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Please send me MINIKINS, through my local dealer (order by letter A, B, or C), at 79¢ a pair.

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Amazing New Scientific Discovery

Curls and Waves
without permanent waving!

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No Waiting!
not a Wave Set!

safe! The most sensational beauty discovery in years. Imagine! One tiny capsule . . . gives you lovely, long lasting, glorious curls and waves . . . in minutes, not hours. No fuss, no bother, no tedious waiting. Absolutely harmless . . . use after every shampoo . . . the more you use, the more naturally waved your hair becomes — the longer your wave lasts. Easy now to "control" your new shorter-styled hair-do! Independent Laboratory tests on the four leading waving capsules PROVED Minit Curl far superior in every way . . . in giving curl, lustre and longer-lasting waves.

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Conveniently packaged for use at home or when traveling

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In Canada: 406 Hopewell Ave., Toronto, Ontario
Send Minit Curl complete and I will pay $1.25 plus tax and C.O.D. postage on arrival on your guarantee of refund if not completely satisfied. Cash orders mailed postage paid. (Enclose $1.25 which includes tax.)

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Screenland 3
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 disappear! This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Cremoglas, 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.

The Hollywood Scene

Gossip In The Lobby

Your Guide To Current Films

Newsread

Jane's Big Night (Jane Wyman)

The Stars Step Out

Sonja Returns! (Sonja Henie)

Fatty Attack (Loretta Young and Douglas Dick)

Mother's Little Helper (Dorothy Lamour)

Don Errol (Errol Flynn)

South Of The Border With Lou (Lou Costello)

Roughing It (Cleo Day)

SCREENLAND Salutes Ingrid Bergman (for "Joan Of Arc")

For Femmes-Only

Perfume Story

Gentleman's Choice

Guide To Glamour

ON THE COVER, BETTY GRABLE AND DAN DAILEY, STARRING IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM, "WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME"

FEBRUARY, 1949

Volume Fifty-three Number Four

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.
"The Sun Comes Up"

...and your heart goes with it!

It's a joyous Technicolor entertainment from M-G-M. By the famed author of "The Yearling", Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, it brings you lovely, golden-voiced Jeanette MacDonald singing six magnificent songs, favorite star Lloyd Nolan and Academy Award winner Claude Jarman, Jr. with his new pet Lassie!

Lewis Stone • Percy Kilbride

Screen Play by William Ludwig and Margaret Fitts

Based on a Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Robert Sisk • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Feel like a make-up artist. Look like a society deb! So easy to use this softer, smoother, more flattering lipstick in its new, long glamour case of mock-gold metal. Try it today just to see how divinely shaped your lips can be!

Admirable eyes were glued on Clark Gable when he made one of his rare nightclub appearances at Mocambo. And we wish you too could have seen that ol' smoothie dancing a rumba with Iris Byam! Speaking of Clark, it's rumored his MGM bosses would like him to dye his greying temples. Our money says they'll get nowhere fast with their Number One rugged realist.

At Ann Sothern's swanky house-warming, guess which star had the longest hair in the room? Hedy Lamarr, Jeanne Crain, Loretta Young? Not a bit of it. Every actress present was wearing the new short hairdo. But Danny Kaye, who plays a long-haired peasant in "Happy Times," really could have used a few bobby pins. Naturally, everybody kidded him.

When Mark Stevens gives a Hollywood party, it's really different. We went to one in honor of his wife's 22nd birthday, with not a single movie star present. Just old friends, just real friends. Mark hired an orchestra, ordered the room decorated with ropes of gardenias, with corsages for the ladies. Mrs. S. received a diamond-studded brooch from her husband. Cute gag was Mark's mouthing the songs that Buddy Clark sang for him in "I Wonder Who's
There is some Don Juan in every man— but there's more of it in him!

ERROL FLYNN and VIVECA LINDFORS

ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN

"The sword is too good for traitors — you die by the dagger!"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT ALL ITS MIGHT, PASSION, AND PAGEANTRY IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR!

SCREEN PLAY BY GEORGE OPPENHEIMER AND HARRY PURNICK FROM A STORY BY HERBET BALMAS; MUSIC BY MAX STEINER
Kissing Her Now." Only this time the famous radio and recording star stood next to him and gave out in person.

Jane Wyman's fan mail since "Johnny Belinda" is simply fantastic. She's heard from people in every walk of life, including most of the Hollywood stars. And you know they mean it when someone like Joan Crawford, for example, takes the time to write: "If you don't get the Academy Award for that performance, then there just isn't any justice."

Many things can happen, many plans can change before Nora Eddington Flynn divorces Errol—if she divorces him at all. In the meantime, the current Hollywood rumor links Nora's name with song writer Jimmy Van Heusen, as a possible prospect for a second husband. All of Errol's time seems to be taken up with planning that trip to Paris.

Attention you Ava Gardner-Howard Duff fans! How'd you like to see your favorite in a picture together? They're very eager, for obvious reasons. But so far their bosses just listen to their pleas and do nothing about it. Your letters may help. Ava's at MGM, Culver City, California. Howard's with Universal-International, Universal City, Calif. But don't write to us.

When Alexis Smith tells it on herself, you know it's true. "I worked six weeks with Joel McCrea in 'South Of St. Louis,'" she laughs. "I always wore a long red wig and full Technicolor makeup. Joel never saw me once as I am. Then I came to the studio with my ash blonde hair pinned back, wearing no makeup, in low heels and pedal-pushers. Joel passed me on the lot and cut me dead!" We can name a few actresses (with no humor) who would never repeat this story.

Shure and it's quite a reunion Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald are havin' in their third picture, "Top O' The Mornin.'" They call each other Mr. O'Sinatra and Mr. O'Fitzgerald. Bing had shamrocks painted all over Barry's dressing room door, so Barry thanked him in a note addressed to Mr. O'Sinatra. They
"You might at least have the grace not to make love to her in my own home!"

Take your own true love to see

"My Own True Love"

A Paramount Picture Starring

PHYLLIS CALVERT and MELVYN DOUGLAS

with WANDA HENDRIX - PHILIP FRIEND - Binnie Barnes

Produced by VAL LEWTON
Directed by COMPTON BENNETT
Screenplay by Theodore Strauss and Josef Mischel
Adaptation by Arthur Kober - Based on a Novel by Yolanda Foldes
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Below: Alexis Smith and her husband, Craig Stevens, at Ciro’s, dispelling separation rumors. Right: George Sanders dancing with Zaza Hilton at Mocambo. They plan to marry soon. He’s in “Samson And Delilah.”
Their Honeymoon for TWO... Was a Party of SIX!

When the Bride brings along her three kids... and the Groom's ex-fiancee plays chaperone the Riots On!

Claudette Colbert Fred MacMurray
those grand "EGG and I" stars in "FAMILY HONEYMOON"

with Rita Johnson Hattie McDaniel Chill Wills Screenplay by DANE LUSSIER
Based on the novel by Homer Croy Directed by CLAUDE BINYON Produced by JOHN BECK and Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN

DON'T MISS THAT OTHER GREAT COMEDY "YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY"
feminine daintiness

... how to make sure of it!

Intimate feminine daintiness is vital to your charm. To be sure... syringes regularly. Faultless Feminine Syringes are designed specifically for this hygienic care, their gentle flushing action cleansing thoroughly, quickly. Modern, convenient, no accessories to handle, easy to put away. $1 to $2.98 at drug stores.

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NATURE'S REMEDY (NR) TABLETS

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FOR THE TUMMY!

The Snake Pit
20th Century-Fox

ADAPTED from the best-seller novel of the same name by Mary Jane Ward, this film is one of the year's most outstanding movie presentations and should place its star, Olivia de Havilland, in line for another Academy Award. Her performance as the young woman who loses her mind, then desperately tries to regain her sanity, is brilliantly done. Though the picture is Olivia's from start to finish, main supporting roles by Mark Stevens and Celeste Holm are well-handled. Special mention also goes to Leo Genn as the doctor who helps Olivia recover her reasoning.

Unlike most psychological dramas of the past, "The Snake Pit" presents the...
"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

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

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

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

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

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

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

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

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

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

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

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

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 23, 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.
NOW...

...the TRUTH about MARRIAGE RELATIONS is frankly discussed

At last an eminent doctor, a practicing physician with a background of vital, everyday experience in problems of sex, tells ALL the baffling long-cherished facts in frank easy-to-understand language! There is no longer any need for ignorant guessing about the magnificent instinct that is your birthright. No more prudery, 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 retch on half-truths from unreliable sources! Be a master of love's complexities. Learn intelligently how to win and hold the love of your choice.

UP-TO-DATE TRUTHS CANNOT OFFEND

Education is the key to a perfect love-filled life that can be yours. Ignorance, "bashfulness" and misinformation lead to fear, worry and shame. Know how to overcome physical, mental and emotional difficulties; how new couples can en- sure happiness; how to endow your marriage with the lifetime of marital happiness that should be yours.

OVER 100 GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS

The illustrations that accompany the text of the book are clever and enlightening. It is necessary that biological facts should not be obscured by century-old false modesty. Study the illustrations—read the book, and grow in the dark no longer!

775 PAGES!

This Book Tells Young Women, Wives, Young Husbands 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 coupon below and when it arrives in plain sealed wrapper, pay postage only 25c per copy. Keep book ten days, then, if not completely satisfied, return to us and we will refund your money, immediately. "Eugenics and Sex Harmony" will not be sold to minors.

