and-dime sparkler on his fair one. As Marilyn told us, ‘Not be good—but it’s certainly.’

NOW that her first American movie (she has three other, finally been released, perhaps thatish siren will be more considerate studio associates. Some think she is frightened, though she’s been here five and a half years. Others feel it’s her romance with a new young director that keeps her short-tempered. We’re sure she has her problems. But why take them out on the people who are hired to help her?

A night she did. Brisson, w. something he asked. “No, de-derly. ‘And Mou. thing home for her.”

Boys will be boys! Red Skelton the clowns when Clyde Beatt comes to Hollywoodtown. At for Joe Cotten having fun feeding
Pat O'Brien, seldom seen at night spots, attend dinner party dressed in their best bib and Tucker. Pat's been busy picture-making. He's just finished RKO's "Fighting Father Dunne."

sections. Result, Ray is the whited out boy of the lot. Recently they tried to borrow Audrey Totter for "Beyond the Sea." But MGM wouldn't loan her unless she could share star billing. Paramount left it up to Ray, who said "okay." Not only is he nice, he's very smart too.

BETWEEN the radio programs he lost and the picture work postponed, Gregory Peck figures his broken leg will cost him something like $100,000! It happened when his horse fell and he couldn't free himself from the stirrup. Dana Andrews now refers to Greg as "Schlep-Along Cassidy!"

IF Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer are on the verge of separating, certainly their closest friends are unaware of it. However, there are those who feel the charming Brits aren't as fun-loving as they used to be. Both are working so hard these days, it really isn't fair to judge.

Jack Benny has nothing on Spencer Tracy, according to Pat O'Brien. "When Spence and I were kids together in Milwaukee, we were the same age," grins Pat. "Now, of course, Spence is only 30!"

HER MGM bosses are willing to forgive and forget that Gloria DeHaven turned down roles, so she's back on salary again. Now that studio would love to have John Payne under contract, too. It's a mighty fine offer, but when he left 20th Century-Fox, John swore he'd never sign another long-term contract again. Gloria secretly hopes her husband will weaken.

CATHY O'Donnell and Farley Granger were asked to ride in the big "Spec" at Clyde Beatty's Wild Animal Circus. In vain did the romantic couple search the audience, hoping that someone would see them sitting on top of an elephant's head. Suddenly Farley spotted Kirk Douglas and his wife, Diana. He waved, he yelled, he screamed, he whistled! "If you hadn't seen us, I think I would have died!" he gasped out later. It was a thrill that comes once in a lifetime.

NOW we've seen everything dept.: Ava Gardner's escort at a Hollywood party recently was middle-aged Jimmy McHugh. While the popular composer played all her favorite songs, she sang them in a sultry, sensational style — to herself, reflected in a mirror that hung over the piano. As another glamour gal put it: "Maybe she's her own type!"

UNLESS a miracle happens, Humphrey Bogart won't be available to play the hard-boiled racketeer in "Born Yesterday." But he's certainly putting on a campaign for Evelyn Keyes. Bogey thinks his pal John Huston's wife would be terrific as the slightly-soiled chorus girl. And that's praise from the master.
Hollywood's headline wedding of the year: Lana Turner and Bob Topping

The bride and groom exchange fond glances after the ceremony, with the best man, Billy Wilkerson, and Matron-of-honor, Sara Hamilton in attendance. The star's lovely daughter, Cheryl Christine, at left marveling over the wedding cake, was flower girl.
Most refreshing new personality in a long time is delightful Doris Day—a charmer, a deft comedienne, and how she can sing!

Screenland Salutes Doris Day in "Romance on The High Seas"

Doris is a dainty dish, yes—but more than that, a clever performer. With such stiff competition as Jack Carson, left, and Oscar Levant in scene at top of page, she more than holds her own in "Romance on the High Seas," Michael Curtiz's entertaining musical romance, released by Warner Bros.
"Homecoming"
Continued from page 37

face. He'd never have put Snapshot down as a girl who blushed, even occasionally.

"If..." she said, "if... you'd want to be friends, I'd like it very much."

He felt so relaxed, and it wasn't just strong, hot coffee that made him feel that way, either. "You're a funny kid, Snapshot," he smiled. "Of course, I want to be friends." He took another gulp of coffee. "Boy, is that good!"

"I hope it doesn't keep you awake, Major," she said.

"Too tired to sleep, anyway," he answered, "and look, don't you think we could dispense with this Major business?"

"What should I call you?" Her unexpected smile came, "I certainly can't call you Ulysses."

"I've had trouble with that myself," he confessed. "All my life."

"Perhaps I should call you what I've been calling you to myself, though lately I haven't been sure it fits you. It... it's Useless."

It was amazing, but he didn't mind. "Well, it could be worse," he laughed. "Cigarette?"

"Thanks." She took one out of the pack he held out to her, but as he reached for a lighter she had hers out first. As she flicked it open, the cover jarred loose and fell to the ground. "It's always coming apart," she said as he returned it to her. "It lights though."

He wrote to Penny after she left, telling about the visit, and he must have betrayed more interest than he realized for when the answer came there wasn't any doubt that Penny sounded jealous. Ulysses was in Anzio when the letter caught up with him and he laughed about it at first. But that was before he and Snapshot took the jeep and went out to take a swim in the ruin of an old Roman bath, with each of them standing guard while the other gave themselves the luxurious scrubbing down they'd been longing for, for days.

They'd had fun, but that wasn't what changed things. It was after they were back at the base, he began to realize how important Snapshot had become to him. Some new cases had come in and Ulysses had been appalled when he recognized one of them as the boy who used to deliver the laundry back home. He had a ruptured spleen and nothing could be done about it because he had been bled white by hookworm. And not only that he had malaria, contracted long before he enlisted. Ulysses had a bad time with himself, knowing the boy had lived in a tenement in Chester Village.

Snapshot couldn't hold back her indignation as they left. "Malaria, hookworm—doesn't that make you laugh?" she said bitterly. "An American soldier killed on the field and not by the enemy! Imagine the kind of hole this kid had to live in at home. Weren't there any doctors around who knew what was going on, or didn't they care enough to do anything about it?"

"Some doctors cared," Ulysses said, "but I wasn't one of them. He... he came from my home town. You're right, Snapshot. I never cared enough."

He knew then how much she meant to him, seeing the sudden sympathy on her face. "You're a swell guy, Useless," she said and the simple words were like a lifeline hung out to him.

It didn't get any better as time went on. All through the months that followed he found his feeling for her growing, until sometimes it was all he could do not to tell her how he felt. They had come a long way from Anzio. There had been Rome and after that the invasion of France. Then had come Carentan, Saint Lo, Dunfront, Soisson, La Capelle. They were at Bastogne that time he knew Snapshot, too, had gone through her own little private war and lost. A messenger came to him with a transfer to be signed and when he looked at it he saw it was made out in Snapshot's name. He had been hurt at first, until he realized why she wanted to leave the outfit. On the day she was leaving—he couldn't help it—he took her in his arms.

It was all right to show how he felt then, because he would never see her again. But it wasn't goodbye after all, for a few days later when he was on leave in Paris there she was coming into the dining room of his hotel.

Time had given them a reprieve and they were together again. It was such a little time to be crowded with memories, walks in the clear, thin winter sunshine, hours spent talking, sometimes seriously, sometimes laughing at nothing at all, and the other times, the best times, when she was in his arms as they danced together. There was only one thing he could not

tell her, the most important thing of all, that he loved her.

She was on leave, before her re-assignment to another group, and they thought they still had more than a week together when the news came that the Germans had broken through and Bastogne was surrounded.

Ulysses had to get back somehow, knowing how desperate the need for doctors would be. He commandeered a jeep and when it was ready, Snapshot was already sitting in it, waiting for him. Looking at her face, he knew it would be useless to try to stop her from going with him.

They had almost reached Bastogne, taking wide detours along rocky little back roads, when they were suddenly caught in the crossfire of a tank battle. There was a farmhouse a few yards away and they made a dash for it when a shell struck their jeep. But it didn't seem any safer there in the cellar with the house crashing down above them. Only by a miracle would they ever leave that house alive.

He had to tell her then. He had to crawl to her over the mud floor and hold her. "Listen, Snapshot," he had to shout to make himself heard, "whatever happens, whatever has happened in the past, I've never been so close to realizing what life is all about, as in the time we've been together. I love you. Snapshot." He thought it would be better when he got used to the idea of being home again. But it didn't get any better. He was a man going through nothing but motions until that day he went down to Chester Village and saw Bob Sunday and after that the father of the boy who had died at Anzio.

It hadn't been easy confessing the guilt that lay like a brand on his heart. But after the words were out, after he told them that from then on he was going to be in the fight that had been going on down there, it was strange how the other thought came, the certainty that Penny would help him.

That evening he found he could talk to her, really talk to her for the first time since his return. "Penny," he said, "remember how when I left we promised each other we wouldn't change? Well, I'm afraid I've broken our bargain. I feel different about things I've lost some of the assurance I used to have and yet in another way I feel surer than I ever did before. I can't really explain." "You don't have to explain," she said quietly and her voice didn't change at all as she went on. "Lieutenant McCall has she come home too?"

"She died," he said. "Oh!" Penny looked as if something froze inside her and as she went on she knew the effort it cost her. "Would you like to tell me about it?"

"Yes, Penny, I would," he said. "I'd like to very much. Maybe it would be easier for you if I didn't, but I couldn't go on living with this inside of me, without your sharing it. And if you can only bear with me for a while..."

She looked at him and her eyes weren't frozen any more. They filled with tears as she came over and sat on the sofa beside him. "I wonder if you know," she said. "What it meant to me when you left, being the one who was left out, the one who did nothing. In all these three years, that was the worst of it, that I couldn't be near you, do things for you, share your life. My only hope was that when you came back you might need me. And now, you do need me. Lee! I'm in it again. You ask me if I can bear with you for awhile! Oh, darling, I can bear with you for as long as our lives last. I love you, Lee."

She didn't kiss him. Instead, she took his hand and held it as he talked. Somehow it wasn't hard telling her the way he had thought it would be. Not with his heart slowly beginning to live again in the quiet joy of knowing he was home again, really home. At long last...
Wake Up, Kids!
Continued from page 29

Nearly everyone has gone through the personal phenomenon of trying to do something, such as deliver a speech, sing, act, or make a good impression. You did your very best because you were in earnest, and then slowly you realized you were failing. Almost immediately you lost hope, and crept back into your shell. All right, you thought, I don't care any more. I'll just relax and not try so hard. Maybe I can have some fun out of this, after all, since I can't be a bigger flop than I already am. With your new I-Don't-Care attitude, you came out of that shell and gave it another try. The moment you began to feel this way, your nerves lost that taut rubberband tension, a real smile lit your face because it was something that represented the reckless feeling you had inside, and from that point on success was yours.

This very thing happened to me when I first started out in show business. I had been signed to sing with Elsie Janis, a famous vocalist of a few years ago, and

Linda reacts in the usual way at baby shower given her after adoption of baby girl

when I first opened my mouth on the stage, the sounds that came out were horrible. I tried too hard to knock that audience dead, and instead I flopped miserably. I had to go out again during the second half of the show because I couldn't get out of it, but by then I didn't care if I was good or not, and consequently things went along much better. In fact, I was called back for three encores!

That experience has taught me two things. First, in whatever you do, don't think of yourself, but rather lose yourself in what you're doing. And second, nothing is of real importance if it is vital only to one individual. The only worthwhile things are those which affect everyone about you.

I've never forgotten those lessons I learned that night on the stage with Miss Janis. If I were to try to think collectively of all the lines, business, and other items required of me in one day, I'd be sure to have a nervous collapse.

Love-quiz...For Married Folks Only

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 salt 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, anti-septic 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

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Instead, I learn my roles, then relax and think of something else until it's time for the cameras to begin rolling.

This rule of relaxing and setting your mind at ease can apply to so many things in our daily lives. It's useful in our jobs, the development of our personalities, the way we dress, and the outlook we have. For instance, have you ever tried to pretend that you were sincere? Have you forced yourself to say things you didn't mean? Have you driven your attention to something in which you weren't especially interested? It may be done, but it rarely works. What you're doing is trying to stimulate an emotion that isn't there, and it's bound to show. I don't like the word "phony," but I think it explains fairly well the impression that such a person gives out. Unfortunately, honesty is not one of the human qualities that can be faked for any length of time.

It's not difficult to be basically sincere. I think simplicity in thought and motion is a primary solution. Too many people behave according to standards which are actually alien to them; they do and say things which they don't feel but which they think they ought to do and say under given circumstances.

Take the example of the feminine costume. I can think of a good instance of over-trying in achieving a desired effect. Once, on a set where I was working, I noticed a very pretty extra. It was apparent from her dress that she was attempting to be glamorous, according to her concept of what a movie star should look like. It would be too much to try to describe what she was wearing, because it seemed at first glance that she had everything on. She was a riot of color, frills, and glittering ornamental jewelry pieces. You looked at her because she was pretty, but you soon lost interest because of her bad taste.

Then a truly lovely top-ranking star walked on the set. Was she wearing the extra's conception of what constitutes good grooming? Not on your tinfoil! She was a beautiful picture in a black dress of soft material, with touches of white here and there. You looked twice because you scarcely realized at first glance that it was the simplicity of her costume that made her appear so unaffectedly charming.

I think this lesson scored with the extra girl, because about two months later she was a different-looking girl. In fact, she had developed for herself a certain honest, quiet glamour. Someone must have pointed out to her that she was trying too hard, but anyway, I'm glad to report that now she's doing all right in the motion picture business.

Overdressing doesn't apply only to girls in the acting business, because I've seen bedecked and bejeweled career girls who should know better! I should think it would drive a businessman to distraction to have around him a secretary or stenographer who looks as though they're gowned for a cocktail party rather than an energetic day at the office.

Don't get the idea that I advocate severity. What's more attractive than a carefully tailored suit, a little touch of appropriate jewelry, and a clever hair-do? The whole effect is simple, and it's based on an understanding that there's a time and place for each ensemble that a woman wears. Consciously contrived costumes, makeup, and hair-dos, it seems to me, can't hold a candle to those which appear casual and natural. The wearer of the former may think them artistic, but that leaves room for argument. Suppose the nose does shine a bit? More often than not, men find it intriguing. As a rule, they don't care for that perfect, untouchable look.

You've often heard it said that someone dresses "like a Christmas tree." What could be a worse indictment of a lady's taste? Rather than attract the opposite sex, she is more apt to repel. If this same lady would leave off half the flashes of color and gadgets she's sporting, she'd be better off.

I've noticed, too, that young girls in the courting stage often make mistakes along this line. They want to impress their prospective husbands, and they figure that the best way is to doll up in such a manner that they'll hit the guys right between the eyes with their dazzling over-all pictures.

They couldn't be more in error. Men inherently like a fresh, naturally achieved simplicity in their women. These men...
remind themselves that if they do marry, they’ll have to live a long time with the girl of their choice, and they aren’t apt to be particularly interested in a girl who might look good at a party because of her artificial finery, but who’s certain to be a horror over the breakfast table.

It’s my observation that too many people take themselves too seriously, trying to be someone other than themselves. I, for instance, am really the laziest guy in the world, and I don’t hesitate to admit it. I’m not beset with a burning, driving ambition. I have no soul-searching desire to play Hamlet, or Cyrano, and I’m not on a constant search for a “different” role. I don’t know what “type” I am, and what my “style” of acting is, and I don’t care. I’m happy just as long as I feel at home in whatever I’m doing.

In this scheme of having fun out of life, I think it’s an excellent idea to give your inhibitions a fling once in a while. It’s good for you, and as long as your giving-in doesn’t hurt you or anyone else, you’ll have some real fun.

If you find yourself frustrated in something, look for a way of getting around that block. I like crepes suzette, and as long as I can remember, I’ve longed to eat all I want. In restaurants they wheel up those elegant little carts, and make a big thing out of serving them. They rarely serve me enough, and I’ve never had the nerve to ask for more.

Did I fret about this apparent injustice to my gastronomical desires? I decided that there was an easy way around it—I’d just go home and make all I wanted! And, with that thought firmly planted in my mind, it wasn’t too long before I was turning out dozens of crepes suzette that were just as good as any I’ve eaten at Romanoff’s.

To sum up these personal views of mine, it’s my opinion that a goodly amount of humor is something you can hardly get along without. It’s the best tonic in the world for what may ail you, and take all you can. It helps you build a generous philosophy of life.

I like to think that I’ve developed a philosophy that keeps me on an even keel through all sorts of times. I’ve discovered that few things are ever as bad as they seem at first glance, and that there’s very little that can’t be helped with a direct, and perhaps even comical treatment.

If you can’t tell a joke, or take a joke at your own expense, or enjoy being kidded, you need to get yourself off to a corner and have a good talk with yourself. Happy, gay, and cheerful people are like sunshine—they’re welcome anywhere.

Look what happened to me! I think I’m a fairly good tennis player, so one day Van Johnson and I thought we’d put on a tennis match for the benefit of a worthy charity. We approached the board chairman of the organization, and he seemed delighted with the whole idea.

“We’ll be happy to arrange it, Mr. Pidgeon,” he beamed. Then he paused for a moment. “There’s only one thing,” he finally went on. “You’ll have to guarantee that Mr. Van Johnson will be there!”

Well, can you beat that one?

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**Are you in the know?**

**When it's a foursome, what's your policy?**

- Fair play
- All's fair in love
- Leave the field to Sue

Even if he's snareable, don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others.

**What's your winning weapon?**

- Sharp chatter
- Samba know-how
- That starry-eyed look

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glama for your lids, too, if Mom vetoes eye shadow.) To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex — for the flat-pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines. Likewise, for the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. Your secret weapon against secret woes!

**Would a smart "red head" wear—**

- Pink
- Orange
- Cerise

So you're tired of "traditional" colors. You crave a change to—(s-hil) 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 that suits your needs.

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At department and specialty stores; or order by mail specifying bust, cup size, also favorite local store.

Guide to Glamor

Left, Maybelline has a new trim red plastic case for its 25 cent size mascara. Right--kisses won't tell when you use Renoir's Lip-Stain over any lipstick.

"Quickies" give a quick skin clean-up

Grantly's sunglasses are completely glamorous

Red Cross Cotton Balls for a dozen good uses.

For the bird on the wing, for the stay-at-home, here is midsummer beauty.

The cunning new red plastic case for example, that holds Maybelline mascara in the 25 cent size. It's a cutie, slim, trim filled to the brim, in black, brown blue. Neat as a pin, it can't get messy. Fits your handbag, too. At beauty counters everywhere. Plus the usual tax.

It's a time of balls and farewell, of embraces and kisses. But what do you do with your lipstick? It's off you, on him, or her, on napkins, glasses, cigarette papers. Keep your lipstick to yourself. Renoir's Lip-Stain goes over any lipstick, keeps it where it belongs. It's non-drying, 81 cent tax, in department and drug stores.

"Quickies" are facial cleansing pads saturated with a fragrant lotion. They take off soil and makeup, even cake makeup, in a jiffy. Wonderful for that handbag look, any time, any where. Each jar, 81 cent plus tax, comes with a compact for your bag. In department and drug stores.

You don't know what a beauty trick you're missing if you don't use sunglasses, especially the Grantly creations. Not only do they protect precious sight against the harmful sun rays, discourage squint and frown lines, but they add a new and lovely look to any face. The new beauties above are gold-like metal, non-toxic and proof against tarnish, on black or shell at 81; the rhinestone set frames come in upsweep design, in costume colors, at 81. In department and drug stores.

Cotton for powder puffs, for skin cleansing, for nail polish removal, for everything—for you, the baby, the fam ly, separated into neat puff balls. A time-saver, these Johnson & Johnson Red Cross Cotton Balls, and a nice, big box for 99 cents at drug counters.
How Ignorance and Prudery can destroy a wife’s happiness

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.

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After the first few weeks during which
Bob was friendly but never pulled any
gags on Jane, he suddenly began addressing
the scene as "Lumpy." If Jane had been
offended, he probably would have ended
his gags right then and there. But Jane
knew that Bob took great pride in the
fact that he'd lost seven pounds just be-
fore starting the picture. So she hurled
the nickname at him.

"I'm losing so much weight making this picture,"
said Bob, "the first thing you know I'll be another Sinatra."

"You think you're losing weight!" said Jane scornfully, "I can't see it."

From that day on, each kept kidding the other about being too fat. One day the script called for a pratfall over the threshold of an ancient cobweb-
covered cabin. Bob groaned as he picked
Jane up in his arms. "Let's knock this off in one take," he told director Norman
McLeod, "I'm a big strong man, but not strong enough to go through this routine
too often."

On the other hand, when a scene called
for Bob to be thrown into Jane's arms,
she groaned, then said, "You know, Bob,
you weigh about as much as my husband
—and he's a football hero, so there's some
excuse for me for excuse for you excuse for Jana."

One day Bob Waterfield, Jane's hus-
band, visited the set. That afternoon
Bob Hope acted very nervous as he went
through his love scenes with Jane.
"What's the matter, Bob?" said Norman
McLeod. "You act as nervous as if this
were your own wedding night."

"I am just about that nervous," admitted
Bob. "Take a gander over there." He
pointed to where Bob Waterfield and
his buddy, Tommy Harmon, his team-
ate on the Los Angeles Rams, were
watching from the sidelines.

"Bob Hope," Jane told me, "is tremen-
dously interested in football. He is
part owner of a professional football
team, the Los Angeles Rams. The after-
noon my husband visited the set, Hope
announced the fact to me by saying, "It
seems we have a football player on the
set today." When my husband came up
to Bob to be introduced, he said he
hoped my husband would be able to visit
the set often, but Bob explained he
wouldn't be able to visit it again because of
the strict training rules."

During the making of the picture, Bob
put on a continual free show for visitors,
as he always does between scenes.
There was one scene in which Bob was
bound to a bent-down tree. The scene was cut
just as two tomahawks flew down and
the bent tree was released. Of course,
a dummy had been substituted at this
point for Bob Hope's body. As he
watched the body which was supposed
to be his flying through the air, Bob
said, "Just imagine if that really was me.
I'd be traveling east and west at the
same time. If I were a chicken bone,
I could even make a wish."

One of the funniest scenes in the pic-
ture involves Bob's hiding in an under-
taker's parlor. Temporarily he finds
refuge from a group of gun-smuggling
renegades by hiding under a sheet. But
during this scene, the sheet under which
Bob is hiding is set on fire, the fire is
crashingly extinguished with water, and a cat shaves
Bob's refuge with his tail. He
wonders if his punishment like the good sport he is, but
when it was over, he said, "Boy, those
guys must have had a rugged bunch to
have been able to stand all this punish-
ment after kicking the bucket."

Then he began peering under the
sheet, which happened to be the one
who had been killed in gun-battles. Peering
under the first sheet, he said, "Oh, no, it
can't be! They shouldn't be burying
Barney Dean. It's only his gags that are
dead." (Barney Dean is Bob Hope's
first name, and the funniest and
works with him on every picture.)

When Bob first saw Jane in her old
lady makeup, he said, "Oh, good heav-
en! I never saw a grandma with
that kind of build before."

By this time Bob and Jane were really
buddies. They had been from the first in
the way, but somehow had never
understood each other until they had
tested each other with gags and sarcastic
remarks. Now Jane sat down on Bob's
lap with her makeup on. "People will be
saying that you can't get anyone but an
old lady to sit on your lap," laughed
Jane. When she got off, Bob, who had
been talking on the phone, said over the
phone, "Jane Russell has been sitting on
my lap. Wait till my heart starts beat-
ing again."

Later Jane was asked to pose for some
portraits in makeup, to be used to ad-
vertise a benefit in which she was in-
terested. Jane looked completely
serious as she and George Jessel posed for
these photos. "Don't you think?" said Bob.
"You ought to crack a smile, Lumpy, for
a change? Otherwise people will think
that this benefit is for the Pierce broth-
ers." (Hollywood undertakers.)

While they were making "The Pale-
face" Bob learned that Jane has an ex-
cellent singing voice—so appealing, in
fact, that Columbia Records has put out
records with Jane called "Sing Out the
Lights." Occasionally between scenes
Jane would burst into song, while
her friend Portia would play the piano.

Bob enjoyed these singing sessions so
much that one day he said to Jane,
"Won't you try to sing today between scenes?"

"Sure," laughed Jane, "if you'll try to be funny."

The fact that Jane had proved that she could take everything that Bob dished out and then go him one or two better only made them better pals. "What a gal," breathed Bob to his friend.

"You know I never realized before I made 'The Paleface' what girls working with me in pictures have to go through. I always enjoyed the three-ring circus that exists on all my pictures, with a constant stream of visitors coming on the set. I'm such a ham I love to be on all the time. But during the first couple of weeks on this picture, I didn't feel well and for the first time in my life it was an effort to keep on smiling. Believe me. I was grateful for the fact that I had as a co-star a girl as amiable as Jane. No matter how nutty the scenes were that we were called upon to do or what screwy photographs we had to pose for. Jane never complained. She took the constant tide of visitors as nonehappily as though she'd been working on Hope sets all her life."

Jane met Bob Waterfield when she was in the ninth grade and developed quite a crush on him, but he didn't start taking her out until she was a senior in the Van Nuys High School. From that time on, they went together steadily, except for three months when they weren't talking to each other. Jane and Bob were married around Easter, 1942. (If this date turns out to be wrong, don't blame me. Blame Jane. She gets dates mixed up.)

Shortly afterwards "Doll Face," as she calls her husband, was inducted into the Army and stationed in Columbus, Georgia. "Banjo Eyes," as he calls her, decided that she would rather stay with Bob in Columbus, even though she could see him only week-ends, than go on tour with "The Outlaw." Displeased at first by her refusal to tour with the picture, Howard Hughes took her off salary. "Banjo Eyes" went down to Columbus, anyway, and got a job in a beauty parlor where she earned $56 a week. She averaged six customers a day, and nearly all of them were women who were curious to see what she looked like. They were also curious about Hollywood. "Do tell us about Hollywood, my dear," they would say, Jane set them straight, and revealed Hollywood as a town of hard-working people not very different in essentials from Columbus, Georgia.

Meanwhile, in the evenings, Jane and her cousin, Patricia Henry, would go to the apartment they shared and talk over their experiences. Because her husband could be with her only week-ends Jane decided that she would be happier working with Pat and spending days with her as well as evenings. Pat had a job selling bonds from an army tank. She earned $87.50 a week. For this princely stipend and the company of her cousin Jane gave up her own beauty parlor job.

After a few months of this and of trying to pay half the rent on a $75 apartment on a salary of $87.50 a week, Jane decided to have another talk with Howard Hughes in Hollywood.

"Why should I put you on salary if

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you're not willing to work in pictures?” he wanted to know.

“But I am willing to work. I'll make any picture you ask me to, provided I can spend as much time as possible be-
tween pictures with my husband.”

So Howard Hughes put her on salary again, and Jane went back to Columbus, while Howard Hughes went back to making planes. He paid her salary for a year without casting her in an-
er picture. Then he agreed to loan her for “Young Widow,” an independ-
ently produced picture.

Jane is very frank about the roles she has played. Of “The Outlaw,” she says, “I liked the role, but I acted like a wooden picture. I just didn't know how to act.” Of “Young Widow,” she said, “I played a dull girl in a dull picture.”

She's much more hopeful about her role in “The Paleface.” “I play Calamity Jane straight and sarcastic,” she says.

Though the real Jane can be sarcastic on occasion, she's also kind-hearted. Help-
ness her plan to run a series of benefits for the paraplegic veterans of World War II. Several of the youngsters Jane knows had given parties for the disabled veter-
ans at Birmingham Hospital. Jane noticed how difficult it was for them to make a living, and decided that the
entertainment world ought to do something more to help these paraplegics than anyone had yet done. Why not a series of benefits to raise $100,000 with which to buy land in the San Fernando Valley? Then this land could be divided into lots, on which the disabled veterans could build their own homes.

When Jane told Bob Hope her idea, he said, “That’s a swell idea. Let’s do it.”

“Bob,” laughed Jane, “never gets ex-
cited about anything, but is always ready to cooperate on any venture that will help disabled servicemen. He has probably taken part in more benefits than anyone else in the country.”

Just as Jane found life with Bob Hope very satisfactory on the set, so she's finding her life with Bob Waterfield off the set completely satisfactory. Jane never gushes, but if you goad her on, she will tell you of either Bob, “He's won-
derful.”

She and Bob Waterfield live with his mother in a house in Van Nuys, but are building a new home for the future. Jane, one of whose greatest hobbies is decorat-
ing, is planning the decorations for the
new home herself. She has several un-
usual ideas: for instance, a drapery closet with pull drapes in four different colors. She once read an article saying that colors influence your moods, so why not, she says, have different colors for different moods? On the days when she can stand red, she'll have that color. On days when she'd rather have chartreuse or peacock blue drapes, she'll have those. And there will be drapes in one more color, not decided yet. The bedroom will be on one side of the house, the living room on the other, with the closet with the pull drapes in between. She'll be able to pull drapes she wants into

either room. Another idea of Jane's is
changeable lamp shades.

Although Jane is fascinated by dec-
orating, other phases of homemaking
don't interest her. She admits candidly
that she can't cook. “I won't ever be a
housewife, I'm afraid. Bob’s a good cook.
He says, 'Hand me the pepper, hand me the
butter, hand me the flour,' and I hand them to him. I make the salads, set the table and wash the dishes. When I'm working and Bob's on tour, I usually
eat out.”

Asked if she'd like to have children, Jane said, “Yes, I'd like to have a boy and a girl.” But she doesn’t know whether or not she'll retire after she has children.

Meanwhile, she's grateful to Bob Hope

Dotty Lamour, dazzling in a black sequined gown, does a Grecian dance in Columbia's "Let's Fall in Love," co-starring Don Ameche.

Screendland
ican hat dance as it's commonly called.

Bette's guests of honor proved to be most charming and most Southern. Because Bette lives at Laguna most of the time she arranged with the studio to let Mr. and Mrs. Williams stay in her beautiful house right on the Warner lot. Mrs. Williams was particularly thrilled since this was her first trip to Hollywood, although she has entertained Bette on numerous occasions when the star was in the South. As Mrs. Williams said in her delightful Southern accent, "Imagine, Mrs. Wright, openin' your front door and every man'on and seein' Joan Crawford and Humphrey Bogart!"

The opening of my friends, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, in their comedy success, "O Mistress Mine," drew a host of celebrities to greet this gifted couple, who haven't been seen on the West Coast since before the war. Among the first to appear were the brilliant affair were Barbara Bel Geddes, Ann Miller, Jacqueline White, Cesar Romero, Clifton Webb, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, the Louis Jordans and the Tim Whelans.

After the final curtain several of us dropped by at the Rouben Mamoulians' who were leaving for New York the next day. It was a balmy summer evening and the Mamoulians had their garden festooned in tropical fashion. "To make it even more exotic, Rouben's colorful net macaw, Pancho, kept flying about, scolding the waiters or landing on Rouben's shoulder to say something confidential in the host's ear. "Pancho does everything but mix the drinks." Azadish (Mrs. Rouben Mamoulian, the noted sculptress,) said to me. "He's the pet of all our pets. We'd be lost without him." In fact, everyone was amused by Pancho's chatter except Reginald Gardiner, who was trying to concentrate on a game of gin rummy. After the macaw had given one particularly raucous screech, Reggie looked up and said in his clipped British way, "Goodness, that bird needs oiling!"

At a cocktail party at Awater Kent's the other afternoon, Gregory Peck told me that Lassie now has a lawyer! It's true. The lawyer's name is Sidney Resnick. So when I was having dinner that evening with Bob Hope and his charming wife, Dolores, at the Town House, I told Bob, thinking he would get a kick out of it.

Bob looked at me seriously. "You know, Cobina," he said, "the way business has been this last year, Lassie needs one! Why, just the other day," said Bob continuing with the mock-serious expression, "I was outside the office of an important producer when the door opened and a disheaded agent came out with a furiously angry horse. 'All right, wise guy,' neighed the animal, 'maybe next time you'll let me do the talking!'"

One of the most amusing evenings I've spent recently was at the birthday party which Preston Sturges gave for his protegée, Frances Ramsden. Rupert Hughes, the distinguished author, was there, and
Ray Milland visits Sir Laurence Olivier’s “Hamlet” set in England, while the Paramount star was making “So Evil My Love,” with British star Ann Todd. Of course, conversation got around to the well-known “Oscar.” Ray won his in 1945 for “The Lost Weekend”: Olivier, last year for “Henry V.”

when Rudy Vallee finished singing the birthday serenade, he said to me, “Now that’s one of the best imitations of Rudy Vallee I have ever heard!”

Earlier in the evening Rupert introduced himself to Linda Darnell, who looked ravishing in an ivory satin and gold-brocaded gown, by saying, “How do you do? I’m Rupert Hughes. I’m the man who wrote ‘Forever Amber.’”

The Rex Harrisons (Lilli Palmer), Linda and her husband, Pev Marley, Kurt Krueger, Selena Royce, Barbara Lawrence and her husband, John Fontaine, Pat Van Iver, Vie Orsatti and the rest joined in singing “Happy Birthday” to Frances when the cake was brought in with a typical Hollywood director’s touch. It had a spotlight focussed on it!

It was so nice to see adorabie little Jean Simmons again at a cocktail party which the Walter Wangers gave for the petite British brunette in the red and white Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. I had met Jean at the J. Arthur Rank studios when I was in England and I thought her most charming. Jean was visiting Hollywood en route to the Fiji Islands, where they were going to make location shots for “The Blue Lagoon.”

Walter and Joan Bennett wanted to give Jean a real Hollywood welcome, and all the guests were delighted with Jean’s sweet, retiring and naive manner. She actually brought with her a blue and gold autograph album and asked June Allyson, Dick Powell, the Louis Jour-dans, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Gene Markey, and Peter Lawford to sign it.

Everyone was pleased, too, to see Lady Mendll, who is quite recovered from her recent serious illness. She was in great spirits, and when she saw little Elizabeth Taylor in a “New Look” dress, she quoted the Duchess of Windsor’s remark to reporters when she landed in New York. “My legs are still ‘see-worthy,’” said Lady Mendll. Sir Charles and Lady Mendll also gave a dinner party for the Alfred Lunts which attracted a record crowd of filmland favorites, including the seldom-seen Greta Garbo.

I had a long talk with Garbo, who told me that she had planned on producing a picture in her native Sweden, but that the present state of affairs in Europe had caused her to abandon the idea.

Maria Montez, dressed to the teeth, came over and asked me how I liked the very dapper mustache which her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, was wearing, while Sam and Frances Goldwyn counted votes on the various opinions. Before the evening was over, Jean Pierre went home and shaved it off!

While I was chatting with Paulette Goddard, artist Salvador Dalí came over and asked Paulette if he could do her hands, because he thought they were the most expressive he had ever seen. Paulette smiled prettily and said, “Can’t you just do the nails? I haven’t had a decent manicue in months!”
Of Duff and Stuff

Continued from page 25

to parties where he's privileged to be a spectator and not a participant. He loves music, old Louis Armstrong records running a fast favorite. With no desire to "compete with James Mason," he's crazy about cats. Rumor reports a heart-breaking romance in his enigmatic personal past, supposed religious complications being the cause, but just try and get Howard to talk. "Of course I'd like to be married," he'll tell you in no uncertain tones. Gibraltar should live so long, before he'll be induced to enlarge on that one!

Not too long ago there was Yvonne DeCarlo and the mystery engagement ring that didn't lead to wedding bells. Hollywood strongly suspects it might have been a publicity stunt. Put the question to him—and Howard lights a cigarette! There was a red head with him one night at Schwabs Drugstore. There was a blonde, a brunette, a dinner with Doris Day, which was a publicity "date" for a Beverly Hills restaurant. There was a romance with (and still is in a manner of speaking)—glamorous Ava Gardner.

When Ava started "One Touch of Venus," Howard's flowers were the first to arrive on the set. A favorite dropping-in place is the "Ready Room" on La Cienega Boulevard, where a corner table is conducive to conversation. There was that moonlit night they "did" every concession on the Ocean Park Pier. One look at Howard's face when he looks at Ava and you pretty much know what he thinks. Recently a well-known Hollywood columnist tried to get him to elaborate on the subject.

"Ava Gardner's a terrific girl," said Howard. And there the interview came to a decisive turning point.

During one period the situation looked serious. Ava wasn't also dating Robert Walker, Peter Lawford, and the various escorts Howard is sharing her with today. Then something happened. No one knows what and no one is going to find out if they expect either Howard or Ava to enlighten them. They stopped seeing each other altogether. Now they are friends again and it's a general impression that career, at long last, comes first with Ava. Twice disillusioned in marriage (to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw) she obviously has no immediate plans to marry Howard or anyone else.

It was some thirty odd years ago when a son was born to Hazel and Carlton Duff. This was Howard. They were living in Charleston (later changed to Bremerton) Washington. There was a step-brother who was older by ten years. Douglas Duff arrived on the scene when Howard was two. Grandpa Edward Duff (who was mayor for 15 years) practically controlled the town. Because of his various holdings and interests, the boys enjoyed privileges that really set them up with the neighborhood kids. "We were big men in Charleston," says Howard with that deadpan face, as his eyes gleam with amusement at the memory.

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beautiful and convincing as ever. Ralph Richardson gives a powerful performance as her husband, whose personal feelings never interfere with his social and religious convictions. The costumes and set decorations are superb.

The Pirate MGM

A musical extravaganza has Judy Garland as a romantic Spanish girl who reads and dreams of the dashing pirate, Macoco. She meets an itinerant actor (Gene Kelly), who poses as the pirate to intrigue her. It turns out that Judy's fat financer (Walter Slezak) is the real Macoco in hiding, and Gene has to do some fast thinking to straighten things out. The story isn't much and Judy has done better, but the film has the photographic effects and amazing dance routines now associated with anything displaying Gene Kelly's artistry.

Fury at Furnace Creek 20th Century-Fox

Victor Mature is the dashing hero of this rip-roarin' Western about a son's vindication of his father's trial and conviction in connection with alleged treason to his country. There's a lot of shooting, several lusty fights and wild chases, some broad comedy and a little romance with Colleen Gray, who has a piquant face, is far more spirited than the average western heroine, and bears watching. Vic and Glenn Langan, who plays his brother, look mightily slick in their flashy Western regalia.

The Noose Hangs High Eagle Lion

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello are their usual comic selves as a couple of window washers who unwittingly come by some "hot" money, shove it into an outgoing circular and try to cash it down to its recipient, a lovely secretary (Cathy Downs) who's already spent it. She tries to recoup the money via the horse races but loses, and the three are almost annihilated by the interested gangsters, but everything turns out all right in the end—in the usual irrelevant manner.

Winter Meeting Warner Bros.

A confused plot, if any, is not helped by a full collection of Bette Davis' man-nerisms and a new set of gimmicks, consisting this time of chain-smoking and coffee-drinking, not only by the star but by her new leading man, James Davis. These nervous habits are likely to affect some sensitive moviegoers, a condition that won't be helped by Mr. Davis' (no relation) camera fright. Bette is an inhibited spinster-poetess who has a first, quick and short romance with a younger naval hero. Only Janis Paige, as an uninhibited girl who also wants Davis and John Hoyt, as a crookety but vastly amusing friend, give the film a few bright moments.

My Man Mac

Continued from page 21

in the least unhappy about seeing him again.

He arrived the next day with a snowball of white carnations for me in one hand and a "growler" of beer in the other. Now that "growler" of beer business threw me at first until Mac explained that it was a term handed down from workers in the mines. Seems the men would bring their lunch in the poti, finish their food, and then fill the pot with beer. And so Mac and I drank it out of the can—and that led eventually to the first kiss, unromantic though it sounds.

Somehow, we didn't get much work done on the scenes. Instead, Mac proposed to me right then and there. He definitely knew what he wanted. Everything was clear in his mind. I liked the idea and took the proposition to MacDonald and every instinct I had said to say, "Yes," but I told him I thought we ought to wait for a while. I wanted to be sure I wasn't acting on any impulse. Besides, I had a lot of beads at the time and I had the typical feminine coyness in not wanting to get myself tied down too soon. I had that natural young girl's dread of being tied down too soon. So, against my wishes, I told Mac to wait.

For the next year and a half, Mac proposed—and I kept on fighting to say, "No." After all, I decided, when a woman is being courted, she has the only time in her life when she can lead the man around. After she marries, she's led—and usually likes it. During this time, Mac was doing daytime soap operas on radio—and so was I, but we seldom ran into each other at the radio studios.

It was while Mac was rehearsing for his first big Broadway break, "Lady in the Dark," with Gertrude Lawrence, that we decided to announce our engagement. Then came the discussions of the wedding. My family wanted a big wedding. Mac didn't much approve of that, 1, 2, as it turned out, we had a very large Philadelphia main-line social affair with all the trimmings—and plenty of loot, I might add. Mac kept saying it was too much fuss, but since it meant so much to my parents, I told him he might as well make the best of it. I think he wanted to get Mac had so much fun at the reception that I almost had to drag him away to catch our train to New York in time.

We were married on Sunday, May 4, out of pure necessity—in a way. "Lady in the Dark" was a hit and Mac and I couldn't get any time off from the show except on Sunday to marry me. As it was, we got on the train at ten at night the day we were married and arrived in New York at midnight. The next morn-

NOW

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Fourth of July means hot dogs and firecrackers in Holly-

wood, too. Here's Myrna Dell, starlet of RKO's "Roughshod," posing in traditional American manner.

The first few months in Hollywood were very tough on my ambitious husband. Mac is a person who can't stand being idle. It drives him crazy. He was excited about going into pictures, but the interminable time between pictures was almost more than he could take. There wasn't much I could do for him then. It would have been silly to sympathize with him because that would not have helped him in the least. Fortunately, Mac is the kind of person who makes up things to keep him busy.

After he had three pictures wrapped up for himself, he decided he had to enlist in the Marines. I wanted him to do more films to help him build up his name more, but all he could think of was enlisting. I did respect him for that determination, so I said no more about it. He went down to the Marine recruiting office to enlist but failed to pass the physical because he was color blind. That didn't stop him, however. He heard of the Bates system, a new approach to the correction of eye weaknesses, and immediately started on an intensive course to correct this fault. He took all of the required exercises very seriously, but I could hardly keep from laughing as I watched him go through the strangest routines—such as holding a pencil in front of him and staring at it as he slowly drew it closer and closer to his eyes.
Mac hasn't changed too much. The only noticeable difference about him is that he is more gregarious than he used to be. He was the kind of a fellow before who stayed within himself. But I think that I've managed to bring him out of his self-imposed shell somewhat. He's done some repining on me, too. I was once what I like to call a chattering extravert. I'm considerably more subdued these days. So I guess I brought Mac up and he brought me down.

Mac and I get the most fun out of just being together; but that we put a sign on our door, "No people allowed." We have been known to go night clubbing occasionally but not in the chi-chi way, and we have gone to parties. But here's where we're unique. We always have our parties around midnight and then go out to have a bite to eat alone. We invariably wind up talking for hours and getting home around six in the morning. But that's the way we are—we just enjoy each other.

Mac is a wonderful father as he is a husband. He's absolutely batty about our thirteen-months-old baby girl, Lynn. Since she was a week old, he's had none of the typical fatherly fears of handling the child or taking care of her. He has an alert, colorful imagination which kids like, but you'll never hear him talking "down" to them. There's none of this "Where did you get those big brown eyes?" stuff with Mac.

He's like all fathers in that he's forever buying Lynn something. Recently he got her a large double swing, even though she wasn't able to use it for four months. Last Christmas, I told him I'd bought Lynn a present from me and I asked him if he wanted me to buy something for her from him. "No," he said, "I think I'll buy it myself." A few days later, he came home, beaming. "Well, I got Lynn a Christmas present," he said proudly. I asked him what he had bought and he said, "Oh, some records." After telling him I thought that was wonderful idea, I asked, "What kind of records?" For a minute he didn't answer and then very much-of-false he said, "Oh, ya, an opera." He was speechless. I finally managed to blurt out, "An opera! But she's only thirteen months old!" To which Mac replied, "Well, she'll get older, and she ought to have good music around her. Besides, it's the new recording of 'Tristan und Grettel.'" I guess he had an argument there after all.

That's pretty much Mac's and my story. I think I've been a good wife to him. At least, I'd like to feel that if I should have married again, he'd still miss me. And I honestly think I fit the bill as Mrs. MacDonald better than anyone else. Mac says I do anyway. Besides, since a man believes what you tell him to believe, why should I go around undermining myself?

Now don't get the idea that I like being Mrs. MacDonald. And don't think Mac is an actor. Being in the limelight isn't all roses—keeping hold of your sense of values being the toughest job about our kind of life. But it is nice in another way: all the glamorous girls Mac works with, his technique certainly should be improved when he comes home!
ner, I like to have him order the dinner, the wines, etc. That way I can tell whether or not I want to go out with him again. However, a girl should never suggest places that are beyond the limits of his pocketbook. That’s an important third point. Also try to be prompt. Don’t keep a man waiting particularly if it’s a first date. You’re likely not to be asked for a second one, if you do.

Lastly, don’t talk about yourself all evening—or, what is even more important, your other boy friends. That’s the Kiss of Death for any date!

As to my favorite “dates” they are quite varied and all fun. If I go out with Turhan Bey I can look forward to a wonderful musical evening at either a concert or an opera. With Michael North I don my dancing shoes because he always picks the best bands and the best dance spots. Cary Grant is another charmer. He has the flatterimg habit of speaking to you as though you were the only girl in the world—a great asset for any man to have—and he never forgets all those little courtesies which make you feel important. Another thing about Cary. He never forgets to send flowers the next day with a little note thanking you for a wonderful evening. I’ll never forget my first date with Cary. I had admired him on the screen for so long when I was in college. Then, after I arrived in Hollywood, a mutual friend introduced us and he asked me to go to a party with him the following week. I was terrified. I was sure I wouldn’t know how to act—what to wear—what to say. Instead he made me feel that I was one of the most perfectly poised and well-groomed women he had ever been out with. I’ll never forget that.

With Peter Lawford, I can always count on an evening of informal laughs. They say that the English are not supposed to have a sense of humor. Well, that certainly doesn’t apply to Lawford. He is filled with more pranks than a Marx Brother. One evening, after we had been to the Turhan Bey theater, he insisted that we go to an all-night market for onion soup. He stuck on a mustard, posed as a Frenchman who couldn’t speak English, and made me translate everything he said, which was all in double-talk. He wound up buying me a corsage of watercress and made me wear it home! Of course, these informal evenings are very rare and only occur when you know and like your escort as well as I do Peter.

There are a lot of men here in Hollywood who have “dates” only once. These are the men who, like a well-known screen villain, drink too heavily, or who have the ability to make a large room seem awfully crowded—even with only two people in it! A smart girl only has to waste one evening this way and she knows how to say she’s busy.

It’s not altogether the fault of the Hollywood boys. The girls have helped to make them that way, let’s face it. One of the reasons that the Hollywood “date”

grow is so overpopulated is because the percentage of presentable, eligible and available men is so small. No bachelor is safe from either hobby-seducers or belles. Consequently, the male citizens in these parts get overstuffed opinions of themselves. Since they have such a bevy of beauties to pick from, because the most attractive girls in the country seem to migrate here, the men can practically go out with whom they please every night. The average girl in the average American city or town stands a better chance of having a good time on a date than the typical girl in the film colony who has to eat to and swoon over the man who is hers for the evening.

I gave up trying to act the part, dress the part and shine the man’s shoes at the same time! If I have to do it, I’m going to do it in front of a camera, believe me. That’s probably why so many people think it’s the old bromide when I say I’m intent on a career and that I’m not interested in romance.

If I could find my ideal date, however, he would probably be right here in Hollywood. He would have to have Jimmy Stewart’s boyishness, Robert Mitchum’s physique, Mike North’s dancing feet, Cary Grant’s charm, Turhan Bey’s polish, Van Johnson’s grin and Gable’s ears. But since so much of it ever walked the face of this earth, you can possibly understand, kids, why I don’t go out more often!

Editor’s Note: Marilyn Maxwell’s “date” with Mike North developed into real romance after this story was written. They recently announced their engagement.
but would be more accurately described as red, and that stands out alivey around a small face dominated by reddish-brown eyes. Husband and wife are alike in that their voices are soft and controlled and pleasant to listen to—an uncommon quality even among actors. And they have a way of giving you an unexpected sweet smile. Yes, Charles too.

I tried to set the conversational ball rolling by telling them I had seen their latest Paramount picture, "The Big Clock," just before I left New York, and that I liked them in it. They seemed pleased enough, but had not seen the picture themselves. They had liked their roles, they said. But the finished movie was for audiences, not for them. In fact, they see few movies. When they're not making pictures they're (a) putting around their houses; (b) puttering around their gardens ("Gardening is satisfying, and restful, and I am much in favor of anything restful," Charles comments); or (c) working at their respective extra-curricular jobs. Charles is his Shakespeare class and his readings and recordings. Elsa's is the Turnabout Theater in Beverly Hills.

Charles started to read to wounded servicemen during the war, they liked the Bible and Shakespeare read aloud. Now he has a three-nights-a-week Shakespeare repertory theater. Anyhow, they're all "reading" like mad, to the beat of a metronome (the kind you used to practice piano to). The class has about fifteen members, culled from many hundred applicants. There's a waiting list that long. Ages range from the "baby" of eighteen to folks in their forties. Nobody has missed a session for anything less than Virus X or a studio call.

They don't advertise it, naturally, but the Laughtons' own favorite reading is Dick Tracy, and two early editions of the Sunday paper are bought late every Saturday night so there will be no argument over who gets the funnies first.

Elsa has only one free night—Monday. Other nights she is at the Turnabout, where she was billed as "guest artist" since 1941. "Rather long to be a guest," she told me. But she won't permit the phrase to be omitted, because the three men who began the theater took all the risks, made all the plans and run the show now—and she refuses to horn in on the credit. The men are Yale Puppeteers Foreman Brown who gathers and writes all the material, Harry Burnett who is producer, puppet-maker and able actor, and Dick Brandon, who manages and helps puppeteer. Elsa is easily the star of the "live" show—for which the seats "turnaround" at the end of the puppet show so the audience faces a second stage at the opposite end of the theater.

"I was entranced when I saw the Turnabout Theater," I raved. "I guess I'm ignorant, because I have never seen anything like it before."

"Of course you haven't," she talked back to me. "There isn't anything like it anywhere."

I guess there isn't—not in the turn-around seating arrangement, in the revue numbers which are a melange of rauc, satirical songs, with a plaintively romantic number thrown in for good measure (and done at that performance by Miss Lanchester). The seats are named instead of numbered. My tickets read Slow 'n' Easy, and I felt pretty snug because they hadn't given me Straight 'n' Narrow.

Free evenings are apt to be spent at some friend's house with Charles likely as not reading aloud to music. "Who plays?" I questioned. "Oh, anyone who happens to be there," he told me. "One night it was Yehudi Menuhin. He happened to be there." They collect paintings, but aren't "arty" about it. They just naturally gravitate toward pictures they like. They own a fine Rembrandt Judgment of Paris, temporarily lent to the Modern Institute of Art in Beverly Hills. Their Rousseau, Hand and Roses, hang in the same gallery. They like Morris Graves and have some of his sensitive drawings. There's a painting too by Utrillo—a house—hanging prominently in their living room. They have some fine Oriental prints and old paintings on fabric, some pre-Columbian carved figures to scare the uninstructed. An Aztec stone man guards the entrance from the garden, and Charles painted it himself on its flat hard head. The house is livable and attractive, the expression of two people who have a multitude of interests and no set pattern in their lives.

Their garden has no set pattern either.

Fred Brisson, executive producer of "The Velvet Touch," seems to enjoy the gag, too.
It rambles around a semi-circular plot of grass shaded by huge old trees. You're warned not to go too near the edge of the treacherous palisade that overlooks the wide Pacific—in spite of my worried friends, no one suggested I jump off. But I couldn't help wonder why there was no restraining fence. There may be times, after all...

"We're country people," they tell you, and that's not a pose either. They don't like to live in cities and are happiest away from crowds. They grow camellias this big—handsome red and white ones. They eat outdoors in the back patio whenever it's warm enough.

We talked of London and New York, and I wondered if they had found it difficult to live in Hollywood. Charles had been east to do "Galileo" for the Experimental Theater in New York (his enthusiasm about that would make a separate story), but most of their living and working centers now on the West Coast. Were they finding that good for them? For their work?

"You're happiest when there isn't enough time in the twenty-four hours to get everything done you want to do," Charles explained it. "No wonder it's the restful aspect of gardening that appeals to him."

"Arch of Triumph." Though whether either one of them will bother to see the finished movies is anybody's guess. (Charles was working on his German accent for Hooke at the same time Elsa was practicing her accent for the role of a Russian baroness in a Repubile musical, and they say the goings-on almost turned into an international incident.)

It's anybody's guess, too, how such un-Hollywoodish people are so completely content in Glamortown. It gave me something to wonder about as, driving home, I watched the sun set in appropriate Hollywood Technicolor across the darkening ocean.
partisan of the throbbing thorax of my well-hyphenated doll, Maggie, whose kid sister, incident, you dig on the "Jewel Box," how from "Cashah," to which this kid would go with her any time, comes "What's Good about Goodbye," and the answer is M. W. She's oh-so-very-very on the other cheek, too, Sue, namely and to wit, "Gypsy in My Soul"; but then this bearing flap could never have waxed big (Caprice)! ALSO EARWORTHY: Denyse Denis, the English singer who just joined Tommy Dorsey's gang, on "My Fair Lady" and "Just Naive" (London); Kay Kyser's "Cincinnati" and "My Fair Lady," with Gloria Wood and Harry Babbit; "Goodnight Sweetheart" with Snooky Lanson's original arrangement, "Suspicion," with Ray Noble's patter all thru the platter, (Columbia); Peggy Lee's fresh album, "Rendezvous with Peggy Lee," and six enticing shingles, "Don't Smoke in Bed," "Stormy Weather," "Tell Me, Mister, 'You Don't You Do Right," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "Them There Eyes" (Capitol C72?); Dotty Shay's 'The Sample Song,' tred clever novelty; Frankie Carle's "Someone Cares," with fine pipin' by Nan Wright (Columbia); Mary Ann McCall waxin' potently on "Trouble Is A Man" and "Big Butter and Egg Man" (Columbia); Gordon MacRae's "Matinee" and "Feathery Feelin'"—Gordie in full tongue (Capitol); Martha Tulion's "I'm Not So Bright" and "That's Great!" with little Markie remin' on like a malted (Capitol). And you gotta dig Ray McKinley's great band on "Ariazal" and "Cincinnati," brace of "hard" novelties with a fresh flavor and savoir (Victor); Tony Pastor's no slouch in that dept, either, viz. "At A Sidewalk Penny Arcade," tonsils of Rosemary Clooney and "Who Killed Er," from "Night Song," and they don't mean Cock Robin but the Black Widow. Incident, watch for a new Columbia short with Tony and P. R. (Columbia); Victor Young makes marks with "Sabre Dance" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls," the "Massacre" and "Love Theme" from the pix, lush colorful wax (Decca).

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Mr. Micawber's financial advice to young David Copperfield is justly famous. Translated into United States currency, it runs something like this:

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of our generation. Better snap this sheet up motte allegro, Joe. (Apolo)

ART TATUM: "Wee Baby Blues." "Corrine, Corrina." Hey! Reissue of the fabulous Tatum! Nuff said, Fred. There's Joe Turner on the front burner with those indigo tonalities givin' you a feelin' from a guy that's in the know. Edmund Hall's on clarinet and Lips Page on trumpet. (Decca)

STAN KENTON: Get out your bunsen burner and heat up your bongos! Here comes the Kenton gang to massage your sacroiliac with a rhythm beat that'll put ice cream on your kneecaps—"Peanut Vendor"! Mop! All of which shows the Latin influence in modern jazz. Flip is a weird face that you've gotta dig about five times to get with "Thermopolis," loaded with all the special effects and choral dissonances. Very interesting stuff. Paging Bartok and Hindemith! (Capitol)

GENE KRUPA: "After You've Gone," "Dark Eyes." You've been hurting for this reissue so hard Columbia went and rebaked it—I mean, that wonderful Roy Eldridge trumpet ride on "After You've Gone" that'll turn July into August and put beads of perspiration down your back, Jack. A masterful display of technique! Back is the Krupa jazz trio, with Teddy Napoleon on box and Charlie Ventura on tenor. A-choo-chorny-ya was never like this. Wow and double wow! (Columbia)

KINGS AND QUEENS OF BOOGIE WOOGIE: What a field day for you collectors this month! "Cause this sheaf is another reissue that's been like 8 millimeter Kodachrome. There's Meade "Luz" Lewis, on "Monkey Tank Train Blues," and "Yancey Special," a tribute to an early B-W exponent, Jimmy Yancey; Pete Johnson's unrestrained "Blues on the Downbeat," and the grooviest slow blues "Kaycee on My Mind." Albert Ammons southpaw'll kill you on "Boogie Woogie Stomp," Clee Brown makes you "shake that thing" as you dig "Pine top's Boogie Woogie," tribute to "Pine top Smith," and Honey Hill knocks out her arrangement of "Pine top's B-W" in a contrasting tempo. To complete the asphyxiation Dot Rice and Scrapper Blakwell, piano and guitar respect., grind out "Texas Stomp." Man this is boogie woogie put to you with an old steam drill! Fat boogie woogie! (Decca album A 619)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

Whattasmatter! Aren't Mr. Donaldson's men in gray operating around your way. Lemme hear from you. Lay some linen on me.

To Louise F., Wilmington, Calif.: Duke Ellington has one son, Mercer, who has a band of his own. Maxine Graefe, Portland, Ore.: Dave Street did some cookies for an independent company on the West Coast with the Mel Tones, Mel Torme's old group, or a group that used the same. . . . Rita Casino, Ridiey Park, Pa.: Lily Ann Carol is on her own, doing theaters, etc., and her freshet cookie is "Please Be Kind," with Charley Ventura, on a National label. . . . Sue Howard, Ft. Worth, Tex.: Jean Groner, New John Howard and Ruth Hussey, in "I, Jane Doe," take a stroll on the Republic lot.

Brunswick, N. J., Mary Speece, Phila., Pa.: Arlene Ammon, Union, N. J.: You four rascals who are knocked out by the "Velvet Fog," Mel's latest cookie is "Do It Again" and "Whoopie." He's doing night club work all over the country and by now is on the coast making another flicker for MGM. He's not hitched, but has big eyes for Cathy Downs and you can cop a pix by writing to Musicraft Records, N.Y.C. . . Frances Coplin, Stateville, N. C.: Tex Beneke's drummer is Jack Sperling. If you have a yen for singing, try starting with a local band, or on some local radio program. But make sure you've got talent. . . Laurence Beyer, Mineral Wells, Tex.: You're right, old man, Georgia Gibbs' thorax is "gone." She did a few sides for Artie Shaw under the name of Fred Gibbon, which is the handle she used while on the Hit Parade. Her biscuit of "Ballin' the Jack" on Majestic is a "killer" . . . Evon Hicks, N.Y.C.: The record of "Love Locked Out" this kid sings with on the "1280 Club" is from a Paul Weston album, "Music for Memories" on Capitol. James Hargreaves, Lancashire, England, and Cris Clyde, Jr., N. Andover, Mass.: Helen O'Connell married an ex-Navy flier but is waxing again on the "Coast" label! Whether she'll resume her career entirely only Helen knows. Depends on how her records go.

No more space to chin, Min, but we'll be diggin' you on the Columbia Recend Shop every week and right here in August.

Address your letters to Fred Robins, c/o Screenland Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
plenty of guts and the gumption to meet a rugged situation. In the last several years things have been going well for him, but at seventeen he proved he could lick adversity. Until that time Pete had been brought up in a reasonable facsimile to the lap of luxury. Except for his one year of movie-making in London, he and his parents had traveled all over the world. He always had private tutors. The works!

Then in 1939 the Lawfords were visiting on Long Island when war was declared. British currency was frozen and they were unable to get funds from England. They bought a low-priced car and drove to Florida, because of his mother's health. And that's when Pete proved his mettle.

First he hitched back to New York for a fling at radio. Nothing happened. So he thumbed his way to Florida again where he convinced a skeptical real estate man he could manage a parking lot for $10 a week and tips. By the summer of 1941 he had saved $700. So the family turned the old car westward and came to Los Angeles, where Pete had made "Lord Jeff" four years before. (That second brief career also terminated abruptly when his voice started changing.)

Assured for his eighteen years, Pete managed to find an agent, but no movie jobs were forthcoming, so he took a job as a theater usher at $1.50 a week in Westwood and stuck with it until he finally had a nod from flickerville. I don't believe Pete ever will find it necessary to go back to ushering or parking cars, but if he did, I know he'd do all right.

Pete is smart about money. He's generous, but he saves, too, probably because he learned the value of dollars when most kids were having their first fling at spending them.

Many times Pete has said he doesn't plan to be married before he is thirty. I'm sure he means it, although marriage is an event I think no one, including Lawford, can predict. He has great respect for marriage, wouldn't enter into it lightly, and right now he's concentrating on his career. He feels he has a long way to go and must justify the faith his studio and his parents have placed in him. I think that's why he dates so many different girls rather than centering attention on one, which might cut into his concentration on work. And he works darned hard, going from one picture to another.

Pete likes to tell June that when he does marry he wants a girl just like her, which makes me feel pretty proud. He likes the way she takes care of me without being possessive—and also lets me take care of myself. He shies away from possessive females and those who demand constant attention and compliments. I've heard girls say he is the perfect escort, but non-commital; he never lets his dates know if he likes one more than another.

One time he said his Ideal Girl would preferably not be in the picture business. She must have a sense of humor and

---

**Pal Pete**

Continued from page 23

Jackie Cooper and Peter Lawford team up for a date at the Stork Club, with Mrs. Lou Wasserman, wife of their agent, on their recent quick trip to New York.
wide interests, poise and intelligence. He would like her to be attractive, but not a sensational beauty. Well dressed, but on the conservative side in choice of clothes. Wear very little makeup. Like spats.

He doesn’t mention shortcomings he would condone in his Dream Babe but I know he allows for them, for Pete’s pretty honest about his own. He is always late, except for work. For everything else, one can always expect Lawford to be tardy. When he, June and I were going to San Francisco a few months ago, he offered to pick us up and drive to the airport. I telephoned him an hour ahead, but he was late anyway. We missed our plane, and only through good luck managed to get on the next one.

He’s always chewing gum and pops it with the finesse of a bobby-soxer. (He tried to teach me, but I have yet to learn.)

It’s almost impossible to get him awake in the morning. Whenever we have an early appointment I telephone him to wake him. He’ll carry on a long phone conversation, then fall sound asleep again. And believe me, his disposition is far from sunny for an hour after he gets up. He wants a couple of cups of coffee—and to be left alone. Then about an hour later he likes breakfast, after which he snaps into the exuberant good humor, kidding and laughing that is the normal Lawford. (I can say this because my own disposition is horrible when I’m first awake!) Last summer June and I, Keenan Wynn and Peter spent many week-ends at Laguna. On Sunday mornings we’d never speak to Pete until after he had breakfast. It would have been useless, for he always had his attention on the funny.

Pete is a procrastinator in letter writing. He isn’t thoughtless, but he does run the limit of time until he picks up a pen. He also suffers from telephobia. As soon as he walks in a house he always has someone he must call. Actually, he just likes to yak on a phone.

But these slight shortcomings are the human side of Peter. If I told you he had no faults, you wouldn’t believe it—and I’d be stupid, because everyone has some. Pete’s are microscopic as compared with the good qualities that make him a great guy and fine friend. He has the suavity and polish of a junior Ronald Colman and manners that could be an example for anyone, but this is no veneer. It’s ingrained and real, backed up by thoughtfulness.

Pete is at our house several times a week. Our home is closer to the studio than his own, where he lives with his parents, so he often stops at Casa Cooper to clean up, after which the Coopers and Lawford have dinner, there or out somewhere. If either Pete or I has an early call the next day, the evening is over by 9 o’clock. On an average of two out of three times, Pete doesn’t have a date. When he does it might be anyone from Hollywood’s top glamor girl to some cute little studio messenger girl.

If we aren’t working we go to movies, ball games, a stage play, to hear music—anything but a symphony concert at the Bowl to swing as dished out by Slim Gaillard on the Strip.

Pete is a marvelous dancer, but subtle and rhythmic, not an exhibitionist. He loves to rumble and will go all over town to find a good rumba band.

Because we’re both restless we don’t like to go the same places too often nor stay anywhere too long. It’s odd, but we both usually seem ready to leave at the same moment. The only place we can stay indefinitely is the beach, from 9 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon. Every day in the week, if we didn’t have to work! Beach rats, I guess.

Pete plays wonderful tennis. I had always wanted to but didn’t learn when I was young and was too impatient to take lessons until Pete offered to give them to me. He’s a great teacher, too. In turn I was able to teach him something about horsemanship. He hasn’t had time for me to get him interested in fishing and hunting, but I know he’d be good at them.

Mr. Homer Rockwell, SCREENLAND’S Publisher, is pictured here with Doris Day and Producer Michael Curtiz. Doris’ first film, Warners’ “Romance on the High Seas,” is winning high praise.

At football games we yell and scream like a couple of mad characters and eat hot dogs by the near-bushel. We go to the Friday night parties fairly frequently, often with Keenan and Sid Luft. (June urges me to get “out with the boys” now and then.)

Despite the great number of young men who are trying their hands at cooking as a hobby, Pete always does it; he can’t even boil water, but his lack of interest undoubtedly stems from his bachelorhood.

Fortunately he seems to need only about six hours of sleep a night, because in addition to all his more active interests, and despite his restlessness, he is addicted to voluminous reading.

Pete doesn’t like big parties, preferring the informality of a small group of people in casual clothes, sitting on the floor regaling games or listening to records. He’s mad about music and has a remarkable record collection, although he doesn’t play any instrument, because of the childhood injury to his arm.

His great feeling for music was shown in the full scope for the first time in the screen in MGM’s “Great News.” His tap dancing, of which he did a bit in “It Happened in Brooklyn,” is even better.

I feel he could be one of the screen’s best musical comedy stars if he stuck to that field. On the other hand, I say he’s a fine dramatic actor. Pete is young and has played light young roles with scarcely any scenes that were deeply dramatic, but long ago he proved he was an artist in “White Cliffs of Dover.” What a future that guy has!

We like to go sightseeing, and could easily shop for each other because we wear most of the same kind of clothes. Unless the occasion demands a business or formal suit we both always wear flannel slacks in gray ranging from light to dark, a T-shirt, rather loud sports jackets, white wool socks and moccasin-type loafers. We even have the same man who comes to our homes, as well as to other friends, once a week for valet service, to press suits and shine shoes.

Pete is a very thoughtful guy, never forgets birthdays and spends effort and time on appropriate gifts, even for our baby. He always brings June flowers at least once a week, says he does it because he’s there so much, but how many men remember, even if they are around every day?

He is consistently considerate of his parents. We had originally planned to go to San Francisco for a week-end which included his birthday. When he mentioned the fact at home he gathered his mother and father were disappointed that he would be away for his natal day, so Pete asked June and me if we would postpone our trip a week. He stayed home and celebrated his birthday with the elder Lawford.

Our friendship, which started with just doing things together, has gone far beyond that state of mere activity largely because I guess we’re both kind of sensitive. I’ve never had so close a friend. We get on each other’s last nerve, at times, on fairly minor ones, and I know if in a real crisis I needed a man to turn to I could depend on Pete. Lawford’s okay for my dough, any time!  

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The undie that can be worn with garters ...
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All you fashion-wise lassies can pass the good word along... SUSPANTS is the thrilling new star of the "undie" world. It's goodbye to girdles and garter belts! Just attach garters and you have an undie—with GARTER TABS—that suspends stockings wrinkle-free, and mysteriously hugs your waist whether you bend, twist or stand on your head. The secret is the new "pivot-point" bias pattern—which neutralizes, thus eliminating, all pull. Moreover, SUSPANTS exerts just enough figure control to make it the perfect accessory for evening and daytime wear—with or without garters. Featured at all leading stores... individually cellophane wrapped... in all colors, $1.50 and up.

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Blue Swan

MILLS

Division of McKay Products Corp.
Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y.
Does it pay a girl to be honest with men? ✭ Esther Williams
MAKE YOUR SUMMER ROMANCE LAST! SAYS TURHAN BEY
No other Lipstick has all these features

Hollywood’s Make-Up Genius Says...
"The Modern Woman, just as the Screen Stars, needs a lipstick that is not only keyed to her own coloring, but that enhances her beauty with every costume she wears. With these three lipstick shades, she can be at her best all the time."

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"NORTHWEST STAMPEDE"

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New superfine texture makes lips look softer, more alluring.

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Does not dry the lips
New exclusive formula keeps lips moist, glamorous, lovely.

Yes...a lipstick that has everything!...features until now only dreamed of, created for you by the genius of Max Factor Hollywood. Try it today...you'll see and feel the thrilling difference.

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In a modern-design metal case...$1.00
"Dates are such Fun!"

says this sparkling junior model

And cover-girl Louise Hyde's crowded date-life owes plenty to her Ipana smile!

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 brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage. Get a tube of Ipana today!

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 advice about gum massage. (9 out of 10 dentists recommend massage regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey.)

Ipana Tooth Paste
for your Smile of Beauty

Product of Bristol-Myers

Screenland
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.

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 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.
HOW would you like to see Ray Milland and Bette Davis together in a movie? Ray would! In fact, nothing would please him more than to be able to have Bette for his co-star when he makes "The Mask of Lucrecia." He's already asked Paramount to confer with Warners and see if a loanout can be arranged. Not only does Ray believe that Bette would be sensational as the pretty Borgia poisoner, she just happens to be one of his favorite actresses.

HOWARD Duff and Burt Lancaster, who are buddies, dashed off the studio lot to have lunch. Being old-world gents at heart, they stopped to assist a frantic lady motorist with a flat tire. "Oh, thank you so much," she gratefully exclaimed. "I just had a call from my girl friend. That's why I'm in such a hurry. She's having lunch at The

Swashbucklers on "Three Musketeers" set at MGM are Van Heflin, Keenan Wynn and Gene Kelly.

Danny Kaye's daughter Dena is all set to get in the groove with Benny Goodman's help on Goldwyn's "A Song Is Born" set.

Above, Richard Widmark and Ida Lupino play rough for scene in "Roadhouse."

Players—and Turhan Bey is sitting right in the next booth!"

EVEN before she faced a camera, Betsy Drake received fan mail. Some of the senders went so far as to tell her how wonderful she was on the screen! To enlighten you, Betsy's the gal who was discovered in London by Cary Grant. He urged her to come to Hollywood. She did. She also got the lead opposite him in "Every Girl Should Get Married." Wonder if Cary believes in titles? (Please turn to page 14)

Gossip

Hot from Hollywood
Pleasure beyond measure! Warner Bros' cruisin';
carousin' Caribbean Carnival in color by Technicolor!

THE SONGS
All new and every one 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"

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS

WITH
OSCAR LEVANT - S. Z. SAKALL - FORTUNIO BONANNOVA
DIRECTED BY
PRODUCED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ - ALEX GOTTIEB - MICHAEL CURTIZ

Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein
Additional Dialogue by I. A. L. Diamond

A WARNER BROS. PICTURES RELEASE

Screenland
Swim if you want to-
(with 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...
The secret of Tampax is simple—it is 
*worn internally!* Hence there is nothing that can possibly "show through" a snug swim suit, whether wet or dry.

Tampax is the scientific answer to the feminine monthly hygienic 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.

A Foreign Affair
Paramount

Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, of the famous producer-director-writer team, are in full swing again in a wonderful comedy which spoofs Army red tape, Congressional investigations, Nazi pomposity, and just about every topical subject you can think of. It's all played against the stark ruins of Berlin—Wilder spent months getting key shots on the spot—which gives the film its complete authenticity. Jean Arthur is back in

than in any since the war. Considerably thinner and in natty officer's uniform, she's a sight for feminine eyes, as a successful, superficial, cocksure surgeon whom war changes into a human being. This is partially effected by his nurse, appealingly played by Lana Turner, who continues to improve as an actress. Gable returns Lana's love, though he was happily married, because she represents his new perspective and he now feels remote from his sweet, social wife. This is a fairly realistic and adult story, touching

Jean Arthur, John Lund and Marlene Dietrich combine talents to give added sparkle to the bright dialogue of Paramount's wonderful comedy, "A Foreign Affair."

Easter Parade
MGM

It's been a long time since Hollywood has given us such a grand, altogether gay musical comedy. The suspenseful story, done in gorgeous Technicolor, is about the exciting days of show business in super-producer Florenz Ziegfeld's day Fred Astaire is even better than ever, and his dance routine with the drums is terrific. Judy Garland's songs (all the
Here comes the bridesmaid....
There lurk the wolves....
Now starts something....

More romantic than a honeymoon!

She's a different, delightful, captivating Betty—singing, dancing and romancing—in Elmer Rice's fabulously funny Broadway stage hit!

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!

in

"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!"
music is by Irving Berlin), her looks, her dancing and her acting are sensational. Peter Lawford is charming; Ann Miller, as the “other woman,” is gorgeous and dances superbly. On top of this, a mimic called Jules Munshin does some screamingly funny pantomime. Comedy number by Garland and Astaire, “A Couple Of Swells,” is high spot.

**The Iron Curtain**

20th Century-Fox

Since most of the facts depicted in this semi-documentary are known from newspaper accounts of the incident, it is not as revealing as, say, “The House on 92nd Street,” but it’s even more dramatic. It is reminiscent of “Confessions of a Nazi Spy” except this time the villains are Russians. Dana Andrews plays a Russian Embassy clerk, stationed in Ottawa, who finds the Canadian way of life more desirable than the Russian. So when he’s recalled to Moscow, he pillages the office files and turns over to the police evidence that the Russians are operating a spy ring and have access to secret information about the A-bomb. There are terribly tense moments after he’s caught by his bosses and before the Mounties come to his rescue. Though some of the heavies are played with exaggerated leers and hisses, there’s an intelligent admission that some Russians are human and even have a sense of humor. Dana is excellent and Gene Tierney, as his wife, is particularly convincing and particularly lovely. This is a picture everyone should see.

**The Emperor Waltz**

Paramount

This is the love story of a lowly American mutt and an uppity French poodle! It, also involves Bing Crosby, the former’s master, and Joan Fontaine, the latter’s mistress. Bing is a traveling salesman who thinks Emperor Franz Joseph of Vienna (Richard Haydn) should have one of his talking machines (phonograph to the modern reader). He meets the Countess (Joan), they fall for each other, and the romantic difficulties become fourfold. After a rough time, Buttons, Bing’s dog, becomes the proud father of Scheherazade’s litter of half-mutts, and this leads to a reconciliation between the owners. It’s an entertaining picture, set against lush backgrounds and with some very good music, but it’s too bad that Bing didn’t play the American
HER LOVE WAS PITFALL...
TO THE ONLY MAN SHE DIDN'T WANT TO HURT...

REGAL FILMS Presents

DICK LIZABETH
POWELL 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
Montgomery Clift, right with Joanne Dru, compels attention in U.S.'s "Red River."

At right below, Deanna Durbin and Dick Haymes in U.-I.'s "Up in Central Park."

Intrique, passion rule Ann Todd and Ray Milland in Paramount's "So Evil My Love."

a little more average. His exaggerated casualness, in contrast to the formality of the Viennese court, is not in the best taste. Neither are some of the canine love scenes.

Red River
United Artists

This is probably the best story about the American pioneers' settlement in the West since "Stage Coach." No film has had such amazing shots of cattle in great number, stampeded, difficult migration, etc. Roughly, John Wayne, in his element here, takes over a portion of Texas and therein breeds a very large herd of cattle, which it becomes difficult to dispose of. The boy he befathered becomes a crack shot and a crack leader. Conflict—almost to his death—and separation arise due to their differences of opinion regarding ownership and methods of operation. Suspense is worthy of the best whodunit. The two are reunited partially with the aid of an old partner (Walter Brennan) and a girl (Joanne Dru) who loves the boy. Very special mention must be made of the latter, played by stage actor Montgomery Clift (seen in "The Search"), whose compelling personality dominates the screen even when Wayne's performance is most notable.

So Evil My Love
Paramount

The sustained mood of this film about a small group of English people, caught in a web of intrigue and passion, is undoubtedly due to its authentic backgrounds, for it was made by producer Hal Wallis on location in London. It's the story of a very good woman (Ann Todd) who gradually becomes a very bad woman after she falls in love with an utterly charming, utterly evil painter (Ray Milland at his best). The transition is done remarkably by Miss Todd (of "The Paradine Case" and "The Seventh Veil") and director Lewis Allen. Outstanding photography gives Ann unusual beauty, too. Geraldine Fitzgerald delivers a haunting performance as a befuddled victim. Every part, no matter how small, is outstanding. Due credit must be given to the flawless writing which never lets the plot down. It has a surprise ending which will leave audiences gasping.

Up in Central Park
Universal-International

Too bad the film version of the hit Broadway musical wasn't made in Technicolor, as there are some very original dance numbers that cry out for it. But otherwise it has retained its charm and most of the lovely tunes by Sigmund Romberg. Deanna Durbin does very well as the spirited Irish lass, fresh from the auld country, who, together with her Dad (tongue-in-cheek played by Albert Sharpe), gets involved with New York's political Boss Tweed and his corrupt machine. They're saved in time by a newspaper reporter who exposes the ring. Vincent Price, as Tweed, is an attractive, charming villain. Dick Haymes, as the
well-groomed reporter, is an attractive, charming hero. His rendition of the ballad, "When She Walks in the Room," is especially good.

**Your Red Wagon**  
*RKO*

This picture will probably be the springboard to stardom for the freshest, most appealing romantic team since Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Farley Granger, as a young man who tries very hard but cannot escape his past—partially spent in jail after an accidental killing in his early teens—gives a super-sensitive yet powerful performance in his first part since his return from the service. Although the boy becomes an accomplice in some bank robberies which result in a couple of deaths, Farley’s characterization of a youth who is fundamentally good and normal is so clear and so touching, moviegoers will be rooting for him till the end. Cathy O’Donnell, as the simple, poor little girl he marries and who loves him madly and blindly, is just as wonderful. Some of the couple’s shy, adolescent love scenes are memorable. Howard Da Silva gives a realistic portrayal of a psychopathic, one-eyed gangster. The photography is outstanding, as is Nicholas Ray’s direction.

**On an Island with You**  
*MGM*

As Jimmy Durante, who’s a big part of this picture, would say, "Everybody’s in de act!" Esther Williams plays a movie star and swims in out-of-this-world bathing suits. Peter Lawford is a dreamy-eyed naval officer who met her during the war and can’t forget her. Romantic and versatile Ricardo Montalban is her leading man and her fiancé, slugs and strums a guitar, dances divinely with beauteous ballerina Cyd Charisse, playing another movie actress who loves him on the q. t. They’re all very good to see and add up to a generous dose of entertainment, in Technicolor, too, even if the story is on the flimsy side. Nothing has been spared to make this a big-time musical with something in it for everybody. (Please turn to page 56)

---

Even a bathing beauty may be sunk...

RKO’s "Your Red Wagon" is springboard to stardom for Farley Granger and Cathy O’Donnell.

Be a safety-first girl with Mum

Tonight you'll get along swimmingly—if you keep that bathed and beautiful air about you. If you guard your bath-freshness against the fault that's so hard to forgive.

After every bath—before every date—use safe, sure Mum. Your bath washes away past perspiration, yes—but Mum protects underarms against risk of odor to come.

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.
Cossip Hot from Hollywood
Continued from page 6

AS IF little Wanda Hendrix wasn't already big as a minute and twice as cute! Now she's down to 86 pounds and it's studio orders that she start drinking lots of milk and cream. For the first time in many months, Wanda's gotten around to seeing former boy friends again. Bob Arthur and Farley Granger had lunch with her at Paramount. But Audie Murphy still seems to be her favorite, even though plans for an early marriage seem to be side-tracked.

IF PETER Lawford's hats are beginning to get too small for him (as some of his contemporaries hint) the following story is hardly indicative. Certainly Pete is privileged to visit any set on the MGM lot. But when he heard that Bob Taylor was doing a dramatic scene for "The Brides," he sent a note asking if he could come in. From where we sit, this doesn't sound like an actor who's beginning to believe his own publicity.

IDA LUPINO's played so many drab roles, she's getting quite a boot out of being her sexy self in "Roadhouse." She and Cornel Wilde, who co-stars, have new titles that were bestowed by director Jean Negulesco. He refers to them as "Body and the Beast." Speaking of Cornel, he's walking on Cloud Seven since Columbia has promised to co-star his Patricia Knight in "The Lovers."

WE WISH you could have been on the RKO set the day Bob Mitchum and Bob Preston staged their big fight for "Blood on the Moon." The two Bob's are certainly two-fisted men. But the studio couldn't take a chance of anything happening that might hold up the picture. Prop men padded knees, elbows, shoulders—and even if the boys sat down hard, there was nothing to worry about!

THINK twice before you satisfy that sweet tooth! Come September, Margaret O'Brien will have the honor of launching the first "Candy Bar Train" for the poor children of Europe. Many of them have never even tasted of them. The train will cross the country and gather contributions from all you lucky boys and girls who were born in a free American. Maggie hopes you'll all be sweet and give sweets.

MOVIE stars can be practical, too. When Judy Garland and Vincent Minnelli built a nursery for little Liza, they designed it with a fireplace and kitchenette. It consists of four rooms and can be redecorated and used throughout the years to come. Right now, painted on the door, it reads: "Liza Lives Here." Kinda cute, huh?

WHEN it comes to nerves, Van Johnson really has a corner on the market. Badly as he felt (after a recent hospital checkup) on Evie's birthday he still managed to comb the town for the last bottle of her favorite perfume. The Johnsons are selling their beautiful home, by the way. Evie's (and Keenan Wynn's) oldest son is old enough to have his own room, there's the Johnson's own new baby, and they just plain need more space. Otherwise, the Johnsons are just fine, thank you.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, while entertaining the Jack Bennys, was discussing the Academy Award situation. "You'll notice," she observed, "the winning pictures are nearly always serious pictures without laughs." Benny nodded knowingly. "You're so right, Claudette," he agreed. "And my last one almost made it!"

IN his quiet but forceful way, Joel McCrea has stuck to Westerns, amassed a fortune, and avoided all the usual Hollywood headaches. Recently, he was approached with the script of "South of St. Louis." Joel read it, liked it, and agreed to do it. "Don't you even want to know the name of the leading lady?"

FOLLOWING a brilliant first night performance, the dressing room of a famous stage star was crowded with Hollywood visitors. In detail the "legitimate lady" described a lovely young movie actress, who had been sitting in the front row. "Oh, that was Jeanne Crain," someone volunteered. "Would you like to meet her?" The stage star's eyes began to twinkle. "No, thank you," she beamed. "I just wanted to know who she is. She talked all through my performance. Next week I see one of her pictures—I'll talk back to her!"

Cornel Wilde and wife Pat Knight will co-star, at last, in "The Lovers." At right, Ed Gardner autographs Greg Peck's cast on "Duffy's Tavern," NBC radio broadcast.

Jane Withers, with her husband's help, takes care of autograph requests at Ice Capades. At right below, Patti Behrs from Paris and Randy Stuart from Kansas on 20th-Fox lot.
Most of Marie McDonald's popcorn is eaten by her husband, Harry Karl, while they take in the ball game at Hollywood Ball Park, a sunny spot popular with movie celebrities.

The current separation of John Payne and Gloria De Haven came as no surprise to Hollywood. While John has remained conspicuously absent from Hollywood parties, taking up his bachelor abode at the Beverly Hills Hotel while starring in "Larceny" for Universal-International, cute little Gloria has been making the social rounds with married friends. One report has John romantically interested in his "Larceny" co-star, Joan Caulfield. All we know for certain is that Joan and John will be co-stars on the eastern strawhat circuit this summer and that both are enthusiastic at the prospect. They will do "Voice of the Turtle" and other hit plays.

If there's a feud between Bette Davis and Joan Crawford, no one (except the local columnists who keep referring to it) has seen any evidence. Bette, who is the first to admit her last picture missed its mark, had a good laugh when she read the following in a gossip column: "No, it isn't true. Joan Crawford did not write the script for 'Winter Meeting.'"

John Derek's good fortune is due to Humphrey Bogart's good memory. Bogey was searching for an unknown boy to play in his own personally-produced production of "Knock on Any Door." He just happened to see Derek walking across the Columbia lot. "Say, I remember you," exclaimed Mr. B. "When I was on a USO tour, I met you in camp. What are you doing here?" Derek explained he was looking for the producer of the picture, because he felt he was right for the part. So did Bogart—and that's how careers are born.

Two beautiful bands of diamonds and one of rubies have been placed on Angela Lansbury's third finger, left hand. Naturally, she and Peter Shaw can make no formal announcement until his divorce is final. Angie may make a picture in England. Peter has business interests there, all of which gives them three reasons for wanting to take the trip. The third? A honeymoon, of course.
LATE summer is a stage and you are the star, if you have a dramatic sense. No other season offers the vast opportunities for your extrovert talents. There's heat to combat, of course, and humidity, but these are minor problems if you will give some care to the ideal summer-girl look. She looks crisp, cool, and colorful. That's the opinion of one of the most promising young Hollywood dramatic actresses, Geraldine Brooks, known to her friends as Gerry.

Fresh from success in Warners' "Cry Wolf" and as star in the forthcoming "Embraceable You," Gerry, named Geraldine after the famous lyric soprano, Geraldine Farrar, was literally born to show business and started in training at two years old with dancing lessons. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Stroock, her father being president of the Brooks Costume Company, a familiar name to Broadway and the show world. Scattered through her family tree you find brilliant names in the arts circle.

When you see Gerry, there's nothing about her to suggest her chosen field. She is very pretty, young, and fresh as a flower. Immediately the thought, "little sister," comes to mind. But when she talks in her quiet, convincing manner, you sense determination, sureness of purpose, and a mature, intelligent viewpoint.