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JOAN FONTAINE rates admiration from Eddie Albert and James Stewart in the fast-paced comedy, "You Gotta Stay Happy."
major, Melvyn Douglas. However, their marriage plans receive a setback when Melvyn’s son, Phillip Friend, who has been given up for dead, returns from the South Pacific. Confused and embittered by what has happened to him, Friend falls in love with his sympathetic mother-to-be, thereby complicating the entire happy mood. Eventually, though, everything gets back on the beam and Melvyn and Phyllis are reconciled. Little Wanda Hendrix is in this, too, as Melvyn’s daughter, but doesn’t do much of anything except pop in and out whenever the plot calls for a family group. Incidentally, watch this Phillip Friend, he’s due to become the nation’s next and newest screen idol.

**Whiplash**
*Warner Brothers*

A FAST-MOVING drama about a man, Dane Clark, who wants to be an artist, but instead finds himself trading punches in the prize-fight game. His manager, Zachary Scott, crippled both in mind and body, is perhaps one of the nastiest menaces Dane ever ran up against. Not only that, but he’s also married to the woman the artist-fighter loves—Alexis Smith. Throughout the yarn, Scott is always figuring how to come out winner, no matter what the cost is to others. Needless to say, he outfigures himself which makes for a pleasant ending for Dane and Alexis even though it causes the untimely death of her brother, Dr. Jeffrey Lynn.

**You Gotta Stay Happy**
*Universal-International*

A ND you certainly will after you see this light comedy about a pilot, James Stewart, and an emotionally unhappy millionairess, Joan Fontaine. Joan, an un Kissed bride, starts lousing up Jimmie’s well-planned bachelorhood when she runs away from her husband on their wedding night. Among other things, she finagles a ride to California on Jimmie’s (Please turn to page 73)

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray as bride and groom in “Family Honeymoon.”

---

**“Darling, it’s a Keepsake!”**

You’re her girl, for keeps, with love’s most treasured symbol ... a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. In selecting your diamond, choose not by size alone, but by COLOR, CUT and CLARITY. By these qualities, fine diamonds are judged and valued ... and by the name Keepsake, these qualities are assured. The famous Keepsake Certificate (signed by your jeweler, confirmed by the makers) warrants your diamond to be of the highest standards of color, cut, clarity and value.

To assure a wise choice look for the name “Keepsake” in the ring, and the words “Guaranteed Registered Perfect Gem” on the tag. Let your Keepsake Jeweler be your trusted guide. Prices from $100 to $5000.

---

**For the name of your local Keepsake Jeweler, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.**

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![Image of Keepsake Diamond Rings](image-url)
Perfume is an emotion, swift, sure and telling. And I think many of us could trace lasting personal relationships to our perfume used at that first introduction. For the olfactory sense has a way of burning into memory. It is highly sensitive and not easily forgotten. That is why a man when he tells you of someone he has loved or some stirring event he has lived, such as in war, invariably brings some incident of smell to his story. It is because this sense writes indelible history on the mind.

There are three points to keep in mind about your own perfume. The first is your choice. The second is how you use it and the third is the care you take of this precious potion. For perfume is just that.

I have had many letters from readers describing themselves and asking what type of perfume they should use. This is not too easy to answer. A better guide is to know what a person does, and how she dresses, because a perfume is truly part of your wardrobe and should be used as such. It is obvious that if you are an important secretary you do not go about taking dictation, close to another, remembering, while using a strong, seductive perfume. By contrast, it is also true that with your formal you need an exciting fragrance rather than a refreshing eau de Cologne. By far the best judge of perfume for you is you yourself. The fragrance that stirs your imagination, that lifts you and makes you feel happier, is usually the right one for you. And in this respect, there is a vast and varied choice, for fine perfumes are created with just these happy purposes. There are brands of perfume that you can trust as surely as a jewel from Tiffany. There are new and lovely creations being born every day. Here is a field for great experiment and great expectations. In fact, this delving into perfumes and the collection of perfumes and beautiful bottles is a hobby with many Hollywood stars. When I saw Lois Butler not long ago, her cute little face was quite serious as she talked of her fine, hard-to-curl blonde hair, but when we reached perfume, her face lighted like an angel’s and you could see the subject delighted her.

There are right and wrong ways to buy perfume. A sniff from a bottle is no way to judge. The (Please turn to page 75)
Catching Cold?

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!

Germs Reduced as Much as 96.7%
Even Fifteen Minutes after Gargle—
tests showed

If you can get the jump on the cold in
the early stages . . . attack germs on
throat surfaces before they invade the
body . . . you can often "nip" a cold in
the bud or lessen its severity.

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

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

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

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

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?
Obey that Impulse!

Tie one on with Ty and Gene... two charming people in a wonderful, wonderful picture!

TYRONE POWER GENE TIERNEY

That Wonderful URGE

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LUCILE WATSON • GENE LOCKHART • LLOYD GOUGH
PORTER HALL • RICHARD GAINES • TAYLOR HOLMES • CHILL WILLS

Directed by ROBERT B. SINCLAIR • Produced by FRED KOHLMAR • Screen Play by Jay Dratler • From a Story by William R. Lipman and Frederick Stephani
20th Century-Fox greeted Shirley Temple with open and paternal arms on her return to the studio to make "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College." Their Welcome Home party for her was jammed with people who worked with Shirley when she was their little blonde-haired darling, forever losing her baby teeth.

Among the first to welcome "The Littlest Rebel" back to 20th Century-Fox was Jean Hersholt.

Sir C. Aubrey Smith and Shirley talk over old times when he used to dandle her on his knee back in his and Shirley's Little Colonel days.

Clifton Webb, the Belvedere who goes to college, chats with Shirley and her mother at the party.
Danny Kaye's magnificent burlesque of Kay Thompson, with Jack Williams Brothers, was one of the big hits of the Friars' Frolics, Benny, Jack Carson, Van Johnson and George Burns as the four the show put on by the actors' club at the Philharmonic Auditorium.

By Lynn Bowers

NEVER let it be said that the redheaded glamour gal, Rita Hayworth, can't stir up a storm of publicity every time she opens her mouth—or even when she keeps it tightly closed. Which is what she did re her latest and possibly greatest romance with the Ali Khan, son of the world's wealthiest man. The dashing Indian Prince was in and out of Hollywood and back again before you could say Pakistan, Hyderabad and Cooch Behar. His first visit was supposed to be veddy hush-hush and even the alert Hollywood camera wizards couldn't get a picture of him and Rita together. However, things were a bit cozier when he returned, on account of the colorful pair smilingly allowed photogs to take their pictures at Ciro's. If and when a divorce from his British wife goes through, 'tis rumored, Rita may become the Princess Ali Khan. Anyhoo, she's wearing a new diamond ring which she probably didn't buy for herself.

It'll be a long time before Hollywood forgets the Friars' Frolic, which jammed the Philharmonic Auditorium right to the rafters (with many of the seats selling for a hundred bucks a copy, yet). The Friars, leave me explain, is an actors' club that put on this great show partly for charity and partly for the club's benefit. As master of ceremonies, George Jessel, put it—"we have only one deck of cards for 500 members." Anyhoo, imagine a live show with Jack Benny, Danny Kaye, Bob Hope, George Burns, Al Jolson, Tony Martin, Abbott and Costello, the Ritz Broth.- (Please turn to page 53)

Far Left: Last minute touches to Jack Benny's sensational Gracie Allen makeup. Left: Danny Kaye's tricky cummerbund needs feminine adjusting before he goes on.
Jack Benny opened the Friars’ Frolics with a hilarious sketch of musical hillbillys, treating the audience to some fancy hoe-down music on his violin. Jack was one of the sparkplugs of the actors’ show, which was partly for charity, partly for the club.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Above: Buddy Clark, Bob Hope, Tony Martin congratulate Danny Kaye on his Kay Thompson routine at the Friars’ Frolics. Buddy and Tony were vocalists in the show while Bob Hope did a fast-fire repartee. Right: Jack Benny’s impersonation of Gracie Allen with George Burns was another Frolics highlight.
A rollicking comedy romance, "Kiss In The Dark," is Jane Wyman's next star role at Warner Bros. Currently she is impressing audiences in "Johnny Belinda."
It was a big night for Jane Wyman when fellow movie stars turned out en masse to applaud her performance in the Warner Bros. picture, "Johnny Belinda," co-starring Lew Ayres. Top: Jane greeting radio audience. Above: Arriving at premiere with the Clarence Browns in car escorted through throngs of movie fans. Right Above: Hildegarde, Cocoanut Grove's current feature attraction, with Jane Wyman at mike at party following premiere. They talked about fashions, after which audience asked Jane to model her dress. Right Center: Rumor has it that Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan will be reconciled, but Ronnie arrived alone. Right: Jane chats with Rosalind Russell at the theatre.
Robert Cummings defends Loretta Young, who kills a student in "The Accused."

Sydney Greenstreet is an oh, so courteous killer in "The Woman In White."

In "A Double Life," Ronald Colman plays an actor who strangles Shelley Winters.

Rosalind Russell, in "The Velvet Touch," is an actress who kills in a blind rage.

"Street With No Name" has Richard Widmark, well mannered but gun-happy.

A grenadier, Glenn Ford murders for Rita Hayworth in "Loves Of Carmen."
murderers of distinction

MURDERERS have switched to distinction—on the screen, that is. Not just anyone with a gat, a knife, or strong fingers can do the dastardly deed in pictures these days; the killer must be personable, have devastating charm and the mark of success in some other field besides crime. It isn't absolutely necessary to have a college degree, plus scintillating wit and a drawing room manner in order to qualify as a top-notch murderer, though these things are helpful no end in throwing an elegant smoke screen around the criminal's base motives; the important thing is that the murderer be something besides just aplain lowdown killer. Killing is only a sort of extra-curricular activity for the distinguished murderer.

Hamlet is, of course, the prince of murderers—as well as the Prince of Denmark—and how much higher can you get in the social scheme of things? The Melancholy Dane, as Shakespeare conceived him and in the person of Laurence Olivier, is the last word in distinguished murderers; noble of manner, beloved of his friends, a dreamer and an idealist. Not the best murderer, nor the most enthusiastic, to be sure, for he's slow on the draw and has to do an awful lot of talking to himself before he consummates the deed. Nevertheless, Hamlet attains a majesty as a murderer that is unsurpassed, and (Please turn to page 55)
It's easy for Joan Bennett to keep abreast of the times with her alert and modern daughters.

By Joan Bennett

the 10 things I learned from my daughters

Does a mother ever learn anything of real importance from her daughters? What do they give to make her daily life fuller and richer? And, in reverse of the usual belief, how vital a part do they play in molding their mother's character?

When Screenland's editor approached me on the Eagle Lion set where I was co-starring with Paul Henreid in "Hollow Triumph" and asked me to write an article on this subject, I agreed readily because my daughters have been a most important factor in my life. It's a topic with which I live every day.

At first, I had an idea that I might have some difficulty in unearthing enough information on this, but as I gave it some thought, I discovered that I've learned an amazing amount from my Diana, Melinda, Stephanie, and will probably learn even more from my youngest daughter, Shelley, who is just seven months old now. In fact, they've been—and still are—the best set of teachers I've ever had. So, with this discovery about my girls and me in mind, here are the 10 important things I've gained from them.

Naturally, the first observation that comes to me is the fact that they have given me patience and un- (Please turn to page 56)
Left to Right: Joan Bennett's three daughters, Diana Wanger Anderson, Stephanie Wanger and Melinda Markey, are three of the star's best teachers. In turn, Joan's patience and understanding help them, too.

No mother should lose her own personality in her children, says Joan, who keeps home and career in perfect balance. Above: Relaxing on Eagle Lion's "Hollow Triumph" set. Right: Scene with Paul Henreid.
Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney enact love scene from "That Wonderful Urge," 20th Century-Fox's modern comedy about a reporter and the richest girl in the world.
The Stars Step Out

The Hollywood premiere of Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet," proved an irresistible lure for many stars to whom watching a superb performance is next best to giving one themselves. Above left: Greer Garson attended with Vice Consul of the British Empire, Robert Hadow, and Sir Charles Mendel. Top right: Diana Lynn with John Lindsay, representatives of the younger set. Above: Lee Bowman and his wife. Left: Lorraine Day and Leo Durocher celebrated their return by stepping out at the premiere. Bottom left: Ann Blyth, one of the town's busiest stars, with Anthony Curtis. Below: Richard Long and Colleen Townsend.
Sonja Returns!

In her first picture in four years, Sonja Henie returns to star in Westwood Corporation's Universal-International film, "The Countess Of Monte Cristo," and again bewitches fans with her grace and verve on ice.
Below: Sonja Henie, still known to her fans as "Queen Of The Ice," borrows Michael Kirby, star skater from her own ice show, which tours the nation every year, for her skating partner and leading man in "The Countess Of Monte Cristo." Right: The Calypso number, one of the six solo numbers Sonja performs on the ice, is featured in the Christmas Festival sequence.

As a barmaid, posing as a countess in a swank hotel in Oslo, Sonja meets Michael Kirby, a handsome lieutenant of the Swiss Guards. Her finery, borrowed from a motion picture company on location nearby, involves her in nefarious dealings with a confidence man, until Michael comes romantically to her rescue.

Above: Solo number. Left: With Kirby at the Christmas Festival.
WHEN Winter comes to California, film folk seek diversion out of town and divide their fun time between the snow-clad mountains and the various oases in the desert.

While many stars like Claudette Colbert, who is really a ski enthusiast, will make a bee-line for Big Bear and the surrounding mountain ranges, the majority of our film favorites like to bask in the warmer sun of Palm Springs.

In fact, the Springs has been the center of much social activity during the past month.

Giving added dash to the party-throwing in this desert resort this year has been the rivalry between the famous Racquet Club run by silent screen star, Charles Farrell, and the newer and more pretentious Tennis Club, which is seeking top spot as the social center of Palm Springs.

While the Tennis Club is the scene of many lavish cocktail parties and elaborate dinners, most of the movie crowd prefer the informality of the Racquet Club.

As Betty Hutton said to me, "Cobina, why should I make this trek all the way down into the desert for sun and rest and then find I have to dress for dinner, attend formal teas and put on all my jewels for lunch? That's all right back in Los Angeles, but Palm Springs represents a weekend vacation for me, where I can wear those Levis I love, ride horseback and take life easy."

However, many stars like Irene Dunne like the idea of "dressing up" even on a holiday, and a Saturday night at the Tennis Club will find the glass-terraced dining room filled with such beauties as Loretta Young, Joan Bennett, Hedy Lamarr and Ros Russell all decked out in their finest array.

Speaking of "dressing up," incidentally, costume parties are now back in vogue and stars are trying to out-rival one another with weird get-ups.

One of the most unusual ideas was introduced by Dorothy Lamour at a recent fancy dress ball at Ciro's. Dottie arrived and created a sensation with her outfit, which was a striking black and gold Columbine affair, which she topped by drawing a silk stocking over her head and tying at her throat. This "Meshy," as Dorothy calls it, gave the Lamour face an extra-exotic look and is most effective. Try it at the next costume party you go to. Be sure and tie the top part into an elfin knot and then draw the filmy stocking tightly over your face, securing it with a (Please turn to page 92)
Alan Ladd and his wife arriving at the spectacular opening of “Johnny Belinda.”

Ronald Reagan, with Harry Crocketer, was one of the first to congratulate Jane Wyman on her brilliant performance.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen McNally (he’s the menace in “Johnny Belinda”) at the debut.

James Stewart struck an informal note amidst the glitter of the lavish premiere.

Shirley Temple and John Agar were among the celebrities attending the gala fete at Warners’ Hollywood Theatre.

Star additions to the premiere audience were Tony Martin and his Cyd Charisse.

The Robert Youngs pause in lobby before entering theatre to see “Johnny Belinda.”

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz at the premiere which heralded a return to Hollywood’s oldtime, fabulous openings.

Jane Wyman’s ice-blue satin gown for the debut was a present from Ronald Reagan.
The desperate fight Loretta Young puts up as a terror-crazed psychology professor attempting to fend off the ruthless advances of Douglas Dick, a student, keynotes "The Accused," a drama of murder in self-defense. As emotionally blocked as any of her case histories, naive Loretta seems easy prey to the handsome lecher.

Tricked into going with Dick to a deserted spot, Loretta is stunned when he makes violent love to her; panic-stricken when she realizes resistance is useless. She grabs a steel tool and smashes him blindly over the head with it, then revolted, tries to make the murder appear an accident by shoving his body off a cliff. Loretta goes back to the college where bewildered, frightened, ashamed, she stoutly refuses to admit she killed Dick even in self-defense, though the finger of evidence points surely to her, "The Accused."
Paramount star, Bob Hope, now being seen in laugh-riot, "The Paleface," with Jane Russell, next plays colorful Damon Runyan character in "Sorrowful Jones."
On maid’s day off, Dorothy Lamour tackles household chores with the same ease she plays her glamour roles on the screen—with son Ridge’s help.

When Dottie and her husband, William Ross Howard, entertain in the patio of their Beverly Hills home, it's Bill who dons the chef’s cap. During the War, when Dorothy moved to San Bernardino to be near her husband, she learned the rudiments of good housekeeping. So she and son, John Ridgely, (right) are no strangers to the vacuum cleaners when rugs need attention. Dorothy is starring now in Amusement Enterprises' film, “The Lucky Stiff.”

Dorothy lives in a charming Georgian Colonial house. She takes pride in her home and everything is always in its proper place. Although some of the furniture was especially made for her by George Montgomery, she has a few lovely antique pieces, but her big enthusiasm, is silver and she keeps adding to her collection.
Above: Three-year-old Ridge is learning to be mother's little helper early in life and proves he can be trusted with breakable cups as well as his own unbreakable one. Scenes at right: Dorothy joins her son in a glass of milk; helping with the dishes; reading a bedtime story from Mother Goose.

Above: John Ridgely loves to splash in the water as Dottie gives him his evening bath. It's part of the routine that both mother and son enjoy. Right: Son Ridge, in learning to dress and undress himself, has developed a few ideas of his own and is energetic in demonstrating them to his mother.
By Kate Holliday

BARBARA LAWRENCE is doing all right, especially for a gal just eighteen. For a woman of that advanced age, she's wowing 'em.

You saw her recently in "Street With No Name"—or didn't you recognize her? After her flapperish performance in "Margie," we admit that what she did with Mark Stevens in the FBI story was a bit on the surprising side. For she was, as you recall, a wench. That is absolutely the only word for it. She was a wench who, moreover, slunk. Who wore clinging gowns. Whose blonde hair was dangling in her eyes. Who was about as sexy as you can get.

This was, as we say, a slight surprise to the customers. And we should add that it was also a slight surprise to Barbara.

There was one bit of business in that character which had her rolling hysterically in the aisles when she saw the finished film. She was to play the part to the hilt, which, according to the director, meant that she should go around most of the time with a (Please turn to page 51)
How Popular Can You Get?