I found Gerry in her parents' home, where she had come for a month's vacation—"to see all the plays and all my old friends," she said. Though small, only five feet, two inches, and weighing a mere ninety-eight pounds, Gerry is a gal of action. "That's the way to keep cool," she said, "Do things. And try to look cool. That's not really as hard as it sounds. Think about your hair first. It's the first thing people notice. Most of the time I wear mine loose about my shoulders." With that, Gerry tossed back her dark locks, shining like satin and with a slight suggestion of curl. The curl, (Please turn to page 61)
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 your-
self in the worst possible light when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, quiet 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

A Darling goes to her Doom

SCREENLAND
DANA 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!"

Deep Waters

With

CESAR ROMERO • DEAN STOCKWELL • ANNE REVERE

Directed by
HENRY KING • SAMUEL G. ENGEL

Produced by Ed Begley

Screen Play by Richard Murphy • Based on the Novel "Spoonhandle" by Ruth Moore

From the best-seller "SPOONHANDLE" that thrilled millions in Reader's Digest.
The Queen can do no wrong is an old saying. That's what's the matter with it. Queens get so they believe it. Even you, Movie Queen of the great American box-office. Now nobody would miss a new Bergman picture, least of all "Arch of Triumph," with you as a shady lady. But if you think we rush to see you because you're a Great Actress, you're wrong. It's because you're Bergman, a great personality. It's Charles Boyer who's the great actor in "Arch of Triumph," for my money: but it's Bergman I want to watch. As a femme fatale you're far from convincing. Your wholesome beauty, try as you may, can't be disguised or dimmed. So don't cringe from our admiration of your charm, your warmth, your womanliness. That's what we like about you. Don't crawl into a cold shell, refuse to grant interviews to the well-meaning screen press that's been bowing down to you ever since "Intermezzo." Don't, above all, do what Chaplin and Garbo did. Don't ever lose the common touch.

Delight Evans
Oh, To Be On An Island With You!

Peter Lawford and Esther Williams
Does it pay a girl to be honest with men?

They tell you that in the picture business you can't be honest and get along. I am the living example that this is not the truth! If it were, I'd have been thrown out on my face the first month I was in pictures. What do I mean, the "first month"? If honesty doesn't pay, I'd have been thrown out in a motion picture studio, which was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and by Mr. Louis B. Mayer himself, in person!

Of all the things my Mommie and Daddy gave me, the greatest was a sense of values. Honest values. The ability to discriminate between the phony and the real. I was out of high school, and in college, before I realized that I did not have as much money as anyone else. This was because, in our home, none of us, with our values, gave a thought to the things we didn't have but appreciated, right up to the hilt, the things we did have.

From the day (Please turn to page 62)
Make your

How to get your guy
and keep him interested after
the vacation is over!
Here are various methods,
all quite ladylike
and according to Hoyle

By Alyce Canfield

All Year you've been waiting for
The Day. Perhaps you've struggled through finals and have a long summer to spend. Maybe you've worked at that job much more industriously than your boss realizes, and it's time to forget it—at least, for two blissful weeks. You've saved your dimes and your dollars, budgeting train fare and hotel expenses. You've gathered together a sharp summer-time wardrobe with the New Look. You've done all these things so you'll be ready for the Big Event: your summer vacation.

For a year now, you've been looking at beautiful posters of glamorous resorts, all of which are cleverly focused on the boy-meets-girl theme. There isn't just a pine or a palm tree on those advertisements—there's a tree with a beautiful girl and an attractive boy. Even winter vacation resorts use the same technique—handsome ski teachers, husky cowboys. It's no wonder that by the time you arrive at your vacation spot, you're all set to meet the boy of your dreams. Indeed, if he doesn't immediately show on the clear horizon, you're in a mood to go out and lasso him.

That, according to romantic, handsome, suave Turhan Bey is Colossal Error No. 1. "If you go on your vacation with a predatory out-to-get-him glint in your eye, you'll defeat your purpose," says Turhan. "A girl should never start out on her vacation with the idea of having a big romance, because it shows! And the moment it shows, she scares men away."

In other words, says Turhan, if you want dates and fun and romance this summer—plot and plan craftily, but don't be caught at it. Start out with the idea that you like people, that things are going to be fun, that you are going to make some interesting friends. In the back of your mind, you may want to
meet a special someone, but you'll have
a better chance of meeting him if you
don't do the pursuing. For if there's any-
thing that can nip such friendships in
the bud, it's the girl who is too eager.
The trick is to be a little aloof. "It's
hard, perhaps, when the days slip by so
fast," says Turhan, "for it seems more
logical to get right into the swing of
things. But I've noticed, so often on
shipboard that it's the little cheapies
who are always chummy by noon the
first day out. The most attractive girls
are the ones who remain a little to them-
selves. You may lose more time getting
your vacation friendships started, but the
girls who sit back and look the situation
over unhurried. (Please turn to page 54)

If you find your Dream Man on your vacation and want to
make the dream come true, keep him interested. For
example, let him teach you to play tennis, but don't beat
the guy at his own game, warns Turhan. All alone on the
beach with a book? Not for long if you're looking your best
as Mary Meade is here, and in all the other pictures, too.
"We had the good fortune, Jack and I, of working in 'Fort Apache'—Jack's first film." Above, Shirley and her handsome young husband share a scene with Victor McLaglen in the new John Ford Western released by RKO.

Shirley's Own Story

For the first time, Shirley Temple Agar tells you, in her own words, just what it means to her to be the happy wife of Jack Agar and the proud mother of baby Linda Susan.
JACK and I waited for the birth of Linda Susan Agar in as happy a state of mind as two young married people could be. We had had the good fortune of working together in the picture, "Fort Apache"; we had found that our affection, which we had sensed almost as soon as we met, was growing into daily discovery of tastes and interests we shared—we were happy!

The baby herself arrived without any exceptional circumstances. Two hours later the phone by my hospital bed rang, a close friend had called to ask the news. Mother and the nurse had stepped to the door. I picked up the receiver, answered and chatted! The most important event in any woman's life, her first baby, was a reality.

Before Linda Susan arrived Jack and I had agreed on names. If our baby had been a boy he would have been John George Agar II. I was opposed, in case of a girl, to another Shirley in the family—maybe I had heard my own name too much. Jack liked Susan and I liked Linda. I didn't choose the name for anyone. We simply liked it. We had also agreed that we had no preference as to a boy or a girl.

Before I forget it, Miss Evans has suggested I describe Linda Susan's clothes, and the ones I have had since she arrived. Actually, I'd like to tell you first about the outfit we like best. It's Susan's christening outfit and Jack and I bought it together before she was born. But people have been wonderful in their gifts, both our personal friends and fans. One lady from England sent Susan and me matching red and white aprons and Susan got loads of knitted and crocheted booties, bonnets, robes and things like that. A fan in New York found out the bank my father used to work in and started a bank account for Susan in her own name and deposited five dollars. Another fan in Finland sent us a coffee set with an extra little matching cup for Susan. And talking about her clothes makes me think how excited I was when I went out to buy my first evening dress after the baby was born. I hadn't had anything new in so long and it was wonderful fun to be shopping again. I bought a white mouseline de soie with a huge bouffant skirt.

And I guess the "new"—or maybe now the "old"—look has gotten me a little, as I bought two new skirts and they're longer than I usually wear.

Linda Susan will not result in my stopping work. I believe it is good for me to keep on, and life for us three, as Jack and I see it, will include our working together when possible. Right now we're beginning a new picture called "Baltimore Escapade."

One of the great decisions we had to reach—this was, of course, before Linda Susan—was when Jack received his offer from David O. Selznick. I stopped in Salt Lake City, after a tour of servicemen's hos- (Please turn to page 92)
EDITOR'S NOTE:
When Hollywood recently learned that Tierney and Oleg Cassini had reconciled, the town rocked on its ear. For Hollywood had believed that there was one marriage where the two people concerned would never reconcile. Most of the reconciliations you read about in the newspapers occur in the cases of stars who have never drifted as far as the divorce courts. Linda Darnell and Peter Marley, for instance, reconciled after a separation lasting eight months, but Linda actually never got near a divorce court. As for Danny Kaye and his wife—Danny was like a small boy playing hookey. He had been with his wife so constantly that possibly a change was refreshing for both of them.
But Gene Tierney went to the divorce courts. She charged mental cruelty—and she came out of the divorce court with an interlocutory decree. After that you read many rumors in the newspapers to the effect that Gene would marry a rich society scion, etc. But you did not read those rumors in SCREENLAND, because we believe in bringing you the truth—not just idle gossip. Gene took a long time to make up her mind exactly what she wanted to do. When she was sure she was making the right decision, there was a complete reconciliation. In keeping with its policy of bringing you authentic facts, not just idle gossip, SCREENLAND presents herewith a story by Gene Tierney herself in which she bares her thoughts and her heart. She talks not only of her marriage, but about all the things that matter most to her. This article should give you an insight into Gene's heart.

Gene Tierney reconciles
with Oleg Cassini! Here's
the story behind the news
THE nicest moments of marriage come when either the husband or the wife says, "You know, I was completely wrong about such and such." If a man is unwilling ever to admit that he was in the wrong, then he is a small man. He can be an Adonis but if he can't bear to say at any time, "I was wrong," then I think he is impossible for a thinking, intelligent wife to live with. If a man has any brains, he can't be that way. That is so narrow, and to be narrow-minded is unintelligent.

In my marriage, there have been times when I have admitted I was wrong and also times when Oleg has admitted he was wrong. People who can't bear to make such an admission are, in my opinion, too petty to achieve any sort of married happiness. I think that one of the worst possible marriage partners is a pig-headed person.

Many people have ideas on love and romance and marriage that are built around a lot of illusions. For instance, I don't believe that you can see a person across the room and fall in love with him. However, there may be a chemical attraction between two people at first sight. The chemical attraction is not by itself love. There may be two dozen people to whom you could be chemically attracted, but of that number only three with whom you could achieve a happy marriage. I don't believe that there is one man for every woman, and one woman for every man, and that if they don't meet that one person, they can't be happy. There may be a dozen people in the world with whom you could be happy, if you happened to marry them. But besides these dozen people, there are others to whom you might be chemically attracted, but to whom you couldn't be happily married.

You and the person you marry should have fun together; you should be good companions; you should think alike on some things, and you should both be reasonable people. All these things, I feel, were true of Oleg and myself—and so a reconciliation was possible.

SCREENLAND has asked me to bare my secret thoughts not only on marriage, but on the other problems that confront all of us today. I know it's difficult to talk on such serious subjects without exposing myself to a great deal of criticism. But that's a chance I'm willing to take. Some very wise person once (Please turn to page 66)
WHEN I told Laurence Olivier I was going to write about him, he opened his expressive dark eyes wide and remarked: "I don't see how you can possibly say anything interesting. All I do is work through the week and relax at home on Sunday. And Vivien does exactly the same."

"Just that," agreed Mrs. Olivier with her light lovely laugh. "But we don't ever want to do anything else. We're completely happy and contented."

So there you have the philosophy of this pair of screen and stage stars, two people who live entirely for the same things and for each other. They felt that same sense of belonging together the first time they ever met, which was on the set at Denham Studios twelve years ago. Both have won international fame since then and each acknowledges gladly it was their marriage which wrought it. After Laurence Olivier had been able to make Vivien Leigh his second wife in California, he gained a noticeable maturity, a dramatic power and confidence springing from security of happiness that made itself manifest in his acting. Vivien too shed her early rather coy mannerisms and whimsicalities, developing into a poised young woman with true sense of emotions at last.

Now the Oliviers are London's reigning incomparable couple of the studio and the theater, spoken of in the same breath because it is so difficult to separate them even in thought. True, they do not always act together, but they are closely associated with each other's films. Vivien helped her husband with innumerable details during the making of "Henry V," from choosing costumes to doing research work. Now she is supporting him in the same way for his current film of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," for which he is producer and director as well as star.

It has long been the Oliviers' ambition to share a film, as they did in "That Hamilton Woman" some years ago, so Vivien had thought she might play Ophelia. But Larry has never considered that one of Shakespeare's strongest feminine parts, and when he came to make the inevitable cuts in the story—a full-length production of "Hamlet" would take six hours to screen!—the mad (Please turn to page 70)
Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are living a real-life romance more fascinating than their own greatest films

By Hettie Grimstead
Ann went to Sun Valley to forget, after her divorce from Bob Sterling. But she remembered to write this chatty, intimate letter to her good friend Jerry Asher, and we're happy to publish it for Ann's fans, too.

Sun Valley Lodge,
Sun Valley, Idaho

Jerry dear:

First, please forgive me for not having answered that marvelously funny birthday letter of yours! The first time I read it, I fell right off the chair. Then suddenly I had a horrible feeling of guilt. Thank heaven you are an old friend and understood it was too soon after my divorce to put my mind on that story for Screenland. Too soon to put my mind on anything, I guess, except plans to get out of town. And that I did. Here I am at beautiful Sun Valley. But don't get me started. After all, I'm not on the payroll of the local Chamber of Commerce!

As I was saying, when your birthday letter arrived I realized I hadn't sent you those notes for your story, as I promised. To be quite honest, I think it's really worked out better this way. After several weeks of just sort of doing nothing, and by that I mean nothing planned or compulsive, I'm beginning to feel fit again. The complete serenity of the surrounding snow certainly has a soothing effect on one's whole outlook. And getting away, I believe, serves to reset values and lessens adjustment.

Now, regarding notes and news for your story. As you know, selling "sliced ham" is a little more in my line! However—supposing I just sort of jot things down as they come to my mind—starting with January 2nd, the day I got my divorce from Bob. (Sterling). This all comes under the heading of "Sun Valley Reflections"—if you'll pardon the pun. My pen is poised. Are you listenin'?

Looking back, (which ordinarily isn't an old Sothern custom) being an actress doesn't help much when the scene is set for real life instead of reel life. How frightfully scared and nervous you are, when you actually have to face the court. And how final it is when you realize this is it—it's all over—I'm divorced. Maybe some women have reason for rejoicing, but to me no matter how you look at it, it's still admitting that things couldn't work out. It's accepting a failure.

Following the usual procedure, the photographers wanted "news" pictures. Some news!! Naturally the presiding judge couldn't be expected to sit there while the cameras clicked at a silly movie star. I was terribly embarrassed, and afterwards went in and apologized. The following morning, Tisha, her governess Madeleine Oberlis and I, boarded the City of Los Angeles. With 15 pieces of baggage, a case of canned baby food, two fur coats, a radio, heating pad and a copy of Emmett Fox's "Sermon on the Mount," this little Portia faced life!

Thirty-six hours later, at 7:30 A.M., my three-year-old threw her first snowball. You know, Jerry, I've often wondered what I did before and how I've managed to survive without her. She is such a great joy! I realize, though, it's going to be a great responsibility to raise her properly. I don't believe a child should grow up alone and just wish I had three more like Tisha right now. Some day if God is willing there will be. If not, I shall try to adopt them. As time goes by, I hope it won't be too tough a job—raising a child in a home without a father, I mean—and I'm not feeling sorry for myself. To the contrary, it's the child I'm thinking about. My mother and father were di-
Ann Sothern, below, forgets marital troubles in the bracing air of Sun Valley. She says of her divorce from Robert Sterling, left: "Maybe some women have reason for rejoicing, but to me no matter how you look at it, it's still admitting things couldn't work out. It's accepting a failure."

voiced, and I just hope I can manage half as beautifully as she did. No matter how often a father sees his child, he still misses a great deal by not "growing" along with her. Tisha is such a sensitive, adorable little girl. Sometimes she's very naughty, but most times she's an angel! Do I sound like a fond parent? I am one!

The days here have been wonderfully pleasant—and it isn't as if I were in a strange place. The Millands, Claudette Colbert, the Zanucks, the Gary Coopers, Merle Oberon and Lucien Ballard—many other friendly, familiar faces are quite in evidence. Still, there is always time, and it's no problem when one wants to be alone. There are sleigh rides for Tisha, and skiing, gay parties, and ice skating—if I could only skate! And as I said before, being away from the general routine of things does give one a good chance to "think."

Out of it all, I believe I'm going to be able to apply a new philosophy (for me at least) when I get back to Hollywood again. Why do marriages fail? As you begin to replace the pieces, you ask yourself this question. You know your own reasons, and yet you still ask. Perhaps it's because most women never believe a marriage could actually be a failure—until it is. I think that's what happened to me. So now I feel none of us has much (Please turn to page 51)
Beguines and be-bops, lyrics lilting and groovy are all covered in the latest list of lacquers reviewed by gone guy Robbins.

HEYA, Jack! Are you sharp as a tack? Well, fall in with the pack, and we'll dig some shellac!

And there sure is a mess of it bubblin' in the ever-lovin' oven. You'd blink your glimmers if you dug what an avalanche of wax pours into Robbins' Nest in a never-ending stream. If you think it's pie to put a show together and wade through the mound of ear-offending sound that is hurting to spin under your needle, you got too much lettuce in your salad. If everything that was issued was played—murder! The kid in gray would drown us in linen the next day with beefs. 'Cause it really is fierce—the amount of junk that comes out. Every guy the country over who lends needle to wax owes his rascals who fall by the sound box the obligation of weeding out the nowhere material and playing only the good stuff. S'what we try to do in these pretty pages, take good care of your audio cavity and spare you the "Near You," "Four Leaf Cover," "Baby Face" type of drivel. Or don't you agree? Well, make me know it, hey!

HEAVENLY!

LENA HORNE: How that Cole Porter can scribble those sharps and flats with the rests in just the right place. And he neyer (Please turn to page 68)

Guests in Robbins' Nest, above, Dick Haymes and Vivian Blaine get gleeful greet from Fred, who enjoys helping Viv, far left, with wrap. Jackie Cooper, left, talks with an eager listener during radio broadcast.
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
GAY-RED
RED-RED
PINK QUEEN

Tangee
THE WORLD'S NO. 1 LIPSTICK
The name River Lady was sprawled over the sides of the huge river sidewheeler in letters four feet high, but the boat nosing its way to the dock of the small lumber town had as little right to the title as the girl standing there on the deck. For one was as shady as the other, the ship known from one end of the Mississippi to the other as a floating gambling palace and the girl Sequin who owned her.

She was startlingly pretty with her strange green eyes and her sullen mouth as vivid as a scarlet poppy against the soft olive of her skin. Even now, dressed in the inconspicuous fashion of more sheltered women, there was something about her that still set her apart from them, a restlessness, a ruthlessness, as provocative as it was disturbing. And when she smiled, hearing that sudden, warning cry, there was an excitement about it that held none of the demureness of those other women's smiles.

"The loggers are coming!" The cry deepened as more and more voices took it up, and Sequin laughed as respectable citizens scurried to the safety of their homes and shopkeepers hurried into their shops. Even Sawdust Row, the tawdry street running next to the docks, yawned suddenly empty as its saloon keepers and dance hall proprietors ran indoors to prepare for the coming avalanche. For now that the ice was breaking in the Mississippi, the loggers were swarming down from their camps in the timberlands with a winter's pay burning holes in their pockets and a nine months' thirst for excitement clamoring for release. Already some of the lumberjacks were beginning to jump off the logs rushing down the current and though the sight was always a thrilling one, it meant more this spring than it ever had before, now that some of that floating wealth belonged to her. And with the way Beauvais, her partner, had been buying up mills during the

Yvonne DeCarlo as Sequin, ambitious owner of the Mississippi gambling boat "River Lady," conspires with Beauvais, smooth confidence man, to set up a syndicate to squeeze out the territory's independent lumber operators. But Sequin loves Dan Corrigan (Rod Cameron) and plots to marry him though faced with competition from Stephanie (Helena Carter), whose beauty rouses the loggers to fight over her.

In those turbulent times men fought it out with their fists whether for the price of women or of gold. Beauvais (Dan Duryea) and Dan Corrigan (Rod Cameron) clash at every point, the climax coming when Beauvais and his men jam the logs and a terrific fight ensues in the river, with Dan and his men trying to dynamite the logs free. Always, behind the scenes, is Sequin, hoping to win and hold Dan's love.
winter, maybe by next year all of them would be hers, even old Morrison's. and...

The thought went as Sequin heard the sudden commotion on the dock below her, and she laughed contemptuously as she saw the girl who should have known better to be on the streets at a time like this struggling desperately to free herself from the clutches of one of the loggers. Then her eyes narrowed as another lumberjack suddenly appeared as if from nowhere, and tearing the girl from the other’s arms knocked him down with one hard blow.

"Dan!" Sequin called, but for once Dan Corrigan didn’t hear her. Instead he turned to the girl who was looking at him as if she felt all the things Sequin had always felt about him, as she thanked him prettily and hurried away.

Then without even glancing toward the boat he swaggered off towards Ma Dunigan’s saloon.

“What a fool you are,” a voice said suddenly and there was Beauvais coming toward her. “Corrigan—a river rat!”

Sequin kept staring at the door Dan had gone through that minute before. “He’s enough for me,” she said defiantly.

“You could own this river,” Beauvais went on just as though he were telling her something she didn’t know, something she hadn’t been planning on since she’d first started working on this very boat as a dice girl. “And yet you pick on a logger to fall in love with. Why?”

“I don’t have to explain that to you, Beauvais,” she turned on him viciously. “I don’t have to explain anything to you. Let’s keep things on a business basis, shall we? And speaking about that,” her voice rose eagerly, “what about Morrison?”

“I made him an offer,” Beauvais shrugged. “He’s thinking about it. And besides him there are three others who’ll be broke inside a year. Listen, Sequin, between us we can do anything our little hearts desire. We can...”

But Sequin wasn’t listening. Her thoughts were running ahead of his words, running toward the day when Beauvais and the River Lady would be dropped out of her life, forgotten as everything else was forgotten, the dreary slum in New Orleans where she had been born, the hunger she had felt once and vowed she’d never feel again. Instead there was that picture of herself, rich and respectable, the lady she had always dreamed of being. And of course Dan was in that picture too, Dan Corrigan,

Dan Duryea and Rod Cameron co-star with Yvonne DeCarlo in Universal-International’s lusty drama, novelized here

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen
It was coming true at last, the dream she had dreamed so long. Dan asked Sequin to marry him. Then the girl who had no right to be there, Stephanie, proposed a toast: "Here's to the bride," she said, "and to money and the things you can do with it." She looked straight at Dan: "She bought your job for you, or didn't you know?" Sequin knew then her dream was done, that she could never win Dan back.

no longer just the happy-go-lucky lumberjack who drove her crazy with his lack of ambition, but powerful and successful, a man worthy of being the husband of the grand lady she was going to be.

And so intent was she that she didn't notice that closed, speculative look that came in Beauvais' eyes, for knowing her as he did he sensed even those secret dreams of hers. But later, when the River Lady's main gambling room began filling up and her heart suddenly quickened as she saw Dan coming toward her, she felt that warning of danger as Beauvais hailed him from the bar. Still that warm, husky voice of hers didn't miss a beat of the song she was singing as she slowly circled the room, her eyes singing out one after the other of the men ogling her soft, sinuous body. She didn't even glance at Dan, but she knew instinctively that he was following her as she went to her own quarters. His eyes were warm as he stood there on the threshold taking in the loveliness of her face, of her creamy shoulders rising above the daringly low neckline of her evening gown. But when he spoke his voice sounded casual, almost amused. "Well," he was grinning in that special way of his, "are you the richest woman on the river yet?"

"Almost," she said lightly. Then as he sat down on the tufted velvet sofa encircling one corner of the room, she went over to him. "I want to talk to you, Dan," she said, as she sat down beside him and her voice was serious now as she went on. "Don't you think it's time you came out of the woods and tried to make something of yourself? You could be a big man in this country, Dan. You have brains. You're not like the others and—" she took a deep breath, "I've got money, lots of it. With your help we could own both sides of this river as far as we want!"

His laugh stopped her, the way it always had before. "That's a lot of property," he teased. "What would we do with it?"

"Wouldn't you like to run things, Dan?" she went on, the desperation beginning to edge into her voice now. "Wouldn't you like to take things over and be somebody?"

His mouth tightened almost imperceptibly. "I am somebody," he said. "My name's Corrigan. Isn't that enough?"

"Sure it is," she said quickly. "Only," she looked at him speculatively, wondering just how far she could push him. "Well, for one thing you're out in the woods eight or nine months out of every year and... and I'd like to get married and have a home someday, Dan."

"But you don't want to marry a back country logger, is that it?" he asked sharply, and as she nodded his mouth set stubbornly. "Then you'd better get yourself another Corrigan. I've seen too many men work...

"River Lady"
A Universal-International Presentation. Screenplay by D. D. Beauvian and William Bowers. From the novel by Houston Branch and Frank Waters. Produced by Leonard Goldstein. Directed by George Sherman with the following cast of principal players:

Sequin...Yvonne DeCarlo
Beauvais...Dan Duryea
Dan Corrigan...

..........................Rod Cameron
Stephanie...Helena Carter

(Please turn to page 57)
It isn't easy to be a good loser. In Hollywood, it's even harder to be a gracious winner. Looks like Loretta Young knows the secret: frankly admitting her joy at winning her Oscar after 20 years in pictures, vowing she won't let the tribute go to her head but instead, will strive for even finer screen performances and another Oscar!

EVEN though Bing Crosby was in New York on his 44th birthday, Bob Hope didn't forget him. He wired the various restaurants and night spots, hoping Bing would be celebrating in one of them. Bob thoughtfully (?) requested they greet the birthday boy with the haunting strains of "Silver Threads Amongst the Gold."

SO HELP us, so help us—it really happened! We always knew Hollywood glamor girls tried to outdo one another. But get a load of this. A juvenile, cast in a big air epic, was told to let his beard grow. The star of the picture was given the same order. But when the star discovered the boy's beard was so much heavier and silkier, the front office "decided" the juvenile should play his part smooth-faced!

LARAINA DAY'S favorite gift from a fan is a parasol with a handle shaped like a baseball bat. The cast and crew on the "My Dear Secretary" set refer to her dressing room as "Day's Dugout." There's more than one reason why everyone loves to gather there. Laraine's installed a short wave set, so she can listen in to the Dodgers.

ANNE BAXTER, John Hodiak, the John Lunds, the John Emerys, the Mark Stevens—were a few who sat around an the Zachary Scotts' party and tried to make poems that rhymed with movie star's names. With shame we print the results: "Oh Heck, it's Gregory Peck," "Don't groan, it's Celeste Holm." "So help us and save us, it's Bette Davis." There were others, too. But you get the idea. Why not try it yourself? You'll probably think of better ones.

ARLENE DAHL, who is the newest and prettiest "Dahl" (we just had to say it!) on the MGM lot, has the local lads looney. Practically every eligible bachelor keeps trying to date her. Arlene, who plays opposite Red Skelton in "A Southern Yankee," invariably declines. Then they see her out with Sir Charles Mendl, Otto Preminger, and other escorts who are old enough (and then some!) to be her father. Maybe she's got a secret heart tucked away for safe-keeping.

WE COULDN'T tell whether it was the fish carrying the man—or the man carrying the fish! However, it turned out to be Dana Andrews hugging home a giant swordfish, which he caught from the deck of "The VIPs." Thoughtful guy that he is, Dana left most of it at an orphanage, where the kids have grown to love him.

KNOWING Susan Peters as we do, we aren't a bit surprised that she's interested in taking flying lessons! Now that she's separated from Richard Quine, Susan will devote her life to new achievements. Richard, who is producing a picture at Columbia, will always adore his wife. But as long as she's confined to her wheel chair, it's Susan's belief that she should not remain married.

"THE LADY from Lariat Loop," and we do mean Betty Hutton, has a second baby girl. Little Candace Briskin weighed in at seven pounds. One of her most original "premiere" presents came from Joan Crawford. It was an order from a leading Hollywood photographer for her first glamor sitting!
Gossip by Weston East
Photos by Len Weissman

Perry Como, now working in MGM's "Words and Music," helps Esther Williams enjoy canapes at his party.

Diana Lynn, who, they say, is undecided about marrying Bob Neal, attends Perry's party at the Mocambo.

Gossip

Y ES, this is America! When Babe Ruth visited 20th Century-Fox recently, the news spread like a swarm of locusts. The entire lot turned out to see the "Sultan of Swat," who is in Hollywood to supervise "The Babe Ruth Story." Believe it or not, everyone from the messenger boys to top executives lined up for the beloved baseball star's autograph. And right in the middle stood an excited Betty Grable, who exclaimed to Dan Dailey: "I hope I have enough nerve to ask for two autographs, for both my children!"

D ENNIS Morgan, who is taking his career (and some say himself) quite seriously these days, wants to stop making those "Two Guys" pictures with Jack Carson. Dennis has a new and very lucrative contract. So he now prefers dramatic parts that require more dignity. The studio naturally wants to keep the series going. Those "Two Guys" top the greatest stars at the box-office and that's very important these days.

R OMANCE was rampant the night Peter Lind Hayes opened at Ciro's. Cyd Charisse looking starry-eyed with Tony Martin (they'll be married by the time you read this); Marilyn Maxwell with Michael North (some say their engagement is a publicity stunt); Diana Lynn and Bob Neal, Clark Gable with Anita Colby (again) were among the spec-

Maureen O'Hara and husband arrive at premiere of "Letter From an Unknown Woman" where roses were presented to the fair femmes.
tators. Peter, by the way, told his enthusiastic audience that someone sent a photo of Sinatra to Europe — and now they’re sending food to America!

DAN Cupid’s arrows certainly fly in the oddest directions! No one thought much about Greer Garson’s dates with George Jessel until friends of the witty actor-producer began to notice a great change in him. As one close friend put it, “When George rushes home to put on white tie, top hat and tails for the opera, you know he’s serious!” Greer, who’s bent on getting some fun out of life these days, couldn’t pick a wittier escort.

LANA Turner may have her faults, but what a good sport she is! Despite those untrue stories of her collapse following her marriage to Bob Topping, she bears no malice. Not many know that at heart lovely Lana is an extreme sentimentalist. For example, when she married Topping, she insisted on wearing little daughter Cheryl’s tiny diamond cross, on a chain around her neck.

PERRY COMO’s back, in pictures that is, and this time his wonderful singing talent won’t be wasted. His first day on the “Words and Music” set, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Ann Sothern, Tom Drake and the rest of the stellar cast ganged up on him. Attaching gift cards bearing the names of Crosby, Sinatra and Tony Martin, they covered his dressing room table with bottles labeled “Poison,” “Ant Paste,” and “Arsenic.”

THEIR last and final attempt at reconciliation has failed for Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. He’s back in his bachelor quarters and Jane has filed her divorce suit. Both even sought outside help in the hopes of untangling their marital snarl. Friends frankly feel their marriage had reached the state of complete boredom, with divorce seemingly the only solution. During the adjustment period, Ronnie’s been having a few dinner dates with Ann Sothern. Jane’s taking painting lessons from Paul Clemens and avoiding all social activity.

ABSOLUTELY no one has been allowed to see “The Snake Pit” except those very close to the production. Darryl F. Zanuck keeps the master print locked in his personal vault and only he has the combination. When the cutter needed to work on it one day, a special guard was placed in front of the projection room door. It’s so great (and grueling) that 20th Century is positive it will be next year’s Academy Award picture, with another award for star Olivia de Havilland. (Remember, we fictionalized this film for you.)

HOLLYWOOD at its gayest! That’s the only way to describe the Reggie Gardiner party to celebrate Russian Easter. Gowns, girls, giggles galore. Beautiful Nadia Gardiner baked the cheese cake. Inimitable Reggie cooked the beef Stroganoff. Leave it to Mitch Leisen to present his host and hostess with a huge Easter egg covered in sequins! Hoagy Carmichael played and sang his new “Monkey Song” and right off the plane from Honolulu came Constance Moore and Johnny Mascio with kis for everyone.

ANN Sothern couldn’t have looked more surprised when Clark Gable, stopping by to see her on the “Words and Music” set, casually remarked: “Oh, by the way, I just left your ex-husband!” Sure enough, Bob Sterling, who once asked to be released from MGM, is back in that all-male stellar cast of Clark’s “Command Decision.” A living’s a living — but Ann and Bob would still be just as pleased if they could avoid running into each other.
NOW that Margaret Sullavan has won her divorce from Leland Hayward (who is devotion itself to the ex-Mrs. Howard Hawks) Hollywood's betting that she will marry Jimmy Stewart. Certainly he has made no secret of his long-lived admiration, and most Hollywood maidens believe the Sullavan brand of personality has spoiled Jim for any other girl. Speaking of the popular Mr. Stewart (who is merely magnificent in Alfred Hitchcock's "Rope") after years of evading publicity he's hired himself a personal press agent.

TYRONE Power has certain close friends who aren't too impressed with Linda Christian. On the other hand, Linda could name a few she could do without. All of which presented a bit of a problem when Ty made out the guest list for his recent dinner party. According to those who "made it," Linda wasn't quite sure whether she should play the role of guest — or hostess. True love (if you'll pardon the expression) never runs smooth!

Below, Alan Ladd and his sweet Sue arrive at premiere; George Jessel and Greer Gores are finding mutual interests; Jackie Coogan and Donald O'Connor like each other's popcorn.
Franchot is shown here with the four femmes: his wife, Jean; his sister-in-law, Karol; his co-star, Janet Blair; his publicity counselor, Helen Ferguson. Two more important members of the Tone family, below, are 3-year-old Jeff and 6-year-old Pat.

Sometimes people think he is my father instead of my brother-in-law because I am only nine years old. He is my brother-in-law because he is married to my sister Jean. She is a balon and very nice but not so polite to me as Franchot. He is the nicest person in the whole world. He pleases me often. He is so nice and good and kind and unselfish and jenerous and he is going to give me a part in one of his pictures so I can be an actress. He gave me a fishing rod, too, when we were in Canata and his nefew Billy Tone woodnt let me use his. He had to go into town to get it for me. It rained after that and I didn't
Franchot's Femmes!

* Four women in his life tell all, but all, about the suave and elegant Mr. Tone

Four—count 'em, four—femmes: Jean Wallace, his wife; Karol Wallace, his 9-year-old sister-in-law; Janet Blair, his leading lady; and Helen Ferguson, his public relations counselor

get to go fishing but after I am an actress I will still have it. So I am not mad any more. Franchot explained about being mad and so I am taking his advice about it because you have to save all those things like being mad and sad and crying to use for your work.

It is hard work to be an actress Franchot says and he never lies about anything and works very hard even though he is an actor all ready. He says there is no end to working but I am still going to be an actress. Franchot says if I am good in my first scene I will get more. I know I will be good and after I get more of them I will be a star or at least one of a cupful of people in the background and it will all be because Franchot gave me my start. I will always remember him no matter how big a star I am. And I won't forget when he tells me like I did when we went canoeing in Canata and Franchot told me to wear my coat and I didn't and got a bad cold and upset him and Jean and we had to miss our train. Jean told me I should have listened to Franchot. She said it in her definitive voice. Franchot didn't say anything and that made me feel worse. But Franchot won't answer people back not even me and when he doesn't say anything it is like a big noise because in my head I know what he could say. He is like Abraham Lincoln who was the 16th-president of the United States and studied hard and even wrote on a shovel. Franchot studies hard but he has a nice desk to do it on.

(Please turn to page 64)
OF JUDY Garland, you said, "I think that child has more talent in that little body of hers than anybody that's been around in a long time." You added (Get this, Judy, this is IRVING BERLIN speaking!) "She's a songwriter's dream. I'll go on record as saying that."

Of Fred Astaire you said, "I'd rather have Astaire sing some of my songs than anybody, anybody at all." Recalling, with satisfaction, that Fred introduced your song, Putting on the Ritz in the Paramount film, "Blue Skies," and your Cheek to Cheek in RKO's "Top Hat," you added, "In 'Easter Parade' Astaire introduces Drum Crazy, one of the new tunes I wrote for the picture, and is wonderful."

"It may be said," you went on, "But has Astaire got a 'voice'?" You added, with a shrug, "You wouldn't say that Maurice Chevalier has a 'voice,' now, would you? But Chevalier puts a song over, he knows how. So does Astaire. A dancer, he knows what a song takes. A stylist, he knows how to sing a song. Because he's so appealing—you'd all like to dance with him, wouldn't you?—so likable, you like the songs he sings, in the way he sings them."

In 'Easter Parade' Peter Lawford sings another new tune I wrote for the picture, A Fellow with an Umbrella. Young Lawford hasn't a 'voice,' either. But because he, too, is so likable, so engaging—qualities vastly more important to a song than a 'voice,' I believe you will also like the song he sings in the way he sings it."

You added, "Though I may be risking my life in saying it, Bing sometimes gets away from the tune as written, as occasionally he gets away from the tune, as I wrote it, of White Christmas. But you shrugged, "What of it? You want Crosby, you DO want Crosby! Because whatever Crosby does, however he does it, it is attractive. It is very attractive."

"Al Jolson—for publication, I LOVE him! How can you not love someone who is as much a part of your household as a piece of bread? As much a part of your lives as sun and rain? Jolson has sung literally hundreds of my songs and although you would not class him with, say, a Melvich, he sings a song as a song should be sung, with his heart. He puts a song where a song belongs—in your heart. And so you, the people, go along, sing along, with him!" You added, "A song has got to be introduced, launched, by a Crosby, a Sinatra, a Como, a Jolson, a Garland; but, much as I admire the lady and the gentlemen, I'd rather have my songs sung by you, the people—you've got," you laughed, "the best voice!"

At New York's chic L'Aiglon, you and this desk were coast at lunch for the major purpose of discussing—remember, Mr. Berlin?—a picture. The picture was...
ing Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s new Technicolor musical, “Easter Parade,” based on one of your famous nostalgic tunes titled, in case no one has guessed, “Easter Parade,” and starring Judy Garland, Fred Astaire and Peter Lawford. (“With Garland, Astaire, Lawford and dancer Ann Miller in one picture you have,” you remarked parenthetically, “why Berlin wanted to do this picture!”)

In “Easter Parade” we will hear, indeed, seventeen Berlin tunes—ten from your most memorable songs of the 1920s era and seven new songs which you wrote especially, There’s No Business Like Show Business for the picture.

“Easter Parade” marks your fortieth anniversary as a songwriter, you told us, and is, happily, a gleam in your eye.

“The kids,” you said, “I know what they like and I know they’re going to like ‘Easter Parade.’ The picture happens to be, I think, very fine for kids; it’s gay, it’s youthful, it has Easter in it, a very good selection of songs for teen-agers and a light love story. A theory I have always had is that in their tastes, emotions and reactions to songs people, from sixteen to sixty, are alike. In their reaction to a good love story people from sixteen to sixty are alike, too; which means, if my theory is correct and I know it is, I’ve tested it, that we’ve got a picture for the not-so-young and for the young. I think, by the way, it’s the best picture the little Garland has had, so far. She thinks so, too.”

Your first song, Marie from Italy, was published in 1907 when you (born May 11, 1888, and christened Israel Baline) were nineteen. The royalties from this maiden effort brought you, the

Stars of “Easter Parade” are Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Ann Miller, above. Judy and Astaire are seen at right below in costume for their hilarious number, “A Couple of Swells.” Composer Berlin names Judy, Fred, Frankie, Bing and Perry Como among America’s leading song-stylists.

Chase away those blues with a song! Whether you’re young, oldish, or medium, make with the music according to America’s favorite song-writer, Irving Berlin.

Exclusive interview (Please turn to page 74)
Blondes are a dime a dozen in screenland. Cuties with the vivacious air and the glittering hair are as much a part of Hollywood as cracks about liquid sunshine. Yet once in a while one of these blondes manages to create something of a stir. Such is RKO’s sizzler, Gloria Grahame. Gloria, in case you’re not aware, is the personality-plus blonde who came to attention first in “It’s A Wonderful Life” and then went on to do a smash-up job in “Crossfire.” Now she’s playing her best role to date in “The Long Denial.”

I went on the set of the picture to have a chat with Gloria and was in time to catch her singing a song for a scene. Many extras were seated about, adding their bits to the general gaiety of the whole thing. Gloria looked extremely calm as she went through her paces. But when she came off the set and we went into her dressing room for a talk, she threw me a bombshell. “I’ve never been so scared as I was just then,” Gloria remarked. “Singing before all those extras—they’re used to working with some of the top stars in the industry—and that’s all I could think of while I was doing the scene. My old self-consciousness cropping up again!”

That was the first I’d ever heard Gloria being self-conscious. She’d always struck me as being completely self-assured on any and all occasions.

“I’ve had to fight that all my life,” she continued. “I used to go to parties and be unable to open my mouth. Occasionally I’d meet someone at a party who made me feel sufficiently at ease so I could carry on a conversation, but with most people I just froze up. As a result, I never went out too much. Not that I minded, because I was always more interested in acting than in having fun.

“It’s always seemed strange to me that a self-conscious person should decide to become an actress. But in my professional life I haven’t had to worry about my shyness so much. Naturally, I got butterflies before I went on the stage in a play, and I often get jittery before doing a scene in a picture. But once I’m on stage or once the camera starts to grind, I relax.” She laughed lightly and added, “Yet look at the way I was about this scene I just did!”

Gloria then proceeded to tell me that the biggest fight she has had in her life has been to get rid of a certain amount of inferiority complex. And it’s been quite a struggle. “When I was understudying the various actresses in plays,” Gloria continued, “I used to watch them carefully. In fact, I watched them so closely that I began to imitate them. Perhaps that imitation was to build up confidence in myself. But in some cases, observing the work of others and noticing their mistakes made me feel more assurance. I realized at such times that I could do a part just as well—if not better—than they. This phase of my career, then, was invaluable. It taught me two great lessons: to remember that if I tried there was no limit to what I could do, and not to imitate, simply to be Gloria Grahame.

“Getting over self-consciousness isn’t an easy thing. I used to give myself pep talks about it. I told myself I couldn’t get along anywhere if I continued to be so foolish. That’s the first job any one who is self-conscious has to do. He must convince himself that it is a fault that must be overcome, that it can seriously detract from any possible success. My recent good fortune in pictures has helped some in that it has shown me that I must have offered something in my performances that was worthwhile, and that, therefore, there wasn’t really anything for me to be self-conscious about.

“As for getting over this socially, that’s something else. I learned only recently that it is much easier for me to mixing in groups if I can get someone else to talk about himself. That usually opens up the door that blocks you and permits freedom in conversation. But actually the only advice I can give to anyone who is self-conscious is to remind that person that no one else will have any confidence or interest in her if she has none in herself. Progress can only be attained by a realistic appraisal of your own potentialities, by an assurance that you can do whatever you set out to do.”

Well, Hollywood has no doubts about Gloria’s doing a job well. She’s had some terrific plums handed her, on merit alone. The amazing part of her story is that she has never been one who just had to be a movie star.

“I didn’t even expect to stay here when I came,” Gloria told me. “I thought I’d draw a salary, do nothing, and then go back to the stage. I didn’t for a moment take it seriously. Maybe it was because of this attitude that I was able to be as patient as I was those first two years in Hollywood.

“<Please turn to page 73>
Gloria Grahame is something special, even for Hollywood

By Jack Holland
Celebrated social leader who reports the gay goings-on of the Hollywood stars is shown above with two handsome party guests, Cesar Romero and Robert Sterling (Ann Sothern’s ex-husband).

**Cobina’s GOSSIP of Hollywood**

**There** goes the bride! Of course, I mean Lana Turner, most radiant of the glamor girls to tread the bridal path during a whole summer full of Hollywood weddings.

No Hollywood scenario could have had a happier or more appropriate climax to Lana’s romance with multi-millionaire Bob Topping, for Lana was married in the home of Billy Wilkerson, publisher of the Hollywood Reporter. Wilkerson was the man who discovered Lana, then a Hollywood High School girl, eleven years ago in a Sunset Boulevard drive-in, just across the street from the High School. What a contrast between that native little high school girl, sipping a “coke” between classes eleven years ago, and the poised, successful and beautiful star, clad in a champagne-colored princess gown of satin and Chantilly lace, (just one item of her $30,000 trousseau,) carrying a corsage of white orchids and possessively holding the arm of Bob Topping!

Lana’s wedding was indeed lavish, with everything from bouquets of flowers which cost a small fortune, to a champagne buffet for which food for the seventy-five guests was flown in from Boston, New Orleans and New York. All of this was spread amid banks of flowers on the terrace of Billy Wilkerson’s two-story Georgian mansion in Bel-Air and the champagne which colored Lana’s wed-

**We’re going on a movie**

[Image of a group of people at a movie event]

As Frank Morgan, who has been married for 34 years, said to me the other night at a party for the Jean Hersholt's...
Hollywood's in a marryin mood! Since Lana Turner's romantic wedding, which Cobina reports here, Marilyn Maxwell has become engaged to Michael North, below; and Diana Lynn has finally announced she'll wed wealthy Texan Bob Neal, shown below on opposite page at Bob's party with guests Marilyn and Mike. Below, party closeups: Bob Stack with heiress Irene McEvoy (watch this twosome); happy marrieds Sylvia Sidney and Carleton Alsop; ditto the Fred MacMurrays, with Eddie Sutherland; and George Murphy.

By

COBINA WRIGHT

Parties!

MARRY-go-round with Cobina!

who have been married 33 years, "Cobina, no one ever mentions affairs like these. It's the divorces and re-marriages which get the publicity. Enduring marriages just aren't news."

And he was so right! It's a side of Hollywood which gets all too little publicity. Just recently my friends, Hope and Bud Lighton, took over the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel for their 48th wedding anniversary party and literally proved the point in lavish style. Dinah Shore sang "The Anniversary Waltz," which Hope and Bud danced together, and then George Murphy, who has been married for 22 years, took over the "mike" and acted as master of ceremonies. First, he invited all the couples who had been married from one to five years to get up and dance, and immediately the Edgar Ber- gens, the Brian Ahernes, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, the Reggie Gardiners and the Bob Sinclairs responded. Next George announced that the "married-from-five-and-ten" group were to dance, and Janet Gaynor and Adrian, the Kenneth McKennas, and the Ed Maltbys were whirling around. The ten-to-fifteen group brought Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, the Adolphe Menjous, the Hoagy Carmichaels. With the call for 15-to-20 years of "happily marrieds" there took to the floor Irene Dunne and Dr. Frank Griffin, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, the Leonard Firestones, the John Considines and the Pat O'Briens. The 20-to-25 group, believe it or not, brought out the Jimmy Cagneys, the Harold Lloyds, Charlotte Greenwood and her husband, Martin Broones, the Nigel Brucees, the Elliott Nugents, the Alfred Wallensteins and the Richard Wallaces. Here, George Murphy had to stop "calling" for a waltz, around the floor, because he and his charming wife belong in this group, too!

But if you think this was the end, you are happily mistaken, for George went back to the. (Please turn to page 36)
Cheer up, World!
Here's a new Walt Disney treat to amuse and enchant you.

Who can describe the special delights of a Walt Disney picture? So we will just say that "Melody Time" is one of the better Disneys, celebrating the glories of young love (both in the human and animal kingdoms,) the legend of Johnny Appleseed, the charm of children (like Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten) the appeal of Roy Rogers and Trigger, and the new tunes, sung by Frances Langford, Dennis Day, and the Andrews Sisters, will have you humming from morning till night.

SCREENLAND SALUTES "Melody Time"
control over what's to happen. The one alternative is to try and accept every thing in stride, if and when it does happen.

It's normal and natural for a man to be head of the family. That I thoroughly approve. But two acting careers in one family is an ageless Hollywood problem. And with few exceptions, I believe, practically impossible. In the first place competition in the same business is dangerous under one roof. The demand on time is such that two people involved neither work the same hours, nor play the same hours. So instead of being encouraged by each other's welfare, they're caught up in a web of their own survival.

And so we have to learn to accept conditions as they are, not as we would like them to be. Of one thing I am positive. Each experience, no matter how sad or bitter, is part of living, part of acquiring wisdom and belonging to adulthood. But from now on I want to live from day to day, within reason, of course. And make each day important. Aside from my own personal life, I still believe it's impossible to plan ahead. As the whole thing turns today, how can we plan or predict for the future? To bring it back to the first person again (remember, you asked for it!) two of my closest friends made a bet. They believe I'll be married or in love within a year! Five years ago I would have said—it's possible! But now—?

Today I'm just staying in bed, as a result of trying to come down College Run to the Round House on Mt. Baldy, yesterday. I am absolutely "No Talent Joe" when it comes to skiing down any kind of a mountain! I also look like a polka-dotted civet cat, my black and blue spots are so numerous. Skiing, quel sport! I imagine I'll remain here for about seven weeks, but when I think what I have to face at home, I'd like to hole-in for the winter. You know last time I moved, I was six months "encinte." So I didn't have to lift a pinkie! But this time—oh, brother!

Lying here thinking, it suddenly occurs to me that I've only seen my new home once. When I sold my house to the Kay Kyser, the work was hot on their heels. So I had to find another place in a hurry. Actually, I don't remember very well what it really looks like! When I called up the Walter Langs and gave them my new address, I wish you could have heard "Fieldie's" voice. You know how close she was to Carole Lombard, "Why, that's the house Carole lived in with Bill Powell when they were first married," Fieldie warmly enthused. "That house has seen a great deal of happiness, and I'm so glad you're going to live in it."

Well, it won't be long now! A new home, a new street, new sights, new sounds. Thank heaven there are neighborhood children for Tisha to play with. Oh yes, I must wire right away about the pool and have a fence put around it. Then this summer Tisha can start her swimming lessons. And I must be careful and not allow "Sheba" to prowl around outside until she learns where she lives. No more house guests from now on, I guess. This place is so much smaller, I'll be lucky if I can keep from parking the piano in the pantry.

Before my mind gets snowbound, didn't you ask me to "sum up" the future? And don't we all wish it could be that easy! As far as facts and figures are concerned, I'm still under contract to MGM, though I've been working off the lot in two pictures. I loved the chance to dance and sing again in Warner Bros. "April Showers" and I hope I can do another costume picture. Now if I had a choice (or I can dream, can't I?) this is what I'd really like to do. First, get my house in order. Then go to Europe for six months to see all the famous paintings and places I've read about. I'd like to spend the winter skiing in Switzerland and at St. Anton too.

When I return, then I'd really like to dig in and work. So many people miss "Maise." I'm always getting letters that ask what happened to her. Nothing happened, except good friend that she was and she still stood in my way of learning more about my profession. Now if I could make a movie for Alfred Hitchcock, who is one of my very favorite directors, I'd do a dozen "Maisies" and be ever so grateful.

Speaking of pictures, RKO wired to say everyone liked the preview of "Indian Summer." I hope so, because I loved doing that part, even though I don't come in until almost the middle. The important thing is, I felt very close to Peggy. Believe it or not, she taught me something too. Peggy had been hurt when she lost her baby, she had to struggle to keep from becoming bitter. As a result, she kept reminding me not to become bitter, or disillusioned. This may sound like the "corn" is popping, but I really mean it.

Well, my flandish friend, your little pen pal is beginning to wilt around the edges. Besides, I'm bored writing about myself, and now I hope those who are kind enough to be interested, won't be bored too! As I'm signing off, the phone rings. It's one of the skiing instructors, who has been very helpful and patient. I've decided to give a little party and thought he might enjoy coming to it.

For your information—he thanked me and turned me down cold! But it seems he's already invited to a Glugg (a very potent Norwegian drink) party. It's a date and he wouldn't miss it for all the movie stars in the world! Next time I live, remind me to be a Glugg Girl! In the meantime, love from your little Eskimo Pie,

"Sun Valley Sue"
Shirley's Own Story

Continued from page 25

pitals, on the way back home. Jack, waiting for discharge from the Army, came in from Kearns Field, near Salt Lake, to have dinner with me. He had received a wire from Mr. Selznick offering a "training period" of sixty days, then tests, with a contract to follow if the tests were right. I've never been able to remember what we had for dinner that night in Salt Lake City's fine hotel. The telegram was too exciting. Jack had seen it first naturally. Our reactions were those of a serviceman, waiting to get back to civilian life, and his wife—both eager about what the man would be doing.

The principal reason Jack and I had grown to love each other, and on which we were basing our married life, was the belief we share that sincerity is the most important of all traits. "Naturalness" gives much the same meaning—to be yourself.

I was able to say in one sentence what I felt in my heart: "The only thing I really care about is that nothing ever change you from the man I fell in love with and married. I want to keep exactly that person."

Jack was nice enough to smile and give me a husband's proper answer. "Well, Shirl, being on the screen didn't spoil your naturalness." We were honest in showing our pleasure over the telegram. An offer from Mr. Selznick to a new-comer means more than opportunity; it includes fine training and guidance of the young person's work. And I knew from experience Jack's personal reaction in any situation; to decide what is wisest and best.

Much as I appreciated Jack's compliment about my remaining natural, my work with young people in motion pictures had taught several serious things. I do not agree with psychologists that a child must lose spontaneity in screen work. A small child, unless unwisely made otherwise, is less self-conscious than a grown person. When people said nice things to me, as a little girl, I scarcely noticed. If there was another child or something bright or pretty—a dress or hat or shawl—or a pet, especially a dog, in the room, my eyes and thoughts would be drawn to that subject.

It's different with young men and women who start in pictures. Everyone is nice to them, says nice things, and some beginners are affected. Jack made up his mind, that night in Salt Lake, to pay little attention to compliments and to listen only to constructive criticism.

There's another, serious difference between the very young and the "older" young in motion pictures. A child has fun while working and, between pictures, doesn't fret, but returns to other kinds of fun. I remember with pleasure learning to tap dance from magical Bill Robinson and riding my own, favorite pony in a film nobody remembers, "Oh, Susanna!" As soon as shooting ended, I returned to my dolls and pets, and found them even more fun because I'd had the contrast—it was coming home from an adventure.

A young man, and especially a young man whose time in one of the services postponed his getting started in a profession, feels differently. He works very hard, learning to act—and when a picture is shooting, as well as between pictures, he is under strain—his ambition wants a new picture to work in, quickly, so he can advance. Between-picture training, without the feeling of accomplishing something that you get while actually shooting, is very trying to a young man's nerves, and some turn to foolish forms of escape. Jack finds his relaxation "escape" principally in golf. I'm glad he does. I believe a wife whose husband chooses a healthful, wholesome type of play should encourage him in following it. That's doubly true in our profession.

Jack was very fortunate in his first picture, "Fort Apache," to have John Ford for a director. Mr. Ford's great skill and the type of men he has around him—George O'Brien and Ralph J. (Jack) Pennick are examples of friends we made—put further good instruction
to the Selznick training, and, particularly, gave Jack comradeship and inspiration that he appreciated. Few people know better than I how kind Hollywood people are to the young; and men like Henry Willson of the Selznick organization, and those I've mentioned, have gone out of their way to help Jack—whose naturalness, charm and complete sincerity win people. He appreciates it more because his father—who brought him up among athletic trophies, good manners, books, straight thinking and the kind friendliness a father can have toward his son—died when he was fourteen.

We naturally have hopes, in the way of ideals, for Linda Susan. We want her, of course, to grow up with religious instruction—we both did—and to know the reasons for loving her country and appreciating its way of life. Jack’s home life, and mine, lead us to believe that understanding plus explanation with a child is the right way.

We think that punishment (certainly a great deal of it) indicates weakness on the parent’s part. We want our child to do what is right because we have made her understand why it is right. That, we believe, rewards the parents' patience. It keeps the home pleasant—important to help produce the characteristics you want a home to build. And other, later influences are not likely to change the standards you teach your child in the absence of fear and the presence of mutual confidence.

I think of the baby in terms of wanting her to get along with people. Friends are life’s greatest value. I have a “pet” theory about that. From the time Linda Susan is very small indeed I want her to have always a cat or dog or birds—some pet that will both respond to and need care. The kind that romp are best! You soon learn that pets can be troublesome and annoying, but that they give you back love if you are thoughtful of them—and, in addition, can be very amusing (you learn the same thing, of course, about older humans of the “problem” type!). Simple things about owning a pet teach a child to be considerate and kind: learning not to step on a puppy or a kitten; learning to tie up a hurt paw or comb out cockleburs—and not to forget feeding-time. Jack is one of the kindest and most considerate persons I have known, and he cannot remember a day in his life when he was without a dog!

Another “small” thing I want for Linda Susan is that he has helped me greatly to enjoy life. It’s part of “naturalness,” you can call it moderation, or just not over-doing. A wise doctor, when I first began to go to parties, told me about it. He may have been thinking of health, but it put me on the road to more than that. “Don’t go to too many parties,” he said. “They won’t be fun any more.” He told me again when it was dances. “You have lots of wonderful times ahead,” he said. “Don’t try to have all your good times so early there’ll be nothing left.” He added, “The saddest people are those who wake up bored.”

Jack and I have found it easy to live the moderate way. We stay out of night clubs, for the most part; when we do go out, it’s for dancing and we prefer small places—small all except for the dance floor! We prefer to have friends in, or go to friends’ homes. Last winter Jack and I learned to play bridge and up until recently played a lot. How much time we’ll have now, for awhile, I don’t know!

The baby will grow up to home enjoyments. We both like music and we have every type of records. We firmly believe that the secret of living and working in Hollywood is to regard your work as your job—and to live like any other couple.

Jack and I want to thank the thousands of people who wrote wonderful letters about Linda Susan’s coming. I can answer one often-repeated question here. “What do you think about Linda Susan going into the movies?” many people have asked. Of course, we don’t think about it. How can you decide, about a baby—what it may like to do, what it may be fitted for?

Life looks very good without Susan—I call her that, Jack calls her “Susie”—deciding, just now, about work!
ly are the ones who wind up being the most popular.

"You see, men are so blasted contrary! You can be the most beautiful girl in the world, but a man automatically loses interest if you are easy to get. It has to do with the male ego, I guess. Men actually like to work a little to interest a woman. Then, when she finally does go out with him, he feels immensely flattered."

Okay, so that’s the key to the right beginning—don’t let that predatory look show! Keep to yourself a little at first. Don’t rush in and make friends with some boy you may be bored stiff with a week later. It may seem difficult to be “aloof,” as Turhan suggests, and not seem snooty. But, as with everything, there’s a trick to it.

“Making friends with a strange man is a definite secret which very few women have, and yet it is so simple. It’s just that a girl should have the ability to be friendly in a completely impersonal way. The most popular girls are those who can mingle in any class of society, who can talk to a man who is a complete stranger without giving anyone the impression that she is flirting. She is very friendly, very nice. You have a lot of laughs. If something else develops from that—well, wonderful! Her attitude makes a man work harder to know her because there’s always that friendly aloofness—until the man succeeds in making her feel less im-

personal. When he does, he feels he’s accomplished something. I don’t mean that a girl should ever be a snob, but she shouldn’t be slapping everyone on the back, either.”

This is all fine. Mr. Bey, but suppose a girl is all by herself at a resort—where does she go to be aloof? Where does she go, when she doesn’t know a soul, to show that she is “ impersonally friendly”? Where have YOU been, little one? According to Turhan, sports are the answer. Why else do you suppose sports are so popular? By the time you have played a couple of rounds of tennis, plunged into the pool, gone horseback riding, joined the archery parade, skimmed through the water to the raft, played eighteen holes of golf—well, you won’t still be alone.

Or, if you’re just not the athletic type. Turhan suggests the literary opening. Get yourself a book, stretch out on the sand, and become absorbed as anything in what you’re reading. Sooner or later a certain type of male will be intrigued by the fact you are reading a book while everyone else is racing around like mad. He’ll stop by and say casually, “Can that be Freud you’re reading?” If it is, and he has also read the book, a natural conversation will ensue. The point is that he won’t say those innocent words in a sinister tone. He would have offered the same comment to another man. You’re

off to a good start—for there’s nothing of the wolf technique in discussing books. First thing you know, he’ll be suggesting a coke, a walk, dinner—and from then on out, says our smooth Turhan, it’s up to you.

Then there’s always the technique of wanting to play tennis (or go bowling or swimming or diving or golfing) but not being a very good player. As long as you can bat a ball across the net, don’t worry. You’re probably pretty, says Turhan, and there’s nothing a man likes better than to show a pretty girl how to do something. It makes him feel superior. Besides, he’s probably no Bobby Ríos or Johnny Weissmuller himself. “A man doesn’t go on a vacation to become a tennis champion or a swimming cham-
pion,” elaborates Turhan. “He’s at the resort to relax, too.”

But here YOU are, and none of these vacation tricks seem to apply to you. To begin with, you HATE sports. All foot-

ball captains can just drop dead, as far as you’re concerned. You can’t swim. Besides, you look like Dracula’s sister all wet and dripping. Could be, too, that you’re not exactly Eve on the beach. On the other hand, you’re not the bookish, intellectual type, either. You didn’t come on this vacation to read all day. What then? Well, Mr. Bey?

“When a single man arrives at a res-
ort,” says Turhan, “he doesn’t try to pick out a girl to date that night. The first thing he does is to attach himself to a married couple, preferably with children. A girl can do the same thing. She can always be unself-consciously friendly with another woman. She can make it immediately clear that she regards the husband as a nice guy, but thoroughly married. Then the wife will start introducing the girl to various friends who drop by. If the couple has a dog, so much the better. The girl can take the dog for a walk, and you’d be surprised how many attractive males will stop to
pet the little fellow. This will never make the girl feel forward. After all, men on vacations are looking for a good excuse to get acquainted, too.

Now, after you have made friends, there may be one who is very, very nice, indeed. How to keep him interested is the same technique you use all year round. It's only making a man feel important and happy. "This is something," says Turhan, "that too few American women know how to do. I was out the other day with a fellow and his girl. She was beautiful, but after about five minutes you forgot this. The boy was attentive, courteous—but the girl hardly noticed it. She was royally entertained—with dinner, the theater, good conversation—but, at the close of the evening, she didn't even thank him. All night long, she kept talking about how many men wanted to marry her, what compliments she had received, and what this fellow or that one had given her. Beauty is a great asset, but it can be killed with four words."

Girls who know how to make a man feel gifted and clever—girls with warmth and personal interest in their heartswill never sit by themselves very long on the beach. For, somehow, this graciousness and warmth and sympathy and interest in the other fellow shows. And, in a deadlier fashion, selfishness and self-centeredness shows, too.

"I do not know what women feel they can gain by referring to conquests and men who are crazy about them," says Turhan, "because a woman is always much more interesting if she doesn't say anything at all about her romantic life. A man will always suspect much more allure—visualize many more rivals and hazards and complexities—in a romance than a girl can ever tell him. A man's imagination is always more powerful than a girl's banal recitation of dates."

At last, the two weeks—or two months—draw to a close. Perhaps you've found the man of your dreams, and you don't want the dream to end. How do you avoid a September song? How can you make a summer romance last through the fall?

This is where you can make really serious mistakes. Because, now, your romance has outgrown the temporary feeling—at least, so you hope. Marriage hasn't been mentioned, but perhaps, if you're clever, it will be.

To begin with, says Turhan, you must remember that availability will be a major factor in whether or not you'll see each other in the fall. If he's going back to his office in New York, and you're off to the University of California—chances are that you'll write a few ardent letters for awhile, and then things will taper off. Of course, if you're both madly in love, he can go to China and you to Africa—but you'll find a way to get back together again. We're not talking about the couples who decide where they are going before September comes. We're talking about the girl who feels that she has met up with something special, but who has only a summer romance on which to hang her hopes.

If you are both going to be far away from each other, you can write. Many wartime romances reached the marriage stage just through letters. On the other hand, perhaps you are both going back to the same locale. On the surface, says Turhan, this looks like a break. But be careful, little girl, going back to the same locale may be the worst thing that ever happened to you.

For you may have been terrific in a bathing suit—with your hair wet, your skin tanned, and your figure a poet's dream. Perhaps you looked swell on a horse. But it's one thing to be the back-to-nature gal on the beach; quite another to be the same person in a smart New York restaurant. It's one thing to be the horse type at a dude ranch; quite something else again to be the horsey type when you "meet mother."

Some girls are lucky, Turhan points out. They look wonderful dunked in the brine, and equally fascinating in dinner clothes. They don't have to worry. But, if you are the type who isn't as cosmopolitan—then do something about it before you meet the man of your summer dreams in different surroundings. Be smartly and simply dressed. Keep something of the natural freshness of your appearance, but don't go in for the stringy hair, shiny nose routine. In other words, adapt yourself to your surroundings—and you may seem as equally tantalizing to that special guy as the first time he saw you—carelessly tan in the sky-blue water.

And good luck—from Turhan Bey, who's probably talked himself, right here, into having a summer romance, himself!

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Dick Powell and Jane Greer set a new high in movie romance in RKO's historical adventure drama, "Station West." It's Dick Powell's first Western since "Brooklyn Cowboy."
Your Guide to Current Films

Continued from page 13

Tap Roots
Universal-International

This film is a pretty good example of what some authorities have been saying lately: the only trouble with motion pictures is in the writing. The idea—which is supposedly based on fact—is good and exciting, and the film starts out that way. But before it's half through, it bogs down from its overload. The story of a southern landowner, his snobbery and possessiveness, has been done before. This version could have been different, but isn't. However, Susan Hayward, as the hot-tempered daughter, and especially Van Heftin, as the more-than-rugged-individualist newspaper publisher who thinks nothing's too good for her, are worth seeing. Some of their love scenes, though obviously highly contrived, are quite exciting.

Green Grass of Wyoming

20th Century-Fox

Another in the series about Thunderhead, the handsome white stallion, unfortunately has little originality, despite its pictorial Technicolor beauty. After the boy (Robert Arthur, who looks like a real find) has freed his old pal (Thunderhead), he finds the racehorse has been enticing neighborhood mares into the hills and finally kidnaps his own favorite chestnut. Aided by the girl (sweet little Peggy Cummins) Robert captures and then tames the stallion, and though he loses the county race to the girl's father (Charles Coburn), he gets the girl and his mare a beautiful colt by Thunderhead, and apparently they all live happily ever after. Birl Ives, as a farm hand, sings a couple of ditties.

Two Guys from Texas
Warner Bros.

Even a couple of original scenes don't make this musical a must. Jack Carson's utter barnyard stupidity is just too heavy, and Dennis Morgan fans won't find his songs good enough. The story, set on a dude ranch, has some amusing kidding of Texas and Texans, and a cute situation—Jack is scared stiff of animals and a horse doctor cures his phobia through psychiatry—but it doesn't hold up. Dorothy Malone and Penny Edwards look pretty in Western duds, but have little to do.

Fighting Father Dunne
RKO

This could have been another "Boys' Town" if sentiment and sentimentality hadn't been layed on so thick. Pat O'Brien plays Father Dunne, a young priest who actually lived in St. Louis some forty years ago, and who single-handedly took its newspaper boys out of the gutter. He started a home for three of his young friends, and ended up—as far as the picture goes—with more than a hundred. The group has its ups and downs, with Father Dunne as its ever-giving spirit and devoted foster-father.

Raw Deal
Eagle Lion

Here are some of the elements for a good picture—the acting, direction and photography are above average. Unfortunately, the story isn't. And there's just too much shooting, murder and unwarranted brutality. Dennis O'Keefe is an escaping convict for the love of whom two very nice gals—his childhood sweetheart (Claire Trevor) and his lawyer's secretary (Marshelle Hunt)—are willing to risk their lives. This premise is a little too far-fetched, and some of the situations don't help it.

Old Los Angeles
Republic

A Western also strives to be a musical, with a Spanish girl (Estelita Rodriguez) microphonement and announced a special "class" of those married "38 years from today," which Dick and Jessica Barthelmes tamed to the floor. It was with particular pleasure that I witnessed President of RKO Peter and Mrs. Rathvon, who are such wonderful people and such dear friends of mine, proudly get up to dance when George announced a dance for those married 30-49 years. Who says that marriages don't last in filmland!

I only hope that the newlyweds of 1948 follow suit and that I will have a chance, a few years from now, of dancing at their wedding anniversaries—not their re-marriage celebrations!

A week prior to the Lightons' party, the Bob Montgomerry rented the same ultra-swank Crystal Room in the Beverly Hills Hotel to celebrate their twentieth anniversary, and a goodly crowd of filmland's famous folk turned out to congratulate them. Bob and Betty danced the first dance together and then went out to where Dick and Jessica Barthelmes were sitting and made them get up for a twirl around the floor, because Dick and Jessica were on the verge of celebrating their twentieth anniversary just four days hence!

When, as parties like these, you see such examples of married couples who have weathered all marital storms successfully over a long period of years: the Bing Crosbys, 18 years; the Ray Millards, 17 years; the Walter Pidgeons, 15 years; the Henry Fondas, 18 years; and the Bob Hopes, 16 years—you wonder why life in Hollywood gets the reputation for being such a "marry-go-round." It's chiefly because so much attention is focussed on the ones, as Walter Pidgeon says, "to whom love is like eating mushrooms. They never know whether it's the real thing until it's too late!"

Also the subject of marriage and divorce in filmland is such a constant source for conversation and story-telling. For example, Van Johnson, who is very happily married to Evie and has no intention of permitting gossip to report otherwise, told me a cute quip about an actress who picked up the phone in her studio dressing room and told the operator she would like to speak to her husband. "Number, please?" asked the operator. Evie simply replied the actress, "I mean my fifth one!"

However, the number of happy marriages in Hollywood should prove a wonderful example to youngsters like Marilyn Maxwell and Michael North, Diana Lynn and Bob Neal, who are contemplating the step to the altar. I am sincerely fond of lovely little Diana and I happen to know that Bob is really very much in love with her. Incidentally, Bob, who is one of the most eligible young bachelors in our movie town, is one of the few young men who is conscious of his social obligations. If he attends a party he always gratefully thanks his host or hostess and then makes sure that he or she is invited to his next party.

The other afternoon he took over the little private club above Ciro's—the Cirolette—and tossed a delightful affair for about a hundred of his friends. When I asked him what the occasion was, he simply smiled and said, "Nothing in particular, Cobina, I simply wanted to do something for all the people who have entertained me so royally. And actually, most of his guests were those who had invited him to cocktails, dinners, theaters and clubs.

In his "host and hostess" group were Sonja Henie, Zachary Scott, Turhan Bey, Mrs. Jackie Cooper, Cesar Romero, Appetizer Kent, Ann Miller and naturally—Diana Lynn. Everyone had a wonderful time, many of them staying over for dinners in the house on the lawn downstairs. But of most importance was that it was such a nice way for thoughtful Mr. Neal to say, "Thank you."

Cobina's Gossip of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 49

Screenland
“River Lady”
Continued from page 36

themselves to death for an ambitious woman.”

Frustration swept through her as first he moved away from her, then rose slowly to his feet. And mingling with that sense of helplessness was the fury battering down her better judgment. “Do you want to be a river rat all your life?” she demanded.

“Why not?” One eyebrow lifted quizzically. “You’ve got something driving you that makes you miserable. Only, don’t try to push me, Sequin.” His smile came again as he pulled her up beside him. “Look, I’ll do all right, but I’ll do it my own way. And when I get married I want a wife, not someone who’s whipping me to go faster all the time.”

She gave him a long look and then her smile came too. “All right, Corrigan,” she said, and she forgot everything except his arms holding her and his mouth closing hard over hers.

It was a new trick, this seeming surrender. It taught Sequin something she had never known before about men like Dan. They couldn’t be driven; they had to work out their own destinies. But Sequin couldn’t hold back the ruthless forces of her ambition any more than the Mississippi could hold back that endless stream of logs rushing along its current. Only instead of trying to convince him she went to Morrison, the lumber operator, driven to the wall by her own syn- dicate, and offered him the fifty thousand dollars he needed to keep going for a half share in his business and the stipulation that Dan should run it. She played her cards well, Sequin did. So well that even Beauvais did not seem to suspect her part in the plan when Dan boarded the River Lady that night and told them about the offer. It was only when Dan said he had refused the opportunity and Sequin couldn’t hold back her dismay that Beauvais gave her a sudden, knowing look and left.

But Dan didn’t suspect at all. “You’re sore because I didn’t take that job, aren’t you?” he asked. Then as Sequin only shrugged, he pulled her over to him. “You want me to be one thing,” he said unhappily, “I want to be something else. How do we get together on it?”

“I know one way.” She gave him a long look. “I’ll play you one hand of showdown poker. If you lose you take the job, if I lose I’ll shut up about it.”

She waited breathlessly while he deliber- ated a moment. Then as he nodded in agreement she took a pack of cards and began ruffling them. “Cut,” she smiled, pushing them over to him.

His eyes were intent on hers and so he did not see that as she picked them up she placed them in the position they had been before. And even when the hands were dealt and he saw that he had lost he did not suspect her of this new trick- ery. Instead there was only the bitter knowledge that she had at last maneuvered him into playing the game as she wanted it.

He left without kissing her goodbye as he always had before, even after the

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**Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only**

**WHY DOES HE AVOID HER EMBRACE?**

A. Because he is no longer happy in their marriage, constantly makes excuses to avoid the romantic intimacy of their honeymoon.

Q. What has she done? Is it really all her fault?

A. It is not so much what she has done as what she has neglected... and that is proper feminine hygiene.

Q. Can neglect of proper feminine hygiene really spoil a happy marriage?

A. Yes, and the pity of it is, every wife can hold her lovable charm by simply using “Lysol” disinfectant as an effective douche.

Q. Can this purpose be accomplished by homemade douching solutions?

A. No...salt, soda and similar make-shifts do not have the proved germicidal and antiseptic properties of “Lysol” which not only destroys odor but is effective in the presence of organic matter.

Q. Why does this husband not tell his wife why he avoids her?

A. Because he feels that a woman should know these important facts...and use every means in her power to remain glamorous, dainty and lovely to love. He resents her neglect of such fundamen- tals as correct feminine hygiene which is achieved so easily by regular douching with “Lysol” brand disinfectant.

DON’T TAKE CHANCES with married happiness...safeguard your complete cleanliness...use only “Lysol” in the douche...it is not only effective, but kind to delicate tissues.

**Check with your doctor**

Many physicians recommend “Lysol” in the proper solution, for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caus- tic, gentle, scientifically correct, “Lysol” brand disinfectant is so economical, safe, pleasant to use. Follow simple directions for correct douching solution, non-injurious to delicate membranes, deodorizing and efficient.

**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 freshly informing FREE booklet.

**For Feminine Hygiene—always use “Lysol”**

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SCREENLAND 57
worst of their quarrels. And as the weeks went by he didn't come back to the River Lady again: the only reason was, the patient, was playing a waiting game now, going against Beauvais and the syndicate they had built up between them to bring Dan the success she had always wanted for him, the success she was so sure would send him back to her arms.

The first fear came when she heard the rumors that his daughter Stephanie had fallen in love with him. But that was nothing compared to the panic that seized her as she was walking along the river bank with Beauvais and there, but a few feet away from them, were the big hands that had rescued that day on the deck. Sequin thought she had lost him, and her lips twisted in the bitter knowledge that it was she who had brought them together, who had made it possible for Stephanie to raise her arms to that sudden gesture and cling to him adoringly. Then came a stirring of relief as she saw Dan's eyes, as he gently freed himself from that half-embrace. For no man would look that way at a girl he loved, as if he were sorry for what he had done.

She knew he was coming back to her then. But she hadn't thought it would be so soon. For that very evening, as she was singing her first song, there he was standing in the doorway, and so she knew, even before he whispered the question she had waited for so long, that she had won.

It had come true at last, the dream she had dreamed so long. In her happiness Sequin ordered free drinks for everybody in the place. As she was responding to one of the toasts she saw the girl who had no right to be in a place like this. There was a glazed look in her eyes, but Stephanie managed a quiet smile as she came over to them.

"I just wanted to congratulate you on your engagement," she said, and leaning over she took Dan's glass and raised it to her lips. "Here's to the bride," she said steadily. "To money and the things you can do with it." She looked straight at Dan, and suddenly her frozen smile was gone. "Dan, honey, he wouldn't have cared for you," she cried wildly. "Or didn't you know?"

It was useless to protest. Sequin knew that as Dan got slowly to his feet. "Dan," she called at his arm trying to hold him there. "It was just a business investment. I saw a chance to make some money and . . ."

"You had to do it your way, didn't you?" His voice was as inimical as his eyes starting at her.

There was a time when she had never been able to combat sweeping through her then as he brushed her hand from his arm and turned away. "If you walk out of that door," she stormed, "I'll run you off the river!"

"Oh, no, you won't!" his short laugh came. "If I can fight the syndicate I can fight you."

"You're a fool, Dan," the words rushed out of her mouth before she had a chance to bite them back. "I'm the syndicate. You don't think you could have made money out of Morrison's mill if I hadn't let you?"

His steely eyes stopped her. "So that's how it was," he said. "All you had to do was to pull the strings to make me the big man. And that's what you did. I was doing it on my own. All right, I've got some news for you! I'll make money, and I'll do it without any help! And if you think you're going to run me out of business you can start any time!"

They were stacked against her now, those cards Sequin had always been able to manipulate to her will. But time would change all that for a girl who had learned the trick of dealing herself an ace from the bottom of the pack. He was walking out on her now, but he'd be back again, just give her time.

Only time would tell whether Sequin any longer. She knew that the next day when the whole town was buzzing with the news that Dan and Stephanie were married.

Sequin was almost ready to admit defeat until Ma Dunnigan spread the story of how Dan had taken Stephanie to her saloon and that he was so drunk when he married her, he didn't even remember it when he woke up the next morning. It was pity that was making him stick to his bargain now, but pity couldn't hold him forever to a woman he didn't love.

But that hope wasn't enough to hold back Sequin's fury when Dan began his fight on the syndicate by organizing all the independent lumbermen into a company even more powerful than the one she and Beauvais had built.

"Well," Beauvais sneered that day they learned Dan had taken their biggest market away from them, "it looks like you've finally done what you set out to do. You wanted Corrigan to be a big man and he is, so big that he'll probably put you out of business when those logs of his start rolling in a few days. Unless, he looked at her shrewdly, we decide to stop him."

And then at her questioning look, "If you want, I'll send him to jail, Sequin's lips tightened. "Go ahead," she said, "I said I'd break him, and I will."

It wasn't until the day the river barricade had been completed and Dan's logs were already beginning to pile up against it that Ma Dunnigan told her Stephanie had come home alone from the Morrison camp in the timber country, her marriage broken. And it was because Dan couldn't forget her, Sequin, that Stephanie had realized the hopelessness of her love.

First, there was only a feeling of exultation. Then suddenly there was the fear stabbing through as the unmistakable sound of a pistol shot rang out from the direction of the river. Two women stared at each other, the other sound came, the longer, reverberating thunder of exploding dynamite.

There were minutes stretching into eternity before they saw the men coming slowly down the hill and the two stretchers they were carrying. But before they reached the dock one of the loggers had run on ahead of the others.
telling them what had happened. Dan had run the logs to dynamite the jam just as Sequin had expected he would, and Beauvais had followed him. There had been a fight and Beauvais, getting the worst of it, had shot him only to be killed himself when the dynamite exploded.

Dan was alive! Sequin’s first impulse was to run over to Ma Dunnigan’s where they were taking him. Then came the quieter, more cautious instinct learned in the long months when she had almost lost him. There was still his pride to be considered. It wouldn’t be easy to win over that, even now. So instead she forced herself to wait until she had dressed in the softest, most feminine outfit she owned. She took a long time making up her eyes, her lips, and when she had finished she looked at herself in the mirror and knew that she had never looked lovelier than she did now, going to Dan.

Stephanie was there in the bar at Ma Dunnigan’s and Sequin couldn’t resist a triumphant glance as she swept by her. Then she was upstairs, she was knocking at the door of his room, she was going in to him. And then there was nothing, nothing at all, for his eyes were like those of a stranger’s looking at her. The next time you send somebody out to get me,” he said coldly, “pick one who’s a better shot.”

“It wasn’t like that, Dan,” she said, and her legs were trembling so she had to sit down in the chair beside his bed. “I didn’t know Beauvais had a gun. You’ve got to believe me, Dan.”

“Okay,” Dan said, “I’ll believe you.”

She tried to think it was his pride that made him so cold. Only it wasn’t pride. He didn’t need pride now that he had stopped loving her. And he had stopped caring, for when she leaned over and kissed him, she saw the sudden pity in his eyes, and hadn’t she always known a man couldn’t look like that at a woman he loved?

She went slowly downstairs, and at first her eyes hardened as she saw Stephanie. Then something stronger than her hurt, something she never knew she had before, made her answer the question in the girl’s eyes.

“You little fool,” she said briskly, “aren’t you going up to him? He wants you, he didn’t want me.” As the girl still hesitated she laughed disdainfully. “Do I have to write it out for you? Go on up!”

She stood a moment on the stairs after the girl had hurried past her. Then she saw one of the loggers staring at her, a new one, one that she had never seen before. He was young, and there was something about his eyes that made her think of Dan when he had first come there to the north country.

He smiled and she went over to him. “I’d like to ask you a question,” she said. “Would you have any objection to having a woman running your life?”

He gave her a curious look and then he grinned. “That depends on the woman,” he said, and suddenly some of that strange, lost feeling left her and she found she could laugh again.

“Let’s sit down over there,” she said. “I like your attitude.”

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GUIDE TO GLAMOR

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Crisp, Cool, Colorful!

Continued from page 16

however, is due to bob pins and a little rolling up before bedtime. “When warm weather comes,” continued Gerry, “I keep my hair back well off my face with a ribbon or a barette. I use very little makeup in warm weather, mostly lipstick. I love perfumes, all the exciting, exotic French scents, but I substitute eau de Cologne in summer. I like blue and it’s a wonderful summer color. Bright colors, regardless of whether they’re cool or warm in tone, suggest crispness, that clean, crisp look. Wear these in summer and leave the smoldering tones for cooler days. A girl can have so much fun with her play clothes these days. And she can have fun in them, too.”

Gerry likes square dancing, but thinks it important to dress properly for the energetic business of a swing-your-partner and a do-si-do. An off-shoulder blouse, for instance. It’s already down and won’t slip more. A full skirt, not too long and whatever type of shoe is most comfortable. She wears her hair back where it can swing in pretty abandon yet be out of her and her partner’s way. She wears no jewelry for this energetic dance—well, maybe tiny earrings or a beauty spot on cheek, chin, or low on her neck. A new-old fad, this, and a fascinating one revived today.

Swimming, badminton, tennis and ping-pong are on her sports list. And now, horses. She had to learn to ride for her part in “Cry Wolf.”

We might all take a few lessons from Gerry in summer grooming. We might think first of our hair. If you haven’t yet tried a home permanent, then I feel I can really promise you a happy adventure. Practically all the pretty young heads I see these days are the result of self-administered permanents. The girls are really getting experienced now, and what this means to the budget!

If your hair is on the dull side, if it is unbecoming streaked by the sun, or if premature gray disturbs you, then you might well consider the modem hair makeup rinses. As easy to use as any final water rinse, they step up your basic color just enough to lend definite character to hair, to add a lift and loveliness in highlights and luster, or to blend in ever so subtly the sunburned streaks or the first peeps of gray. I mention the gray particularly because it is very common to see these “silver threads among the gold” in such young hair, and it seems to worry the girls. The hair makeup rinse, to my mind, is coming into the class of lipstick, so far as normal everyday beauty is concerned. It is something to try. One particularly progressive com-

pany has worked out an ingenious chart whereby your salesgirl can tell you exactly what to use for more color, more sparkle, to lighten one tiny bit, to subdue—something for the girls who really bleach—or to tone down offending streaks. These rinses shampoo away, and the trick is to follow a fresh shampoo with one of them.

In spite of the hue and cry for short hair, not everybody is going in this direction. I do suggest, however, a cool-looking arrangement for now—something that reveals the front hairline. If you’re due for a thinning, you might ask if your shop features the new “U” hair-cut, a method devised by Mr. Leon of the American Hair Design Institute, which removes bulk without ragged or blunt ends popping up.

Shampoo more than ever these days. Spanking clean, silky hair both looks and feels cool. When you use the mild, modern shampoos, in any form you choose, you need not fear dryness from them if you will rinse thoroughly.

Deodorants should have top priority in daily grooming. A little more care now, please, if you’d keep fresh as a daisy. Use eau de Cologne lavishly. It’s budget-priced. There are fragrances to suit every taste, and it actually refreshes the skin as much as it does the senses. A dusting powder or a talcum is a summer “must.”

Spend a little more time in tub, shower or basin. Lukewarm water will cool and refresh much more than hot or cold.

Pinkly makeup for face, lips and fingers comes in a wide range of color, from warm coral to pure and blush pinks. Choose with your suntinted skin in mind as the background.

Remember Gerry’s suggestion for clear, crisp colors in your clothes. And try some form of special activity in them. Wonderful for your figure and spirits. Wonderful, too, when the cool days ahead close in on us. You’ll have some new conversation pieces to add to your repertoire, something special to talk about with the boys. That’s one way popularity grows.
They all talk about these

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Does It Pay a Girl to Be Honest with Men?

Continued from page 91

I was born until I got my first job, I wore hand-me-downs—the coats, dresses, sweaters, shoes, underthings inherited, as I grew into them, from my sisters Mau-ureen and June; and loved having them, happily unaware that hand-me-downs were not the common lot of all growing girls. When I was eight, I earned my swimming time in a neighborhood pool by counting towels—one hour’s free swim for every hundred towels. I bet I got more out of an hour than other kids out of an unearned whole day in the water. I love more than any other part of the earth. Until I was married, I lived in the house in which I was born born, moreover, in the living-room of the house since, with four other children ahead of me, the bedrooms were all full! But I’d never given a thought to the house unless it was, loving it as I did, and do, (Mommie and Daddy still live there) a loving thought.

I remember the very day when, coming home from school, I suddenly saw the house as I had never seen it before; thought, Why, it’s quite a small house! Why, we must be, migosh, I guess we are, sort of poor! It occurred to me then because in college people were sorry for me. I could tell, working my way through as I was, short of money, unable to join in the constant talk of how much money their parents had, where to go for week-ends, so-and-so’s new car, new fur coat, etc.—talk that made me so mad I quit college. I’d get a job, I decided, where other people have to work, too, and are not ashamed of it. I did, too. I got a job modeling and selling at Magun’s in Los Angeles. I was an awfully good salesgirl, what’s more, honestly I was! And a pretty good merchandiser. I liked merchandising. I was planning to be a buyer.