By Tricia Hurst

THERE was a great difference in the reasons for this writer’s lop-sided walk as she hurried into the stage entrance of Madison Square Garden and the lop-sided posture of the thousands of kids waiting at the 8th Avenue entrance to buy their tickets to the rodeo. The children, every size, shape, age, color and creed, were laden down with cowboy hats and whips, miniature dolls resembling their hero who was soon to be seen in the flesh, programs and score sheets, and holsters which contained surprisingly realistic-looking pistols. To top it off, many of them were decked out in cowboy suits complete with chaps and spurs. No wonder they all looked a bit lop-sided when they moved. It was a mystery to me how they even stood up. Seeing as how I possessed none of these treasures my slightly lean-to walk could only be laid to the assignment before me. My editor had said, “Get a story on Gene Autry,” and right then and there I acquired a big fat chip on my shoulder. If there’s one kind of a story I detest doing it’s the sweet drooly kind that radiates sunshine and cheer and usually leaves the reader with the feeling that movie magazines are nothing more than a medium for impressing the public with the finer points of the Hollywood set. I have always liked to read something with a little (Please turn to page 60)
ERROL FLYNN, whose own romantic escapades have made headlines throughout the years, has himself quite a time in Warner Brothers' "The Adventures Of Don Juan." In this film of the romantic exploits of the gay and handsome 17th Century gallant, Errol makes love to no less than five different girls. Left: Helen Westcott, as Lady Diana, falls for the Don Juan charm. Below: Errol as the dashing Don Juan. Below Center: Errol takes time out from his love-making to settle a score with the wicked Prime Minister, played by Robert Douglas. Below, Far Left: Nora Eddington (Mrs. Flynn in private life) sitting on the set's sidelines watching her husband make passionate love to Viveca Lindfors, Ann Rutherford, Barbara Bates, Helen Westcott and Mary Stuart. Nora has a small part in the film, but is not one of Errol's girl friends. Bottom Center: Errol has romantic interlude with Ann Rutherford. Bottom, Far Left: Don Juan makes love to the Queen of Spain (Viveca Lindfors) who'd willingly sacrifice husband and throne for the dashing lothario.
Right: When the conniving Prime Minister seizes the palace and condemns the queen to death, Don Juan engages him in a duel. Below: Errol surrounded by a bevy of beauties in the Warner film. Bottom: Barbara Bates makes no attempt to resist the kisses of Don Juan. Far Right and Circle: Mary Stuart is another of his conquests. Despite his philandering, Don Juan really loves the queen, but persuades her to remain loyal to Spain. However, as he sadly rides away to Lisbon, a coach, enroute to Paris with a beautiful girl, passes him and, true to the Don Juan tradition, he turns his horse around and follows in quest of a new love.
Stephen McNally will get a chance to reform and go straight as a detective in "Criss Cross," a social worker in "The Amboy Dukes."

We shall now discuss one of the most unpleasant characters to be seen on the screen for a long while. His name is Locky McCormick, and he is played by Stephen McNally in "Johnny Belinda."

"Johnny Belinda" itself is not guaranteed to make you sleep nights. It's a drama set against a fog-bound, rocky coast, filled with strange, isolated, and brutal people who have rare—and only rare—flashes of humanity. And the strangest, by far the most brutal of all, is the aforementioned Locky.

He gets drunk. He tosses a man off a cliff after first beating his face in. He assaults a girl. He attempts child-stealing. He is, generally speaking, just about the biggest heel in recent picture history.

He is played to a fare-thee-well by a large, black-haired guy with strong black brows and dark eyes named McNally. McNally is quite a boy. He makes you hate Locky down to your toes, makes you rise cheering from your seat when he finally gets his come-uppance.

There is one line which Locky says, however, which is more in character for McNally than for (Please turn to page 64)

Above: Dick Powell is savagely garroted by fugitive Stephen McNally in Universal-International's "Rogues' Regiment." In the flesh, McNally is about as far from a villain as you can get. Below: With Henry Rowland in a scene from same picture.

Above: In "Johnny Belinda," Stephen McNally, with Jan Sterling, plays to a fare-thee-well the biggest heel in recent picture history. Below: McNally, who was a lawyer before he turned to acting, in "Rogues' Regiment" with Vincent Price.

MEANEST MAN IN MOVIES

Stephen McNally's a nice Joe, but on screen he's been hissed from coast to coast

By Adelaide Edwards
A light heart conceals Shelley Winter's basic shrewdness

By Linda Carter

EVERYONE thinks I'm a native of Brooklyn," Shelley Winters says. "Actually, I lived the first eleven years of my life in St. Louis."

This statement may start an all-out tug of war between Brooklyn and St. Louis to claim Shelley as their exclusive own since she's hit the high points on the popularity meter with the press, the studios and the public.

The possibilities of such a war occurring are (Please turn to page 65)
South Of The Border With Lou

Left: Luba Malina, billed as the Russian-Latin when she appeared at Versailles in Manhattan, gave up dress-modeling to become the eye-appealing charmer in Broadway's "Mexican Hayride." She plays the same role in the picture with Lou Costello, the Iowan who has been bilked in a phony oil well deal by confidence man, Bud Abbott. Luba is one of the beautiful barriers Bud puts up when he flees with the dough to Mexico. Below: Lou's heart is Luba's toy when she says her heart's on fire with love, and Lou replies, "I'll smother that fire with kisses." He does and reforms the scheming senorita.
Audrey Totter's even temper belies nickname, "Teeter-Totter"

By Constance Palmer

From bit player to featured roles in two years! Audrey Totter gives you a happy, sly smile—a cat-that-ate-the-canary smile when she says that. The statement isn't accurate but she loves the pat sound of it. There's a sort of rags-to-riches, Cinderella-lives-in-the-royal-palace-now rhythm that would look fine in a success magazine. And Audrey likes success.

Everybody knows she didn't come to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a bit player. Good parts in a few small budget pictures, then a sudden zoom up to the top in Robert Montgomery's startling "Lady In The Lake," in which he used a new technique that made audiences sit up and take notice.

Most particularly they sat up and took notice of Audrey. "Now there's a girl," they muttered as one man, "who'll bear watching."

Metro, though, had known it all along. Surmised they'd picked them a peach when they signed her. Now their peach had ripened into a lusciousness gratifying to behold. Soon she was loaned out to Michael Curtiz for "The Unsuspected" at Warners. Then she was brought back home to be featured with Robert Taylor in "The High Wall."

"When I was given a dressing-room all my own in the Featured Players' Building, I was elated," Audrey gloated. "No more wandering all over the lot between pictures without a place to lay my head! It's divine to (Please turn to page 69)"
Gentleman’s Choice

By Irene

(EDITOR’S NOTE: Irene has a unique position in the fashion world. She designs for the stars of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions. She also presents “Irene” clothes in twenty-five leading stores throughout the country. Needless to say, they are most eagerly sought by the smart women of America.)

A DESIGNER’S desire is to make women look lovelier, to give them the pleasure of lastingly beautiful clothes, and the pleasure of admiring glances . . . particularly masculine.

A woman’s desire for personal attraction must be guided by good taste, which is a preference for restraint in everything. Only then, does a lady’s choice coincide with a gentleman’s choice—for men, generally speaking, have excellent taste. I believe they have better taste than women because of that restraint. Good taste has nothing to do with money or breeding, but it has a great deal to do with a feeling for simplicity,

Left: Jeanette MacDonald, currently starring in MGM’s “Sun In The Morning,” models an evening gown which Irene designed of white mousseline de soie featuring hip drapery of crystal bugle beads. Center: The “five o’clock on” or “little evening” dress of platinum brocade has new hemline averaging eight inches from floor in front and four inches in back, with side drapery to give added fullness to skirt. Right: Moss green wool suit with cream wool stitching boasts a simplicity of design for which Irene is famous.
Wise women realize men with good taste like simplicity as well as beauty in feminine styles

Knowing how to wear your clothes and where they should be worn. Jeanette MacDonald is a good example of this in MGM's "Sun In The Morning."

Men, naturally, have a great eye for beauty. When they see a beautiful girl, they want to see her, not the details of her costume. Therefore, they want simplicity. It annoys men when they see an unattractive woman trying to gain attention through fantastically extreme clothes. You have to be figure-conscious if you value masculine approval. But if a designer starts out merely to show off a figure, she can easily make a woman look cheap. If she works on it subtly, however, the result is a lovely figure in excellent taste. It's a matter of cutting. It's a trick.

A designer has another desire . . . to develop in women an appreciation of lasting clothes. If clothes are really good, they must last for a long time. I loathe styles which are so extreme that they become completely outmoded within a few months. Women are so clever in France. They buy clothes only twice a year . . . in the Spring and in the Fall. They never make a hurried selection of a new dress to be worn that night. Now American women are learning to do the same thing by carefully planning a complete wardrobe.

Not long ago I read an article about having one good outfit for each occasion, and I think it's a splendid idea, particularly for women with limited incomes. American women are learning the value of this system and they are being encouraged in it through something which is happening in this country. Recently, a fabric designer remarked that there has been a great change in the fashion world of America. He used to sell heavy wools for Winter, and lightweight wools for Spring. Now there is no dividing line. Women wear the same wool the year round.

Perhaps the fact that more women wear fur coats now has something to do with it. Thus their shear wools are quite right beneath a fur coat in the Winter, as well as for street wear in Summer. Even the seasonal dividing line of color seems to be disappearing, for pastels are now worn in the Winter, just as black is always smart for city wear in Summer.

So why can't one concentrate on good clothes that will last? Ordinarily I'd suggest that a suit would be the most important investment in a girl's wardrobe. However, a wardrobe outline depends greatly upon the wearer's activities. For a girl working in a downtown office where she is mixed in with hundreds of other girls, a date dress is probably the most important item in her wardrobe and she should invest most in that.

The "five o'clock on" dress that averages eight inches from the floor in front, and perhaps four inches in back, has become increasingly important this season. For the young girl's evening dress, I prefer the ballerina type, or the bouffant.

The average young American girl doesn't acquire any great chic until she is about twenty-five. I don't believe that girls in their (Please turn to page 68)

Above: Hostess gown, designed by Irene and worn by Jeanette MacDonald in "Sun In The Morning," combines wool and velvet of hyacinth blue, while soufflé of same shade is used as ascot and pleated underskirt. Center: Casual gray striped herringbone tweed suit centers attention on arrow-shaped patch pockets and cuff arrangement. Accessories include copper silk scarf and russet kid purse, glove and shoes. Right: For evening wrap, Jeanette prefers stole of white mink to add graceful elegance to gala events.
“It amazes me how sweet most girls are,” says Lon McCallister with Ann Blyth, one of the sweetest, at a recent party.

Don’t Marry An Actor!

Lon McCallister lists the dangers of marrying an actor, but admits he’s looking for a wife

Left: Lon on a recent cruise. He hopes to travel a lot, especially by boat or by plane.

By Frances Kish

When a fellow gets to be twenty-five, is having one of the most successful careers in that city of successes called Hollywood, has dated some of the cutest, sweetest, prettiest and smartest starlets—yet admits he has never been seriously in love, that’s the starting point of a story. A story about Lon McCallister.

Lon still looks like the cherub-faced choirboy he played in his first movie, twelve years ago. So when he begins to expound his ideas about love and marriage you’re as amazed as if Margaret O’Brien should discuss the potentialities of the atom bomb. Though expound is hardly the word.

“For,” says Lon, “it’s silly of me to talk a lot about girls and love. I’ve really dated very few girls for a fellow my age, and practically all of them have been actresses. When you’re brought up in Hollywood, in the movies, actresses are the girls you get to know best. What I really go for, though, is a homebody.

“If that sounds like a paradox, it isn’t. Some of the most domestic-minded girls I’ve known, the ones who would like to cook and sew and who know how to work a broom, sport the longest false eyelashes. The lashes are just window-dressing for their acting chores.

“One of course,” he tells you, “beauty always attracts a fellow. I asked Ann Blyth for a date the first time because she’s so beautiful. And she became even more beautiful to me as I got to know her well. That doesn’t always happen. Some girls lose their charm for you quickly. Ann

(Please turn to page 70)
Roughing It

Circle: Coleen's a ranch owner who falls in love with Mark, a carefree and wealthy sportsman.

It was back to the wilds for Coleen Gray, with Mark Stevens and Rory Calhoun in 20th Century-Fox's "Sand." The picture was shot at Durango, Colorado, since the story, from Will James' novel of a show horse who escapes to the plains and turns wild, has a rugged background. Top Left: Coleen and Electrician Jack Metcalf chewing the fat between scenes. Above Left: Coleen, Mark, Al Mazzola, studio grip, enjoy time off. Coleen liked the location, as rough as it was, for she's a farm girl and expert horsewoman herself. Above: Coleen and Mark confer about the weather. No work if it rains. Left: A love scene, cowboy style, with Rory Calhoun. Right: Gilding the lily is Pat McNally, "Sand" makeup man.
In playing "Joan Of Arc," Ingrid Bergman has realized the most compelling ambition of her life. So intent was she upon enacting the sainted "Maid Of Orleans," that Ingrid formed her own company, invested her own money and gave the film as lavish a production as any has ever had. She assembled the strongest supporting cast you'll ever see. It is not, however, the magnitude of this Technicolor production that overwhelms you, but rather Ingrid's stirring performance as Joan. Her interpretation, based on the actual facts, will appeal to saints and sinners alike.

Screenland salutes
Ingrid Bergman
Henry Fonda, star of Broadway's "Mister Roberts," William Holden and Fred Robbins talking over favorite records. Henry, last seen on the screen in "Fort Apache" for RKO, is very specific so far as likes and dislikes in discs are concerned.

Fred Robbins RIGHT OFF THE RECORD

HYA Max! Is it balm your ear lacks?
Well, we've got it in packs
So come dig the new wax!

Makes no never mind 'bout those frozen ponds and pipes outside 'cause there's buckets of freshly baked waffles from the ever-lovin' oven 'tween the ridges of which lies some nice noise that'll make a permanent home in your cozy little ear-drum. And now that the sound box you got for chime time is broken in—well—what are we waiting for? Then alons!

HEAVENLY!

Perry Como—Don't know who's lazier—the kid from Canonburg, Pa., Bing, or F. R.—but Ronnie's old man is as relaxed as a limp cornflake on this slab of "Far You" and "By The Way." Only guy we know who can sing with his hands in his pockets—anyone else the audience would think was nuts. See—a star can do anything—and this one's a warm, informal, wonderful guy with a throatful of throbs. (Victor)

Kay Starr—The zestful little chestful's out with another fresh slab loaded with all the distinction this lusty canary has—"There Ain't No Sweet Man Worth The Salt Of My Tears" and "Please Love Me," the first lightly rhythmic and the flip a ballad about 10 miles an hour. Kay's got a great beat and feeling in her squealing, be it ballad or burgundy! Star material, this Starr chick! (Capitol)

Vic Damone—The head of Vic's Victims does goose-pimply things to one of the top things of the season—"Far Away Places," which could be the sequel to

Fred interviewing high school visitors at a recent teen-age party in the studio. He's also heard, coast-to-coast, over CBS.

Walter Wanger, producer of Ingrid Bergman's sensational "Joan Of Arc," proved to be an all-out record fan on Fred's program.

Mary ("Small Wonder") McCarty teaches a few of her celebrated dance steps to Fred.
"Tree In The Meadow." Then he out-Sinatras Frank on the one from Christi- na's Daddy's own fliercker—"The Kissing Ban- ddit"—I'You Offer The Moon, Sen- onita." Vic's adenoids are as delicious as his Mom's ravioli—and this kid knows! Yummy! (Mercury)

**JOHNNY MERCER AND WINGY MANONE—**

Oh, put the tailgate down! Cause the cracker's on the lacquer with Joe Manone from San Antonio—and that's better than ham and cheese! Wingston's Dixie band's on the up fae, "The Tailgate Ramble," with him and Johnny riding on the wagon and "St-repeat"!" hits of two-beat on you. Then they board the "Tuscaloosa Bus" on the under side with the Pied Pipers and Paul Weston and Co. and the vehicle comes on like the "Chattanooga Choo Choo." Hydromatic state! They make a fine team and should cut lotsa singles! (Capitol)

Peter Lind Hayes—Wow! Whatta sur- prise this is! Pete Hayes is a great comic, actor and monologist—gets off some hilarious charaterizations in his club and theatre dates all over the country and does a few things which make use of his tonsils. Well, along came Decca and wound those chords around their label—establishing P. L. H. as definite hit material. There's "My Darling, My Dar- ling," with the Stardusters. "Dainty Brenda Lee," copping the proper shuck- ing from Pete's versatile throat, "That Cockeye Life Gets Teddy—" all getting just what the doctor ordered. Stuff for every taste here—but "My Darling" is the best. Looks like Pete's made a lot more work for him- self 'cause the audiences' be askin' for these. (Decca)

**BEST IN THE NEST**

"Polka Dots And Moonbeams"—Claude Thornhill (Columbia)

"Tara Tala Tala"—Johnny Desmond (MGM)

"The Tailgate Ramble"—Johnny Mer- cer and Wingy Manone (Capitol)

"Perfume Set To Music" (Victor)

"How Does The Moon"—Gene Krupa (Columbia)

"My Darling, My Darling"—Doris Day and Buddy Clark (Columbia)

"Harlem Holiday"—Stan Kenton (Cap-itol)

"A Foggy Day"—Mel Torme (Mu- sica) . . . "Say It Isn't So"—Dick Haymes (Decca)

"Suddenly It Jumped"—Duke Elling- ton (Victor)

**STAN KENTON—** Scrape me off a saucer and call me buttercup! That Kenton gang comes on like Truman! Specially on "Harlem Holiday," which gets away from the too progressive and swings like Tan- tzel from oldies. Sort of a modernized deal on Stan's base of "Harlem Folk Dance" and with the added bongo—wow! And triple wow! Junie Christy puts down some of her finest chirpin' over on the under side on "Don't Want That Man Around," slow, bluesy deal with lots of interesting changes. Come and get your Kentonias, Caledonias! (Capitol)

Buddy Clark-Doris Day—The "Love Somebody" kids flutter like a couple of starlings on "My Darling, My Darling," the beauty from "Where's Charley," and one of the big softer hits of the year, dear. Then turn right around and revile the oldie, "That Certain Party." Yes they have, you know what! And we mean "Sparkle Plenty" and the baritone hark! They're perf together! (Columbia)

**ALSO EARRING—** FRANK SINA- TRA'S "If I Strol A Kiss" and "Senori- ta," from Christina's daddy's fresh flicker. "Kissing Banlist"—pleasant, but not hit stuff (Columbia) . . . EYE YOUNG AND JACK LATHROP'S— "My Darling, My Dar- ling"—another coosome twosome— (Victor) . . . MARTHA TILTON'S wel- come reissue of "I'll Remember April," (Mercury)

PEARL BAILEY'S "I'm Lazy, That's All" and "Say It Simple"—more of my girl Pearl's EVELYN KNIGHT (Decca) . . . JOHN- NY LAURENZ on an "Red Rose For A Blue Lady," a fetching etching (Mer- cury) . . . THE PIED PIPPERS' reissue of "The Whiffenpoof Song" and "Dream" (Capitol) . . . GORDON MACRAE AND JO STAFFORD entwining their lung tis- sue on "My Darling, My Darling" and "Girls Were Made To Take Care Of Boys." These kids go together like you and SCREENLAND (Capitol) . . . NEL- LIE LUTCHER—"I Wish I Was In Walla Ditto"—backwards allaw allaw— but like meuses. (Capitol) . . . LENA HORNE—"One For My Baby"—the great Johnny Mercer deal from the flik- er, "Road House," Rebaked cookie and delish! (Victor) . . . TEX BENEKE pouring "Blue Champagne"—a sparkling thing! Watch the bubbles! (Victor) . . . Capitol's welcome "Join The Band"—wherein you can perform as solo- list, or vocalist—to the backgrounds of "Body And Soul," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Sweet Lorraine," "Sunset And Vine Blues," "I Got Rhythm," "I May Be Wrong," "I Surrender Dear," and "Just You, Just Me." Slick singing or playing your instrument with a full band—this one led by Billy May. Great idea! . . . HAL MCINTYRE'S beautiful ear mass- age of Hoagy Carmichael's "One Morn- ing In May"—one of both H's best (MGM) . . . "DINAH SHORE on "Far Away Places" and "Say It Every Day"—enchanting chanting from Melissa's cute Mommie (Columbia) . . . CLAUDE THORNHILL'S magnificent styling of "Polka Dots And Moonbeams," instrument- ally—and you can imagine the red tape he had to go through to do this hit of several years ago that way (Columbia) . . . VIC DAMONE'S "My Fraterni- ty Pin," which' stick on you like one (Mercury) . . . and "Say It Isn't So" by KAY KYSER (Columbia) . . . CONNIE HABESky's "My Man" and "Stormy Weather" (Signature).