The same sense of values, the very same, is still with us. One night not long ago the family came to dinner, which I, like usual—I do all my own cooking—had prepared. Sitting around the table, stuffing our faces, my family, who are my severest critics, fell to discussing my acting ability, if any. Suddenly my Dad looked up and said, “If she can cook like this, I don’t give a damn whether she can act or not!”

A day or two after we finished “On An Island With You,” my mother was having lunch with me at the studio when Mr. Pasternak, who produced the picture, and Mr. Richard Thorpe, who directed it, stopped by our table and said some nice things about the picture and about me. Mr. Pasternak added, “Aren’t you very proud of Esther, Mrs. Wil-iams?” “I’m proud of all my children,” my mother said.

The night “On An Island With You” was previewed in Hollywood was quite glamorous, quite Floodlights, fanfare, fans, and Ricardo Montalban, Peter Lawford and I signing autographs, taking the bows. As I was leaving the theater with my family, “Never mind, darling,” said my sister June, who has two small daughters, “all this nonsense will soon be over and then you can settle down and have children, too!”

No credit to me that I am honest. I was “raised” honest. I was honest when I said I didn’t want to be in the movies. The movie offers began when I was starring in Billy Rose’s Aquacade at the San Francisco World’s Fair, a job I’d accepted because it sounded fun (I’d be swimming!) an adventure, and good money.

The Paul Henreids, seldom seen around Hollywood night spots, take daughter to Icecapades.
But I'd been so hurt, living that back-stage life, all the pettiness, slipperiness, gossip, that—well, Billy Rose is almost responsible for my not being in pictures, ever.

Even when Jack Cummings, a top agent, approached me about doing water pictures for MGM, I told him, "A theatrical life is not for me, I'm too normal."

When Mr. Cummings, not believing me, kept calling, I said, "I am not playing hard to get. I am really sincere about this. I don't expect you to call me again."

When girls ask me how to go about getting in pictures, I say: "Get discovered—by means of swimming, as I did, or flagpole sitting, or whatever, but get discovered and then be hard to get. Be honestly hard to get, you know, not playing it."

The girls at Magnin's got so mad at me when I kept saying "No" to patient Mr. Cummings, who still kept calling, that one day they took the telephone away from me and when Mr. Cummings spoke of an appointment with Mr. Mayer for 4:30 that afternoon, the girls told him, "She'll be there at 4:30." So I was. By using "brute force," I tell them, the girls got me all done up in clothes raided from stock and I was on my way, soothing myself with the reflection, well, at least I can tell my grandchildren that I met Louis B. Mayer!

The first thing Mr. Mayer said to me was, "You're awfully tall."

The first thing I said to Mr. Mayer was, "I'm sorry to be so tall, but it was nice meeting you. Goodbye."

The second thing Mr. Mayer said was, "I think you're going to be all right.

To which I replied with a recital of my one experience in show business, how I hated it, why I hated it, concluding with the flat statement, "I am a swimmer, not an actress."

When I'd finished, "Why, you little intellectual upstart, you!" laughed Mr. Mayer.

I laughed. We laughed together, and—my first picture under my MGM contract was "Bathing Beauty."

To be honest is the only way I know to avoid misunderstanding, not only in the movie business but in marriage.

While I was in Florida on location some candidate for the loony-bin started the rumor that Esther Williams and Ben Gage were divorcing. The first thing I did, when the rumor reached me, was try to get Ben, who was in Hollywood, on the phone. The line was busy. The first thing Ben said, when the rumor reached him, was try to get me on the phone. The line was busy. Each was calling the other—when we did get through we said, almost simultaneously, "Darling, you aren't upset by this nonsense, are you?"

"No, I was just hoping you are not."

"Such nonsense when, no doubt about it. I've got my guy and he's got his girl and we've stopped looking!"

Recently I signed a seven-year, wonderful new contract with MGM. What made it more wonderful is that they came to me and asked me to sign it. But ever since I've been in pictures I've done nothing but the frothiest musicals, in which I've played vacuous characters with nothing to say but "Oh, yes"; "Oh, no"; "Oh, really." I don't want to stop making musicals. I don't want to stop making swimming pictures. In "Fiesta" there was only one swimming scene and people screamed from here to Gibraltar. To do the story of Annette Kellerman's life is my dream—the story of a great swimmer, but the story of a life. So, when I thanked Mr. Nicholas Schenck and Mr. Mayer for my magnificent new contract, I said, "You've all been so good to me, I can't ask for anything more, except—in the next seven years, could I have just one sensible line to say?

Recently I made a personal appearance tour, my first—instead of using ready-made for me speeches, I tried it my way: In every theater I played, I stayed on stage after the show and asked for it by asking people to ask me questions which I answered, right off the top of my head. Such as: "What does Sinatra look like?" "A pipe cleaner, with ears."

"How about a date, honey?"

"Well, look, I'm married to a guy six feet five and a half, weighs 225 pounds, a lot of man—you still interested?"

"Do you know Jane Russell?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Jane and I don't run around in the same sweaters!"

"How about communism out in Hollywood?"

"I'd be the last to know. After all, none of my pictures, my guy little musicals, could possibly be subversive, they're so subversive! I really gave myself a put on the back for that one!" When they fractured me by asking personal questions about other stars, I'd say, "I don't consider it any of my business—do you?"

Following this tour, I was gratified to get letters from fans telling me they have a "new respect" for me. To quote from one letter, "We've found out you can talk."

I love the fans, adore them, am flattered by them, but—I'm honest with them, too. At the MGM gates, where the kids stand to watch the stars in and come out, there are "repeaters," certain youngsters who are there four, five times in a week. One such young faithful told me one day, "I want to be a swimmer just like you." Then what are you standing here for, waiting to get a stale movie star's autograph? I asked her, "in the mood of being in a swimming pool where you belong?"

Even if I were inclined to swap the old, basic home, and homely, values for new, more sophisticated standards, I wouldn't have a chance—not with my husband, I wouldn't! As much a family man as I am a family girl, Ben's great love for his family had a great deal to do with my falling in love with him. I knew he'd be a wonderful husband, and he is. (And he's going to be a wonderful father!) I knew that home would mean, to both of us, the same thing. So it does.

Ben and I have a little house at Pacific Palisades, some miles from Hollywood. Two bedrooms, one bath, kitchen, combination living-room and dining room, a very little house, but—a thirty-foot swimming pool! I am a fish, you know! Fish, I tell my small nieces and nephews are my "finny relatives." As a child, I did my lessons sitting in the bathtub. I said I could think better in water. So I could. So can I. If I don't get in the
Subset of text:

"I understand Franchot. He is very handsome and because I am going to be an actress I know how destacking it is to be in the liberry studying and have Pat and Jeff and the dogs and everybody making a noise so I scold them and quite them. That is the littes I can do for Franchot. And if I'm not there and Jeff can keep them ther . I am really there aunt and when Pat gets grouche I make him get over it so Franchot can have some peace and quiet."

"Franchot is always jentil with all of us. No matter how definite Jean gets he is jentil and no matter how nozy Pat and Jeff and the dogs get he is quite. No matter how mixed up things get he is jentil. I guess Franchot thinks jentilly I have lived with Jean and Franchot since I was 26 months old and today I'm glad Jean married such a find I am glad I'm going to be a smart, inteligent lady. I am going to be very intelligent and not miss school and study hard and raise all my children the way Franchot and Jean are raising Pat and Jeff because Franchot says in the good actress I must be intelligent and edukated."

"Sometimes I think Franchot is too nice. He is when always perfect. I do not see how he can be so perfect but he says he will find that out when I grow up and am a big star because big stars are very pashent and he had all the soldiers and generals and people making arguments with him. One night I was thinking about how wonderful Franchot is to Jean and all of us and how wonderful London was and he got shot and it scared me for Franchot. I could not go to sleep and the next morning I was tired and Jean and Franchot were worried about me. And I told them that they were the only presidents get shot no matter how much some people want to shoot actors so I am not going to worry because Franchot is like London any more. Even if he has love for everyone not just for himself."

"So I love Franchot very much and it was very nice of Jean to marry him so we could all live together and I can be an actress."

"By Jean Wallace Tone"

"After six-and-a-half years of marriage Franchot Tone is the most exciting, handsome, lovable, exasperating, beguil- ing and challenging man in my world. His poise is a Gibraltar of strength—now that we've each done a little reforming. He's taught me to be more con-
trolled—I've helped him discover the release an occasional outburst can be. He actually allowed himself to be angry when a business associate doublecrossed him recently and I was mightily proud of him! Never making a fuss, never aggressi-
ve about privileges he's earned—that I can cheer him for. But I've been burned to a crisp when he's allowed people to take advantage of his generosity and he throws it away."

"His knowledge of subjects as unrelated as the ballet and the pruning of fig trees, acting and a recipe for fridcol, politics and the intricate mechanism of television, blown glass and the history of rare gems, religion and psychiatry—it no longer amazes me. Proving you can get used to anything."

"Franchot's rather particularly unpredictable, I'd say. Just when you think he's a MIND he makes some ridiculous off-beam investment—like the winery. We have heaven knows how many cases of wine in storage, all we have to show for quite a tidy investment he made one smart day. He won't drink a drop of the stuff, 'It cost about a thousand dollars a case,' says he. ‘And no drink is worth it.'"

"His independence is colossal. Even when he has a cold in the head he remains aloof from any evidence of need-

"When I come home from work at night, if I make the slightest reference to the studio, my husband tells me, "Look, honey, you're home—get on the apron, into the kitchen, and make with the dinner! Do I."

"In New York during this recent tour of mine, the phone rings in my hotel suite and it's Ben calling me long dis-
tance. "Dear," I wall. "I'm so lone-
some, I don't know what to do!" "Come right home, darling," he tells me, "this is terrible! I don't know what to do. There's a ring at the door. It's Ben. He hadn't been calling long distance. He'd called from the lobby, having put a handker-
chief over his mouth to make it sound like long distance. He'd flown 3000 miles between broadcast (he announces the Joan Davis show on the air, you know) to spend two days with me! Or I'm on stage in a theater, as in New Haven, Connecticut, for instance—and a man is coming up the aisle carrying a bunch of roses so that they cover his face. As this man hands the flowers to me over the feetlights the face is unveiled—and it's Ben!"

"They tell you that in the picture busi-
ness you can't be honest if you want to get along. They're wrong. I've been, and am and always will be honest, and I get along just fine."

"They tell you you can't be honest in

love—it doesn't pay, I am honest in my love for my husband and it pays in the way it does for me, the sweet things, the wonderful surprise things, the in-love things."

"It pays in happiness, honesty does—

isn't that "pay" enough?"
ing help or attention. He can always tie his dress tie expertly without getting the threads tangled up. He never goes baring around blaming elusive dress shirt studs or collar buttons on my carelessness, or the kids' explorations into his dresser drawers. Of course, he doesn't have to plant any blame—he always knows when it is my fault.

I love his laugh and his smile.

Because I was very young and Franchot's what people call a man of the world, the hazards of our marriage were delightfully estimated by those who fill the lack in their own lives with an acute interest in the lives of others. We've confounded the prophets so far. Sometimes I think we've even confounded ourselves.

There are times when Franchot's every virtue seems a fault. When I wish his independence would crack, when his over-generosity would stop and go into reverse. I don't mind the exciting few times his control has burst, wide open and his quiet evaporated in an outraged roar. There are times when I wish his tie would be crooked, his suit wrinkled. And then I think of the way his eyes crinkle at the corners when we're laughing together, when he looks like a new gown. I see the charming casualness of his perfect manners, feel the dependability of his tact, diplomacy and forbearance. So what if he does like a symphony better than having a crowd for dinner? Prefers a sneak preview to a premiere? What if he does prefer going to the races to going dancing? And bets the horses with more enthusiasm than know-how? My thrifty soul capitulates before his guileless smile when he hands me the unashed cigarettes, saying merely, "I forgot to tell the horses I was on 'em."

You can't resent a man just because he looks like a "Man of Distinction" at the breakfast table when you've seen him, with infinite patience, console his son when his favorite toy was broken, or discussed the first-birth with firmness, when a toss-off could have been easier by far.

As Franchot's wife I've come to respect a lot of things which, when I was a youngster, seemed unimportant. It was inevitable, I suppose, that I first resisted his attraction for me—disliked him, even, because of it. Perhaps in a vague way I realized the enchantment his even-tempered, almost casual way would throw about me. It's no longer enchantment—it's real. I guess through all of this I've been trying to say that is fully said in a simple sentence: Franchot is a charmer.

That's his burden—and his glory. It's my pride and my cross.

By HELEN FERGUSON

He has a sense of humor as gay and spiritedly as a leprechaun's—but that's his secret. On the surface, even he has acceptance. It's the first time I've seen a sophisticated erudite, aloof—all the admirable but chilling synonyms for Tone which have become his tag in Hollywood. But casual? Indifferent, my eye! The man is shy. Honest to goodness shy. Things matter greatly to Franchot but, like the leprechaun's charming approach to reality, his disguise of such caring is complete.

A master at the art of underplaying—his life is slanted on that side, too. To find out different you chuck your own inhibitions and rush right against the barriers of his reticence. And then there's fun.

Like the sight of the premiere at Westwood. Thinking it was a benefit preview, having practically invited myself to dinner at the Tones', my social conscience was slightly eased when I invited them to go. And review with me afterward, and bought tickets. Jean accepted eagerly and Franchot was told. We started off, and wound up in a premiere crowd—lights, shimmering gowns, radio broadcast—the works. Franchot wanted to turn back. Jean and I kept our enthusiasm at a pitch, ignoring Franchot's murmurs. "I'll just leave you girls and pick you up later"—and other not so murmured negative sentiments. Next thing, we were in the crowd, eager faces were grinning, calling Franchot's name, pelting him with flowers and coins. Someone opened the ear door, asked him to the mike, ignored his "Oh, you don't want me"—light bulbs flashed—Franchot was at the mike, his crooked grin showing, saying gracious, humorous things, with a twinkling eye at the photos and fans yelled, "Hello, "Franchot!" he tossed it off. "They're just glad to see anybody," he said.

That's the night I got to know the guy. Set my policy. Just surprise him into the spotlight—where folks want him, and which, on him, looks good. Surprise the few who think you like it for granted that you know how to "handle" Tone. He's full of surprises himself. Remember the leprechaun grin—and remember that leprechauns aren't like people, bound by the material importances. Remember they are bound only by their own delightful sense of values, and Franchot is bound by his. Shy, sensitive, considerate, but elusive—and a hunk of granite when "no" is what he really means. You won't go wrong if you listen to the tone of Tone's voice.

By JANET BLAIR

Yes, when Franchot and I started to work together in "I Love Trouble," it was really meeting up with a Dream Prince. I discovered his brilliant mind, his sharp wit. Here is a great talent and frankly, I'm plain irritated that he doesn't do more with it. After working with him, I'd class him as one of the greatest technicians in our business. He's so greatly gifted it's a shame he has a lazy streak. I'd like to see him pitching on many more productions a year than he does, and brother, how we can use his talent in building up theater here—radio too, and television. But, as I say, the guy's lazy. He says he wants to enjoy life a little.

Working with Franchot is a great challenge. You have to step it up in all departments. Consequently, you do a better job than you think you are capable of doing. An actress learns something from every person she works with in this business, good and bad. Without quali-
lification I say I learned the most to the good from Franchot. I had such respect for him, a respect he rates for his great knowledge and for the sure instinct he has for imparting it to associates. It was absolutely impossible to read a line badly in a scene with him.

There’s a lot of the little boy in him. It’s that and his irresistible, crooked grin that captures and holds his feminine fans. So I’m corny? Okay! It’s the way I feel—having been a man, and after being a co-worker.

And there’s his sportmanship. Once, on a difficult scene, I wrestled with my lines until it was embarrassing, Franchot dispelled the tension which he knew my fluffs were making for me. How? By deliberately raising up his own lines.

Death. I came close to death just once, when I was very ill. Until death is imminent most of us think, “What is the gruesomest step like down the lonely last road beyond which no one can hold my hand or comfort me? How will I ever be able to face it?” Faced with death, I found that when you are in pain, it is easier to let go and not try to hold on to life. When you really face death, you are not so terrified. I shall never again be afraid of the thought that I, like everyone else, must die some day.

Religion. I am not a bigot, but like most religious people. I agree with those who say, “Do not ask, believe.” We accept many things that we cannot actually prove. Each night when the sun goes down, we believe that it will rise again. Faith has been called “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”

I believe that there is a God. Of course, I don’t vision Him as an old man with a beard—I don’t try to figure out who or what He is. I believe that God is a force for good, that He has pity on humanity, and sees the reason for things
we don't understand. We may sometimes ask, "Why did such a tragic thing have to happen to So-and-so?" Though our minds cannot grasp the reason, I believe to have to happen to So-and-so?" Though there is a reason for everything that occurs by God.

Some say that religion is only for the weak. If they are right, then I think maybe we are meant to be weak so that we can recognize the strength of God.

Once a girl I knew said to me, "I used to go to church just for the organ music, and the grown-ups out of it. Now I've developed so far intellectually that I can't be satisfied just to believe without proof." I was sorry for her poor girl! I thought, "She believes she has progressed, but if through the development of her mind, she does not lose her sense of spiritual security, then she has lost more than she has gained." I believe that the one-sided development of the mind, accompanied by neglect of all religious thought, can lead to the cracking up of the mind.

Some people complain that religion is too intellectual; that I don't think it is. There is comfort in dogma in which you believe. Any religion which tells you what to believe is better, I think, than too much figuring out of something that cannot be reasoned out intellectually by even the greatest mind of any century.

I believe that everybody should find his own way of understanding and knowing God. If that understanding reaches you through churchgoing, through church sermons, music and the symbols of the church, then I believe you should go. If you feel that you understand God's best is in meditation or in other ways, that way you will find God. I do not believe that anyone will lose his soul just because he doesn't go to church. I do believe that there is such a thing as immortality. Wouldn't this life, during which we learn so much, be a terrible waste, if there were not? I can't believe we suffer for no reason at all. I believe that there may be a heaven but that there is no hell, except the one people who have done the wrong thing suffer on earth.

Happiness. I believe that peace is happiness. Mental peace, all kinds of peace and freedom from anguish make for happiness.

When people feel dissatisfied, I think it would help if they would sit down and figure out their assets and liabilities against the other fellow's, not in terms of dollars and cents but in terms of enduring values. I think most of us would feel that the balance sheet is to our credit, and our entries on the black side of the ledger far outweigh those on the red side.

Friendship. To make friends, I think you have to be straightforward, unpretentious, and yourself. To keep friends, you have to give as much to friendship as you take. Anything you have to work at it just as much as at a business.

If you don't see a certain friend for a long time and don't phone or write her, she can't see inside your brain and know that you are thinking of her. Friendship cannot exist in a vacuum. It dies of neglect and lack of nourishment, just as a plant would die, without water and food. When you're parted from friends, you should write to them whenever possible. How else can they know that you still regard them as friends?

War and Peace. I do not believe that there is a basic war or peace in any country. Nobody is born evil—everybody is born good. Some individuals may have a bad heredity, but what is bad in it does not reach evil fruition unless it is provoked by something evil in the environment.

If we may say that I think too idealistically and am not practical, all right, call it that, but today I think we have to believe in the innate goodness of any man and together figure out a constructive way of solving all our problems.

The creation of the atomic bomb has made the issue of war and peace an individual and civilian responsibility. We must go beyond narrow nationalism. Nobody is more American or loyal than I. But nationalism doesn't count any more in comparison with the necessity of there being one world and one people. Just as one may have family pride and yet discover that there are people who are not related to us whom we can be fond of, so one can have national pride and yet discover that there are nations all over the world that we can love and understand.

Remember what a terrific effort people made when our country was in a tough spot during the war? But most people are not fighting as hard for peace as they did for the war. I told one movie producer, "During the war, one couldn't go to a movie theater without seeing a picture which inspired one to do everything we could to help win the war. But what happens when you go to the movies today? You see your newspaper, your single or double feature. But there is no travelogue, no picture to help you understand what the Chinese, Japanese or Russians think and why they think as they do. So far, there has been nothing to show the American public, to show us what will happen if we don't learn to be one world and one people." If we don't, some day there may be no world and no people left to tell the story.

Too many people today are still planting the seeds for World War III. If we don't want more wars, we've got to end the cold war, plowing the field for war and sowing the seeds of future hatred and wars. I believe that to achieve greater understanding, we should all learn one language. People all over the world are not very different. One day I went to school in Switzerland for two years, and among my schoolmates were all nationalities. When we all spoke French together, we found we were pretty much alike, in every way. I made friends and traded all these nationalities. And I am as fond of many of them as of many of my American friends.

For the sake of our children and our grandchildren, as well as for our own sakes, we had better work harder for world peace and what we need for the war effort. We get in this world what we work for, whether it be peace or war, success, a happy marriage, or friendships we want to keep. And so I believe each of us must work for the things we want and dream of.

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THE SCREENLAND

67
stops! 'Cause “Love of My Life,” from “The Pirate” with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly, would by any other name sound as sweet as his greatest songs, specially when it was heard in the long, lingering tonsils of the glorious Lena. Oodles of that throbbing softness cover you through a pulsating beugie, Jean. And the flip—wow! The one L.H. killed ‘em with in her brilliant engagement at N.Y.’s Copa a while back. “Deed I Do.” Scrape me off a saucer and call me buttercup if it doesn’t make you flip your toupee! What a bounce, and what interpretation! And that L.H. doesn’t stand for Lennie Hayton or Luther Henderson who conduct respectively and so perfectly. What appealing squealing! (MGM)

ANDY RUSSELL: “Long After Tonight.” “What Do I Have to Do.” Del-la’s boy is sproutin’ with some nice sproutin’ from “Arch of Triumph,” on “Long After Tonight,” bulgin’ with the flavor of the Champs Elysee. May, oh, that Bergamont Hugh has been chief sprout in the Russell menage trading wardrobe in a cute hunk of holler from “Are You With It?” and you will wanna be with this slab. (Capitol)

BUDDY CLARK AND PEARL BAIL: “Inside U.S.A.” Smash from the Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz musical which set the apple on its core (knocked Broadway out) comes a sheaf of fine noise. Buddy’s thorax is on four cookies and my girl Pearl’s on two. The lark named Clark throws his head back for “Rhode Island.” “D’ First Prize at the Fair,” “My Gal Is Mine Once More” and “Haunted Heart.” And Pearl is her usual wonderful, languorous, sly self on “Blue Grass,” a clever bit ‘bout a chick losin’ her man to the ponies down Kentuck-y ways—there’s just no way to compete with a pair of poetry ‘bout “Pray Me” on the other cheek. This album’ll be inside many a pad in the U.S.A. molle allegro. (Capitol)

DUKE ELLINGTON: “Air Conditioned Jungle.” “It’s Monday Every Day.” E.K.E. does another in that never-ever-ending style in “Simple” ‘cause the woodwind of Jimmy Hamilton (clarinet) is right in the side pocket, the way he pushes it around. Masterful technique! And that “Jungle” sure is airy, Mary. Underneath sits a fine lot of the epiglottis of Al Hibbler which vibrates so provocatively on “Monday.” Make room on that shelf, elf. (Columbia)

DANNY KAYE: Look out, you rascal, ‘cause this Kaye kid doesn’t tread softly on your ears, but what goes in sure does tingle. Like this newie “Ballin’ the Jack,” which is actually an old jazz tune Ga. Gibbs frod so joyfully on Majestic. Plenty of the moosey swirl which is solely Daniel’s on this and its mate, gate, “St. Louis Blues”—all adding up to melodious mayhem that you can’t put in your vest and let it rest. Fine barbecue! (Decca)

BERYL DAVIS: My gurl Beryl, the Hit Parade maid, blooms forth with a cauldronful of biscuits that flows as gen-tly as the Afton. There’s a single skimmer, “Spring in December,” backed by a saucy little opus, “I Wanna,” which rocks lightly and politely and Beryl right along with it. Then for the final, there’s a whole fresh album, “Beryl By Candlelight,” which is just as soft and warm by gaslight or incandescent light. ‘Tween it covers the English chick caresses “Mad About the Boy,” “Alone Together,” “Ain’t That Kind,” “All Alone.” “Auld Lang Syne,” They Didn’t Believe Me,” “The Touch of Your Lips,” and “Tea For Two.” And Beryl for me and you. Oh, such tasty sips from those pretty lips. (Victor album P 201)

DORIS DAY AND BUDDY CLARK: M-m-m, strawberries! Dodo— I mean “Spangle Plenty,” and the Baritone Lark together for the price of one. They fit like filet of sole and tartar sauce on a brace of clever cuties, “Confess” and “Love Somebody.” Buddy’s Doris’ echo on the first, which is perf for Aug ust’s romantic (“The Touch of Your Lips,” tho, is the one that’ll be luring all that green stuffin’ from your little wastecot ‘cause it’s custom-made for the gym, milk bar, apothecary or club cellar, feller. Really loaded for bear and a sure smash. Who’ll be the choice? (MGM)

NATURE BOY: It always happens when there’s a terrific waffle on a song. All the companies rush out with their versions. There’s Sarah Vaughn (Muscraft), Nancy’s daddy (Columbia), and Skipper’s Pop, Dickie Haymes, (Decca). All are covered a capella, with voice backgrounds because of the record, but none of ‘em touch Nat Cole’s haunting sliced embroidering with Frank DeVol’s great background. S’gonna be another “Xmas Song,” in a class by itself. The more the merrier, tho, if some of that beautiful harmony gets across.

MARGARET WHITING: Just as welcome in August or any month is Maggie’s grooving of “April Showers,” which rains so refreshingly on your pink shell-like ear. S’trom the pix of the same handle and is mated with some pretty notes from the Lady Whiting. “Please Don’t Kiss Me,” which is impossible after the way it bubbles from Mrs. Whiting’s daughter’s throat. So, Maggie, there. (Capitol)

JIMMY DURANTE: Aw, g’wan home, yer mudder’s callin’. Probably wants to hear the fresh Durante waffle. “Chidabee-Ch-Ch” and “The Day I Read A Book,” which is packed with effervescent humor and mirth right from the upper Durante berth. Wonderful thing about Jimmy, you can enjoy him almost as much when you hear him as when you glim him. Whatta great artist! (MGM)

BUDDY RICH: Of all the new band-leaders, Buddy’s the guy who should be most likely to succeed. Has more talent in a big with than men all the guys put together, great drummer, singer and dancer, and even wears a Windsor knot. How much talent can you have! His first eucnolada for MGM records spots that rhythmic Rich larynx on “A Man
Could Be A Wonderful Thing: and "Teas, Enchilados and Beans," Mel Torme's and Bob Wells' cute Mexican conception, which is "the genest thing around—man, there is nothing like it to be found. Which is just about the de- scription of the rest of the show. Watch this rascal's smoke. He killed 'em at the Paramount in Y. N.'s concrete jungle! (MMG)

ALSO EARNWORTHY: Hal McIntyre's "Spring in December," Frankie Lester throating, and "Bim Bam Boogie," Johnny Turnbull and Betty Norton bommaing to a Latin boogie beat. (MMG); Tony Pastor's "There's A Man at the Door"—and they're coming thru the windows, too—those red 19s, which will be the ones to pay those red. Flipp is "I Wanna Sleep," which might be the answer to those bill collectors but really seems his dreams of his mellow chick. Cuming epers, these, which Pastor's a master. (Columbia); Noble sound by Ray Noble with Al Hendrick- son hanging his nice thorax on you on a deuce of samples from "Are You With It?" "A Little Imagination," and "What Do I Have To Do?" Like those Hen- drickson bronchial tubs. (Columbia): Bing Crosby's "Laroo, Laroo" and "Story of the Fool" and his fresh albums compris- ing some of the bisuits he's broiled with other rascals. Bing sings with Lionel Hampton on "Sunny Side of the Street," and "Pneto's Boogie Woogie"; Eddie Heywood's "Who's Sorry Now?" and "I Fell in Love with A New Baby," Louis Jordan's "My Baby Said Yes," and "Your Socks Don't Match"; Judy Garland's "Yah-Ta- Ta," and "You've Got Me Where You Want Me"; " Connecticut": "Mine": "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," "Lily of Laguna" with Mary Martin; and with Johnny Mercer, "On behalf of the Visiting Fireman," "Mister Meadow- lark," "Small Fry," and "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheen." (Decca A 654 and 631)

HOT!!!

THERLONIOUS MONK: Another off- ering by the High Priest of Be Bop, the guy who inspired so many bop musicians and is finally coming into his own. There's the slow, moody, and hauntingly beautiful "Gone With Midnight," with Monk and a rhythm section, and "Well, You Neen't" on the flip, gay and groovy, with Art Blakey on tubs and Gene Ramey on bass. A refreshing press- ing.

ELLA FITZGERALD: Help! Go grab the sequel to "Lady Be Good." We mean "How High the Moon," with Ella sans butter but aye plenty of jam—the scat- tin' kind—and it's "gone." How great, Miss Fitzgerald! You Turned the Tables on Me slow and solid, real enti- balm. And there's a pluse hunk of pop stuff from that great bronchus, too—"My Baby Likes to Be Bop" and "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling." Oh, the juice is right off the press (Decca)

COUNT BASIE: "Guest in the Nest," "Money Is Honey," Ouch! How thrilled can you be? That wonderful rascal from Red Bank bakes another cookie for F.R., "Guest in the Nest," meaning Friday nights on the 1590 Club when guests fall into Robbins' Nest. It jumps just like the nest does when all those live corpes pay a visit. A real eruptr! There'll be cookies with a lyric, too. Flip is flowing with gushing by Jimmy Rush- ing on a blues with lotsa meat on its bars—all about that lovely green mate- rial. (Vtoc)

BENNY GOODMAN: Yeah, "Shoe- less John Jackson" runs the scale on your spin on a copula blithe and lithe turns by the sextet. There's The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," which he cut twice for Commodore and Colum- bia with Red Norvo; Mel Powell, piano; Red Callender, bass; and Lee Young, tubs. I know it's five but they still call it a sextet. Side's a technical masterpiece. Starboard cheek's an orig- inal by Mel Powell, "Shirley Steps Out," with the sax, Artie Shap- iro's on bass, Tom Rosmera, drums, and Al Hendrickson, guitar. Loaded with all the zest and holier you can stand! (Capitol)

CAB CALLOWAY: Should be listed under Chu Berry, of course, 'cause it's the classic tenor solo of the late, great Chu, which has become a collector's item worth about $800. Grab it on Columbia for 75c. Oh, happy day! And the thing's as great and moving as when it was first cut about 10 years ago, What a titan of jazz was Chu! (Columbia)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY:

Dear F.R.: I'm one fan that would like to see Roy Rogers make some love scenes with his wife Dale Evans. Now that they are making pictures together again, I think it would be perfect, though so many seem to think it would be wrong. Cowboys are supposed to be human, aren't they? These monstrous screen teams can make good and win screen fans why can't Dale and Roy?

Sincerely,

Bonnie Dubney, New Castle, Indiana.

And practically the same linen comes from Rachel Amercon in Amarillo, Texas.

Dear Bonnie and Rachel: Gee, I know how you feel—and how hard it is not being able to see Dale and Roy smooch a little bit on the screen, but cowboys are like boy scouts, I guess. They're sup- posed to get the girl in the end, but no love scenes, even if they're Mr. and Mrs. in real life. Anyhow, you can always watch Roy neck with Trigger, and he's pretty, too. But that's what happens in movies. Roy couldn't stand being on the same piece of celluloid with Dale and not kissing her, so he did the next best thing—made her his permanent hitching post, see?

As ever, F.R.

To Larry Robb, L.A., Calif.: The cat who plays that mad sax in Cootie Williams', "House of Joy" is known as "The Weasel"—that's all anyone ever calls him. . . . To Joe and Margie and Bunny H. of Tarrytown, N.Y.: Mel Torme is 22, very much unhitched, dates Cathy Downs among outlets of others, was in the Air Corps, sang with the Mel-Tones, his own group, which consisted of Ginny O'Con- nor, Betty Beveridge, Bernie Parks, Les Baxter and Mel; has a great new cookie, "Goten With the Wind" and "Makin"
Whoopee," and is doing another pic for MGM, "Words and Music." .. Ginny Harper, Arlington, W. Va.: Glad all the D.C. rascals are knocked out by our scribe. Thelonious Monk used to play in Minton's and guys like Donald Gillespie and Charlie Parker would fall in at him. He's the kid who originated bop and was for many years appreciated only by the musicians who picked up his stuff and commercialized on it. Now Monk is catching up. Dig his cookies on "Blue Note." And lots of the things Dizzy recorded were cleft by T.M.—"Round About Midnight," "52nd Street Theme," etc... Ken Peyton, Vancouver, B.C.: Try latching onto that Russ Columbo album by knocking some lines to Commodore Music Shop, N.Y.C... Harry Martin was replaced on the Texaco show by that same Mr. MacNee, who just completed some celluloid for Warners. But you'll be diggin' Tony in "Casbah" and in a fresh Vulture album any day. He'll be back on the ether too, for cert... Glenn Lou Hazleton, Evelyn Wasserman, Angie Dennis, Akron, Ohio: Sure, Gene Kelly is hitched to a darling gal, Betsy, and have a button of a daughter names about 8 years ago and is in his early thirties... Margie Fisher, Bombay, India: Phew! So far away! Andy Russell's freshest is "Blue Shadows on the Trail," "Love of My Life," "Don't Blame Me," and a bulging mustache ala Gershun from Andy Russell." You can cop a pic of Andy by writing to Capitol Records, Hollywood. Scribble to Victor Records, Columbia Records and MGM Records—all in N.Y.C.—for shots of Tex Beneke, Buddy Clark and Art Land, respectively...

Sir Laurence and His Lady

Continued from page 28

girl shrunk in stature. So instead Vivien stars with Sir Ralph Richardson in "Anna Karenina." "The cute way you ever saw Garbo in it," was Larry's advice to his wife when she started work.

When Vivien wasn't in front of the cameras herself, she was on the "Hamlet" set with Larry. She was the only visitor he permitted to enter that closely sealed area on the third floor corner of the Denham studio. Given complete carte blanche by the Big Boss, J. Arthur Rank, Larry forbade everybody except the players and technicians actually engaged in the scene. Even the artists waiting to be called weren't allowed to go on the set while other scenes were being shot. They sat out in the corridor. They refused to be distracted. Once an enterprising cameraman who climbed up to the roof seeking a private peephole found his ladder had been quietly removed and spent several hours aloft in the rain before he was rescued.

Larry was completely adamant that nobody should see the scenes of death and the couple to make any criticisms until "Hamlet" was officially shown on the screen. "I'm trying out something completely different in technique," he explained to his intimate friends. "I haven't even got a complete script. I'm free to improvise and experimenting as I go along. So I absolutely refuse to be distracted in any way whatever. I need every ounce of energy and concentration I possess for the job itself. Making this film is the most difficult thing I've ever attempted." Thus he gave his characteristic smile. "They may have nothing to talk about now, but they'll have plenty to say when they see it. Lots of people will quarrel violently with my conception of Hamlet, I know."

Certainly the Olivier idea of the tragic Dane departs completely from all the other interpretations. Larry himself describes it as "imaginative and utterly abstract." Not even the actual period of the film being clearly defined but with breathtaking stage settings and costumes almost surrealist in design. Unlike the colorful "Henry V," this is a black and white production; "I don't see it as a painting but rather as an old engraving," Larry declares. His accent throughout is on the light and shade of Hamlet's character and that of the men and women around him, with much psychological symbolism in the every photographic effects. Because he visualizes the Dane as a virile Scandinavian type, torn by his conflicting emotions, Larry has altered his personal appearance for the first time in his life. He had his black hair beached a strange copper-blond which gleams under the lights and enhances the expressions of his dark eyes all the more by contrast.

Every evening during the shooting Larry and Vivien took home some member of the cast to discuss his or her particular part while they ate dinner. Most of the players appeared in "Henry V" too. Tall Felix Aylmer is Polonius and Esmond Knight Bernardo, Terence Morgan plays Laertes while stern Basil Sidney is the King. Ophelia has become a shadowy figure in the traditional tapestry but Queen Gertrude emerges with striking passion in the richly beautiful personality of Eileen Herlie. She is a young London stage star with an unusual vibrating voice, and her only other film appearance, in a tiny role in "Hungry Hill," created such a sensation it brought her five offers from Hollywood.

Vivien Leigh's name doesn't appear on the credit lists but it should, for she has discussed all Larry's ideas of Hamlet...
with him and helped him to rehearse for hours on end, even when they spent two weeks' vacation at their lovely old farm house near Oxford before they started work on their respective films. Watching the Oliivers together, it's instantly discernible how necessary they are to each other. Handsome mobile-faced Larry tries to sound conservative and cautious, always thorough and careful and sometimes slow, with a fierce streak of obstinacy when it's aroused. Vivien balances him because she is essentially light and quick and incisive. She encourages him, never in a patronizing way, but she's not particularly conservation-minded and cautious, and always thorough and careful and sometimes slow, with a fierce streak of obstinacy when it's aroused. Vivien balances him because she is essentially light and quick and incisive. She encourages him, never in a patronizing way, but she's not particularly conservation-minded and cautious, and

heavy spectacles which always make Vivien laugh, and assumes the noisy quick-fire manner of the super-efficient. Big Business Man dictating to his dumb secretary. That makes him start to laugh at himself, so the letters don't get answered over-rapidly. It's typical of Larry that he acts as he goes along, even when ordinary materials are used and equally typical that he gives a good performance.

For to Laurence Olivier, it is quite literally the breadth of life to act. He finds drama in the finest facets of the human experience everywhere he goes. He has no trouble at all along with him and his eyes go roaming over everybody who passes, studying them and storing up material in his mind. Absorbing humanity, he likes to eat at little restaurants rather than in big fashionable places. He has a favorite cafe in Los Angeles where certainly no other movie star ever goes. In New York he knows a special spot for stinks near Herald Square and he's fond of dropping into a drugstore on Lexington Avenue for a cup of coffee in the morning, the color of the walls is like alabaster-when he goes to a lunchroom. He never eats lunch, and the old-fashioned pub with an atmosphere all its own. On a bench there, Larry eats fish and drinks a pint of beer from a tankard and quietly watches the people sitting around. Working at the drugstore he has a midday lunch but takes a sandwich out on to the lawn and walks up and down eating it while he mutters over the script he's studying.

It's Vivien who looks after Larry's wardrobe, for he can never be bothered about clothes himself. In New York last year she bought him six new ties. He had worn them for months before it suddenly occurred to him one morning that he hadn't seen them before and asked where they had come from. Not one of the Oliivers care for formal dress very much—though Vivien looks utterly ravishingly glamorous in one of her pale gleaming evening gowns, her black hair piled high and caught under her favorite jewelled Masquerade, her platinum for jacket round her shoulders. Gray is her favorite color. But when she isn't going out in public, then Vivien dons a simple tailored sports frock and a tweed coat. She has a large collection of beautiful printed scarves and uses them, deftly twisted and folded in novel styles, to serve as amusing headwear instead of hats. She is never seen in shorts or slacks because Larry dislikes them. There's a good deal of the true British male conservatism about Britain's leading Shakespearean actor.

That's why he and his wife have so little personal publicity. Charming, politely, they simply refuse to co-operate. Asked about their private life, both Larry and Vivien smile vaguely and turn the conversation in another direction. Nothing can make them self-communicative. They have been called aloof and unfriendly and even stand-offish, but that is not really true. They are two people seriously and sincerely dedicated to their work, and honestly feel that is what matters most, the side of them in which the world is interested.

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So essentially reserved and modest, the knighthood which King George bestowed upon Larry has not made any vital difference to his life. Naturally he was pleased by this Royal recognition of his work for the British screen and stage, but when he went on to the "Hamlet" set the next morning, he asked to be still addressed as "Mr. Olivier" in the studio. Following her husband's example, Vivien too remains "Miss Leigh" when she is before the cameras and around the lot. It's only their official mail which knows them as Sir Laurence Kerr Olivier and Lady Olivier.

The only day in weeks which the Oliviers took off from filming was when they attended Buckingham Palace for the investiture, at which Larry knelt on the purple carpet in the Throne-Room before his King and was ceremonially tapped on the shoulder with the ancient sword and bidden to "Rise, Sir Laurence, and pay your homage." Vivien, sitting nearby on a golden chair, was deeply moved on this occasion. Her lovely eyes filled with tears of emotion, though she quickly brushed them aside and gave her radiant smile as she walked out on her husband's arm to face the fans and photographers who had gathered in force at the Palace gates.

By strange coincidence, the same morning that Larry received the official news of his honor, a large parcel with a New York postmark arrived at the studio for him. It contained his Academy Award Oscar, which has since been found a permanent place in the studio restaurant foyer. "It belongs to all the crafts- men and technicians who worked on 'Henry V' just as much as to me," Larry explains.
to do the play. Of course, there was the question of finishing my term at school and of graduation."

So Gloria went home to tell her mother the news. Running into the house, she exclaimed, "Mother, we're leaving for San Francisco tonight! Here are the train tickets!" Her mother listened to Gloria's story and simply said, "Ridiculous!" But Gloria went right on talking.

"In San Francisco, I understand and learned not one part but twelve," Gloria went on, talking at lightning-like speed. "Yet I wanted to play only one part—the ingenue lead. The girl who was playing it was in love with the stage manager and missed cues since her mind wasn't on her art. I finally asked the producer to give me a chance to play it. He refused point blank, telling me he had no one else who could step into any one of twelve parts. Finally I asked the director if he'd rehearse me in the part. He agreed, and I stayed up until five in the morning studying. After I had rehearsed the next afternoon, the director said, "You're just the girl for this role!" But the producer—again—played the Rock of Gibraltar.

"When we got to Chicago, the girl was still making the same mistakes. And a few more. So I was finally called in one morning and asked to play the part that matinee. I did it—and got a run of the show contract as a result."

From that play, Gloria went in as Miriam Hopkins' understudy in "Skin of Our Teeth" and then into the lead in "Stardust" and "The Highland Fling." Gloria had barked a lot on the latter show, so she was pretty discouraged when it flopped opening night. But a girl friend of hers was completely elated. "Guess who's interested in you?" she asked Gloria.

Flatly: "Who?"

"Louis B. Mayer. He saw the show and liked you."

Then Vic Orsatti, the agent, came to Gloria. Acting for Mayer, he asked her to make a test. But Gloria didn't jump through any hoop. Her old indifference asserted itself. She'd have no part of a test made in the east since she knew it wouldn't show her at her best. So Orsatti brought her to MGM under contract—and without a test.

"Since we're delving into the history of Gloria Grahame so thoroughly," Gloria grumbled, "I've Holte to get one thing straight—and that's about my marriage to Stanley Clements. So much has appeared in the newspapers of late, things that have made me look as though I didn't know my own mind. Gossip columns here in Hollywood too have made me out to be a girl who left her husband, went back to him, left him again, ad nauseam. Everyone seems to want to arrange my life for me. The facts are this: I am getting a divorce, and there has never been any serious thought as far as I'm concerned of any recolligation."

"My career was in no way responsible for the break-up of my marriage, either. It was simply a case of two people who could never be compatible. The premise of the whole thing was wrong to begin with. It was an impulsive, hasty, wartime marriage. When Stanley was finally able to come home after the war, we found we'd no interests in common. It's the old, old story told a hundred times these last few years. It would have had no different ending, however. I'm sure, if we'd never been separated a moment from our wedding day.

"My experience hasn't embittered me at all about marriage. I shall certainly marry again, but I shall profit by my mistakes the next time."

In the meantime, since her divorce from Stanley Clements, Gloria has married Nicholas Ray, director of RKO's "The Long Denial."

And that's the complete picture of one Gloria Grahame, Hollywood's real name. A normal girl who by sheer determination has managed to overcome a self-consciousness which could have sent her into a nose dive instead of zooming up the ladder as she is now!
patchpantsered youngster known to the Lower East Side of New York as "Izzy," exactly 37 cents. But you were to travel, and rapidly, the classic "from rags to riches" road that is the American Way. Four years later, you wrote Alexander's Ragtime Band which shot you, overnight, into the front ranks of Tin Pan Alley's troubadours. Since then you have written more than 800 songs. You've written the songs for seventeen Broadway musicals and for eleven Hollywood movies.

If you, the acknowledged dean of American songwriters, would give advice to songwriters and to the singers of songs it would be, every word of it, and so I said to you, pure gold. No one, in all the length and breadth of your God Bless America could, very certainly, give it better. But—"I try to avoid giving advice," you told us. You added, with a grin, "I could lay out half a dozen rules for aspiring songwriters and every one of them could be broken by an amateur who would come out with a hit song by not taking my advice!"

"It is the easiest thing in the world to write a song. It is the hardest thing in the world to write a hit song. Which is tantamount to repeating the old formula that you can teach a man to play the violin, you cannot make a Menuhin of him; that you can teach a man the mechanics of piano, you cannot make a Paderewski of him, and so on." You added "Which, in my opinion, is true. I believe you're born with a talent; must be born with it; if not born with it, it cannot be put there. Being born with it, then you apply it, work at it, never stop

"I can only say to songwriters—and this isn't advice, it's a statement of fact—that if you have it, then eventually you make the grade. A natural songwriter, a born songwriter will find a way to a song hit without benefit of training, without agents or radio or Irving Berlin or anyone else.

"I am very realistic about my work. I think songwriting is a great art. When I write a song, I have nothing in mind but the song. Some of my songs don't sell a million copies. Many of the songs I was enthusiastic about died a natural death. I still, when I write a song, have nothing in mind but the song.

"Among the songs I've written in my forty years of songwriting White Christmas, because it comes around every year but mainly because it was sung, after it was introduced by Bing, by the people, is the most important, commercially. Among my most outstanding if not, who knows, my best songs are, given by results, Alexander's Ragtime Band, God Bless America, Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning, Always, and No Business Like Show Business—which, of the songs I wrote for 'Annie Get Your Gun' is, in my opinion, the most important.

"Often, of course, people turn up their noses at a song just because it is popular. Or they turn their noses up because," you laughed, having your bat of fun, "they have noses that turn up! Speaking seriously, who is to say that the most obvious popular song of today may not be the classic of tomorrow? The songs of Stephen Foster were popular songs in Foster's day. The songs of Shuh-bert were, while he lived, the people's songs—they are as alive today as they were yesterday because today, as yesterday you, the people, love them and sing them. You, the people, keep our songs alive, by singing them, and continuing to sing them you can, indeed, bring to life again a song long dead.

The interpretation of a song is, of course, important: it is very important. But as the song must appeal, so must the singer. Among the interpretations of my songs I love Judy Garland's interpretation of Better Luck Next Time, in 'East-er Parade,' Judy Garland's and Fred Astaire's interpretation of they've Got It Together, (also in 'Easter Parade') of It Only Happens When I Dance With You. I love Kate Smith's interpretation of God Bless America. Perry Como made a record of What'll I Do? that I think is just wonderful. No one sings a song the Mary Martin way. She has a conception. You Can't Get A Man With A Gun from 'Annie Get Your Gun'—it can't be sung any better than Mary Martin sings it. In 'Thousands Cheer' Ethel Waters introduced Heat Wave and Harlem on My Mind—interpretations that were savage and superb. The recording Bing Crosby and Al Jolson made together of Alexander's Ragtime Band is a terrific thing. Sinatra sings Always as Always should always be sung.

"I repeat," you repeated, "that the interpretation of a song is very important, is more than half the success of the song. Which is why it is important to have a Bing, a Como, a Garland introduce a song. On the other hand, a John Schenook can come along and interpret a song so much better than a Crosby, yes, even than a Crosby, that it's frightening.

"What it means is simply that a singer is only as good as the song he sings. And that goes," you said emphatically, "for Garland, for Como, for Crosby. The fine singer that cannot sing a bad song and although he may give it life, it will be a short life, and eventually it will die. The worst singer that ever offended by lifting his voice in song can sing a dark horse into the winner and it will make the Hit Parade. The song," you said then, and meant, "is the thing!

"By way of graphic illustration, we get around now," you smiled, looking up-to-good, "to my singing. I think I'm a wonderful singer. I wish others agreed. Unfortunately, unfortunately. Among those who do not is an electrician who was working on the set of 'This Is The Army,' the movie Warner Brothers made several years ago. For this picture I made a recording of Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning. When it was used as a playback for the part I played in the picture, as it was, our electrician said, If the guy that wrote that song could hear this fellow sing it, he'd turn over in his grave!"

You added, laughing, "In spite of me, the song lives—because you, the people, are singing it. Which proves the two points I set out to prove—that the song's the thing and that, for singing songs, you, the people, have the best voice."
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Humphrey Bogart, Edw. G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall star in suspenseful thriller
My Daughter Angela … Mayna McGill 32
Anita Langer’s mother discusses her favorite topic
Cobina Wright’s Gossip of Hollywood Parties Cobina Wright 36
Screenland’s social leader reviews the month’s most exciting parties
Today’s Bill Powell … Alice L. Tildesley 40
William Powell has changed from prankster to philosopher
Making Every Minute Count … Lee Carroll 44
Right Of The Record … Fred Robbins 51
Popular disk jockey picks preferred platters of the month

**PLUS:**

Betty Grable, starring next in “When My Baby Smiles At Me” … 24
Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster, co-stars of “Sorry, Wrong Number” … 28
Ava Gardner and Robert Walker, romantic team of “One Touch Of Venus” … 35

**PLUS:**

Hot From Hollywood … 7
Your Guide To Current Films … 12
Bing and Clark Step Out! ("The Emperor Waltz” Premiere) … 19
Hedy’s Back! (Hedy Lamarr returns for “Let’s Live A Little”) … 21
Mr. and Mrs. Mombao (The Charles Morrison Wedding) … 25
The Time Of Their Lives! (The Cagney’s “The Time Of Your Life” Opening) … 29
Adorable Visitor (Jean Simmons) … 34
Gala Garden Party (Sonja Henie Entertains) … 38
Piec For Two (Vanessa Brown and Barbara Lawrence) … 40
Know Thyself (Henry Fonda sees “Fort Apache”) … 46
Like Mother, Like Daughter (Margaret Lockwood) … 47
Latest Hollywood Gossip! … 48
SCREENLAND Salutes Jane Wyman (in “Johnny Belinda”) … 50

**PLUS:**

“For Femmes Only”
“Report At Nine” (Jeanne Cogney’s beauty hints) Courtenay Marvin 16
Guide To Glamour … 56

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**Screenland**

**Advertisement**

**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 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 might 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 dries in. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Cremogam, 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.
"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!
Hot From Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD headache department! Within ten days of completing "The Countess Of Monte Cristo," it was decided to remake practically all of it. For one thing, Sonja Henie didn't look like the lovely little polar pixie of former pictures. A new director was assigned, too. The final results, however, were worth all the woe.

It was Bob Hutton's birthday. He was working in "The Younger Brothers," (his first Western) so what could be more appropriate than the Western birthday cake designed by his beautiful wife, Cleatus. It was served at the Somerset House where they had dinner. On top of the cake there was a chocolate bucking broncho and a sugar cowboy. The sides were decorated with whipped cream.

Alert to all things modern, this young titian-top has something to say on the subject of Tampax for monthly sanitary protection.

RED-HEAD: Isn't Tampax marvelous—the way it takes the place of the whole belt-pin-pad contraption? Do you use it?

BLONDE: I've been thinking very seriously about it and wondering whether I should.

RED-HEAD: Millions of women use Tampax and are you any different from them?

BLONDE: Tampax must be good to be so well liked. I'm converted.

RED-HEAD: You'll be surprised at how free it makes you feel and how much it improves your morale at such times!

Tampax is worn internally and absorbs internally. Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of surgical cotton compressed in applicators. In place, it is invisible and unfeared. No belts, pins or external pads. No bulges or ridges under dresses. Quick to change. No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal. Three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug and notion counters. Month's supply fits into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Screenland
Have you heard about these?

Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different... stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.) All patterns made in the U.S.A.

HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID* SILVERPLATE


Fibs tampons

Rounded Ends
See how the gently rounded ends make Fibs tampons really easy to use!

"Quilted" Comfort
Only Fibs are quilted... to keep Fibs from ruffling up to an uncomfortable size!

Quilted Safety
Fibs' quilting helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues!


Top Left: George Murphy chats with table neighbor, John Payne, at Stork Club.

Above: Wayne Morris and Jack Carson at Borzage golf tourney for Cancer Fund.

Left: Pat and Cornel Wilde are happy about Columbia's plan to co-star them.

June Haver with the Johnny Weismullers at Runyon Cancer Fund golf tournament.

cactus. When Bob cut the first slice, he was so happy he couldn't think of a thing to wish for!

In "You've Gotta Stay Happy," there's a scene where Joan Fontaine marches to the altar. When they handed her the bridal bouquet, Joanie took one look at the artificial orchids. She felt they didn't look real and called a halt to production. While everyone waited a messenger was dispatched for the real thing. Realism, thy name is Hollywood.

Aside from "Moonrise" (which he did on loanout to Republic), Dane Clark hasn't been very happy with the roles assigned to him. Except for a couple of tempestuous visits to the front office, he's been conspicuously absent from the Hollywood scene. Rumor has it that great Dane's in the doghouse with his studio.

According to Red Skelton: "It's so difficult to find a place to live in Hollywood, even Boris Karloff is haunting for a house!"

All kidding aside, Bob Hope's back trouble is so agonizing he has to wear a thick leather belt. But even under these conditions, he couldn't resist a wisecrack on the set of "Sorrowful Jones." Lucille Ball noticed his face was drawn with pain. "How did it happen, Bob?" she inquired sympathetically. "I strained my back helping Crosby lift his wallet," came the ready answer.

A Tracy never forgets! Not when he hears that Clark Gable has to smoke a big fat cigar in "Command Decision." Spencer remembered how Clark hated the last one he smoked four years ago in a picture. So, the day they shot the scene, Mr. T., sent cigars to everyone on the set, with instructions to light up and "help" Gable give a good performance! Clark's already planning his revenge.

Irony of Fate Dept.: Last year Merle Oberon gave Cole Porter a dog for his birthday. The famous composer promptly fell in love with his pet. Then he had to go to New York for a checkup on...
...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!

Lionel Barrymore  Claire Trevor

and Thomas Gomez  John Rodney

Directed by John Huston  Produced by Jerry Wald

Hot From Hollywood

those legs that were so badly crushed by a falling horse. Back to Hollywood he came with the news that he might never have to be operated on again. Cole walked into his house. His devoted dog gave a yelp for joy—and leaped. Poor Cole is back under the doctor’s care.

—-—

Why we like John Garfield: Because he takes his work seriously—and never himself. Because he always has time to be warm and friendly. Last and not least, because he has genuine enthusiasm, especially for the talent of others. That’s why he canvassed the booths in the Vine Street

Aqua star, Esther Williams, seen dancing at dinner party at Ciro’s with Glenn Ford.

Brown Derby, telling everyone about newcomer Beatrice Pearson’s great performance in “Tucker’s People”—which is also John’s new movie.

Here’s hoping we’re not letting that well-known cat out of the bag. Their studio bosses are planning a surprise nursery for Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston, who are eagerly awaiting their first baby. A novel feature will appropriately be the specially designed wallpaper. It’s a pink musical note pattern, set against a blue background.

—-—

Robert Walker’s got it bad—and that’s very good. Up until the night he met

Barbara Ford, at a dinner given by the Mark Stevenses, Bob looked as bored and unhappy as he felt. But all that’s changed. Barbara, who is the daughter of the famous director, John Ford, doesn’t want to become an actress. She doesn’t particularly like night clubs or large Hollywood parties. But she does like being Mrs. Robert Walker.

Ann Blyth can’t make up her mind about that moustache (his first) that boyfriend Farley Granger grew for “Take Three Tenses.” Speaking of Sam Goldwyn’s juvenile star, this is his first picture since the War. (“Your Red Wagon” and “Rope” were made off the lot). Farley was so nervous, after blowing several lines,
Mr. Cooper,” the good neighbor sighed in relief. “When I saw all the lights, I thought something strange was going on,” “It is,” Gary answered drily. “We’re giving our first party in seven years!”

There was a time when movie stars turned up their high-priced noses at stage offers. But not since Henry Fonda made his sensational New York hit in “Mister Roberts.” Hollywood agents (or a change) are working overtime, trying to find good theatre properties for their eager clients. In the meantime, Hank Fonda can sign with any Hollywood studio at any price.

Unlike most of the stars who have “discovered” oil painting, Vic Mature knows he isn’t a second Rembrandt. In fact, he doesn’t even have the nerve to take his “masterpieces” in and have them framed. “So I take the canvases in and have them framed first!” he grins. “Then I can paint with an easy conscience!”

Normally, Ricardo Montalban is as warm and friendly as a puppy. But now the sparks are flying. Because “The Kissing Bandit” was slow in action, he had to step in and do a specialty dance to pep up the production. He hasn’t worked since, his studio won’t okay a loanout and they won’t release him from his contract. He wants to act (not dance), but with nothing to do, he’s more restless than Leo the Lion.

Red Skelton is so-o-o unhappy at MGM and would love to work at Columbia, where he was on loanout for “The Fuller Brush Man.” On the other hand, Larry Parks is so-o-o unhappy at Columbia and would love to work at MGM, where his wife, Betty Garrett, is under contract. If only they swapped movie stars—instead of horses!

How original can you get? Frank Sinatra’s home in Palm Springs has many novel features, but topping them all is the swimming pool. It’s designed and constructed in the shape of a huge grand piano. The first time a well-known comedian saw it, he turned to Frankie boy and cracked: “It’s a good thing this wasn’t designed for Jane Russell!”

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Johnny Belinda

Warner

Not since "The Yearling" has the life of very poor farmers been recorded with such simplicity and grim reality. This film has to do with a family living on barren Cape Breton, in Northeastern Canada, whose deaf and dumb daughter is befriended and helped by a disillusioned young doctor who comes to the village to forget. Further tragedy stalks the McDonalds when the girl is betrayed and her father is killed, but the story ends on a note of hope and justice. Lew Ayres, as the doctor, is sympathetic and charming; Charles Bickford and Agnes Moorehead, as the elder McDonalds, are even better than usual. But the performance which will be talked about and applauded is that of Jane Wyman as the deaf-mute. It will wring tears from the hard-hearted, admiration from her closest competitors. Jane can now be rated among the great actresses of our time.

The Velvet Touch

RKO

Rosalind Russell is given full scope for her varied talents as a top-flight stage comedienne who wants to become a dramatic actress, and does. It in-
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:
Stronger Grip

Won’t Slip Out


As a result, you may quibble about the cast and lack of plot in this series of San Francisco waterfront saloon vignettes. James Cagney plays an observer of life-in-the-raw named Joe. His sister, Jeanne Cagney, is not quite convincing as the B-girl who wants to go straight. Wayne Morris, as Joe’s stooge, is more weak than necessary. James Barton, as a Western adventurer, hams it up too much. But Paul Draper, one of America’s foremost dancers, enlivens the part of the boy who’s “a natural born dancer.” Bill Bendix, as Nick the pub owner, is quietly terrific. Broderick Crawford, Ward Bond, James Lydon and others are also good. The whole is not always easy to understand.

(The Please turn to page 70)

The Time of Your Life

V.A.—Cagney

WILLIAM SAROYAN’S prize-winning play is brought intact to the screen. As a result, you may quibble about the cast and lack of plot in this series of San Francisco waterfront saloon vignettes. James Cagney plays an observer of life-in-the-raw named Joe. His sister, Jeanne Cagney, is not quite convincing as the B-girl who wants to go straight. Wayne Morris, as Joe’s stooge, is more weak than necessary. James Barton, as a Western adventurer, hams it up too much. But Paul Draper, one of America’s foremost dancers, enlivens the part of the boy who’s “a natural born dancer.” Bill Bendix, as Nick the pub owner, is quietly terrific. Broderick Crawford, Ward Bond, James Lydon and others are also good. The whole is not always easy to understand.

(The Please turn to page 70)
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

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

SCREENLAND 15
TWO vacations in Hollywood have proved dramatic periods in the life of Jeanne Cagney. The first, just after her graduation from Hunter College, New York, resulted in her role in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." A more recent trip brought her the role of Kitty in William Saroyan's Pulitzer and Drama Critics' Circle prize-winning play, "The Time Of Your Life," now being released through United Artists. Again, as in her first picture, she and brother, James, play together, after a lapse of seven years.

It was just about seven years ago that I first interviewed Jeanne. We talked about this when I met her recently in the Stork Club in New York. Then Jeanne had had much to say about letters to the boys in uniform. Later, Jeanne gave generously of her time to entertain the boys in military hospitals, and to national causes. And that is like her, to give and give generously, whether on stage or screen or in everyday life. For there is a sincere, warm, chal-lient quality about her. She is a girl of decision and action, very alert and wide-awake. Interviewing her is a pleasure because you feel like you are talking with an old friend. And so we chatted about clothes, her hus-band, Kim Spaul-ding, with whom she collaborates in radio work, the Early American furniture she is now collect- ing, her school days here in New York and her youthful aspiration to be a doctor.

As we drank our coffee, I noticed that Jeanne had changed little, except that her hair was lighter, she was prettier, more of a young wom-an who had been about. She was very young when I first met her. (Please turn to page 18)
ROY DEL RUTH'S
"THE
BABE
RUTH
STORY"

The incredible
life... the
spectacular
thrills... the
fabulous times of
America's best-loved
hero......

Gloriously told on the
screen... warm, human
and lusty as 'The Babe' himself!

An Allied Artists Production

starring WILLIAM
CLAIRE
CHARLES

BENDIX · TREVOR · BICKFORD

Hear these all-time hits!
"Singin In The Rain"
"I'm Nobody's Baby"
"I'll Get By"
"After The Ball"
"Wait 'Til The Sun Shines, Nellie"
"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
... and many more!

Screenland 17
And though little has happened for her in movies until her present picture, she has made an enviable record in the theatre, her last role being one similar to Kitty, in "TheICeman Cometh." Jeanne wore a navy faille suit with a white scarf dotted in red and a small white hat. Her skin looked very fair, her hazel eyes looked violet in the soft light.

Jeanne is a type that doesn't stand still. Every day is a new adventure in living and learning. One of her recent studies that brings us to the point of this story is costume designing. Edith Head, famous designer for Paramount Studios, was giving a course at UCLA, so Jeanne enrolled.

"I can't sketch," she said, "but I improved a little. However, the course gave me a keen sense of clothes design as it helps portray a character, something of vital importance on stage and screen. Watch for this in movies especially and take a tip from this in daily life. Dress to look the part you want. This is especially important to the many graduates who will be looking for their first jobs this Fall. There is always competition for worthwhile jobs, and with equal abilities, the girl who looks the part wins.

"If you are looking for a fashion job, your appearance should indicate that you are fashion-conscious. A would-be secretary should keep in mind an appearance that the most discriminating boss would be proud to have in his office. An aspiring hostess might keep in mind her black frock, pearls, dignity and poise. A good skin and well-groomed hair are assets for the girl who seeks the cosmetics field. Well-cared-for hands and nails aid the girl who wants to sell, especially lovely things like jewelry that must be handled and displayed. If you're off to college for the first time, let your college shops and older students advise you. By contrast, the girl who aspires to musicals or dramatic roles had better leave her sweater and college plaid at home."

Jeanne Cagney is so right. While appearance does not literally make a person, it is naive not to admit that it is an excellent introduction.

Whether your goal is college, career, or a little more out of life on the old home front, this is the time for a little "rehabilitation" program. This is the time, before the pressure starts, to check with your dentist. If you're smart, it's the time for a medical check-up just to learn how good you are. It's the time to get all leftover wearable woolens pressed and ready for the first cool days.

Your first Fall frocks will give added pleasure over a figure that's in good proportion, firm and agile. It's too bad in this respect that the desk chair must imprison us again. However, a helpful idea in keeping that spare waistline is to rise immediately a meal is finished and do something active like washing the dishes or walking about. This also wards off that after-dinner sleepiness. Good, long strolls, where possible, will pull a figure back to where it ought to be and also remind you of better posture. Walking the right way is wonderful, especially for firming and preventing soft fat below the waist. Fashion models walk from the hips, the thigh leading. You can get this movement by practice.

Imagine you are walking through waist-high water. The idea soon comes. Muscles work together, the gait is evened and a better figure and grace result.

Your new hat will be a better choice with a hair trim and thinning and a new permanent. The home cutting is a little tricky and might better be left to professional hands. The successful home wave, however, is but a matter of a short time, care and following directions. If you have a new look cut, you will find that the use of hair lacquer on small waves or curls that hug the temples, or on bangs, keeps these trimmings orderly and just where they belong. After our sleek pompadours and up-dos, the feathery softness of the shorter cuts is often a problem in understanding.

For better lip grooming, a lip pencil or brush is definitely in order. These give a beautifully clean, clear outline. Less color is needed when lips are precisely outlined, and perfect application can make the most irregular lips attractive. This neat, clean application is something that appeals strongly to men. Smile to get the best outline of your natural mouth shape.

A perfume is the real stuff, is in order. A number of small vials of perfume for costumes, occasions and moods, I believe, is much more desirable than one big bottle. Your perfume should be changed, like your dresses. The smaller vials are economy, too; there's less outlay, naturally, less time for evaporation, less loss if broken. There's no chance of perfume monotony, either. A purse perfume dispenser is now as important as a lipstick.

Feet need a real survey this Fall. The "Flat Foot Floogies" are a thing of the past. Not that you won't wear flat heels. There'll be plenty, but shoes now have character and offer some support and protection. It's the shapeless foot wrapper, tootsie, heelless, that's in the discard. To walk barefoot about your room, on soft grass or on sand is a beauty treatment. To subject your feet practically unshod to hard pavements is something else.

Time passed while Jeanne discussed careers and how to get ahead. The Stork Club filled up. We said good-bye at 33rd Street and Fifth Avenue, but not for another seven years, I hope.
Bing Crosby and his wife, Dixie, relax at reception in Crystal Room of Beverly Hills Hotel following the premiere of his "The Emperor Waltz" at the Paramount Theatre. It took such an occasion to get the elusive Bing to come out of hiding.

Bing and Clark step out!

Above: Bing and Dixie at reception with Edw. G. Robinson in background. Right: The other elusive gentleman who took in both the opening and party that followed was Clark Gable who escorted Anita Colby. Above Center: Clark and Anita in deep conversation in Crystal Room. Above Right: Bing covers his face with program in theatre as photographers start to gather, but Dixie doesn't seem to mind. Joan Fontaine, Bing's co-star in "The Emperor Waltz," was also present at both premiere and reception, being escorted by her husband William Dozier.
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

Directed by HENRY KOSTER  Produced by FRED KOHLMAR

Screen Play by Philip Dunne * Based on a novel by Guy and Constance Jones
Hedy's always-breathtaking beauty belies the fact she's the mother of three children.

Hedy's psychiatrist who writes a book for which Bob handles the advertising, then discovers Bob is her most attractive case history.

A salad is Hedy's choice for her luncheon or for an afternoon snack while working.

Left: A minor repair job on her makeup. Above: Hedy studies her lines for "Let's Live A Little," in which Anna Sten is her rival. She much prefers comedy to drama.
Hollywood's Mrs. Babe Ruth Talks About The Babe!

Things you never knew before about the greatest of sports heroes whose life

I HAVE just helped a legend live anew.
What an experience!
When my own four-year-old son, Charley, is old enough to be curious about my being in the movies, I will be able to really impress him now. I can explain, "I was Babe Ruth's wife, remember?" I'm going to show Charley this picture we've just made of Mr. Baseball soon. At least he can grasp some of its excitement and inspiration. And what mother can ever fail in her son's eyes as Mrs. Baseball, no less?

Babe Ruth, in person, turns out indeed a fabulous man. I had the rare opportunity to personally check on him. He came out to Hollywood to watch us film his life story, exactly as he wants it recalled. So behind the scenes of Roy Del Ruth's "The Babe Ruth Story," for Allied Artists, I can truthfully say as a fact: he is all they have said, only more, much more!

How do you become the best? Here are the things I found out.

The Babe became great as "The Sultan Of Swat" simply because he had everything it takes. He was favored with the perfect gifts: masculine strength, perfect coordination and marvelous eyes. Today his wonderful eyes are as lightning-fast as ever, and he misses nothing. His overwhelming zest for living, once it was rightly guided, made him take direct advantage of
By Claire Trevor

Claire Trevor and Bill Bendix, looking older, awaiting final scenes of "The Babe Ruth Story."

Babe Ruth is greeted by Bill Bendix and Claire Trevor as he arrives to supervise his life story.

his assets. He poured himself into baseball because he was tremendously alive any moment he heard the words: "Play ball!"

I have never known a person who has won success easily. The odds the Babe overcame were staggering. In the beginning all his luck was bad. He lost his mother when he was approximately my own son's age. His father, a victim rather than a conqueror of circumstances, was unable to help him. In Baltimore, at seven, the Babe was just an unfortunate child on the streets. Nobody wanted him, so he was pushed around. He was incorrigible, they said when they placed him in St. Mary's Industrial School there.

You should have seen him as he stood riveted at the filming of a violent scene. He saw himself as a boy again, returning to his father's saloon. The tough waterfront characters, the too busy, angry father, the defiant lad he'd been then, were all appall- (Please turn to page 71)
Betty Grable

Next picture for the 20th Century-Fox stor is "When My Baby Smiles At Me," the backstage romance of a wife's devotion to her alcoholic partner, co-star Dan Dailey.
The Charles Morrisons made vows at home of the Joe Pasternaks (left) to Judge Brand, with Helen Saginah, matron of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Mocambo

Sónja Henie and Greg Bautzer enjoying wedding reception at the Mocambo, popular night club owned by Charles Morrison.

Marguerite Chapman and Lee Bowman join the line of star well-wishers at wedding reception in the exclusive Champagne room.

Van Heflin, one of MGM’s “Three Musketeers,” and his pretty wife, Frances, at gathering following the Morrison nuptials.

Left: Bruce Cabot and Mrs. Errol Flynn toast the new groom. Above: Mrs. Charles Morrison at the Mocambo, receives Signe Hasso and Danny Kaye and their best wishes for happiness.
IT HAPPENED about three years ago, at the New York premiere of "Wilson." In honor of the occasion, 20th Century-Fox had sent a whole cavalcade of its stars to New York. New York went wild over them. The crowd around the theatre got completely out of hand, and began to push even the police guards around. Surging in from both sides of the rope, which was meant to hold them off, the crowd began to push frantically toward the spot where celebrities would step out of their cars. A couple of fans jumped on the car in which Geraldine Fitzgerald, Michael O'Shea, Dana Andrews and Mrs. Andrews rode up to the theatre. One fan
THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES

Benefit premiere in Manhattan of "The Time Of Your Life," the Cogneys' film version of Saroyan's philosophical play, was of enormous help to the Wiltwyck School, a charitable, aid-to-youth organization. James Cagney is especially sympathetic to underprivileged youths and their problems since he himself was born in the district known to N. Y. police as "guerrilla jungle." He rose above the environment and will always help any kid do likewise.

EVEN now, before it had really begun, Frank M’Cloud was regretting the impulse that had sent him on this sentimental journey.

The heat was part of it. It had settled over the Florida Keys in a humid mass that felt like a heavy wool blanket pressing against his limp body. Hurricane weather, the driver of the bus that had brought him there had called it. M’Cloud had never known heat like it and was impatient to be done with his visit and on his way again.

But even more disturbing was his first impression of the Largo Hotel. It was a homely sort of place, just as George Temple had described it. There was none of the luxury or glitter of the big show places along the coast. Yet in its own small way it was attractive and comfortable. What set it completely out of kilter with everything M’Cloud had heard about it were the men and the girl staring at him through the open door of the bar.

They were a sinister lot, the pack of them. The men, there were four of them, could have been cut out of the same shoddy piece of cloth, with their furtive eyes and hard-bitten mouths. And the girl, even then he knew she couldn’t be Nora, had that same hard-boiled veneer. The big one, the one he was to know as Curly, came slowly over to him.

“Look, mister,” he said crisply.

“If you’re thinking of putting up here, the hotel’s closed. Won’t be open for another month. We’re here by special arrangement.”

M’Cloud had a strange feeling that invisible guns were pointing at him. “I’m not staying,” he said tersely. “I only want to see Mr. Temple.” (Please turn to page 59)
M'Cloud held off as Rocco forced himself on Nora, for he knew the gangster's gunmen had him covered and a move would be fatal.

Above: Once at sea, the fight for life took place—M'Cloud against the thugs. Below: Curly brutally took care of Gaye.
"A girl’s best friend is —" but won’t Angela Lansbury be surprised when she reads what her mother reveals about her here

By her mother
Moyna MacGill
She was christened Angela Brigid Lansbury. At home, we call her "Biddie," which she simply HATES and can you blame her? Or "Biddens," which she bears with. Her teen-age twin brothers, Edgar and Bruce, petname her "Mrs. Lansbottom" and "Big Business," which amuses her.

In her teens she became, although not for long, one of those fat-legged "games" girls. Basketball and so on. In her junior year at Hampstead School for Girls she was, in fact, HEAD games girl!

A bit of a tomboy, the little-girl Angela. And such a laugher as she was! She used to laugh an awful lot, go into yells of laughter with her little girl friends and could not control herself. She still laughs a lot. Loves to laugh. Loves people who laugh. Loves to drive at night, in a car—with a boy, of course, with her date—and have laughs. Loves to dance. VERY keen on dancing. Loves night clubs, cocktail parties, entertaining, opera, theatre, shops . . .

Gay, Angela is, gay of heart, bright of spirit and as feminine, if not more feminine than her beautiful black cat—named Ingrid. After Ingrid Bergman, of course and, also of course, in loving memory of "Gaslight," Angela's first picture. Our household also boasts another black cat—this one named Charles after Charles Boyer; a lovable mongrel, which Flora Robson gave the twins, called "Fella" and a haughty cockatoo named Dorian—this name a memento of the film, "Picture of Dorian Gray," for which Angela made her first test at MGM and for which she was, at first, turned down. "Too young," they said. Later, after they had seen her work in "Gaslight," she went into "Picture of Dorian Gray." . . . very feminine: She loves furs, Angela does, ADORES furs. Her first extravagance, after she signed her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was a fur coat. "Mink-muskrat," she called it. Which, since it was visibly and undeniably Muskrat, was merely our Biddie wishful-thinking. Later, she bought a mink coat, visibly and undeniably mink, which is currently her pride and joy. She loves lace lingerie. French lingerie. Loves negligees, but prefers lovely materials, lovely colors and good line rather than frills. She loves very good costume jewelry—especially, rings. She loves bubble baths. Scented baths. She adores perfume—is always looking for some new exotic scent that no one else has.

(Please turn to page 68)
AFTER lovely Jean Simmons finished making "The Blue Lagoon" in the isolated Fiji Islands, she flew to San Francisco to visit the United States for the first time. The British star could not have been happier when she saw the Golden Gate loom into view, for here at last was America and, fortunately, thousands of miles away from the Fiji Islands, which she says are only romantic when you see them on the screen; actually are damp, and infested with mosquitoes, sand flies and snakes. To Jean they're only comfortable at a great distance. After seeing San Francisco, Jean journeyed to Los Angeles, then on to Hollywood where the red carpet awaited her. She saw the studios, met the stars and filled ten pages of her album with their autographs. Her favorite American dish turned out to be a "Meringue Special," which contains six slices of bananas, six flavors of ice cream, cherries, whipped cream and a variety of other delicious trimmings. After Hollywood she visited Boston and New York.
I AM SURE that no imperial gala ever ordered by the Emperor Franz Josef himself ever surpassed the splendor of the party in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, following the premiere of "The Emperor Waltz," Certainly the Austrian court in all its glittering hey-day, never saw more beautifully gowned and glamorous women accompanied by more handsome escorts.

The first showing of the film, which was a formal, invitation affair, drew a record throng of celebrities to the Hollywood Paramount Theatre where they ran the gauntlet of cheers and shouts from thousands of admiring fans. Arc lights glared, cameras rolled and a veritable battery of photographic flash bulbs popped as over a hundred stars made their appearance before the welcoming microphones in the lobby. This was all in the great premiere "tradition," but what gave it the 1948 note was the presence of television equipment, laboriously wheedling about to record and televisc the entrance of the stars.

Rumor had it that many of these leading personalities from rival studios had been warned about appearing in front of the television cameras, but either they forgot or didn't care, because not one of the galaxy refused to do his impromptu bit.

The "cinema-soxers" roared their delight when Clark Gable and Bing Crosby swapped jokes right in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard where their cars were held up by the traffic jam.

Incidentally Clark garnered the most applause when he appeared with Anita Colby, although pandemonium broke loose for Betty Hutton and yells went up for Alan Ladd, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Betty Grable and Harry James, Van Johnson, Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, Esther Williams, Lucelle Ball and Desi Arnaz and the two stars of the picture, Bing Crosby with Dixie and Joan Fontaine with husband Bill Dozier, all of whom were among the five score celebrities present.

Most all of these "names" made their way to the Beverly Hills Hotel after the picture for the sumptuous buffet dance which followed.

I had a long chat with Paulette Goddard who wore a striking gown of vivid blue corduroy velvet, literally topped off with a pearl tiara. Paulette told me that she isn't anxious at all to return to England for that next picture and that she and Burgess are planning to take a vacation up North in the Canadian Rockies.

"Of course, Cobina, I wouldn't mind if the deal in England was like the one Buz, my husband, had. He just received $50,000 from Arthur Rank for a picture he didn't make!"

Joan Fontaine, who co-stars with our Bing, was as happy and excited as a child—and she looked like one too, with that new bobbed hair-do—over the reception of the picture. When I told her how much I enjoyed her performance, I also asked her why she had cut her lovely hair.

"You know, Cobina, for 'Ivy' and 'Letter From An Unknown Woman,' I had to spend hours having my hair done and then for this, 'The Emperor (Please turn to page 72)
Sonja Henie's garden party with its pink spotlights and ice statues had town talking.
The Von Johnsons, Loretta Young and husband, Tom Lewis, hold conversation on dance floor.

Outstanding among 300 celebrity guests were Jennifer Jones and Producer David O. Selznick.

Betty Hutton and Mitch Leisen. Below: Sonja Henie with Fred De Cordova and Helen Walker.

LAUREN BACALL, starring in "KEY LARGO" a Warner Bros. Production

Deltah's TALISMAN necklace charms Hollywood's brightest stars

You, too, will thrill to the lustrous, flattering beauty of Talisman — Deltah's newest simulated pearl necklace, truly the gift magnificent! Finished with 10 kt. gold safety clasp, and presented in authentically designed jade-color Chinese treasure cabinet...$24.50. Other Deltah necklaces from $3.00. Earrings to match.
William Powell, who has changed from prankster to philosopher, is more charming than ever

By Alice L. Tildesley

The speed boat is lost in a fog on a heaving sea. Mr. Peabody crouches in its stern, wrapped in a khaki raincoat, his rumpled dark hair damp with spray, his anxious blue eyes searching the restless waters.

Springing to his feet, he cries: "Lenore!... Lee, where are you?" drops his raincoat, and leaps overboard.

Fortunately, Director Irving Pichel calls "Cut!" before the actual leap, or Universal-International Studios would be facing a film disaster. It's quite a drop from the suspended speed boat to the cement floor of Stage 5... Mr. Peabody comes down a ladder.

William Powell is six feet tall, but his Mr. Peabody has the illusion of being a small fellow, a mouse of a man caught in a romantic tragedy as he rounds the dangerous curve of fifty. The look in his heartbroken eyes stabs you; his stricken cry hits you hard; he's suffering; he's a futile, inhibited New Englander, but infinitely pathetic.

Once off the set, Mr. Powell sheds Peabody. "He's fun to play," he admitted, relaxing in his portable dressing room between shots, "but I'm not the type to drag my roles into my private life, as I'm told a few actors like to do. I can't imagine myself shrieking: 'Gad!' and playing the domestic tyrant at home, just because I was depicting Father on the screen, any more than I can see myself becoming that slippery old poltio, the Senator, during the filming of 'The Senator Was Indiscreet.' I'd be the first to laugh."

It's before he begins work on a picture that the actor tries on his new character, experimenting with makeup, expressions, walks, etc., and then he does all this in his own room, (Please turn to page 57)
Geraldine, born of a theatrical family, chose her stage name when she was sixteen. Her career was set.

Every minute count

intensely blue eyes under dark brows, and a wide, sweet, generous mouth. She has moments of striking beauty, moments when she seems almost plain; she can be convincingly sullen or radiantly gay.

Not for Geraldine the struggle against unsympathetic parents who are shocked at daughter’s stage ambitions. From the time New York City papers ran the item: “Born to Bianca H., wife of James E. Stroock, a daughter,” an actress was welcome in the family. Bianca was a leading stylist for dramatic plays. James was president of the Brooks Costume Company, costumers to the bigger Broadway productions. Aunt Helen Rook was a featured singer in Ziegfeld Follies of 1926, and great-aunt Rosa Olitzka was leading contralto for the Metropolitan Opera from 1900 to 1910. Stage producer Morris Gest is a cousin, and cousin. Herman Struck is internationally known for his etchings and wood engravings.

Geraldine was barely two when she took her first dancing lesson; her childhood was a series of movements to music: tap, ballet, aesthetic, acrobatic, and she loved them all. Now for the first time on stage or screen, she uses her talent.

“But how?” She flung out her hands, expressively. “I’m supposed to have been a dancer in the chorus line of cheap shows or shoddy night clubs and I’m given an audition. I do a corny old tap dance routine, as done by a girl who isn’t very good and I love it!”

She hugged herself, ecstatically. “It’s a grand part in a four handkerchief picture. I’m hard and bitter, but I fall in love and grow soft and sweet. Dane Clark’s a hard character, too, but he mellowes. It’s the first time I’ve played with a man near my own size, and it’s wonderful! I’m tired of always looking ‘way, ‘way up.”

Geraldine hated to finish the picture with the Marches: it was like being part of a truly happy family—but then she hates finishing every picture she makes. The thought, “This is the last day,” is almost more than she can bear.

“The Marches are an ideal couple, living an ideal life,” she said, earnestly. “They divide their time between stage and screen, which I’d like. They’re never afraid to try something new, and they’re always interesting. Our director, Michael Goldye, was (Please turn to page 64)
HENRY FONDA, currently starring in the Broadway stage hit, "Mister Roberts," recently took Guy Kibbee and some of the cast of the play to watch him as he is on the screen in his latest film, "Fort Apache," an RKO release. Hank really took a page out of the Bible, as it were, for he wanted to see himself as others see him. The flashlight reactions of Hank, Guy (who's also in "Fort Apache") and the "Mister Roberts" cost members taken during the actual screening of the film are most amusing. Below: Jack Pierce, Eva Marie Saint, Len Smith, Jr. and Tiger Andrews watching the man they know as "Mister Roberts" enact Cal. Thursday in RKO's "Fort Apache." Below Center: Eva Marie Saint, understudy for the only girl in "Mister Roberts," and Tiger Andrews. Bottom Left: Fred Barton and Karl Lucas. Bottom Right: Guy and Hank watch themselves as Dr. Wilkins and Cal. Thursday on the screen.
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

Margaret Lockwood, voted one of Britain's top ten movie stars, and daughter "Toots" enjoy their London flat after day's work.

Little "Toots" rides her bicycle like any good Englishwoman, but accidents will happen and Mommy is there with the remedy.

Dennis Price plays romantic love scene with Margaret Lockwood. Right: Margaret's Finnish bath is a highlight of "Bad Sister."
By Weston East

Loretta Young with Joan Fontaine and her husband in Crystal Room after "Emperor Waltz" preem.

Papa Harry James and Mama Betty Grable James with their two daughters, Victoria Elizabeth, four, and Jessica, one. Betty's in "Burlesque."

Kathryn Grayson, hubby Johnny Johnston and Joe Kirkwood, Jr. at Frank Borzage's Annual Motion Picture Golf tournament.

June Haver and her former beau, Dr. John Duzik, at tournament which was for the Cancer Fund. June was an honorary judge.
WHEN all hope of reconciling with Jane Wyman seemed in vain, Ronald Reagan looked for a permanent address. The housing situation being what it is (even for a movie star), he thought he might fare better with a former landlord. Yes, there was one apartment available. It was the very same that Ronnie and Jane shared when they were first married! Irony—thy name is Hollywood.

Bob Hope may be the comedian in the family, but his beautiful wife, Dolores, is never lacking in humor. Because her famous husband is so popular at Hollywood parties, they can't take a step without someone stopping them. While Bob makes funny talk, Dolores stands by and waits patiently. “Someday,” she kids the situation, “I'll dress for the part. I'm going to show up wearing a—squaw's costume!”

When we tell you there's a “new” Alexis Smith, we mean the Warner Bros. are turning cart wheels. They wanted Marlene Dietrich to play the shady dance hall lady in “South Of St. Louis.” La Dietrich had other plans, so Alexis quietly put on a red wig, a short sexy gown and begged for a test. She got it and she got the part, too. But she looks so sensational in Technicolor, they want her to become a permanent redhead. Poor Alexis can't decide whether she loves her art enough to dye for it.

Janis Paige and her handsome husband, Frank Martinelli, Jr. (did you know he (Please turn to page 54)

Shirley Temple and her husband, John Agar, arriving at the Paramount Theatre for premiere of “The Emperor Waltz.”

Oscar winner Ronald Colman, at London premiere of his “A Double Life,” is welcomed by the bewhiskered John Mills.
IF YOU thought Jane Wyman could never top her memorable performance as Gregory Peck's wife in "The Yearling," you have another guess coming, for in "Johnny Belinda," as the pathetic little deaf and dumb girl, she gives, without question, one of the truly great characterizations to be shown on the screen. Jane's beauty and charm, for so long her claim to fame, must now definitely give way to her amazing talent as an actress. The entire production, direction and casting of "Johnny Belinda" are in keeping with Jane's perfect portrayal. Jane, as Belinda, deaf and dumb since birth when her mother died, has been raised by her embittered father, Charles Bickford, and his heartless sister, Agnes Moorehead. Befriended by Lew Ayres, as Dr. Richardson, Belinda learns the sign language; also how to enjoy life. But tragedy strikes again at Belinda when Horace McNally, as Locky McCormick, takes bestial advantage of her inability to speak, a scene of stark terror.