**HOT!!!**

Gene Krupa—Theascal with the long row of drumstickies (and the Columbia short we made together is flickering around the country so watch for it) tattoos you with a full band explosion on "How High The Moon," the jazz standard and wow! How it leaps! All other cookies on it are by small groups, this the first big band one. Flip has Anita O'Day pouring "Tea For Two" in both of your avid audio cavities with steaming solos all thru the cup. These were cut ages ago—about time they were released! (Columbia)

**DUKE ELLINGTON—** Maybe they took a cue from Columbia, but Victor mashes a reissue on you, too, Sue. And can it be anything but great? It's Ellington—and that's all you need—on "Suddenly It Jumped"—spotting Taft Jordan on trumpet—and it does jump just as sud- denly as you put needle to wazx! Ray Nance cavoits thru the under face in "My Honey's Lovin' Arms." This'll be one of your loving cookies! (Victor)

Charley Ventura—Play this for any- one who says he doesn't like be-bop! It's Charley Ventura's trombon' hunk of "I'm A Bubbly Bloomin' Bub- bles"—with Jackie Cain and Roy Kral on the bop vocal—ee-be-de-be-he-le BUBBLES! You'll be doin' that all day long after two sinnings. S'darling, it jumps and it's bop! (National)

Benny Goodman—Benny's Daddy salvates the reed on his woodwind on a brace of sextet deals and you know it's got to be impeccable stuff, Benny being the perfectionist he is. "Varsity Drag" is right in the side pocket, with Red Norvo on vibes and Al Hendrickson, guitar.
FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

LUIS ROSCOE, BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.—Al Jolson did a whole album for Decca of his big favorites. Should be down your way by now.—VERNOR MCVEY, CHARLESTON, ILL.—Charley Delany's "Hot Discography" in its latest edition is out and a godsend to any jazz fan. Write to the Com- mercial Press in N. Y. for info.—JOAN KESSLER, DUMONT, N. J.—MGm didn't issue a sound track album from "Easter Parade." Maybe there were so many biscuits of the various songs from the pix... SGT. K. D. CARREY AND SGT. K. J. THOMAS, SEATTLE, WASH.—Shame on you guys! You should know Al Jolson did him singing in the "Jolson Story." How great can Larry Parks be!... JO ELLEN COATE, PIEDMONT, CALIF.—Don't think there's a record of "La Bomba" from "Fiesta," by Cyd Charisse and Ricard Montalban. Cyd leaves the waffles to her brother FRED, and takes the plaster in the new home for a change. BURGUNDY, CANAL ZONE—"The Groovy Thing" was made by Earl Bostic on the Gotham label. You'd have to write to the company in N. Y. for it... AUDREY WRAY, NASHVILLE, TENN.—Dizzy Gillespie's "freshness" is also Algo Bueno, meaning something good—and it sure is, but how! The congo drum will drive you crazy with the beat and Diz is terrific! People are digging Bop more and more!... GAIL RUBIN, BALTIMORE, MD.—"Robbins' Nest" is this kid's new syndicated record show heard coast-to- coast and I hope in your town. It's bought by individual stations and we sure hope some good peanut whistle in your city is airing it... Meantime watch for our Columbia shorts at your local finker palace and lay some linen on me about anything—Down in the Re shaps and flats. We'll try and answer... till next month, take it slow...

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 20

er's, and Lou Holtz as headliners and many other top-flight entertainers giving their all for three fast-moving hours!

Jack Benny started the hilarious evening off with his hillbilly band. Jack, clad in a faded red flannel undershirt and tired old overalls, played some real hoe-down music on his violin. Then he made a fast change into a blue suit to impersonate, with Jack Carson, Van Johnson, and George Burns, the four Williams Brothers of the famous Kay Thompson act. Kay was impersonated by Danny Kaye, who was only sensational. Another highlight of the evening was the Burns and Allen act, and here again Jack Benny stole the show, dressed as Gracie—and believe it or not, he even managed to look like her, done up to and above his big blue eyes in a bingle beard dress, a long furry scarf, red wig and hat. The act, I must say, is quite a one, trim, too, in three-inch heels and sheer stockings, although Jack didn't seem to be too sure-footed in the high spikes.

George Burns, again, with Jimmage Ben Blue and young Donald O'Connor, stepped on the stage with a comedy version of an 18th century duet. Don, this time, was dressed as a colonial belle. All this dressing up as gals, for your information, is on account of the Friars don't allow women to participate in their shows.

Wish we had time to tell you in detail about all the other wonderful acts but it would take up this entire column; but Al Jolson closed the show by singing many of his famous numbers (which he kiddingly said had been made famous by Larry Parks). Joley was in blackface for the first time in over twenty years. Believe me, chums, this was an evening to go down in entertainment history and there's some talk that the fellers will make a movie around the Folies. If they do, it will be one picture nobody should miss.

Had a real keen fun evening with Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs at their hilltop house—small group, beautiful dinner, a movie afterward in GINNARD'S combination playroom-projection room, which includes a wonderful soda fountain. Ginger's Briard (that's a French sheepdog) is quite a character whose name is Fudge on account of she's fudge-colored. She picked herself the best seat in the house, when the movie came to a half of a good-sized couch—and settled down comfortably for the evening, barked at Pluto in the cartoon, then popped off to sleep and snored all through the feature. An awfully nice couple of people, Ginger and Jack.

Got a good close look at Dotty Lamour's new short haircut at the birthday party Louella Parsons gave for her cuz, Maggie Ettinger. Remember when Dotty's wavy tresses were so long she could sit on 'em? Well, she'd have to be a contortionist to do same now. Some others in the gang who loaded Maggie down with birthday loot were Bob and Betty Young, who are all enthusiastic over their new ranch and had some new pictures of their four daughters; Walter and Fieldsie Lang and their pal, Cesar Romero; Gail Patrick and Cornwell Jackson; Mike Curtiz and Bess Meredith. Mecca Graham, who co-hosted the party with Miss P, had just wound up his chores as technical adviser on the Marilyn Miller picture, "Silver Lining." Mecca was a very close friend of the fabulous Marilyn.

Gertrude Nielsen's cute mom got lonesome for her famous dotter while a bunch of us were at her house for dinner, put in a call to Gertie in New York, and we all talked to her for hours. Gertie had just been robbed of her jewels and Mrs. Nielsen wrapped all her up and sent them back on loan-ouit until the missing ones were recovered. Jay Flippen, radio star turned movie actor, was at the party wearing sideburns down to his knees prac- tically for his part in "Down To The Sea In Ships." Said he spent two-thirds of the day in water up to his—sideburns for this rugged movie, which he is producing Betty Hutton's new picture, "Little Boy Blue," was delighted about having Betty as his star in this one.

Talked to Betty after she came back from her sensational success in London. Missy H. was mighty enthusiastic about the reception she received over there, says she expects to go back again next Fall. Betty's three-year-old, Lindsay, came down with a strep throat and a temperature so her mom cancelled all engagements until the little one was okay.

Unfortunately, incidents, such as the Walker-Mitchum escapades, upset the movie folks to no end. At the risk of sounding monotonous we'll say it again—it's a pity that the actions of a few people in Hollywood reflect on our entire commu- nity which, from living here, we know to be just as decent and upright as most any town in the country. So there!

Ran into one of my favorite actresses and pals, Mildred Natwick, who was out shopping for long woolies. She was about to trek off to frigid, snowy Monument Valley near Flagstaff, Arizona, for the new John Ford picture, "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon." About twelve years ago Mildie was in Mr. F's picture, "The Long Voyage Home," and "Ribbon" is the first Ford picture she's worked in since.

Saw another of my favorites, Clifton Webb, at the exciting preview of "The Snake Pit." Clifton still has the crew haircut which he wore in "Sitting Pretty," for the good reason that he's now starring in the sequel, "Beloved Goes To College." I hear from none other than the unh- disinguished Mr. Webb that he's going in for athletics in this new comedy. This I want to see.

Eleanor Parker is very unhappy about having to bow out of "The Hasty Heart" with Bonnie Beigan because of illness. Eleanor had to have four impacted teeth yanked and was in such a rundown con-
Hollywood is mighty sorry to lose two of its favorite people, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, who returned to England after four years in our town. Ben is assistant production head for 20th Century-Fox in England, a very important post because the studio plans to make a great many pictures over there.

Director Will Price (he's married to Maureen O'Hara) was telling us that their four-year-old daughter, Bronwyn, has fallen madly in love with Roz Russell's young son, Lance Brisson. The romance is developing nicely at the nursery school they attend. Bron has established some sort of a record, having made two round trips by plane to Ireland in the last two years.

Nancy Guild, whose baby is due any day now, has had to spend the last four months under the care of her doctor. The picture she made in Italy for Eddie Small, formerly titled "Cagliostro," has been changed to "Black Magic." And there's some special music in this picture for the hypnosis scene, written by Paul Sawtelle, who is a new high in experimenting. Five sets are repeated over and over by a chorus of 28 voices. They're hoping that the audience won't be hypnotized, too!