Screenland salutes Jane Wyman

Macdonald Carey, who’s admittedly a “square,” takes over the turntable and tunes in a fine mound of sound.

**FRED ROBBINS**

**Right off the Record**

_HY A Snooks!
The stuff is deluxe.
So let’s sample what cooks,
Before you ouvrez those books!

YEAH, it’s a long, long time from May to December, but the days grow short when you reach September. And when the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame, the eyes and ears must turn from these ever-lovin’ vacation kicks to _la livre_ and _la plume_ and the drone of the professors’ voices. But you’ve got to leave room for those fresh waxen attractions, ’cause all work and no playing of cookies makes you a square, kid.

As always, there’s a mess of fresh shellac, Jack, and while the ban isn’t settled at this typing, by the time your little glimmers dig it, it probably will be, _fingers crossed_. Anyhoo, the companies are releasing waffles like they expect the thing to be history at any minute, trying to get rid of all the nowhere junk they recorded under pressure of the deadline. One happy thought is that there’ll be no more harmoni cookies—hooray!

HEAVENLY!

KAY KYSER: Up spurs a fresh geyser by Kyser, whose gang really knows how to noodle a novelty the way it should be noodled; viz., “Woody Woodpecker” and “When Veronica Plays

Right: Janet Blair and husband, Louis Busch, give a glim to SCREENLAND, and an ear to Robbins’ airshow.

Janet Blair and Disk Jockey Fred Robbins get “mashoogie with the boogie” during her guest appearance on his show.
The Harmonica." Everybody knows the mischievous cartoon rascal with the 5-note laugh who works for the toothpick manufacturers; well, the whole deal's been set to music with Gloria Wood peckin' away at it. It's those carefree, morning glory! Flip's about the chick on the deck at Santa Monica who's probably a product of the record ban and is working on a lyric to "Fieldie Faddle." (Columbia)

JO STAFFORD: "Better Luck Next Time," "Roses Of Picardy," "Suspicion," "Clabberin' Up For Rain." Cinderella G. Stump, unfolding all her versatility on a baking of 4 newies, the first from "Easter Parade," the second of the "Family," and with all of her new found warmth and tulip-like tonsils. Then the Chestfield kid takes her 68's off and clabbens up for a brace of mountain-willam tunes in that raucey country style she first put down on "Tempayshun." (Capital)

KING COLE TRIO: Every artist reaches peaks and valleys in his record output—some great, some mediocre, joke. And they're not all "Nature Boys" all year, can you? But it's still my man Nat Cole and that gorgeous threesome and 4 fresh hunks of ear balm, "It's The Sentimental Thing To Do," "Put Em In A Box," "My Fair Lady," and "A Boy From Texas." Nat's meddolic Niles are so far above the average performer's best efforts, you just grab his slabs automatically. (Capital)

VAUGHN MONROE: The wonderful guy with the clothespins on his nose stands pontificial and delivers three more samples of those poor man's Nelson Eddy tonsils, "Give A Broken Heart A Break," "Melody Time," the title recital from the Disney celluloid, and "Blue Shadows On The Trail," also from the film. The Moon Maidens help Vaughn unwind those stiff vocal chords, which means it's sure to sell millions! Fourth side spots the kid who's loaded with it, Ziggy Talent, in the saga of the "Maharajah Of Magador." (Victor)

THE ANDREWS SISTERS: Don't know what's your pleasure, treasure, but these ears are surfeited with the product from these gals' throraxes which sound the same on every bit of shellone they mistreat. The public apparently is attuned to their drive, 'cause they sell like mad, so the gals are not at fault. They're just givin' 'em what they want, and they're fine chicks every one. "Heartbreaker" is another in the long line of their novuhre products, but "Sabre Dance" touches the depths as the worst thing ever made—haring nothing. "Near You" was the "gonest" in comparison and "You Can't Be True, Dear" was heaven. (Decca)

DICK HAYMES: "It's Magic," "It's You Or No One." This'll make up for it though—cause Richard opens the door to those wonderful tonsils and you can really dote on this compote from "Romance On The High Seas." (Decca)

DINAH SHORE: Melissa's Mommy crunches her pretty crotcley with the 64 bars from "Easter Parade," "Hit Parade," "Sunny Side Up," "Sippin' Out With My Baby," carving a thing of melodious delicacy as always. Then there are two great standards that get fed some vocal pulp by Mrs. Montgomery, "I Get Along Without You Very Well," Hoagy Carmichael's great tune, with an intriguing echo effect throughout, and "I'll Be See- ing You," which has been cut by lots of tonal artists but this 'un's the end! Yummy! (Columbia)

STAN KENTON: Here's the biggest selling album in the Eagle's Nest and the most controversial—"Concert In Progressive Jazz" by the Long Leanster. Though there are many disappointing things in the album and it seems Stan is really blowing his top, it's still fresh, vital music. Our favorite is "Monotony," a perfect musical description of just that. There's "Cuban Carnival," blending the Cuban rhythm with our own, "Lament," spotting Laurindo Almeida on guitar, "Elegy For Alto," with the proficient horn of George Weidler, "Impressionism," a descriptive impression by arranger Pete Rugolo, "Fugue For Rhythm Section" and "Lonely Woman" and "This Is My Theme," with June Christy. This sheen's a must for any tone arm. (Capital)

ALSO EARWORTLY: TONY PASTOR'S "Boy From Texas," "boud" the kid from that state who digs love in the big city, and "Rambling Rose," showing how you, too, can train your chick to grow on a trellis 'till you portal, mortal. (Columbia) ... ANDY RUSSELL'S languid bracint of "It Only Happens When I Dance With You," from "Easter Par- ade," and "If I Were You," from "On An Island With You." (Capital) ... The zestful little chestful Kay Starr, with the lusty larynx on "Don't Let Your Lase Go Wrong" and "Snuggled On Your Shoulder," yesteryear stuff that would dissolve a cliff the way she chirps em. (Capital) ... FRANK SINATRA'S "Nature Boy," "Sposin'" with the Johnny Guarnieri trio, and "It Only Happens When I Dance With You" and "A Pella With An Umbrella." from "Easter Par- ade." Axel Stordahl surrounds those great bronchial tubes with those delicious bits of catgut as usual. (Columbia) ... HARRY WAYNE'S "Betty Blue," fine follow-up to his other hit shingles with the Del Trio. (Columbia) ... DESI ARNAZ "Rhumba Rumbbero," with gallons of gusto from Lucile's boy, and "In Santiago, Chile," on the flip of this disc. "Eyes Of The Storm" by That I theenkl! (Victor) ... PERRY COMO'S crack at those "Easter Parade" ditties, "Better Luck" and "It Only Happens When I Dance With You," is nice grit for your mill. (Victor) ... The Boston Pops really gets that Metrotone up to 168 for the delightful, jazzlike "Fiddle Faddle," one of the most infectious things since poison ivy. (Victor) ... ART LUNDS' "It Was Written In The Stars," "What's Good About Goodbye," "For Every Man's A King," and "I Know Someone," "It Only Happens When I Dance With You," and "May I Still Hold You." (MGM) ... FRANKIE LAINES' "That Ain't Right, Baby," groove blues with all the zest and holier those Laine cords possess. (Mercury) ... PEGGY LEE'S "Caramba, It's The Samba," follow-up to "Manana," with "Baby, Don't Be Mad At Me" on the flip, lisp mush, but real plain. (Capital) ... MEL TORME'S "Cottage For Sale," gorgeous performance by The Velvet Fog" on that Willard Robison standards with some light, cute bounce behind "I Want A Girl Like You." Mel's in MGM's picture. "Words And Music." (Musical)

HOT!!

HARRY JAMES: Jesse James' daddy on the flames on a brace of reissues that you've been scrammin' for. And just like a fish loves the ocean, and a union collector his dues, like a dog loves his master and an indigent housewife her stew—so will you love the "Trumpet Blues" and cantabile, which happens when the fields begin to faddle. Flip's "The Carnaval Of Venice." (Columbia)

LIONEL HAMPTON: "Rockin' In Rhythm." The Hamp wraps his brand around two sides of the Ellington's famous composition, but it sure doesn't sound like E.K.E. (Decca)

DIZZY GILLESPIE: Yeah, as I live and bop! Diz does everything! Specifically "Ool-ya-koo," Diz' first cookie using his new bongo player, Lou Gonzailes. And when the modern stuff is flavored with a dash of Cubanio, Joe, well, it's hard as lard, and twice as greasy! Title refers to a be-bop vocal, like "Oo-papa-da" or "Dob-bl-bi-bi." Diz does wonders on that horn, and if the seeds of imitators have you bewitched, boggled and befuddled about what does the master. Flip is "Good Bait," one of John Burks Gillespie's standards. (Victor)

GENE KRUPA JAZZ TRIO: Genie with the light brown drumsticks and this kid just finished a picture for Columbia, another in the "Thrills Of Music," short subject series, and if you don't ask you theatre man to play it, we'll hit you on the head with our beahang. This waffle is the sequel to "Dark Eyes" and spots the marinated tenor of Charley Ventura with Teddy Napoleon stroking the Steinyway on "Stomp That Melody" and "Body And Soul." (Columbia)

FREDDIE SLACK'S BOOGIE WOOGIE: Oh, get the behind that 8-beat!
Are you in the know?

What's a jilted Jane to do?
- Let his memory linger
- 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 tootsies (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. Helps preserve your peace of mind. Puts wings on worry!

In business, must she begin with—
- Good follow-through
- All the answers
- A promising career

Your first job? Calm those jitters. 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! Dependable is definitely the word for such miracle-softness that holds its shape. You can stay on the job in comfort, for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

Which togs are best for "tubby"?
- A tweed suit
- A gabardine dress
- A sweater and skirt

Lassie with the buxom chassis—buy your togs with special care! 1xray on sweaters. Steer clear of tweeds. (Heavy fabrics add bulk.) To pare down your upholstery, select smooth, figure-flattering materials. Gabardine, for instance—for casual wear. Different girls have different needs; in clothes, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives every girl a choice of 3 Kotex sizes. It's easy to learn which suits you best: Just try all 3—Regular, Junior, Super.

Should the lady be seated—
- Opposite the other girl
- At her left
- At her right

Everything could be kopasetic—if she could be sure just where to sit. Ever bedevilled by this doubt? Then listen. Table etiquette decrees that ladies be seated opposite each other. Knowing for certain will de-panic you. next time. Same as knowing (at certain times) that with Kotex you're safe from tell-tale outlines. Never a panicky moment, thanks to those special flat pressed ends. That's because you're sure they won't show; won't betray your secret. Yes . . . for confidence, you can trust Kotex. No doubt about it!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*F. W. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Dear Ellie: With or without heels? Bout 5 feet 5, eyes of blue and a blond thate on top. Tall enough for you? Should be 'cause Ava Gardner, Cathy Downs, Marilyn Maxwell didn't complain. Mel's cut about 25 sides on his ownsome and about 10 with his group, the Mel-Tones. You'll be diggin' him in "Words And Music."—Recordally, FR

To JULIA GAY, BAYONNE, N.J.: Buddy Rich is on tour with his fine band, has no lace trimmed ball-and-chain as yet, and records for MGM records. IRENE GREER, NEDERLAND, TEX.: Ray Eberle has his own hand and they're at the Hotel New Yorker in N.Y. all summer. Look for a Columbia short subject with Ray and this kid. We're gonna do it right at the hotel and build it all around the ice show there. Probably fall on our jismopressum, too. Wanna help us lace our skates? Lemme hear from you via one of Mr. Donaldson's men in gray (he's the Postmaster General) if you have any little thing bothering you about sharps and flats and the people who dispense 'em.

Address letters to Fred Robbins, Screenland Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

Latest Hollywood Gossip! Continued from page 49

was once under contract to RKO? Are taking no chances. He's sold out his successful San Francisco restaurant and moved down to Hollywood. Frank's going into business that will allow him to be with his adored wife during regular hours. In the meantime, they aren't going to give the gossips a chance to say something's wrong because they were living in different cities.

Being an active member of the Screen Actors Guild, Dana Andrews never misses a meeting. Sometimes they last beyond midnight. Invariably Mr. A. invites a group back to the house for late supper. His wonderful wife thinks nothing of getting up, getting dressed and whiriping together a mess of eggs for the hungry thespians. No wonder she's so popular.

If we hadn't seen it with our own eyes, we'd still think some press agent had blown his top. There they were at Mogambo—Ingrid Bergman and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. So help us, the great Swedish star and the good doctor were jitterbugging all over the place! And dog-gone good, too.

Life can be beautiful—but not for Bill Holden until he finishes "The Dark Pass." His wonderful head of hair has been clipped to the skull and every night when he gets home, his adoring wife, Brenda Marshall, just looks at him and groans. Bill doesn't wear any makeup in the picture and being a prolific beard grower, he has to shave twice a day. Well, at least his producer loves him!

Jane Withers has retired to await the stork, but hasn't lost interest in making movies. When hubby Bill Moss was about to produce "The Cat," Jane quick read the script to see if there were any suitable parts for her huddy-buddies. As a result, Lon McCallister gets the big lead.

Hollywood is wondering: What did Di-rector Otto Preminger whisper to Joan Crawford, that caused those beautiful blue eyes to swim with tears? It was at a dinner party Joan Fontaine gave in honor of Mary Martin, who was appearing locally in "The Starry Night." When the lad-ies retired to the powder room, Joan kept right on going—home.

According to co-workers, Burt Lan-caster and Norman Foster, who directed The Unafraid, didn't agree on certain points. Mostly story points. The rumor does exist that Burt is amongst those (and there are many) who believe he is one of our most impressive stars. Per-sonally, we still find him the same un-spoiled, earthy guy who first arrived in Hollywood.

Ever since Clifton Webb convulsed the nation in "Sitting Pretty," he hasn't had a moment of peace. In stores, restaurants, and on the street, strangers coyly ask if they can hire him to sit with their babies. Finally, in desperation Clifton has promised to strangle the very next person who presented the question. The next one was—the visiting King of Yugoslavia.

It will always remain Bette Davis' most important party. The occasion was little Barbara Sherry's first birthday. Being born on May Day, the young lady was fittingly presented with a head wreath of real posies. She wore it like a queen while her proud parents snapped a few dozen pictures. Speaking of daunt-less Davis, while her more acidic reviewers may not have liked "Winter Meeting," it still rated Bette her greatest number of enthusiastic fan letters.

Studio Sights: Gary Rogers eating lunch and at the same time, reading those hundreds of letters from kids in Madisonville, Texas. Each one wrote a page asking their idol to attend the annual rodeo. Roy couldn't make it, but the kids' invitation sure thrilled him.

Premiere Night in Hollywood! The place, the Paramount Theatre. The picture, "The Emperor Waltz." Searchlights sweeping the skies—stars—jewels—motor cars—loud speakers and thousands of fans going mad when Clark Gable arrived with Anita Cobby. Speaking of that fabulous-faced creature, about her new short-hairdo, she humorously remarked: "I had it cut this way so Clark would think I looked more like Dolly O'Brien!"

Oh brother, is the town burning at the James Masons, for those alleged cracks taken at Hollywood! No one has seen them out in public and everyone's wonder-ing if they'll dare show up at Roman-
off's Restaurant. "Prince" Mike, who also writes a syndicated column, reproduced one on his dinner menus. It's "dedicated" to the Masons and the remarks they supposedly made against the popular Beverly Hills eating place. His highness did not pull his punches.

We ran into Van Johnson on the "Command Decision" set and a glummer guy you've never seen. No, it wasn't the part he's playing. Van loves his role. Things couldn't be happier at home. How come then we asked? "The circus is in town," moaned Van. "I was going to realize a lifetime ambition and ride an elephant in the big top. At the last minute I had to work." We couldn't have been more sympathetic.

Well, we've finally found one glamour girl who isn't afraid to admit her right age. "Josephine," the famous monkey star celebrated her 41st birthday on the "Words And Music" set. Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Peter Lawford, and Ann Sothern all chipped in and bought Josephine a lovely basket of bananas!

It's in Ann Sheridan's contract that she can okay her scripts. And unless a good one is forthcoming, she's going to sit out her Warner Bros. contract, which expires early in 1949. Annie did okay "Silver River," (against her better judgment, some say) but after seeing the picture she felt that any stock actress could have played the role. It's either good parts and not necessarily big parts, or nothing, from now on.

"Tis gossip and we repeat it as such, that even though Tyrone Power wants to have Linda Christian play opposite him in "Prince Of Forest," his studio is making every effort to prevent it. If true, this is probably the first time they've ever opposed Ty, who is their favorite, Number One boy on the lot. The rumored reasons are many and varied.

After 20 years of movie making, Joel McCrea still remains the most unspoiled actor in Hollywood. Recently, he signed for "South Of St. Louis" at Warners. He didn't ask for short working hours or a fancy dressing room. But he did request the particular afternoon off on whatever day Joel, Jr. graduated from public school. Needless to say, they gave it to him.

Dick Powell couldn't have been more horrified, when he was greeted at the front door by a brunette June Allyson. The poor guy couldn't say a word because dinner guests were present. When the last one departed, June quickly became a blonde again. To his great relief, Dick discovered his little wife was just "breaking in" the wig she wears in "Little Women."

Recently Rosalind Russell entertained out-of-town guests who wanted to know all about Jimmy Stewart. Ros went into a big thing about Jim's charm and dignity. Then as a surprise, she invited him for dinner. When he arrived he was wearing a tie that lights up and says, "Hello, Toots!" Rosalind will never forget the looks on her guests' faces!

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(E) Western Stars, Roy Rogers, "Wild" Bill Elliott, Gene Autry, Don "Red" Barry, Bobby Blake, Bing Blake, Hop "along" Ranger, Johnny Mack Brown, Junior Carlin, Buster Crabbe, Kirby Grant, Monte Hale, Gabby Hayes, Tom Holt, Allan Lane, Al St ubbs, Yoe Mia, and other Western and Old West Stars.

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Today's Bill Powell

Continued from page 40

with the door shut and with no onlookers.

"I never model a performance on anyone I've actually known," he declared, "but I suppose I'd pick up a mannerism here or an effective gesture there. I remember I watched newscasts and listened to political broadcasts while I was working on the Senator, and a little of what I got that way may have crept onto the screen. It's not a picture for a wide audience, but it has its points and I enjoyed it very much."

Bill's longest rut, he believes, was the Thin Man. Before that role, he had gone from heavies to heroes, from underworld characters to drawing-room comedy, from sophisticated heavies to keen-eyed detectives.

"About ten years ago, I underwent severe surgery. I could do nothing for a long while, so I had time to think. I knew I didn't want to be an eternal juvenile. I'd seen too many actors on stage and screen who tried to play young leads after they had a couple of extra chins, a bag under each eye, and hairlines that were trying to make friends with the backs of their necks.

"I'd done one Thin Man at the time of my surgery, and he had been fun, for the script was good, the character new to the screen and quite different from other detectives I'd played. I welcomed the chance to do a sequel. My health wasn't too good, it was not as difficult as working out a new character, I let myself be persuaded to go on—and on.

"We were in the war. Pictures ran for weeks everywhere, because people had money or needed to get their minds off what might be happening to their husbands, brothers, sons or fathers. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had too many stars on its contract list, all of whom must have new vehicles. It was every man for himself, and I decided to strike out on my own.

"I had wanted to do Father for ages, and tried to get the studio to buy it for me, but they had a rule against taking percentage deals, so they couldn't. My contract with them forbade their loaning me to any studio without my consent, and I wasn't to make outside deals without their permission. However, with the help of my agents and MGM's agreement, I finally managed to get over to Warners' for the film. I'd read about Father, thought about him a lot, but I can't say I worked out an entirely different characterization from those seen on the stage. After all, Howard Lindsay had helped write the play, played Father for five years on the stage, knew the man backward and forward, as well as every mood he'd ever had. I listened to Howard, studied the role with him, finally had the feeling I knew the man too. How he loved that woman! I felt that his love for her went beyond anything in his life, and I tried to get that over on the screen.

"The whole experience was wonderful. It got me out of my rut. I promised myself I'd never crawl back into it."

Life between pictures is usually serene.

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only

WHAT SINGLE MISTAKE THREATENS HER ONCE HAPPY MARRIAGE?

A. This foolish wife failed to take one of the first steps usually important to marital compatibility.

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FREE BOOKLET Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lysol & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.
The Powells have a house in Palm Springs, bought originally as a weekend place. It turned out that they lived in it three-fourths of the year, as Bill made most of his films at Bell Labs to avoid building restrictions being lifted, rooms have been added, but the house is still a small one.

"We wish we had as simple a house in Beverly Hills," he confided.

"After breaking morning, he dashes off to the tennis courts, where she's rapidly becoming a good player; I retire to the sun-deck and read till late afternoon, when I join the group on the courts, sit on the sidelines and hiss. I can't play since my surgery, but that legend had grown up. Not really a chance to win, not really an option before that. Everyone listens to what I have to say, or else he's afraid to pick up a racquet while I'm around. They probably think nobody could talk so much tennis if he wasn't really good. I let them believe it. Between us, though, I was never that much of a marvel!"

Reading is Bill's hobby. He doesn't read much fiction these days, but he devours books and magazines on current affairs. He doesn't care for biographies—they merely restate the past—his interest is in the future and what will happen next. He has an intense curiosity about everything, which, since he began doing "Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid," has focused somewhat on tropical fish.

For years the Powell nickname has been "Willie Poo." You see it on his match-folders, cigarette boxes, small items in his dressing room. So when, on the first day of the new picture, Diana presented him with a snifter glass containing a minnow trip, he promptly christened the little creature, "Miss Oop."

"She'd come to the side of her glass when I was having lunch," he explained. "I'd feed her as I ate. She'd open and shut her mouth, as if she were hering her name, and I found her wonderful company. But one night California weather went berserk; the thermometer forgot where it was and dipped below freezing. My dressing room grew so cold that poor little Miss Oop gave up the ghost. I found her lying on her side, frozen, next morning, but I can't imagine how much I missed her. Now, Diana has given me a big tank of tropical fish, two couples, beautifully colored, one dark seagull and two snails. The dark fellow has long flowing whiskers and a leer, he scowls along the side, as if of the tank, sliding past the little castle, hiding in the sea grasses. He looks like the Senator, who was also a slippery fish, so that's what I call him. Oh, they're great time-wasters—but interesting. I mean to get books about them. I've made a study of the local aquarium, find out more..."

The new telescope at Palomar intrigues Mr. Powell greatly; one of these days he intends to have a look at the universe through it.

"I've viewed the moon and the stars through the instrument on Mt. Wilson, while an authority explained what I was seeing, and I was amazed at how fascinating it found it. My astronomy is none too reliable, but it is more extensively before my Palomar trip."

Bill doesn't play chess. It looks too profound, he says. Bridge is not for him: when he takes cards in hand, he wants to enjoy himself, and bridge partners take themselves too seriously. Poker and gin-rummy can be played without partners, and that's what he likes.
"It was luck that I met Cooke, for he had no idea how to reach me, even if he had recalled my Joe Brooks. Still, if I hadn’t done some hundred and fifty roles in stock and half a dozen plays in New York, I wouldn’t have known how to build my character. I’d had time to learn how to use my tools.

"It may be that Fate sits up some-where pulling strings, but I’m not sold on the theory. As I see it, it’s up to us to perfect our tools and use them as skillfully as possible."

"Ready, Mr. Powell?" the assistant director appeared at the door.

Bill climbed up into the speedboat, pulled on his raincoat, and huddled in the stern once more. The fog drifted in, and before my eyes he seemed to dwindle into a mouse of a man, Mr. Peabody, the Proper Bostonian, who had fallen in love with a mermaid, and was broken-hearted because he had lost his Lenore.

Key Largo

Continued from page 30

"Oh," Curly’s eyes lost some of their glitter. "Why’n you say so? He’s out by the boathouse."

The uncomfortable feeling stayed with him as M’Cloud walked down the narrow path to the pier jutting out into the Bay. Then he saw the old man sitting in the wheelchair and suddenly every-thing was the way he had thought it was going to be. He had George’s eyes, but M’Cloud would have known him even without that added clue.

"Mr. Temple," he said. "My name’s M’Cloud. Frank M’Cloud."

"M’Cloud?" Temple’s voice rose eager-ly. "Not... not Major M’Cloud? Nora!" he called excitedly. "Come quick! See who’s here!"

M’Cloud felt that quick pang as the girl came out of the boathouse. She was so right, so everything he had expected her to be. It was more than that quiet charm of hers, her clear blue eyes, her soft honey-colored hair so simply ar-rayed. It was an inner thing, an in-tegrity a man could feel even on first sight like this.

"Hello, Mrs. Temple," he said. "Your husband and I were in the same outfit overseas."

"As if she didn’t know," Temple chuckled. "How long’ll you be able to stay with us, Major?"

"An hour or so. I’m on my way to Key West."

"An hour. Only an hour?" The old man sounded like a disappointed child. "Surely you can spare us more’n that. There’s so much to talk about. Stay the night, anyway."

M’Cloud couldn’t deny the pleading in the old voice.

"We’ll talk as long as you like," he promised. "That’s why I’m here." And as Temple turned his chair excitedly and began propelling himself towards the hotel, Nora smiled for the first time as she swung into step beside M’Cloud.

They were within sight of the hotel when the police car suddenly turned into the driveway and the two men, Ben
Wade, the sheriff, and Clyde Sawyer, his deputy, got out of it.

"Seen anything of the Osceola brothers, Mr. Temple?" Wade called. "They broke out of jail and we figured they'd be heading for home."

"Sorry, Ben," Temple shook his head, but though Wade started to climb in the car again, the deputy stood his ground.

"Mind if we look around?" he asked doggedly.

Temple shrugged. "You won't find those two Indians, 'cause they ain't here," he said, "Maybe they're out in the mangroves, maybe. But if I were you I'd save myself the trouble waiting after them, as I reckon they'll probably be givin' themselves up before morning." He waited until the car had started again before he went on. "Those boys and George grew up together," he said then.

"No harm done, Temple. They went to Palm Grove, got themselves a snoopful and started to take Florida back for the Indians. I sent word for 'em to come in and give themselves up. Not that I know where they are, understand."

"The Indians really trust Dad Temple," Nora said softly. "As far as they're concerned he's the United States of America."

They were wonderful people, Nora and the old man. The hotel seemed the way it should be, that they would like it. Even Curly sprawled out in one of the lobby chairs no longer seemed sinister as they walked past him into Temple's office.

"Major," Nora said taking the chair next to her father-in-law. "Were you with George when he died?" And then as he nodded, her hand closed over the old man's. "Was he in very much pain?"

M'Cloud gave it to her straight because it was easiest that way. "He never knew what lit him," he said. "He was a good soldier. From start to finish you'd have been proud of him. It wasn't just a matter of doing his duty. He was always looking for a way to do more and finding it. He had to be killed. The wonder is he lasted 'til Cassino."

Nora spoke so quietly. "When you believe like George believed, maybe dying isn't very important."

Temple nodded. "The thing is, George believed in what he died for. People's rights to hold their head up."

M'Cloud tried not to let them see what he was feeling as the old bitterness welled up within him. He had felt that way too... once. But now victory and everything that went with it was like ashes in his mouth. But he couldn't tell them that. He felt he'd take the little they had left away from them.

"George talked about you all the time," he said instead. "You'd never guess the things I know about you both. Like the inscription in your wedding ring. 'Nora and George. Evermore.' He looked away from the sadness in her eyes. "He talked so much about this country, it gave me the idea of maybe settling here. I'm tired of wandering around."

"No one said anything. Suddenly a strong gust of air sent the papers on the table flying around the room. Somewhere a shudder slammed shut and from a distance came the wail of a siren."

That's a storm warning," the girl said. "We'd better close the shutters and get the lamps."

The rain started before they reached the lobby. All the four men were there now, and as M'Cloud went over to one of the windows, Curly looked up.

"Gettin' ready for the hurricane, uh?" he asked affably. "I decided to telephone mom, and Nora hurried towards it, his voice changed abruptly. "Don't answer it," he snarled.

His arm shot out blocking her way as he made a lunge for the phone and as he started to come towards it, he found himself staring into the automatics the others had suddenly whipped out of their pockets. So it hadn't been imagination that feeling he had before of being held by invisible guns.

"Hello?" Curly's slow drawl into the telephone added to the unreality of the scene. "No, Mr. Temple isn't here. No, she's not here either. Me? I'm a guest at the hotel. No, we haven't seen your deputy. Sure, if he shows up I'll tell him to call back."

He hung up the phone and motioned towards the stairs, and with the guns driving them on there was nothing to do but obey. Temple's face whitened as M'Cloud and Nora half pulled, half pulled his chair upstairs.

I'd better let 'em stay, he muttered. "Should've known something was wrong hiring the whole place like this out of season." His voice rose to a shout. "I'm not afraid of your guns. Go ahead, shoot. You haven't got the nerve."

Careful, Mr. Temple," M'Cloud cautioned, his eyes fixed on the door at the head of the stairs and the man who stood there, eying them arrogantly. He had seen that face before. He knew it.

"You think this rain would cool things off," the man's voice was as arrogant as the rest of him. "But it don't seem to."

"Listen you," Temple said. "You, Mr. Brown. Are you thieves or what? Is this a robbery?"

The man called Brown leisurely moved his arm to the other corner of his desk. "Look, Pop, forget the questions. What you don't know won't hurt you. We'll be out here in a couple hours and..."

He stopped, showing tension for the first time as that sudden groan sounded behind him. He turned but it was too late to stop the man making his uncertain way to the door. It was Sawyer, the deputy, and M'Cloud's stomach tightened as he saw the blood streaming down his face from the wound in his forehead. He tightened his hold towards Curly, but a gun waved her back.

Somehow the deputy managed to keep his feet. "You won't get away with it, Roccor," he said and at the name something clicked in M'Cloud's brain, and he was with his old newspaper days in Chicago, before the War.

"Johnny Roccor, of course," he said. The deputy's eyes looked glazed. "I came back looking for the Osceola boys," he said in a wavering voice. "In the lobby I ran up against him," he held his towards Curly. "He didn't look right to me so I asked a few questions. The answers were fishy and I put in a call to Ben Wade. But before I got it he
knocked me on the head. And when I woke up here Rocco was standing over me.

"Rocco," Temple repeated wonderingly. "I know that name.

"Rocco, the gangster, Mr. Temple." M'Cloud said grimly. "The one and only Rocco. They threw him out of the country.

"Yeah, that's right," the short dark man's mouth twisted around his cigar. "I was a citizen for ten years. They pin a rap on me and anybody isn't born here loses his citizenship if he serves more time a year. Undesirable alien they called me. Me! Johnny Rocco!"

Temple gave him a long look. "Then how is it you're here?" he asked.

"Maybe I'm not, Pop," Rocco said. "This ain't real what's happening. You're having a dream."

"Wake up, Pop," the gangster they called Toots grinned. "You're snoring."

Temple ignored him. "You're right, Rocco," he said. "They shouldn't have deported you. You should've been exterminated, like a filthy disease."

The squat figure darted forward, but before he reached them M'Cloud interrupted. "I speak for Mr. Temple," he said. "He doesn't know what he's talking about or who to. Sir!" his watchful eyes turned to the old man, "Johnny Rocco was more than a king. He was an emperor. His rule extended over all the forbidden enterprises. He was master of all. Whom he couldn't corrupt he terrified. Whom he couldn't terrify he murdered. You're hopeless old-fashioned, Mr. Temple. You're still living in a day when America believed it could get along without Johnny Rocco." He made a mocking bow. "Welcome back, Rocco. It was all a mistake. America is sorry for what it did to you."

"Yeah, that's me," Rocco smiled complacently. "I was all those things and more. And it'll be like that again. Only more so. I'll be back up there one of these days. Then you'll really see something. I'll be pulling strings to get guys elected mayor and governor. I can make 'em like a tailor makes a suit of clothes and..."

Temple straightened indignantly. "If that time ever comes," he began, but M'Cloud's bitter laugh stopped him.

"The time has come, Mr. Temple," he said. "It's here."

"Okay," Rocco shot him a furious glance. "You know all about me. What's with you, wise guy? Give."

"I'm a nobody," M'Cloud said. "Thought I might come down here and get a boat maybe. Life's become a little too complicated for my tastes."

"In the War, weren't you?" Rocco demanded. And then as M'Cloud nodded. "Any medals?"


"Brave, huh?" Rocco grinned. "Why'd you stick your neck out?"

"No good reason," M'Cloud said grimly. "It had something to do with freedom. I was a fool. I believed something I was told. 'We are fighting today,'" he quoted, remembering how much the words had once meant to him, "for security and progress and for peace, not only for ourselves but for all men, not..."
only for one generation but for all generations. We are fighting to cleanse the world of ancient evils, ancient ills. Only total victory can reward the champions of tolerance and decency and freedom and faith.

Rocco's grin widened. "What's that all about?" he asked.

M'Cloud looked away from his mocking eyes. "Nothing, as it turned out," he said.

Temple's hands clutched the arm of his chair. "I remember those words," he said.

"Then there are two of us," M'Cloud said.

Temple didn't notice the irony in the quiet voice. "We rid ourselves of our kind once and for all," he said and suddenly he was standing. "You're not coming back." He took a step forward but that was all his withered legs could stand. Half sobbing, he coughed hold of a chair and eased himself into it. "Strike them dead, Lord!" he cried. "Let loose a bolt of lightning. It doesn't matter about us, just so's you kill them."

Almost as if in answer to his words the first burst of thunder came and the house rocked in the new fury of the wind. There was a sound and the door of a room further down the corridor flew open and the girl Gaye stood there, her sodden face distorted in fear. She stood there swaying drunkenly a moment. Then she ran to Rocco.

"I'm afraid," she wailed.

He pushed her out of the way and faced M'Cloud. "I can see right through you," he said. "What you really think is, I'm better than Rocco. He's fit, like the old man says. He's got a gun, you think, 'an' didn't, havent.' Listen, soldier, you can make your hopes come true. But you got to die for it." He reached in his pocket for an automatic and threw it to M'Cloud, reaching for Curly's gun at the same moment. "See where I'm aiming it? Right at your belly. Go ahead, shoot.

The gun was there solid in his hand, but he didn't use it. He saw the eyes looking at him, the cynical, mocking ones, the desperate, proud ones. And yet he didn't use it.

"What's the matter, sister?" he heard Rocco laugh. "You look like somebody died was near and dear. Hey, Curly, Gaye, anybody, want a hero? Here's one for sale cheap."

M'Cloud couldn't look at Nora. And as he turned he saw the deputy run in that thug towards him and felt the gun ripped out of his hand. It clicked, but it didn't go off. And before the bewildered deputy could try it again the bullet from Rocco's gun reached him and he staggered against the railing. There was that crashing sound then and he toppled out of sight to the floor below.

For a moment the only sound was the wind screaming outside. Then Nora spoke.

"The gun wasn't loaded! He never had a chance."

"That's right, sister," Rocco laughed as he swaggered towards the stairs. "The gun wasn't loaded. But our hero didn't know it."

Temple turned hopefully. "You knew that gun was empty, didn't you, son?" he asked pleadingly. "You weren't afraid."

"No, sir, I didn't." M'Cloud said dully. "And I was afraid. But that's not why I didn't pull the trigger. It simply wasn't worth my time for."

"What's the difference, son," Temple said gently, "in fighting against a Hitler or a Rocco?"

"Not much," M'Cloud agreed. "Only I believed when we went to war. I don't any more."

Nora's eyes flashed. "If I believed your way, I'd want to be dead, too, like George," she said. She stopped as a gust of wind blew through the corridor topping over a table. A lamp went down with a crash and over it the electric lights began flickering. "We must close the storm shutters in the other rooms," she said quietly, "or the roof'll be blown off."

"Downstairs, sister," Toots said waving them all on with his gun. He turned to the one called Angel. "Go shut them," he ordered.

The deputy's body was gone when they got downstairs. The blonde girl was already in the bar and Rocco smothered an oath as he stalked over to her, taking the beer she was about to pour away from her.

"Didn't I say, no drinking?" he snarled.

"You gave me my first drink, Johnny," she said. She went over to him clutching at his arm. "Don't be mean to me," she quivered, "I tried to smile. Gee, honey, that's the song I used to sing to you, remember?"

"I gave her her first chance," Rocco grinned. "Took her out of the chorus. Made her a singer. Mention that while you're at it. Why ain't you a singing instead of a lush?"

"I was the rage," Gaye said wistfully.

Rocco laughed. "Why'n you sing us your old song, Gaye," he said.

She shuddered. "Don't make me," she whispered.

"I wouldn't make you do anything," he sneered. "Tell you what though, sing us your song and you can have a drink."

"Can I have the drink first," she begged.

"No," his voice was adamant. "The song first. Then the drink."

It was awful, even worse than M'Cloud had thought it would be, her cracked voice and stiff, self-conscious gestures and not a trace of the thing she must have had once. She sang to Rocco and he laughed at her as she sang. But when she finished she clung to his arm.

"Give me my drink, Johnny," she begged.

"No," he brushed her hand away as he laughed. "You were rotten."

"But you promised," she begged and it was even more awful than her singing had been, seeing her go to pieces like that. And Rocco looking at her with no pity at all in his eyes.

"Here," M'Cloud said suddenly and he felt as if he were straightening himself from his stomach up as he walked over to the bar and poured her a drink. Then as she gulped it down he stood there waiting for whatever would come. And what came was worse in a way than a bullet would have been. But he stood there taking it as Rocco slapped him
across the face three times. Then when it was over he went to a corner table and sat down.

He couldn’t believe it at first when Nora followed him. He believed it even less when her hand went out and found his. “I’m sorry about what I said upstairs,” she said. “He might have killed you and you knew it. Maybe it is a rotten world, Frank, but a cause isn’t lost as long as someone is willing to go on fighting.”

“I’m not that someone,” he said.

“But you are,” she said quietly. “You may not want to be, but you can’t help yourself. I know from the way you look and talk. And from things George wrote me. He knew the kind you are.”

They sat there a long time and nothing seemed to matter any more. It was almost as if they could hear the storm going. He leaned over and kissed her hair and she smiled.

“Will we ever see you again?” she asked.

They didn’t know Temple had wheeled himself over to them until he spoke.

“Stay right here, why don’t you?” he said. “You tell him, Nora. We’d be proud if you’d look on us as your family.”

He couldn’t speak above the lump in his throat. Then there was no chance to answer for the door opened and Toots came in. He held the door half shut so they didn’t see the little group of people huddled on the porch.

“The boat, it’s gone!” he cried. “That dirty skipper took it away. What are we gonna do? We can’t stay here . . . now.”

Rocco walked to the door and looked down at the Bay. “There’s a boat down there. I’ll get us to Cuba. And the soldier can run it. He said he was hankering for a boat.”

“No,” Temple called. Then suddenly he saw the Indians on the porch and started towards them. But before he reached the door one of them got up motioning to his companions to go. And as they started away, M’Cloud saw that two of them were women and the others, except for the one other man were children.

“You, Mr. Temple,” the Indian said stolidly. “You’re not a good man. You don’t let nobody in. That’s no good. My brother, me, us do not like you say any more. No go Ben Wade. That man. he pointed to Curly, “he say you no let women and baby in house.”

It did no good to call after them. It did no good for Temple to give way to his fury either, with the gunmen laughing uproariously. Then suddenly the door opened again and Ben Wade stood there. His face was white as if he had had a shock.

“I came looking for Sawyer,” he said grimly. “And I just found him outside. He’s dead.”

“No, Temple shouted. But Wade just gave him that contemptuous look and left. M’Cloud started after him but Rocco’s gun held him back.

“You’re going with us, soldier,” he said.

The shot came, followed by another.

It seemed an eternity, but it was only a minute before Wade came back.

“They tried to get away,” he said. “I killed em both.”

Temple’s gnarled hands went up to his face as though he were trying to shut out not only the Osceola brothers, but the whole world and everything in it. He didn’t even move as Wade left and Rocco motioned to M’Cloud.

“Well, soldier?” he asked.

“I’ll go,” M’Cloud said unexpectedly and again he saw the disappointment flare into Nora’s eyes. But this time it was different. This time he was right with himself. “There never has been,” he told himself and this time he knew it was true, “and never can be a successful compromise between good and evil. Only total victory can reward the champions of tolerance and decency and freedom and faith.” And it was funny how it had taken the Osceolas to make him see it so shining and clear.

Gaye’s voice cut in on his thoughts then as Toots and one of the others came down with the bags. “Where are my things?” she asked.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you,” Rocco grinned as he swaggered towards the door. “You’re not coming. Here,” he shoved some money into her hand. “On this you can stay drunk a month.”

“Johnny, please!” She threw herself against him. “I’ll stop drinking! I’ll be good luck for you like I was before.”

Rocco flung her away from him and at the time it seemed an accident that she fell against M’Cloud. But afterwards he knew it was no accident. For when he put his hand in his pocket he felt Rocco’s gun in it where she had placed it.

They were on the boat when he found it, the war surplus Navy launch Temple had bought. But he didn’t do anything about it then. He waited until they were far out at sea.

They couldn’t take the choppy water, those tough guys. They were sick and went below. But M’Cloud waited his chance. It was Ralph who came up first staggering to the rail and as he bent over M’Cloud veered the boat sharply and the man swung out into the sea. But first he screamed.

There was just time to hide behind the wheelhouse before the others came up. He picked them off, one after the other and one of their bullets got him in the shoulder. But it didn’t matter now that the world was wiped clean of them.

Only he had to get back, back to Nora. He swung the boat around and that was all his bad shoulder could take. So he lashed the wheel and set the boat’s course. He saw the telephone then and he began babbling in delirium even before he took off the receiver.

He tried to keep the words from all running into each other and couldn’t. But they made sense to him. At long last they made sense to him.

“Hello, Nora,” he said. “You were right. As long as we fight, George didn’t die for nothing. We’ve got to keep fighting. But first I’m heading for home. Home being Key Largo.”

And it was funny how as he talked, it seemed as if Nora’s arms were already around him, holding him.
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Making Every Minute Count

Continued from page 43

marvelous. If there was any question about a line or a new slant on a scene, he'd call us all in to talk it over, and listen to what we had to say. He directed as if we were in the theatre. He never says, 'Create on that line,' but 'Get an impulse to create.'

"In the picture, I am the Judge's daughter, an independent, grown-up girl studying law and in love with Edmond O'Brien, as different a role as I've ever done. Speaking of Mr. O'Brien, her blue eyes lighted up, "we both Shan- speare addicts. When we had time between scenes, we'd get together and read scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Macbeth,' "Hamlet,"—oh, all his plays. It's such fun to find someone who enjoys reading plays as I do."

Famous faces were no novelty to Ger- aldine as she grew up. She and her sister used to watch lovely things being created for Katharine Cornell and Tallullah Bankhead, listen to discussions of new plays at star-studded dinner tables, and see productions on which their parents had worked. One day Geraldine found Gertrude Lawrence trying on a suit made for her U.S.O. tour overseas.

"I had on a flower-hand hat," she re- called. "I used to take bicycle clips, cover them and sew on flowers, fasten a small boob in front to hold them firmly, and there was my hat! Daddy gave me the flowers and they were lovely. Miss Lawrence said to Daddy, 'I wonder if that girl would mind telling me where she got her hat? It would be wonderful with my suit.'"

"That girl," said Daddy, 'is mine. I sure she'll tell you.'

Geraldine said she'd make her a hat and put up most of the night creating an apple-green and orange flower-band, which Gertrude loved.

The encounter resulted in a Gertrude Lawrence invitation to add to Geraldine's repertoire gathered since kindergarten days.

The summer she was sixteen, the girl did summer stock in Bridgeport, Con- necticut, and Montclair, New Jersey, playing with Fred Stone in "You Can't Take It With You," and doing ingeneous chores in "Junior Miss" and "Kiss And Tell." It was grand, grand, grand! She selected a stage name, "Brooks" instead of "Stroock," and decided to become an actress immediately after graduation from high school.

"Heavens, no!" was the family reaction. "Every girl needs a college education."

Geraldine pointed out that she was president of the Drama Club at the Julia Richmond High School, that she'd done several plays, even directed one, knew exactly what she wanted, and college for her was just a waste of time. In a weak moment, however, she allowed herself to apply for and be accepted at Syracuse University. It was before entrance time ar- rived, she revolted.

"At least," compromised her bemused family, "go to the American Academy of Dramatic Art for a year. Promise not to look for a job for twelve months?" Geraldine reluctantly promised.

The year wasn't quite up when family friend, Emil Friedlander of Dazian Fab- ric House, who supplied fabrics to Bengo Costello, decided to incorporate Katharine Hepburn in the show was down with appendicitis! Director and cast were ready to slit their throats.

"Jimmy Strock's little girl does a pretty good Hepburn," spoke up Emil. "She could go on for a couple of nights."

They objected that she was too young, but in the end they sent for her, and were they glad they did when critics sing- led her out as the hit of the show! When the company played Boston, Katharine Hepburn herself climbed three flights of stairs to Gerda's dressing room to compliment her. After the first night, the role was built up with more lines. The young actress, who had never had any doubt herself, was now able to prove she was in the right business.

About the time she left "Follow The Girls", the Theatre Guild and Associated announced a plan to produce a trilogy of Shakespearean- plays. They would do "Romeo And Juliet," with a Juliet who could look the correct age, fourteen. Geraldine couldn't believe it when they asked her to read for the part. It would mean she would cast an unknown in the great tragedy. After her reading, the Guild signed her to do Perdita in "A Winter's Tale" and Celina in "As You Like It."

"They never got around to doing more than 'A Winter's Tale,'" she recalled, regretfully. "They didn't go over as well as they had expected, but it was interesting while it lasted."

Now that she and Edmond O'Brien have been reading the bard again, Ger- aldine has begun to hope wistfully that the day will come when she'll do Juliet for the screen.

While Geraldine was making her stage debut, the Stroocks refused five motion picture offers for her. This or that was not quite right for their daughter. Then Radie Harris of Variety, her mother's friend, suggested the girl for the dramatic role of Julie in "Cry Wolf."

The 33rd actress to be tested for the part, she was immediately signed by Warner Brothers. Arrived in Hollywood, Geraldine talked eagerly with all the ex-stage actors she knew. "What's different about the screen?" she asked. "What shall I do?"

"One said: 'Don't move your face much,' " she remembered. "Another told me to talk lower, much lower, and a third warned me against wide gestures. They went into detail about how many inches I had to work in, how I should turn my eyes. Instead of improvising, I decided to instead of my body, at certain times, keep my arms close, and so on. In the end, I was so confused I forgot it all and be- haved as if I would have on the stage."

SCREENLAND
“For my first scenes, we went on location. I was so determined to make good, I read my first speech as if it were intensely dramatic. “I’m so glad the sun came out!” I cried. Peter Godfrey, our director, who is always gentle and mellow, stopped and said: “Let’s not play Joan of Arc today, shall we?”

That was the day Geraldine met Errol Flynn for the first time. They had barely been introduced before she had to beat him with her riding crop. “I didn’t know whether to hit him hard or not,” she confessed, looking very scared—she kept worrying, and at last I hit very hard. That seemed to be it, and he didn’t mind!

After “Cry Wolf” came Joan Crawford’s stepdaughter in “Possessed,” a girl somewhat older than Julie and with more charm. Also came Geraldine’s first screen love scenes.

“I had dreaded them because I thought I’d be embarrassed,” she laughed, color creeping into her cheeks, “but I found that the crew never laughs at you. They are all people with their own important jobs!”

Geraldine’s family came to Hollywood with her when she first arrived, but after a long visit they returned to New York, leaving her in a small court apartment.

“I like the idea of being independent, of making my own decisions and being responsible for them,” she said, seriously. “I won’t exchange that for the marriage yet—maybe not for years. I know that people say this and then turn right around and rush to the altar. One thing at a time for me! Now I’m carving out my career.”

There’s no ideal man in the back of her mind. It would be nice if she could eventually marry someone in the same profession, but that’s not absolutely necessary, if he’s a good companion. Tall or short, handsome or homely, it’s all the same to Geraldine.

“I’m not married and I can’t have pets in my court apartment,” she flashed her impish little grin, “but I do have a share of the alley cat called Montgomery. When he sees me coming, he runs up and sits on my doorstep waiting for me. He seems terribly glad to see me, which is flattering, and he’s a very intelligent cat—or could it be that I feed him?”

For all that life, so far, has been a bowl of cherries for Warner Brothers’ talented young player, she has had one big disappointment. Years ago, she read a book by Robert Nathan called “Portrait Of Jennie.”

“That’s for sure!” she decided. She was much too young at the time, but as years passed and no one made the story, she told herself that they must be waiting for her. When MGM bought the book for Susan Peters—or was it Marsha Hunt?—Geraldine was temporarily dashed. They didn’t go ahead with it.

“It’s Fate—I’ll get it yet!” she promised her mirrored self.

Other studios mentioned Jennie, then dropped the idea, and when Geraldine signed her contract, she asked the studio about the role for her. “It’s a fantasy, too difficult to screen,” they explained, “That’s why nobody does it. Better give up the idea.”

But Geraldine had a strong feeling that difficulties would be overcome for her in the right future, she’d bring her favorite character to the screen. Then came David Selznick’s announcement of the picture for Jennifer Jones. “I felt lost for awhile,” she admitted, “I’d counted on it for so long.

“You can’t have everything, and Geraldine has no intention of pining. That rich, full life of Miss Farrar’s birthday wish is getting richer and fuller and more exciting all the time!”

How It Feels To Be A Movie Idol’s Wife

Continued from page 27

so it wasn’t professional jealousy that made me resent being shoved aside by eager fans. Mostly, I was embarrassed.

“On that New York trip three years ago, fans would come up to our hotel door and besiege Dana; they would jump on taxis in which Dana and I were riding; they would stop him on the street and crowd around him pleading for autographs. They would grab at his handkerchief and seize his coat. I felt like a fifth wheel. I was particularly embarrassed when Dana was pregnant. While all this fuss was being made over Dana, I would shrink into myself, sneak around the corner or hide in a doorway. I felt terribly conspicuous and out of place.

Now I accept all the shouting (which is much worse in New York than in Hollywood) all the pushing of Dana and the pushing aside of myself as odd aspects of a queer business, and I don’t resent them any more. I know that this great adulation of stars by fans is a phenomenon for which every star should be grateful. Since it is all part of a strange business, I am no longer disconcerted by it. But
zines would be apt to know David's name. She confirmed my suspicion by saying that she wanted Dana's autograph.

"He's out," I told her, as firmly as I could, and I don't expect him home till seven, but if you'll give me your address, I'll send Dana's autograph to you."

"Oh, no, that wouldn't do. I want to get it from him personally. I'll wait for him.

It was then about two in the afternoon, but she seated herself in the living room, and sat it out until Dana came home. Meanwhile, she told me that she had come in the rain on a street car from Long Beach just to catch a glimpse of Dana.

When Dana came home, she not only got his autograph, but pleaded with him to intercede for her, so that she might get the job working for us. Dana, of course, told her that was up to me.

"She finally left, but small gifts from her for Dana continued to come to remind us of her existence.

"When we moved to Toluca Lake, I frankly hoped we'd hear no more from Dana's fervent fan, as her continual pleas for a job inside our building were embarrassing. Besides, she was pursuing Dana wherever he went. When he broadcast over the air, she managed to get seats to the broadcast. When he arrived at the studio gate in the morning, she'd find her waiting for him. I hoped she wouldn't discover our new address.

"But she did. One day when my mother-in-law was in the garden plant- ing pansies, she saw a little young figure scaling the wall. Startled at first, she wondered if a burglar was trying to get on the premises. But when Irene said, 'the help you?' she asked my mother-in-law."

'I'm very good at planting flowers.' Then in the next breath she said, 'Won't you please talk to Mrs. Andrews and get her to let me help with the children? I don't care about a salary or anything. I just want to work for Dana.'

"Then there was the fan who sent kisses in the form of pen and ink cross marks to all the members of the family. Next to Dana's name were the most kisses. The number of kisses is the names of each of the children. She ended up with two kisses for me! I guess I should have been grateful, for some of the fans resent the fact that Dana is married, and send no love letter to any but Dana."

"Some fans, however, show a great deal of touching thoughtfulness. One little girl made covers for bars of soap and sent them to us, 'because I like Dana's pictures so much.' I could picture her little fingers working for hours on the careful crocheting that was touched. Then there was the woman who sent a beautiful carriage robe for Stephen, which she had carefully tatted by hand. An intelligent letter came with the robe, too. 'Don't think I'm a silly fan,' she wrote, 'but I have copied Mr. Andrews' pictures and they have given me great pleasure. I also admire the normal way in which he lives, and so as a token of my esteem I am sending this robe. I hope you will use it.'

"Think of all the work that has gone into such gifts. One can't help realizing that there is a very sincere feeling when a fan is willing to go to so much trouble, to express her admiration for an actor."

Nevertheless, there are times when being a movie star's wife can be exasperating. In my case, this certainly is no fault of Dana's, since he confines his acting strictly to the screen and un- like some actors, is never an exhibition- ist. But people are quick to jump on what they consider a weakness in his wife, and they'll criticize her much more readily than they will almost anyone else.

I remember when Dana was making 'Boomerang' in the East, a studio car came to take us from New York to Long Beach, the studio. It was almost 9 P.M. by the time we arrived, and we had had no chance to dine. The house wasn't ready for us, and there was no food in the pantry, so we took Kathy and Stephen to a very nice hotel for dinner. As we sat down to eat, I heard a woman say in a loud voice, 'Aren't those movie stars' wives awful?' You'd think she'd have sense enough not to keep two small children out so late.

'I felt I didn't deserve the criticism and resented it. People must imagine what a different life style is followed by the children of undesigned lives and that their children are brought up in a Bohemian style.

Actually our children lead just as routine lives as those of any other normal American family. Ordinarily they are kept on a very strict schedule, and their meal times are carefully planned. However, when circumstances compel a movie star's wife to violate her schedule, people pounce on her as though she were the worst sort of wife and mother."

Mrs. Andrews leaned down to pat Xan in the head. "Xan is crazy for you, Kathleen. I thought how very typical and normal she seemed, very much like the wife of a young business man in any suburban town, preoccupied mostly with her hus- band, her children and her home. She puts on no airs, does not fuss, does not pretend to be anything other than what she is: an average housewife, and a mother who tries very hard to be strict with her children, but whose heart often betrays her into being a little too lenient."

"Dana, one of the few bones of con- tention between Dana and Mrs. Andrews. He wishes she'd be just a little bit strict- er. When Mrs. Andrews has to leave the house, five-year-old Kathy sometimes bursts into loud wails, which Mrs. An- dews sometimes can't silence. If Dana is home, he says authoritatively, 'Stop that, Kathy,' and Kathy stops instantly, quelled by his resonant voice. "Now why can't you control Kathy?" he may ask Mrs. Andrews. She honestly doesn't know. But when she tries to scold Kathy, the look on her face is really to strike her funnybone, and nullify her efforts."

Kathy and Stephen are hardly aware of the fact that their dad is an actor, but David, 13, is very much aware of it. He doesn't know all the secrets of the business, but he does know he isn't proud of his father. But when school youngsters surround him begging for details about his father or yelling, 'Woo hoo, you're Dana Andrews' boy,' at him, he finds it a little hard to take. He finds the feminine sex hard to understand anyway, and the feminine sex going soft
During this first date, Dana made some remark about not liking to see people get too plump. Mary, conscious of the fact that she was somewhat overweight, wondered if the remark was directed at her. In any event, she decided that she’d trim down. This wasn’t difficult to do, because she was passing through the early stages of love and was much less interested in food than she’d ever been before. Dana, too, found his appetite diminishing. After the first date, when they were together, food seemed less and less interesting.

Dana, Mary says, never proposed in so many words, but began saying, “After we’re married, let’s do such and such.” When Mary told her parents that she and Dana planned to be married, they were a bit dumbfounded, for they felt Mary was rather young to take on such a responsibility. “Do you think it’s wise,” they asked her, “to start married life with a step-child?”

Mary was so much in love that all things, including successfully managing such a marriage, seemed possible to her. And her faith was justified. They were married at Mary’s home on November 17, 1939. Thanksgiving was over.

Dana went up to the minister and said very seriously, “Reverend Cornett, I want to thank you for what you did for Daddy and Mary.”

Several times after that David shocked people by talking knowingly of the time he had been purchased by the wedding of his mother and daddy!

Mrs. Andrews is amused when women ask her, “ Aren’t you upset when your husband plays in torrid love scenes with beautiful actresses?”

“No, I’m not upset by such love scenes,” says Mrs. Andrews, “ I was in the theatre long enough to know the conditions under which movie people work. With technicians and hairdressers standing around constantly and directors telling them how to stand, how to look, how to stand from the cameras as they kiss, love scenes for the movies are not romantic. Under such circumstances, no actor could give way to real emotion. No love scene on the screen would ever bother me unless I knew that Dana was taking an interest in his leading lady outside of working hours.”

When the fans get too rabid about Dana or too critical of her, Mary has one precious gift with which to console herself. It is a watch bracelet with Dana’s handwriting engraved on the back of it. In that handwriting are written the indelible words, “To Mary with all my love, Dana.”

Mary knows that the watch bracelet means everything it says. Consequently she feels proud and sympathetic for those girls who pour out their ardent protestations of love to Dana. For she knows that while those girls may love Dana, Dana’s love is anchored firmly to his family and his home, a woman who has all her husband’s affection can stand everything, even fans who shove her rudely out of the way while they flock around her husband. She knows how much more she and the children and their home mean to Dana than all this adulation possibly could.
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My Daughter Angela

Continued from page 33

She is, being feminine as feminine, enormously interested in clothes. Again loves line, loves plain lovely line. Likes hats, too, but won't bother wearing them. Puts on her head as she goes out. Tears it off her head as she gets out. In a hat shop, I have seen her try on sixteen hats and come out with none.

She is a marvelous cook. Can turn out a wonderful dinner and makes the most gorgeous cheese cake you ever ate. Very good, too, at doing the little hors d'ouevres for the cocktail parties we love to give at home. She has a dainty touch.

She's ever so clever at dressmaking. "There is an affinity," she says, "between me—and a sewing machine!" Equally clever at interior decoration. In the house, the very modern house (but cozy, too) with its great banks of windows and disappearing bar, which we recently bought, in Hollywood, Angela's bedroom is done in gunmetal and white. White painted walls and all-white carved lamps and a white bed and white shades... an enormous picture window overlooking the Pacific.

As a youngster, she had a great many little girl friends. At a girl's school, as she was, she didn't meet many boys and so was rather slow in growing up that way, the "boy" way. I sometimes think her marriage to Richard Cromwell, which turned out to be a mistake, was a young mistake, made out of inexperience.

One of Angela's little girl friends—her best friend—was Audrey Hill. When Angela and Audrey were not laughing immoderately over goodness-knows-what, or reading the books of Havelock Ellis (under the living-room table?) they were usually at the cinema. Angela adored movies. Had a terrible push, I remember, for Errol Flynn. And for Maurice Chevalier. Among the girls, Olivia de Havilland was, and is, a great favorite. The rare picture was "Gone With The Wind."

Still a moviegoer, and still a fan, Angela has a tremendous admiration for Ingrid Bergman and for Deborah Kerr. She gets along splendidly with Deborah—good friends, the two of them today. Audrey Totter is a quite special friend of Angela's. Zachary Scott and his wife come often to our house and Angela is very fond, I know, of John Emery and Cesar Romero. As I write, as of this moment, the current boy friend, the steady date is Peter Shaw.

Exception only her fear of doctors, her fear of water and her convulsion, which amounted to an obsession, that she would be in the theatre when she grew up, Angela was. I would say, an uncommon, normal little girl.

What gave her her fear of the water, I don't quite know. Unless it was sand, in which she was put to play as a toddler and which, if it was found, irritated her skin, made her cry. At any rate, until she was two years old, we could not bathe her properly... only basin baths, with a sponge.

Her fear of doctors is, I am afraid, the result of my doing—or misdoing. When it became necessary for her to have her tonsils removed I, thinking I was doing her a kindness in not telling her what was in store for her until the very day the tonsilcure, I, not tell her the truth. Which—as the shock it was to her so unhappily proved—was mistaken kindness on my part.

Since I am an actress, and was very active in the London theatre during the time they were growing up, it is natural enough that both my daughters—Isolda, the child of my first husband, Reginald Denman, and Angela, the child of my dear second husband, Edgar Lansbury, who died in London eleven years ago—should have wanted to be actresses from the time they were old enough to think what they wanted to be and to name it.

A book lover as ever was, from the time she could read words of one syllable, Angela would forgo the most fabulous fiction if I would sit her in the fire, and read aloud her experiences as leading lady to Charles Cherry, to Sir Gerald du Maurier, Herbert Marshall, the late Philip Merivale and others. She loved for me to talk about my work with the Abbey Theatre, in Ireland, and about, especially about the many silent film munches.

Fascinated, she would be. Spellbound. In fact, "Tell us 'actress' stories, Moe!" ("Moe" is my children's nickname for me) were the words I heard most often, I suspect, from the small Angela.

She took more pride, I daresay, in the fact that her great-uncle was the late great actor, Robert Mantell, than that her grandfather, the Right Honorable George Lansbury, very prominent in political circles, was First Commissioner of Works.

She is still enormously interested in my career. Loves it when I make a picture. Was happy for me when I played a small part in "It was Right Green Dolphin Street," thrilled when I got a part, quite a good comedy part it is, too, in "Three Daughters." And she is terribly keen for me to do a stage play again. Equally, she is interested in Isolda and, still in England, and married to that extraordinary brilliant young man, Peter Ustinoff, is also in the theatre.

At any rate, "I am going to be an actress, too!" was, invariably, Angela's signature to the "actress" stories I told her when she was a little girl.

I believed her.

A bit shy, as a youngster, and really quite bad about performing for people, if she had to perform, at school, say, or because I asked it of her, she had then, as now, a wonderful way of coming up to a situation. At the age of twelve, for example, she won a scholarship to the Webber-Douglas Dramatic School in London, by virtue of doing the ballet scene from "Roméo And Juliet."

I believed her. I believed in her. I knew she would be an actress. I have, indeed, the utmost faith in her that she will have a great career as an actress. So much untouched emotion in Angela. So many untapped resources. So many facets.
The MGM contract! Will I ever forget it? Will Angela ever forget it? Will the twin ever forget it?

Times were so hard for us, so lean, so thin, that Angela had made her test—her first "in any studio—for the part she later played in Dorian Gray." The studio said, "Too young!" Then I heard, through our old friend, the late Dame May Whitty, that Director George Cukor and Producer Arthur Hornblow were looking for a girl to play the Cockney maid in "Gaslight."

Now, if only her studio will use her talent to its best advantage... if only she needs play more no more of the sordid character parts she has done so often. Too often.

As a peace-loving and amenable-to-reason girl as you could hope to find in the Hollywoods, when she first signed her contract with MGM, Angela resolved never to give an argumenter to fight against any role the studio might assign her but to hold fast to the belief that Studio Knows Best. And so she did, until—until she was cast as the beautiful small-minded woman in If Winter Comes. She was thrilled, of course, to be playing opposite Walter Pidgeon, but was appalled by the part of the wife, who is not only inwardly warped and wicked, but also physically unattractive—a dreadfully unattractive.

After the picture was previewed, she was completely heartless. She was positive that, after producers saw her as this repulsive woman, they would never want her for a young attractive part. As a matter of fact, she became so ill over it that she asked for a month's vacation, and did not return to the studio until over Christmas, from Hollywood to New York, seeking to escape, to forget... (the fact that her favorite date, Peter Shaw, was also in New York at the time made the "escape" gayer, I am sure, than it might otherwise have been)!

Just one week after she arrived in New York, however, MGM hired her to come back—and for the very finest role of her career, a role for which many fine actresses had tested—that of Kay Thorn-dyke, the newspaper publisher, in "State Of The Union!"

Angela didn't want to rewire MGM. She telephoned. Half a breath after she'd told the studio she would be back at once, she asked, "But how did I get the role? Have I even known Frank Capra, the director-producer...?"

"He saw you as the embodiment in 'If Winter Comes,'" a comical voice told her; adding, "That's how."

Angela is really a deeply religious person, in a fundamental, non-sectarian way. She believes that if she sort of lets the Divine Force come into her work, does her best every hour of every day and does not try to force things, the pattern is which for her will work out.

Angela is not in the slightest superstitious. She will have no part of fortune-tellers, clairvoyants and the like. She feels that astrology limits you, in its premise that what you do, or do not do, in certain phases, is preordained and inflexible. She believes, in short, that S.H.E.—if in tune with the Divine Force—is the master of her fate, And in this faith, which is all her own, she rests content.
**Your Guide To Current Films**

Continued from page 14

bad on the screen, and its direction gives the film an illusion of slow motion. A war veteran (Rex Harrison), who enlists at West Point, has a guilt complex because he thinks he was responsible for the death of his superior officer. His reactions are such that a suit is brought against the Academy by a student’s father, who accuses Ladd of brutality. The film has interesting and factual shots of West Point, where much of it was made. Ladd, whose part is entirely different for him, and Donna Reed, the girl who loves and helps him, are excellent. So are Henry Travers, George MacReady and George Coulouris in supporting roles.

**Escape**

20th Century-Fox

A WAR veteran (Rex Harrison) unconsciously gets himself embroiled in an English park fight, and is subsequently jailed. He can’t stand unjustified imprisonment, and escapes. Much of the picture has to do with the way war affects the people of the country. The most interesting incidents are his surprise meeting with the daughter (Daggy Cummins) of an impoverished landowner who instinctively trusts, helps and loves him, and his enmity with a Nazi (Hans Leder) who convinces him to give himself up. Neither role seems worthy of the two principals, but they do well enough. Several vistas of the English countryside are worth seeing.

**Mine Own Executioner**

20th Century-Fox

IT’S doubtful if the screen has ever given psychiatry such sympathetic treatment before. This picture, made in England, deals with a lay-psychiatrist (Burgess Meredith) who’s too busy and preoccupied with the problems of his various patients to free time for his own personal life. A crisis is reached when a schizophrenic (Kieron Moore) he’s treating kills his wife (Barbara White) and then himself, and the psychiatrist is almost convicted of guilt for both deaths. The simple, extraordinarily natural dialog made gentle fun at the box office and aspects of mental therapy—ostensibly proving that some psychiatrists don’t take themselves too seriously—yet it also gives a clear picture of what this science is striving for.

**A Date with Judy**

20th Century-Fox

THIS motion picture, based on the radio show of the same name, is equally charming and amusing. Judy is played by Songstress Jane Powell, who temporarily neglects her boy friend (Scotty Beckett) for an older and, to her, more fascinating man (Noah Beery), who is interested in her girl friend (Elizabeth Taylor). The latter is so breathtakingly beautiful it will be difficult for the moviegoer to concentrate on anyone else. Jane’s wonderfully natural and lovable parents (Selena Royle and Wallace Reid), and Elizabeth’s muddled father (Leon Ames)
Feudin’, Fussin’ and A-Fightin’
Universal-International

This is so completely mad it’s great fun even though it makes very little sense. It takes place in a really small town which depends on an annual foot race for its sustenance. Circumstances force its mayor (Morjorie Main) and her sidekick (Percy Kilbride) to abduct a vendor of hair tonics (Donald O’Connor) because he can run real fast. Life becomes unbearable for the young man, except for his rare moments with the mayor’s niece (Penny Edwards). It all turns out for the best, of course, and there is much kidding of worn-out movie clichés that’s quite hilarious.

Lulu Belle
Columbia

The old Broadway hit by Charles MacArthur and Edward Sheldon comes to the screen with Dorothy Lamour in the title role. It’s the story of a beautiful nightclub singer who works herself up from a small town dive to the better New York spots. She accomplishes this by marrying a rising young lawyer (George Montgomery) and making the most of her great attraction for three other men. All of these come to no good, but not before Dottie has decided that she loves her abandoned and wronged husband after all, and tries for reconciliation. It’s gay in spots, dramatic in others, but the story seems corny now and some of the dated dialogue undoubtedly will provoke a few snickers.

The Gallant Legion
Republic

There’s a better story than usual in this exciting Western of brave Texas rangers and brutal renegades. A girl reporter (Adrian Booth), who’s engaged to the gang’s leader (Bruce Cabot) and is the niece of his stooge (Joseph Schildkraut), manages to stay at the Rangers’ headquarters so she can get a true picture of the gang’s goings-on which are shocking the nation. She soon falls in love with a handsome rancher (William Elliott) who has joined the Rangers. All performances are good and there isn’t a slow moment in the picture.

River Lady
Universal-International

A HANDSOME, he-man lumberjack (well played by Rod Cameron) becomes involved with the proprietress of a river boat (Yvonne De Carlo), who loves him, but wants to reduce him to her own specifications. Her partner in crime (Dan Duryea) is in love with her and hates Cameron, which leads to all kinds of complications. Starlet Helena Carter gives a refreshing performance as a girl who really knows what she wants and gets it. Rod’s pal, Lloyd Gough, is an interesting type also worth watching.

Bad Sister
Universal-International

MADE in England, it’s the story of two women betrayed by men, each in her own way. A girl of the tenements (Joan Greenwood) finds herself in a penitentiary because she attempted to kill herself and illegitimate child. When she explains the facts to the ex-socialite warden (Margaret Lockwood), she hears the latter’s interesting story about frustration in upper circles, and the two become friends. At the trial, the warden convinces the jury that the girl is the victim of circumstances, and incidentally straightens out her own life. There are too many flashbacks to give the picture smoothness, and it’s sometimes confusing, but pretty Joan Greenwood has an intensity and personality which will probably win her quick recognition here.

Hollywood’s Mrs. Babe Ruth Talks About The Babe!

Continued from page 23

The Hanson family of “I Remember Mama” was a family that faced the future with confidence—a confidence that was due to Mrs. “If anything goes wrong,” she’d say, “there’s always my Bank Account to pull us through.”

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Your First Move

AT THE FIRST SIGN
OF CANCER

When you suspect cancer, see your doctor immediately. You may find your fears are groundless—or that prompt treatment can bring you out on top. Always be on the lookout for cancer's danger signals.

1. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.

2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.

3. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark.

4. Persistent indigestion.

5. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.

6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of natural body openings.

7. Any change in the normal bowel habits.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET THAT TELLS THE FACTS ABOUT CANCER

SCHENLOOR
Cobina Wright's Gossip Of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 37

Waltz,' the coiffure of an Austrian Duchess was even more elaborate. I really began to develop a phobia about seeing such hairdos, and I made up my mind that as soon as the picture was finished I was going to get the shortest, simplest bob I could wear. Besides, I won't have to worry about a new hair-do for a picture until after the baby is born, so I'll have to wait until then.'

I encountered Dixie Crosby sampling the wonderful lobster supreme and I must say that she looked like a debutante in a bouffant white dress. In fashion fact, many of the gowns were white, Anita Colby giving her an added fillip with a tomato-red taffeta cape, while Maureen O'Hara employed yards and yards of white tulle as a setting for her emeralds and the new tinge to her tresses. She has lightened her hair from dark auburn to flaming orange.

Another "first" for the month was the initial "Lambs' Gamble." As you probably know, the "Lambs" is the oldest legitimate theatre organization in the country. But, since so many of their members have migrated-camera-wards from the 40th St. Headquarters in New York, the active members were determined to have their own West Coast branch.

Their first Hollywood "Gambol" the other evening proved a huge success. They took over the ornate mezzanine ballroom of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

After a regal feast of caviar and squab (mouton was not on the menu) the members, including such "newtimers" as Dan Dailey, Joe Cook, Jr., and John Mclunch, Bob's youngest brother, joined hands with veteran actors Otto Kruger, Victor Moore, Alan Hale and Joseph Santley to stage a really hilarious revue.

There was a wonderful parody on Irving Berlin's "Show Business," a clever tap routine by Dan Dailey, who dances well enough to make Gene Kelly watch him with envy. A product of a sabeque-echo with all the rough and tough, hard ridin' and straight-shootin' characters sporting broad English accents.

Dennis Day sang, George Jessel and Rupert Hughes acted as masters of ceremonies and the whole evening was one of spontaneous laughter. Joining in the fun I noticed Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea, Herbert Marshall and his lovely "Boots," Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin.

I watched the lovely Esther Williams perform extemporaneously the other evening at Larry Potter's smart Supper Club in River Forest. Esther, her husband, Ben Gage, Eleanor Powell and handsome Glenn Ford, Joan Davis, Estelle Taylor and a number of filmland favorites turned out for the opening of Arthur Blake, the clever impersonator and comedian. They all came for Art Blake's opening and they all stayed on to take over the whole show. Esther sang, Glenn gave impersonations, Eleanor danced and it was truly an all-star event.

Afterward I remarked on what a wonderful voice Esther Williams had and she told me that the studio had been making her keep it under water! But now, it seems, she is to shelf her bathing suits and work for her in her next picture, "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," Esther is going to sing with Frank Sinatra and dance with Gene Kelly!

Among the most memorable farewell parties was the one which Marie Montez and her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, gave for the Parisian designer, Jacques Fath, and his lovely wife. 

For Marie's party to bid her guests goodbye, the glamorous and exotic star wore one of the new black balletiana dresses which Jacques Fath had designed especially for her. The party brought out all the French members of the film colony, Charles Boyer, the Louis Jourdans, the Baroness d'Erlanger and they all wound up the evening by talking on the trans-Atlantic phone to Annabella in Paris.

For refreshment, Marie arranged for a French chef to prepare, as ambrosia for the champagne nectar, the most divine "coquignol." This is made with creamed chicken and creamed noodles in halves of avocados with a melted cheese sauce.

Not to be outdone, our British colony turned out in full force to bid farewell to Gloria Medina, Pat (Mrs. Richard Green) Medina's sister, who is on her way back to England. Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley, her husband, the Ronald Colmans, the Brian Ahernes, Edna Best, Sir Charles Mendel and Atwater Kent were all on hand to wish Gloria bon voyage.

Laugh of the month has had at the farewell cocktail party which Greer Garson gave for Otto Preminger who was on his way east. Edgar Bergen and I strolled out to the porch for a breath of fresh air and there, in the late afternoon sunshine, we found Ken Murray, the comedian. He is a winner that special Academy Award for his bird picture, "Bill and Coo."

Ken was munching on a canape and nervously eyeing two doves circling overhead. Spotting us he exclaimed, "Please tell them to go away. I'm not eating!"

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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 excrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

“Stop, Saying Can’t”
Barbara Stanwyck
24

The Serious Side Of A Jokester
Neil Rau
26

To carry on his many activities, Bob Hope has developed his own art of living
An Innocent Affair
Elizabeth B. Petersen
29

Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray in romantic comedy
The Cary Grant I Know
Dennis O’Keefe
30

The star’s pal says Cary as he really is
Mr. And Mrs. Tony Martin Look Ahead
James L. Carroll
32

Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin blend their careers in one happy household
Cobina Wright’s Gossip Of Hollywood Parties
Cobina Wright
36

Hollywood’s social leader reports the month’s gayest gatherings
How To Stop Being The Loneliest Girl In Town
Yvonne De Carlo
38

Easy-to-follow advice from Hollywood’s foremost bachelorette girl
But No Musicians, Please!
Elizabeth Wilson
40

Marital unhappiness has not made Doris Day cynical about men
Where Do We Go From Here?
Dora Albert
48

There’s no room for worry in the future plans of Dale and Roy Rogers
Right Off The Record
Fred Robbins
51

Jeanne Crain, starring in “Apartment For Peggy”
Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray, in “An Innocent Affair”
June Allyson, in “The Three Musketeers” and “Words And Music”

First Run Features

Gossip In The Lobby
Weston East
6

Your Guide To Current Films
Helen Hendricks
12

“When My Baby Smiles At Me” (Betty Grable)
19

In Memory Of Tom (Toma Brenecka)
23

“Hamlet” (Laurence Olivier)
34

The Shocking Miss Garson (Greer Garson in “Julia Misbehaves”)
42

Mickey At The Point (Lois Butler)
46

SCREENLAND salutes Richard Widmark (In “Street With No Name”) 50

For Femmes Only

Transfer To Autumn (Virginia Mayo Beauty) . Courtenay Marcin
Fashion Flashes
Edith Head
44

Tricks for remaking a wardrobe and new fashion tips
Guide To Glamour
56

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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!

**Gene Kelly**
as D’Artagnan... young and handsome soldier of fortune... a dashing, audacious lover!

**June Allyson**
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!

**Angela Lansbury**
as Queen Anne... dazzling as her gilded palace... for her, men dared a thousand perils!

"Frank Morgan · Vincent Price · Keenan Wynn · John Sutton · Gig Young"

Screen Play by Robert Ardrey · Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY · Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Since it was a doctor who invented Tampax—using a well-known medical principle—even the most careful woman should admit that it is worthy of her confidence. This modern monthly sanitary protection is an internal absorbent and it cannot be seen or felt when in use. Surely these are remarkable advantages!

Millions of women are now using Tampax. No belts or pins with Tampax. No outside pads or other external "reminders."...Made of pure surgical cotton firmly stitched and highly absorbent, Tampax comes compressed in efficient applicators. Worn internally, there is no bulging, twisting or chafing. No edgelines to show under dresses. No odor. May be worn in bath. Changing quick. Disposal easy.

Wherever you may live you'll find Tampax at your neighborhood drug stores and notion counters. Comes in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Don't let another "time" pass. You're going to like Tampax! You can slip an average month's supply into your purse. And the economy box is a good buy—within 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO PRESS agent's dream is Greer Garson's plan to join up with the De Wayne troupe of acrobats. They worked with her (and vice versa) in "Julia Misbehaves." Contrary to the usual Hollywood custom, they presented the star with a gold watch at the end of the picture. When they go out on tour, La Garson insists she'll at least do a one-night stand. Over MGM's dead body, says we!

--

Well-meaning and warm-hearted as she is, Hedy Lamarr always seems to be in hot water. But now she's retained Joe Steele, the public relations man whose help was invaluable to Ingrid Bergman at the start of her career. From now on things should run smoothly like satin for Hedy—unless she meets face to face with Yvonne De Carlo! That lady's doing a slow smoulder. She had her heart set on playing Delilah for C. B. De Mille, but Hedy walked away with the role.

"Just plain nerves" is the way Rita Hayworth's studio bosses dismissed those European "collapse" rumors. Anyhow their number one star should be home before you read this. Maybe if she meets Gar Moore, it will hasten a complete recovery. He admires her very much. Gar's the brilliant young actor who had to make pictures in Italy before Hollywood tumbled. David O. Selznick is the lucky boss who signed him.
Nothing ever held you like

Alfred Hitchcock's

ROPE

IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

JAMES STEWART

JOHN CAIL, FARLEY GRANGER, SIR GEORGE HARDWICKE, CONSTANCE COLlier, JOAN CHANDLER

A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURES PRODUCTION
Watch the lads
Admire the Girls
...whose Hair has warm, rich COLOR

Don't put up with dull, mousy hair a moment longer. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair the warm, rich color, silken sheen and beautiful highlights that no shampoo alone could possibly give. Absolutely safe, washes out with shampooing.

Remember—when you ask for "Colorinse"—be sure to insist on the genuine NESTLE COLORINSE.

Nestle COLORINSE

| 90¢-1.50 at all dealers

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG
Delicately scented Nestle Hair Lacquers keep all styles of hair-dos well groomed. 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ at all toilet goods counters.

Henry Morgan, Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark and John Russell grow beards for daring bandit roles in 20th Century-Fox's suspenseful "Yellow Sky."

To the casual observer, everything was sweetness and light on "The Unafraid" set. Joan Fontaine never lost her temper, even when Burt Lancaster tried to improve on Norman Foster's direction. But in the middle of a rehearsal, Joan suddenly stopped, looked perplexed and quietly said, "I'm a little confused. When Mr. Lancaster was directing the scene, was it decided that I stop here— or should I go on?" Ah—the velvet touch!

Some of Marie McDonald's "observations" in public places, have really startled those within earshot. In a Beverly Hills beauty parlor, she audibly expressed her opinion of a well-known actor, while

Valli and Rosanno Brazzi at party she gave at Ciro's for Selznick's new Italian star.

Bob Hutton, Marie Wilson, Dave Siegel, Mrs. Van Heflin at "Blackouts" 7th Anniversary.

his wife occupied the adjoining booth. And at a recent gala shindig, Marie's version of some of her experiences at MGM was the payoff in the powder room! Maybe "The Body" occasionally forgets to use the brain.

Bob Montgomery walked off the "June Bride" set, headed straight for his dressing room and fell flat on his face. Bette Davis and the rest of the hysterical com-
The most famous Temptress...
The most violent Romance...
The greatest
Love Story
in
100 years!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rita HAYWORTH · Glenn FORD
in
The Loves of Carmen

with RON RANDELL · VICTOR JORY · LUTHER ADLER
Arnold Moss · Joseph Buloff · Margaret Wycherly
Screenplay by Helen Deutsch · Based upon the story "Carmen" by Prosper Merimee
Directed and Produced by CHARLES VIDOR

NOT THE OPERA
...but a dramatic version of the story of Carmen
lovelier eyes
in sixty
seconds!

NEW PURSE-STYLE KURLASH

Men's eyes follow your eyes—when they're large, lovely, alluring!
Such eye-appeal is yours in sixty seconds with KURLASH, the patented eyelash curler—glamour secret of Hollywood stars! Gently, KURLASH upcurls your lashes against a soft rubber cushion, makes them look longer, thicker, twice as glamorous!

New PURSE-STYLE KURLASH is handy as your lipstick. Folds into smart, flexible plastic case, for use anywhere, any time! At all cosmetic counters...$1.25
Standard Model KURLASH $1

KURLASH
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

pany put their heads together fast. The next morning when Bob came to work, on the very spot where he fell, they had painted a huge white X. And next to it these words: "Bob Montgomery Landed Here."

---

Our favorite Hollywood story! Recently, the Jimmy Pendletons (rich and social) gave a "Paper Party." A famous glamour girl, who's been with us a bit, asked a studio designer to create her an original costume. "How would you like to go as a paper bag?" he asked her.

---

When Romeo and Juliet costumes were ordered for Gene Kelly and Esther Williams, MGM designers thought it was a gag. So they beat their sides laughing and skipped it. Then the front office started screaming. The costumes actually were needed. But only for a dream (Please turn to page 58)
Hear it! Cheer it!

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"

"At the rodeo"

"I never met a Texan"

"I want to be a cowboy in the movies"

Two Guys from Texas

Warner Bros': Wide-open entertainment! Full of song, spectacle and terrific Texas sweethearts!

Dennis Morgan • Jack Carson

Wahoo! How those dude-ranch Romes make woo-woo!

Directed by David Butler • Produced by Alex Gottlieb

Screenland 11
...the TRUTH about MARRIAGE RELATIONS is frankly discussed

AT LAST an eminent doctor, a prac-
ticing physician with a background of vital, everyday experience in problems of sex, tells ALL the baffling long-obscured facts in frank easy-to-understand lan-
guage! There is now here any need for ignorant guessing about the magnificent instinct that is your birth-
right. No more prudish evasions, no more half-veiled secrets in these 576 pages of TRUTHFUL, straightforward FACTS!

Love is the most cherished privilege in the world today. Everything you should know is openly discussed in language that you will easily understand. Don't rely on half-truths from unreliable sources. Be a master of love's complexities. Learn intelligently how to win and hold the love of your dreams.

UP-TO-DATE TRUTHS CANNOT OFFEND

Education is the key to a perfect love-filled life that can be yours. Intercourse, "holy book" and infor-
mation lead to fear, worry and shame. Know how to overcome physical inhibitions. How new words can com-
pletely transform your own attitudes. How to endow yourself with the lifetime of Martin Happiness that should be yours.

OVER 100 GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS

The illustrations that accompany the text of the book are clear and enlightening. It is necessary that biolog-
ical facts should not be concealed by pretense or false modesty. Study the illustrations—read the book, and
pros in the dark no longer!

576 PAGES!
This Book Tells Young Women, Wives, YoungHusbands and Young Men ALL they Have Wanted to Know about LIFE and SEX!

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To show our faith in this amazing book, we offer it to you on trial. Send no money—just fill out the cou-
pon below and when it arrives in plain sealed wrapper, pay postage only $2.98 plus postage. Keep book for
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10 Shillings in Advance.

Laurence Olivier, with Jean Simmons as Ophelia, interprets Shake-
speare's tragic "Hamlet" on film for Universal-International release.

Hamlet
Universal-International

BRILLIANTLY done with Laurence
Olivier as Hamlet, ill-fated Prince
of Denmark. This second attempt
of Olivier's to bring Shakespeare to
movie audiences should make the Bard
of Avon everlastingly grateful. For in
making three-quarters of the dialog as
understandable as today's English,

Richard Widmark, Donald Buka in 20th Cen-
tury-Fox's FBI drama, "Street With No Name."

there's no reason why the thought of this 24-hour drama should scare anyone
away from the box-office. Under Olivier's shrewd direction and acting, the famous
tragedy becomes a picture for everyone
and not a field day for scholars, alone.
So, whether you like Shakespeare or not,
you owe it to yourself to see this—if only
to prove to yourself you can understand
good literature after it's been given the
human touch. (Please turn to page 14)
THE DRIVE!
40,000 hooves thundering across the vast plains and mighty rivers of a sprawling continent!

THE AMBUSH!
Bullet against flaming arrow as blood-mad savages ride the ring of death!

THE RAILROAD!
Pouring across the tracks, the herd reaches the farthest frontier of civilization!

THE FEUD!
Vengeance ... exploding in the fury of a desperate fight to the finish ... bringing new glory to a great new star—Montgomery Clift!

IN 25 YEARS—ONLY THREE!
"COVERED WAGON"
"CIMARRON"

AND NOW—
HOWARD HAWKS' GREAT PRODUCTION
"RED RIVER"

Pouring across the tracks, the herd reaches the farthest frontier of civilization!

Monterey Productions presents
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
DON'T STAY FAT
LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES SAFELY without Risking Health REDUCE
Most Any Part of the Body With

SPOT REDUCER

DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS YOU LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yet doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely, Nothing is better than this. NEW PILLS, LAXATIVES OR HARSH, FULL DRUGS. Just think of it, you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places you want most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS

The Spot Reducer uses the age old principal of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscle and skin, and the increased blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent MEDICAL BOOK, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association, the following is written on page 12, Vol. 1: "Beyond all question massage can be used to reduce local deposits. It can however, be no question that massage is the method of choice for reducing excess. Massage applied to the region of the hips, can and does reduce fat in the region."

Proof Positive
Spot Reducer Works

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed MEDICAL DOCTORS on more than 100 women, with the use of SPOT REDUCER every one lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. And the users say: "We were fun and they enjoyed it." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. THE SPOT REDUCER way controls weight, since down to the last inch it helps retain "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you look and feel healthy, she helps disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmlos. Thousands have lost weight in this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The SPOT REDUCER can be used in the privacy of your own room at spare time.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL!

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

FREE MAIL COUPON NOW!

THE "SPOT REDUCER" CO., DEPT. HQ-19
211 BROAD ST., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Name _______________________

City _______________________

State _______________________

Printed Name _______________________

Date _______________________

I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be returned at once.

I enclose $______ for $2 cash, check, money order, "Spot Reducer" and your famous Spa Treatment Body Massage Cream, postpaid.

If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded in full.

The "SPOT REDUCER" CO., DEPT. HQ-19
211 BROAD ST., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Screenland

Ann Blyth and William Powell in the Universal-International whimsical, rib-tickling comedy, "Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid.

Jean Peters and Dana Andrews enact rocky romance in 20th Century-Fox's "Deep Waters.


Gail Russell and Mary Adams in Paramount's suspenseful "Night Has A Thousand Eyes.

Despite the fact that he's a respectably married Bostonian. Of course, such goings-on make for hectic moments with wife, Irene Hervey, back on the screen after a long absence, who accuses him of (1) being in his cups, and (2) being psychopathic. These predicaments plus Mr. Powell's genius for comedy and the spicy seasoning of blonde mermaid, Ann Blyth, makes this one of the funniest pictures of the year. (Please turn to page 64)
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

...THE GAL WHO Invented LOVE!

One Touch of Venus

Starring
ROBERT WALKER
AVA GARDNER
DICK HAYMES

Thrill to the lifting 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

Screenland 15
With the first whisper of Fall, a revolution in color takes place. Our whole outside world changes from lush greens to tawny shades. Inside our homes, colorful draperies and rugs again take their place after a Summer rest in moth balls. Our pastel cottons and play clothes are replaced by deep, vibrant tones in woolens or chic black. Hats follow the costume trends. Everywhere there is a leaning toward a vital change in color—everywhere, that is, except where it counts the most—on the face.

Most of us are too prone to let a tan fade naturally without further ado. And this, of course, a tan will do. Meanwhile, however, you miss an important beauty cue for Fall—a skin radiant and flawless with as much of your natural tone as possible. This is important, especially if you try a new color, for the general effect upon you is the gauge by which you find it becoming or not.

By contrast to the tan, there is the fair skin that has discolored beyond the limit of the outdoor, rosy glow and now looks frankly florid, or the girl who freckles and presents a mottled look to the world.

What is the quickest way to return Summer skin to Autumn naturalness? First, sensible care. This means thorough, (Please turn to page 57)
Your Hair is magic to a Man...

Look out for

Infectious Dandruff

LISTERINE Antiseptic and massage...it's a "must" with countless fastidious women who dread infectious dandruff with its ugly flakes and scales.

Wise to, they make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing. It's a delightful way of guarding against this all-too-common condition.

You see, if the germs associated with infectious dandruff are present on hair and scalp, Listerine Antiseptic attacks them at once...kills them by millions. That includes the stubborn "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair. It's a habit that can pay off in health and good looks. Try it and you'll see what we mean.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of Oral Hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC every time you wash your hair
APARTMENT FOR PEGGY

Edmund Gwenn plays the Professor
William Holden plays Jason
Jeanne Crain plays Peggy

This is JASON — Say! Look who’s Hidden Peggy now!

This is the man behind "The Miracle on 34th Street" who discovers a new miracle — Peggy, herself!

This is PEGGY, who gave one man something to love for — another something to live for!

Remember September is Youth Month — Saluting Young America

FAITH BALDWIN writes a story of youthful adventure

APARTMENT FOR PEGGY

Directed and written for the screen by GEORGE SEATON
Produced by WILLIAM FEIBERG

Color by TECHNIRGBLOR

SCREENLAND
When My Babe Smiles At Me
Here's the intimate feature that now kept MOVIE SHOW readers right up to the second on what the stars themselves discuss.

By Lynn Bowers
MAYBE we’d better introduce ourselves to you SCREENLAND readers. We’ve been writing this column for MOVIE SHOW for some three years. Now that the two magazines have been combined we’re very happy to be aboard and hope you’ll enjoy reading our “What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About.”

Those Sunday afternoons at Betty Hutton’s are more dern fun—swimming, a big barbecue that Betty’s Ted cooks personally, and lots of yak-yak. Betty looks simply super since the birth of her second little gal, Candy. And that earthquake that hit San Francisco was my gal-friend, Miss Hutton, breaking in the new act which she’s taken around the country for vaudeville dates. Betty told me the reason she got this act together (she, the Modernaires, Ziggy Elman’s band, and a tumbling quartette) was that she was out of touch with the public, wanted to get back in the groove, Paramount didn’t have a picture ready for her, and she was getting restless.

Could be she’s the one who’ll bring vaudeville back to life. If anyone can, Betty’s the gal.

Ida Lupino, who believes in simplifying her life as much as possible, had one of the simplest going-away outfits for her wedding trip with Collier Young that’s ever been known to this chi-chi town. A pair of blue jeans and a T-shirt. She and Collie spent their honeymoon on Ed Gardner’s boat off the Baja California coast. Ida also just became a citizen of these here United States.

Angela Lansbury met President Truman at the big reception for him at the Ambassador Hotel. President T. told her he admired her performance in “State Of The Union,” but wished the next time she played a (Please turn to page 54).
Jeanne Crain, typifying the spirit of Hallowe'en, is starring in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Apartment For Peggy," story of the G.I. housing situation.
Bob and his wife, Dolores, with a painting of himself on the golf course. It's his only form of exercise and he loves it.

Bob is a solid believer in relaxation and sufficient sleep. At home he won't even play cards with the joker in the pack.

Before Bob and Dolores Hope set sail for their vacation in South America, they studied Spanish together for many weeks.

Bob prefers home-cooked meals. He watches his diet carefully and Dolores knows just what foods are best for busy beaver Bob.

Aside from golf, driving his car is Bob's pet diversion for soothing his mind. He has no radio, incidentally, in the car.
Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray, as Paula and Vincent Daane, end jealousies happily, though his advertising agency loses a valuable account in the process.
PAULA really couldn't have changed so much in five years, she told herself. Yet the way Vincent had neglected her in the last two months could only add up to the dismal fact that she no longer interested him. She couldn't understand it. She watched her diet, went to the gym regularly and wore the same size clothes she had on her wedding day. She had a standing appointment at the beauty salon every week and her legs had the right curves in the right places. Why, only yesterday a man winked at her in the elevator and any day, just any day at all, at least one truck driver whistled at her. But for two months now she could count the times Vincent had been home for dinner on four fingers.

It was business, he told her. All the fault of a mysterious Mr. Fraser whose account he was trying to land his advertising agency. Paula was no fool. She knew being a bright young man in the advertising business meant entertaining clients. But two months of wining and dining Mr. Fraser had worn her faith thin. She was willing to bet there was no Mr. Fraser, that he was just a figment of Vincent's nimble imagination. She hadn't been so jealous of any one since Margot Crippen, the girl Vincent had been engaged to before he married Paula.

The last straw was Vincent's forgetting their wedding anniversary. Of course, when she reminded him he came out of the fog long enough to suggest dinner at her favorite restaurant, the Spartan Room. But it was the first time he had forgotten and even Eve, his sister, thought it looked mighty, mighty suspicious. As a matter of fact it was Eve who thought of the scheme to make him jealous.

It seemed so simple, hiring an actor from the Burke Agency, telling them she wanted to play (Please turn to page 61)
The Cary Grant I Know

Never too busy to make friends or lend a helping hand, Cary Grant is tops wherever he goes

By
Dennis O'Keefe

MAYBE you've heard how sore Cary gets when autograph hunters step out of line? I saw the start of his resentment against such lack of consideration. A number of us were appearing at a charity benefit at the Pan-Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles a few years ago. Finally, Cary had ten minutes out of the whole evening to devote to his own party.
He was carrying four milkshakes across to his table when a dopey guy upped to him and, with great rudeness, demanded belligerently, "Hey, sign your name, willya?"

Cary, juggling the four glasses, gasped, "What with—my feet?" The man instantly became very incensed and began shouting insults. Cary, being a man with a normal temper, shouted back.

Cary believes, as I do, that actors are public servants to the extent that they're paid to be. In our free time, however, off salary, we think we belong to ourselves, our families, and friends.

Cary has packed a potent punch all the time I've known him. I first saw him sixteen years ago when I was a bit player and he had just arrived in Hollywood. He walked onto a set to watch us from the sidelines. My dancehall scene with Miriam Hopkins went over all right, I guess, but I was suddenly burned by the competition I sensed out of camera range. There stood this handsome fellow with the keenest tan I ever gaped at in high envy! He achieves almost chocolate color. The next thing I noticed was the way the extra girls were all flocking around him. At first, there were only a couple of girls gaping at him, and then there were eight. Being a vain male, naturally I was disgusted with this intrusion on my private harem.

At that point he hadn't done a thing in pictures—except to my ego. I muttered to myself after inquiring about him, "Grant has got to go!" In spite of me, as you know, he stayed. Not easily, though. At the studio where he'd been signed, I heard via my secret pipeline that the big boys in the Front Office didn't know what they could do with him. They were worried something colossal because he had that cleft in his chin.

"How can we ever photograph him?" they moaned together. One executive swore Cary was no bet "because his head is egg-shaped." (Please turn to page 67)
All's well with the world as newlyweds Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin plan to blend careers in a little house with big, spacious rooms

By James L. Carling

"YES, this is a lovely place, isn't it? Just living here makes us all the more anxious to have one that's really our own."

So said Cyd Charisse—a nice alliteration which we'll break up by adding "Mrs. Tony Martin," if you prefer. There certainly was no doubt that the brown-eyed, fresh-faced and distractingly pretty young lady herself preferred it. Wedded bliss was written in that starry gaze and ready smile. She was as radiant—you should pardon the simile—as a new bride. The fact that she was one probably had a lot to do with it.

The house that Cyd referred to was in Westwood, and the scene of our interview. She and her singer-husband, Tony Martin, had just leased it for six months. It wasn't a pretentious affair, as houses in that neck of the woods go, but it seemed a tidy spot to hang one's beret. I made such mention. Cyd, curled up on the davenport with her pink toes peeking out of some kind of frivolous but fetching sandals, hastened into more explicit explanation.

"Oh, we're wonderfully happy here, and so grateful and delighted to have it. But you know how it is when you're yearning for a place of your own, with everything just as you've always dreamed it should be. Tony and I have that..."
kind of dream house in mind. Some day—not so far away. I hope—we'll build it."

The all-important subject broached, Cyd launched into a glowing description of the hacienda which she and Tony had used up quantities of midnight oil and restaurant tablecloths in planning. Hearing her enthusiastic words, and watching her bright, animated face as she spoke, I couldn't help but form a charming picture of the place in my mind, even if there were points at which I became sort of uncoupled from Cyd's eager train of thought.

"It's to be all one story," she pursued, gesturing with graceful, dancer's hands, "I love long, low places. Only this one can't be too big. We really want a little house, very small, but with big rooms. And a pool, maybe, but not too large, either. A middle-sized one."

"A little house on the outside, with big rooms on the inside," I repeated. "I've got just the man to design it for you—Rube Goldberg."

She laughed. Though it hardly seems possible, she's even lovelier when she laughs.

"Now you're making fun of me! Well, I guess I do sound a little mixed up. I'm so excited I'm in a perfect tizzy."

She had a right to (Please turn to page 59)
Laurence Olivier's film conception of Shakespeare's Hamlet, a Universal-International release of a RKO-Rank production, deals mostly with murder and madness. Director and star Olivier, in circle above, speaks the famous line, "Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well." Below: The Queen (Eileen Herlihy) is denounced as unloved by her son Hamlet.

Jean Simmons makes Shakespearean debut as demented Ophelia. Right: Laurence and Jean in scene where he says he no longer cares.

Right: Hamlet's revenge for his father's death ends disastrously when he not only stabs the King to death, but also kills Ophelia's brother in a duel, watches his mother, the Queen, die of poison meant for him, then, wounded by poisoned sword, dies himself as he takes the throne.

Jean Simmons and Laurence in one of the few love scenes. Right: Jean, as she hears her tragic drowning scene in which she dies singing an ironic refrain.
The bonnie, blonde wife of Dick Powell and star at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has two Technicolor productions coming up, "The Three Musketeers" and the musical "Words And Music."
SONJA HENIE certainly lived up to her current role as “The Countess Of Monte Cristo” by royally entertaining 300 of her friends at a lavish garden party which made Hollywood social history!

Sonja always gives an annual party here in Hollywood and, believe me, it’s a party worth waiting for!

This time Sonja outdid herself, transforming the gardens of her beautiful Bel-Air estate into a veritable fairyland, with figurines and statues carved out of ice placed around the lawn where cocktails and champagne were served. Snow white swans glided gracefully across the surface of the swimming pool and white flowers garlanded every corner of the vast estate.

When page boys with trumpets summoned us for dinner, my escort, the Earl of Warwick, and I went up to the tennis courts, over which Sonja had constructed a huge and colorful pavilion.

As we entered we thought for a moment that we had stepped into a flowering orchard. Everywhere, over the individual tables and all around the sides were great branches of cherry blossoms and the fragrance was almost overpowering.

The tent was open at one end to provide a back-drop of wind-driven clouds, while candlelight, flickering on the gleaming silver of the tables in the foreground, completed the enchanting scene.

(Please turn to page 65)
PARTIES


John Hodiak, his wife, Anne Baxter, Louis Jourdan, Mme. Monique Ezquirre and Mrs. Louis Jourdan at formal opening of Oceanhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoagy Carmichael, Mrs. David Hearst, Gobina Wright and Atwater Kent at McHugh party. Hoagy played his new "Monkey Song."
Helpful, easy-to-follow advice on how

By Yvonne De Carlo

SO YOU'RE lonely.

Because of your loneliness you are also miserable and unhappy. You think you're the loneliest girl in town and believe, quite honestly, that this never happened to another femme.

Cheer up, gal. It happens to all of us—but it's not incurable! Glamour girls in Gary and Galveston can be just as lonely as a mousey little chick in Hobokus. And a movie star in Hollywood, complete with mink coat, swimming pool and what may seem like lots of dates, can be in that exact state of loneliness!

Unique circumstances that surround a single girl who has had any success in movies complicate and magnify her problem. I know! But let's consider you other femmes first.

Usually the best cure for loneliness is to get more interested in other people than you are in yourself. Stop fretting and worrying about little ol' you, or you'll build personality barriers around yourself that will make you a bore—and lonelier than ever.

Conversely, if you are sincerely interested in other people, in their personalities, achievements, ideas—and show that you are—they will like you, and you won't be lonely.

Today, with every newspaper and magazine offering advice on how to be attractive, I don't think many further words from me are needed on that subject. I do suggest, though, that every girl should look her best—and then concentrate on other things which are more important.

I believe that lots of lonely girls are ones who worry too much about being "glamourous." The best dressed girl in the world is just about as interesting as a show window (Please turn to page 70)
THE LONELIEST GIRL IN TOWN

to be popular from Hollywood's foremost bachelor girl


"True glamour comes from within," declares Yvonne. "because it's reflection of charm."

"A girl who possesses a good sense of humor, is gay, is never a lonely girl," says Yvonne.

"To confine dates to men who are somebodies is to be a snob," advises talented Yvonne.
But No Musicians, Please!

If Doris Day never weeps again she has wept enough for a lifetime. Last year she wept on Director Mike Curtiz's shoulder, and wept herself right into the starring role of his second independent production, "Romance On The High Seas." Most thoroughgoing job of sobbing this town has seen since Sylvia Sidney drenched the Paramount lot.

"Me? Dramatics? I don't know anything about acting." Doris gulped between sobs in Mr. Curtiz's office. "The only part I ever played was a duck in a Mother Goose play. The only thing I want is to go back to Cincinnati."

In the midst of a fresh deluge she tore out to the powder room to repair her face, and stop a run that was making headway in her left nylon. She couldn't have been more unglamorous if she had worked on it. "What's the matter with that girl?" asked Curtiz in bewilderment.

Doris' agent, Al Levy, shrugged, "A sax player. Her husband. The kid's upset about his unhappiness."

Mike Curtiz is a sympathetic, understanding soul. When Doris returned he said, "I think you have personality. Could you manage a little laugh for me? That's it. I am going to give you a screen test."

Doris would have much preferred that he gave her a ticket back to Cincinnati. But she said thank you, and took the test. ("Who is this Curtiz?" she asked her agent.) Then back to her lonely room at the Hotel Roosevelt, to sit by the phone and cry. It finally rang. But it wasn't her husband. It was Jack Carson tell- (Please turn to page 69)
another Deltah tribute to the charm of American women

Talisman, Deltah's newest simulated pearl necklace, is truly the gift magnificent. Its lustrous, flattering beauty must be seen to be fully appreciated. Finished with striking 10K gold safety clasp and presented in authentically designed jade-color Chinese treasure cabinet... $24.50.

Other popular Deltah necklaces, from $3.00, earrings to match.
In "Julia Misbehaves," Greer Caron beguiles four men at once; she wheedles Reginald Owen into paying her creditors so she can sail for Europe; coquettes with Cesar aboard ship, and does a stint in his vaudeville act in Paris; flirts with wealthy Nigel Bruce in order to borrow money to buy her daughter's wedding gifts; but renews Walter when she falls in love with him all over again.
Rugged Cesar Romero can't resist Greer Garson's devastating charms in "Julia Misbehaves," boisterous comedy

Miss Garson

Greer deserts dignity for a bubble bath sequence and dons some daring costumes besides in her role of a naughty flirt.

Above: Greer stands saucily by as Walter Pidgeon, Cesar Romero nearly come to blows over her. Walter is shocked by Greer's flirtatiousness and lack of inhibition, but secretly thinks she's very exciting, while Cesar decides nothing as terrific as Greer ever happened to him before. Right: Between scenes, Cesar obligingly (and sadistically) treats Greer's broken finger nail with an outsized file.
An expert reveals her tricks for remaking a wardrobe and gives

Far Left: Barbara Stanwyck's navy linen bolero suit with gay dotted blouse and lining, is accented by a chatelaine of gold coins at the belt.

Left: To refurbish an evening gown, Paramount player Margaret Field wears an old lace collar as a bertha with a perky black velvet bow.

Right: Margaret sweeps back her hair, pairs a gold leather girdle from another frock with the same gown for a sophisticated occasion.

Above: Smart divided skirts will replace the less becoming slacks in the leisure hour wardrobes of style-conscious college and career girls.

Far Left: Smoke grey and winter white are combined in Gail Russell's wool suit. Separate light-colored jackets will be a Fall fashion note.

Left: Ilka Chase leads the revival of the hostess gown in a brown and white print challis with cummerbund and lining of crisp brown taffeta.

Right: For more romantic evenings, Margaret catches her full-skirted dance frock into a bustle and adds a nosegay of old-fashioned flowers.
EDITH HEAD'S
Fashion Flashes

(Edith Head, who has been the top designer at Paramount for ten years, will advise you each month about clothes, just as she does the many Hollywood stars who go to her for practical advice.)

The Fashion News Of The Month
is the divided skirt, that wonderful little skirt that combines freedom and femininity. It will be worn on the college campus, for sports, and for leisure hours at home. I don't like women in slacks or clam-diggers. They reveal too much that should be concealed. The divided skirt makes you look like a girl and gives you trouser freedom. And don't forget, they're smart from a style view.

The divided skirt is ideal for career girls' comfort at home. You might like one in black velveteen with a top of shell pink jersey. I particularly like mine in grey flannel with yellow or plaid flannel shirts.

Another New Idea
is the little shawl-coat. Anyone can make it. Everyone will love it. Take a piece of material about 40-inches long and about 20-inches wide. Then, to keep this rectangle in snug position, belt it with a 3-inch wide strip of the same material. Sew just enough of it along the wide side of the material so that it goes across the back of your waistline. The ends are loose to tie in front.

Make one of shell pink jersey to match the top of your divided skirt outfit. Line it with black to match the skirt. Wear them in prints over dark dresses. Wear them as an apron and let the lining show. Wear them for warmth, to help make over a dress, to look smart, day or night.

They go glamorous, too. Loretta Young, during the shooting of "The Accused," ordered one of these little shawl-coats in ermine to wear with white and black crepe dinner dresses. Olivia de Havilland, between fittings for "The Heiress," asked me to design one in pale pink slipper satin frosted with glittering black jet beads. For casual wear, Gail Russell has one in scarlet and black plaid wool to wear over a black wool dress.

Use Ideas Instead Of Money
and you can make five evening dresses out of one. We did it for Margaret Field, one of our young players featured in Paramount's "Be-

yond Glory." You might start with one good black velvet dress. Now dig around in the scrap basket, or reach into the rear of your closet. Maybe you have a hat from which you could remove the trimming. We took a pink rose and a black rose, plus some unused veiling from a hat and draped it over the dress for one styling. We found a lovely gold leather belt that once belonged to another dress. It transformed the dress again.

We changed it further by making little tucks at the sides and slipping in bunches of white violets tucked inside puffs add new life to an old dress.

Designer Edith Head demonstrates to Margaret Field how two bunches of white violets tucked into side puffs add new life to an old dress.

Most Stars
are not rolling in wealth as you might think. (Please turn to page 66)
Lois thought the Academy (and Alan) was wonderful. Below: Ed Freedman, Lois and Alan dining out at the famed Thayer Hotel.

When Lois Butler, young singing star of "Mickey," an Eagle-Lion production, visited West Point recently as the guest of Colonel Proctor, her favorite date was Alan Packer of Indianapolis. Alan is a war vet, a former captain in the Air Force, who gave up his commission to accept an appointment to the Academy. He squired Lois on a tour of the Point and took her to a formal hop where she was Queen Of The Prom.
The most popular girl at the Hop was Lois. Poor Alan never had her to himself for an entire number.
Where Do We Go From Here?

There's no room for worry in the plans Dale and Roy have made for the Rogers family

By Dora Albert

Dale enjoys the early a.m. job of dressing Roy's youngest, Dusty, nearly two years old.

Roy, proud of his 15-year-old palomino, Trigger, plans many more picture roles for him.

Grandma Slye, Roy's mother, likes reading the comic books to Cheryl and Linda Lou.

Above: Colorful family portrait shows Cheryl, Roy, Dusty, Dale and Linda Lou, wearing Western movie costumes. For the girls' future, Roy prefers happy marriages rather than careers. Dusty loves to ride and in a year or two will appear with Roy Rogers in a Republic Western. Right: Dale gives Dusty his evening bath.
IN THE course of more than fifteen years of interviewing, I have found that the most successful people usually plan as far ahead as possible.

Today Roy Rogers is Cowboy No. 1 on all screen polls. His fan mail averages 80,000 letters a month. He has traveled over 200,000 miles on personal appearances, and has won friends on every one of those miles. Every picture he has made, from his first to his latest, “Eyes Of Texas,” has been sure-fire at the box-office.

“It took me ten years,” Roy says frankly, “to establish myself as a name in pictures. No actor in this business can make a hard-and-fast plan very far ahead, but I hope that in the next ten years I shall become independent enough so I won’t have to worry about the future. Also I want to make enough to take care of my three children and to provide college educations for them if they want them. If they don’t, I won’t force college down their throats.”

We were talking in Roy Rogers’ new home, a Spanish type house with modern ranch furniture selected by Roy and Dale Evans (Mrs. Rogers). It’s a charming house which you approach through land literally covered with eucalyptus trees, acacias, mock orange trees and dozens of other kinds of trees. The house is the type you usually find only in secluded spots hundreds of miles from Hollywood, yet it has the great virtue of being only a ten-minute drive from Hollywood. There is ample space here for all of Roy’s and Dale’s most treasured dreams. Roy plans to stock the trout pool on the grounds with fish, and to build a badminton court, parking lot and basketball court on the front grounds.

All the furniture in the house—carefully selected by Roy and Dale—is extremely comfortable. In the living room, the chairs were uphos... (Please turn to page 72)
Screenland Salutes Richard Widmark

There are many "one-picture" actors in Hollywood. That's how they classified Broadway's Richard Widmark after his sensational screen debut as the gangster with the horrible laugh in "Kiss Of Death." Lightning like that only strikes once. But when you see Dick in "The Street With No Name," again playing a gangster, but minus the h.l., you'll see how wrong they were about his giving his all in "Kiss Of Death" and having nothing left. He's even better, although his portrayal this time is not as spectacular. Dick is equally menacing underplaying a role. He's first the actor, secondarily the villain. A gifted performer, Dick's certainly not one to be typed.
FRED ROBBINS
Right off the Record

Top your listening list with the best in bouncing blues, be-bops and boogie

HYA, Max! Is it balm your ear looks? Well, let's fill it with wax, 'cause we've got it in packs!

WAH, wah, wah! And a mess of long, low, unbelieving whistles! Look what Manna Nature hath wrought! These colors are enough to make a rainbow look down and take note! Trying to count 'em is like trying to keep up with all the fresh sound bub-blun' in the cauldron this month. But there's oodles of nice stuff to satisfy the inner man—or even woman—in the hearing department, so if you'll just step this way we'll show you some pretty fall fashions that'll arouse your passions. Alors!

HEAVENLY!

STAN KENTON: The long Leanster follows up his album of "Progressive Jazz" which is causing more controversy than that November deal, and comes forth with a fetching etching that's good gravy for sure—no 'bout doubt it! I mean "Interlude," a beautiful, slow, moody tone opus with lotsa Stan at the ivories. Lovely stuff! Flip makes up for Junie Christy's mistake on "This Is My Theme" (don't ever remind her of it) wherein she rings the bell with nice vocal riffin' on the great jazz standard, "How High The Moon." S'loaded with all the zest, riff and holler you can stand. Progressive, schmessive! (Capitol)

JOHNNY DESMOND: Ah-h-h, here's "For Heaven's Sake"—Claude Thornhill (Columbia)
"Don't Blame Me"—Nat Cole (Capitol)
"Have You Ever Been Told"—Benny Goodman (Capitol)
"East Of Suez"—Charley Ventura (National)
"It's Magic" and "It's You Or No One"—Sarah Vaughan (Muscraft)
"Candy Store Blues"—Tony Harper (Columbia)
"P.S. I Love You"—Johnny Desmond (MGM)
"Kiss And Peachy"—Woody Herman (Columbia)
"Just For You"—Frank Sinatra (Capitol)
"Put 'Em In A Box"—Ray McKinley (Victor)

Perry Como drops in on Fred Robbins' airshow for a dulcet duet during his New York visit. Perry has one of the big roles in MGM's "Words And Music."

Turhan Bey, the Eagle Lion star, born in Turkey, takes over the turntable on Fred Robbins WOV broadcast and learns some new jive expressions to color his English vocabulary.

Jane Russell puts her pretty hearing flap to earphones on Fred's program.

Singer Monica Lewis and Fred exchange news and views on disk jockey's airshow.
where you soar to the clouds as my man "De-mo" unwinds those potent adenoids on his first MGM cookie, "P.S. I Love You," and "I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight." Soul satisfying savio! (MGM)

DINAH SHORE: Oh, what a lucky baby to have Miss Emily Montgomery is to have parring this in her pink little car all the time. "Baby Don't Be Mad At Me" will certainly shush any crying spell, even if you're a baby 'tween 18 and 25. Side comes the nice tutti-fruity, "May I Still Hold You?" (Columbia)

FRANK SINATRA: "Just For Now," "Everybody Loves Somebody." This new slab finds Nancy's Daddy in choice voice in a brace of the creamiest, dreamiest hunks of shellac in ages. (Columbia)

WOODY HERMAN: Don't throw any water on me, just let me burn! Here comes that Herman Herd and how! And what a great new gang it is—tight, clean and hitting you right where you bellow, fellow! There's 'Keen And Peunchy,' and 'I've Got News For You.' (Columbia)

VAUGHN MONROE: "There's Music In The Land," "Every Day I Love You." Right out of Vaughnie's larynx comes a brace of hits from "Two Guys From Texas." (Victor)

RAY NOBLE: Gosh, how that Noble guy dresses. He takes these two from "A Date With Judy," "It's A Most Unusual Day" and "Judaime" and makes little gems of 'em. (Columbia)

DICK HAYMES: Aside from those two bits of cactus from "Two Guys From Texas"—"Hankerin'" and "Every Day I Love You"—the kid who sings from his toes has a fresh album that'll soften you to death—just like oceans of lilton. It's the Irving Berlin Songs Album and Richard has Carmen Cavallaro behind him on "All Alone," "Check To Check," "Lady Of The Evening," "Say It Isn't So," "Say It With Music," "The Girl On The Magazine Cover," "The Song Is Ended." Never did Mr. Berlin's material sound so resonant and sonorous. Richards kills met (Decca album A-654).

MARTHA TILTON: Fine little "My" on "Ready, Set, Go" and "Blow, Gabriel, Blow." Chick has a beat that's so very, very, great a rhythmic sense. (Capitol)

AL HARNETT: BILLY ECKSTINE: "I'm Falling For You," "Mr. B's Blues," "LOUIS JORDAN'S "Run, Joe, There's A Man At De Doh," calypso sequel to "Stone Cold Dead In De Market" and a big hit! (Decca) JERRY WAINES: "I Love To Live In Loveland," "And I Must Have You," -same vein as "You Can't Be True, Dear," careworthy because of Jerry's nice gurgling. (Columbia) HARRY JAMES shows how ballads should be handled as the band gets under "Hankerin'" and "I Don't Care If It's Rain." All Night (Columbia) MARGARET WHITING'S "It's You Or No One." "Nobody But You," "A Tree In The Meadow" and "I'm Sorry, But I'm Glad." (Capitol) CLAUDE THORNHILL'S "For Heaven's Sake," a lush, exquisite waffle which even disciple Malone will do wonders with. (Columbia) BING'S "I Am a Tainted Heart" and "Moonlight On A White Picket Fence." The owner of the Pitts- burgh Pirates at his most Crosbyish. (Decca) BILLY BUTTERFIELD'S "Malguenza" and "Afternoon In Austria" instrumental. (Capitol) GORDON MACRAE'S "It's Magic," "Spring In December," "Hankerin'," and "I Went Down To Virginia." Everyone's Macraey and no wonder! Dig Gordie in Warners' "The Big Punch." TEX BENEKE's got an enticing slie- ring on "Hankerin'" and "And Don't Care..." (Victor) RAY MCKINLEY'S "Put 'Em, Tie 'Em And Throw 'Em" and "You Came A Long Way From St. Louis." (Victor) And don't dare skip NAT COLE'S "Don't Blame Me" and BENNY GOODMAN'S "Have You Ever Been Told." (Capitol) And SARAH VAUGHN'S "It's Magic" and "It's You Or No One" is like lush landscaping. Magnifique! (Musical)

HOT!!!

TONI HARPER: Here's a little rascal whose meter's been ticking only nine years but you should hear her sing the "Candy Store Blues," right from the middle of the griddle with amazing phrasing and unusual feeling. (Columbia)


THELONIOUS MONK: The High Priest of Bop, Thelonious, the originator of be-bop, comes on with another ample sample of his originality on "Evonce" and "Off Minor." (Blue Note)

RAY BAUDUC AND HIS BOBCATS: A litter of the cats from the Bob Crosby band under his old drummer's leadership waxing potently with some bubblin' Dixieland on "L'il Liza Jane" and "When My Sugar Walks Down The Street." Don't let anyone tell you all bop or dixie is nowhere! (Capitol)

FELIX PINTO: TONY CURTIS'S "I'll Never Be The Same," tender sax au gratin, and "East Of Suez." (National) CHUBBY JACKSON'S first etching for MGM, "The Happy Mon- ster" and "L'Aina," wild, weird, unorthodox, wonderful noise. As Tony calls it, "the music of tomorrow the day after."

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

To JIM JASPER, Lawrence, Kans.: Marlene Dietrich has made a batch of cookies. There'll be a reissued album on Decca... FRANK GALLE, Elmina, N.Y.: Dick Farney is a Brazilian lad who recorded for Majestic until they folded. But you'll be hearing from him, don't worry... FRANK CHILMONIK, Flemington, N.J.: Don't think Joan Les- lie ever made any cookies... ALBERT O., way down in Kimberley, South Africa (new?): "Hers" are biscuits for Columbia, none with Frankie, and she's 17... JULIE SOULAKIS, Pasadena, Calif.: You can cop the "Good News" album at any jive dive. S'on MGM. Yeah, that Lawford really comes through. What's he got that this kid hasn't? Don't answer that!... ANN ELSTON, Bluffton, Ind.: Gene Krupa's waffle of "Gene's Boogie" is available on Columbia anywhere. Write to him c/o Music Corporation of America, N.Y. And watch for the short subject G.K. and E.R. together, "Thir'ls Of Music" for Columbia pix. Tell your theatre mgr. you'll hit him on the head with your skate key if he doesn't play it... MAR- Jorie FOWLER, San Francisco, Calif.: Guy Madison did summer stock this season.

Address letters to Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

The Serious Side Of A Jokester

Continued from page 26

1. Always look for the silver lining. Don't bother about the gold one be- cause Crosby already has found it.

2. Don't let sleep interfere with your happiness.

3. If you first you don't succeed, play 18 holes more.

4. Early to bed and early to rise gives you better closures.

5. A little moss won't hurt you. Stop rolling now and then and relax.

6. Give till it hurts—the tax man will get it anyway.

In reference to that silver lining, Bob's big point is that you'll never see the dam thing unless you are engaged in some occupation you really enjoy.

"I can see that silver— and I don't mean box-office here—when I'm up be- before an audience performing," he told us.

"Anyone gets a kick out of acclaim, and I'm honest in saying that it makes me feel good to have people laugh at my jokes."

"Another thing, my work is so diversified that I never lose interest. Having a lot of things to do keeps you on the move. You really never know what is going to happen next. People would never get bored if they learned to do several things and switched around now and then."

When you examine the record closely on Hope, you find that his activities couldn't be more diversified if he were quintuplets. He is the only comedian on radio who also adheres strictly to a pic- ture-making schedule. He grinds out three films every year, and admits him- self that it gets a bit rough at times.

"I usually try to make one of my pic-
tures while I'm off the air in the Summer," he explained. "That makes it just like a vacation."

Even when he's going through that Summer lull, however, he still has unper-teen things to keep his eye on. He has a little outfit called Hope Enterprises, which embraces just about all his activities, though the main function is the production of his pictures. He has a board of directors meeting of this company once every week to see what is going on in his life.

Bob brushed through his other companies quickly, alluding here and there to such set-ups as The Hope Metal company in Cleveland, the fact that one outfit is working on a deal to bring out a Bob Hope doll, The Hope Driving range in North Hollywood which is operated by his brother-in-law, John Malon, and other items too involved to be of interest here. Anyway, we got the general idea of diversity in his life. We also got slightly dizzy.

"I have so many things to think about," he said, summing up this first point, "that I try not to think of anything for very long at a time. I know if I attempted to think of them all I'd go wacky. And anything is better than going wacky."

In light of what has already been said, Bob's No. 2 rule, "Don't let sleep interfere with your happiness," hardly needs explaining at all.

He was specific on this rule, however, and apparently it is important to his scheme. For one thing, he inferred that he has developed a system of squeezing eight hours of sleep into seven. That is, he judges when he goes to bed by doing some high-powered thinking about plans for the following day before he blanks out his mind and goes to sleep.

"I also find it helpful to grab a fast cat-nap during the day, say about a half-hour job," he confessed. "Most of the time I'm being prodded from too many different directions to think about sleep."

Bob's rule No. 3, "If at first you don't succeed, play 18 holes more," is probably the most important of the whole lot—so far as he's concerned. It also ties in very closely with Rule No. 5. "A little moss won't hurt you. Stop rolling now and then and relax."

"I don't believe in exercise," he declared, "that is, unless you call golf exercise. I call it play."

Although Bob could get along with only golf as his chief relaxation, there is another diversion that soothes his mind. This is driving in his car. "I want to make it clear, though, that I don't have a radio in my car," he added. "It is an ideal way to get away from other comedians, especially when they're funny."

Rule No. 4. "Early to bed and early to rise gives you better closeups," is extremely important in Bob's business. Any actor will tell you that he can't afford to miss out on his full quota of sleep every night while facing a camera during the day. "A camera has a way of being partial to bags under the eyes," Bob laughed.

Judging by the constant gyration of Bob's life, you wouldn't think he paid much attention to the second sentence in his rule No. 5, "Stop rolling now and then and relax." But you can see by his

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 soap, soda, or salt do just as well?

A. Never! They're makeshifts. They can't compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. "Lysol" is gentle to sensitive membranes, yet powerful against germs and odors ... effective in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Kills germs on contact.

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 aftereffect. Three times as many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene as all other liquid products combined!

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!

For Feminine Hygiene rely on safe, effective "Lysol," Brand Disinfectant

EASY TO USE . . . ECONOMICAL

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.

NAME:

STREET:

CITY:

STATE:

Product of Lehn & Fink

SCREENLAND 33
lady newspaper editor and politician that she'd turn Democrat.

Ava Gardner has been made a full-fledged star by her studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In line with her new status, the beautiful Ava now has two dressing rooms, one a portable for the set, the other a fancy job in the building where houses all the other important MGM stars. The central piece of decoration in her new studio home is a still from her first picture, "We Were Dancing," which shows Ava peering over Norma Shearer's shoulder. Robert Z. Leonard directed that one and is also piloting Ava through her role in "The Barge." She's the only gal in this picture—quite a change from her first noontime stilt.

Hold onto your squeals, gals! Because you ain't seen nothin' until you get an eyeful of Montgomery Clift, who gets another big break in "The Heiress." He's the boy's there's been so much fuss about since he appeared in "The Search" and "Red River." You're gonna lose your heads—and your hearts—over this boy, believe me.

Mike Steele, the good-looking young actor-model, invited us to a party at his house. So we went. And had a fine time. Agnes Moorehead and her husband, Jack Lee, Richard Basehart and his wife, John Ireland and his ex, with whom he's still very friendly, were all there. Mike served some amazing hors d'oeuvres—they're little tiny round specks until dropped into hot fat, then they turn into great big gadgets that look like potato chips, but taste like shrimp. What won't they think of next?

I think I have this all straight now. In "Take Me Out To The Ball Game." Esther Williams does a dance with Gene Kelly, sings a song with Frankie Sinatra, is tossed around by nine members of an adagio team for a dream sequence, and swims not a single stroke. This is supposed to be official, even though it's been printed that Frankie dances, Gene sings, and Esther swims.

Richard Conte's passion is collecting old shaving mugs and he has about sixty-five, three of which are very rare ones from England. Dick's dad used to be a barber and started him off with all he owned. The Contes use them for cigarettes and matches, plants, egg-egg. Even had several of them decorating the old-fashioned hatrack in their hall, but their guests started trying to knock 'em off, a la duck-shooting, so Dick parked his treasures elsewhere.

This hard-to-impress town of Hollywood is but really on its ear over "Lend An Ear," the bright as burnished brass stage review which has been playing to packed houses at the La Palmas Theatre. Bill Eythe, who had none too happy a time with the publicity for his "Red River," seems to have found a talent as a talented tongue-in-cheek comedian in the cleverly knitted suits that are loaded with deft young entertainers. As if Bill didn't have enough to do on stage, he also produced and directed the company through some twenty hilarious numbers. Looks as though the boy has found his niche at last. My spies tell me "Lend An Ear" has had some very attractive offers to take the show to New York, London and on the road.

Joan Crawford has at last won part of her battle to put the story "Miss O'Brien" on the screen. This is the tale of the plight of American school teachers and Joan felt so strongly about the need for a picture like this that she bought the property from Warners, who had agreed to make it and then changed their minds. As soon as Joan finishes "Flamingo Road" and "The Ballad And The Sou'wester," she'll do this one, having a hand in its production as well as playing the school teacher. Good gal, Joan.

Shirley Temple and Jack Agar on the set of "Baltimore Escapade," their second picture together, have a firm rule not to let their young stars be alone with them at the studio when they're working.

Imagine Jeanette MacDonald's panic when she discovered she'd lost her wedding ring on the set of "San In The Morning," practically on the eve of her television appearance on the screen as a heavy. But there's a happy ending—one of the actors found it. The actor's trainer was trying to get her into a scene, but she just kept pawing the rug. Finally Rudd Weatherwax...
She's going over to see why Lassie was pawing the edge of the rug. Yes, there was the missing wedding ring. Jeanette, crazy about dogs anyway, is trying to figure out a suitable reward for Lassie.

People collect the darndest things—Van Johnson presented Maria Koshets, the gal who does such a swell comedy part in "Luxury Lovers," with a china pig that looks just like him, even to the freckles. Marina has a collection of over 300 of these little figurines and the gag is that the pig has to resemble the person who gives it to her. She has some amazing likenesses.

Maria Montez is off to Europe in a bright red huff—she's had so many battles with producers over billing and roles and was so disappointed that Hedy Lamarr got the female lead in "Samson And Delilah" that she decided she'd go eat worms—uh, I mean Paris food and make her pictures there for a spell.

Janet Leigh seems to be the darling of the MGM lot. When she had finished "Words And Music," Director Norman Taurog asked her to wait for one more closeup. He then put on the record "You're The Sweetest Girl In The World" and the crew all joined in singing the song to her. Then the crew presented her with a letter repeating the words of the song and signed by all of them. In a town where the star usually presents the crew with presents at the windup of a picture, this is news.

Too Bad Department: The marriage of Barbara Lawrence and Johnny Fontaine on the rocks. Hear these kids were secretly married in Mexico long before their legal marriage here.

Jane Greer and Ed Lasker welcomed a young man into their family—he's named Albert, after his grandfather. Watch Jane's career zoom now that RKO has discovered what a great bet they have in her. By the way, both Jane and Ed were disappointed that Albert wasn't twins. They felt that since there are twins on both sides of the family they were entitled to em.

Bill Williams, who hasn't made a picture for quite a spell on account of a back injury which laid him up for a year, is back on the RKO lot making the picture, "The Clay Pigeon." We hope this is a whizzer of a picture—Bill was off to such a good start when ole man bad luck hit him.

Cary Grant and Betsy Drake, on the set of "Every Girl Should Be Married" and other places, seem to have a pact not to talk about each other—especially for publication. Betsy, who's been a star in her first picture, acts quiet, scored, and diffident. The other day she was skylarking watching the models in the film having still pictures taken, asked whether it would be all right if she watched. It was. Betsy had to drink six malts at a sitting in the drug store scene of the picture. Sheer heaven for some, it was the reverse for Betsy, who hates malts.
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GUIDE TO GLAMOUR

HERE are five bright, new notes for your Autumn Beauty shopping list:

Co-Else, those many-purpose fluted cotton squares, are not new, but their gay coral and gray box is. In two sizes, 80 for 20c and 40 for 15c, at all drug and cosmetic counters. Perfect for applying powder and practically all beauty purposes, as well as baby's best friend.

You can't know how long and lovely your eyelashes can look until you use a Kurlash to curl them heavenward. There is a new folding model, perfect for purse carrying, with a case to protect the curler. The little rubber-lined bow can be removed for cleaning. There'll be stars in your eyes, and in his, too, when you use Kurlash, $1.25 at beauty counters.

Lotus, symbol of beauty and romantic legend, is the name of an exquisite new perfume by Yardley. Not a floral fragrance, but a dreamy, starlight mood, with an exciting personality of its own. Here is perfume poetry, handsomely bottled, and yours in sizes $1, $1.75, $4.00.

When you see this box of Bath Ovals in real life, you think of brilliant jewels. But when you drop one of these perfumed bath oil capsules into your tub, it dissolves, perfuming and softening your skin. This midget size of Bath Ovals is new and contains five Ovals each in Almond Spice, Spring Flowers, White Lilac and Forest Pine. 81c at beauty counters.

"Each thing in its place is best," as proved by this three-piece plastic coiffure set in pink, blue or ivory. There are two combs and a tray for pins and dodads. In chain stores, 39c.

A plastic coiffure set consists of two styles in combs and a tray for your hair fixings. Next, sweet, for bath or dressing-table.

*Plus 20% Federal tax.

For a new season, new perfume. Yardley presents Lotus, tender, ultra-feminine, leaving a whisper of you here and there, a subtle invitation to return.

One Bath Oval in your tub makes bathing a beauty ritual. It perfumes as it softens and smooths skin. Four fragrances to a box.

A fresh powder puff always at hand with Co-Else, fluted cotton squares.

Curling lashes, poets' inspiration, come in a jiffy with a new Kurlash.
active cleansing followed by the use of a lubricating cream to offset dryness. Physical action on the skin does induce added circulation to it and does hasten the removal of that almost invisible skin film of dead cuticle.

Meanwhile, we want an immediate solution, of course, for that wardrobe won’t wait. So I consulted with Perc Westmore, who can come as close as anyone I know to making a face perfection.

A tinted foundation or makeup base is the happy beauty transfer to naturalness. “Your foundation shade should match the successive fading of tan or discoloration; three different shades of foundation are necessary to make the transition,” advised Mr. Westmore, director of makeup at Warner Brothers’ studio.

With your foundation, preferably a liquid cream at this season, you work on your face for background. Once you have your background set, you make a refreshing change in powder. Instead of the usual, prettily tinted kind, you use a completely neutral shade, a powder with really no coloring. The base has the coloring and the only purpose of the powder is to give it a velvety finish.

Did you tan this Summer? Is the tan beginning to fade? Does your face now have a drab look in spite of your spic-and-span cleanliness and fine skin texture? To return its coppery glow, there is a corresponding shade in foundation. This you will later replace by a lighter one, possibly a peach-buff.

Did Summer leave your porcelain skin with the ruddy look of a seafarer? Happily, there are foundation shades for toning down and subduing, as well as those for heightening color, and they work wonderfully on the reddened type.

Now freckles come to the fore. There are two schools. One is the golden type. Poems and songs immortalize this “sprinkling of gold” over a beloved’s posted freckles that cause little worry. They fade rapidly. The problem freckle is the dark one—the one that comes to stay too long. It has no claim to beauty and your best resort is a base that will, to a degree, conceal.

With the particular products I have in mind, there are two forms of base. One is a liquid cream, of which you use about a drop. This is the type for the dry skin—and I think many of you will fall in this class now. With the one drop, you dot cheeks, forehead, chin and neck, then spread gently with fingertips. Finish with a light pat of fingers to assure complete coverage. If there seems excess cream on your skin, blot with a tissue.

Then press on your neutral powder until your whole face and neck are well covered. Continue until the foundation takes no more. With a powder brush, fresh cotton or a powder puff remove all loose powder and marvel at the fineness and beauty of the face before you.

For you of the oily skin, this same fine foundation also comes in a cream-cake form. Apply this with fingertips, using the same general technique just outlined for the liquid cream type. Normal skin reacts well to either foundation.

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S C R E E N L A N D

37
sequence in "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," where Gehrig and Esther make with the balcony business.

—

David Niven never loses that sense of humor. His latest adventure concerns a morning he was due at the studio. To age him for "The Enchanted," they had to dye his hair. The only color that photographed white, was actually ginger peach! As he nonchalantly drove along two burly truck drivers whistled at him! David's face turned the color of his hair. He quietly stopped the car and put the top up!

—

Hollywood's heart aches for the Ray Milland's. That very welcome visit from the stork is cancelled and they are disconsolate. Added to their personal sorrow, is the unhappiness caused by a local columnist, who printed they were expecting soon after they learned the good news themselves. In vain the Millands pleaded it be withheld for a reasonable length of time. Even their best friends didn't know. But to the columnist, it was much more important to be first with the news—and last as a kind human being. What price fame?

—

When Clark Gable departed for his European vacation, the studio gang, who lunch with him daily, really gave him a send-off. They all wore sailor caps to the table. Clark's place was headed "never to return," any ship sailed for the seaskip remedies, water wings and one of those new envelope-sized French bathing suits. The one thing we know he didn't take along with him, was a book titled, "What Young Man Should Know!"

—

Meet Marlene Dietrich, the most glamorous grandmother of the year! When daughter Maria gave birth to a seven-pound son, La Dietrich's old friend, Director Mitch Leisen, bought her an old-fashioned rocker. He painted it white and gold. Across the top he lettered the one word—"Granny." Mitch will present it to Marlene to use as a set chair, when he directs her next picture. You know she'll love it!

—

Even Hollywood was shocked at the informality of the Robert Walker-Barbara Ford wedding. Originally they planned to be married on her father's (John Ford) boat. Then at the last minute they decided against having guests, etc. They were actually eating in a drive-in when Bob said, "Let's do it now!" They rounded up witnesses, gave a jeweler thirty minutes to show up with a wedding ring, had a judge marry them at the Beverly Hills Club—and that was it. Barbara didn't even have time to change her costume. Bob wore a plaid shirt—without a tie!

—

The most sexy star to hit the MGM lot since those early Joan Crawford days is Ava Gardner. We happened to visit her the day she tossed off a torrid little tune for "The Bride," in which she co-stars with Robert Taylor. Ava was wearing a gown (for not invited better name) of black chiffon over nude net. By some strange coincidence everyone from Gable to the gateman, just "happened" to be on the set.

—

At least Cary Grant is serious about Betsy Drake's—career. His discovery, who plays opposite him in "Every Girl Should Be Married," went with Cary to a dinner party. Early in the evening, he got her wrist. Everyone screamed—"How come!" Cary quietly explained that Betsy was having a portrait sitting in the morning and must look her best. Nice guy and considerate, too!

While Lana Turner was honeymooning in Europe, her Bel Air house was put up for sale. The Bob Toppings have wonderful plans for a place they intend to build. When people discovered Lana's house was open for inspection, the curious came in droves. Now the house is shown by appointment only—and to those who can prove they are prospective buyers! How would you like to live in a goldfish bowl?

—

Now you know this could only happen in Hollywood! Weeks in advance, Van and Evie Johnson accepted an important dinner invitation. The day of the party, the Johnson's baby nurse was sick. One servant was off, the other on vacation. So guess who volunteered to be a babysitter? None other than Van's best friend and Evie's former husband—Keenan Wynn! We always knew they were real sensible people.

—

Remember a couple of months ago—we told you that the Bogarts were expecting? Our source of information was so reliable, a rummy passing-on-the-news. Well, Bogey and his number one "Baby" have now made the official announcement. And you should see how tender a "tough guy's" face can be, when Bogey talks about it! Now you know why La Bovell smashed a suspension, to wearing a bathing suit for the role in "The Girl From Jones Beach."

—

WARNING: Lucille Ball is at large and unless you want your hair cut, don't come near her. It's such a passion with Lucy, she even takes sharp shears to Hollywood pool. Recently, there was even talk of Lucy going to Harvard. There, in the center of the room sat our hostess. Behind her stood Madame Ball, the hair stylist, nonchalantly snipping away while the other guests played gin rummy. Ah Hollywood!

—

Olivia de Havilland doesn't need a press agent—not as long as mother nature is cooperative. She and Marcus Goodrich live in a canyon. When they go for their mail, they have to beat their way through the brush. One day they found a rattlesnake curled up cozily in the mail box. Need we add, Olivia's next release is "The Snake Pit!"
be excited. In five days she and Tony, her bridegroom of a week, were to fly to
Europe. Cyd’s first trip since 1939, when her days there as a ballerina with the
famed Ballet Russe were abruptly ter-
molated by the German invasion of
Poland.
Tony, I knew, was slated to play two
weeks at London’s great Palladium. Follow-
ing this, he and Cyd were planning to
fly to Berlin and Vienna, where Tony
would entertain American troops. Then
they’d return to Paris and continue on
to Switzerland. It was to be a six-weeks’
honeymoon for one of Hollywood’s hand-

somest and most romantic couples.

Difficult though it was to lure Cyd’s
thoughts from the trip and future plans.
I finally harried the poor girl onto other
subjects, feeling like a brute all the while.
I came up with a very respectable life
history of the young lady.

Her name sounds French, but actually
she was born deep in the heart of Texas—
Amarillo, to be exact. She came into
the world on March 8, to the gratifica-
tion of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest
Finklea, who liked girls. Mr. Finklea,
thought a jeweler, loved the ballet, and
undoubtedly the vision of his infant
daughter, Tula Ellice (Cyd’s real name),
waving her arms and legs sturdily in her
bassinet convinced him that she was
born to dance. She began lessons at the
age of 8, and showed such talent that
her father built a practice bar and mirror
in their home.

When Cyd was 12, her Amarillo teacher
advised more advanced instruction than
he could give, so arrangement was made
for the child to come to Hollywood to
study under Nico Charisse. Two years
later Nico introduced the lovely 14-year-
old to Colonel de Basil, of the Ballet
Russe, when the company was playing in
Los Angeles. Cyd was promptly signed
as a member of the troupe. After tour-
ing the United States for a year, she was
ready to leave for Europe with the Ballet
when word came that her father was
dying. Cyd left for his bedside im-
mediately, and the company sailed without
her.

A year later, however, the Ballet re-
turned to Los Angeles, and Cyd was re-
signed. This time she went with the
troupe to Europe. Shortly thereafter,
when Cyd was just 16, she and Charisse
were married. The Ballet was in Monte
Carlo when Hitler’s onslaught against
Poland took place. The company quickly
booked passage back to the United
States, providing Cyd with what she re-
calls as her most thrilling, if terrifying,
experience—the crossing of the over-
loaded, blacked-out Aquitania over a
submarine-infested Atlantic. Back in
Hollywood, on May 7, 1942, a son,
Nicky, was born. Three years later Cyd
obtained a divorce from Charisse.

She ended this recital a trifle out of
breath. I gave her a generous moment.
and then inquired interestingly: “How did
you make the break into pictures?”

“I have David Lichine to thank for

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Screenland 59
that," she said simply. Lichine, of course, is the renowned choreographer, who has
ruled Cyd as this country’s outstanding ballerina. "He introduced me to Gregory
Ratoff, and I was signed for a dancing spot in 'Something To Shout About.'"

"How do you feel now about dancing and your film career? Do you want to
continue as a dancer?"

Cyd’s eyes brightened. "No, I don’t think so—not in pictures. Of course, I
shall never give up dancing; I love it too much for that. But I don’t want to be
limited by it to certain types of roles. I want to be a real actress, able to stand
on those merits alone. I think I’d like to reach the point of being able to play any
part, ranging from comedy to high drama, with the added ability to handle
occasional roles which require dancing if such pictures should just happen along."

"At the moment, then, you’re letting yourself stand on the ladder of
screen success, but somewhere around the top you’ll take off on your own?"

Cyd laughed again. "That’s one way of putting it, I guess. I definitely want
to become known as an actress, not a dancer. But dancing is helping me to
get parts, and they seem to be increasingly important. I’m acting any time now. My
role in 'On An Island With You' is a very nice one."

"I’m surprised you consider it so," I said. "If I’m not mistaken, that was the
opus in which you did a dance sequence with Ricardo Montalban and tore the
ligaments in one of those ridiculed and elegant gams. How long did it lay you
up—two months, wasn’t it?"

"Yes, in a plaster cast," Cyd confessed, but added lightly: "A ballerina takes
those risks, though. It’s nothing. The doctors still tell me I mustn’t dance for a
while, but they’re wrong. I know they are; I know by the feeling of the muscles
that it helps rather than hurls them to be used."

"Get ready," I said, briskly changing the subject. "A switcheroo. When did
you first meet Tony Martin?"

Smiling, Cyd answered, "About two years ago."

"Was it love at first sight?"

The smile broadened. "Not quite. As a matter of honest fact, I was completely
impressed with Tony. He was making a picture on the MGM lot, and some-
body said, ‘There’s the handsomest, most wonderful man working here. You’ll
have to meet him—Tony Martin.’ And I said, ‘Oh, him!’"

"The buds of love-in-bloom getting a frosty start, I surmised. ‘What caused the
change of mind and heart?’"

"Well, Tony had the same agent I did. A party came up about a year later.
You know how these Hollywood parties are apt to be; I was paired off with Tony
as my escort. After spending what was actually an enforced evening with him I
realized I’d been figuring the young man somewhat wrong. In fact, I liked him a
lot. He seemed to like me, too. He began calling regularly, so . . ."

"So one thing led to another and finally up to the altar," I said. "Nice travel-
ing. How are you doing in the domestic picture, Mrs. Martin? Are you a good
cook?"

Cyd laughed apologetically. "Not very, I’m afraid. But, defensively, ‘I make
wonderful cheesecake, if I do say so myself.’"

"I know," I grinned. "I’ve been through the MGM picture file."

She blushed. "Stop it! I mean the kind you eat, of course. Tony adores it,
and he looks as if he would live on it until I catch on to other things."

"What are your likes and dislikes?"

I asked.

"Well," Cyd considered, wrinkling her nose in a way that will be worth millions
to MGM. "I don’t like hats, never wear ’em. On the other hand, Tony loves hats
on women—big ones. The hats, I mean, not the women."

"So, on you he’ll save money. How about the likes?"

"Shoes, and good food, and French puddings, and shrimp curry! Oh, I’m
insane about shrimp curry!"

"For a gal with a shape as streamlined as yours," I said quizzically, "you refer
pretty frequently and tenderly to groceries. Am I to understand, then, Mrs. M.,
that you don’t have to bother with dieting?"

"Heavens, no! I eat whatever I want. It’s such fun! I couldn’t get fat, you
know, with my dancing."

"Um," I said, taking a peek at my waistline. Oh, well. "What do you do for
hobbies, aside from that?"

"Aside from eating?"

"No, no," I said hastily. "Dancing."

"Oh. Well, I swim quite a bit, and ride horseback. That’s supposed to be
bad for dancers, but I don’t care—I like it. And then I collect dolls. I have them
from lots of foreign countries."

"Who’s your favorite actor, and acc-
tress?"

"Claude Rains is my favorite actor,"

Cyd said with promptness and admira-
tion. "He’s so utterly polished and com-
petent, no matter what he does. As for
actresses, I don’t think I have any par-
ticular favorites."

I fished around mentally for more ma-
terial for the inquisition this hapless
young lady was suffering so amallly, but
found I’d just have to get strapped bottom.

"Is your mother still in Texas, or is she in
these parts?"

"Oh, mother’s in Hollywood with me,"

smiled Cyd. "She loves the town, and
she’s almost as big a movie fan as I am.
When I was talking about hobbies, I forgot
to say that attending pictures is
almost one with me. I study the acting,
and it’s just like going to school."

I slid my notebook into my pocket.
"When you’ve got that kind of an ap-
proach to a career," I said, "there isn’t a
doubt in the world that you’ll hit the
top, I mean."

Cyd looked modestly fussed, but
pleased. I stood up, and she said quickly:
"Oh, are you leaving already? If you’ll
wait just a little longer, Tony will be here, too.

"When a man has been married such
a short time," I informed her, "there’s
one sure thing he doesn’t want—and
that’s to come home to a cute wife and
find a writer parked around on the
needlepoint. With due appreciation for your kind thought, I’ll be on my way."

Cyd spread her hands and laughed.
a little joke on her husband, that's the way they were with each other, just gagging all the time. For, if they could supply talent for the radio programs sponsored by Vincent's clients, why couldn't they supply a talent to make his wife seem glamorous again in his eyes? Paul's drooping spirits began reviving at the mere thought of the handsome young man for whom she had reserved a table next to theirs at the Spartan Room and who would flirt with her so outrageously that Vincent would have to see it as desirable she was.

The plan started off so perfectly, too. Only a few minutes after they were seated, one of the handsomest, most distinguished men she had ever seen was escorted to the next table by the captain himself, who removed the reserved sign and the table number with a flourish. But Paula didn't see him surreptitiously put the same number on a table in the rear of the room.

"Vincent," she said getting down to business at last. "That man at the next table, he's been flirting with me ever since he came in. He winked at me... deliberately."

The man hadn't done anything of the sort. But she had to say something to arouse Vincent's ire. And it was really so satisfying the way he got up and stalked over to the next table. Only instead of making a scene he invited the man to have dinner with them.

"Mr. Kimball's alone," he explained after he'd introduced them. "So I thought it'd be nice if he joined us."

He was very obliging. She had to admit that, as he answered the social third-degree Vincent put him through. Only the case history he gave them was as ambitious as his accent. He wanted him to impress Vincent, but saying he was the president of Kim cigarettes was carrying it a bit far. And when he insisted that he be the host and ordered caviar and breast of Golden pheasant and the most expensive champagne in the house Paula couldn't even enjoy the symphony the walk of the bill for expenses she'd have to pay.

But the thing that really got her down was the respectful way he was treating her, which wasn't the line she had ordered at all. Vincent even had to ask him to dance with her.

"You might be a little bit more ardent," she reproved him as she held her in that circumspect way. "Look at the opportunity my husband gave you when he invited you over to our table. But do you take advantage of it? Oh, no! I've got to make all the advances."

His eyes practically popped out of his head. "Well," he gasped, "I've never experienced anything quite like this before."

"I would get an amateur," she sighed bitterly. "Haven't you ever made love to a woman before? You certainly don't act like it. Here, what's the matter with your arm?" she demanded pulling it tighter around her waist.

"In front of your husband?" he said uncertainly.
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moment."

smile

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"Of course," she forced a smile for Vincent's benefit. "What do you think?"

After a few false starts he really did very well, even pressing his check against hers. But Vincent didn't seem to mind at all. Even Claude noticed that.

"I declare, Vince," he said when they went back to their table. "You're the most unusual fellow I've ever met. If Paula were my wife, I'd kinda want to keep her all to myself."

"You see," Paula said pointedly.

"Claude would be jealous."


"That's ridiculous. I trust Paula and I'm sure she trusts me. That's why our marriage is such a success. Look, I've got an early appointment in the morning so we'll be going. But I certainly enjoyed the evening, thanks to you."

"Don't take me with a quick glance at Paula. "The pleasure was all mine. What do you say we all go out again tomorrow night?"

"Sorry, I've got a business appointment." Vincent shook his head regretfully. "A . . . a Mr. Fraser. But why don't you come?"

Paula was anything but delighted. As far as any jealousy she had hoped to arouse in Vincent was concerned she had dribbled one hundred dollars plus the evening's expenses down the drain. And in the meantime when Claude sent her an orchestral eardrope Paula sighed as she added that to the grand total.

She was still glowing over it when the maid announced that a Mr. Gaylord wanted to see her, really wasn't necessary as the caller was already standing in the door and when Paula entered the living room she had seen. After that she couldn't answer him on belligerently.

"I happen to be the man who was engaged to flirt with you for one hundred dollars and expenses. Well, it's going to cost you more than that now. After all your husband assured Mr. Burke there would be no violence."

Paula looked at him incredulously.

"You mean Mr. Burke told my husband about this?"

"Naturally!" the man said disdainfully. "I would never have accepted the part otherwise."

So that was it. No wonder Vincent had such a wonderful time, just sitting there watching her make a complete fool of herself. And Claude, what must he think of her?

For a moment she was tempted to call him and break their date for the evening. Then suddenly she put the receiver back in its cradle again. After all, wasn't the plan to make Vincent jealous? So instead she bought what she had at the most expensive evening gown in New York City and didn't regret a penny of it when Claude suggested dining at the Rocket Room.

It was really wonderful being escorted by such a big shot. Paula realized at last how Claude had managed to get a table reserved for someone else, then when the magic mention of his name the captain picked up a reserved sign on a ringing side table and ordered the waiter to place it on a less desirable one. And the way everyone was bowing and scraping as they ordered dinner! Paula just wished Vincent was there to see it.

And then suddenly her wish was granted—just like that. For there was Vincent coming into the room. But it wasn't any fun knowing his suspicions had really been founded on fact when she saw the woman with him. Mr. Fraser had turned out to be the most gorgeous blonde Paula had ever seen.

Vincent had seen her, too. Paula knew that when he tried to hide himself behind his companion. But, tempted as she was to confront him with her perjury, she promptly accepted Claude's suggestion that they join them.

"Let's pretend we haven't seen him," she said.

Claude looked at her with admiring wonder. "Don't want to spoil his fun, eh?" he smiled. "You have sure a wonderful understanding all right."

There was something so nice about Claude. That was what made Paula break down in the taxi when he was taking her home and telling her everything. She couldn't help contrasting his attentiveness with that of Mr. Fraser.

"So I decided to use you to make him jealous," she finished bitterly. "But now that I've found out the truth about him and his Mr. Fraser, it doesn't matter any more. So maybe you'd just better take him with you."

"Course," Claude said. "I'm just an innocent bystander and it probably isn't for me to say. But if I were in your place, I wouldn't sit home nights just wasting away, no air. I'd have myself some fun. I'd go out and have the time of my life."

Paula mulled that over a moment. Then she leaned forward. "Driver," she said breathlessly, "take us to the Re-Bop Cafe!"

It proved a wonderful idea. All those sparkling bubbles in the champagne she'd been drinking to give her courage lifted her spirits to a rosy cloud. Of course, some of them felt as if they were in her knees, too, making her stumble a little as she went into the bedroom where Vincent was already occupying one of the beds. And try as she would to wake him, his snores only became louder than ever.

But Vincent was anything but sleepy when he came rushing home from the office the next day. The "Claude Kimball guy," he said breathlessly. "He's a phony! He's really Claude Kimball. He called the Agency this morning and gave us his account. Seven millions dollars worth. They made me a partner on the strength of it and gave me a bonus besides. So hiring that actor to make love to you wasn't such a bad idea . . ."

"Actor?" Paula cut in innocently.

"What actor?"

"The actor you hired to flirt with you," Vincent grinned. Burke told me all about it.

Paula drew herself up disdainfully. "An actor to flirt with me?" She managed to get just the right percentage of outrage into her voice. "Are you insinuating that I have to hire someone to flirt with me? Furthermore, do you think Claude is the only man who ever flirted
with me? Plenty of men have flirted . . ."
"Furthermore, Vincent cut in. "I don’t ever want you to see this Kimball guy again. Understand?"
"You’ve got a lot of nerve telling me whom to see!" Paula was shouting now, too. "You and your Mr. Fraser! I finally saw Mr. Fraser last night and I might add that she’s very beautiful, especially in contrast to her. He acted like a hurdy-gurdy monkey and looked the part," she finished triumphantly knowing she had scored the whole way.

For Vincent was completely deflated. He was like an abject small boy when he came into the bedroom and as she was dressing for that evening’s date with Claude. He sounded so sincere as she buttoned her dress for her that she was tempted to believe him when he explained that Mrs. Fraser was the head of the Mesdames Cosmetic Company and he had only been trying to get the account.

"She was making it hard for me," he explained. "She likes to keep men dangling. Margot was always . . ."

"Margot?" Paula almost screamed the name. "So that’s who Mr. Fraser really is!" And after that Vincent couldn’t even get a word in edgewise.

Paula was going to Reno and that was that. It was easy enough to be firm about it when Vincent kept begging her to reconsider. But when she was actually on the train it wasn’t much fun, even with Claude there, attentive as usual, and with that look in his eyes which meant he had a very important question to ask her once she was free again.

Then just as the conductor called the first warning there was a sudden commotion on the platform and as Paula looked out of the window she saw Margot and Vincent pushing their way past a conductor trying to bar their way.

Paula braced herself as she saw them coming towards her. But all the braking in the world didn’t leave her prepared for the sudden slap in the face Margot gave her. And then before she could catch her breath Margot thrust a paper at her.

"There, maybe now you’ll believe it was really business," she cried.

She was gone then, but Paula wasn’t even conscious of her going. She didn’t that Claude had left either or that the train was moving. All she knew was that the printed contract giving Vincent the Mesdames account was the most beautiful piece of paper she had ever seen, proving as it did that Vincent had really been telling the truth after all.

"But why did she slap me?" she asked and even the sting in her cheek felt beautiful:

"Because I told her you were going to name her correspondent in your divorce case and that business would be ruined and . . ."

But Paula wasn’t even listening any more. For how could she be bored with the dismal details of landing a contract, even from a tough client like Mrs. Fraser, now that she finally realized the train was moving and that Vincent was gone with her. For what better place could she have gone for a second honeymoon than Reno.
Night Has A 1,000 Eyes

 Paramount

 AS THE star of a phony mind-read- ing act, Edward G. Robinson finds that he can actually see into the future. Told in flash-back, you are taken through a series of strange happenings—all but one resulting in the deaths he has fore- seen. First, a newsboy, then his fiancée, Virginia Bruce, who has married his best friend, Jerome Cowan, then Cowan, himself, and finally the dead couple’s daugh- ter, Gail Russell. Then you get the climax, suspenseful and chilling enough to make you wish you had twenty nails to bite, instead of just ten.

The War Of Jericho

 20th Century-Fox

 IN THE Bible, the Walls of Jericho came tumbling down when Joshua blew on his trumpet. In the picture, the city of Jericho is a small Midwestern town and there isn’t a trumpet in sight, but Cornel Wilde and Anne Baxter do a lot of the sound effects. It’s a terrific story of high-time politicians. The politician is Kirk Douglas, who is wed to an ambitious hussy named Algeria, Linda Darn- ell. Everyone is tangled in something or the other, and for a while everything looks hopeless, but in the last reel, Wilde gets Baxter and they get her. And you better get two candy bars—it’s a long picture.

Pifflat

Regal Films

 DICK POWELL is at it again. This time in an adult, well acted yarn about an insurance man whose one in- discretion with a model, Elizabeth Scott, causes the violent deaths of two men, her jail sentence, and the complete upheaval of his home and family life. It’s not a pretty picture, but is as human and believably handled as the love life of Powell’s wife, Raymond Barr, a new- comer, is terrible as the love-crazed men- ace. If you are over 21, don’t miss this.

Sorry, Wrong Number

Paramount

 IF AFTER seeing Barbara Stanwyck as a neurotic with a bad case of tele- phonitis, you don’t run for an aspirin the next time your phone rings, then you’re to be congratulated. Adapted from the radio script of the same name, the melo- drama deals with a wealthy, spoiled woman’s possessiveness of her economi- cally dependent husband, Burt Lancaster. In the final scene, while she’s still talking on the phone, what happens to Miss Stanwyck, will make you wish Don Ameche had never invented the telephone.

That Lady In Ermine

 20th Century-Fox

 Y’ALL probably like this romantic fantasy with Betty Grable playing a double role. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. playing a double role, lavish costumes and catchy tunes. The only difficulty is that you might not know what’s-happening and why. However, if you’re not too distracted by the luminous Grable and a singing and dancing Doug Fairbanks, you might pick up the plot quickly and fully understand the story, which has to do with history repeating itself and bringing together two people who had been fated for each other over a period of 300 years. Doug plays a dashing Hungarian husar who captures Countess Betty’s heart and castle, and outs Cesar Romero, her un kissed bridegroom, from both. It’s all rather confusing, but gay.

Embraceable You

Warner Brothers

DON’T be misled by the title—this is not a musical. In fact, it’s anything else but, because if you cry easily it’s a two hanky picture (Dane Clark must have used at least one, himself). To start off, Dane Clark is a young ne’er-do-good with a police record and Geraldine Brooks is a homely girl whom Dane runs over as he’s driving the getaway car from the scene of a murder. Though Miss Brooks shows no visible ill-effects, her life from that moment is doomed. When Clark learns this, he is forced to make her remaining days as happy as possible though he has no money and is being pursued by both a gang of killers and a soft-hearted cop, played by Wallace Ford. This is your dish if you like loads of emotion and smiling-through- the-tears.

Black Arrow

Columbia

BASED on the Robert Louis Steven- son book of the same name, you get a heavy larding of knights in shiny white armor, damsels in distress and a black- hearted uncle—youp, George Macready, again—who is not above killing his own brother. Back from the wars, young Louis Hayward learns of his father’s treacherous death and swears vengeance, plus his love for the fair, laughtly lass, Janet Blair. After much sword-play and time in a dank dungeon, Hayward suc- ceeds in besting Macready in a furious battle on the tournament lists while his true love looks on. Youngsters will like this, but how young can you get?
nothing could really dampen the enthusiasm of the guests.

ALMOST anyone who has ever driven along the beach at Santa Monica and has passed the great Colonial estate-on-the-shore where Marion Davies lived for so many years, has said, "I wonder what it is like inside?"

Well, a group of filmland’s famous got their first glimpse of the luxurious interiors, vast rooms and sweeping staircases, when "Oceanhouse" held its formal opening as an exclusive club.

My dear friend, Marion Davies, who has such charm and wit, has bought a new home in Beverly Hills and sold the famous “beach house” to a group of wealthy clubmen who have converted it into one of the swankiest clubs you have ever seen, with accommodations for overnight and weekend guests.

The premiere party at Oceanhouse was certainly a star-studded event. In the great Gold Leaf bar, which was formerly the ballroom, I was greeted by Connie Bennett and her husband, Col. Codier, Sylvia Sidney and Carleton Allop, Norma Shearer, Lady Furness, Astrid Kert and Garbo.

Dancing on the wide starlit verandah, which overlooks all of Santa Monica Bay, I noticed Ava Gardner and Howard Daft, with that look in their eyes, Anne Baxter and David Hedison, and pretty Peggy Knudsen with young Bill Hearst.

One of the most stunning gowns of the evening was that which Joan Crawford wore. It was of heavenly white lace, setting off her wonderful deep tan and, incidentally, that fabulous $100,000 brooch Joan lost at Slapsie Maxie’s, but fortunately recovered.

There were many beautiful gowns, including Garbo’s, with a catwalk creation and the off-the-shoulder dress Ava Gardner wore.

But I think I should add a note here about men’s fashions. The other afternoon at a tennis party and tea at the Joseph Cotten’s, I had to blink at the brilliant hue of Douglas Fairbanks’ shorts. Then I learned from Jennifer Jones and Pat Medina (Mrs. Richard Greene) that Joe and Doug, who are neighbors, have been engaging in a sartorial duel.

Cotten started it by showing up for a home-made movie at Doug’s house, wearing navy blue and white checked plus-fours with red golf stockings. Doug retaliated by appearing for lunch a few days later wearing kilts and snow shoes. The game has been going on for about a month, but Cotten really topped Doug when he appeared for a formal dinner at the Fairbanks’ wearing burnt-cork, a la Al Jolson.

“Black tie!” Joe exclaimed when Doug met him at the door. "Why, you distinctly said black face!"

S S W

When I presented the Earl of Warwick to lovely Arlene Dahl, she exclaimed, "He’s so handsome, Cobina, he ought to be in pictures!"

We all laughed because, before the War, the Earl did come to Hollywood and made several films under the pseudonym of Michael Brooke. But now his business and his position in Parliament keep him in England.

So many of the same group from Sonja’s gala event turned up the next day for the party which Harry Cocker gave for our great friend, Jimmy McHugh, the songwriter who is celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary in the music business.

Joan Fontaine, Clark Gable, Ann Miller, Diana Lynn, Loretta Young, Elizabeth Taylor, Rhonda Fleming, Bosita Granville and Hoagy Carmichael were just a few of Jimmy’s friends who joined in the congratulations. Harry Cocker mastered the ceremonies which included a weekend of McHugh’s song hits. Hoagy did a hilarious version of his new “Monkey Song” and operatic star Dorothy Kirsten gave a beautiful rendition of “Sweethearts,” with Sigmund Romberg, the composer, for her accompaniment.

It was a very informal, gay afternoon, the surprise part of which was a swimming exhibition in Jimmy’s big pool by Olympic champs, boy and girl “aquabats,” whom Harry Cocker had induced to come and stage a water show. There was a "dance routine" by two of the mermaids in the group.

Some of the spectators got splashed, but
At the same time it's their business to look smart. They want people to notice them. In fact it's human nature to feel that way. Even an actress is apt to move within the same circle. When her friends ask, "What are you going to wear tonight?" she doesn't want to say, "Oh, my old black velvet." At least she doesn't if she's smart. She'll try to change that dress. The easiest thing is to put on another necklace. But I think you can also use actual dressmaking ideas. It's like a card game. How many words can you make out of the word "Hollywood?" How many dresses out of one?

This is particularly true of young starlets who have to go to a certain number of previews, openings, and press parties. They can't let people say, "There's Mary Smith in the same black velvet dress." They don't usually have unlimited funds for an extensive wardrobe, so they have to use ideas instead of money.

Fall Colors

will include lighter shades this year. Winter no longer demands black, except perhaps in New York or London. There is a great mass of humanity who look good, and feel good in light colors and they'll be worn this year. Winter white will be good. Smoke grey, a soft, pale shade, will also be very popular.

Winter Revivals

will bring back the hostess gown. Any career girl, even if her day's work consists of drary filing of papers, will get the same feeling of luxury as a star, when she has dinner at home in a pretty hostess gown. It's good for the morale to know you look nice at home. It's refreshing and relaxing to go from the files to the femme fatale look.

The hostess gown worn by Ika Chase in Paramount's "Tatlock's Millions" is a simple and effective design in brown and white print challis with a brown taffeta lining and cummerbund.

Say It With Sashes

and also with cummerbunds, the wrapped-around sash. The "between world" is where the skirt and blouse meet. It's often a designer's dilemma. So now that it's smart to wear sashes... gay leather belts and cummerbunds... wear them! Mona Freeman, with a black velvet skirt and black jersey top, wears a cummerbund wrapping of touring blue and flashing geranium pink jersey. Gail Russell likes to wear plaid wool skirts and sweaters. For that smart touch she wraps her waistline with three strips of suede in brilliant colors.

Stars In The Sky

have more clothes problems than most women who fly across the country. Stars must have an ample wardrobe for personal appearances and all that. Maureen O'Sullivan worked it out cleverly when she flew to Ireland. She took two black taffeta dresses, one short for day and one long for evening. She also took plenty of changeable ideas. She did it with color, with blouses and with sashes. Pale pink blouses took the place of the taffeta top for evening... and crisp white ones made lovely day changes. She took sashes of bright green and sashes with jewel trimming. Her one jacket was Victorian, with enormous puffed sleeves. Incidentally, when Maureen packed, she put all her sashes inside of those sleeves.

Gloves Can Glorify

a costume, and they are in my opinion, more important than a hat. I'm a great believer in cotton gloves. You can buy the short colored cotons in the stores for very little money now, so you don't have to fuss with dyes to get the right color note. And little white cotton gloves... I'd advise every career girl to invest in a stack for them so that she always has a fresh pair to put sparkled into her costume.

The Hood Is Good

I think that with this new feeling of femininity, even the career and the campus girls will wear hoods. The stores are showing new sweaters with hoods attached, and it's a neat trick to put different colored scarves inside the hoods. To accent a color scheme.

For That Smart Look

the young Hollywood players are buying twin scarves... perhaps one in pink polka dot and one in green. They tie one around their hair and the other around the wrist or waist. They're using black or dark green velvetean scarf-squares and draping them like a bustle.

They're Wearing

smacks again. Not the utility overgarment but little numbers that are new. They wear the type of similar lines of the old type smock, but they have precise slits on each side, and belts either across the front, back, or all around. Veronica Lake has one black lace and she wears it over slim-skirted light-toned dresses.

Fall And Winter Fashions

will carry plenty of "back interest." This includes buttons down the back, sashes, bows, bustles, etc. So turn your sweaters around, keep an eye out for bright sashes and remember you can add a bustle to any simple dress by draping a big square scarf.

Young Girls

who work either in an office or in the campus library, are expressing their clothes ideas with more ingenuity now. If they want to pin their necklace at the waistline, they do it. And why not? Barbara Stanwyck fastens to a plain gold chain, all kinds of jewelry odd-and-ends, and wears it at her belt. Save the tiny earrings, the extra stud or button, the odd coin, the charms, and let them all do their thing in mad confusion. If the stars seek fashions ideas for distinction, every young girl needs them for that and economy, too.
A proper sense of values also helps fend off loneliness. All girls go through a stage of wanting to have dates with the Big Beautiful Guys, the ones with muscles, money, a convertible and dancing ability like Gene Kelly's. Later on they go through a stage of wanting men for what they are; they weigh their good qualities, look at them with a proper sense of appreciation for character.

Another sure way for a girl to become lonely eventually is to "play the field" of dates too hard and too long. The confirmed coquette after a while falls on any boy or man. He gets a very definite idea that she is fickle and finally turns his attention to a possibly less attractive girl, but one on whom he thinks he can depend for companionship and understanding.

Still another mistake many girls make is being obvious about wanting to get married. Men just don't like to be rushed or pushed into matrimony. They are scarred away by a girl who is foolish enough to be uninvolved about her eagerness for orange blossoms.

I need hardly mention that a girl who possesses a good sense of humor, who is companionable and gay, interesting and stimulating, is never a lonely girl. She has a keen sense of what is happening. As she gets older, if she has not married and would like to, she'll find outside influences may complicate her life. Suppose, for example, she is a successful career girl.

Lots of men are afraid that these girls will want to continue their careers and will think more about their work than about marriage. These men are either afraid of competition—fear their wives would be more successful than they—or they are selfish, wanting to be undisputed bosses of the household. Whatever the cause, if a man with that fixed idea seems the ideal mate for some career girl, my suggestion is that she give up her work for a year at least and concentrate on her homemaking, for that first year is the most important of the greatest amount of adjustments. Perhaps later her husband will change his mind.

The career girl may also discover that her own success and financial status contribute to her loneliness because unmarried men her own age are afraid they can't spend money in the manner to which they think she is accustomed.

To confine dates to men who are Somebodies is to be a snob. Nobodies are frequently just as interesting and probably have more to say to us than the typical career girl. Besides, Nobodies are tomorrow's Somebodies, a thought not original but certainly true.

Naturally it is fun and exciting being with successful men because they, almost without exception, have the energy, ambition and talent needed for success; those very qualities make them interesting companions. But waiting for them exclusively leads to loneliness.

Waiting around for things—whether dates or marriage—just doesn't pay off. Do something about it! If you think you're in a rut of loneliness, if you're young it's probably because you are too self-centered. Extreme shyness is essentially egocentric. You should make a concerted effort to adjust yourself to your surroundings, friends and companions. If you are older and working, do that too, but in addition try to get a complete change on your vacation. Save money all year, if need be, for that change. Take a trip that will give you a change of scene, a chance that you can bump into romance anywhere, but don't tackle the vacation with the desperate determination to Get That Man. That scares 'em off, as I said before. Be interested in the things you see, the food you eat, the people you meet. Get your mind off yourself!

Being personal, I've always wanted a trip to Europe. The War made it impossible for years, after I could afford one. Then I thought it might be more fun. I worked hard and could go with a husband. But since I've not married, I finally decided after finishing "Casbah" that I'd better do something about my trip, and went alone. I flew the Atlantic, motored through Switzerland, France and Italy. I enjoyed every foot of it almost as much as the change I needed. The same can be true of other, not-so-far-off places.

In Hollywood, you see, there exist all the previously-discussed causes for loneliness, plus other factors—which you probably are aware of after the next time you are in the doldrums.

Take the matter of shying away from the too-evident idea of marriage. Here, even if the girl doesn't give that impression, the columnists do. After just a few dates and the girl is said to be "at the altar- bound. All too often the man bolts, because he has no such intention. At least in your home town you don't have to cope with publicity that blights many a romance here!

As for men being afraid of successful career girls, there seems to regard actresses as the Xth degree of such. Then, too, actresses do quite well financially and often have larger incomes than some of the nice young men they might like to marry. We also have a high rate of treatment of men who come in from New York on picture or radio assignments, and then go back again. There are, too, although the Chamber of Commerce doesn't like to admit it, more women than men in Hollywood—which means that some of the girls, however glamorous and successful they might be, won't find enough dates to go around.

But when a actress is working in a picture, she usually gets up at 6 a.m., which does knock out many dates, for in the evening she must study for the next day's scenes. Additionally, the camera picks up the least signs of fatigue in one's face, so that limits dates to one or two at the most each week, if a girl really cares. Mind, I'm not saying, "Pity the poor Hollywood Glamour Girl!" But I do say a lot of H.G.G.'s are lonely, and partly because of the aggravated pattern imposed by our town and industry. So be glad your home town doesn't complicate your problem so much for you.

And the next time you're lonely, take the advice of Grandmère Yvonne (how do I look in my shawl and tippet?) and start thinking about other people. It works. Honest!

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Where Do We Go From Here?

Continued from page 49

stered under Dale's supervision in a linen fabric with a Mexican print motif. On both sides of the room, there are flower pots, one with Dale's name, the other with Roy Rogers'. These are moored to the shelves where they stand, so they can never be knocked off.

On one of the chairs Dale sat, a picture of domesticity, with Dusty, Roy's sixteen-month-old buckaroo, on her lap. Roy comfortably lounged on another chair.

It's obvious that all of Roy's plans include Dale. They're one of Hollywood's most refreshing couples—and how Roy could plan anything ahead without Dale by his side is more than I would know.

Roy and Dale first met four years ago when they were both cast in "The Cowboy And The Senorita." It was the first Western picture in which Dale had ever appeared—in fact, the first she'd ever seen—and if it hadn't been for Roy's patience and kindness, she might not have had the courage to remain in West erns.

"I thought Roy was fair, level-headed, down-to-earth, like the people from my home state, Texas," she says. "He was never temperamental."

In the past year they've grown to mean more and more to each other. They were married in December, 1947.

Roy said, "My plan includes acting in pictures for the next ten years, if I remain popular enough as a Western star. Dale, Gabby and I are planning a radio show together, and Dale and I want to go on rodeos and personal appearances together.