Who's Who Dept. Out at Warners, Virginia Mayo is in her Indian makeup and black wig for "Colorado Territory" looks so different that people have been mistaking her for Jennifer Jones' half-breed character of "Duel In The Sun." And Doris Day, on the same lot and also wearing a dark wig for "It's A Great Feeling," is a dead ringer for Eleanor Powell.

The premiere of "Johnny Belinda" was quite a classy affair, with over two hundred movie personalities attending. Reminds us, ten days before the preem, Jane Wyman was out touring the country and gave out with so many interviews she couldn't talk when she got back to Hollywood. So everybody kidded her about taking her role of the deaf-mute so seriously that it went to her throat.

There was plenty of excitement at Slapsy Maxie's when Jane and her escort, Manny Sachs, were seated at the table next to Ronnie Reagan and Ann Sothern. But the other ring-siders who were watching to see Ronnie and Jane cold-shoulder each other were disappointed on account of they all chatted very amiably.

When Audrey Totter's favorite man, Charles Grayson, was away on a trip, Audrey went out with Karl Tumberg, whose wife was touring Europe. But it was with the blessing and permission of all concerned.

And you should see how Audrey and Bob Ryan look for "The Set Up," the picture they're doing together at RKO. Audrey's wearing a hand-me-down five-year-old suit that Joan Fontaine once wore. Eddie Stevenson, RKO's costume designer, found this little gem and had the hemline lowered, leaving the mark from the old hem still in the material. Bob, who plays the part of a third-rate fighter, has a bowl-type haircut, a crimson dinner car, and looks so gruesome that they won't let him eat in the main room of the studio commissary, on account of he ruins everybody's appetite.

Most of you guys and gals have heard of the classic silent picture, "The Birth Of A Nation," which was made by the late D. W. Griffith about thirty years ago. Well, it's ironic, but now that D. W. is dead, the picture is being released in various parts of the country. We saw it several years ago and if it comes to your town, go to see it. In spite of its age, "Birth" is still considered one of the truly great films of all time.

Since Humphrey Bogart killed the rat-snake that bit one of his pet Boxers, he has been invited to join the Rattlesnake Club of America, whatever that is. Bogey has one of those small British cars, an M-G Special, and he's having a lot of fun with it, driving up and down the walks around his place and all over the town. Mrs. B. says she'll pack her maternity wardrobe away in mothballs when she doesn't need the clothes any longer, until such time as she does need 'em again. She wants a big family, dozens of kids.

Joan Crawford went blonde on us for "Flamingo Road." And, thanks to a cold, she was skinnier during this picture than she's ever been—118 pounds. There are a couple of stars of yesteryear working in this movie, Alice White and Gertrude Michael.

And leave me tell you about Joan's leading man—he's David Brian, around 35, six feet two, not handsome but with a peachesy smile. Although David's acted on the stage for fifteen years he's never been on the screen before. He's quite relaxed about his career in pictures because, you see, he's an expert cabinet maker who can always get a job that pays him twenty-five or thirty bucks a day, which should be enough for groceries even for a big husky guy.

Before Elizabeth Taylor left for England to make "The Conspirators," with another Taylor named Bob, she sent her boy friend, Lt. Glenn Davis, a birthday present—a gold fountain pen inscribed in her own handwriting and a gold identification bracelet. She was also swarming around at the last minute because the chain which holds his gold football around his neck broke and Liz wasn't going to leave until it was repaired.

There was plenty of speculation about the reason why Dan Dailey took a powder out of town without letting anyone, including his wife, Liz, know where he was going. While his studio, 20th Century-Fox, suspended dance rehearsals for "You're My Everything," Dan was touring the highways, finally ending up in Dallas. As soon as he learned about all the uproar he'd caused he came back, claiming he didn't know he was needed. It'll be a dern shame if Dan starts getting temperamental—he's too good an actor and too nice a guy.

Well, gee whiz, when Van Johnson starts working in "The Good Old Summers" with Judy Garland, he'll be sporting a handlebar mustache. Judy has to learn to play a harp for this picture. Van's getting to be a right smart painter. One of his canvases, a painting of an old-fashioned windmill, sold for $250 at a recent New York exhibi.
Before Mark Stevens' wife, Annelle, left on a trip to Dallas to visit her mother, she asked Mark to take their two-year-old, Mark Richard, to the barber’s for his first haircut. Mark, being a dutiful husband, did what he was told. But Annelle almost swooned when she returned and saw her son with a very-very butch haircut! After this, she’ll supervise Mark Richard’s trips to the barber herself.

When Betty Garrett was in school she was a javelin tossing champ, so it didn’t bother her when she and her boyfriend, Sinatra over her shoulder in a scene for “Take Me Out To The Ball Game.” But when Red Skelton got to clowning on the set, Betty got to laughing, threw her head back, gave out with a terrific yank, and wound up with a heck of a stiff neck.

John Payne has been seen around most every place with Iris Brynum. Several times they’ve run smack-dab into John’s ex, Gloria De Haven, with Peter Lawford. Gloria’s request for $8000 per month alimony is a payne in the neck to John. Which, for no reason at all, reminds me that Petey suffered an involuntary trip when he married his ex, butch in John’s ex, Lucille Ball got from a bunch of hoodlums in a Chicago theatre continues, the stars are growing to think twice before they go out on any more personal appearances. You’ll think some people would learn some manners!

Scuttlebutt around town is that Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer won’t be returning to Hollywood, even after he does that New York play. The Harrisons have sold their home here and 20th Century-Fox didn’t pick up his option.

Marlon Brando, the eccentric young New York stage actor who was such a hit in “The Men” and “On the Waterfront,” is to appear as a bank robber in “The Night of the Hunter.” He’s a well-known character, but I think it’ll be interesting to see him as such a role.

It’s gettin’ to be just about Academy Award time again, and if I “Remember Mama” doesn’t top most of the Oscars, I’m going to be a real sick character. In all my years of going I don’t recall ever having seen a better picture.

At last Patricia Morison has been given the break she deserves. She was handed the lead in the Broadway musical, “Kiss Me Kate,” with tunes by Cole Porter. Don’t know of anyone who has worked harder at a career than Pat and she will no doubt be re-discovered by Hollywood via the Broadway route.

Ava Gardner’s got some good advice for gals who want to be popular. Ava says, “Go to Ann Arbor.” Seems like she received an invitation from a feller there to attend homecoming. The boy said the ratio there is five guys to one gal. Don’t crowd, girls.

Ava saw her ex, Artie Shaw, just once when he was in Hollywood, which started all those rumors that they would reconcile.

Audie Murphy, the good-looking young war hero, turned decorator temporarily, furnishing the apartment he and Wanda Hendrix are honeymooning in. Wanda was in Italy making “Prince Of Foxes,” and obviously couldn’t take on the chores herself.

Errol Flynn got a big dose of his own medicine when his pretty wife, Nora Eddington, walked out on him in a snit. Mr. Flynn was really depressed on account of he isn’t used to being left with egg on his face. He called Nora plenty of times at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs where she had fled to decide whether to make up with the sometimes irresistible Errol.

I’ll just bet Glenn Ford’s fans would like to know the location of his beach hideout where he spent their weekends while wife Eleanor Powell was away on tour. Glenn isn’t even telling his pals where the place is. And don’t ask me because I don’t know either.

Murders Of Distinction

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being murdered himself he is spared the humiliating indignity of being forced to sit on an electric throne. He lives and dies a Prince, the personification of sweeping tragedy. Murder in the grand manner.

Not quite so well born, but still on the swanky side, are John Dall and Farley Granger, the mauve-tinted murderers of "Rope." Two roguish young intellectuals who murder a friend just for the heck of it, and then celebrate the boyish prank with a champagne party. The pièce de résistance of the gay affair is the not-too-cold corpse concealed in a chest on which hors d’œuvres are served to a dirge of brittle chit-chat. This is murder as an antidote for boredom.

In "A Double Life," Ronald Colman was a distinguished actor, idolized by the public and his fellow workers. He had fame, success, and a romantic attachment for his beautiful ex-wife (their divorce was merely a matter of breaking up the monotonity of domestic routine). One would think he’d have enough to keep him both busy and happy, but he throws himself so whole-heartedly into his work that he can’t step out of his stage role after the curtain falls. This is rather unfortunate when he happens to be playing the part of a murderer—especially for the victim.

Sydney Greenstreet was extremely pleasant in "The Woman In White," as nicely a murderer as you’d ever hope to meet. He chuckled and chortled, obviously enjoying his work. He was also distinguished, imposing and courtly. Nothing uncouth about the gent ever. There was nothing uncouth about Richard Widmark either in "The Street With No Name," though he wasn’t always the most ingratiating guy around. He was quiet voiced and almost mild in manner until someone crossed him. Then he became a veritable demon, and after the resultant shooting there was seldom anyone left around who might upset his temper.

Charles Laughton, in "The Big Clock," also flew into splendid rages. He was a big shot in the publishing business, both wealthy and powerful. His place of business was impressive enough to compete with the Music Hall, and he had so many people working for him whom he shoved around that you’d think he’d get all the meanness out of his system during coffee breaks. Furthermore, with meeting deadlines for a string of magazines, it seems remarkable that he had any energy left after five o’clock. Nevertheless, he became a murderer, and he wasn’t even satisfied with one victim. Murder is habit forming, apparently.

Dick Powell, in "Pitfall," wasn’t a big shot, just a plain, ordinary citizen, with a nice wife, a normal little boy, and a small, neat home. The poor guy was simply going about his business with nothing on his mind but insurance until he met a blonde, who altered the circumstances slightly. The unique quality about this murderer was his very innocence; he was just a nice guy who got caught in exasperating circumstances. He conveyed the uneasy feeling that the very same thing might happen to you in a similar situation.