"The overhead on the rodeos is so high that they are booked only in cities having very large arenas. But I want to meet all my fans—not only those who live in big cities. There are probably hundreds of thousands of people living in small towns which don't have enough people to support a rodeo. But Dale and I want to go to those towns and meet these people. To do that, we have to change our routine somewhat."

"Do you think that, on the whole," I asked Roy, "your life as a movie cowboy has been a good one? Would you be willing to have your children follow the same career?"

"There have been a lot of heartaches," Roy admitted, "yet I'm certainly glad that I became a movie cowboy. And I'd like Dusty to become one, too—if he takes to it. Somehow I think he will. When he's about three or four, I'm going to have him appear in one of my pictures. Already, when he gets on a pony, you can't pull him off, so I think he'll enjoy the experience."

"As for the girls—five-year-old Linda Lou and eight-year-old Cheryl—I'd rather see them marry happily and raise families than have careers. But sometimes I have my doubts as to whether I'll be able to get Cheryl to see things my way. Right now Cheryl says she will never marry. She seems to be the executive type."

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“One day she said, ‘I’ll never get married, because I don’t want any bosses.’

“Dale said gently, ‘Well, honey, you’ll have a boss anywhere you go through life.’

“Regardless of what kind of school the children go to eventually, we’ll send them to public school for a few years. That’s so they will meet not only the children of wealthy parents but all kinds of youngsters. We want them to learn to live with all kinds of people and never to think of any sort of noblesse.

“Roy has loved children all his life, and so the children are an important part of all his plans. In fact, his feeling about children is so intense that he has never missed a chance to help any child who needed help. Once when an eight-year-old boy, Dennis Rogers, was in the Los Angeles Hospital as a result of an automobile accident, and was going blind, he told a nurse that more than anything else in the world, he wanted a Roy Rogers cowboy shirt and boots.

“Roy heard about it. He didn’t simply send the shirt and boots and let it go at that. He sent down to the hospital himself, bringing them with him.

“The boy recognized Roy’s voice, was thrilled, and with grabbing hands, fondled his idol’s face. Then he touched the cherished gifts which he had wanted and dreamed about. With the help of Roy, he got dressed in the outfit.

“Part of Roy’s ten-year plan takes in not only the future of his own children but the future of children all over America. In honor of Roy, groups known as the Roy Rogers Riders have been built up all over the country. These are boys who admire the cowboy star, and write in to his photographs. A result of this, it is known that a Western hero has a great deal of influence on youngsters. Roy worked out a set of rules that any boy would be the better for following. These may later be published in book form especially for youngsters, but Screenland has the privilege of bringing these rules to your youngsters for the first time in any magazine.

“‘Roy Rogers Riders are right with these rules. Study them and obey them to be a member in good standing of the Roy Rogers Riders,’ says Roy.

1. Right to be courteous and polite.
2. Right to be prompt—make it a must to be on time.
3. Right to obey your parents and persons older than you.
4. Right to eat all your food—wrong to waste it.
5. Right to always tell the truth.
6. Right to be brave—wrong to take chances.
7. Right to love our flag and our country.
8. Right to study hard and learn all you can.
9. Right to be kind to animals and care for them.
10. Right to protect the weak and help the poor.

“In any ten-year plan of Roy’s, his horse Trigger necessarily has to figure.

“Trigger has been an important part of Roy’s career, and Roy himself told me that his favorite picture was one which glorified Trigger, ‘My Pal Trigger.’

“If Trigger is still in good health for the next ten years, I shall keep him and use him in my pictures,” Roy promised. “He’s now fifteen. Many palominos are fine till they’re thirty. I hope that will be true of Trigger.

“If anything should happen to Trigger, I have a new-old Trigger Jr., one of Trigger’s colts—and he’s out of this world. He already knows a good share of Trigger’s tricks.”

“In addition to his movie plans, Roy has merchandising tie-ups which will help him support the three children around whom he has built his life and his hopes for happiness. For the past five years his business agents and Roy himself have been selecting things with which they could be proud to have the name ‘Roy Rogers’ associated. Merchandise has included shirts, blue-jeans, gun holsters, dolls, sports-wear, rings, leather jackets, slacks, belts, wallets, lassos and spurrs and many other objects associated with the West and with Roy. He himself takes an active part in the supervision of the designs for these, and is associated with the actual manufacture of the lassos and spurrs.

“Once, Roy decided to have a cowboy suit made in miniature for his son Dusty—a tiny duplicate of his own suits. A photograph of this suit attracted the attention of a manufacturer who sought and obtained permission to have the suit duplicated for merchandising. Roy, of course, gets a percentage of all such sales.

“The three Rogers children are proud of their own Roy Rogers suits and dolls. Dusty has the Roy Rogers doll, Cheryl the Trigger doll, Linda the Dale Evans doll. Who was to get which doll was decided by placing the names of the dolls on slips of paper and drawing lots. Four women were chosen to act so selflessly as Dale has in getting the Rogers household organized. When the children asked her what to call her, she said, ‘You may call me Mother or Dale, whichever you feel like.’

“Regardless of what they call her—so far it’s been Dale—she has been a true mother to all three children. The room selected for the two girls has sixteen windows. Roy and Dale once worked till midnight putting up the valances and hanging the tinsel gingham curtains on all the windows.

“When their job was finished, they looked the room over and sighed a little. ‘This place,’ said Roy, ‘is beginning to look like home, honey.’ And as a very tired Dale observed, she was as happy as though he had just pinned a medal on her for unusual bravery in action.

“Which, come to think of it, wouldn’t be a bad idea. For any woman who can step into a two-story household with three mothers’ children, and in a few months build their lives around a new home and help them solve all their problems—and at the same time help her ambitious husband carry out his far-reaching plans—ought to have a medal pinned on her.

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Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

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

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Screenland
LIFE is just a bowl of bubbles—is the way Doris Day sings it! She bought a new house, so now her young son and mother can come West to live with her. Then her estranged husband (George Weidler) arrived in town with Stan Kenton's band. He called Doris up, they drove to the beach and talked until dawn. They saw each other daily until the band left. They know now how much they love each other. There are no future plans, except that eventually they'll be together—always.

—

Pity poor "Tarzan"—or Lex Barker to you. After wrestling with lions all day at the studio, he came home and found his family in a turmoil. His pet Newfoundland had been arrested for wandering through Beverly Hills unleashed. It cost "Tarzan" $15 to bring the "savage beast" home again!

—

There have been good days and bad days, since Van Johnson first came to Hollywood. Never once has he lost his enthusiasm. That's why he got a terrific kick out of 20th Century-Fox borrowing him for "Mother Was A Freshman." When he tried to get a test with that company, they couldn't see him. Now he's going to co-star with Loretta Young. Once upon a time Van used to send her fan letters!

—

It happened at the preview of "Johnny Belinda." When the picture was over, Betty Bligh and Ronald Reagan get in groove listening to the King Cole Trio at Ciro's.

Abbott and Costello greet their $30,000 contest winner, Mrs. Bessie M. Lawrence.

Pat O'Brien, of RKO's "The Boy With Green Hair," takes the missus to Del Mar races.

Hedy Lamarr, next in "Samson And Delilah," at Stork Club with Comedienne Bea Lillie.
There was temptation in her helpless silence

...and then torment

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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"Johnny Belinda"

CHARLES BICKFORD

The doctor first to find her secret, first to share her shame.

AGNES MOOREHEAD • STEPHEN McNALLY • JEAN NEGULESCO • JERRY WALD

Screenplay by IRMGARD VON CUBE and ALLEN VINCENT • From the Stage Play by Elmer Harris • Produced by Harry Weisler • Music by MAX STEINER

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Surely you know that a great many other women heartily approve of Tampax and if you have not adopted it yet—why not? This modern monthly sanitary protection clears away all the worries caused by the older “outside” method. For Tampax (the invention of a doctor) is worn internally and the user actually is unaware of its presence.

No belts, no pins and no external pads are worn with Tampax. Therefore no bulk to slow you down. No edge-lines to fret about. No chafing and no odor. Nothing in fact to distract your attention or lower your self-confidence... Made of pure surgical cotton compressed into slender applicators, Tampax is easy to use, quick to change and no trouble to dispose of.

Are you ready to join the millions who have these advantages every month? You can get Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. An average month’s supply will slip right into your purse. And there’s an economy box with 4 months’ average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Mrs. Randolph Scott and Robert Cummings, at a Mocambo party, discuss their mates.

Randolph Scott and Mrs. Robert Cummings, their cross-table partners, at same party.

Sunday.” When they got him on the phone, he finally confessed that his horse had stepped on his foot and he couldn’t walk! With a sigh of relief, they quickly arranged to shoot those scenes where he just lies on an Army cot and talks. But what a ribbing Dan took from Celeste Holm and the rest of the cast!

Sonny Tufts and Victor Mature blush with shame when they walk on the “Interference” set. Real gridiron stars are being used in this story of American football. Next to these young giants, Sonny and Vic (who both weigh over 200) look like sissies. Incidentally, when they were searching for the right director, they ended up choosing Jacques Tourneur, a talented Frenchman! It could only happen in Hollywood!

For technical reasons they had to suspend Ray Milland, when he refused to make “The Mask Of Lucretia.” But they still love him at Paramount. During the

George Raft dances with Lita Baron, Rory Calhoun’s favorite date, at Del Mar Hotel.

The Jack Wrathers, of “Strike It Rich,” lunch with Bonita’s mother at Brown Derby.

Mickey Rooney has something to say in favor of salads to Hollywood Brown Derby waiter.
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
18 years he's been in pictures, Ray has never turned down a role. This record his bosses aren't overlooking. Actually, they're searching madly for a story that is worthy of his talent displayed in "The Lost Weekend."

Burt Lancaster remains at all times the rugged individualist. When he finished "Crisis Cross," Warner Bros. wanted to borrow him to play opposite Joan Crawford in "Flamingo Road." They even offered to pay a handsome bonus. Burt declined to co-star with Hollywood's number one glamour girl, because he had already made plans to tour the vaudeville circuit, doing his old circus stunts.

Humphrey Bogart does not forget—which only adds to the irony of this story. About six years ago a talented young actress played a small part opposite the star. An enthusiastic Bogey made a mental note to remember the girl when a good role came along. Recently, he needed a certain type leading lady for "Knock On Any Door." The part was perfect for Susan Peters—who is the girl in our story. A luckier Susan Perry (formerly Candy Toxton) won out.

Any other husband would have been furious, but Cornel Wilde was delighted. He and Patricia Knight were stopped by a fan, as they left the studio where they are making "The Lovers." First, Pat was asked for her autograph. Turning to Cornel, the fan seriously said: "Now will you please sign my book, too—Mr. Knight?" Our boy signed it—Cornel Knight!

Aside from his acting talent, too much cannot be said about Eddie Albert's kind heart. Every penny he made in "You Got To Stay Happy" (opposite Joan Fontaine and Jimmy Stewart) went back into his series of educational shorts. Eddie, aided by his lovely wife, Margo, is deeply concerned with the welfare of young America. By properly presenting sex education and body preservation, he's already reduced juvenile delinquency. Hollywood should be very proud of him.
Watch for that scene in "June Bride" where Bette Davis and Robert Montgomery cuddle-up in a sleigh filled with hay. They may have looked lovelyy-dovy, but oh, brother! Adding insult to realism, they discovered the hay was filled with—flea's! Both Bette and Bob were "itching" to get away to their farms in the East. So they stuck it out—but it sure kept them "hopping!"

Good news for you Helmut Dantine fans, who have remained loyal while he's been off the screen. Warner Bros. want him to come back and star in "Autumn Crocus," which was bought for him originally. Word reached Helmut the day his seven and a half pound son came into the world. He's been nicknamed "Lucky"—for obvious reasons.

Despite verbal and printed denials, separation rumors for the Rex Harrisons continue to intrigue Hollywood. Some believe they're only waiting for time to lapse, following the tragic death of Carole Landis. No sooner was that publicity on the wane, than Rex's ex-wife in London appealed for legal aid. According to her claim, the charming Britisher owes her thousands of dollars in back alimony.

Red-headed Rhonda Fleming is really in there—whirling. Her contract is now shared by David Selznick, Paramount and Bing Crosby, who selected her for "A Connecticut Yankee." No sooner was she catching her first good breath, than Bing requested her for "Easy Does It." When Rhonda told her that Bing the good news, he just shook his head sadly. "Read your contract carefully, girl," he "warned" her, "or Hope will insert a clause that forces you to laugh at those jokes!"

That "feud" continues between those good friends, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable. If plans work out, both are supposed to be in Europe at the same time. Spence hopes to "frame" Clark with a gag cable from Esther Williams. It will require him to personally select her, a dozen of those daring diaper French bathing suits! If Clark falls for it, wouldn't you love to be in on that shopping tour?

It would have been so easy for Gloria De Haven to be bitter over Ginger Rogers replacing Judy Garland in "The Barkleys Of Broadway." Gloria, like Judy (and unlike Ann Miller) is the right size and type for Fred Astaire. She can dance and sing, and too. The day Ginger started rehearsals (and mighty glad she was to be back with "The Master"), Gloria stopped by to wish everyone good luck.

"Wild Bill Wellman," he's affectionately called. And with good reason. The director was rehearsing six-feet-four Gregory Peck and five-feet-four Anne Baxter, in a love scene for "Yellow Sky." The stars looked anything but convincing. "Wild Bill" screamed for a shovel and tossed it at Greg's feet. "Here, dig yourself a hole to stand in!" Greg dug until his lips met Anne's from a kissable angle.

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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.

Screenland 11
The Delicious story of America's most beautiful model... and 3 men who led a model life!

By Helen Hendricks

Cry Of The City
20th Century-Fox

ADAPTED from the suspense novel "The Law And Martin Rome," this picture becomes a grim, yet human, drama of one criminal's fight against the law. With Richard Conte playing the role of Martin Rome, murderer and fugitive, and Victor Mature as the detective who doesn't forget he's a human being, both actors are superbly cast. As a matter of fact, each individual appearing in the picture gives a top performance. A number of scenes shot in New York give the film a feeling of authenticity. This is not a preachy picture—at least, not the way Mature underplays his lines—but the result will
haunt your mind for days, especially the final shot showing Mature and Rome's kid brother. A picture like this, and an actor like Conte are credits to Hollywood.

**Good Sam**

RKO

**This** is a picture about a man called Sam who is very good, and who loves the human race so much that he almost wrecks his own marriage by his benevolent actions. Gary Cooper is Sam, and Ann Sheridan is his wife, who loses her patience when Sam's kindness almost costs them their "dream" home. But when Christmas Eve rolls around, after an hour and thirty minutes, Sam shows them all that kindness pays off, and that bread cast on waters comes back French toast.

**The Babe Ruth Story**

**Allied Artists**

For baseball fans and all admirers of the late Babe Ruth, this film will be an adequate view of the Bambino's eventful life. Actually, if the picture didn't take the doomed attitude from the very beginning, and had told Ruth's life story minus the constant barrage of sentiment, this might have been an excellent record of baseball's most colorful and beloved figure. William Bendix does well with his difficult assignment. But, somehow, the real Babe Ruth and the feeling for baseball seems to be lacking.

**Isn't It Romantic?**

**Paramount**

And it sure is with Veronica Lake, Mona Freeman and Mary Hatcher cavorting across the screen in a sister act. The girls are all dolled up a la 1910—the new look before it got all this publicity. However, it might be the new look in clothes, but it's an old look—story: a father who is still fighting the Civil War and thinks work is beneath his dignity. Naturally, papa loses up one daughter's romance with the town's most eligible bachelor, gets himself involved with a swindler, Patric Knowles, and almost loses another daughter to said villain. There are songs by anyone who can sing, comedy by Billy De Wolfe, and a cameran that goes BANG just as everyone is smiling happily into the camera.

**Rachel And The Stranger**

RKO

If you're looking for a picture that's just a little bit different, then this is one you shouldn't miss. In addition to having Academy Award Winner Loretta Young, Robert Mitchum and Bill Holden as a frontier-days' triangle, there's an exciting Indian raid, some mighty fancy singing by Mitchum and a love story that's pretty darn cute. It all starts when Widower Holden decides that his young son needs a woman's influence around the cabin. He meets Bondswoman Loretta Young, buys her for a fast $50, marries her and promptly��egates her to being his son's tutor, and just plain chews her out. That is, until Mitchum appears to show this here kinda treatment ain't fittin' fer a gal as party as Rachel.

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Screendland

13
From then on, it's Mitchum vs. Holden, with Miss Young winding up winner and still champion.

**For The Love Of Mary**
*Universal-International*

Pursued by three young men, Edmond O'Brien, Jeffrey Lynn, and Don Taylor, Deanna Durbin hardly has time to answer any of the business calls, she's supposed to handle as a switchboard operator at the White House, U.S.A.—honest! Not only do these amorous blades tie up the presidential telephone wires with calls to the fair lady, but almost everyone who's anyone in Washington is in on the three-way romance—including, yup, yup, yup, the President, himself! Deanna sings, and Mr. President gives advice on how to cure hickeys. It seems you take a paper bag, and...

**An Innocent Affair**
*United Artists*

Besides bringing back Buddy Rogers to the screen, this picture is quite a gay, sophisticated farce about an advertising executive, Fred MacMurray, who has a suspicious wife, Madeleine Carroll. Buddy does a nice job of playing a soft-spoken Southern tobacco magnate who meets and falls for Miss Carroll under very amusing circumstances. Things get funnier after MacMurray learns who his competitor in romance is. Fred then gets into a mess of trouble by telling worshippers to get his mixed marital life back to normal.

**Station West**
*RKO*

And here we have an interesting Western, especially if you can figure out what it's all about. Of course, you'll immediately know that Dick Powell is working as an Army undercover man who's tracking down the murderers of two soldiers who were slain while guard-
What this young wife wants to know but hates to ask...

Learn Here Scientific Truth You Can Trust about these Intimate Physical Facts!

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—pity 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 use.

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Scientist

What better assurance could you want than to know that a famous Surgeon and renowned Scientist developed the ZONITE principle—the first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germ-killing and deodorizing action yet absolutely harmless. ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

A Modern Miracle!

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerful—the effects are not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can feel confident ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Scientific douching instructions come with every bottle. Buy ZONITE at any drugstore.

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Screenland 15
A pre-Christmas Guide to gifts for men as suggested by clear-thinking Hollywood males

By Courtenay Marvin

Robert Stack, eligible young bachelor, puts a lot of dos and don'ts in his suggestions.

Robert Young, family man, sums up his needs in easy, mannish fashion. He knows what he wants.

Marshall Thompson's Christmas wish is for the whole wide world. He wants peace and good will.

CHRISTMAS is closer than you think. It's always that way. It sneaks up because this is a season of heightened tempo. Football, school and college activities, more social life in the home, that new television set and all the happy doings steal time. So we hit upon the bright idea of planning and shopping for men well in advance. Our platform is get the men out of your shopping life first. Then your gift list will go like a charm.

Now Christmas shopping for men, from little brother to the big boss, is a subject to approach with temerity. For men seem far more sensitive and shy about voicing their wants and their tastes, the little darlings, than the girls. So for a refreshing memory refresher we went straight to Hollywood and asked three male stars, representing different age and interest groups, just what they hoped somebody would give them for Christmas. Here are their reactions in a nutshell:

WE START with Robert Young, maestro of our gift panel and star of RKO's forthcoming "Baltimore Escapade." Bob should be very experienced in this gift matter, possessing as he does a charming wife and four daughters. A complete Christmas victim of the feminine influence, he has had years of the family trying to avoid the usual and thinking up something different and original. Result, this year Bob is going very practical and asking for socks, ties and handkerchiefs.

For the men in your family, these are certainly the old faithful for your gift list. Handkerchiefs are a cinch. Our only warning is on ties and socks. Otherwise conservative ladies often let Christmas spirit go to their heads and go berserk on color. So choose your color chart from the type of socks and ties a man usually wears, and keep somewhat to the general pattern. Oh, well, with maybe a little splurge on the young and gay side. And do buy ties and socks with the understanding that they may be exchanged. And don't feel hurt if the recipient does exchange. He'll thank you for being a good sport as well as for the gift.

* * *

ROBERT STACK, appearing in "Fighter Squadron," approaches the gift situation on the assumption that the giver is a pretty girl. From her he wants nothing, absolutely nothing, but a date! In this case, he'd much prefer to give. Then feeling that maybe somebody else is going to give him a gift anyway, he lists his year and his ways, to quote: "Don't buy me neckties. Certain materials tie much better than others. Poplin and Botany flannels, for example, tie much better than crepes and soft silks. I won't say a word about women picking patterns. I just prefer to select my own. "Don't go shopping for me in a gimnlick store. Those fancy duck calls, fishdelias and gun buffers look mighty attractive all wrapped up in a gift box. For the prac- (Please turn to page 64)
As the towers of Manhattan gleamed in the morning sun, Clara's hopeful young heart pounded with eagerness and expectation.

"What a beautiful city!" she thought. "My city to be!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ILLESTRA-rD BY JACK KEAY

SCEENLDAN

17
Where do stars get the depth of emotion to put over a love scene?

by George Jessel

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.

George Jessel

How stars get that way.....
The Paramount Post of the American Legion recently held their own World Series with a softball game between studio writers, and actors recruited by Bob Hope. Above: Bob played so hard he threw out his sacroiliac, but helped his team win, 19 to 9. Proceeds from the game were used to help buy a grandstand for veterans at their field at Sawtell, California. Gene Kelly (above), dancing in for a run in the eighth inning, also starred for the actors in the benefit game.

**NEWSREEL**

Above: Burt Lancaster and Bob get correct time from petite starlet, Mary Jane Saunders. Below: Mona Freeman, hubby Pat Hearney and Mary Hatcher were eager rooters for the hard-hitting actors.
By Lynn Bowers

SO HOLLYWOOD has at last captured the elusive Mr. James Mason! He has "consented" to grace the American cinema with his talents in the Enterprise production, "The Best Things In Life Are Free," which also has Barbara Bel Geddes and Bob Ryan. This is the picture version of Libby Block's best-seller, "Wild Calendar," which has been in the mill for, lo, these many months, or moons—if you're an Indian.

Quite strange and coincidental that Ginger Rogers turned down the above picture and Barbara replaced her, while as almost the same day Judy Garland's

President Miguel Aleman of Mexico welcomes Robert Mitchum to Tuberculosis Fund benefit premiere of "The Paradine Case"
nervous breakdown brought about her replacement in "The Barkleys Of Broadway" by Ginger. This story of a Broadway couple will re-unite Rogers and Astaire, who are filmdom's greatest dancing team of all time. Don't think the announcement of the pairing of these two nimble-footed stars didn't cause plenty of excitement around this town, which has loudly bemoaned the fact that they haven't done a picture together for nine years.

Cary Grant, that fabulously attractive man, has received two hundred and nineteen proposals of marriage from fans since he started filming "Every Girl Should Be Married." All the ladies who have written in seem to think the title of that picture is awfully good advice and they'd all like to take that advice, provided Cary is willing to cooperate. A guy I know who is very close to the picture reports that Betsy Drake, Cary's heart interest both in and out of films, is only terrific. There are also people around these parts who swear that Cary and Betsy are secretly married.

Just before Roy Rogers and Dale Evans took off for their big rodeo tour around the country we lured them out to our house to a party for Evelyn Koleman, godmother of Roy's son Dusty. She is also Republic's New York publicity gal. Roy and Dale had taken Evelyn on a bear hunt up in the High Sierras and she was just "barely" recovering from a-settin' in the saddle. We had some fine entertainment during the evening and the stars were, of course, Roy and Dale, who sat down at the piano and played and sang for a couple of hours. Dale looks simply wonderful—and about seventeen years old. Hard to realize that her son, Tommy Fox, is now a married man. Next day we got a beautiful bouquet of a zillion dozen red roses from those two swell guys, along with a note saying they'd had fun. They had fun! How about us?

Howard Duff is a happy man. He's moved into a rented house from a bachelor apartment and can now cook his own breakfast. Seems nothing is so important to him as the morning repast, which he claims (Please turn to page 63)
Gary Cooper 

The romantic architect hero of Ayn Rand's popular novel, "The Fountainhead," is Gary Cooper's next picture assignment for Warner Brothers.
Ginger and Fred
Are Together Again!

Once again the magic of the names, Rogers and Astaire, awakens memories of the most provocative, most popular team ever to dance into movie fans' hearts. Though almost ten years have passed since Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire have been in a musical together, fans not only recall "Flying Down To Rio," "The Gay Divorcee," "Top Hat" as if they were made only yesterday, but have never ceased clamoring to see Rogers and Astaire together again. Now MGM's "The Barkleys Of Broadway" reunites Ginger and Fred in the kind of gay, romantic story their fans have always loved the best.

Above: All smiles, Ginger, Fred, MGM Producer Arthur Freed arrive on the set for the first day of shooting on "The Barkleys Of Broadway." No other dance team has ever rivaled the popularity that is Ginger's and Fred's.
You'll hear all kinds of "inside" reports about the evasive Bing Crosby, but here's one that's actual and authentic.

By Florence Pritchett

Bing Crosby appearing as Florence Pritchett's guest on her popular radio program. He's currently in "The Emperor Waltz."

The Kind Of Guy Crosby Is

On a recent morning, simultaneously with the dawn, my phone rang furiously. Expecting it to be someone conducting a poll on what radio program was keeping me awake, I was surprised to hear the voice of the editor of this magazine. He sounded, to my sleepy ears, much more than excited.

"Flo," he screamed, "Bing Crosby is in town!"

"How perfectly divine," I replied. "What am I supposed to do about it? Fall out of bed?"

"Immediately," he answered, "and get us a story."

Then he hung up the phone.

I lay there in bed pondering over how I was going to catch up with the elusive (believe me, he is elusive) Bing Crosby. About eight A.M., the mail arrived and my problem was solved by the publicity-minded studio which Bing honors with his presence. Fate and Paramount, plus the fact that Mr. Crosby gets a year older every year, practically dropped Bing right in my lap. I had been invited to Bing Crosby's birthday party—and what a birthday party it was!

Most appropriately, it was held high above the lighted city, way up in the clouds that slide by the glass roof of the RCA building. I tore into the elevator, late as usual, and bumped into Kay Thompson and the four Williams Brothers. Kay was swinging a long mink coat as she ran around the corner. Underneath the coat, her long, colt-like legs were encased in tight black slacks. The four brothers, who glared at me in unison, were, as usual, very "pipe-y." What's more, I am told they never take the pipes out of their mouths.

Oh!—but I was going to get a story on Bing, so I went upstairs, all eighty-six floors up. A group of girls with pencils and long lists of names were sitting at a table outside the room, checking in the "who's here" who had been asked. I don't know who had been asked but everybody and his family was there. The Rainbow Room bulged at the seams with celebrities and non-celebrities. Marlene Dietrich sat at a table with fourteen men, and Veronica Lake looked lost without her hair to peer through. (She still has her hair. (Please turn to page 55)
Left: Doing a benefit broadcast with Bob Hope. Below: With Frank Sinatra. There is no professional jealousy between them. They're still good friends. "I haven't a nerve in my body," says Bing.

Above: Bing in the uniform of the Pittsburgh Pirates, the baseball team of which he's part owner. Right: Paulette Goddard gets some golf tips from Bing, who's next in "Connecticut Yankee."
Hollywood's most versatile actress intends doing her best to make them all come true

I WISH first that I might never again hear Hollywood panned by anyone. But especially by the people who live here and work here.

If you hate the place, I am tempted to say and AM saying to the panners, don't come here. If you do come here, because you need the money, get it and then want to go back to where you come from, say so. But let's have no more of this, "Isn't it wonderful to be out of Hollywood and back in New York, with real people, really sophisticated people?"—the smug assumption being that Hollywood is peopled by phonies, with the manners and mentalities of yokels...at which I burn...

A few months ago, Bill Powell and his Mousie; Jack Gage, who directed "The


Rosalind Makes Nine Wishes
By Rosalind Russell

For these, and a few thousand other reasons, all equally valid, no more panning of Hollywood is my No. 1 Wish. Especially no more panning, if I may repeat myself, by those who can give thanks to Hollywood for what they have on their backs, on their heads, in their homes, in their bank accounts, in their ice-boxes, garages, on their fingers and toes. To me, such lack of courtesy, amounting to monstrous ingratitude, is comparable to accepting bountiful hospitality, then knitting your hostess in her pretty back.

Me, when I am in New York, or anywhere away from home, I'm thinking: What's paying this hotel bill? Would I, except for Hollywood, be wearing this $85.00 hat? This mink coat? Pre-war vintage, it's true, but mink. Not likely, Roz, old thing, I tell myself, not likely.

Speaking of the largesse of Hollywood prompts me to make another wish, the wish that I may NEVER have too much. I'm a nut on that, boys and girls. I have never seen happiness, hand in hand with too much money. There may be, there probably are, exceptions. But I might not be one of them! With this in mind, I always keep in reserve several things I would like to have, or like to do, but don't have and don't do.

I have not, as mentioned, had a fur coat since before the War. And I do not intend to have one while prices for the pelts of four-footed animals are what they are. I want very much to add a room to our house in Beverly Hills for our son, Lance, who still shares a room with his nurse—an arrangement he, aged five, feels he has (Please turn to page 58).


Rosalind Russell going over her lines for "The Velvet Touch" with Dialog Director Kurt Steinbart. She will do four comedies.
Hedy Lamarr

As a pretty psychiatrist in Eagle Lion's romantic comedy, "Let's Live A Little," Hedy Lamarr has a refreshing change of pace from her usual femme fatale roles.
Festive Hawaiian Evening

The Gene Raymonds are hosts at Hawaiian party on completion of "Million Dollar Weekend"

Left: Jeanette MacDonald helps hubby Gene Raymond greet Stephanie Paull and husband Dr. Harvey Cummins with leis of carnations imported from Hawaii for the occasion. Party theme conformed with locale of "Million Dollar Weekend," an action thriller aboard United Airliner to and from Honolulu. It's Gene's first assignment as star-director.

Above: Stephanie Paull with co-star Gene Raymond. Below: Gene and Jeanette start the mad "Whisper" game for guests Helen Ferguson, Francis Lederer, Mrs. Paul Ivano, Matty Kemp, Dr. Harvey Cummins, Stephanie Paull and Paul Ivano.

Above: Osa Massen's new name, Stephanie Paull, suggested by Gene, is toasted at the "MacRaymond" Manso party in Bel Air. Below: Hostess Jeanette, with Francis Lederer and Matty Kemp, wore lei made of Princess Aloha orchids.
Attending Paper Costume Ball are Patricia and Richard Greene, and Angela Lansbury with her best beau, Peter Shaw.

Columbia star, Adele Jergens, in costume contrived of lace paper doilies, dances with George Hyams in “blueprint” suit.

Peggy Cummins and Ronald Miller at party the socially prominent James Pendletons hosted at Mitchell Leisen’s studio.

Claire Trevor, in a ballet dress made of newspaper and magazine titles, with Producer Milton Bren at Pendleton party.
Virginia Bruce wore paper flowers on her lace dress. Janet Gaynor’s gown, designed by husband Adrian, had gay paper roses.

Joan Crawford’s gown was spangled with confetti. A ruffled paper stole tops Cobina Wright’s satin gown.

Agnes Moorehead, in costume featuring paper picture hat, with husband Jack Lee, in doily-trimmed suit.

Cobina Wright greets Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, hosts to the select group at this unusual party.

Mrs. Reginald Gardiner, Earl of Warwick (who appeared in a series of Paramount pictures under the name of Michael Brooke before the War), Cobina Wright and Reggie Gardiner, seen at recent formal party.

Below Left: Vera-Eilen, who has an important dancing role in MGM’s musical extravaganza, “Words And Music,” and Rory Calhoun, one of the most popular escorts in Hollywood’s younger set, join a gay party of friends at Ciro’s. Below Right: Prince and Princess Mohamed Ali Ibrahim, seen leaving the Beverly Hills Hotel, were guests of honor at one of Cobina Wright’s gala garden parties. With them is Yvonne De Carlo, currently co-starring with Burt Lancaster in Universal-International’s “Criss Cross.” On Opposite Page, Left: Ann Blyth presents the cup to winning team at Hollywood Indoor Polo Club’s first indoor match, played at the Horse Palace for the benefit of the Tom Breneman Memorial Fund. Right: Noreen Nash, now appearing in Eagle Lion’s “Assigned To Danger,” and Gloria De Haven exchange gossip at Mocambo party.

Jane Powell, retaining a becoming Summer tan, with Joe Pasternak at Mt. Sinai Hospital benefit at Ciro’s.

COBINA

IN HOLLYWOOD all that glitters is not gold—sometimes it’s paper!

At least that’s what was more apparent than transparent the other evening at the lavish “Paper Ball” which the Jimmy Pendletons gave in Director Mitchell Leisen’s private studio. Jimmy and Dod, who are two of the film colony’s favorite hosts, always can be trusted to give a novel party and this early Fall affair was no exception. Everyone was invited to appear in a paper costume of some sort and over one hundred guests proved what a lot of ingenuity and a few scraps of paper can provide.
I got Tony Duquette to help me appear as a papier-mâché senorita and then spent the evening praying that no one would be careless with matches. Two fire wardens stood guard at the door just to make sure that the party didn’t go up in smoke.

However, one prankster did get too close to lovely Arlene Dahl with a cigarette lighter and Clifton Webb had to reprimand him sharply by asking if he was trying to make a “fuel” out of the girl.

Most of the outfits were most original. Jeanne Crain’s husband, Paul Bruckman, who is an architect, appeared in a most appropriate colonial suit of paper-blueprints. Ella Raines was literally dazzling in a gown of cellophane-covered tinsel and Barbara Barondess MacLean, the designer, provided the exotic note of the evening in a pleated wallpaper dress over which she wore a wallpaper stole—fully lined with white mink!

Just in case any reader should groan about Hollywood extravagance, I’d better explain that Barbara had just returned from New York in time for the party and immediately called in a paper hanger and a furrier to get her together.

The paper hanger provided the material for the dress and then the furrier showed up with an unfinished strip of priceless white mink which he said he was willing to loan her for the evening.

Barbara conceived the idea of lining a matching piece of the wallpaper with it, but then she began to worry a little bit. “Really,” she asked the Beverly Hills trapper, “do you think I ought to wear it?”

“Be nonchalant,” advised the mink man. “Don’t wear it, madam—drag it!”

But there were (Please turn to page 61)
WHY don't you come along with me? I'm going to spend the evening with Lizabeth Scott, who is (and I speak the announcement with enormous pride) a friend of mine.

Spending an evening with Lizabeth is at any time a rewarding experience, but just now it's particularly exhilarating. Liz bubbles, Liz chortles, Liz—curled up on a hassock—puts back her head with its incredible curtain of magnificent hair, and laughs from the depths of her contentment. Because Liz has a house.

To be sure, she doesn't own this house. Owning her own home is a dream still far in the future for Liz. She rents it from an indulgent landlord who understands why a girl might want to repaint woodwork, repaper walls, and reupholster furniture more to her own taste than that of the previous tenant.

It isn't the biggest house in Hollywood, nor the smallest. It isn't the quaintest on the one hand, or the most conventional on the other. But it has character, it has happy space enough for one girl, and it takes a visitor in with a possessive air of saying, “Welcome. Come often and stay (Please turn to page 62)
Errol Flynn enacts a torrid love scene with Viveca Lindfors in "Adventures Of Don Juan," Warners' spectacular Technicolor picture.
BUILDING a patio and barbecue seemed child's play to Kirk Douglas, 20th Century-Fox star, and his wife, Diana, until they felled trees and leveled off the site under the broiling California sun. After that, they sent an S.O.S. to all their most muscular friends for help in laying the slate patio and aligning the barbecue pit symmetrically. But even then, with help from their four-year-old Michael, who specialized in riding empty wheelbarrows, they were delighted to stop for refreshments and realize that their gruelling work was almost finished.
Coming in 1949

JOAN OF ARC

starring INGRID BERGMAN

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
Glenn Ford's practical philosophy in attaining movie success can be applied to any field of professional activity

No matter what any young person wants to do or to become, Glenn Ford is the actor and person who gives you the answer.

It may be to learn the violin, or become a Senator, or learn scientific farming, or write, or raise chickens or learn to paint—whatever you want to do, Ford's life (what he has done—he's too busy to sit and analyze himself) affords clues.

You've seen Glenn recently in "The Mating Of Millie," where he played a gayly humorous rôle with Evelyn Keyes. You'll soon see marquees starring him in three Technicolor "bignies" completed during a period when most of economy-minded Hollywood was putting out re-issues to save money. Columbia Pictures, instead, threw in the expensive color works. They had Ford!

The three Glenn Ford starring pictures completed and coming soon to the screen would have put him at the top—if he wasn't already one of the actors most in demand. He is a favorite with fans seldom exceeded in film history. How does he stand with people who know, in movies? Bette Davis, after working with him in "A Stolen Life," postponed "Winter Meeting" eight weeks, hoping her studio could again secure him. Columbia's president, Harry (Please turn to page 67)
Columbia's Technicolor "The Loves Of Carmen" borrows just the characters' names, the beginning and ending of Bizet's opera, the story, music and dances being original. Glenn Ford and Rita Hayworth wear many colorful Moorish gypsy costumes.

Glenn's real-life leading lady, Eleanor Powell, has turned down many movie offers since her retirement.

In addition to spectacular knife fights in "The Loves Of Carmen," there are romantic scenes for Rita and Glenn.
Above: At luncheon given in connection with Mutual Broadcasting System's combined television and radio program, "Leave It To The Girls," are Vanessa Brown, Charles Korvin, Ann Rutherford, Ruth Warrick, Mike Frankovich, Constance Bennett, Louis Allen Weiss (head of MBC television chain), Constance Moore, Binnie Barnes and Gene Raymond. Below: Answers to questions about affairs of the heart and problems of the home are given by Constance Bennett, Binnie Barnes, who hold permanent positions on "Leave It To The Girls" panel of feminine experts, with Robin Chandler (Mrs. Jeffrey Lynn) and Ann Rutherford. Top: Charles Korvin and Ruth Warrick inspecting the television camera before showtime.
See how Deltah’s Talisman necklace flatters your neckline...

Hollywood’s leading stars, wise in the ways of good grooming and perfect finishing touches, invariably depend on the lustrous, flattering beauty imparted by their Deltah Talisman simulated pearl necklaces. Finished with 10 kt. gold safety clasp, and encased in an authentically-styled, jade-color Chinese treasure cabinet, it is truly the gift-magnificent. Only $24.50. Other Deltah necklaces from $3.00. Earrings to match.

Deltah
SIMULATED PEARLS

AT BETTER JEWELERS EVERYWHERE
That's no exaggeration when you really know Esther Williams

By Janet Blair

Below: Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage, at swanky Hollywood premiere. Below Left: Esther with Ricardo Montalban in "On An Island With You," her latest film for MGM. Janet Blair has never known a girl as trustworthy, with as much tact, poise and personality as Esther. Declares Janet, "Her religious faith is as much a daily source of strength and comfort as the sunlight, and her generosity is like that of the earth itself."

I WANT everyone to know that I ASKED SCREENLAND to write this story about Esther Williams. I had my reasons.

For one thing, I don't believe that even Esther Williams' most ardent fans realize quite how wonderful she is. Good as she is on the screen, the camera has not yet captured all the facets of The Greatest's abilities.

I should explain, I suppose, my habit of calling Esther The Greatest. I met Esther at the instigation of my husband, Louis Busch, who had been a long-time buddy of Esther's husband, Ben Gage. The two boys thought Esther and I would enjoy each other, and as a result, they thought we would form a happy foursome social corporation. They were SO right. A month after our first double date, Lou and I were call- (Please turn to page 71)
You know her as Janet Blair, but let's stop being formal

By Esther Williams

Below: Janet Blair and her husband, Lou Busch. He and Ben Gage were buddies and that's how Janet and Esther Williams first met. Below Right: Janet and Red Skelton in "The Fuller Brush Man," a Columbia picture. Says Esther, "In addition to owning a fantastically beautiful face, The Poo has one of the most beautiful figures in the world. She is one of the few girls I know who looks stunning in slacks."

JANET BLAIR, known in our household as The Poo, is one of my best friends, a statement of which I am inordinately proud.

In Hollywood it is almost impossible for two actresses to be friends . . . and NOT for reasons having anything to do with professional jealousy. Outsiders are all too ready to conclude that close friendships between actresses are rare because of temperamental troubles.

The real reason camaraderie is difficult to maintain is both more complex and more simple. Let's say that Bedelia and Ambrosia are placed under contract by the same studio; they might have come from the same little town in Ohio, taken their training at the same dramatic school, and been through all of their early struggles together. Then, each girl begins to be (Please turn to page 69)
Skippy Homeier, Lon McCallister and Scott Brady greet guests Margaret Kerry, Cathy Downs and Lois Butler at Lon's place.

In kitchen, actors in Eagle Lion pictures—Lon, of “The Big Cat,” Skip, of “Mickey,” Scott, of “29 Clues”—each have job.

The Bachelors Entertain

Peeling onions for sauce is Lon's job. There are many ways to prevent onion tears, but Cathy merely supplies towel.

Lois Butler watches Lon prepare salad, while Cathy Downs anxiously watches Scott cut bread in dangerous manner.

Margaret Kerry, of “Canon City,” Cathy Downs, of “The Noose Hangs High,” and Lois Butler, of “Mickey,” set table.

Lon dishes up the spaghetti in the kitchen. In line with plates to be filled are Margaret, Skippy, Cathy and Lois.
Lon helps Scott and Lois to the salad course. Below: Lois cooperates with Lon in the final testing of the spaghetti.

After the hearty, satisfying meal, Cathy Downs, pouring for Lon, assists with the coffee service in the living room.

Three of Hollywood's young bachelors pool their culinary efforts on a spaghetti party with all the trimmings.

Coupled for dancing are Cathy and Scott, a brother of Lawrence Tierney, Margaret and Skippy. Lon and Lois sit one out.

The girls, Lois, Cathy and Margaret, take their leave of their hosts. Lon, Skippy and Scott at door of Lon's apartment.

The boys, Skippy, Lon and Scott draw lots for the dirty job of cleaning up, and Scott gets the little end of matchstick.
For the girl who wants to look taller, Edith Head shows styles designed for Paramount star Wanda Hendrix.

(Let Edith Head tell you what's new in the fashion world of Hollywood. For ten years she has supervised the wardrobes of all Paramount's stars. This month she has items of special interest to the short girl... and new fashion ideas for everyone.)

**The Fashion News Of The Month**

The sleeveless coat is the sleeveless coat. Long coats, suit coats and separate jackets without sleeves will add inches to the short girl and streamline anyone. Wanda Hendrix, star of "The Tatlock Millions," is wearing them because she's only five feet tall and they eliminate the box-like effect of big sleeves. Suits without sleeves are also news. They're good to wear beneath fur coats for their dropped shoulders give smooth lines instead of bulk. You can wear long sleeved woolen blouses with them and have plenty of warmth without a weighty look.

**Do You Want A Fur Coat That's Different?**

Then try the sleeveless style to wear over heavy Winter suits. Several years ago, Veronica Lake went to New York in the Winter to make personal appearances. She wanted warm suits and she wanted a fur coat to wear over them. The bulk of all that was too much for her height, so I designed a tweed suit with a matching tweed and mink revers-

Ensemble designed for Wanda's petite figure is grey, most popular Winter color.

Wanda's Winter white chiffon, worn in "The Tatlock Millions," has pleats to add height.

Pink-cloud chiffon negligee for Wanda has lengthening shoulder-to-hem line.
Fashion Flashes

ible coat. She also had a black wool jersey dress and a sleeveless leopard coat lined with black jersey. The idea was so successful with the stars who tried it that the sleeveless coat is now an established new fashion.

* * *

Separate Jackets Without Sleeves
are wonderful adjuncts to any wardrobe. They give more height than a scarf or poncho. They stay on your shoulders better than a stole and they give more warmth. I wear them myself because they're good for my five-foot height. I'm having one knitted in navy blue wool and I'll line it with red flannel to wear with a navy flannel skirt and red shirt.

* * *

More Good News For The Five-Footer
is the current chic of the shirtmaker.

Salt-and-pepper tweed sleeveless suit with white wool jersey blouse is new fashion flash.

Nearly all the dresses that Wanda Hendrix wears in "The Tatlock Millions" are versions of the shirtmaker. I think that open throated line is tops in flattery for the short girl. The "little girl" round neckline is also good but she should avoid the one-sided, square, or draped line. Small girls shouldn't try every neckline that comes in. They have to use more discrimination.

* * *

Pleats, Pleats And More Pleats
They're good styling now and they give slenderness while (Please turn to page 37)

Divided skirts will replace slacks for sports. Length of Wanda's is correct for short girls.

Pink net skirt with taffeta bodice combines frills and tailored button trim.
Betty Grable and her husband, Harry James, as avid race track fans as they are horsemen, take time out for refreshments between races at the Del Mar track, California. Looks as if they picked a winner.

COURTING LADY LUCK AT DEL MAR

ONE of Hollywood’s favorite leisure hour playgrounds is the race track at Del Mar. On vacation or between pictures, the stars flock to the course to try their luck, win, place or show, in picking a horse. Top Left: Al Jolson and George Jessel at Del Mar. Al will soon do “The Rest Of The Story” for Columbia. Above: J. Carroll Naish does his best to bring in a winner. Left: The Ritz brothers, Jimmy, Al and Harry, select a favorite. Below: George Raft, racing enthusiast, with Joseph Schenck, an owner of the Del Mar course.
It's Ida Lupino's sex appeal as much as her try singing that keeps the night club buzzing in "Road House," 20th Century-Fox. Her between-scenes camaraderie with Cornel (above) contrasts with their on-set perform. (below). Cornel, manager of a bowling alley in the picture, is at first hostile to Ida, until charm and appealing seductiveness (bottom) win his love. Together, they fight for happiness.
HYA, Pete! Got your boots on your feet?
Well, the stuff here is 'REET!
So let's have at that meat!

AND I do mean that large domestic fowl of American origin which everyone's lending his chops to these days. But there's not only drumsticks, stuffing, and cranberry sauce for Thanksgiving but fresh cookies as well. Ten-inch ones with butter and lotsa jam!

Pass me that white meat and we'll elaborate on 'em and cover you with gravy, Davey!

HEAVENLY!

KING COLE TRIO: "King Cole For Kids." You got my skate key? You sure you didn't put it with my jacks? Or my new King Cole album? But it won't be just kids who'll be looking for this wonderful sheaf by the glesome threesome 'cause there's enough fun and appeal for the whole family, with the voice that has charmed the whole Eagle's Nest infusing fresh appeal to those childhood classics. Whoever had this idea deserves thanks from kids and parents everywhere—cause there's nothing nicer than that relaxed, soft, pleasant Nat Cole style for transportation to the fabulous land of make-believe. Nat chirps of pretty little rabbits and lambs, of chicks and ducks, candy mountains, ice cream...
stations. There's "Mary Had A Yound-Now-What" and other nursery rhymes, "Old MacDonald Had A Farm," "Kee-Mo Ky-Mo," the "Three Trees," and "Three "The Little Train Out For Dreamland." Better snap it up, Mommy. (Capitol album DC 89)

DINAH SHORE: Mrs. Montgomery weaves those lilys adenoids around this "The Is Moment," from the flicker of the same label, is a lilting version with all the color, warmth and shading lesser canaries should strive for. Flip spots Melissa's monnily in an ounce of bounce on the well-known tagline, "Love That Boy." (Columbia)

KAY STARR: Bang! Right smack in the face. The first yodel chord from the lusty larlyn of the zestful little chestful comes "Mama Goes Where Papa Goes" and "Many Happy Returns Of The Day." There'll be many more returns of this green-eyed doll face, so quickly is her stature leaping upwards. Combo of Ella Fitzgerald, Sophie Tucker and Beatrice Kay. (Capitol)

TOMMY DORSEY: "Baby, Baby, All The Time," "Judaime," Lucy Ann Polk on one of the best things T.D.'s done in a mess of cookies, bluesy and mellow. First on the one from "Date With Judy." (Victor)

JERRY WAYNE: "Your Heart And Mine," "I'd Love To Live In Loveland." One of this kind's favorite tennis partners, Jerry serves another brace of grooves right down the center. First, the theme on CBS show; and the back, sort of a sequel to "You Can't Be True, Dear," a romantic old Waltz, perfect for digesting that big dinner. Took one record to re-establish a pretty good guy back in the limelight. (Columbia)

ANDREW SISTERS, BURL IVES: First blending of Burl and the Andrews chicks on two catchy American folk songs, "Blue Tail Fly" and "I'm Goin' Down The Road." The waffle of Burl on his own is less commercial in character than the added orchestra and Andrews tonsl, and makes perfect the folky quality too much. (Decca)

VIC DAMONE: "A Young Man Sings," Vickie's first album for all of his victims and anyone who wants to become one will on first hearing. A go, orchestral one, with "Girl Of My Dreams," "If I Had You," "In The Middle Of The Night," "Love Is Just Around The Corner," "Sweet Sue" and "They Didn't Believe Me." And if they aren't enough to placate that hungry and curious "right hand" four Thou- sand Eyes, a single "I Love You," will absolutely cremate you. We think it's Vic's best biscuit to date, in beguine tempo and so-o provacative. A beauty, cutie! (Mercury)

SALLI VAUGHN: Ah-h-h come and get the proper feeling of reverence in your ear 'cause the gal who's gone." Sarah Vaughn, really sings the line around the gingerbread on her fresh waffle. "I Get A Kick Out Of You" and "I'll Wait And Pray." First is the Cole Porter classic and flip is a new pop. (Muni- ciaet)

BENNY GOODMAN-PEGGY LEE ALBUM: These were etched 'way before "Mamau" and "Golden Earrings" when Nicki's Mama was providing the


DORIS DAY-BUDDY CLARK: Come dig the sequo to "Love Somebody... "Honeymoon," "On The High Seas," with "Sparkle Plenty" and the baritone lark trading the 8- word title all the way. Tres cute and it leaps to boot. Dodo goes it alone on the flip, "It's You Or No One." (Columbia)

ALSO EARYWORTH: Nat Cole's "Little Girl I Love," "Babe All The Time"—if you can tear yourself away from that album you bought for the kids. (Capitol) "Sam You Made The Pants Too Long," and "Why Did I Teach My Girl To Drive," deuce of triple peachy novelities by Ziggy Talent, who dispenses plenty of it with Vaughn Monroe's gang (Victor). LENA HORNE'S great—but gaudy—disking of "It's Mad, Mad, Mad!" by Irene Hig- genbotham, who clefted "Good Mornin' Heartache, moody and dimly fluores- cent. Backing is a best vocal ever on "Sometimes I'm Happy" with the glorious Lena lobbing that sultry throbbing earwards and making you flip. With Luther Henderson on the piano—ow! (MGM). . . SOPHIE TUCKER'S pressing of her classic "Some Of These Days" really husking it out with Bob Haggart and Co. laying down two-beat behind her (Decca). . . "Dolores," with chorus after chorus by Bing Crosby on Decca and Frank Sinatra on Victor with Tommy Dorsey, reassises of a beauty that never achieved its deserved popular- ity. Many of the 507s. XAVIER CUGAT'S noughts on a samba kick, "Samba With Cugat," half a dozen slices of samba—caramba! "Copacabana," "Papa Knows," "Mary Ann," "In Chi- Chi," "Cantanelgo," "Tico, Tico" and "Bamboogoo" (Pro- (Columbia album C 195) Some wonderful yel- lin' by Helen Forrest on Joe Venuti's new one, "Ain't Doin' Bad Doin' Nothin," lazy bones type of delicacy and "Help Yourself To My Heart," and more literally "cause there's so much heart in these grooves it should be a model for all all old singers, (MGM). . . The csatistic Billy Eckstine's "Sophisticated Lady," proba- 
ably the only vocal ever cut of this glorious piece of Ellingtonia. (National) . . . JOHNNY DESMOND'S initial sleev for Columbia, "Lilliette" and "Bella Bella Marie," with the Dell Trio and "Fiddle Faddle" and "Jazz Pizz- cato-Legato" get a good going over by the Columbia Orchestra, both cleffed by Leroy Anderson, an ex-Harvard guy. ARTIE SHAW'S "Take Your Shoes Off, Baby," with "Hot Lips" Page on flugel horn, trumpet and vocal, and "Loving Me A Little Little," when Lena Horne was dressing up Forever Artie's gang. Both baked in 1941 . . . MAGGIE WHITT- ING'S "There's Something About Night and "Look For The Silver Ling" first on Atlantic, and more glory from the kid you dig on "Club 15" with Bob Crosby. (Capitol) . . . AND NELLIE LUTCHER'S out with fresh melodious mayhem in the ridges of "Cool Water" and "Lake Charles Boogie," latter all in re her home pad of Lake Charles, La.

"The Night Has A Thousand Eyes," a gorgeous song which gets loving purring from both Buddy Clark and Vic Damone . . . LOUIS JORDAN'S "Don't Burn The Candle At Both Ends," a cute sequel to "Beweare" and "Look Out." (Decca)

HOT!

CLAUDE THORNHILL: "Arab Dance," "La Paloma." Just a 12-inch sample of what makes that Thornhill band so admired by musicians and good ears everywhere, so far above the aver- age orchestra it's amazing! Takes these two classics, first from Peter Ilitch Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" and de Yradier's standard, and fashions a thing of up-to-date harmonic wonder that's right from the middle of the griddle. The familiar old dove cops a mess of new-look plumage and the "Arab Dance" is loaded with beautiful harmonies. (Columbia)

BENNY GOODMAN: Sheeles John Jannock s a plowthorn on a pedestal of zest on a brace of standard pace-setters, "Chero- kee" and "Love Is Just Around The Corner." Lotsa solos with three-point landings by all concerned, the sextet with Benny, especially, shining like that black beamstall he plays. Gets greater all the time. (Capitol)

CHARLEY VENTURA: Come and pop your little top on some vocal hop! Two listeners and you'll be singing "Eu- phoria" community sing, hoppin' along like mail! S'vocal be-hop with Jackie Coe, darling little girl, sharing the ooh-oh-ah-ees with Roy Krals. Bennie Green blows fine trombone and "Chazz" is "gone" on tenor. Play this for your friends who don't dig hop. (Sittin' In)

JIM D'AMICO: "Hank's Pranks," "Jake Box Judy." An enticing s'ling for you rascals who have ears for the more sophisticated jazz. (National)

LES BROWN: The kid of renown cooks a plate of great big band slump, "Blue Danube" and "Sophisticated Sinker," not to boot a fact, one of the best hands extant. (Columbia)

JULIA LEE gets her licks in on "Wise Guys," with Vic Dickenson on trombone and Ernie Royal on trumpet and "All

BEST IN THE NEST

I Ever Do Is Worry," spotting tasty Benny Carter alto. 'Course Julia school-sya with that fine Baldwin and her throat is ear-appetizing. (Capitol)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

To Harold Foster, Paterson, N.J.: If you have a song and you think it’s good, send a record of it to the artist you think it best suits. If he or she likes it, they’ll use it. That’s the most sensible way to give a song a boost . . . Rosemary Jocist, Ossining, N.Y.: Ray McKinley’s latest waffle is “You Came A Long Way From St. Louis,” as catchy as a cold. Knock some linen to Victor records for a pix . . . Virginia Wospman, Baltimore, Md.: Peter Lawford. Guy Madison and Burt Lancaster are all in their middle twenties . . . Dawn Wom- pide, Bath, N.Y., Gerry Errison and Jo Ann Newmier of Oakland, Calif.: Desi Arnaz is an angel of a guy, can’t blame your heart trouble one iota. He’ll be doing another picture soon and you can keep in touch with his tonsils on Victor . . . Pat Kennedy, Cleveland, Ohio: Buddy Clark now cops his nod (sleeps) on the coast. Bought a new home, has a doll of a daughter and you can dig him on Carnation show . . . No more time to chin, Min, so lay some watermarked stuff on me and don’t spare the ????s.

Address letters to Fred Robbins, Screenland Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

The Kind Of Guy Crosby Is

Continued from page 24

but it was cut too short to peer through.)

I pushed my way through the mobs of people and the gigantic plates of hot sausages, frantically trying to find the guest of honor, Harry Lillis Crosby. At one point I thought he had ducked back of a stage door by the time I got there he was gone.

On the stage were great signboards loaded with telegrams from almost anyone who is anyone and a lot of people who aren’t anyone. Bob Hope (who is someone) had wired that at last Bing’s age matched his golf score, Barry Fitzgerald (another someone) wired, “I thought only younger people celebrated birthdays. Why don’t you go home and take a drink of something that’s spelt backwards.” Incidentally, as my searching eyes cased the presents, none of which could cost over fifty cents, I discovered more boxes of Serutan than the Serutan company has, Bing can drink that backward-spelt drink from now until doomsday.

Tired by now of the paper hats being pushed in my ears and snappers going off in my ears and trying to find a drink of a stage Serutan, I really started looking for Bing. A mob over in the corner seemed to be having a wonderful time, so I figured he was there. Guess what? He wasn’t. A blonde was!

By now, having become desperate, and almost ready to give up, I began my northwest passage to the door. With only about five more feet to go, someone grabbed my arm. Before even turning around I said, “Yes, I’ve had a lovely time. I’ll mention your movie on the air and thanks for asking me.”

A voice said, “What are you talking about? Aren’t you going to wish me a Happy Birthday?”

Well, now you know. It was the birthday boy himself! I whipped around and planted a big fat kiss on his check.

Bing smiled, and said, “Well, kid, how have you been and how’s the radio?”

I told him the radio was doing just fine last time I listened, and he said, “When am I going on your program?”

I looked at him in amazement and said, “For heaven’s sake, you don’t want to go on my program, do you?”

“Sure I do,” Bing replied. “After all, I started you on the air and I have to come back and see how my girl’s doing. When do we do it?”

Practically out of my mind with delight over the possibility of having Bing as my guest again, I told him that anytime he was ready all guests already booked would be fired.

“But, Bing,” I added, “I have to do a story about you before you leave town.”

“Can’t you write it without me. You

(Please turn to page 54)
WHEN shopping for men, consider their amusement, their comfort, their convenience, and you’re on the beam.

Seafort puts lotion and men’s tale, or lotion and men’s Cologne, fresh with heather in unbreakable, featherweight Duralite containers. The wrapper is simulated alligator in maroon or brown. Ideal for travelers, and home boys will like this, too. Price, $2.50.*

Something he might not buy himself, but will bless you for—Revlon’s “Fashion Craft” essentials for good grooming. There are nail scissors, clip, file and tweezers, in a pig grain real leather case lined with suede. Price, $5.95.*

Lektrolite, the flameless lighter, is an ideal outdoorsman’s companion. It’s unaffected by wind or storm and needs very infrequent fueling. Models come from $1.65 to $10.00, but the one shown is $2.50. At cigar counters everywhere.

This good-looking Jewelite brush by Pro-phy-lac-tic has the handle that men like for it fits the palm and gives a firm hold. It comes in clear crystal or garnet with resilient prolon bristles. Price, $4.00.

Chap Stick was on practically every fighting man’s lips in World War II, and now comes Chap-ans, really more than a man’s hand cream, to do a kind job in a man’s rugged pursuits, a perfect extra gift for his Merry Christmas. Price, $6.00.*

Chap Stick (who married the glamour girl of all time, Brenda Frazier) and another man. Every day those three played golf together and once in awhile they let a stranger make it a foursome. The betting was high, the golf great, but the singing was unbelievable! Meadowbrook, is a quiet club where you hear nothing but the rustle of thousand dollar bills, had been full of melody. Bing sang all around the course and even Shipwreck sang, too. As a matter of fact, no matter who played with them, by the time they reached the ninth hole, they were all singing and swatting. That is the wonderful thing about Bing.

Bing was laughing over what Meadowbrook had termed the “love team.” The team consists of Bing, Shipwreck Kelly (who married the glamour girl of all time, Brenda Frazier) and another man. Every day those three played golf together and once in awhile they let a stranger make it a foursome. The betting was high, the golf great, but the singing was unbelievable! Meadowbrook, is a quiet club where you hear nothing but the rustle of thousand dollar bills, had been full of melody. Bing sang all around the course and even Shipwreck sang, too. As a matter of fact, no matter who played with them, by the time they reached the ninth hole, they were all singing and swatting. That is the wonderful thing about Bing.

Determined not to be caught with my typewriter keys down any longer, I asked Bing where he was staying.

"Well," he said, "I am very fancy. I have two hotels, a country one and one in town. Very impressive, I think! I'm living at the Garden City Hotel. In the Garden City Hotel to be near my “love team,” and when I have to stay in town late, you can find me at the Westbury Hotel."
sweet. He takes the kids backstage and introduces them to everyone. The only drawback, the mothers tell me, is the children can’t eat their supper afterwards from excitement.

Anyway, this time I was told Bing would call me back and he did, two days later at nine a.m. Mother threw cold water on me for fully ten minutes and kept screaming that Bing was on the phone. I woke up fast after that, shook my head three times, cleared my throat, and grabbed the phone. “Hello,” I said, which was the greatest height of cleverness I could reach at that hour.

“You sound like you just came out of an oxygen tent,” said Crosby. “What’s the matter?”

I mumbled something and asked after his golf to which he replied, “Oh, that’s going great. By the way, Flo, why don’t you get married? I want all you girls who are friends of mine to marry rich men so that you can help me out financially in later years when I need it.”

I roared and said, “Oh, Bing, you know you’re loaded.”

“Loaded!” he said. “Far from it. Why Flo, I haven’t even got change of a match.”

We chatted on and finally I mentioned that I had called him about a story. There was a long pause and then, in a very hurt voice, he said,

“Do you mean to tell me that your only reason for calling me was a commercial one?” I started to splutter, but he continued, “Here I thought you’d just called me out of friendship to find how everything was going. Flo, I’m wounded and hurt!”

By then I was in tears. “How can I make it up to you?” I asked.

“By letting me go on your radio program and talk about my movie, The Emperor Waltz,” he replied.


“Well, I’m leaving for home on Sunday,” Bing said. “Today’s Tuesday and I have to do my own program. Tomorrow I play golf, Thursday my ball team gets in town and Friday I’m playing golf. And you’re not on the air on Saturday, are you?”

My reply of “No” came through my tightly clenched teeth. So then, dear readers, I not only didn’t have a story, I didn’t even have a radio program.

Time marched on and I could hear the whistles of that Sunday train. Besides that, the groans from the editor of this magazine were getting louder and more violent.

Saturday night, the loneliest night in the week, turned out to be just the opposite. I went to a party. Guess who was there? Bing Crosby! Guess whom I sat next to at dinner? Bing Crosby! Guess who sat on his other side? Elsa Maxwell! Guess who never got a word in edgewise? Me!

The party was given in the magnificent home of Brenda and Shipwreck Kelly. Our table was off in a small room attached to the dining room where the food was laid in a buffet. Bing did all of the procuring for Elsa and myself, and then sat himself down. Sarah Russell, the daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, sat across from Bing and was

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only

WHY HAVE HIS KISSES GONE COLD?

A. If her devoted husband has suddenly become indifferent, it may be because she has grown careless about feminine hygiene.

Q. Is proper feminine hygiene so important to married happiness?

A. Yes. Intimate daintiness...charm...call for effective douching. That’s why so many doctors recommend thorough yet gentle “Lysol” brand disinfectant.

Q. What about salt, soda... other homemade douching solutions?

A. Weak, makeshift or homemade solutions cannot compare with the tested and proved cleansing efficiency of “Lysol.”

Q. Why is “Lysol” more dependable than many other disinfectants?

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Screenland 55
a perfect outlet for his divine sense of humor. He kept teasing her about her papa, the Duke, about their castles and why they didn't get lost in them. Bing went into great lengths about the lack of plumbing in English country castles. Sarah loved it all. Bing and Elsa got into a big argument about television, both of the same belief, that it is one of the greatest mediums ever to be discovered.

Bing wanders through this sometimes titled, but always social group with the greatest of ease. Unlike most movie actors, he seems to prefer the quiet golfing and dining life these people lead, for he spends more of his time with them than with others. Most movie stars come to New York and rush from show to show, from nightclub to nightclub and go home exhausted. Also, while in New York, they stick with the other Hollywoodites in town. Bing does just the opposite.

After dinner, the girls moved into the drawing room and the men stayed in the library. Finally, when the women could bear it no longer, Bing sauntered in, followed by the rest of the males (all of whom were very incidental that night). He sat down in a chair, threw his leg over the arm, and left the room. Soon everyone began to beg him to sing, for someone had started playing a piano in the corner.

Bing called over, "Sure I'll sing. What do you know how to play?"

Great discussions went back and forth.

The key was that Bing sired the group of fifty people for an hour.

The funny thing about Bing is that he knows all the tunes, but few of the words. One time at a party at "21," given for Anita Colby, Morton Downey stood by Bing feeding him the lyrics while Bing sang. Tonight the lyric feeding was my chair. I sat by his chair and told him the words in a whisper so he could get them out in time.

He stopped singing for a while and I asked, "Bing, doesn't it ever annoy you to be constantly told to sing?"

"No," he replied, "I love to sing. Nothing bothers me, Flo."

"You mean all the fans and questions and people watching you never upsets you? I asked."

"Flo," he answered, "I haven't a nerve in my body! None of it affects me. I hardly even notice it."

I thought of how often Bing Crosby is taken advantage of by many groups of people. He has a set-up arranged so that Everett takes most of the original trouble. All the deals people want to make with Bing go through his brother, and often when he wants to cut someone short he tells them to talk to Everett.

Recently, a rally was planned in Boston for a charity. They sent Bing an invitation, and then before they had his answer, released tons of publicity that Bing Crosby would be there to make a personal appearance. Never once did the people running the thing check with Bing as to whether he could be there. They used it as a come-on and then when Bing didn't arrive (as he couldn't make it), all the people who had bought tickets on the chance of seeing Bing Crosby turned on him. Through no fault of his own, Bing was severely criticized and not once did the perpetrators of all this admit that it was they who were in the wrong, not Crosby.

Fred Allen did a broadcast for Bing and Bing was to do a return. Suddenly, weeks in advance, stories started appearing in Variety and other papers that Allen wasn't talking to Bing because Bing refused to do a show. I asked Bing about this and he said, "What do you mean? I'm doing the Allen broadcast this Sunday and it's been set right along."

There is the trouble of the magazine. They reach the stardom and fame of Bing Crosby and "Ex-Link" is used to get into the act. They ask impossible things of a star. They expect him to be one thousand people in one thousand different places at the same time. Then, when it's impossible, (there is only one Bing Crosby) they say, "Ah, he's a bum!"

It's unfair that anyone as agreeable and affable as Bing should have to put up with this terrific inconsideration. Sure, he's become evasive because everyone has a favor to ask or an angle. Bing is the first person to help someone out, but let there be no help them all.

That was on Saturday and on Sunday Bing left for California. Monday morning my assistant arrived to find me the picture of dejection. When she asked what in the world was the matter, I told her that I still hadn't gotten the story on Bing.

She stopped for a minute and then said, "Why don't you tell the story of how marvelous he was to my sister and her husband?"

"If I knew the story I would," I replied.

This is it. At a huge party at the Stork last year in my honor, Bing and a group of his friends dropped by for a while. Everyone wanted to meet him, most particularly, my assistant. She sat with his party, and danced with Bing and had a wonderful time. She told Bing that her sister and brother-in-law were going to see Hollywood. It was to be their first trip to the coast and their first real honeymoon. Bing, extraordinary guy that he is, wrote them a letter of introduction to his secretary at Paramount.

The note said that this young couple were good friends of his and that while in California he wanted them to see everyone they wanted to see, go everywhere they wanted to go, and do everything they wanted to do. Believe me, they did! They were squired from studio to studio, from Mocamo to Santa Anita, met the biggest big shots of the town, and never once were expected to pay the check!

"That's the kind of guy Bing is. Can't you top it? I doubt it."

So there it was. Just another of the millions of anecdotes showing so clearly what a tip-top person Bing Crosby is to many, many people. Of course, it wasn't enough to write a whole story about, so all I did was to pass on to you the story of "how I didn't get the story."

Give me time, though, I'll catch up with him even if it means taking up golf!
Edith Head's Fashion Flashes

Continued from page 17

a circular skirt makes a short girl look like a mushroom. For variety you can press out the pleats at the bottom and get a floating effect with sheer material, as we did with Wanda Hendrix's net dress. Her white wool gabardine and her coat dress also have unpressed pleats. They give fullness that falls straight instead of spreading.

Don't Try To Look Cute

or try to dress like a Dresden doll with ruffled dirndls and lace ruchings. There's nothing more ghastly and it's exactly what a short girl shouldn't do. Veronica Lake never wears circular skirts. She stays with slim, tailored things that give her height. The trouble is that most small girls, unless they wear very good clothes, verge on cuteness. Ruffled doo-dads and a lot of trimming only make it worse.

There Should Be A Law

against short girls wearing high crown hats and platform shoes. They only make them look unhappy with what they are ... short. The tall girl is tall and the short girl is short and there isn't much you can do about it. The five-footer can wear anything that is smart ... but with modifications. Her hats must be simple and her clothes must be plain of line. She has more clothes problems, but she has one advantage. She can look much more feminine. And she doesn't need ruffles to do it. Everybody is somebody. So don't try to make yourself look like a copy of what you aren't.

What We Laughingly Call The New Look

hit us and the average tall girl looked pretty good, but the short girl looked scary with her big balloon skirts. For that reason she must now be more careful about styles than the tall one.

Smart Clothes For The Short Girl

are a daily problem for me. I just completed wardrobes for Veronica Lake, Mona Freeman and Mary Hatcher who are all appearing in Paramount's "Isn't It Romantic?" I must say it was refreshing because even I am taller than any one of them.

The Newest Sweaters

are waist length ... and here's how to make your old ones look like new. Tuck the sweater into your waist, knit a belt and add a buckle. It gives a finished look.

Calling All Cardigans

for all types of clothes. They've never been so good. You can make them of terry cloth to wear over sports clothes. Gail Russell has one and wears a matching monogrammed ascot with it. Veronica Lake has one in honey-beige corduroy and wears a matching divided skirt with it. I've made several by taking the regulation cashmere cardigan and lining it with different materials. One was beige cashmere lined with black crepe. Another is black cashmere lined with scarlet crepe faille. The lining makes it look less like a sweater and more like a costume piece.

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S C R E E N L A N D
Don’t line the sleeves. Just add fake cuffs.

1. a bit of lining beneath the sweater cuff. I’m using a flannel lining with most of my own sweaters. One black cashmere is lined with yellow flannel to match the yellow flannel shirt that goes with it.

Fur, Brocade, Velvet Cardigans

are news for evening wear. Marlene Dietrich wore an ermine cardigan to the preview of “A Foreign Affair” in New York . . . and stopped traffic. Betty Hutton wears brocade and velvet cardigans to parties. Some of them are monogrammed in brilliants and others sport flashing jeweled buttons.

Hold That Line

when it comes to the length of your skirts. If the tall girls are wearing them ten inches from the floor, keep yours up to twelve. Whatever you do, stay away from the very long skirt. It might be the height of fashion on a model, but it makes a short girl look as if she were wearing her mother’s clothes.

It’s Good

to combine several fabrics in one costume and to use two or three colors together. But if you’re short, stay away from bulky materials or any bold designs. This Fall and Winter you’ll see jersey combined with satin . . . black jersey skirts and satin tops. Woolen plus wool with velvet. And for evening, satin and taffeta.

Suggested Fabric Combinations

An unusual evening dress could be made of black crepe with panels of pink slipper satin. A dark green crepe dress with top and underskirt of a thin plaid wool would be smart. Another new evening idea is to wear a chiffon skirt with a band of taffeta at the bottom, and repeat the taffeta in the bodice. A black jersey suit gets a new note if you add a black velvet vest and pockets of black velvet. For casual wear you can pair velvetene with flannel or any other wool.

New Color Combines

will be accented in skirts and coats. A violet coat would be stunning over a dark green suit. A navy skirt worn with a yellow jacket is new and good. And if you want the very last word in color wear a pink flannel blouse and a pink flannel petticot with a navy blue suit.

You’re Going To See

many of the newest dresses with panels, sashes or fringe, for that swishing, moving effect. You’re going to see waistlines rise. You’re going to see evening dresses with covered fronts and bare backs.

And You’ll Find It Smart

to wear detachable sleeves. They refresh your wardrobe and anyone can make them. Simply take two pieces of material. Sew elastic at the top and bottom and slip them under the short sleeves of your dress. Try sleeves of red and white candy-striped jerseys to a grey flannel sport suit, and add an underskirt of the same color flash. See how it changes the costume. Undersleeves and a bib of blue and white checked taffeta go smartly with a blue flannel dress. Gail Russell is planning some tailored sport dresses with gay tartan plaid underslides and matching collars or bibs.

For Sheer Luxury

try jewel trimmed satin underslides . . . or something white. Sheer lingerie underslides with black crepe dresses. Or, if you want to top all glamour accessories, take a tip from Loretta Young and copy her detachable ermine sleeves to wear with dinner suits and dresses.

Rosalind Makes Nine Wishes

Rosalind Makes Nine Wishes

Continued from page 27

outgrown. But building conditions and prices being what they are, the arrangement as a commercial base meant new linoleum on my kitchen floor, but darned if I am going to put it down until the cost of putting it down goes down. I’d like a new washing machine, too, but I’ll continue to “like one” awhile longer.

I LIKE to want things. It keeps me eager, keeps me on my toes. I can’t imagine anything more horrible than to walk down Fifth Avenue knowing that anything and everything you see in the smart shop windows you can have if you want to have them. Safety, that would be. A kind of suffocation. I never made any real money until I started free lancing. I wish that I may never make so much money but what I must needs wish to make more.

Easterner, as I am born (June 4, 1912) in Waterbury, Connecticut, Wish No. 3 is that I may always live in Hollywood. I think it’s a wonderful place to live. A place with terrific advantages. A certain newness, a certain frontierism, pioneering, refreshing in a rather tired world. A place that has improved culturally, improved no end culturally, since I came here to make my first picture (“Evelyn Prentice” with Bill Powell at MGM) ten years ago. The New York plays, usually complete with the New York cast, come to us now. We also have the Metropolitan Opera; have had for two years. Every man and woman of distinction in the world visits us. Many of them are among the citizens . . . a big city you might call us, with, on the outskirts, a country petticoat . . .

I think Hollywood is a wonderful place to bring up children and hope, as does Freddy, that we may continue to bring Lance up here.

Wonderful, first of all, physically. Meaning—I have news for you—the CLIMATE. Kidding aside, you can’t do much mentally unless you are on the beam physically. Wonderful health you must have, not only for your own personal well-being but for the good of your work. Speaking as an actress, I know that the MOST important asset to an actress is vitality. True, you must have talent, a great willingness to work, and to grow in your work, but without vitality an actress, like a biscuit without baking powder, will not, so to speak, “rise.”
Nor is Hollywood "dangerous to marriage." I earnestly wish (No. 4) that I may never hear or read that old saw again! Or ever be told again, as I have been told a number of times: "Well, you see, I come from a small town, got out here, got $100,000 for a picture, and it just went to my head!

When this confidence is made by one or the other of a broken marriage, I am tempted to crack back. My dear sir, or madam, why don't you just tell the truth—that you were born weak in the head to begin with?

Hollywood is NOT dangerous to marriage. I say it firm, I say it flat. Those who say it is are merely making an excuse for their own bad behavior.

Why, right off the top of my head, just giving it the once over lightly, I can pick names among the men I have worked with in pictures—Ronald Coleman, Bob Montgomery, Bob Young, Paul Lukas, Don Ameche, Walter Pidgeon, Fred MacMurray, Michael Redgrave—certainly Hollywood has not been dangerous to their marriages, years long as they have been. As for our marriage, Freddy's and mine, now in its eighth year, if a marriage can be safer than ours, as well as happier, how safe, I want to know, and how happy can you get?

I wish, Wish No. 5, to go gay in pictures. In fact, I am GOING to go gay for about four films in a row. I've put my foot down. I've put both feet down, I'm XTIDING on doing anything but comedies, for any company, for any reason, though the scripts be from Shakespeare?

I am working next in a comedy for RKO. And Columbia Pictures, to which I owe a picture, is looking for a comedy for me. And then WE own a comedy—"we" being Freddy, Dudley Nichols and your Miss Russell, otherwise known as Independent Pictures, Inc.

I am, however, let me make it very clear, a producer in name only. I do not produce. I produce. I worked a bit on the script of "The Velvet Touch." That I like to do. But when, while we were casting, they called me in two or three times, I said, "Don't call me in on actors. I wouldn't want an actor to tell me I couldn't play a part. Or even," I added, "that I could."

The day we went into production, I told Jack Gage (who had never directed a picture before), "Now you're going out there and you're the boss! Don't ask me what to do. This is your picture. To me, a director is always the boss. I may agree with him, I may disagree with him—either way, he should have the last word.

Judging from reports on "The Velvet Touch," it looks as if my faith in young director Gage is amply justified. I enjoyed making the picture, which is a psychological suspense drama, something in the mood of the 20th Century-Fox box-office hit, "Laura," which starred Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews, and features one of my favorite people in the world, Clifton Webb. I enjoyed working again with Leo Genn. But in my present mood of levity and laughter, even a "velvet touch" is too heavy for me. I am now of a mind to take down that pompadour and throw custard pies!

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My heart is a comedienne's heart. I LOVE to laugh. I like people who make me laugh. I love Kenny's laugh in a theatre. Go to a theatre and hear the audience laughing at your lines—boy, you feel good! A drama, though, it's a hit, doesn't make you feel the same. If I had my way, I'd have 'em laugh before the picture started and 'em laugh as the picture ended. Independent Pictures presents—(plug!)—goes on the screen.

We laugh a lot at home, Freddy and I. We go out together, just the two of us, which I love, and have a million laughs. One of my big wishes (No. 6) is that someone will go on a trip together, a trip which would involve no business at all. Where we go is relatively unimportant, so long as we're alone, and together. "Why," a friend of mine asked me, just before Freddy sailed for Europe in the early summer, "why don't you go with him? I'll pay!" To take a look at that list of business deals and you'd take a flying leap, I told her, "out that 9th story window!"

Lance is a laughing boy, a happy child. How else? He comes from Laughing Pa and Laughing Ma. 

My wish (No. 7) for Lance is that he retain his sense of humor. I can't wish happiness for him. Not, that is, total, complete and life-long happiness. One must have some unhappiness, some frustration, even some tragedy, to develop into any kind of a human being. So, unhappiness, too, I must, reluctantly, wish for him, comforted by the reflection that if he retains his sense of humor, he will survive.

As comedy is easy on an audience, it's easy on an actor, too. Example: When, a few years ago, we—Brian Aherne and I—were making "My Sister Eileen," we played a scene in which Brian asked me to get him a drink of water. As I went to the faucet, turned it on, Director Al Hall suggested that I had stood there waiting for the water to run cold. I look Brian up and down, down and up and make a face at him. Simple as it sounds, silly as it sounds, it never failed, that scene, to get a belly laugh. Easy way, I mean—my way. I've often heard you hear the word "easy" used, especially heavy dray-ma, you have to feel dreadful in the scenes that call for you to feel dreadful. Since there is no way I have ever found to simulate real deep emotion, you have actually to feel dreadful. Crying scenes, for instance—we don't use glycerine to make tears these days; we REALLY cry in crying scenes—cry all day long if necessary. 

In "The Velvet Touch," I play a scene in which I become hysterical. Something Leo Genn says, and I'm sitting on a seven-seats flat. I have to go into complete hysteric. How did I do it? By listening so hard to what Leo was saying to me that the impact of what he said had real meaning for me, so I had hysteric. An unusual way to approach your living.

Furthermore, comrades are commonly more flattering to an actress than drama. In comedy, you are usually a gay gal, a cute trick, aided and abetted by the glamour treatment. Whereas, in drama—"Oh, you're so much YOUNGER than I thought," a young woman, making my acquaintance for the first time, recently exclaimed at sight of me. "You mean," I asked, amused, "younger than I am?" She said, what she did mean. "You don't look mean, like you did in Electra," another new acquaintance flattered me by saying, having obviously expected that I would, and was clearly taken aback when she found me younger. 

One picture, not a comedy, was a Cause with me—"Sister Kenny." That picture I, comedienne at heart though I am, should have made. That one I HAD to make. 

I don't like destructive things, I didn't like calling my "mother" in "Mourning Becomes Electra," but I am glad I played Electra. It took courage to make that picture—courage on the part of the studio, the director and the cast. Courage rewarded, in my opinion, and not because I was in it, but because I have that take it as a fabulous job. Compelling, fascinating, in its grim way. An important picture and adult.

Which prompts me to wish (No. 8) that those who can help an adult picture would do so. I frankly mean that I wish Borden and others who cry out for better films, for adult films, saying "Pictures must advance, must grow up!" would say so.

I defy anyone to say we haven't tried to give them advanced and adult pictures here in Hollywood. Among them, "Gentleman's Agreement," "Sister Kenny," "Electra," "Crossfire," "I Remember Mama," "The Search," "Sister Kenny" (not because I was in it) was a terrible success. The Oscars awarded "Gentleman's Agreement" more eloquently than I can speak. So far as I know, the other films I've named are also successful. Let us pray they are. For if pictures such as these are not successful, with the critics, with the fans, if no help is given them, no drums beaten and no cry of influence at the box-office, the studios will not make others like them. How can they? You can't, you know, run a business without meeting that payroll every week.

When I first came to Hollywood I was luận at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, with a school-days friend of mine, Charlotte Wynter. Lunching in a booth near ours were two old-timers in the picture business. Very pathetic, they were, in their manifest efforts to hold on to glamour that was gone, to remain in the spotlight longer. "When I get like that," I said to Charlotte, "don't be delicate with me—move me on. Say, 'Roz, back to Waterbury for you!'"

"Reckless," my fourth picture for MGM and also, get me, with Bill Powell, there was a sequence in which, dressed as a bride, I walked up a wide staircase with four attendants carrying my train. Looking back, during rehearsal for the scene, I saw that the four attendants carried the Bride as one-time big boys. "Bear this in mind, honey," I remember saying to myself, "hear this well in mind and when the day comes, drop dead! Or drop out! But just don't be in pictures!"

"The Day," I now know, never comes.

There IS no such day. Not for me there isn't, at any rate, or even will be. For
things have changed in this business. You can now go on from young roles, from glamorous roles into mature roles, even elderly roles which can be as important, as satisfying as those that belong to youth. Take the late Dame May Whitty as a magnificent example. A wonderful spirit, had Dame May, in that eighty-three-year-old body of hers, whom we were making "Night Must Fall," putting pillows under Dame May. By the end of the picture, she was putting pillows under me! Take a great example like Ethel Barrymore. Take a great example, in the theatre, like the late Laurette Taylor. And take hope.

But if, by some fault of circumstance, or in me, "The Day" does come, I'll play any old bag or bag rather than not be in pictures at all. As demanding as making pictures is, you build your life around making pictures—in order to be successful, you HAVE to. If, there's one picture, what do you do? Besides—

I love this business. With a real love.

I wish, (No, 9) I wish upon a star, that I may stay in it until the day I die.

Cobina Wright's Gossip Of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 33

fun costumes as well as beautiful ones. While Janet Gaynor looked ravishing in a gown of hundreds of crepe paper rose petals, Bill Daniels matched her in a romper suit of an equal number of price tags.

I overheard dashing Cesar Romero, who was the most handsome "classified ad" there that evening, asking lovely Adele Jergens for a dance. Adele had on entrancing demure colonial gown of sheets of pale blue note paper.

"Pardon me, dear," asked suave Cesar, "but are you stationary?"

"Yes," replied Adele demurely, "but not after the music starts."

What with gorgeous Virginia Bruce, Betty Hutton, Paulette Goddard and all the glamour girls done up in everything from playing cards to paper cartons, it was an exciting party. Certainly there wasn't another event last month that could hold a candle to it.

IF I were writing you this party news with an eye to headlines, I'd say, "Movie fans, move over and make way for modeling girls. I've just glanced over two regal members who would like to join your ranks."

It's Prince Ibrahim of Egypt and his lovely Princess, both of whom are ardent American film fans and who were just as excited as the modeling film stars on their recent Hollywood visit as you or I.

When I noticed how thrilled the princess was when stars were presented to her at an Atwater Kent feast, I asked the Prince and the Princess if they wouldn't like to stop at my house for cocktails the next afternoon to have a chat with a few of their favorites. And who do you think they wanted to meet? The Louis Jour- dans, Esther Williams, Turhan Bey, Gregory Peck, Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont, Walter Pidgeon and Lana Turner!

Of course, Lana was still in Europe, but I invited all the others and it proved to be one of the gayest impromptu par- ties I've had in a good long time.

It was particularly relaxing for the Princess, who is half Persian, to be able to converse easily in French, because she still feels a little self-conscious about her English.

She is a strikingly beautiful young woman, slender, dark and exquisitely groomed. That afternoon she looked as though she had literally stepped from a page in Vogue or Harper's, with a dark blue taffeta cocktail dress of ankle-length, a matching blue cartwheel hat, and a small fortune of blue-black sapphires at her throat and wrists.

In fact, she was so stunning that both Walter Pidgeon and I couldn't understand why she wanted to meet film stars because she was more exotic than any of our glamour girls.

Esther Williams told me that until she met the Princess, she had never had a really accurate definition of the word "chic." But despite her "chic," the Princess chatted as animatedly as a 16-year-old American girl about movies.

The Prince, cousin to the King of Egypt, who is also an American movie fan, told me that impromptu parties are what he and the King both prefer, as a relief from tiresome state functions, and that they show movies almost every night in the palace and they are really better informed about films than many of us are.

"You know why, Madame, don't you?" they both said when I remarked on how remarkably well-informed they were about Hollywood doing. "It's because we read the motion picture magazines, particularly SCREENLAND."

I accused the Prince of just being gracious, but he carefully explained that our magazine—yours and mine—is sent to him each month from Paris, by his equerry, as soon as he receives it from New York. That's what I call being a Royal Fan!

WHEN it comes to giving an unusual luncheon party you can "Leave It To The Girls." My friends Martha Roundtree and Jean Wright, who produce the hit radio show of that name, asked me to join Constance Bennett, Binnie Barnes, Robin Chandler and Ann Rutherford on the "Jury" for the show the first time it was televised. So, for a warm-up, we all had a "television" luncheon at Lucey's and then adjourned to the magnificent new Don Lee studios to put the show on the sight and sound roads.

But what I was most surprised was that after we were all set, the curtain went up and there, in the radio audience, were more celebrities than there were on the stage. Watching us with impish looks on their faces were Vanessa Brown, George Brent, Charles Korvin, Ruth Warwick, Robert Cummings, Sonja Henie, Merle Oberon and Lucien Ballard, Arlene Dahl

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and a lethally steep stairway leading down from the living room, consists of rumpus room (with stone walls), and a bunk bed which represents casual guest quarters.

When you visit Lizabeth's home for the first time, you will notice a number of things that you can't miss. First, her collection of ceramic pixies. She now has seven. These tiny (not more than four inches overall) figures have round, laughing faces, heads covered by ruffled helments, agile bodies clad in peplum-flared tunics, and skin-tight trousers terminating in petticoats—for all the world like a fairyland Dr. Denton sleeping suit. To keep just one pixie, to confide in him morning and night, guarantees that one's dream will come true.

"I'm taking no chances; I'm telling my dreams to an entire pixie band!" is Lizabeth's pixie-ish confession.

Notice the collection of books stuffed in the bookshelves. The well-worn volumes have traveled long physical distances with their owner, but even longer mental and spiritual miles. From Scranton, Pennsylvania's Capeuse Avenue to Hollywood, California's upper Hollywood Boulevard is a trip of uncountable emotional miles; Lizabeth Scott has covered them in company of the world's great minds.

Be sure to stroll along the length of Lizabeth's head-high trinket shelves where she keeps her glass animal collection. She'll be delighted at your interest and will tell you the history of some of the items. There's a fragile glass ship with pale blue sails, full-rigged and iridescent with moonlight, that an airline pilot, who had served in the ETO, sent Lizabeth after seeing "You Came Along." There's an upstanding kangaroo that Lizabeth herself picked up in a curio shop in—of all places—Missoula, Montana, when she was on tour with the Bankhead company of "Skin Of Our Teeth." There are Swedish glass elephants, Chinese glass lions, and American glass flamingoes. There are mementos of every city in which Lizabeth has appeared, and souvenirs of every picture in which she has worked.

Of course, the rarest thing in Lizabeth's house is Lizabeth herself. If you have never seen her in person, but only on the screen, you're due for a big surprise. First of all, the sullen Miss Scott of films is strictly a mirage. The personal life Miss Scott is a tall, slim, vital, laughing girl whose nearest fictional image is Jo in Alcott's "Little Women." Her most spectacular feature is her hair, as thick as jungle grass. Its color is like no other head of hair in Hollywood. Underneath the top layers which are too thick ever to be penetrated by sunlight, it is a caramel-taffy brown; on top where the fine, straight strands are constantly exposed to the sun (Liz usually drives her convertible with top down) it has been bleached to a glowing silver. Even here her pictures in magazines show Lizabeth as a golden blonde, but she is no such thing. She is topaz-platinum, and completely devastating.

While we are sitting yakking like mad, Lizabeth's telephone rings repeatedly. You'll love the way she answers. Because she has taken her dramatic training very seriously, her present speaking voice is a medium contralto; but when she approaches the telephone, all her training drops away and she says "Hello" in the very deep, highly expectant tone of a small boy who really isn't supposed to be answering the telephone, but who can't resist it.

If Lizabeth recognizes the voice on the wire, and if the caller is one of her intimate circle of friends, Lizabeth's tone will drop two or three more notes until she is talking in a coy purr. If the caller is a business acquaintance, her accents rise several degrees and she becomes crisp, efficient, and almost formal. Perhaps her prettiest tone of voice is a bubbling, laughing tone which accompanies the order, "Come over at once! I have eaves on ice. I've just cut some wonderful cheese and crisped some crackers, and everything is wonderful. Come over and help me to enjoy my house!"

Although Lizabeth is constant hostess to small gatherings, her biggest party to date was almost as impromptu as her ordinary get-togethers. She entertained seven members of the Notre Dame football team after their victorious game against USC. That night there were guards sunk deep and happily into the vast expanses of Scott lounge chairs; there were tackles sitting on floor in front of the fire; there were backfield men playing the phonograph, re-creating portions of the game, and filling Scott ashtrays with the first cigarette stubs after a long period of rigid football training. Lizabeth, who comes from a deeply religious family (one aunt is a nun, one uncle a priest) is probably Notre Dame's most excitable, vociferous, and determined rooter.

The players who were Lizabeth's guests were mildly stunned to discover that she could detail to them every freakish football accident of the season; could reel off scores as if they were her best friends' telephone numbers, and even knew the specialties and graduation years of every player.

At midnight all the hors d'oeuvres (fish, little pig sausages, stuffed celery, and cheese crackers) had been devoured, so Lizabeth sent her maid down to an open-all-night market to buy three dozen eggs, a quart of cream, a gallon of milk, and half of a ready-cooked ham. With these provisions, Lizabeth and Edwina cooked breakfast at 9 a.m.

When you are a guest at Lizabeth Scott's, be sure to ask her about the time a strange sedan made a call at chez Scott. It's a wonderful story and Liz tells it very well.

She and a girl friend were chatting one evening, and Lizabeth was saying, "The only sound one can hear, high on this remote hill, is the occasional call of a night bird, the passing of a swift plane, and the crackling of our fire. It's impossible to imagine anything more peaceful, more isolated."

On cue there came a clanking roar, ending in a crash and a showering of glass.
Lizabeth and her friend stared at one another with wide eyes. Then they leaped up and rushed to the back door. There, in the cement motor court, was a car that had slipped its brakes when abandoned by sightseers at Lookout Point, and had executed a two-point landing in the Scott backyard.

For two weeks after Lizabeth moved into her home, her courage failed her when she tried to shoot up the driveway, execute a hard left turn, and snort into the garage. Finally, taking herself sternly in hand, she set aside an entire afternoon and practiced ascending and descending the sharp ramp. She had only one mishap. To the extreme left as one comes out of the base, low cement retaining wall. During one of her left obliques, Liz hung up the bumper of her car on the retaining wall. It took two neighbors, a $25-pound gardener, and the undercoat of chromium to separate bumper from cement abutment.

Since that time, Liz has emerged from her garage with her car alerted. At the first faint sound of scraping, she stops and tries again.

Although Lizabeth loves her semi-solitude (her trusty personal maid, Edwina, is never far away) on the hills, there are times when she yearns for the sound of a streetcar passing every twelve minutes. Most notable period was when she was studying the script for Regal Films’ The Pitfall,” her new picture in which she is co-starred with Dick Powell, accompanied by Andre de Toth. Having completed “I Walk Alone” for Hal Wallis, to whom she is under contract, she was loaned for the de Toth picture.

“The Pitfall” is another in our current series of hard-boiled, spine-chilling murder-dramas; while Lizabeth was memorizing her lines, she could hear unfamiliar rustlings about the house, unexplained footfalls as descending the stairs, and could see from the tail of her eye screams-making shadows leaping along the walls.

Edwina, uninducedness by “The Pitfall,” was inclined to be critical of Miss Scott’s galloping nerves.

“All right, you just listen to this,” said Lizabeth, and began to read the script. Five pages did it.

“You don’t read that out loud to me, Miss Scott—not with the wind blowing,” decried Edwina. “And don’t worry, I’ll be right in the kitchen with a pair of fire tongs handy.”

To Lizabeth Scott, her house has a definite personality. Sometimes the house is melancholy, sometimes it is merry. Sometimes it seems to stand on tiptoe to study its view with ardent curiosity; sometimes it cuddles in a somnolent, pleasant sleep, content to turn its back on the world.

Lizabeth respects these moods and governs herself accordingly. Furthermore, she gives her house a birthday present and a Christmas present in honor of the seasons. The house’s first birthday gift was new wall paper; for Christmas it received a walnut spinet.

In discussing her house, Lizabeth naively gives the impression that the house “just grew.” Charm, she hints tacitly, blooms as simply and naturally as garlic. And around the de Toth house, of course, isn’t that easy: Lizabeth’s house, like her career, is the result of work, thought, ingenuity, devotion, and talent.

It’s the house that knack built.

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**A Man-Size Gift List**

Continued from page 16

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**Brush Away GRAY HAIR... and look 10 years younger!**

- Now, at home, you can quickly and easily streak the unnatural streaks of gray in your natural coloring—shade—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownowax and a small brush does it—or your money back. Approved by thousands of women men, too!—Brownowax is standard beauty—guaranteed hair fixers and all drug and color combinations. I like books—all books. There’s nothing wrong with a good book accompanied by a bottle of good wine.” We’ll say there isn’t!

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**MARSHALL THOMPSON** puts a deep and true interpretation on Christmas giving. From a two-page, hand-written letter, here are quotes:

“The material things that are given at Christmas are, supposedly, merely indications of love and friendship. There are many things that I could use or would like to have, but they are actually quite unimportant since I have most essentials to enjoy life. What I really want is happiness in the world for Christmas. What a wonderful gift it would be to all to have peace throughout the world this Christmas. What a wonderful gift to have a happy, normal world again.”

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**SCREENLAND**
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 31

only he can cook to specification. Two eggs, boiled two minutes and forty-sev- en seconds, crisp bacon, and toast all have to come off the store at the same time and only he has been able to pull this off to his own satisfaction. It should be comforting news to a Greenwich Village counter to know that the one woman who wants to marry on account will never have to worry about the culinary department.

This is real news. Claudette Colbert, who has been on Hollywood's top mon- ey-making stars for years, has just treated herself to her first swimming pool. Quite a twist on the usual procedure in this town where people usually have a pool before they can really afford a bathtub.

When Betty Grable and Harry James invited the Dan Dailey's to dinner at a Valley steak house they had no idea the place was going to catch on fire just after they'd been served their medium-rare New York cuts. With great aplomb and due regard for appetites, the Jameses and the Dailey's filed out with their plat- ters in hand and finished the dinner on the curb. Dan and Liz went out the next day and bought themselves a coup- le firemen's hats which they wore on their next dinner date with Betty and Harry.

Bill Eythe, whose sensationally amus- ing revue, "Lend An Ear," goes from the Hollywood stage to Broadway, spent an exhausting day rehearsing himself and the cast, went home with food ideas of hitting the hay. But his Irish setter, Sheila, changed his plans. Around mid- night she started having pups every half hour. The last of the litter of eleven saw the light of day just as the alarm clock rang, reminding Bill it was time to go back to the theatre.

Now they're really calling Bing Crosby "Legs." Since wearing short pants for "The Emperor Waltz" he apparently isn't bash- ful about showing his gams. In "A Con- necticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court," one of his costumes consists of burgundy colored tights with a matching tunic, vel- vet slippers, and a cap. Well, he always was an eccentric dresser.

Lex Barker, the handsome new Tarzan, almost spent the night in the jug. His 180-pound Newfoundland dog has a habit of running the streets without a leash. And in Hollywood there's a law agin' poohies trotting around unless accompanied by people. It isn't that the dog is vicious, but his size scares the living daylights out of unsuspecting pedestrians who run into him. Lex and a giant chis- lard fine and is trying to build a fence that's high enough to keep his pet at home.

June Havoc, who has finished her role as Marilyn Miller in "Look For The Sil- ver Lining," has taken a long vacation trip to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and Canada. Her mother and a fancy set of golf clubs went along. June and her ma have also opened their antique shop in Santa Monica.

Our editor, Lester Grady, spent a hectic two weeks in Hollywood visiting the stu- dios and the stars. One evening during his stay, after we had been rather unprofit- able but fun day at Hollywood Park, we joined him at Maggie Ettinger's for Irish stew and some very amusing stories which Dinah Shore and George Montgomery told about their fishing trip in Montana. It seems every time they went fishing it rained and the only bites they got were from mosquitos.

When last heard from, Mr. G, was Super-Chiefing back to New York to rest up for next year's trip to movietown.

The Dough Fairbanks are off to Europe on an extended vacation. It's supposed to be a rest for Doug, who has been working much too hard, not just on his pictures but also on his other activities. During his so-called rest he'll have pro- duction conferences with J. Arthur Rank on his lavish "Rear Window" which starts in July. Then it's back to the ac- tivities of CARE, go to Amsterdam for Princess Juliana's coronation, attend the International Convention of the Associa- tion of United Nations in Paris and Geneva, then go to Italy to film. He and Mary Lee will remain in Hollywood the latter part of November.

Tallulah Bankhead has had another fab- ulous success here in the play "Private Lives" and, as usual, Hollywood flocked to the Biltmore Theatre to see her. Night we were there we saw Doris Day with Michael North, Marilyn Monroe withleading Miss McClure, the Gene Kellys, Mildred Nat- wik, and a whole flock more. The one and only Tallulah has a new pet, a love- bird named Gaylord, who likes to occasionally dip his beak in any kind of liquid refresh- ment that happens to be around.

Jimmy Stewart on the set of "You Gotta Stay Happy" at T-I was telling about his new dog, a Beagle hound, which he has named Harvey—for two reasons. One is, of course, because Jim- my has played the lead in the play of the same name several times. The other reason—say sources are supposed to hunt rabbits. "Harvey will have none of it," says Jimmy. "He thinks it's silly and too much work." But Harvey does like the camera. A photog was out taking some pictures of Jimmy and at the pop of the first flashbulb the bound came from nowhere and landed on Jimmy's lap, insisted on being in every picture.

Lucille Ball, who is in RKO's "Inter- ference," a story of professional football, was asked how come she happened to be in a football movie. She cracked back, "I've had plenty of experience. I've been interceping passes for a long time." Lucy is having a "ball" with her gang out in

SCREENLAND
Barbara Bebe Lyon, beautiful young daughter of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, has made an auspicious start toward a picture career of her own. Appearing in plays at Hollywood's famous Little Theatre, the Bliss-Hayden. This makes a 100% score for the family. Bebe and Ben, of course, were famous stars and Barbara's brother, Richard, has been in pictures for several years.

We spent a couple hours with Cornell Wilde and Pat Knight the other Sunday. They, as you know, are doing their first picture together for Columbia. Called, appropriately, "The Lovers." Pat and Cornell seem fresh, happy these days, in spite of the fact that Cornell suffered a back injury which is keeping him from wearing a steel corset. He may have to have an operation on it (his back, not the corset). They're a mighty pretty couple.

Linda Darnell is a godmother for the first time. Her goddaughter is Sharon Nelson, daughter of Fred Nelson, who's an electrical worker at 20th. Nelson, a former Marine major, is one of Linda's most ardent admirers, Miss D. has taken up modeling and is doing a bust of her six-months-old daughter, Lola. Linda says it's really a "bust" because there's not much character in the face of a baby at that age.

Mel Dinelli, who cooks spaghetti as superbly as he writes suspense stories, had a gang down to his Malibu Beach house for some dreamy four o'clocks. He created the scarey "Spiral Staircase" and the new picture which he authored, "The Window," is just as scary. In the gang—two producers, Harriet Parsons and Frederick Ullman; three writers—Dewitt Bodeen, Muriel Roy Bolton, whose book, "The Golden Porcupine," is fascinating, Aileen Leslie, who writes the "Date With Judy" show, Joan Crawford, looking but wonderful in a Kelly green silk shantung trimmed with gold buttons, made herself very popular with the host by washing all the dishes. Says she's not afraid of dishpan water; she's used to doing dishes at home on cook's day off. Needless to say, most of the men were clustered about the glamorous Joan most of the evening. She's a swell gal.

Jeanne Crain is thrilled to pieces about her latest picture, "The Fan," originally slated for Gene Tierney. Gene bowed out because of approaching motherhood and the little Crain girl stepped in gladly. It's too bad one of my favorite actors, George Leigh, had to pass up a fat role in "The Fan" because of an operation.

Reggie Gardner's 83-year-old mother, Henrietta, is in Hollywood to visit her mother, who's in the Valley. She's hired a hall, a three-piece band, and put a square-dance caller under contract. Every Friday night Eve Arden, Viveca Lindfors, violinist Mischa Elman, Columbia boss Harry Cohn, Lucy and Don and several other friends get together for a session of old-fashioned square dancing, which is becoming the rage and sophisticated Hollywood. They serve cokes, sandwiches and coffee while they're resting from swinging partners.

Dick Widmark, that delightful menace, got an awful scare when his wife called him at the studio to tell him their three-year-old daughter, Ann, had decided she could fly and promptly took off in a dive from the top of her toy chest. Ann landed on her head and bent but didn't break her collar-bone. Needless to say, the young lady has been grounded by her mother and father.

Had dinner with my pet, Betty Hutton, shortly after she returned from her personal appearances in San Francisco. Betty did six and seven shows daily and was just beginning to get her voice back. She looked but stunning in a black satin suit trimmed in pasmematterie and a black hat with a white wing across the crown. Betty cut short her p.a. tour in order to accept an offer to appear at the Palladium in London, where I bet she knocks 'em dead.

There certainly was a gang of celebs at Chasens that night: Petyg Lawford, Mickey Rooney, Barbara Bel Geddes and Carl Scherer, Ryan, Allen, Eddie O'Brien and Olga San Juan, Bob Ryan, Audrey Totter, wearing a bright red serape around her shoulders, with her new boy friend, Charles Grayson—the writer. Just as we were leaving we had a nice chat with Penny Singleton and Bob Sparks, who has just come from the "Blondie" radio show. Nice people!

A pal from New York tells me Hank Fonda's learning more about the Navy since playing the title role in "Mr. Roberts" than he did in the three years in the Navy. Sailors are writing him from all over the world, telling him their problems and asking him to be their Mr. Anthony. Hank says he wishes he did know as much as "Mister Roberts" who write the goes to take up their headaches with their chaplains. Everybody's so delighted with Hank's terrific success on the New York stage, but they kinda wish he'd come back—'he's missed around Hollywood.

The entire publicity department at 20th Century-Fox is in love with the Italian star, Valentia Cortese, who is as beautiful as she is charming. She has fairly light hair, skin like alabaster, and large grey eyes. She has a delightful accent, but is concentrating on learning English as fast as possible. Everyone at the studio is anxious to help her learn and they're teaching her plenty of American slang, just for the heck of it. She's appeared in seventeen Italian films, but won't do a picture here until she gets her accent whipped.

Another newcomer to the screen is young Jimmie Curtis, under contract to U-I. He's twenty-one, was in the Navy for five years, and is the most thrilled young man in Hollywood. Not so long ago he was one of the crowd outside the Brooklyn theatre which premiered "Another Part Of The Forest." Trying to get a close gander at Ann Blyth, he was elbowed aside by a cop. Three weeks later he had his first date with Annie.

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and amusing son. She caught a Dutch freighthorse from England, enjoyed every minute of the six weeks it took to arrive here. Her only worry, she tells Reggie, is that she's discovered two grey hairs in her natural auburn locks. At 83 she's Reggie's busy painting again—but this time it's his beautiful wife Nadia's bedroom. From canvas to plaster, he says.

Ed O'Brien has finally fulfilled a long-time wishful wish. He is the proud owner of a boat. Even though it's only twelve feet long and only good for sailing hort sea, Ed's a happy guy. He's christened it the San Juan, after you know who.

Hollywood is busy yakking about how sensational Barbara Stanwyck is in Paramount's Hal Wallis picture, "Sorry, Wrong Number." Barbara's way up on the ten most popular stars list again and it couldn't happen to a better actress or a nicer gal.

Shelley Winters, who is a delightfully wacky gal with a well developed sense of humor, got her wish—temporarily—to be in "Cross Criss" at U-I. She pulled every wire she could to get a part in the pie and when she didn't succeed she went down to the Los Angeles Union Station one night when the company was shooting there and walked through the scene as an extra. You won't see her, though, because the studio felt it might hurt her career. Anyway, she had fun doing it.

Hobart Cavanaugh, the character actor, celebrated his 35th wedding anniversary on the set of "Three Wives" at Twentieth Century-Fox, and was congratulated by the entire company. That's a long time to be married—in any section of the country.

And Alan Young, who gets a swell part in the new Clifton Webb picture, "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College," sold his gift shop in the Valley to finance a new television show which he's all excited about.

Vic Mature, who's a very friendly guy, got a lot of the entire crew on "Interference," bought a bunch of surplus Army dog tags and had their names stamped on them. He explained as how they passed them out to the fellows that he'd like them to wear 'em so he'd get acquainted and be able to call them by their first names.

Wait until you see that cute little gal, Lora Lee Michel, in "Good Sam." We had a short talk with her after the preview and if she's handled properly I wouldn't be surprised if she'd turn into another Shirley Temple.

That's about all now, but next month I'll have a report on what's doing at La Jolla Playhouse, Lakes Tahoe and Arrowhead, and the welcome home-birthday party for Louella Parsons, given on her return from Europe.

Don't Just Dream—Do It!

Continued from page 38

Cohn, would have as soon parted with him as with—Harry Cohn! Glenn's that kind of man in film as well as in life.

The completed Ford pictures you will presently see in Technicolor give Glenn brilliantly different roles: in "The Man From Colorado" he plays the most vicious type of hanging judge—Bill Holden being the "hero," in "Return Of October" he is a university college professor interested in the case of a young lady (newcomer Terry Moore), who believes that her Uncle Willie has returned to earth in the form of a racehorse. And finally, in "The Loves Of Carmen," he plays to Rita Hayworth, in a gauzy, Latin way, what he was to her in "Gilda."

Three such spectacular parts in a row, for an actor, are pretty much like wearing a diamond, an emerald and a ruby on one hand. It takes a good man! And Glenn's home life, besides deep values underneat, gleams equally as colorful and unordinary. He is married to charming Eleanor Powell, who gave up her worldfamous dancing career, and he is, because of his stage and screen work, able to sing beltime stories and do varied his personations for three-year-old Peter. He's boss in his own home, which the Fords bought from Wanners' music master, Max Steiner, because it was planned to house a child. Boss enough, for example, to look at a knock-your-eye-out crimson-and-gold Chinese music room and say, "Leave the decorations. I'll use it for a game room."

If this sounds to you the picture of a young man who has what he wants in life—is able to enjoy both any whim and the pleasure of being useful to others—remember, as his wife likes to point out, that all Glenn is, does, gives or enjoys is secondary to acting. Acting gives him freedom as to way of life because he gives himself to acting. He has no use for people who say, "Make your work secondary, just a job; enjoy the 'larger' things of life."

His answer is, "You'll find yourself without time, money or self-confidence to do or enjoy the 'larger' things." Never dull, hating stuffiness, in fact shedding it like a canvas-back does water when it's around him, his real secret is that he never indulged in dreams. What he wanted to do he did.

Glenn's family moved from Canada to Santa Monica, California, when he was a small boy. He pushed a violin bow, sturdy, at his mother's wish. As soon as practice was over, he slipped off of the house to do part of which Mr. and Mrs. Ford never heard of—on Venice and Ocean Park amusement piers. His newspaper reports, favorite work of most industrious boys, helped account for those hours out. Errands, helping set up tents, acting as pin-boy for bowling added extra money but did not turn
his mind entirely toward carnival work.

Glenn knew what he wanted—a long first step toward success in any line. It starts you early, if you don't just dream. Polity and earnestly executing his violin lessons to please his mother, the dark-haired boy knew violin wouldn't be his life. On the amusement piers he didn’t loiter after work, to gape at bright lights or be caught up in the rhythm of holiday chatter. He hurried home, with purpose thoroughly enjoyed. The money he earned went into books of plays, costumes, and theatrical lumber to build backyard stages—anything to help learn and practice theatre.

That single-minded boy, darting at so many opportunities, is an incomplete, surface picture. He had a deeper quality, understood today. Glenn’s personality, seemingly quicksilver and impulsive on the screen, and engaging off-screen, holds steadiness. In his grown-up life that steadiness has won and keeps Eleanor.

Someone has said that genius is capacity to work hard; Glenn waited—and so built his professional start.

Homer Curran, at Los Angeles’ Belasco Theatre, was saying that city’s leading theatrical man. He produced the West Coast versions of New York hits. The papers told about him, often.

An average of three times a week, all that post-high school winter, Glenn arrived at a Belasco outside of Belasco, at 10:30 a.m. Ten-thirty was the time Glenn wanted to be waiting in the office’s outer room when Curran came in at eleven. The visit was only three times a week because round-trip fare for sixteen cents—important to a boy working at odd jobs the other four days.

Glenn’s waiting, like everything about him, was active.

“At first,” he told the writer, “I would answer questions by saying I was there ‘to make a hit of ‘Little Lord Fauntleroy.’ ’ But he smiled at Curran, who courteously smiled back. Glenn would then make himself as small as possible, sometimes wandering into the dark theatre, to which he had already gained entry by going to Curran’s waiting room. He listened to one rehearsal, sitting eagerly but quietly. But he was always outside Curran’s inner door when the producer-manager came out.

Glenn’s “Good morning, Mr. Curran,” “Good evening, Mr. Curran,” “Good night, Mr. Curran,” finally brought from the manager an interested, “Whom do you wait for here time after time?”

Glenn answered, “You, sir.” Curran asked why and received a prompt answer. “I want to see him,” Mr. Curran only laughed, pleasantly. Glenn remembers, “I didn’t bother him but kept on coming. I saw a good many Los Angeles versions of New York hits by the simple process of retracing into the last row and waiting instead of leaving the theatre.”

A sort of fixture, no one paid much attention to him, but waiting became definite action when he learned that Herman Shumlin, who had staged “The Children’s Hour” in New York, was coming west to re-stage it. Glenn had already read the play and now spent hours learning the grocer boy’s three lines.

He won the part, he confesses, by one of those prodigious boy lies that help in a pinch—if the boy can make good on the quick promise. He had gone to Curran, asking an introduction to Shumlin to “read” the three lines.

Curran said, “That part? You really want to learn acting, don’t you?”

Glenn said, “Yes, sir, I’m going to.”

Curran grinned, sent him to Shumlin.

The New York stage director listened and said abruptly, "Are you by any chance a stage manager?"

Glenn said, “No, it’s a new job to me, sir.”

"You know," Curran smiled gently. "That bit is part of the assistant stage manager’s duties.

Glenn’s youthful decision as to what he must do—and working rather than dreaming—paid off when he took time out for the war. He chose the Marines. With audience friends already won, he returned to be engaged, like that—opposite Hollywood’s most different leading ladies, Bette Davis ("A Stolen Life") and Rita Hayworth ("Gilda"). Something in Glenn’s character, perhaps the feeling he inspired that he would go on, in things personal as well as professional, on him was this best break of all, his real-life leading lady.

Eleanor Powell, Mrs. Ford, is a much warmer-looking person than you might think from having watched the cool precision of her dancing. She has a sunny glow, believes in people and glows twice as brightly when talking about Glenn.

Eleanor’s mother worked as cashier and waitress in restaurants in Springfield, Massachusetts, to give her tall, self-conscious daughter dancing lessons, and Eleanor continued because it’s her nature to do things with and because the pair—her father died when she was quite small—needed money. Like most dancers, Eleanor regarded dramatic acting as a superior profession, and, unlike most, she is gifted with a sure eye for theatrical vitality. Dennis Morgan and Reginald Owen are stars she “talked her head off” for when they needed breaks. In many such cases, she hasn’t bothered to let the beneficiary know.

Eleanor became interested in Glenn when she saw him on the screen in “Martin Eden,” and told herself, “A fine actor. There’s nothing he couldn’t play.” After seeing him in “Desperadoes” and “Destroyer,” her last picture before reporting to the Marines, she mentioned it to Pat O’Brien, who caught a tone in her voice he thought more than professional admiration—at least a promise of more. Pat contrived a meeting, and by the time Glenn went to San Diego for training, the two were engaged.

Eleanor’s love is something very special and highly dramatic, but she doesn’t seem to realize fully its drama. She spoke quite simply of what happened the week Glenn reported to San Diego. She turned down a fashionable social heral’s MGM contract. Next day she received a telegram from New York’s Music Hall, which wanted to build around
Shake Hands WITH THE POO!

Continued from page 43

successful in her motion picture career. Bette is the 70-year-old picture that is made in New York, so she is out of Hollywood for three months. A week before she returns, Ambrosia is cast in an epic being filmed in Arizona and she is away for three months. A week before she returns, Bedelia is cast in an epic requiring the work until midnight for several weeks. Ambrosia is promptly cast in a picture demanding her presence at the studio at 5:30 a.m. each day.

Puzzle: When are the girls going to get together?

I know that I have lost dozens of innumerable friendships simply because I was living according to one schedule and my tentative friend was living according to another.

I think that most girls will agree that many friendships depend upon constant renewal to have meaning. One's best friend is frequently the girl with whom one saw a movie last night.

All of which, in a rather roundabout way, brings me to The Poo. If I didn't see you for a few years, in the instance we did get together she and I would dive into fifty feet of conversation and not come to the surface for three hours. Our friendship is not based upon propinquity, but upon some secret alchemy of personality. She is very important to me, and I believe that I am important to her. I think that each of us supplies some intangible property that the other lacks, each of us is renewed and refreshed by the presence of the other. I believe that every life relationship to be lasting and to be satisfactory must contain this nebulous Something.

I had heard about The Poo and Lou (Louis Bouch, the gifted arranger and composer) long before I met either of them. My husband, Ben Gage, had known Lou for, conservatively speaking, five thousand years. After this precocious friendship in the early days of radio, both men found themselves in uniform making with the feet at Santa Ana.

Every time I saw Ben (which was every time he could wangle a weekend pass) I would hear all about Lou Busch and this mouse to whom he was married. "We'll all have to get together sometime soon," Ben would say. "I'll try to make a deal the next time both of us get off the base at the same time.""}

Come the day after several hundred threats, when we actually met as a foursome for dinner. I took one look at Janet Blair and gulped, "You're MUCH prettier in person—what's wrong with the photograph?" and she almost duplied my statement. Naturally we became friends on the instant.

In addition to owning a fantastically beautiful face, The Poo has one of the most beautiful figures in the world. She is one of the few girls I know who looks stunning in slacks. As if this weren't enough indulgence from Nature, who is notoriously niggarly, The Poo has an amazing voice. I will never forget my reaction the first time I ever heard her hit the rafters with a clear, high, bouncy note: "All that volume and timbre from so tiny a source!"

However, my ultimate admiration is reserved, not for the attributes with which The Poo was born, but for what she has done, is doing, and plans to do in the future with her endowments. She is one of the most ambitious girls I have ever known. Not pushing. I don't mean that. Not looking to someone else to advance her opportunities. But capable of driving herself to higher and higher heights.

her a "Marilin Miller" ballet prologue—four weeks at $10,000 a week. She wired "No" without hesitation.

At home, recently, she was surprised at my expression, when I heard that, and explained: "I had no decision to make. If I accepted and went to New York, and he was sent overseas quickly and was killed, what would I have—$10,000 that would stare me in the face the rest of my life."

Eleanor said something else, spoken so naturally it took the breath away: "He has lived up to every faith I had in him." She surrounds Glenn with cushioning, because she believes he still has heights to climb. "He is good," she says, meaning his character. "When he plays a wicked role, like the terrible judge in 'The Man From Colorado,' he comes home shaken." She lets him go upstairs silently, stay by himself an hour. "When he comes down, he is all smiles, and doesn't mention the day's work at dinner."

He never sees a bill or okays a household detail. Home to him is a place where he loves Eleanor and Peter, and friends come to see them.

Eleanor's devotion to Glenn is based in part on her deep respect for him. He was winning it, from some woman in the future, when he put in practice, about the work he wanted to do, the maxim, "Don't just dream—it."
goals. She is a perfectionist in judging herself. She needs to feel at the end of each week that she has improved her capacities as a performer and as a person over the previous week.

I’ve known plenty of girls with far less natural talent than Janie, who simply let themselves be waiting to be picked to play for sheer luck to present what they were too lazy to seek themselves. Not The Poo. She is in there every minute, learning new dance steps, studying music and voice, being coached in speech management, taking dramatic lessons.

In a room full of people she is an entranced listener. If The Poo ever spent an evening with an arctic explorer, a brain surgeon, a Fuller Brush man, and a costume designer, Jannie would leave in possession of information as to what should be taken for scientific investigation to the South Pole, how to do a trepan, how to overcome an irate housewife’s sales resistance on Monday morning, and why Elizabethan court ladies wore starched lace collars. S’fact.

The Poo fires my ambition, makes me arise with out-thrust jaw and announce, “I’m going to work even harder than usual today on my diction, vocal, and drama lessons.”

I hope the day comes when I shall sit in a spellbound audience and watch Janet Blair claim an Oscar. Oddly enough, I don’t aspire to winning an Oscar. Of course, it would be nice, but I’ll probably never get the roles which earn Oscars, and I don’t care. What I DO care about with all my soul is seeing The Poo carry home a Golden Guy. She has the talent, has the dramatic drive and all she needs in the right part.

Another of The Poo’s characteristics which I greatly admire is her courage. She has enough to build a pickle fence from here to Mars. As this is written The Poo has just concluded her contract with her studio. For seven long years she cheerfully accepted the roles (often had only two that gave her any chance at all to showcase her talent; “My Sister Eileen” and “Stars And Spars”) hoping month after month that she would be handed a prize role. She was promised high-powered roles repeatedly, but nothing came of the promises. Finally, when the time was running out, Jannie was offered a new contract at double her present salary. Verbally, she was promised all sorts of good roles.

Money is important to each of us, let’s face it. The Poo could have accepted her new contract for seven more years, banked her check each week, and despite the outstretched hand of the income tax collector, could have saved a little, could have lived comfortably. (Lou is the family breadwinner of course, but The Poo is proud of her ability to bring home a paycheck, too.)

The Poo quietly turned down her studio’s offer with the explanation that she might be making a financial mistake, but felt she owed it to her training and eagerness for progress to strike out on her own. As soon as news of her decision grapevined around town, she was quietly offered a series of fine pictures. I don’t think that I, personally, would have had the courage required to say “No” to a juicy contract and to set out on a fresh attempt to conquer.

Because I think of Jannie as my younger sister, I like to tease her. No matter what role they play on her, she comes back shining-eyed for more. Naturally, I don’t make life too tough for her, but once in awhile Ben and I cook up a gag. Since The Poo is basically sweet and naive, we dream up a shaggy dog story that has no point at all, then tell it to her and laugh like crazy at the tag line. Because The Poo is winsomely eager to be agreeable, she too laughs like mad with us at these pointless stories, suspecting some hidden meaning which she doesn’t understand. When we say, things that we are, “Honey, there was no point to that yarn, we were just ribbing you,” she is irked, then embarrassed, then restored to good nature.

Undoubtedly, she has the best disposition in the world. This is a lucky thing for those of us in a mad household. When I was there one afternoon, the maid telephoned and asked to speak to Lou. Jannie, only mildly surprised to hear from her maid on the maid’s afternoon off, explained that Lou was at the broadcasting station and wouldn’t be home until later. “Have him call me when he returns,” the maid said, “I bet on a horse and I want to know whether I have to report it on my income tax or not. The horse came in and paid $85.00.”

On another occasion The Poo was giving a cocktail party when her apartment was invaded by two bandits who, under the instruction of the owner to make repairs. Undaunted, Jannie showed them what work had to be done and when they had finished, they were invited to join the party. They did and obviously had a wonderful time.

When the Buses gave one of their informal evening parties, they usually invite as many guests as there are chairs, less one. That one spot is reserved for their cat who is about the size of a well-fed fox, has the grandeur of Sydney Greenstreet, and sleeps through an atomic bomb. It’s true that my cocker spaniel is now answering me back; Tony, official Busch cat, doesn’t even wait for one to address him, he reads one’s mind in advance. What Tony finds in The Poo’s mind must be ultra-special, because he adores her. As long as Tony is in the room, The Poo will never need a Winchester for protection.

Just as cooking is insipid without spice, so a friendship must be flavored by some different opinion. Womanlike, The Poo and I disagree about that basic topic of feminine conversation, clothing.

When we get together, after not having seen one another for several weeks, I am always bowed over by The Poo’s good looks and spectacular grooming.

Where that gal gals and how she wears them!

Severely I demand, “How much did you pay for that suit and where did you get it?”

When she tells me, I always close my eyes, clap my forehead, and gasp in horror. I lecture her on the merits of thrift. She merely beams at me, saying, when I have run out of rhetoric, “I’m
the Gage's, *The Tallest* and *The Greatest* and they were calling us, *Lou and The Poo.*

It's true that *The Greatest* is a blue-ribbon athlete and that her sportsmanship is also of championship calibre. It's true that she has one of the best figures and loveliest faces in Hollywood, a town noted for its physique and its physiognomies.

But, how many people realize that her ears are the prettiest in the world, that her wit is widely quoted, that she is one of the best mimics I have ever watched, that her religious faith is as much a daily source of strength and comfort as she is to her own, her generosity is like that of the earth itself?

I shall never forget a crazy incident that occurred during the War when Esther and I accompanied Ben and Louis on an Army camp appearance. The audience learned that Esther was in the wings and began to yell for her. "What shall I do?" demanded Esther. After all, she is not a dancer, she is not a lady emcee, she is only now taking vocal lessons. She was uncertain as to how successful she would be in front of a microphone.

But she strolled out on the stage anyway, wearing that pleased, faintly amazed little-girl expression which is typical of her.

"I don't know, what do you want me to do?" she inquired, shrugging.

"Someone yelled, "Sing," someone yelled, "Dance," someone shouted, "Just stand there and smile, baby!" someone in the front row, an obnoxious smarty, called out, "Are they false or what?"

Answered Esther, "My eyelashes are my own. I wear artificial eyelashes only before the camera."

Then she added, "Why don't we flood the joint so I can go into my act?"

The upshot of it was that Esther was invited back the following week simply to walk through the hospital wards and talk to the boys. It was obvious that she could turn aside rudeness with wit, and that she could inspire good-natured fun.

The boys in the hospital wards soon discovered that Esther could mimic everyone she met from the C.O. to Mickey Rooney. She possessed a repertoire of delightful, innocent jokes, and her approach to the men, both ill and not so ill, was friendly but dignified, sisterly but faintly reserved.

No such thing. Esther is another day, and Mrs. Williams said, smiling, "Esther has always been a gay spot in our family. There were seven of us at our table, sometimes a frugally set table, but we couldn't have had more fun around a banquette board. Esther always kept us in stitches. Sometimes I think that when God gave us Esther, He said in effect, 'And here is a child just for laughs.'"

I once said to Esther, "Why did you decide to make a career out of show business?" She looked vaguely surprised and answered, "I don't think I decided that, actually. I just decided that because I loved to swim, I would be the greatest swimmer in my class. The class kept enlarging, first at school and then in competition, and I kept working to keep in the lead."

I said, "What about this: when you were going to enter a contest, didn't you get The Buck?" (This is a term I have borrowed, from my husband and it refers to "Buck Fever" or the excitement which makes a deer hunter's aim wobbly.)

The Greatest regarded me with quiet glad you like it, honey. I didn't pay too much for it, really. I'll still have it in perfect condition six years from now."

And she will. Some of her most glance-getting outfits were purchased and assembled before the War.

The point is that our clothes theories are exactly opposite. I don't on bargains. I would rather have twelve outfits for the price *The Poo* would pay for three, and I would like to keep them only one-fourth as long as she keeps her things.

Of course, I'm hard on clothes. Once I'm dressed, I forget what I'm wearing and enjoy myself as much as if I were done up in blue jeans. Not long ago I modeled for a gown manufacturer and afterward her wind was like a gown from his stock for free. Ah, that's for me. I chose a bouffant white net number, then I added a clump of French silk cabbage roses at the bodice and on the skirt and wore it to one of the swankiest Hollywood parties of the season.

During the evening (I had stopped at a table to talk with some friends whom I hadn't seen all evening and had forgotten to protect my huge skirt), someone stepped on the lower flounce and tore it. If I had paid a Miss Poo price for that gown I would have been heart sick; as it was I could sing out with true gracefulness and real honesty, "Don't give it another thought. I don't mind in the least."

When I point with pride to these incidents and attempt to steer *The Poo* into similar behavior, she merely smiles and says, "You get a kick out of bargains. I get a kick out of being able to buy the best label in town."

In the matter of gifts, *The Poo* is also lavish. Some of the most beautiful Christmas gifts I have ever received have come from the Busches, one being a sterling silver seashell bonbon dish which is so exquisite that guests cannot refrain from avestrock comment.

Because of this our marriage is so happy, it makes Ben's and my life doubly rich to have found another couple equally blessed, equally devoted and understanding.

Finally, I admire Janet Blair and I'm proud to possess her friendship because she is a great gentle woman. Her instincts are kindly, her impulses are generous, and her entire approach to life is constructive.

To be a friend, one must have a loving heart, and that quality *The Poo* expresses in everything she does.

Just Call Her THE GREATEST!

---Continued from page 42---

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surprise and stated matter-of-factly:
"Oh, no. I didn't get nervous. I simply thought, 'Here we go again—I've got to win,' and that was all there was to it. I didn't tighten up. I just settled down."

She just settled down. How do you like that? I suppose the reason this simple logic flabbergasts us is that I'm the fiddle-string type. I'm tense and nervous, all of a twitch before a picture scene, or a band appearance, or a radio show. Afterward I relive the entire performance, questioning everything I have done, inquiring ways in which I could have improved my act. This is rough on sound sleep.

When I first asked Esther for her secret of relaxation, she was stretched full-length on the floor of my apartment living room, stroking Tony, our cat.

"It's perfectly simple," she sighed. "You just let go. You float on the assurance that everything is all right, just as you float on water. Like this."

She leaned back and Tony climbed on her stomach and formed himself into an over-sized calypso and she went on talking, trying to analyze my own inability to relax. After thirty or forty seconds of conversation, I ended a sentence with the query, "Don't you think so?"

Esther was asleep. In mid-afternoon, on my living room floor my yak-yak and the weight of Tony on her mid-section, The Greatest had dozed off. Something died in me that moment—my hope that I could ever attain even a fraction of the poise possessed by this remarkable creature.

Although I'm no psychologist, I have sometimes wondered if part of The Greatest's tact and trustworthiness doesn't spring from her poise. Most of it is based on her strong ethical sense, of course, but a bit rests on the fact that Esther doesn't have to gossip to be entertaining.

I have confided my deepest secrets to her and not once, about anything either great or small, has she ever violated my confidence.

In Hollywood, I'm sorry to say, it isn't always wise to discuss such matters with one's friends. Esther is an exception. I have wept and raged, I have planned and dreamed often in the presence of Esther's friendly ears; the wave length has never been picked up and re-broadcast by Esther's gifted tongue.

In this world it is frequently true that the people with the best dispositions are those who have never known hardship or suffering. It is true that sometimes misery makes people mean.

Esther endured a tragedy of her own, but in no way did she impair her outlook on life. When she told me that she and Ben were to have a child, I was thrilled to pieces because I knew how much Esther wanted to start her family. No baby ever born was anticipated with more love and eagerness than The Greatest's.

At the end of the picture she was making then, her doctor ordered Esther to bed. She remained a fragile lady for about five days, then began to feel so well that she decided to resume her normal active life.

When Ben had to go to San Francisco for a show, Esther decided to go along, by air, of course. Lou and I agreed to meet the Gaggs in San Francisco, which we love, and to spend a few quiet days sightseeing.

The four of us had a gay two days, then decided to drive to Carmel-By-The-Sea to celebrate Ben's birthday. Esther consulted a physician and was given permission to make the trip in our new car.

Lou drove with extreme care, but it became obvious when we were still quite a distance away that Esther was a terribly sick girl. I knew it, but because she said so calmly I didn't think of it. Her lips were colorless when I finally turned in my place beside her on the back seat and started to ask why she was so snooty. The instant I realized that I knew was in agony. She held her forefinger up to her lips in warning that I was not to tell Lou and Ben.

What I did was to ask Lou if we were going to waste the evening on the highway. Why not step it? He looked at me as if I were out of my mind, then he caught the word snooty and based a whole speech on it, that passed between us, and pressed his foot hard on the throttle.

Esther insisted on our stopping at the hotel.

"I'm going to be all right," she whispered fiercely to me, and I'm NOT going to spoil Ben's birthday party."

In her room while Ben was supervising removal of the luggage downstairs, Esther telephoned the maître d'hôtel and ordered a birthday cake with candles and two bottles of Chateau Champagne. That done, she realized that she didn't want the celebration could not be held at the hotel.

We rushed her to the hospital where her baby was stillborn. Afterward, when Esther wanted to know if the trip had been the cause of the trouble, the doctors reassured her. The baby's heart was so weak that it could not have lived full-term even if Esther had spent the last three months in the hospital.

Here is the remarkable thing: Only a few hours after Esther lost her child, she was out of the hospital, and Esther had telephoned the hotel and asked that her preparations for Ben's birthday party be transferred to her hospital room. The rest of us were completely demoralized, nervous wrecks. It was The Greatest who scolded us for being softies, who insisted that Ben's birthday was a time for gaiety, who insisted that she was fine, and who endeared herself to everyone in that hospital within her first thirty minutes as a patient.

The next day, she had a long talk with me. She said sharply that she didn't want me to be frightened by what had happened; didn't want me to develop a neurosis about motherhood. She explained carefully that her case was the exception, not the rule, and that I must dismiss the whole thing from my mind. The Greatest, the girl who had just been through many hours of anguish and the heartbreak of losing her first child, was reassuring ME, comforting ME, worrying about MY reactions. Finally, crying like a child, I managed to control my voice enough to suggest that she stop worrying about the rest of us, and give some thought to herself.

She looked a little surprised. "I'm all
right, and I'll be all right," she explained gently, "These things are God's will. I would not think of questioning His wisdom."

Not only has Esther a great mind and a sweet spirit, but she is one of the most generous human beings I have ever known. She is generous in little things; she is great-hearted in large matters.

Because she knows that Lou and I would love to build our own home some day (we get fairly weary of our crowded apartment) she gave me a magnificent set of sterling silver and crystal coasters. The package bore a card with the notation, "To be used only on the coffee table in your new house. I want mine to be the first gift to wish you happiness in the home you will soon have."

Incidentally, the Gage home is the coziest place I have ever seen. Esther and Ben bought it, knowing that it was sort of a tumbledown beach house, but that its foundations were sound, its siding was aged redwood, and its outlook was one of the most beautiful in California.

Together they repainted it, redecorated it and modernized it. Esther made most of her own slip covers, installed trinket shelves and edged them with plaid, prowled around antique shops for some of her treasures. The entire effect is as genuine as a blue-white diamond, but as unpretentious as wood violets.

This comfortable house with its always-burning fireplace, its deep lounges, and its supremely hospitable host and hostess is the headquarters for an enthusiastic group of friends who insist upon bringing their "friends," just to see what real people Ben and Esther are."

Last Christmas was a good example of the sort of thing that goes on all the time at Chez Gage. The Tallest and The Greatest had invited a select group of people from the radio station and from the studio to join them for a joyous Jerry on Christmas Eve. Under the Christmas tree were gifts for everyone invited. As is usually the case, the invited guests brought some of their acquaintances who were far from home, alone or lonely.

When gifts were opened, Esther could not endure the sight of anyone who wasn't surrounded by cast-off paper and ribbon. One unexpected guest was given a lavish wicker hamper in which there were four bottles of rare French champagne (a gift, until the tag was torn off, from a studio admirer to Esther.) Another unexpected guest fell heir to a set of sterling ash trays. Another was speechless upon receipt of a hamper of imported cheeses upon a white birch tray. Someone received two matched volumes of poetry, and someone else carried away a pound of English pipe tobacco which had been intended by Esther for Ben.

In brief, when the crowd had cleared out, only the gifts left under Esther's tree were those from her own family and her closest personal friends. All the rest had gone to brighten the holiday of others. Esther tipped back her head in ecstasy.

"One of the loveliest Christmas I have ever known. Wasn't it lucky the presents didn't run out?" she rejoiced.

There is no way to top the splendor of a girl like that. She is The Greatest!

Your Guide To Current Films
Continued from page 15

William Bendix, as he draws his last breath, while the mob who caused all the trouble in the first place is strewed around the luxurious living-room.

Larceny
Universal-International

JOAN CAULFIELD doesn't stand a chance when slick confidence-man John Payne charms her out of sorrowing for her husband who was killed overseas, and also charms her out of $81,000 for a phoney war memorial. Working under orders from Boss Dan Duryea, Payne has to go through with the plans for the swindle even though he falls for Miss Caulfield, but a murder-frame-up makes him see the light. Shelley Winters does a terrific bit of acting as the girl who's just ma-a-ad for Payne.

Julia Misbehaves
MGM

NOT only does Julia misbehave, but so does Greer Garson, who plays Julia, a divorcee reappearing to see her now-grown-up daughter wed. En route, Julia gets involved with an acrobatic troupe whose maestro is Cesar Romero, and she sings, dances and swings on the stage curtains like a slightly restrained Betty Hutton. Walter Pidgeon plays Miss Garson's ex-husband, and he naturally falls in love with her all over again. All in all, when things start happening like crazy, including daughter's change of groom, to Peter Lawford, at the 11th hour, the finale is nothing short of a slapstick with Miss Garson and Pidgeon finding out that they do love each other—but definitely—while slipping around in about two feet of mud.

A Southern Yankee
MGM

THOUGH Red Skelton seems to be putting on a little more weight, he's still one of the funniest comedians on the screen. This time, he's a bellhop who gets mixed up with some Southern bops during the Civil War. Not only does he become a spy, too, but masquerades as the most fearless, daring, courageous agent the rebel South has—THE SPIDER! While trying to keep his Yankee identity hidden, he sets out to cope with Brian Donlevy, a session with the dentist, a firing squad, a Southern drawl that keeps slipping, and the usual Skelton dilemmas. It's fun and lots of it.
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Tyrone Power

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FREE BOOKS! 8 OSS OF THEM!
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—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 matchless thrills of the greatest adventure story ever filmed!

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Kidnapped

By Weston East

Gossip in the Lobby

Clown Bing Crosby, Ringmaster Bob Hope intrigue Betty Grable when stars take over Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey circus to benefit St. John’s Hospital.
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She teaches him his ABC's by drawing them on his chest...and he doesn't care if school never ends!

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in

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with

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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

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Now you can have an autographed picture of beautiful Wanda Hendrix, lovable star of "Ride The Pink Horse" and "Welcome Stranger!" Just send a dime, plus coupon.

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Gossip in the Lobby

Loretta Young twits clown John Lund during performance of stars' benefit circus.

Troupers Celeste Holm, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak awaiting start of big parade.

.set to see her husband, who is the financial backer of the picture. "How are you, Baby?" he called out to her. "I can't stop and talk to you—or we both will be losing money!" What a guy!

Very little has been written about Clark Gable's devotion to his father. Seldom, if ever, did they pose for pictures together. And all for good reason. Clark's dad was proud of his son, but wanted no part of the spotlight. He lived close to the Gable ranch with Clark's adored stepmother. She died recently and while Clark was in Europe, his father followed her. Clark hurried home for the funeral. There were no crowds, no clicking cameras. That was the way Dad Gable would have wanted it. During all his years in Hollywood, unless he was out of town, Clark never missed Sunday night dinner with his family. Thus continues the Gable legend.

We promised not to reveal the hysterical plot of "I Was A Male War Bride" but it's too good to keep! Cary Grant marries Ann Sheridan while they're in Europe. According to rules and regulations, only WAC brides are allowed to return to this country. Cary doesn't want to be separated from his sweetheart, nor does the WAC wear a wig made out of a horse's tail and tries to fool the authorities! Whatever you do, don't miss this one.

Montgomery Clift continues to baffle Hollywood hostesses. He's refused all in-

Equestrienne Virginia Mayo, Bill and Diana Powell after stint under Big Top.

Paul Jorom, famous circus clown, introduces his star apprentice, Gregory Peck.
A barrage of Bouquets for Warner Bros. June Bride

"One of the best comedies in years!"
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Bette Robert

DAVIS MONTGOMERY in JUNE BRIDE

Screen Play by RANALD MacDOUGALL • Based on a Play by Eileen Tighe and Graeme Lorimer

FAY BAINTER BETTY LYNN TOM TULLY

DIRECTED BY BRETAIGNE WINDUST • HENRY BLANKE

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vitations, yet almost daily on "The Heir-
ness" set, he has feminine (but unknown)
visitors. Monty's kind of a character, too.
When he arrives at the studio, his clothes
look like he put them on before he stepped
up to the shower. As a rule he's sleepy and
seldom talks while he applies his makeup.
Then when he steps before the camera, he
instantly becomes—brilliant!

—0-

Joan Crawford's done it again! This
time in "Flamingo Road," she'll wear a
short page boy bob that drips to her
head like a skullcap. Her hair's a new
color, too, almost amber under the lights.
Speaking of the inimitable Crawford, a
local merchant tried to sell her some im-
ported tweed for $50 a yard. Joan gulped:
"Thank you very much—I'll learn how to weave it myself." So help
us, that's just what she's doing. She now
has a loom set up in her drawing room.
(Please turn to page 74)
HARRY M. POPKIN presents

LARAINÉ DAY · KIRK DOUGLAS
KEENAN WYNN · HELEN WALKER

in

"My Dear Secretary"

P.S. She got the job!
...and what a job she does on her boss!

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When Nature "forgets"... remember

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RECOLA RECORDING CO., Hollywood, 28, Calif.

By
Helen Hendricks

Apartment For Peggy
(Technicolor)
20th Century-Fox

THERE are a number of things which go to make a picture which can be placed in "the very special" category, and this evidently has them all. It's about an elderly college professor, Edmund Gwenn, who, because he's decided his usefulness to society is no more, plans to commit suicide, and a young, poor-as-the-dickens couple, Jeanne Crain and William Holden, who are just beginning to realize how important they are to humanity. Rather than treat the problems of the three principals with a heavy hand, there's a light and very human touch that old and young alike will understand and feel.

Set in a college town, where Holden, an ex-GI, is going to school, the plot develops when his youthful, but determined wife commandeers a much-needed place to live—the attic of the "useless" professor's home much against the professor's wishes and better judgment—for not only will there be the two tenants, but in a few months, a Junior Young America will appear. Prof. Gwenn goes through a lot, of course, but it's delightfully done and you know he's enjoying himself even though he hates to admit it.

In a way you sort of hate to see the picture end, but the warmth of it will go right home with you.

(Please turn to page 14)
"I was ashamed of my face until Viderm made my dreams of a clear skin come true in one short week."

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

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

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

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

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

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

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

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

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

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

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

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

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of The New York Viderm Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. S55, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.
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AT LAST an eminent doctor, a prac-##ting physician, with a background of vast, everyday experience in problems of sex, tells ALL the baffling long-obscured facts in frank, easy-to-understand lan-
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The coupon is unavailable due to the nature of the text, but it would typically include a method of ordering the book with a return address and a price.

Glenn Ford, Terry Moors in "The Return Of October." Columbia comedy about a girl who thinks a racehorse is her reincarnated uncle.

An Act Of Murder

Universal-International

WHEN you get two stars like Fredric March and Florence Eldridge and a story that's daring because its theme is mercy killing, the combination is infallible. Highly emotional scenes follow in rapid succession after March, a judge, learns his wife is stricken with a fatal and horribly painful illness. However, the one scene which is outstanding takes place in a courtroom where March is standing trial for what he believes is the mercy killing of his wife. Supporting roles are all excellent and the lesser romance department is taken care of by Edmond O'Brien and Geraldine Brooks.

The Three Musketeers

(Technicolor)

MGM

FOR a smash-up evening's entertain-
ment, how's this: Gene Kelly, Lana
(Please turn to page 73)
MAN-HUNT.
IN THE LAST OUTPOST OF ADVENTURE!

She could bring out the worst in any man!

Outcasts from 100 lands...living for the thrill of cold steel—the pleasure of warm lips!

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
Dorothy Lamour and her husband, William Ross Howard, at the world premiere of the "Ice Follies Of 1949," compliment two talented performers during show's intermission.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, just back from a trip abroad, enjoy the colorful Hollywood debut of the Ice Follies at Pan-Pacific auditorium. Ronnie's latest is "A Double Life."

Nightclub singing star, Carl Brisson, his daughter-in-law, Rosalind Russell (now in "The Velvet Touch") and Van Johnson sign autographs at the opening of the "Ice Follies Of 1949."

Shirley Temple, her hubby John Agar, at debut of spectacular "Ice Follies."

Jane Powell and Lon McCallister at "Ice Follies" greet an excited young fan.

Van Johnson and his wife, Evie, arrive at the skating show's brilliant premiere.

"Ice Follies" Premiere
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?
the snake pit has been filmed!

With all the emotional impact and penetrating insight that made the best-selling novel the most powerful book of our time—the story now comes to the screen!

Darryl F. Zanuck presents

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
THE SNAKE PIT

also Starring
MARK STEVENS
LEO GENN

with
Celeste Holm • Glenn Langan

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK
Produced by ANATOLE LITVAK and ROBERT BASSLER

and Helen Craig • Leif Erickson • Beulah Bondi • Lee Patrick • Howard Freeman • Natalie Schafer • Ruth Donnelly • Katherine Locke • Frank Corney • Minna Gombell

Screen Play by Frank Partos and Millen Brand • Based on the Novel by Mary Jane Ward
Virginia Mayo gets into the spirit of her current role in Warner Bros. "The Girl From Jones Beach," by designing herself a sensational bathing suit ... heavy white cable cord stitched on white lycra briefs in a diagonal design and on a halter top in a swirl design. Below: Dick Powell and Richard Beavers clown away pre-broadcast tension before their stint on NBC's "Hollywood Star Theatre." Below Center: Vic Mature relaxes after a day's work in "Cry Of The City," a 20th Century-Fox film, by squiring his wife, Dorothy, to Mocambo. Bottom Right: Robert Stack gallantly welcomes Jeanette MacDonald and Louis B. Mayer to the party he gave for Jeanette following her tremendously successful concert at the Hollywood Bowl.
DON'T know what's got into Hollywood lately, but the after-sundown socializing around has become slightly more than frantic. So much so that all the parties have kinda blurred together in what we call our mind. But it's a nice, rosy blur and if we can just find something to combat our battle fatigue, we'll tell you a bit about who's been busy on the party line.

One of the best balls of any year was the welcome-home birthday party for Lonella Parsons the day after she arrived home from her European tour. The hostesses: Harriet Parsons, Dorothy Mann, Maggie Ettinger and Lorena Daneker. The place: Beautiful Ocean House, which used to be the beach home of Marion Davies. The guests: Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, Dotty Lamour and Bill Howard, Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob, Joan Fontaine and Bill Dzier, L. B. Mayer with his soooo attractive daught-
VERA'S DREAM COMES TRUE

Her dream of a prolonged tour of Europe came true this summer for Vera Ralston, star of Republic's "Drums Along the Amazon." Born in Prague, Vera traveled extensively in every country on the continent before coming to America when the Nazis harried her out of Czechoslovakia, and had a nostalgic longing to see Europe again. Above: With Corporal Watkins of the Royal Horse Guards, Buckingham Palace. Left: Vera, Captain J. W. Anderson aboard the S.S. America. Below: At the "Castle Of Scottish Kings," Edinburgh's historic battlement.

Mary Pickford snaps a picture of Vera Ralston at the "Captain's Ball," during their voyage aboard the S.S. America.

Above: Vera, her mother at airport prior to her departure for Prague. Below: Feeding pigeons in Trafalgar Square, London.

Below: Accompanied by her hairdresser, Hazel Weider, Vera signs an autograph for Roman fan, member of the Carabiniere.
Do men like to be babied? Can wives change husbands' bad habits? June Allyson has the answer to these and many other questions on husbands.

By Jack Holland

How To Keep A Husband Happy

Above: Dick Powell and June Allyson join the conversation at one of the gala events at Atwater Kent's Bel-Air home.

Below: On set of MGM's "The Three Musketeers," June clowns between scenes in cameraman's coat. June and Dick successfully laugh each other out of fits of moodiness.

Above: Try this for those early morning kinks! June keeps the breakfast table talk as pleasant as possible and gives Dick ten minutes to read his newspaper.

Above: June wears 17th century nightgown for this scene in MGM's "The Three Musketeers." June believes that shopping with your husband only breeds trouble.
THERE have been many complex problems confronting authorities, but there is one that has continued to be a puzzle to experts of all periods in history—at least the feminine experts. And that’s how to keep a husband happy.

Since one girl’s opinion on this subject is as good as another’s and since Miss June Allyson seems to have done a pretty good job of keeping Dick Powell happy, it didn’t seem too amiss to get the pert and vivacious June to sound off on this business.

I confess I felt as though I had come to the wrong party when I saw June on the set of “Little Women” at MGM. She looked so young and naive in her get-up for the role of Jo in the picture that I felt almost as though I were talking to a child bride. She certainly didn’t look old enough to be managing Dick’s household and mothering their eight-month-old adopted daughter, Allyson. But I soon found out that a nice hunk of grey matter lurked behind that mischievous, smiling expression June wears.

To start out, I put forth a rather strange question when I asked June if she thought Dick was a happier person now than he was before they were married. I don’t know what I expected her to say, but I was sure she wasn’t going to reply, “No, I don’t think he is.” And that’s exactly the answer she didn’t give.

“Yes, I do think Richard is happier now,” June said lightly. “I’d certainly hate to think he wasn’t. I don’t see how he could remain serious and upset for long anyway married to me, because I do such silly and idiotic things that he laughs at me—or with me—most of the time. He’s never quite sure what I’m going to do next. And for that matter, neither am I. This may sound particularly unsteady and hectic, but it helps to make living fun and not a gruesome trial.”

“I don’t mean that I go around like a Cheshire cat all the time or that I’m a Gigling Gertie. Far from it. And I don’t mean to imply that Richard is always chortling merrily. I have my serious moments and he has his. But if he ever gets in the dumps, I just laugh at him and he does the same to me. Richard, fortunately, is not a moody person. If a woman has a husband who is given to fits of despondency, I think her only ‘out’ is to laugh at such moods. For my money, there’s no excuse in the world for moodiness. I’d never put up with it.”

Getting down to brass tacks, there are some things that any wife is confronted with when it comes to keeping her husband happy. Take the business of papa’s reading the morning paper at breakfast and never commenting on a new robe fond wife is wearing. What do you do then?

“At breakfast, I don’t dare open my mouth when Richard starts to read his paper.” June continued, laughing. “I have now resorted to a definite system: I give him exactly ten minutes to glance through his paper and then I say, ‘Put it down and let’s talk.’ That always works. I believe it’s a (Please turn to page 38)
No one says "No" to Hedy now and she's getting a big kick out of her new freedom

By Fredda Dudley

To protect her glamour, studios gave Hedy list of taboos. Above: With ex-husband Gene Markey.


TABOOS ARE OFF!

THE TITLE of the picture which Hedy Lamarr recently completed for Eagle Lion Studios is "Let's Live A Little." This suggestion is Hedy's new life slogan as well.

Until now, Hedy will tell you, her life has been bound around by taboos of various potency and of many different types. For instance, there has been that old studio bugaboo of "You mustn't, ski, Hedy. You're too likely to break an arm or a leg and be in the hospital just when you're needed for the best role of your career."

Rebellion No. 1 in Hedy's life is evidenced by the fact that she has made arrangements to go skiing just as soon as the snowpack is satisfactory in the Sierras. She already knows the rudiments of the sport, but she intends to go in for all the added excitement, perhaps even slalom racing.

Another irksome restriction has been the dictum, "You mustn't go horseback riding, Hedy. You might be thrown and seriously injured. You are too valuable a person to risk in foolish sport."

Hedy's Rebellion No. (Please turn to page 36)

Boyce and Lamarr became the screen's top lovers when he said, "Come with me to the Casbah."
Acrobat with Both Feet On The Ground

Film femmes all want to co-star with brawny Burt

By Elizabeth Wilson

THERE was a time in the theatre when the most devastating thing you could say to someone you didn't like was, "May all your children grow up to be acrobats." That really cut 'em down to a nubbin. But all that has changed now. Ever since Mr. and Mrs. James Lancaster's boy, Burt, back-flipped from acrobat to star-producer, May all your children grow up to be acrobats is now practically synonymous with saying may your kids be millionaires.

Not that Burt Lancaster is a millionaire exactly. ("I haven't a highly developed money sense," he says. "Around me money melts rapidly.") But give him time, give him time. For a guy who just got started in this business less than three years ago, he's doing all right. Just about as inactive as a beaver with a power complex. His first picture, Mark Hellinger's "The Killers," established him as a star. His last completed picture, "Kiss The Blood Off My Hands," will establish him as a producer. Last Winter Burt and Harold Hecht drew up the proper papers and formed their own producing company, called Norma Productions—named after Burt's wife. They chose as their first production a novel called "Kiss The Blood Off My Hands." Burt co-stars with Joan Fontaine and also tries his hand at producing. The next film release of Norma Productions will be, he says, John Galsworthy's "The First And The Last.

(Please turn to page 59)
Selznick's "Portrait Of Jenny" stars Joseph Cotten as the artist who regains his sense of values through inspiring visions of Jenny, played by Jennifer Jones.
MORE “BIG TOP” PIX

WITHOUT a doubt the biggest event ever to take place in Hollywoo was the circus benefit given for St. John’s Hospital. Practically every star in the movie capital contributed his services to the worthy cause. Above: Gloria De Haven and Elizabeth Taylor, gorgeously gowned, make their way to the main tent for the colorful pageant. Below: Nelson Eddy upholds tradition of Northwest Mounted Police by aiding Connie Moore and Lucille Ball.

Right, Top to Bottom: Virginia Mayo performing as a bareback rider. Diana and William Powell were the show’s Punch and Judy, Gregory Peck (right), all done up in red and white paint, costumed with the regular Barnum and Bailey circus clowns. Dorothy Lamour greeting Eden Abbez, composer of hit song, “Nature Boy.” The gala evening ended with a speech by Kay Kyser, who thought up the whole idea, and the singing of “Auld Lang Syne” by Jeanette MacDonald.
Above: Off screen or on, Lana's a delightful charmer. Here she keeps co-star Gene Kelly purring when they sit out a scene.

Above: As Countess de Winter, Lana is an adventuress and tool of Prime Minister Richelieu, who plans to dethrone the king.

All the swashbuckling adventure of Alexandre Dumas' novel has been captured on the screen in "The Three Musketeers." Gene Kelly as D'Artagnan, Van Heflin, Robert Coote and Gig Young as the Three Musketeers are reckless swordsmen, dashing romancers. And Lana Turner in the role of Countess de Winter is as magnetic a witch as ever plotted against her king. So fetching is Lana, it seems improbable that Gene and Co. should strive only to have her beheaded.

Above, Left: During this lusty fight between Lana and Gene, when he accuses her of spying, Lana seriously injured her arm.
Lana and Vincent Price, who plays Richelieu, plot together to overthrow the king and gain full control of the throne.

Lana, with Gene Kelly, has the perfect figure for the lavish decollete gowns she wears in "The Three Musketeers."

Impersonating one of her lovers, Gene turns the tables on Lana and beguiles her into giving him pertinent information.

Though Van Heflin, Lana's estranged husband, plans to kill her, she begs so prettily for mercy that he grants her plea.

At Gene's first meeting with the Musketeers, he wins their admiration and friendship with his skill as a swordsman.

Above: Gene relaxes to music. Right: Beplumed and bewitching, Lana has never been more beautiful nor more exciting.
Cobina Wright and Dinah Shore chat with Designer Marusia, who provided the eye-appealing styles for the Fashion Party Cobina gave in her Beverly Hills home. Champagne supper followed the show, m.c.'d by designer's husband, radio's jovial Don Wilson.

COBINA WRIGHT’S Gossip of Hollywood Parties

Fashion elegance seen at top parties of month is reported by social leader

STEP right this way, ladies and gentlemen!
Step right up if you want to read all about the most exciting event Hollywood can ever remember!
The fabulous occasion was the charity-sponsored opening of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus here in filmland and it literally lived up to its famous billing as “The Greatest Show On Earth.”

For this merging of the sawdust and the stardust trails brought out every star in the industry to participate in raising funds for St. John’s Hospital in Santa Monica.

Never before has there been such a turnout of celebrities and I doubt if ever again will Hollywood see as many famous folk gathered under one “Big Top.”

For example, imagine Greer Garson riding an elephant, Bing Crosby cutting up as a clown, William Powell and his wife, Diana Lewis, cavorting as Punch

Ray Milland gives a masculine eye to the new fashion trend of bustle-back dresses.

And Judy, Walter Pidgeon on a flying trapeze, Lucille Ball as a daring bareback rider and Ronald Colman playing ringmaster to a dozen midgets!
These are just a few flashes of what actually transpired on this glittering night.

Before the show started, the hordes of fans were greeted by many of their favorite male stars, exhorting them to buy programs, peanuts and candy. Among these flashily-dressed “barkers” were Dan Dailey, Ronald Reagan, Edgar Bergen, Preston Foster, Robert Lowery, Richard Widmark and Robert Preston, all of whom were shouting themselves hoarse pointing out the wonders of Gargantua, the grace of the caged leopards and lions, the lengthy sleekness of the giraffes and the refreshing delights of popcorn and lemonade.

Danny Kaye launched the show (Please turn to page 62)
Constance Bennett and her husband, Col. Theron Coulter, celebrated his birthday, too, at Cobina Wright's fashion party.

Jerome Courtland, Ella Raines and Vanessa Brown perk up to admire the dress worn by Binnie Barnes at Cobina's party.

Dinah Shore, Ann Miller and Letiza Vanderbilt model dresses of the same design, worn in different ways, at Marusia's show.

Bill Spier, radio producer, Loren Tindell, Nancy Kelly and William Eythe enjoy Cobina's champagne supper following show.

Judy Garland, Carlton Alsop and June Havoc were interested watchers of show celebrating Marusia's first year as designer. Right: Dinah Shore, in dress designed for her British tour.
In her role of a mental patient in "The Snake Pit," Olivia de Havilland gives a grimly brilliant portrayal that has Hollywood predicting an Academy Award.

Olivia's hesitant groping through the tortuous mazes of insanity, her heart-breaking terror and delusion and bewildered attempts to regain her sanity in "The Snake Pit," are superbly authentic.

Above: Emotionally, physically exhausting, devoid of glamour, it's Olivia's most demanding role.

Another Award?

In "The Snake Pit," a 20th Century-Fox film, Olivia is a beautiful, intelligent girl transformed into a tormented slattern. Hers is an exacting performance worthy of Hollywood's highest honors.
Olivia de Havilland 20th Century-Fox stars Olivia de Havilland in "The Snake Pit," based on the novel by Mary Jane Ward which dramatizes the care and cure of a mental patient.
SWITCHEROO FOR JANE

JANE RUSSELL'S period costumes in "The Paleface" for her role of a gun-totin' government agent, who's out to liquidate a band of renegades smuggling guns to the Injuns, don't obliterate her lush magnetism one bit. The sexiness she displayed in her first film, "The Outlaw," is still there, but leavened by the horseplay and humor of this Bob Hope travesty on Wild West epics. Jane (above), on the lawn by the pool of her home in the San Fernando valley, likes this role for just that reason. Being sultry constantly is tedious work! Right: Jane repairs her makeup prior to a scene. Below Left: "Antiqued" for the final scenes in "The Paleface," Jane chats with Director Norman MacLeod. Below Right: Some bearskins in a tepee are ideal for Jane's between-scenes nap.

Above: Jane with Bob Hope, her co-star in "The Paleface," a Paramount picture. Jane's the kind of girl Bob likes best; honest, straightforward.
How Busy Can You Get?

Energetic and talented, Cugat is one of the busiest men in the world

By
Lynn Bowers

“IT’S the toughest job in the world to be married to a bandleader.”

That’s the statement made by Xavier Cugat, a bandleader himself. This is a somewhat left-handed compliment to his wife, Lorraine Allen, but there are good reasons behind this startling statement, as you will presently see.

Cugie doesn’t mean all bandleaders are problem husbands but he knows he is. So he works twice as hard as the average husband to compensate for the things which make it a tough job to be married to him.

Not so long ago there was a great deal of gossip and chatter about the Cugats—and some action, too, when Cugie took a poke at a guy he thought was paying too much attention to his bride at Moulin, while he was busy making with the rhythm at Ciro’s. Everyone but Cugie and the guy who got punched took it as a big joke, just another incident in an epidemic of one-punch fights along the Strip. But it wasn’t funny to Cugie. It’s all according to where and how you’re brought up, he thinks. He was born and raised (Please turn to page 64)
Success—Take It Or Leave It!

Bette Davis candidly sums up the benefits and sacrifices success in Hollywood brings

By Alice L. Tildesley

MORE than one actor has told me that Hollywood success is dangerous. Actors have sighed that in achieving fame they've lost much more. Just WHAT does success in Hollywood give, and what does it take away?

I decided to discuss the matter with Hollywood's top-ranking star, Bette Davis, who certainly should know.

Just off the set of "June Bride," her first comedy in many years, she joined me in the Warner Bros. Green Room. Her ash-blonde hair had a lovely sheen, her blue eyes sparkled, she was all animation. Edith Head had created her brown dress of deceptively simple cut.

All in all, Bette looked most attractive, and, as usual, was interested in answering my questions.

"To begin with," she said, "success has definitely given me more than it has taken away. I do not belong to the school of successful people who mourn, 'If I could only go back to that little stone hut, where I used to be so happy and so poor!' I wouldn't go back for the world, though I wouldn't have missed any part of it."

Bette is convinced that there are gifts that would never have been hers if she had not succeeded in her profession, among these, assurance and confidence in herself. "Not only assurance in my work, but in my personal life as well. I can meet people with confidence, feeling I am welcome. Success is a kind of guaranty that you are excluded from nothing."

On the other side of the ledger, however, is the lack of personal privacy. Famous people can never count on passing unnoticed. Not for them is the quick trip to the corner drugstore when aspirin tablets run out, or there are no more of their special brand of cigarettes in the house. If one is wise, one will leave unglamorous outdoor duties undone when maids or (Please turn to page 66)
While Bette Davis states: "The greatest benefit from all my success has been the feeling of inner security I have acquired as a person," she says of material things, "I'm able to live the sort of life that appeals to me." The forfeiting of her right to be a "human being" is where success has taken its toll the most. About her daughter (below), Bette frankly admits: "Success also has robbed me of the chance to devote all my time to my daughter. Barbara is at the enchanting age, and I'm missing so much of her."

Top: Bette Davis in a scene from "June Bride."
Above: With Greg Peck on Radio Theatre show.

Above: Bette, her mother at Hollywood premiere.
Below: With Bob Montgomery in "June Bride."
Hollywood's most provocative romancers, Ty and Linda are mum on when, where they'll wed.

Above: Ty at home. Below: With needy Italian youngsters aided by Ty's benefit air show.

The Next Mrs. Ty Power?

Linda Christian's the redheaded charmer for whom Tyrone Power eagerly forsok all others after he first met her in Rome. She returned to Italy for a vacation and to attend her sister's wedding there, but mainly to be with Tyrone during the filming of his new picture, "Prince Of Foxes," in Rome for 20th Century-Fox Films studio.
No gift could be more thrilling than Deltah’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, in striking jade-color Chinese type treasure chest... $24.50. Double strand $34.50, triple strand $44.50. Other popular Deltah necklaces from $3.00.

L. HELLER & SON, INC., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Social, lovable "Butch" is just about the laziest guy on earth

By Zachary Scott

Cesar Romero’s great sense of humor is an asset at any party. He helps M’Liss McClure to high chair at starlet’s christening.

Just Call Him "Butch"

HERE’S one for you to think over:
A guy goes on a personal appearance tour to Saskatchoo in the Great Northwest and there finds that no one ever heard of Gloria Goldilocks who won last year’s Gallup Poll, Oscar, Oscarina, and Newspaper Critics’ Award. But every citizen in Saskatchoo will ask you if you can get an autographed photograph of Cesar Romero for him.

You go on location to Sorrel Maverick, Arizona, where a shod foot has never before tred and where they think "Boyer" is a high school yell, and the first thing you know half the town will demand to know why Cesar Romero isn’t on location, too.

You go to the President’s Birthday Ball, as my wife and I once did, and who is pestered to death by autograph hounds of all ages, sexes, and states of grace? A guy named Romero.

You open a batch of fan mail directed to almost anyone in Hollywood, and in the batch you will find—not addressed to Mr. Cesar Romero, but directed at his friends—this poignant query: What is Butch really like?

It is my pleasure to accede to popular demand and tell all I know about one of my best friends, Mr. Cesar (Butch) Romero. Incidentally, the nickname “Butch” was originally applied to Cesar because he is one of the gentlest, most mannerly of men.

He is brilliant, sensitive, talented, loyal, humorous, lovable—and just about the laziest guy on earth. He is nervous, he will sit for hours twiddling a ring, pulling it off and on. He has spent so much time dancing professionally that it is almost impossible to get the man on his feet to dance for recreation, but once he is started, there is no way to stop him. He is good at anything he undertakes. (Please turn to page 67)
The Name Is "Banjo"

A GOOD many glib people have tried to describe friendship, but anyone who has had a solid friend knows that the definitions are never particularly successful. Friendship is a package deal, so the identification of any one single item of the relationship isn't enough. A person finds it necessary to tell about a number of things, some good, some bad; some funny, some sad. Some hair-raising—which brings me to my pal, Zachary Scott, who nearly scared me to death one night.

It happened this way. When my father fell desperately ill and our house was crowded with the usual members of the family plus three nurses, Zach and Elaine Scott invited me to move into their guest suite. I accepted with alacrity and gratitude. At the time Zach was in the midst of making a picture which was working on location about ninety miles north of Los Angeles. Despite the miserable weather, he was driving back and forth each day. Even when the company was doing night shooting, Zach buckled into his car and came home as soon as possible.

One drizzling three a.m. I was dead to the world in slumber when a powerful hand gripped my shoulder. Coming out of coma slowly, I opened one eye against the glare of the one night-light that had been turned on. I closed that eye promptly, acting on the theory that if I didn't see what I thought I saw it would go away. It did not go away. It shook my shoulder and said in a plain-tive whisper, "Butch, wake up. I think you'd better drive me to the hospital."

There stood poor Zach, waiting patiently. There was a two-inch gash across his forehead which was welling blood. His nose, his cheek, his neck and his shirt were gory.

I struggled to (Please turn to page 69)
Ella Goes Cowgirl Again

Above: Ella Raines, who plays the romantic lead, the only woman's role, in Columbia's "The Walking Hills," with her husband, Maj. Robin Olds, at the Stork Club.

Sand and sun are important props in the filming of Columbia's "The Walking Hills," super Western thriller which follows the adventurous trail of seven men in their search for a missing wagon-train of gold. Below: Randolph Scott, Ella Raines and Edgar Buchanan seek comfort of shade on Death Valley location.


Love is served in this scene from "The Walking Hills" when Ella Raines, Western femme fatale, joins the seven-man search for the lost wagon-train, and finds William Bishop, her husband, who deserted her after committing a murder in self-defense.
Ingrid Bergman, starring in the coveted title role of "Joan Of Arc," greets MGM star Clark Gable when he visits set of the Sierra Pictures' Technicolor film for RKO release.

Dressing Ingrid in armor is a lengthy and painstaking job for Wardrobe Department.

Joan's weighty armor doesn't hinder Bergman's talent for creating deep emotion.

Above: Ingrid records scene with her own movie camera. Right: Star's suit of white aluminum armor was hand-tailored by the Armorer of N. Y.'s Metropolitan Museum.

Right: One of the highlight scenes shows Joan listening to Saints' voices.
Evening vests are the Winter fashion note, according to Edith Head. They can be worn with a variety of skirts, and made with bare or covered backs.

Formally elegant is Anita Colby's cocoa brown slipper satin gown with standing collar, sleeves and dramatic back fullness.

(Edith Head, who creates beautiful gowns for the stars of Paramount, brings you fashion news from the West Coast. This month she talks about the return of elegance for evening.)

Edith Head Says

The Fashion News Of The Month

is the evening vest. It is one of the smartest and easiest ways to bring glamour into your wardrobe. It is simple to make and can be worn with any kind of skirt. Interchange your vests and skirts and you'll have twice as many dresses to wear. Loretta Young, who has just finished 'The Accused,' has a black velvet vest with a slim white dinner skirt in her personal wardrobe. The vest is backless and buckles at the sides with jeweled clips. That same vest could be worn with a pleated black crepe skirt or a full, pale pink velvet skirt. A vest like the one sketched could also be worn over a long sleeved white chiffon blouse and a short separate skirt, for a stunning cocktail dress. Wear it beneath a dark suit and you're ready for a "special suit" occasion. * * *

Let's Be Gay

During the war it was the patriotic thing to wear day clothes in the evening. The same was true of the post-war period because of labor and fabric shortages. At that time, many things were more important than formal clothes and it was intelligent to forgo glamour. But now we have gone back to the formality we had before the war. It is a reflection. (Please turn to page 71)
Betty Hutton's black satin overskirt detaches from the slim skirt beneath; the draped bolero covers a formal pink chiffon bodice.

Phyllis Calvert adds white violets to the neck of a black faille bodice and the wrists of both short gloves.

With the same blouse, Phyllis Calvert teams a matching black faille skirt for a fashionable and a formal evening ensemble.
The suit which Dona Drake wears in "The Girl From Jones Beach," is made of bright blue and white pareau cloth, which Travilla brought back from Tahiti. Working from a rough sketch (top circle) Travilla fitted the suit to Dona (lower circle) and the result is a striking success.
Anne Baxter plays the only woman's role in 20th Century-Fox's Technicolor outdoor adventure drama, and is seen throughout most of the picture garbed in form-fitting blue jeans, with sidearms to protect her from both rattlesnakes and bandits.

Below: Anne Baxter enjoys rest on boulder. Right: Greg Peck, in Civil War uniform, cleans his gun for scene in "Yellow Sky."

Above: Gregory Peck and Anne Baxter, on location for 20th Century-Fox's "Yellow Sky," defy the sweltering heat of Death Valley to enact love scenes that will raise your temperature above the boiling point. Below: Anne Baxter looks cool in 132 degree heat. She uses the rifle in the picture to guard the gold mine she and her grandfather are working in Yellow Sky, ghost town which six fugitive bandits of Civil War era use as their hideout.
Finally coming into his own is John Lund, handsome and talented Paramount player, who, now, after his outstanding performance in "Miss Tatlock's Millions," more than merits full-fledged stardom. It's his fifth screen role since he made a brilliant debut opposite Olivia de Havilland in "To Each His Own." But in "Miss Tatlock's Millions" John has by far the most complex role of any he's yet played for he enacts a movie stunt man who's hired to double for a missing, half-witted heir to millions. John is continually alternating between light comedy, heavy daffiness and romantic love-making, for it develops that Wanda Hendrix as Nancy Tatlock is supposedly his sister. John first showed how well he can play comedy in "A Foreign Affair," with Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich. Off-screen you won't find a more modest, unassuming and yet personable man than John. He's studied hard, been patient and at last success is his.

John Lund with Director Billy Wilder during the filming of "A Foreign Affair."
Mellow or bluesy, there's a fetching etching in wax to give or take come Christmastide

HYA, Rose!
Got your mistletoes?
You better sew up those toes,
Or Saint Nick'll have woes!

And you'll have no nifty gitties for chime time! 'Cause the old guy in the red drape with the big saddlebag on his shoulder is flyin' home on Donder and Blitzen once more. Aside from all the usual goodies you've been hurting for all through '48, there's a mess of nice wax for that ear, dear. It's gonna fit perfectly on the new record player you'll find neath that tinselred pine, come the early bright of the 25th. So dig carefully and you'll know how to break it in right!

HEAVENLY!

Vic Damone: What nice moanin' from Da Moan! And on one of the most goose-pimply songs you'll hear all year, "The Night Has A Thousand Eyes," from the celluloid of the same handle. First comes the beguine tempo, and then Vickie's fine adenoids to K.O. you. He really knocks the liver and lights out of it, 'cause it's a singer's song if ever there was one—lotsa range and most lyrical and melodic. Flip is 'bout that hunk of hoe-cake "Lillette" and bounces lightly and brightly. (Mercury)

Carmen Miranda and the Andrews Sisters: Something new has been added to the Andrews chicks, a fourth—at least for this slab—Carmen, who stirs in a sack of spice and pepper on "Cuanto La Gusta," from "Date From Judy." Means "How Do You Like It," does this happy hunk of nonsense with the Miranda bombshell exploding all. (Pause turn to page 60)

Above: Eagle Lion's baby canary, Lois Butler, now starring in "Mickey," trades turntable talk with Fred Robbins during an appearance on his WOV airshow. Above Right: Hazel Scott plays the face around the gingerbread with her boff keyboard capers on the Robbins' Nest while music maestro Fred Robbins watches safely from above the keyboard. Right: Kitty Kallen of the lush larynx, stops by the Robbins show to spin a platter and trade a lyric with disc jockey Fred Robbins.
By Courtenay Marvin

The sweetest way to tell your Christmas story is in the ardent language of perfume.

Star Fire, by Old South, is nimbly packaged, new, lovely. Perfume and toilet water each sell in sizes from $1.25 up.

Roger & Gallet put Fleurs d'Amour, Blue Cornation and Night of Delight eau de cologne in dainty demijohns. $3.00.

Lentheric stars, to hang on a tree, gleam with replicas of larger bottles of Shanghai, Aventot and Tweed. $5.75.

Charbert's golden cologne trumpet heralds fragrance in Breathless, Fabulous or Amber at $3; The French Touch, $3.25.
Savoir Faire, Dorothy Gray's new perfume, is as its name implies, sophisticated and very of this moment. $5.00.

A cologne with the potency of a perfume, Best Seller, by Helena Rubinstein, is new, from a French formula. $2.50.

Jacqueline Cochran imprisons in a cube suspended from a pin her Shining Hour perfume. With a tiny refilling funnel. $5.00.

Coty's crystal ball, on a plastic stand, holds any one of the four Coty perfume classics and is $3.50.

Twins in toilet water, April Showers and Frolic, by Cherry, in a festive dust box, far beneath her tree. $2.50.

Elizabeth Arden's Christmas tree ball, brilliant, blue, unbreakable, and inside Day and Night perfume. $5.00.

Six cologne versions of the beloved Prince Matchabelli perfumes in a black and cerise collection chest. $3.25.
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 21

Roy, Joe Schenck, Hal and Lucille Roach, Gall Patrick and Cornwall Jackson, Bess and Mike Curtiz, and the Bill Perlbergs.

It was a trio gay and very beautiful party and I was just real glad that I’d got up before dawn and driven down from Lake Tahoe that day in time to make it.

More people than anybody went to Tahoe this season—and especially Hollywood people, in spite of the fact that it’s almost five hundred miles from our town. After spending a few days there myself, I’m not surprised. Wow, what a beautiful spot! Hedy Lamarr takes yearly vacations there, also the Sam Goldwyns. Kay Williams Spreckels spent more than the usual six weeks (for her divorce from Adolph Spreckels—before she changed her mind) on the lake on account of the likes it so well. And Bob Stack loves it for water-skiing, even though his house did burn down up there.

Had much fun at the party Bob and his attractive mother, Betsi Stack, gave for Jeanette MacDonald after her tremendously successful concert at the Hollywood Bowl. Jeanette looked strikingly beautiful in a white gown which set off the golden tan she acquired in Honolulu. Diana Lynn looked pert and party even though her broken arm was in a sling, the result of an unhearsaed slip in the bathtub. We had lots of laughs with John Lund, who is now referred to as “Loverboy” by his cute wife, Marie—a gal with a sensayuma. You should see the way the gals and guys cluster around John since his terrific success in “A Foreign Affair.” Also had fun with Irene Dunne, who gets younger and beautiful er every day. The Stack shack up on a Bel-Air hilltop is quite a beautiful estab-

lishment and the party, which began at midnight, was still going on when we left. At I won’t tell you what hour in the am.

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Ran into the Lunds again a few nights later at a farewell party for Danny Blum, editor of Theatre World, who was going back to New York. And, of all things, guess what that Lund character has! A wristwatch with an alarm which rings loud enough to wake him up in time to get into those tight fangs for his lead role in “A Mask For Verutea.” Also met Richard Hart and his wife at this shindig. Dick is a mighty handsome boy and has his best role to date in “Reign Of Terror,” which Walter Wanger is making at Eagle Lion.

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Same night we went on to a party at Ted Wick’s—he’s radio director for David O. Selznick—and had lots of laughs with Barbara Bel Geddes and her favorite husband, Carl Schreuer. Listened to the dreamy piano playing of Edie and Rack, who were about to start their tour of the U. S. with an appearance at Mocambo. Met Christian Kellene, the new Swedish heart throb, who’s under contract to Mr. Selznick. Johnny Sands was there with a gal from San Francisco. Connie Lupino, Ida’s mom, was lots of fun. Broadway columnist Radie Harris, who was having a mad whirl in Hollywood; Gertrude Walker, whose ruff stuff novel, “So Deadly Fair,” is a big success. It was a real keen—and also late—shindig.

Next day Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon had tons of people at their beach house in Santa Monica for the afternoon and evening. Ben came in beaming because he’d won the 90th Century-Fox tennis tournament. Dottie Lamour puzzled us for a moment—looked as if one shoulder was quite a bit lower than the other. We investigated and found out why—the pocket on the low-shoulder side was weighted down with 1,864 pictures of her handsome son, Ridge. After dinner we played word games with Sally Cobb, Bill and Bobbie Perlberg, Harriet Parsons, Cookie Gordon, and Richard Lyon, Ben and Bebe’s thirteen-year-old son. He won most of the games, too. Hostess Bebe was about to kick off with her first production for “Eagle Lion,” called “CATCH ME BEFORE I KILL.”

If Texas ever secedes from the Union, it looks as if California—or at least Hollywood—will have to go right along with it. On account of all the Texas fellers who are out here and going into movie production. The boys from the Lone Star state turned out en masse, but without their boots and spurs, for the party in the Bel-Air Hotel Garden Room which Tex and Jayne Feldman gave for the Bob O’Donnell’s. Bob is the very popular head of Inter-State Theatres, which are in Texas of course, of course. Flame-haired Greer Garson was with her new flame, Buddy Fogelson, a Texas oil boy, Jack Wrather, another native from down yonder, with his wife, Bonita Granville, and Richard Fote, who makes his singing debut in “Streets Of Laredo.” Non-Texans at the party: Petey Lawford, the Henry Ginsbergs, author John van Druten, Red and Georgia Skelton, the Lloyd Nolans, Bob and Dolores Hope. Hope you all will pardon my Southern accent—it’s catching!

From that nice party we went to Slapsy Maxie’s to catch that fabulously funny comedy team, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who kept the entire town in stitches during their appearance. They’re two awfully cute guys with one of the best nightclubs acts ever to come to Hollywood. Dean is a swonky looking, swonky singing and Jerry is so engaging that you want to put him in your pocket. We weren’t surprised to see Betty Hutton there with her Ted and the Van Helfins. She’s mad about the boys and this was the umpteenth time she’d come to see them. Dean and Jerry have a cute gimmick of getting the customers in on the act and they had no trouble persuading Esther Williams and Ben Gage to sing—also Bob Preston. The team has had many offers in Hollywood, so you’ll be seeing them on the screen one of these days and don’t say I didn’t tell you that they’ll have you in the aisles with their comedy.

We dropped in for a short beer at Maggie Ettinger’s cocktail party for Mimi Chandler, daughter of baseball’s “Happy Chandler. Mimi is a very attractive and clever gal, one of the few femme disc jockeys in the country. We had a long talk with Mike Curtiz and nary once did he utter one of those screwball remarks he’s so famous for. Even Edith was looking ever so sharp, as usual. She’s one of Hollywood’s best-dressed women. Hated to leave before the party really got going but—

Had a date to go see my pal Gertrude Niesen in “Anything Goes.” Gertie was
a real hit in this famous show, with audience and cast alike. We went backstage afterward and, while we were waiting, joined up with Van and Frances Heflin in a four-thousand words of admiration for Gertie, who is one heck of a performer. Said good-bye to Gertie, who was leaving for a long engagement in Houston, Texas. Like we said, if Texas is invading Hollywood, Gertie is reversing that trend. True, she's had enough offers from that state alone to keep her busy for the next year.

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"Harriet Parsons" ma. Louella, gave her daughter one of the most beautiful birthday parties on record a couple weeks after she returned from her trip to Europe. Complete with tent, orchestra, dance floor, some of the best vittles this side of a gourmet's dream, and a gang of gay, fun people. There was some right fine square dancing, led by LOP, and a Charleston contest that Sally Cobb won—not in a walk, either. Betty Hutton told us about the things she'd done to keep her two little girls amused while she went to London for her personal appearance at the Palladium. She'd recorded all of Lindsay's favorite lullabies so the nurse could play them at bedtime, had bought toy boats and hotels and theatres for every step of the trip so the nurse could explain just where Betty was and what she was doing all the time. Great gal, that Hutton—and a wonderful mother.

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Amid all this confusion, however, we did manage to get down to the La Jolla Playhouse to see "The Glass Menagerie," with Ann Harding, Richard Basehart, Betsy Blair, who in private life is Mrs. Gene Kelly, and John Ireland. After the theatre we went back to the Casa de Manana where we were staying and there was much excitement among the kids in the cast. On account of Gab Moore and Nancy Walker were going to Mexico to be married that night. We were asked to go along but not being fond of late hours—not much—had to beg off. After the wedding Gene Kelly gave the newlyweds a supper at Tijuana's Havana Club, where the m.c. got a little confused and announced that Gene Kelly had married Nancy Walker. Gene was a little confused, too, since his wife was sitting right there beside him. Just for the record, Gar is the handsome new Selznick star and Nancy is the Broadway comedienne who was such a success in "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!"

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Later we stayed at La Jolla's newest resort, Summer House, which is but serene, and saw a rehearsal of "Ultrama- rine," with Diana Lynn, Reggie Gardiner, and Gar Moore. As we checked out of Summer House, Ida Lupino and her entire production company including her husband, Collier Young, moved in, amid much excitement. After a short honeymoon there Ida and Collie moved into their peachy new house up in Laurel Canyon.

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Had a small talk with Ava Gardner after the preview of "One Touch Of Venus" and she was all flushed and happy over the reception given it by the audience. Ava, who shivered through a lot of that picture in a slightly scanty Goddess costume, went through another gruelling experience while she was making "The Bele" with Bob Taylor. Glad in a still scantier white two-piece bathing suit, she's taking a dip for herself, see, and she lets out a loud scream and scrambles back out of the pool. Because her director, Pop Leonard, had put a huge cake of ice in the pool without her knowing it. The water was just above zero—not Ava's favorite temperature when she's swimming!

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Remember that cute guy, Richard Jaeckel, who was such a hit in "Guadalcanal Diary"? If you do, you know that he gave up his motion picture career after he came back from the Merchant Marine. Well, now Dick's decided maybe he was a little hasty in throwing away the good start he'd made as an actor. He says he's grown up a bit and is beginning to appreciate the advantages of a motion picture career. He acquitted himself so well in "West Of Tomorrow" that his home studio, 20th Century-Fox, is going to give him another contract.

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Larry Parks has made up with his studio, Columbia, and has reported for work in the sequel to the money-making "Jolson Story," called "Jolson Sings Again." And that other rebel, Cornel Wilde, is now more or less happy with Hollywood and his bosses. Reason: He was given an eight weeks vacation with all expenses paid by 20th Century-Fox. He and Pat went to Europe as soon as they heard the good news.

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Before Ann Sheridan took off for England to do the picture "I Was A Male War Bride" with Cary Grant, she had her beautiful red hair cut off, but short, not just to follow the current fashion but because she plays a WAC in the pic. It's getting so there isn't a long-hair in Hollywood among the glammer gals. Joan Crawford's another who has cut hers and, pst, don't say I told you, but Alan Ladd doesn't like Sue's cute new short coiffure one little bit and says so right out loud.

Around the sets: Lucille Ball could be a press-agent if she ever got tired of acting. In a scene for "Interference," Lacey's typing away like mad but instead of aimlessly turning out a bunch of meaningless words she's writing. "Desi Arnaz is the best musician in America." over and over. Elizabeth Scott, on the same set, tells everybody who will listen about her new aquarium. So far she has eighteen different kinds of tropical fish but no eatin' kind. Shirley Temple had to learn to drive all over again for "Baltimore Escapade," because the model she wheels around in is a 1903 vintage with a steering handle instead of a wheel. She said it most scared her to death before she learned to handle it. Elizabeth Taylor's so thrilled because her father has bought a horse-breeding ranch and the horse which she rode in "National Velvet," named King Charles, will be the papa of all her little colts. June Allyson's dropped half of her eight-month-old daughter's name. She and Dick Powell named the baby Leslie Allyson. Now she's just plain Allyson Powell. But June was afraid people would call the baby "Allie." Her pals on the set of "Little Women" have dubbed the cheddih "Little Jo." June, as you know, plays Jo in the picture. Petey Lawford, who's Laurie in the same film, looks real romantic with his long sideburns and shaggy neckline.

Dick Widmark, that loveable villain, has had to start working out at Terry Hunt's for his rugged part in "Down To The Sea In Ships." Terry kiddingly told Dick he was going to take four inches off his waistline and add it to his chest. Dick says life in California is so easy and pleasant that he's gained twenty-five pounds which he is now busy distributing in the right places. A couple national magazines on the track of stories about how Dick became such a villain had a rough time finding any material. Everybody who knows Dick has nothing but praise and stories about what a strictly nice guy he is, which is a true thing.

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There isn't a star in town who has a
dressing room like Esther Williams’. The studio redecorated the walls in aqua blue and did the couches and drapes in water-repellent marine print materials. Seems when Esther comes in from a swimming sequence she gets the place all waterlogged before she changes from a wet suit into dry clothes and this new material keeps the furniture from getting soggy.

Dan Dailey’s gone but maaed over indoor polo which, leave me hasten to inform you, is played outdoors. He’s getting up his own team which Mark Stevens is dying to join but can’t until he has another operation on his back. Mark is one of the most frequent house hunters in these parts. He and Amelle were all settled in the Valley, but Mark found out it was too far from the studio so he’s planning to try Brentwood or Westwood for a spell.

Reason the Rex Harrisons auctioned off all their furniture before they left for England was because Rex and Lili Palmer have some of beautiful antique furnishings over there which they plan to bring back and use to decorate their Mandeville Canyon home.

Clifton Webb’s been having a heck of a time editing his new book, which he wants to call “Montage.” Seems the secretary to whom he dictated most of his autobiography was an excellent speller but knew nothing about the theatre and made much of most of the famous names Mr. W. included in the story of his life.

Fred Astaire whose main trouble is trying to originate new dance numbers that will top those in previous pictures, has really come up with a dilly for “The Barkleys Of Broadway.” In one sequence he’ll dance barefooted, in another, with shoes untied.

Little Janie Powell is quite excited because now that she’s eighteen she has her own apartment. But don’t race your motor! The apartment is right in the same house with her family. They built her a whole separate unit with private entrance, but they can still keep a parental eye on her.

The famous team of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire isn’t the only one to be reunited at Metro. They’re planning to make some more pictures with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy on account of the zillions of letters they keep getting from fans demanding to see them together again.

Angela Lansbury’s bought herself a whole mountain in Nevada but she ain’t saying where it is. She went to a cabin up there for a vacation, fell in love with the scenery and the trout stream and bought the whole shebang. She’s building herself a new cabin and when it’s done, just try and find her!

The tourists down in Los Angeles’ Oliver Street quit looking at the historic buildings in this fascinating little quarter because Glenn Ford and Nina Foch came there for lunch during the time they were shooting scenes for “The Undercover Man” at the Union Station, which is just that-a-way from the oldest section of Los Angeles.

I love the crack grande-dame Constance Collier made at a gal who was giving her a pill by pill account of her various kinds of sleeping tablets. Cracked Miss C., “My dear, you are a sleeping pill.” How!

Taboos Are Off!

Continued from page 26

2 is indicated by the fact that Hedy said to her son Jimmie (aged almost ten), “I would like to go riding with you except that I don’t know how.”

“Mother, I could teach you in no time,” he volunteered instantly, with the result that on almost any pleasant Saturday morning when Hedy has no studio call, Hedy and Jimmie may be found cantering happily along a leaf-dappled bridle path.

Another bugaboo has been the “front office” advice: “Take a few extra hours, Hedy, and travel by train. Plane travel is swift and efficient, that’s true, but an overseas flight can be hazardous.”

Rebellion No. 8: When Hedy was invited to be a guest of the Mayor of Paris, she sought the travel advice of no one. She simply made plane reservations from Los Angeles to Paris and planned her wardrobe accordingly. “I am going to fly the Atlantic,” she told friends with the twinkle of one who has just tasted complete independence and found it good.

In Paris, she avoided the strictly glamour spots which, in days gone by, she might have frequented for no other reason than that it would have been expected of her. Instead, she took a vacation in Brittany, a thing she had always wanted to do. Having secured lodgings in a small inn, she spent days strolling over the countryside, talking to farmers and glazing in the pastoral simplicity of the life.

Even in Paris she spent most of her time in art galleries, and browsing through the sidewalk shops along the Seine. She visited one restaurant on a sentimental basis: in Hollywood she had heard many of her friends talk about the pressed duck to be had at Le Tour d’Argent, a gourmets’ rendezvous. So there she went.

Well in advance of her departure date she had addressed a series of postal cards (to be mailed one a day to the children) and these she supplemented with half a dozen gifts for her trio: Jimmie, Denise (aged three and called DeeDee), and Anthony John (aged one and called Tony).

Hedy’s children are the core of her being. She is both a wise and a devoted mother. Even in handling her youngest,
Hedy’s new determination to reach toward a fuller expression of life can be observed. Those terrors, indignities, and repressions removed from her own childhood are no part of the experience of her own children.

One of the childhood catastrophes which Hedy remembers vividly is a trip to the doctor. She was told that she was being taken to the park to play; instead, she was taken to the hospital where she was subjected to a painful ear examination. From that day on she was distrustful of elders who wanted to take her on park excursions, and she was terrified of doctors. Luckily she had no serious junior illness or she would have died from mere fear of the physician.

A wonderful contrast to this state of affairs is the attitude of Hedy’s brood toward the family doctor. From the time the children were small, they have been taken along to the hospital or to the doctor’s office when Hedy has gone. She has been inoculated along with them, being sure to undergo the treatment first and to show great interest but no fear or pain.

“It smarts just a little, like picking a rose and having the thorn scratch, but that is all,” she claimed. She believes in telling them the truth.

Denise, now three, was enrolled in nursery school this spring and arrangements were made for her to be picked up by the school bus every morning. Before school actually started, Hedy explained the function of the school bus to DeeDee, and said, “I am going to allow you to take a ride today so you will know exactly how much fun it is. I will put you on the bus at our house, then I will drive up to the corner and meet you.”

DeeDee was enthusiastic. She boarded the bus, got acquainted with her surroundings, and hadn’t even thought of weeping over the strange newness of the experience before she had reached the corner and was collected by her mother. In this way, DeeDee was spared the ordeal of learning too many things at once. Hedy practices the system of gradual indoctrination, and the health-minded gaiety of her brood attests to her wisdom.

Another practice in which Hedy believes is the conscious, constant teaching of children to love one another. Like most individuals she has visited in homes in which everything short of Indian massacre took place between competing brothers and sisters, “That is not to be the case with our family,” she decided from the start.

Whenever one child is given anything, Hedy always suggests that the other two be invited to share. “I want a chip potato,” announced DeeDee one afternoon. “I'll be sorry,” she exclaimed with the suggestion that probably Tony would like a “chip potato,” too. (James was away at the time.)

A few moments later Tony appeared for a second. He also was given two chips and told to share the loot with his sister. Tony thought it over, standing before DeeDee and teetering back and forth while DeeDee sat quietly, hands in lap, and waited the masculine decision.

“Because DeeDee is kind to Tony, Tony is kind to DeeDee,” said Hedy conversationally. That did it. Tony handed over the potato chip and sat down on the step beside his older sister to enjoy the snack.

When DeeDee came home with the report that she hadn’t liked school that day, Hedy took her daughter into her arms and explained, “Not every day can be a good day. There will be uninteresting days. But if you will be patient there will come a very good day that you will enjoy.”

Another determination of Hedy’s is, as a friend once phrased it, “to be set free of her face.” In this world there are probably ten or twenty million girls who would trade faces with Hedy LaMarr this instant, no questions asked. To the average girl, beauty is the most desirable commodity on earth. Hedy LaMarr is no average woman. “All my life, the fact that I am considered unusually attractive has brought me trouble,” Hedy says in all modesty.

When a friend, protesting, once said, “But Hedy, your beauty has brought you every comfort,” Hedy merely shrugged.

“If glamour is important to a girl, perhaps she would think me lucky,” said Hedy. “However, superficial things mean little to me. I am a natural born housewife. I love a home. I am happy to wear a peasant dress and paint walls and woodwork, mixing my own paints. I like to market, to cook, to take care of my children. Other women, not noted for being beautiful, have acquired devoted husbands and sheltered lives. They do not have to do the things I must do in order to provide for my family.”

It is no secret around Hollywood that Hedy, to most people the most exotic woman imaginable, simply is bored by the attention and adulation with which a star is usually surrounded. Her idea of how hair should be handled is that it should be washed once a week, dried in the sun, parted in the middle, and combed. Away from studio assignments she combs her own hair back on either side of her forehead in a pair of matching raven’s wings, sticks in a few bobby pins to hold it out of her eyes, and that’s her coifure.

Her idea of torture is having to report to the studio at 6:30 a.m., being shampooed, finger-waved into an elaborate hairdo, thrust under a drier, cooked, extracted from the drier and forced to sit for another hour while a hairdresser creates a masterpiece with Hedy’s naturally gorgeous hair.

Most girls love the idea of spending hours in the wardrobe department being draped with priceless materials and fitted for handsome gowns. Hedy’s idea of the perfect raiment is a simple little gingham peasant dress and a pair of harmonizing flat-heeled sandals.

It is probable that, because Hedy is convinced that her loveliness is respon-

Esther Williams gets a kiss from her husband, Ben Cole, after introducing the new Esther Williams swimsuit at the home of Fred Cole in Beverly Hills.
How To Keep A Husband Happy
Continued from page 25

When "Samson And Delilah" is released, Hedy's plans for retirement will undoubtedly slide further than ever into the background, but her intention to live life to its fullest will take several long strides forward.

It couldn't happen to a more fascinating human being.

"Wouldn't the sofa look better in front of the window?" Instead of yelling at me to go to sleep, it think he overlooks for a moment and then says, "Well, let's go downstairs and see." So we spend a couple of hours moving things about.

June next brought up the business of clothes and shopping. Men, traditionally, all want to shop and to pay the wife's bills for clothes. And equally in the traditional manner, he usually doesn't care for her choice of dresses or hats.

"I don't think any wife can buy expensive clothes or hats and get by with it," June remarked, "especially funny hats. Once a husband sees a bill he has to pay for his wife's over-the-budget shopping you can depend on his exclaiming, 'Why, I've had these shoes for ten years and you spend all that money on a silly dress and that crazy hat.' Well, at one time I didn't care a thing about clothes, but when I was blasted for seeing the worst dressed woman in Hollywood, I went out and lost my head. Richard was all for my spree at first, but it wasn't long before he said, 'I like you when you're dressed in slacks.'"

"Too many women think they can select their husbands' suits or hats for them—and still keep them happy. What naive girls they are! The only way a wife can choose a suit, for instance, that the husband definitely doesn't want, and still not make him feel like tearing the store apart, is to flatter him into thinking the store is his."

The only trouble with that is she can't use the trick too often or he'll catch on.

"As for shopping, I don't know why wives ever ask husbands to go shopping with them. It only breeds trouble. Richard went shopping with me one time and it was awful. It's far better to go alone, believe me."

"Men are just as given to unnecessary expenses as women are, but try to make them admit it. They have a wonderful way of always finding a reason for any extravagances they commit. And they can make the most foolish excuses sound perfectly logical. There's just no way to hold a man back in this matter. No wife can change a man's habits and keep him happy. She simply has to accept them.

"For the more she tries to change him the more stubborn he will become and will do anything to prove he's the boss. After all, a man very seldom admits he's wrong as a rule."

Another trying situation is the matter of going out socially. Hubby may hate to go to Susie Jones' house, the wife may adore Susie, so who wins out? And who should accept the invitations in the first place?

"My trouble is accepting two or three invitations for the same night," June laughed. "Richard simply makes me sit
In the meantime, every ambitious lady star in Hollywood has her eye on big, brassy Burt for her co-star in her next picture. Burt's acrobatic Congressman for the thriller-diller, "Sorry. Wrong Number," which has been called a ten finger-nail picture. Bette Davis wanted him for "Winter Meeting" but Burt didn't like the part. And more recently, Miss Crawford was wishing awfully hard that he would accept the role opposite hers in "Flamingo Road." According to the most recent polls Burt is about the hottest thing in Hollywood right now.

Despite the fact that the Lancasters were poor and Burt was brought up in a really tough section of New York City, he was a rather studious serious-minded kid. Oh, he battled the cops occasionally with the neighborhood's juvenile delinquents, and he had his share of bloody noses, but he was far more interested in books and music. Today he says, "Most people seem to think I'm the kind of a guy who shaves with a blowtorch. Actually, I'm a very serious person inclined to be bookish and worrisome. Even as a kid I was an avid reader. I'd get under the covers with a flashlight and a book and read long after my light was supposed to be out. I read everything I could get my hands on, good, bad, and indifferent."

He recalls that as a small child he wore a little Lord Fauntleroy suit. He has a picture of himself to prove it, resentment in his voice all. But he didn't resent having to take piano lessons. He was heartbroken when he had to give them up after three months, is determined to resume them any time now that he has a breathing space. Music has always been a passion of his. Until he was fifteen and his voice changed he was a boy soprano soloist. Today he haunts the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles and the Hollywood Bowl. But don't get the idea he's a "lounging." Fight night in Hollywood finds him in his radio car.

It was in his sophomore year at New York University that Burt first put the whammy on "May your children grow up to be acrobats." He was working out in the gym one day when he met a professional gymnast who introduced him to the horizontal bars. After a few months of working out on them Burt became so enthused (overenthusiasm is one of his greatest faults he claims) that he bought a pair of second-hand acrobatic tights and went looking for a circus job. For the next five years he played fairs, carnivals, small circuses and big circuses. He spent a season with the big time Ringling Brothers, and another season he spent with a flea-bitten circus in the South where he lived on sour belly and greens. In Pawtucket, Rhode Island, he met a pretty little dancer, and married her. They were divorced a year later, in 1936. Burt and his partner, Nick Cravat, made themselves a name of the curtain call. They decided to do all right when the inevitable happened: Burt got bored. "That's the tragedy of my life," says Burt, "I get all excited over things at first, and then after a while they lose interest for me."

In Chicago he applied for a truck driver's job at Marshall Field's big department store. But when the personnel manager got a look at Burt's well-developed body he very eagerly put him to work as floor walker in the ladies lingerie department. Business boomed. A surprising number of Chicago housewives suddenly felt the need for new undies. But pardoning around with a carnation in his button-hole was not exactly what Burt had in mind. So he brushed off Marshall Field's (even turned down a raise) and tried a succession of more rugged jobs. But restlessly again, he returned to his home town, New York, and to his surprise promptly landed a job with the Columbia Broadcasting System's Community Concerts Division. But before he could get started on it Uncle Sam sent him greetings. He was inducted in 1942, and the Army bundled him off to Africa and Italy where he served as a director for soldier shows. Two wonderful things happened to him in the Army. While he was putting on a play called "Stars And Stripes" for the G.I.s in Italy, he met a pretty girl named Norma Anderson who was appearing with a USO group in Naples. When Norma left for the United States she promised to write. She did. And they were married December 28th, 1945, in Yonkers, N.Y.

The second wonderful thing was his meeting with another G.I. named Arnold Benoic, who became one of Burt's closest friends. "He's a fine violinist," says Burt, "and one of these days the world will hear of him." And Norma, Burt claims, is his severest critic. "I'll never go Hollywood as long as they are around," he says.

When the war ended Burt returned to New York with no more prospects than a dying duck. He ran into a producer on an elevator in the Royalton Hotel one
day who eyed his brawn and muscles, even as the personnel manager at Marshall Field’s, even as you and I. The result of that encounter was the part of the regret, in “A Sound Of Hunting.”

“A Sound Of Hunting” ran only three weeks on Broadway. If nothing else, it proved a perfect showcase for Burt Lancaster. Among the Hollywood people who saw the show was producer Hal Wallis who was in New York signing up young and promising talent. There were other movie offers but Burt liked the Wallis offer best, and signed a contract with him that was later split with Mark Hellinger and Universal-International. Following solid performances in “The Killers,” “Brute Force,” “Desert Town,” “Jacks” and “All My Sons,”

Since success came his way Burt has worked hard to keep from “going Hollywood.” Still prefers his old-time circus pals to Hollywood’s so-called Society. Rarely goes to night clubs. Still refuses to “yes” producers and comb his hair. A worrying guy, he keeps worrying over whether Hellinger and Wallis are soon after they finished “The Killers.”

“You’re a nice enough guy, Burt.” Hellinger said to him, “Nice enough now. But you’ll go Hollywood. They all do sooner or later.” Burt wakes up at night, thinks about it, and breaks out in a cold sweat.

He has made only one concession to the Hollywood tradition: He has bought a house in Bel-Air. But it’s small and has no swimming pool, his press agent belittles it. Here he lives with his wife, his father, his wife’s son by a former marriage, and his two-year-old daughter, named William Lancaster, after his brother who died recently. He has a phobia against having his wife and chld photographed. When he isn’t working, which isn’t often, he likes to listen to music, read, and take long drives with his wife. He likes Italian food touched with garlic; desserts he can take or leave alone. If he takes, it’s usually apple pie. He likes to play practical jokes on his fellow actors, but they’re not the kind you write about. Quite naughtily, in fact.

His pet dislikes are turpins, horse races, and over-decorated rooms. When he first came to Hollywood, if you asked him an honest question, he gave you an honest answer. Frankly and bluntly. This little habit was continually getting him in hot water with the press. But today Burt is completely press-broken. Couldn’t be more pleasant, more entertaining, more cooperative. Occasionally that old honesty does rear its ugly head as it did recently when he told an interviewer, “Many bad actresses are stars.” Then the interviewer casually asked, “Have anyone special in mind?”

Burt said, yes he did. The press agent from the publicity department hastily changed the subject.

“Burt is patient and bored, did considerable talking about returning to the Big Tops for a spell, and doing a vaudeville tour. He kept those horizontal bars handy. When he was working they were right there on the set with him, and he and Nick Cravat worked out between scenes.

Fred Robbins Right Off The Record

Continued from page 51

Peggy Lee: “Just A Shade On The Blue Side.” Harry Carroll’s latest, and “Don’t Be So Mean To My Baby” which she and her husband, Dave Barbour, wrote. This is just frosting on Peg’s album, “Rendezvous With Peggy Lee,” which will surfeit you with that lovely throat. There’s “Don’t Smoke In Bed.” “Deed I Do,” “I Can’t Give You Anything But Love,” “Stormy Weather,” “Them There Eyes” and “Why Don’t You Do Right?” The first etching has been rebaked with “Everybody Loves Somebody” on the other side.

Frank Sinatra: “My Melancholy Baby,” “Kiss Me Again,” Christina’s Dadddy’s in real Xmas form on his fresh slicin’, which would make Vic Herbert proud of him. There’s a chime time sheaf of Sinatra cookies out, too—Chirstmas Songs By Sinatra, including “Silent Night,” “Hark, The Herald Angels Sing,” “St. John’s Christmas,” “Jingle Bells,” “O Little Town Of Bethlehem,” “It Came Upon The Midnight Clear,” “Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas,” “Santa Claus Is Comin’ To Town.”—I know—it’s already on your shelf, elf. Nice, huh? (Columbia)

Also Earworthy: “Say Something Sweet To Your Sweetheart,” with Jo Stafford and Gordie MacCrae, is ticky ticky tike, old-time vaudeville stuff with chatter-swapping over vaudele backgroun’. (Capitol) Bing’s latest, one of the top band annaries these days, is fine as Xmas wine purring on “You Started Something” with Tony Pastor and Co.—watch for the Columbia short subject with Tony and this kid, incident. (Columbia) . . . Buddy Clark’s melodic lilt on “Here I’ll Stay” and “Green Up Time,” two jewels from “Love Life,” current on B’way, by Alan Lerner and Kurt Weill, who wrote “September Song.” (Columbia) Harry Crosby’s plum pudding of Joe Venuti’s lazy thing, “Ain’t Doin’ Bad Doin’ Nothin’’”.“ (Decca) . . . Ella Fitzgerald’s “Soon To Know” is like fine finnan haddie, she sings so great! (Decca) . . . Tommy Dorsey’s “Until”, is attempted sequel to equal “I’ll Never Smile Again,” but this kid doesn’t think the tune’s so good, though Harry Prime and the Sentimentalists flaw smoothly. (Victor) Nellie Lutcher pours some mastodontic tonie on “Alexander’s Ragtime Band,” starting with “one, two, button my shoe” all the way up to “eleven, twelve, put your worries on the shelf.” Off she goes! And bow! (Capitol) . . . Gene Krupa, with one of the best bands today, is in good form on “It’s Up To You,” which lands biff on your double-breasted ears—a fine instrument! Buddy Hughes is vigorously vocal on flip, “It’s Whatecha Do With Th’ Last Waltz.” (Victor) Diamond Mereyr’s “Love That Boy” from “Night Has A Thousand Eyes.” (Capitol) . . . Glenn Miller’s welcome reissue of “Adios” with moving trumpet by Bobby Hackett, and “Delilah” with Tex Beneke chirping. (Victor) . . . Freedy Stewart’s “Ah, But It Happens” and “For All We Know,” as

Dinah Shore: Montgomery’s missus sharpens her stiletto for a joust with that same bull—in two languages yet! Ferdman is pretty neurotic about the whole deal, ammos, but you’ll be hypnotic. Dinah’s got almost a dozen fresh waffles under that sautéed pine this month: “What Did I Do,” from “When My Baby Smiles At Me,” a one-woman quiz on the whys and wherefores of a spat; “Buttons and Bows,” from “The Fugitive,” a theme from the Wild West for a return to civilisation where she can wear buttons and bows, gilly ties and cummerbunds, sing with a gob of gusto and Western twang, too; hey, “Daddy-O,” from “A Song Is Born,” wherein Dinah lays the blues on you, and唱 a few lines—what with Buddy Clark, a big fat sheaf of Gershwin, Coward and Porter (not a law firm), “S Wonderful,” “Let’s Do It,” “Summertime” and “Easy To Love,” with Dinah solo on “Just One Of Those Things,” and “Mad About The Boy” and thus “You’ll Be So Nice To Come Home To” and “Rosalie.”

Jo Stafford: Oh, that jolitin’ Josephine! Dig “Baby, Won’t You Please Come Home?” with Nat Cole streakin’ the Steinway behind her, Ray Lion on trumpet and Herb Hayman on piano. Versatile babe crawls under a blues on the back, “Trouble In Mind,” a hillbilly song, which Jo does with fine jazz feeling, showing you how closely the two forms of sound are allied. Paul Weston and Co. are behind her, as far as we have on her great album of songs of love and romance in the Xmas album, “Jo Stafford Sings American Folk Songs.” There’s nothing wrong with that hearing appendage that “Every Day I Love You,” from “Two Guys From Texas,” and “This Is The Moment,” won’t eure. (Capitol)

Perry Como: “My Melancholy Baby,” “When You’re Smiling.” A caressin’ car dip by the ex-barber from Cannuburg, Pa. on these mellow standards, loaded with an ounce of bounce, the way it should be—not slow and druggy. Nice Avalanches. (Victor)

Billy Eckstine: “Everything I Have Is Yours,” “I’ll Be Faithful.” Just like that “softly falling white precipitation,” that’s how the layrons of the celestie Mr. Eckstine inundates you. He doesn’t have to take a back seat to Johnny, Eng. or anyone else. All during this Xmas season, he’s breaking up the joint into toothpicks at New York’s Royal Roost, and the reason is embedded ‘tween the grooves of these standards which are given a golden rebirth. Lush, sincere, beautiful phrasin’. Billy’s just the nfh! (MGM)
Are you in the know?

For the pale hands he loves, try —

- Bleaching lotion
- Moon magic
- Dusky lacquer

You’re the romantic type, now! With a fragile, "ladylike" look, even to your pastel fingernails. That calls for careful mani- eures—moons and tips showing. Here’s how: Outline moon with enamel; paint rest of nail completely. Then, while enam- el’s wet, "thumb off" a rounded nail tip. Depth of moon should suit your individual nail. Just as—on "those" days—your nails should guide your choice of napkins. Try Kotex—3 absorbencies to choose from.

Joy ride? Uh-uh. For here, say safety experts, are the makings of a crash lend- ing! (See all answers above.) The car’s crowded: bad for careful driving. The raucous music adds more distraction. Any- way, how can a highway romeo keep his mind on the road? Sharp gals will avoid these hazards: take no risks. Even of problem-day accidents. And that’s why they choose Kotex . . . its exclusive safety cover means extra protection!

When giving a party, which is important?

- Fancy refreshments
- Banishing the family
- Keeping your guests busy

To save your party from the flopper- brackets it doesn’t take caterer’s chow . . . or shooing 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, don’t be a blue gal! Turn to Kotex, for comfort. For softness that holds its shape. In short, be carefree with the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And happy hostessing to you!

What’s the Jinx in this jolopy?

- The cuddle couple
- The boogie blast
- Four’s a crowd

Stoles for your strapless frocks are high fashion . . . not meant for hiding hickey! And you can’t “un-date” at zero hour. Why wait ’til dance night to cover back break-outs? Start days ahead, with anti- septic—plus white hanky, pinned to shoulder-straps. Worn beneath school dresses, the medicated "goo" works while you grin! Never fret about how to conceal "certain" outlines—with Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent outlines; protect you—all ways!

If your back’s blemished, what’s best?

- A white hanky
- A rain check
- A stole

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

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 be- cause it’s adjustable, all-elast- tic, your Kotex Belt fits smoothly; doesn’t bind. So— for more comfort, buy the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. And buy two—for a change!

Kotex Sanitary Belt
Buy TWO—by name!

Screenland 61
gossamer as Xmas pudding (Capitol) . . .
Marion Hutton on a deuce of noble
"Borscht" and "He Sez She Sez"—
pixieish stuff. (MGM) . . . Helen Forrest's
"What Did I Do?" from "When My
Baby Smiles At Me," and "I Love You
Too Much." (MGM)

HOT!!
Billy Butterfield: "Stardust," "What's
New," Billy's theme, "Jalousie" and
"Wild Geese," wherein Mr. B. really sows 'em and gets the harem off your su-
perstructure! Can't get enough of that
capitol. (Capitol)

Sy Oliver: Tis a fine gang Sy has and the
brilliant arranger-composer works em up on one of his own keen and
peachy chattels, "Scotty," which'll make you blow your gasket, so solid is its per-
formance and beat. (MGM)

Hot Lips Page: "La Danse," a jumpin'
sumpin' loaded with stiff riffs and Page-
horn, and "Walkin' In A Daze," typical of the Page method. Gets him with fame.
Hot Lips, who did so many fine things with "Forever" Artie Shaw, breaks out
on the Columbia Label, Mabel.

Dizzy Gillespie: Poppin' your top on
bop yet? Well, come get a large load of
"Manteca," Dizzy's freshest great Afro-
Cuban warmth of stuff with the beauti-
ful theme in the middle and the bongo bub-
blin' all the way through. Dangerous stuff, kid. It'll drive you mad with the beat.
John Burks Gillespie is divine as ever on trumpet. Back has a scouring portion of vocal bop 'ween Diz and Kenny Kagood—il s'appelle, "Cool Breeze" and comes on like a nor'easter! (Victor)

Freddy Slack: "Beat-Me Daddy"
Slack is under the tree to fanil you with
a mess of boogie woogie, a whole album-
ful devoted to stuff with strictly down-
stairs southpaw hand. There's
"Beverly Boogie," "Chopstick Boogie,"
"Is I Gotta Practice, Ma?" "The Brown
Dahurne," "Boogie Minor," and "Boogie In G." This is b.w. of every woof and
warp and will keep you all through '49.
Adeline! (Capitol CG 82)

Also fine: Big Sid Catlett's gang on
"Just You, Just Me" and "Henderson
Romp," spotting Al Casey, guitar; Illi-
nois Jacquet and Bumps Myers, tenors;
Horne Henderson, piano. (Capitol)

The "Religious," "The Most Best Effusion In
Walked Bud" and "Epistolary," (look it up in your new dictionary). Fine Bop from
"High Priest Of Pop." (Blue Note)
. . . Stan Kenton's "Bongo Riff," with
the bongo giving you bubbles in your
blood! (Capitol)

FROM THE MAN IN GREY
Ann Ginsberg, Providence, R. I. Gene
Williams formed his orchestra when the
Claude Thornhill band broke up for the
Summer. He has no lime trimmed ball
and chain so you've still got a chance .
. . Gene Gorman, New York City. Thanks
for the compliment on the Windsor knot
in the pix with John Garfield in SCREEN-
LAND. If you follow the diagram care-
fully you'll dig it and you can make the
knot as large or small as you want . . .
Bernard Kolish, Newark, N. J.; Gordon
MacRae's from East Orange, N. J. right
near you, and has been breathing 27
years. He started as a page boy at NBC
was heard singing by Horace Heidt and
was offered a job in his vocal group.
From then on—wow! He was on the Air
Force and is flickering in "The Big
Punch," soon with June Havner in "Silver
Lining" . . . Benita Marshall, Chicago,
Ill., and Joyce Hoffman, Gettysburg, Pa.:
Pictures of most bandleaders are avail-
able at any junk dump . . . P. M. Chris-
tensen, Oakland, Calif.: Ingrid Bergman
has no record of the song she sang in
"Arch Of Triumph" . . . Dolores Hen-
nessy, Baltimore, Md.: Buddy Clark's
program comes from California . . . Ros-
alie Madison, Springfield, III.: Bobby
Breen's been making theatre appearances
all over the country. Don't think he's making
any records now . . . Arlene Am-
om, Union, N. J., and Helen Santagata.
Accord, N. Y.: Vic Damone's album is
called "A Young Man Sings." He's not
attached either, he's 20, and his fresh
Christmas waffle, "Christmas Morn," is
a beauty. He drives a Cadillac . . . Corky
Becker, Milwaukee, Wisc., and Harpo
Arnaz has about a dozen middle names, one
of which is Alberto—can't remember the
rest. There are no little Arnazes . . .
Barbara Bacon, Rochester, N. Y.: You'll
be seeing your boy Tony Martin if you watch for "Cashah." His newest etch-
ings are "If I Had You," "Music From
Beyond The Moon," "It's Magic" and
"It's You Or No One" . . . Ruth Don-
schein, New Rochelle, N. Y.: Fran War-
ren's on her own now—sings like a dove
and should go far. Her real handle's
Frances Wolfe.

And what's your pleasure, treasury.
Talk to me—float me that pasteboard
and we'll try and relieve your agony
about music, cookies and stuff. Listen
for our new syndicated record show,
"Robinson's Nest." Happy Chime Time,

Address letters to Fred Robbins, SCREEN-
LAND Magazine, 37 West 57th
Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Cobina Wright's Gossip Of Hollywood Parties

with a laugh as a rubberneck visitor from
the country, followed by a bewildering
succession of arts featuring film actors,
cleverly interspersed with exciting per-
fomances by professional circus stars.

Until announced on the speaker, few
of the fans were able to recognize the
elegantately made-up clowns who were
Gregory Peck, Cornel Wilde, Van John-
son, Frank Sinatra and Keenan Wynn.

One pageant I recall, particularly, for
its beauty and imagination, was a Santa
Clara parade with Margaret O'Brien as
the little girl writing to dear Santa, who
was, of course, Edmund Gwenn. Then,
like a dream come true, all of the story-
book characters came to life, Gary Coo-
p as Robinson Crusoe, Burt Keaton as his
Man Friday. Following him were June
Havoc and Audrey Totter as Twin Princesses, Elizabeth Taylor as Snow White, Claudette Colbert as The
Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe, Ray
Martin as Peter Pan, Robert Young as
the Magic Hunters, Bing Crosby as
Humpty-Dumpty, Ann Miller as the
Dancing Doll, Betty Grable as Giselle,
William Powell as Punchnello, Ann Blyth
as Mr. Peabody's Mermaid and Harpo
Marx as—Harpo Marx.

This spectacle alone lasted for twenty
minutes and introduced every "name" you
could think of.

At another point in the gala present-
atation, a fanfare of trumpets an-
ounced a safari of elephants, led again
by Margaret O'Brien, as Robinson
Crusoe's fresh as a peachy Peach of
Princesses, a miniature howdah on
the bact of a baby elephant.

In the parade of pachyderms were
Celeste Holm, periscopically perched on
the trunk of one huge animal, Greer
Garson riding high, wide and regally, followed by
so many other "Oriental" beauties as Esther
Williamson, Ann Miller, Eleanor Powell and
Diana Lynn.

Of course, Sabu was in the procession,
dressed like a Maharajah, along with the
new Tarzan, Lex Barker, Maureen O'Sul-
ivan as Mrs. Tarzan, Robert Cummings
as a big game hunter and then, for a
tag gag, who else on the last elephant
but Nature Boy himself!

A parade of crinolined Southern belles
revealed Irene Dunne, Loretta Young,
Ava Gardner, Lucille Ball, Jeanette
MacDonald, Rhonda Fleming, Dorothy
Lake and Arlene Dahl, with escort Puckers
Al Ladd, Glenn Ford, Peter Lawford, Bar-
ney Fitzgerald and so many more that
it would take a complete page of SCREEN-
LAND to name them all.

Ogilivy Ishan't forget for some time
are those of Claudette Colbert and Bar-
bara Stanwyck, both excellent horse-
women, racing neck and neck around the
ring on spirited mounts, Walter Pidgeon
hanging by his knees from a swinging
trapeze and Bert Lancaster giving an
amazing performance on the handbars.

Incidentally, Lancaster provided one of
the most diverting moments of the day,
by staging a wrestling match with Gor-
geous George, the professional wrestler.
A circus midget was the referee and Bob
Hope, elegant in striped morning trousers
and Ascot tie, was Lancaster's "second."
Hope brought the extension phone to
Lancaster when he was on the mat
trapped by a headlock, and later, when
Burt pretended to be enraged at Bob,
Hope retaliated by latching the stoolwark
Lancaster with a five-foot powder puff.
The whole match broke up with the
terribleных participants all walking off to-
together to the strains of "The Blue
Danube,"—Lancaster with George, and
Hope dancing with the midget.
Of course, all wonderful things have to come to an end and this fabulous evening was climaxed by a plea on the part of Kay Kyser for hospital aid throughout the country and with lovely Jeanette MacDonald's singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

While so much of Hollywood's social life during the past month has been centered on this circus "party" and preparations for it, there have been several other fascinating affairs.

Only recently I gave a fashion "party" right in my own home for Designer Marusia and it was a marvelous and amusing occasion.

Marusia is the wife of Don Wilson, Jack Benny's famous and jovial radio announcer. A little over a year ago, the Benny gang were all planning a trip to Hawaii. Marusia, who was then known only as Mrs. Don Wilson, designed a very beautiful wardrobe for herself to wear on the holiday.

At the last minute the jaunt was called off and there was Marusia, literally all dressed up with no place to go.

She invited a few of her close friends to inspect her new clothes which she modeled herself. We were so enchanted with her designs, colors and materials that we suggested she go into business for herself—which she did.

So successful has she been during her first year that she has become one of the leading designers in Hollywood, and it was to celebrate this success that I gave the party.

We installed dramatic lights, a public address system and placed a small platform at one end of my living room which overlooks all the lights of the city and the ocean beyond. Against that magnificent background the most beautiful and famous women modeled Marusia's newest creations.

Among the models were Ann Miller, Felicia Vanderbilt, Binnie Barnes, Dinah Shore, Elizabeth Droun and Marusia herself.

Over half the film colony arrived to admire Marusia's collection which was announced and described in detail by Don Wilson. Judy Garland, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Alda Valli and Joan Crawford were just a few who were delighted with the gowns.

Because of the very low decolletage on some of the evening gowns, Judy Garland exclaimed, "But, Cobina, how do they stay up?"

I explained to Judy that Marusia had several built-in features which insured what she calls "social security!"

After the showing, the guests all adjourned to the patio and the garden for a champagne supper.

A MORE intimate and sentimental affair brought us to Lady Farness' lovely modern home in the hills for a birthday celebration with her twin sister, Gloria (Morgan) Vanderbilt.

It was literally a double-header with twin gifts from Cartiers, twin birthday cakes and twin evening gowns which Gloria had especially designed for the occasion.

The two girls have spent every birth-
In this whirl of social activity, now that the Fall and Winter season is launched, I've noticed several things which I think might be of interest to film friends and fans. For one thing filmland fashion plates are repeating a style reminiscent of the "20's" by wearing hats, evening dresses, Joan Crawford, Eve Arden, Rosalind Russell and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr. are setting the pace with headgear confections of tulle, lace, egrets, etc. Also I've noticed a great revival in games. At Joan Crawford's the other night, there was hardly any conversation—everyone was concentrating on some game or other. Twenty Questions and even Treasure Hunts are coming back into vogue. I wonder what ever happened to Mah Jong?

Next month I'll be back with more parties and some of the delicious party drinks and cocktails fans prefer. Most of them are not only novel but are quite simple to prepare.

In the meantime your party reporter would like to wish all you wonderful Screenland readers a truly happy time over the holidays.

How Busy Can You Get?

Continued from page 37

be thinking about a long vacation with my beautiful and charming wife.

He isn't kidding, either. If you were a big, successful King of the Rhumba, would you like to play sixty-three different towns in sixty-three days? It's the traveling that gets Cugie—and some of those places he has to play in to keep his boys in groceries.

Cugie's like a chain reaction. Once he got going as the Rhumba King, his career kept piling up on him. Of course he has his radio show, Casa Cugat, and his picture casting. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which includes three current pictures, "On an Island With You," "Luxury Liner," and "Date With Judy."

But, gad, what a man he is with a sideline! Everybody who has bought the shocking pink and black box containing "Cugat's Nuggets" knows he invented 'em. The advertising and promotion on that alone would be enough to keep one average man busy all the time. But Cugie isn't an average man. He's now putting out a candy bar as a companion to the Nuggets.

His caricatures are famous and it isn't uncommon for him to dash off twenty or thirty between shows. As a result of his caricatures, he's working on a comic strip for King Features called Uncle Chihuahua, all about the adventures of a little Mexican boy. He'll draw the strip himself, another enterprise which would keep an ordinary man out of mischief seven days a week. His caricatures also be seen on neckties, and he'll have fun drawing the faces of sports figures, actors, singers, and politicians which will be transferred to the ties. The outfit which will market the ties also turns out the Cugat Jacket, a bolero type of jacket for men.

Cugie's recording session and another several hours a week to his schedule, and then there's that toy man from Belgium who wants to turn Cugie's Chihuahua caricatures into toys. He helped create some gay, colorful glasses called Rhumba Tumblers which will be on the market by the sense of a new perfume, called Red Rhumba, is another project in which Cugie's fine Spanish hand figured. He also introduced a folk dance, called the Mexican Shuffle.

Every time he gets into one of these deals, Lorraine gives Cugie one of those
looks wives give their husbands when they're verging on exasperation. "What next?" she asks him.

And he usually has an answer. And it's always another deal, like the one the fellow wanted to see him about. You know those berets Senor Cugat wears? Well, this fellow is putting them on the market, too, under the name, Cugat's Barcelona Hat.

With all this activity going on you'd hardly think Senor Covarrubias, a psychologist, would have any time to spend with his wife. But it's quite simple, really, for him to work that out. He carries on most of his business transactions at home.

The new Casa Cugat, which he and Lorraine recently bought, is another project which has all but put them both in strait jackets. It seemed like such a wonderful idea to buy the eight and a half acre estate out beyond Bel-Air. Cugat thought it would be such fun to plan the remodeling of the house, the landscaping, and the decorating. And Cugat fell right into the spirit of the thing, too.

So they started on their elaborate plans for having the place exactly the way they wanted it. Covarrubias found a man who did beautiful things in hand-wrought iron grille work. (The house is modern Mexican ranch style.) Then he got the idea that he'd like to have big murals in all the rooms. So he got Siquerros, Covarrubias, Montenegro, and Pani, all great artists and friends of his to do them for him. Also, his brother, Francisco, who's the Technicolor director at Columbia, did one, too. It was a big deal. So was the house. They nearly went crazy before it was finished.

Once they thought they had a fine little stalemate on their hands. The painters came in to do the walls that weren't covered by murals. But they went home, explaining they couldn't paint until the carpets were laid. So Covarrubias called the carpenters. They explained they couldn't lay the carpets until the walls were painted.

Then the Cugats managed to get a telephone. Covarrubias a man who does business all day long over the phone. But this particular phone is on a three-party line and the other people on the line use it, too. Sometimes it gets awfully monotonous, trying to get a number.

There is also the problem of running down all the accumulated possessions which Covarrubias has collected and left all over the country. He discovered a Picasso in Boston, a beautiful marble bust by the German sculptor, Soler, in San Francisco. He also has found less valuable things of his in warehouses all over the country and, during the process of running all these things down found he'd been paying rent on a room in New York for sixteen years without knowing he had it or why it was rented in the first place.

He compiles what is going on at home to the time he went back to Spain for a visit. He sailed on the French liner Chaqueplain because it had a special deck for dogs and Covarrubias never travels without dogs. He landed in Spain just as the Franco revolution started. Everybody was infected and by external, but it all seems calm to him now in contrast to what happens around his place.

He takes it all with bland patience—

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Success—Take It Or Leave It!

Continued from page 38

gardners depart, rather than be seen wrestling with rake, broom or hoe, hair all anyhow and famous face perepirung.

"It is a nuisance," admitted Bette, "but it is a fact. I never used to have great regard for the way I looked of screen, but after a few unfortunate experiences, I concluded I wasn't being fair to myself. If, with a few hours to spare from the studio, I went into I. Magnin's in a great rush, invariably I was recognized by a dozen shocked people who made derogatory comments on my appearance. I discovered that even for the slightest errand I must take time to look my best, and once I accepted the fact, it ceased to bother me."

Success has, of course, given her material things. "I'm able to live the sort of life that appeals to me, to have the house I like, the clothes I like, the food I like. I can travel where I choose, in the manner I choose. I am, indeed, fortunate."

"Again, on the other side of the ledger, I missed my college days. I was robbed of four years of fun, good companionship, and perhaps this formation of enduring friendships, because instead of going to college, I went to work."

"As a result, I haven't as many close friends as I would sincerely like to have. As for friendships formed later on, the very nature of my work makes it extremely difficult. First of all, an enormous amount of time goes into my job, and it takes time to make friends. Since friendship is usually founded on mutual tastes and interests, one would think I'd have many friends among the members of my own profession."

"But friendships between professional people can change dramatically, we are all rivals. Those non-professionals are apt to be complicated because, through no fault of theirs or ours, they usually become tag-alongs. They simply don't feel comfortable with us. I know that I'm often in my profession, whom I would like to have as friends who call me on the telephone now and then, and inevitably begin the conversation by apologizing for 'bothering' me. The premise is false, you see, and the result is disastrous."

If Bette had never succeeded on the screen, she believes she would always have lived in New England, which she loves. Her work has made it impossible for her to choose where she would live.

"Success also has robbed me of the chance to devote all my time to my daughter," she continued. "That is a sacrifice. Barbara is at the enchanting age, and I'm missing so much of it. I see her for half an hour in the morning, and for an hour and a half at night, on the days I work. It is hard to leave her up bringing to a nurse."

According to Bette the forfeting of her right to be a "human being" is where success has taken its toll the most.

"We haven't the right to look like sixty when we feel like it, to have a headache when we have one, to be in a bad temper when we are, in fact, none of the every day irritations that affect human beings as a whole, are supposed to affect us at all. We have no right to these human indulgences because I truly believe to most people we are not human."

Another thing Bette can thank her career for is that since she has become successful, she has learned to let the unfair criticism all successful people receive roll off her back. Without success she would not have had the opportunity to develop this immunity to the criticism of others.

"Successful person, you see, is allowed no right motive for anything," Bette continued. "The less fortunate are enormously jealous of successes, and it's a human fault to want to find successful people in the wrong. More than once I have sat at a restaurant table and heard people说法 me as if I could neither see nor hear them."

"It isn't done to be rude; nobody on earth would be intentionally that rude! It's just that they don't realize we are people as we are people. We have eyes and ears also. They have seen us on the screen only, when we are close at hand, and we can't be alive. In such cases, we can do is to behave as if were were shadow selves, like ghosts who have not materialized."

Also in Bette's view of things, "The more successful you are the more conspicuous are your mistakes. More so in Hollywood than almost anywhere else, due to the fact we are known all over the world. If you've been fortunate
enough to create a standard, you mustn’t let down.

"Also," says Bette, "socially, a famous person can never relax. When you are introduced to someone, that individual will usually sit back and let the famous one make all the overtures. He stands there contributing little, waiting for us to prove ourselves. That’s why so many of us seldom appear socially. Constantly proving yourself to strangers is a strain.

"In summing up the pros and cons of advantages and disadvantages to a person like myself in Hollywood, I have proved, I think, that I have benefited more than I have sacrificed.

"The greatest benefit from all my successes has been the sense of inner security I have acquired as a person. The admiration of people and audiences who have made my success in Hollywood possible, has helped to give me this. This feeling of confidence makes you comfortable with all people you meet, in all situations in which you find yourself. For this I am most grateful.

"One of the greatest examples of this, to all who met him, was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. At the time of his death, it was said of him that he never talked up to anyone, and he never talked down to anyone. He had truly great inner security.

"One more thing; fame gives one the opportunity to meet so many fascinating people—Presidents, Kings, Maharajahs, scientists, celebrities in all fields. Hollywood seems to be an ‘open sesame.’

"After all is said and done," she concluded, "no one could feel sorry for me. Poor, poor Bette Davis—all she has is the WORLD! All I do have is the world."

Just Call Him "Butch"

Continued from page 42

and by that I mean he shines at bridge or gin rummy, he rides and swims exceedingly well. He loves to be telephoned at any hour of the day or night.

Some of Cesar’s friends, when asked to delineate him, are prone to say, "Primarily, the guy has a great sense of humor."

When Butch returned from location in Maine, where he and Dana Andrews had been working as lobster fishermen in "Dark Waters," I telephoned to ask him to come to our place for dinner.

He hesitated a second then explained that he might have to work a little later than usual. He added, "Would it be okay to bring a few guests along?"

I checked with my wife, Elaine, who is the hospitable type. She said, "Of course. How many?"

"Well, there might be six or eight," he confessed.

One or two guests at our table constitute standard equipment, but any woman would agree that six or eight is an onslaught. Gamely, Elaine told Butch to bring on the guests.

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stors. To complete scenes for the picture, the studio had flown the lobsters to Hollywood and Butch had spoken for them. They were tough to photograph, hence the delay.

This mad sense of humor failingly endears Butch to children of all ages. He has a niece and a nephew who regard him as an oracle. In the morning it is customary for either his face preparatory to shaving, then to lather the blissful, upturned faces of Holly and Bobby. Once the lather is applied, Butch supplies each youngster with a safety razor from which the blade has been removed and the "shaving" in triplicate takes place.

Bobby has lost interest in this make-believe, doubtless concluding that as a man a large portion of his adult life will be spent moving whisks wingers.

However, Holly can be depended upon to perform the ritual every morning without fail. While Holly and Butch shave, they carry on an incredible conversation. They discuss how far a caterpillar can walk in a day, and why birds don't fly in reverse. Butch has been called upon for theories as to why snow melts, why a mama cat doesn't have Scottie puppies, how a tree knows when October comes, and where does Sunday go on Monday morning.

Our daughter, Waverly, is now twelve, so she has outgrown the notion that Uncle Butch can supply all the cosmic answers, but she is more convinced than ever that he is a rare and fascinating human being.

When Elaine and I went to New York, presumably for two weeks, yet remained away from home for two months, we had no worries about Waverly. She was well cared for by our servants, but she was also protected by Butch. He made no big thing of looking out for her, but every time we telephoned Waverly, she had a glowing report of the horseback ride she and Uncle Butch had taken the day before, or the movie to which he had escorted her. On the beach trip they had enjoyed together.

In his letters to us, Butch reported Waverly's sage comments and in general kept us as informed of her welfare as if we had been at home.

In analyzing Cesar, one must first realize that he looks upon his entire circle of friends as an extension of his own family, and there has never been a more loyal family member than Cesar. At present, his household consists of his father, his mother, a brother, two sisters, a niece and a nephew. For a long time (until he could secure wedding materials with which to construct his new bachelor suite) Butch slept on the living-room lounge.

He never mentioned this housing situation as a personal inconvenience, merely as a discomfort for the other members of the household. Butch could use the living room as freely as he thought they might like.

Butch will not listen to a disparaging remark, however mild, about a friend. During a discussion of theatrical personalities I once happened to venture an opinion as to how a certain actor could improve his technique. Cesar, his head back, eyes sharp, tapped my shoulder with extended forefinger.

"He's doing all right," said Cesar. "He's making good in a big way."

"But you just said . . ." I started to expostulate.

"What I said was constructive," explained Butch righteously.

In brief, Butch may analyze a member of his circle of friends, but he will instantly deny that right to an outsider. It is this sort of thing which impels Cesar's friends to consider him a most profound secret in knowing they are as safe as if sunk into Fort Knox.

The amazing thing to me is that Butch remembers the things which seem to sink entirely out of the minds of others. I maintain that his memory is the basis for Cesar's power and thoughtfulness. Memory is a very handy thing to own at Christmas time, for instance.

Last year, Elaine and I were beating our brains in an attempt to remember the color scheme of a friend's living room in order to complete our purchase. Neither of us was quite sure; we didn't want to ask the person for whom the gift was intended, of course, so we were stymied until Elaine thought of calling Butch.

"He won't know," I said, proving how wrong a guy can be.

He remembered exactly. Furthermore he told us why our choice would have to be modified somewhat. "She has a set of miniature early American skillets which she uses for asparagus. She keeps them on the bottom shelf of the north-west bank of book shelves in the den."

I gave up.

You would think a guy with all these talents would be pondering away at his career, fighting for parts, arguing about billing, in short, being eager. One night a gang of us tore into Mr. Romero in an attempt to badger him into going after a plum part about which we had heard and for which we thought he would be perfect. I'd like to say here that, in my opinion, Cesar is excellent in everything he has ever done, and always pulls up a picture by his presence. I think he is capable of a sensational dramatic portrayal, and I wish he would be given such a part.

He listened to our praise of a particular scene, the director, the producer, the Oscar possibilities—everything. Meanwhile he remained in a supine position in a down-cushioned lounge chair, his eyes one-eighth open, his smile benign.

When our foreclosures ran out of breath, Cesar opined, "If I keep saying that I'm right for the part, they'll give it to me. If they have somebody else set, I won't get it. Why worry?"

Don't get the impression from this the he is incapable of deep and terrible consternation. His perceptions are sharper than most, a fact borne out by his reticence about his experiences. In recent years our close friendship have I heard Cesar discuss his experiences in the Pacific.

Cesar, in the Coast Guard, was on a supply boat that jettisoned its cargo during one of the island campaigns in order to pinch-hit as a hospital ship. By
my feet trying to find shoes, trousers, a coat, or anything. My hands were all feet and my feet were melted butter.

Somehow we got to the receiving hospital where Zach was cleaned up and where the gash in his head was closed with about a dozen stitches. We also heard his story. He had been homeward bound along Route 66, going to Chicago, and was at a point that is subject to slides during wet weather. Zach's headlights picked up an avalanche of boulders in time for him to brake to a violent stop. A second's delay might have cost him his life; as it was, the force of his brakes sent him against the rear-view mirror.

Zach had circled around the slide and had hurried home, leaving his car at some distance from the house so he wouldn't awaken Elaine and scare her to death. Then he had awakened me, scaring me to death.

On our way home that dawnning, I had the eerie realization of what a blow it would have been to me if Zach hadn't been able to stop in time.

Time passed and Butch learned that the daughter of Marian Harris was coming to Hollywood. Butch didn't see this girl (who turned out to be an attractive English singing star in her own right) since she was a bracelet of five, but he planned a party for her "to welcome her to Hollywood and let her know that she has come to an strange place, because she's really among friends."

I do not want to give the impression that "this Romero gentleman is all sweetness and light. I want to express a beef. The guy is lazy. I've said it before and I say it again. Last Christmas, for instance, we gave him a gold key for his house. (The year before we had given him a gold key for OUR house.)"

As you probably know, those gold keys are uncut. One must take his own brass key down to a locksmith and have the indentations filed in the gold.

Every time we saw Cesar after the holidays we asked him if he were using his new gold key. He hadn't seen it in his gift box because Cesar had been too busy, he had forgotten, he didn't know a locksmith, etc. etc. etc.

Finally, Elaine secured the key from Cesar's sister, delivered it to the locksmith herself, had the grooves cut, and presented it to the rechtful owner: Mr. Romero. He was terrifically, terribly grateful. (See "Gratitude" above.)

I could continue this discussion of Romero, The Man, for ten or fifteen volumes but the gist would still be the same: He is one hell of a sweet guy. He is that rare human being, a person who loves his neighbors as they are, who makes no demands upon anyone, yet whose own bounty is as broad as generosity itself.

This world could use a couple of million men exactly like him.

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The Name Is "Banjo"

Continued from page 48

"Box. I'm real glad you've got a stonewall brakes on that car," I said.

"You're a nice guy," gloomed Zach.

"I cut my head off, and you're glad," But he gave me a wide grin. He knew what I meant; I didn't have to make speeches.

There was one funny repercussion. Zach and I tipped our hats to Elaine and managed to get settled without disturbing Elaine. The next morning she awakened, turned to look at her husband in the neighboring twin bed, and let out a yell that, despite two closed doors and a long corridor between, brought me out of bed in one leap. Then I heard the Scotts laughing, so I knew that Zach hadn't expired during the night.

I first met Zach and Elaine shortly after I had returned to Hollywood after being discharged from the Coast Guard. We were all invited to a rather large party one night and, in the usual motion picture manner, we were introduced. Afterward I pointed Zach out to a hlep friend of mine and said, "I met him a
few minutes ago, but what's his name?"

I was told that he was a new actor, under contract to Warners', and that he had made a hit in "Mildred Pierce" but that his best picture up to that time was a classic titled "The Southerner." Should have been considered for Academy honors.

I hadn't seen Zach in pictures at that time, and I didn't see him until some time later, a yarn that I'll spin in a few moments paragraph. He and his wife were friends, with a love story.

At any rate, the reason I liked him at once is that he had fallen into a discussion of current American problems with a thoughtful group, and I liked the things he had to say. For one thing, he is a Southerner, a born Southerner, a scholar, and a great human being.

Zach is a true Southern gentleman, a gentleman, and a great human being, having some things to say about the fine work of Mr. White with which I agreed. I thought, "This Scott guy and I have got to get together one of these days and chew the fat."

That 'getting together' didn't occur until Zach, Elaine and I were among a group of picture personalities who were invited to the President's Birthday Ball in Washington, D.C., in January White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Zach, a true Southern gentleman, a scholar, and a great human being, having some things to say about the fine work of Mr. White with which I agreed.

I was registered at The Statler and Zach and Elaine were registered at the hotel just across the street. We arrived the day before the ball, so we were requested to remain in seclusion until January 30. The weather was bad, so the Scotts, Paul Henreid, the Regina Gardiners and I decided to have dinner together in the Scott suite.

It was an early dinner, but our conversation extended far, far into the night. The only reason the woes of the world weren't solved that night, I must say in an amused description of the weighty talk, is that you can't bottle good intentions and solid sense and sell them as a tonic.

In the midst of politics, ethics, and economics, we managed to discuss motion pictures for an hour or so. The fact emerged that I had never seen Zach on the screen. I said, however, that I was going to see "Stallion Road"—but positively—at the earliest opportunity.

After the Birthday festivities we returned to Los Angeles and the following week I was a dinner guest of the Scotts. From then on, we were close friends.

One of the important things about Zach is that he wears well. Some friendships can't withstand the wear of constant association, but Zach is so diverse a guy that it would take at least fifty years to catalogue all the surprises he is able to spring.

For instance, who would expect him to be a national authority on antiques? Yet Mr. Zachary Scott can pick up a piece of milk glass and tell you the name of the town where the chairman of the year the glass was poured.

The acid test of a man's taste in things is his ability to buy an item which pleases his wife. I'm glad, and impressed, to state that I was a guest at the Scotts one afternoon when an antique desk was delivered. Zach had selected it several days earlier, had ordered it as a surprise for Elaine. She was speechless with appreciation. Well, almost speechless, at any rate.

One of Zach loves his home! He's as domestic a character as I've ever met. In a way he typifies the British idea that a man's home is his castle, and Zach takes good care of the castle. He can fix leaking faucets without flooding the manse; he can build a new set of shelves for a closet without seeing a finger or lacering the English language; he can build and has built a set of early American type picture frames that stumps the experts.

He's an excellent cook and, as a host, he has a flair that would knock off St. Boniface. He seems to know who wants a window opened or closed, who uses cream but not sugar in coffee, who prefers tea, who is a tea-totaler, who will admire a better of rare brandy, who is a good storyteller and can be relied upon to carry the conversation, and who needs to be encouraged to join in. He is a confirmed Ashton emeritus and glass re-filler. And he has a swell sense of humor.

After he and I had exchanged protracted courtesies about my plans to see one of his pictures, he finally invited me to drop in at his diamond studded country estate. From there we were taken to the premiere of "Cass Timberlane," in which Zach had a small part.

When I got serious about what a good job he had done with his role, he gave me a sizable look and observed, "You'll not sure you would have seen the thing through if it hadn't been for Lena."

Several weeks later I managed to catch a showing of "The Southerner" and I've been raving about it ever since. I'd like to say right here that I think Zachary Scott is one hell of a fine actor and that his name is a you are going to see in lights for many decades to come.

In addition to being a great homebody and a fine actor, Zach is a devoted family man. He talks so much about his father and mother, and his brothers that his friends feel they know the Scotts intimately after having known Zach for a few months.

Zach and Elaine are so complete a partnership that one thinks of them as Zach-'n-Elaine, in one contended breath. They have the usual family jokes but one in particular tells a lot about Zach, I think. Elaine is a brilliant and gifted woman; before she and Zach were married, she stage-managed that theatrical phenomenon of our time, "Oklahoma." Her friends are greats of the drama.

When Elaine decides to express herself, she has as few equals, if any, in the matter of handling the English language. It is a delight to hear her describe a person, a situation, or an episode. Zach takes an intense pleasure in listening, when Elaine is moved to the highest use of her talent.

After his wife has spoken, Zach grins wide and nods at her. To those nearby he says, "Mrs. Malaprop does very well, doesn't she?"

You probably remember that Mrs. Malaprop was a dame who never used the right word when a wrong one was handy. It tickles Zach to play down his own enormous pride in Elaine by de-
It's A Morale Builder
this feeling of "getting dressed up." It's important to the little girl of five and the woman of fifty. That's why, now that we can, we're doing it. The college girl's date dresses are pretty and feminine. They're really dresses. It is no longer considered good merely to add a string of pearls to your sweaters or suits and think you're dressed up. That was right for war time, but the picture has changed.

The Separates
are the answer to the problem of clothes versus budgets. In spite of our new feeling of formality, I think that most women like to stretch their wardrobes... to look as lovely as they can, without investing a fortune. Any time you can do a two-piece costume, you're making sense. For example, a long skirt and a short skirt, plus two tops will give you four outfits. We went through a deluge of evening sweaters and strapless tops, because the time was right. We needed a bare halter look and can be made with a bare back if you wish. You can also make the back different from the front. For example, a broaded front and a plain back, or a gold mesh knit front and plain back. A lot of the new dinner vests are going to be knitted or crocheted. A white and gold knit vest is terrific with a black jersey dinner skirt and black gloves.

There Is No End
to the variety of vests the stars are wearing. I made Loretta Young a white pique vest and separate white pique skirt. The vest was embroidered in coral and the back was fastened with a coral button. This would be sensational for winter wear at desert resorts. A white velveteen vest would look stunning with a black velveteen skirt for holiday parties. If you like color, you'd like the costume I made for Gail Russell after she finished "Night Has A Thousand Eyes." A vest of red and green plaid wool had plain dark green wool in back, matching the separate skirt of green wool. To give it sparkle, we picked up the red and green plaid with red and green sequins. Such costume would be perfect for holiday dinners at home.

Add A Shawl
to match and you'll have something different. I'd suggest a green shawl lined with the plaid so that it's reversible. This idea is particularly good if you don't have an evening coat.

You Don't Need
an evening wrap this year. Suddenly, it is very smart to wear short, flaring pieces - a jacket, a skirt, a sweater, or a scarf. We used to feel sorry for the girl who didn't have an evening wrap or a fur coat. But now, even if you had an elegant velvet coat, you'd be smart to leave it at home.

The Little Short Coat
doesn't have to be intensively tailored. Instead, I'd suggest making it reversible, of contrasting colors or materials. You can make them of silk and wool, or two kinds of wool, or velvet and silk. They can be high-waisted, or swinging from the waist. There's no end to fashions.

Edith Head's Fashion Flashes
Continued from page 46

tion of our whole mode of living. We are beginning to feel that our play time is not a continuation of our work time.

Buffalo two-piece It's year-old Waverly is discipulinar, Zach has for the plans and hopes he and Elaine had for her, and her minor fraccioness shortly thereafter disappeared entirely.

It would be unfair to a guy like Zach to make high sound when the truth is that there is plenty of salt, pepper and vinegar in his system. He has one of the hottest tempers on earth, but he knows it and he wanes a constant battle to keep it under control. I have seen him with a room, his eyes blazing, his lips compressed into a thin white line, and his fists clenched, because he disagreed with someone who had expressed a silly or a dangerous idea. As a youngster, Zach used to mix it with fists and words and have taught him that nothing much was ever gained by violence. A born fighter, he has learned to pour his steam into logic instead of a long right to the jaw.

Although many of Zach's friends call him Banjo in honor of those eloquent eyes, I would be inclined to "categorize" him—in the musical instrument sense—as a violin: sensitive, high-strung, and capable of magnificent performance.

Personal note to Scott: Brother, this is going to cost you a champagne dinner at L'Aiglon. As for all the nice things I've written about you, I only did it because it's the truth.

Free for Asthma
If you suffer with attacks of Asthma and choke and gasp for breath, if restless sleep is difficult because of the struggle to breathe, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Company for a FREE trial of the FRONTIER ASTHMA MEDICINE, a preparation for temporary symptomatic relief of paroxysms of Bronchial Asthma. No matter where you live or whether you have faith in any medicine under the sun, send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing.

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Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with SHAMPOO-KOLOR at home, any shade—simple curtain; use only well-deflected on label. Popular colors. Wave. No dried look. Free Book, Valdigny Prod. Inc. 26-7, 324 W. 17 St., New York

Vanity Lamp Set Only $1.98

Magnificent design. 2 Vanity or dresser lamps and one bed lamp. Metal parts all highly finished nickel plated. Frosted and design glass. Vanity lamps full size 14 inch and standard size bed lamp with rubber guards. A lovely decoration for any home. Never before offered by us at this price. Limited supply. Satisfaction or money back. 3 pieces complete for $3.95 post paid or C.O.D. for $3.55 plus small C.O.D. fee and postage.
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Turner, Van Heflin, June Allyson, Kee-

nec, Price, Frank Morgan,

and Angela Lansbury—all in one

picture that’s over two hours long! Based

on the Alexander Dumas classic, there

is plenty of exciting swordplay (with spe-
cial honors to Gene Kelly), diplomatic

intrigue, romance and spicy dialogue.

The only bad thing in the entire produc-
tion is that June Allyson is foolishly

murdered by the wicked Countess, Lana.

The Luck Of The Irish

20th Century-Fox

HIRE an’ begorra, if you’ll not be seeing

this, you’ll never know how

to behave when in the company of

a leprechaun. With Cecil Kellaway

playing the most charming leprechaun and

Irishman you could ever meet, you’ll

have a wonderful time for yourself

watching Ty Power cope with one of

the “wee people” who because of ever-

lasting gratitude has followed him to

New York all the way from the Emer-

ald Isle. Not only does leprechaun Kel-

away engineer it that Ty remains true to

his ideals, but also that by the end of

the picture Ty and Anne Baxter are well

on their way to raising a lot of little

Irishmen.

A Song Is Born

(Technicolor)

Samuel Goldwyn

YOU Danny Kaye fans might be a

little disappointed in his latest, be-

cause Danny doesn’t break out into the

type song routine he’s so famous for.

Instead, he plays more or less a straight

role as a professor of musical research

who is suddenly jolted out of his

routine by a new variation of the Three B’s:

boogie-woogie, a blonde, and bookies.

On hand to help convert Danny are Virginia

Mayo, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, Tom-

my Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton and

other stars of swing and be-bop—a solid session for

swing fans.

My Dear Secretary

United Artists

WHAT makes this such a wonderful

comedy is the lavish scattering of

characters who steal in and out of scenes,

and incidentally steal the scenes in the

process. As the whimsical author of several

best-sellers, Delmer Daves does a fine job

of being a zany, irresponsible writer un-
til he marries his secretary, Laraine Day,

who proceeds to show him that there

ain’t no such thing as a smart woman

taking the back seat even with “genius.”

Ironically, it’s just landing a part in Kirk’s chum and self-appointed doormat-

answerer, cook and laundress. This is

definitely one of the better comedies.

Moonrise

Republic

OR, Dane Clark suffers again—and

how he suffers: gets beaten up with

alarming regularity, kills a man, com-

pletely wrecks a car he’s driving, jumps

off a ferris wheel, has a pack of hounds

chase him across the countryside,

and for a while it looks as though he’s

in for a bad case of frostbite from Gail

Russell. Being a psychological drummer,

there’s nothing funny here. In fact, it’s

a darn depressing picture. Ethel Barry-

more plays Dane’s grandmother, who

along with Sherill Allan Joslyn, and

schoolmarm, Gail, finally sets the way-

ward young man straight.

The Return Of October

(Technicolor)

Columbia

WHEN you get a girl, Terry Moore,

thinking a racehorse is her late, de-

parted uncle who has returned to

win the Derby, then it’s only natural that

a psychiatrist is on hand, too. He is, In

the person of Glenn Ford. While Glenn

makes a study of this strange case, the

scare case falls in love with him and

finally succeeds in convincing him that

she isn’t wacky at all—October, the

horse, does win the race. For a gay, light

comedy, you can’t go wrong on this—

and a new word will be added to your

vocabulary: Schneckle, which makes its

American debut.

June Bride

Warner Brothers

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, as the

star writer for a woman’s magazine, and

Bette Davis, as Madam Editor, his

boss, have quite a time for themselves

when they descend on a small Indiana

town to do a feature story on a wedding.

The wedding takes place, but thanks to

cut-up Bob, not quite as Bette had origi-

nally planned—in fact, the course of

several lives is radically changed. By the

way, one scene which has Bette discuss-

ing a bust of Julius Caesar, has just

about the bluest dialogue ever heard in

movies.

No Minor Vices

Enterprise—MG

NO, THERE are no minor vices in

this film—there are major ones.

Very confusing, and loaded with forced

comedy situation, it’ll you find yourself

feeling sorry for David Andrews, Lilli

Palmer and Louis Jourdan, as they try to

make the most out of a bad picture

which concerns itself with a doctor, his

wife, and an artist looking for THE

TRUTH. As Andrews says it up in the

final scene: there comes a time in every-

one’s life when the only solution to a

problem is to see things the way you

want to see them. . . . Enough said.

Red Shoes

(Technicolor)

Rank—Eagle Lion

A WELL-DONE story about a ballet

impresario, Anton Walbrook, who

discovers a young, unknown dancer,
Maura Shearer. Gradually, pian interest turns into an obsession that through him she will become the most famous ballet star the world has ever known. Unfortunately, love and marriage part in his scheme, so when she falls in love with the composer of a ballet, “Red Shoes,” Wallbrook gives her a choice—career, or marriage. She chooses marriage, but eventually her love for dancing lures her back to the stage—not to fame, but to tragedy. There’s a lot of excellent dancing, especially in “Red Shoes,” which is based on a Peter Grimm fairytale.

**Miss Tatlock’s Millions**

**Paramount**

A HILARIOUS picture about a fortune left to a half-witted girl, known to be dead only by his keeper, Barry Fitzgerald. AIded that it will come out that he has been taking his salary under false pretenses all these years, Barry hires John Lund to impersonate the dead half-wit. From there on, the farce goes its merry way to a surprise ending that sets everything straight, including John’s phony idiocy. Besides Lund and Fitzgerald, the cast includes names like Wanda Hendrix, Ilka Chase, Monty Wooley, Robert Stack and Dorothy Stickney, all of whom turn in creditable performances.

**The Decision Of Christopher Blake**

**Warner Brothers**

WHEN an imaginative 12-year-old boy, Ted Donaldson, returns from camp to discover his parents are in the throes of divorce proceedings, he realizes he has to choose between his mother or father. Given to day-dreaming, his solutions to the dilemma take fantastic shapes and forms in some very clever dream scenes. However, when actually asked to decide by Judge Ceci Killaway, young Ted pulls the sort of nifty which may be a mix of the juvenile tendencies of so-called adults. Despite the tear-jerker story, there’s a lot of matter-of-fact good humor which makes for more than being merely a preachment against divorce.

**Sealed Verdict**

**Paramount**

IT’S REALLY amazing how you can sit through a picture and not have the faintest idea what’s going on. Ray Milland is an Army prosecutor at the trial of a Nazi bigwig in Germany, that we know. A newcomer, Themis Marly, has an accent and is a girl, that we know too, but enchased in mysterious doings and what they are is hard to say. However, you do get told some Nazi collaborators were really nice people and if a German fraulein happens to shoot a GI in the back because she thinks he’s running out on her, then his parents will forgive the poor child. There must be a moral to the story somewhere—if you find it, let me know.

**Kidnapped**

**Monogram**

SLOW-MOVING, the story, based on the Robert Louis Stevenson novel, pops up occasionally as Roddy McDowall braves a lot of trouble and adventure. When he suddenly appears to claim his rightful heritage, a mean old uncle, in order to keep the estate, has Roddy kidnapped by a pack of out and out cutthroats. Roddy goes through a lot, that’s true, but anyone older than 12 won’t appreciate his misfortunes.

**One Touch of Venus**

**Universal**

THIS is a not-too-good musical with Dick Haymes, Ava Gardner, and Robert Walker. Walker is his cute self as the man who falls in love with Ava, who is really out of this world—and there’s nothing wrong with that except that his life becomes very complicated, indeed. Don’t expect anything too special from this, but see it if you don’t mind sitting through another “average” picture.

**Gossip In The Lobby**

Continued from page 10

There she sits, weaving away and looking more glamorous with every shoe of the shuttle.

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When her 20th Century-Fox bosses saw Betty Lynn’s performance in “June Bride” (only her second picture, too) they issued an order, “No More Loanouts.” Now they’ve given her Linda Darnell’s hairdresser, their best makeup man and a new dressing room. While making “Mother Is A Freshman,” Betty celebrated her 21st birthday. The crew bought her a $50 birthday cake, so you know how they all adore her.

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If Ann Blyth gets the lead opposite Bing Crosby in “Diamond In The Haystack,” she can thank Lady Luck. Ann, who’s mighty talented, wasn’t originally tested for the part. Bing was searching for the projection room to see the girls who had tested. By mistake, he opened the wrong door. There on the screen was Ann in “Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid.” Bing, who made five movies, had never seen Ann before. He stayed until the end of the picture, and that’s how movie jobs are born.

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The high cost of building being what it is, had a serious effect on Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier. They had to add on a nursery for their expected baby and the lowest estimate was almost as much as the original cost of their house. At those prices there was only one thing to do. They had to spend the money, so they built a nursery that would accommodate four children—if necessary. From now on, no one will have to ask their close friends “what’s new” with the Doziers!!

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When we reported that Greer Garson was fast becoming one of the gayest gals in town, we warned, “Now it’s jokes, yet!” When they were lining up stars to appear with the circus, (to raise money for St. John’s Hospital) Greer was asked if she’d ride on an elephant. “Why it’s the only way I travel,” she deadpanned. “I like my trunk in front—so I can keep my eye on it!”

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Despite all those rumors, it was just recently that Jane Wyman had a “date” with Lew Ayres. And it wasn’t very romantic! In the backyard of her new home, there’s an open-air playground that Jane’s using for a studio. Lew heard about it and one day showed up with paint, brushes and easel. For three hours not a word of conversation was exchanged. They just sat there in front of their canvases—painting an apple!

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**Hollywood Story:** Back in 1926 when Joan Crawford arrived in Hollywood, Katherine Albert, a young MGM publicist met the train. The two girls remained fast friends during these 22 years. Now Katherine is married to her 16-year-old daughter, Joan Eunson, named after Joan Crawford. This time it was Joan Crawford who met the train! Henceforth her namesake will be known as Joan Evans. She’s been discovered by Producer Samuel Goldwyn and will take up where Cathy O’Donnell left off. She’s never faced a camera, yet Joan Evans is being co-starred with Farley Granger in “Roseanna McCoy.” It reads like a movie script, doesn’t it?

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Loretta Young wouldn’t like it—but every girl should be married to Tom Lewis. When she was on location in Reno, Nevada, for “Mother Is A Freshman,” Loretta’s handsome husband flew up to see her on their anniversary. With him he brought—a mink coat! Tom could only remain for an hour. Then he flew back to his duties of advertising executive again.

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We don’t know why Greer Garson divorced Richard Ney, but we do know he’s one of the most whimsical young men in Hollywood. He’s seldom without a book and he even saw him at a bar—reading poetry! When he brought a young lady for dinner, Richard’s idea of a good time is to cook it for her. They say he’s excellent, too. However, when he reads out loud to them for the balance of the evening, that’s another story. (Pun intended.)

**Prediction:** That Scott Brady’s right name is Gerard Tierney and he’s Lawrence’s brother) is going to be our next screen sensation. Blonde, six foot, two inch Scott is handsome, virile, friendly, claims he was raised as a puppy. That’s why he thought his agent, John Darrow, was ribbing him, when he said he could arrange a test with Joan Crawford for “Flamingo Road.” Scott tested, but they decided he looked too young for the part. In the meantime, “Cannon City,” his first and only movie, is bringing in tons of fan mail.
Here's a holiday gift that doubles in happiness 'cause it's for two.

Soft, cuddly slippers with a flurry of white bunny fur on lush plush!
And real leather soles too! In baby blue, pink, royal blue, red, white, and black.

Honeybugs, sizes 4 to 9, price: $2.99 • Little Miss Honeybugs, sizes 8 to 3, price: $2.79


At your favorite store, or write to HOLIDAY CASUALS, 601-39th ST., B'KLYN 32, N. Y.
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
$6.75; Lipstick handsomely encased
in gleaming gold-color metal . . . . $1.00

Compliment her with a gift of charm!
Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne and
Talcum . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . $2.25

Gift of glamour: Deluxe Chest, con-
taining Face Powder, Talcum, Rouge,
Lipstick and Perfume . . . . $7.50

Gift box containing Evening in Paris
Perfume, Talcum, Face Powder,
Rouge, Lipstick, Eau de Cologne $5.00

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

Evening in Paris Perfume, Toil-
et Water, Face Powder, Sachet,
Rouge, Lipstick . . . . . $9.00

All prices plus tax.