In "Hollow Triumph," Paul Henreid is a smooth operator, more than slightly dishonest, but sufficiently distinguished to pose as a successful psychiatrist—and get away with it. His performance is so flawless and his wooing of Joan Bennett so skillful, that it seems awfully silly of
understanding, which I believe comes in
evitably to every mother when she starts out to raise a family. She can’t avoid it.

I’m in a fortunate situation where I can gain this from three age brackets, and develop a diversified point of view. Diana is a new bride, and has the young matron attitude. Melinda is in the very romantic age, gives me the outlook of a girl who’s just entered her teens. Then there’s five-year-old Stephanie, and from her and Shelley I get a baby’s all-curious point of view.

There’s never a dull day when they’re around. And to stay with them, I find that I must make an effort to understand the varying attitudes of these three distinct age brackets. They don’t think alike, and it keeps me hopping mentally to go along with their various thought processes.

They’ve developed for me a selflessness which, I think, is unique, primarily because I’m so busy with their problems that I don’t have time to fret and worry considerably about mine. It’s true that no mother should lose her personality in her children, but on the other hand she shouldn’t let them try to battle out everything for themselves. That’s what

The 10 Things I Learned From My Daughters

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mothers are for!

My girls have made me tolerant toward youth’s problems, which are vastly important to them although they may seem amusing to their elders. Because they have taken me back to my childhood days when I thought I had mountainous decisions to make, it’s easier for me to distinguish between the trivial and serious.

They’ve helped me relive my youth, and because of this, I’ve learned much about myself and why I do so many things the way I do. Psychologists tell us that many of our basic habits and patterns are set early in our lives, and when I observe my daughters going through the same dilemmas I once faced, I can explain to myself the reason for my reactions today.

For instance, I’ve discovered that I possessed an inferiority complex as a young girl, because my reactions were the same as Diana’s when she was passing through the awkward age. Every growing girl suffers these growing pains I didn’t know it then, and it left an impression on me which lasted for a long time.

Very important to me is what my girls have done for me in the way of religion. When they started to Sunday school, naturally I went with them, and each Sunday I began to look forward more and more to this. Little by little, I found myself enjoying a reawakening in religion.

To me, now, a Sunday when I haven’t gone to church seems incomplete. It has given me a philosophy of life which I find very helpful. Parents should require their children to do as they do, rather than as they say, and consequently they find themselves living a very wholesome way of life.

Having a daughter as acutely aware of proper costuming and good grooming as Diana is, I find that I’m very alert to her preferences. When she was graduated from Ethel Walker’s School in Simsbury, Connecticut, I attended the ceremonies, and dressed as I thought I should for the occasion. I wore a rather severe costume and tried to look older, but when Diana caught a glimpse of me, she exploded and said, “For heaven’s sake, Mother, why don’t you be yourself? Those clothes aren’t for you at all!”

Now I select my costumes with a double thought in mind—to please Diana, who wants me to look young, and my husband and myself. There’s a happy bridge between the two, and it’s fun to find a double motive when you’re out shopping.

One of the best advantages of having daughters is the fact that they keep you stimulated mentally, and alive to this fast-moving world about us. Diana was very interested in art and intended to make it her career until her marriage, so in order to understand what she was attempting to achieve, I read a considerable number of books on the subject.

Where once upon a time I used to skim through the news and catch only the major items, now I check the papers very carefully, because we have frequent discussions about the important happenings of the day. Melinda likes to get our opinions on this because they are a part of her daily school work, and so I’ve
learned to absorb the news. Actually, parents go through a constant refresher course with their children. One day Melinda wanted some assistance with her algebra, and I tried to help. After a half-dozen tries, I realized that my answers didn’t resemble hers, but I concluded, considerably, and finally the cook helped her. Since that time, however, I’ve gone back to the book and brushed up, and I find that algebra is a lot more fun than I ever remembered it being.

Too, the fact that I couldn’t assist Melinda gave me a feeling of helplessness which stimulated me to do something about it. It’s the same with sports. I learned to swim because I felt left out of things whenever the girls were having fun around the pool, and very shortly I discovered that as my physical stamina increased, I developed a curiosity about other things in which I hadn’t been particularly interested.

Melinda and Diana love to ride, and when they’d come home from the stables with their discussions about gait, hands, and the various types of saddle horses, once again I was on the outside. It was an exasperation to blink my eyelids on this subject, and once I understood the basic fundamentals of good horsemanship, talking about it was a pleasure which I hadn’t even suspected existed.

Melinda and Stephanie have given me a deeper appreciation of the various types of music. Once upon a time my preference was strictly for the classical school, but Melinda has taught me that good jazz is a form of music which has its own place in American culture.

She has shown me how to look for the distinguishing traits of good popular musicians and orchestras, and how to evaluate them. Naturally, if it hadn’t been for her, I’d never even have bothered, and would have clung to my preferences for Brahms, Beethoven, and Bach.

Stephanie, on the other hand, is in the growing stage as far as music is concerned, and I’ve been selecting the types for which I feel she should develop an early love. But, in listening to these same selections with her, I find that my own appreciation has increased, because I listen with both her ears and mine.

When she becomes ecstatic over a tune for which I’m not particularly fond, I begin to wonder if I’ve missed something, and I give it more attention. And nine times out of ten, when I listen with this attitude, I discover that the selection had a charm which I had completely missed previously.

Not long ago Stephanie taught me how to enjoy a revision of “All About Eve.” Ordinarily I would cast a half-interested glance on the screen, and concentrate primarily on the listening. I suppose that’s a habit which most of us have built from long practice. We’re still not accustomed to looking at as well as listening to the radio.

To Stephanie, the image on the screen is the important thing, which she regards as a personal element addressed strictly to her. She chats with the performer, and one evening she even wore a special Chinese costume to show a favorite performer. In theory, this makes the subject so alive that any mystery of mere technical radio is completely erased.

Melinda and Stephanie have taught me a good deal about food, and they’ve developed an interest in the factors of a good diet for me. Because I wanted to make their meals attractive to them, I began studying recipes and charts, and before I was aware of it, I was collecting cooking hints with considerable enthusiasm.

This, in turn, I incorporated into the menus for my husband and my older daughter, so that in the long run our dinner table sessions took on an importantance to which we all looked forward. It’s odd how little item can branch out into something that touches everyone around you.

I’ve learned from my girls that subtlety and fairness is one of the most effective methods of solving a problem, and in the long run, it’s the happiest. When a mother feels that a daughter’s current beau isn’t up to the standards she’d like him to be, for instance, it’s up to her to study him through her daughter’s eyes.

Then, if she is still dissatisfied, she should hold a conference with her daughter and balance the arguments which both put forward. In this way, mothers often are shown that times change and that frequently certain modes of etiquette which she once considered important, especially in courtship, are now outmoded.

Mothers can see, through their daughters’ outlook, the many little things which they missed in their youth, and there’s not a reason in the world why they can’t do some reliving of the lost moments. They add zest to each day, and it certainly gives them a toehold on a fresh and youthful attitude.

I’m grateful to my daughters because they have given me so much. I have their love, which I like to think I’ve earned from measuring up to their standards and not mine, and because of this, they’ve made a happier home for my husband and me. Within our four walls, we live a full, pleasant life based on a mutual understanding, appreciation, and respect.

In coupling my reactions to daily existence with theirs, my daughters have helped me keep my own character pliable to the times, from which I have gained flexibility by which I hope I might never have achieved if all my interests were centered on myself alone.

They have given me an emotional stability and a receptivity, and as I’ve said, I’ve learned so much more about music, current events, history, religion, and an enjoyment of sports and outdoor life from them. They taught me simply by their good examples.

When you sum it all up, the most precious gift I’ve received from my girls is the gift of love based on an emotional dependence. In our mutual associations, we’ve grown and taken freely of this, and happily I’ve long ago discovered that when a mother loves and encourages her family with a sincere devotion, in return she herself gains a stature she would never have won in any other way.

Best of all, as long as she maintains this understanding relationship with her girls, she never stops learning!

Newest Bombshell

Continued from page 38

cigarette nonchalantly tucked into the corner of her mouth. She smokes in real life, so she was able to do it all right. But when she first viewed herself in the projection room, dodging clouds of smoke which persisted in getting into her eyes, trying to look as if she invariably did same in her moments of leisure, she howled.

The public didn’t howl, we should say here, rapidly. The public thought Barbara did just fine and proved it by writing her letters of congratulation. And the studio also thought she was o.k.—as an actress, that is—because Mr. and his cohorts decided the girl really had something if she could make that part believable, but at the same time felt that she shouldn’t overdo it. Thus, acting on the first premise, they put Barbara into “Unfaithfully Yours,” into “Letter To Three Wives,” and into “Mother Was A Freshman.” In the latter film, she went back to normal with a bang; She played the college roommate of Loretta Young’s daughter, a kid who had never heard of anything more sizzling than a Slop Joe.

Barbara herself is a happy medium between these two characters, in fact a combination of the super-suave wench and the college girl. She is eighteen, yes, but in many ways she is older than her actual age, having worked for a living for, lo, these ‘lontions years. And, at the same time, she is also in other ways still the light-hearted, slightly inconsistent, slightly immature girl her birth certificate suggests.

As evidence of the latter fact, we point to Barbara’s recent marriage and divorce. The facts were that she and John Fontaine met, had fun, fell in love,
Heart soap and sachet are by Schiaparelli. The Scentinl perfume carrier has its own Valentine case. The new Dew sprays on from a squeezable bottle. Apropos Parfum and Eau de Parfum are new and glamorous. Four Color Keys to Beauty, by Helena Rubinstein, keep your lips in fashion always.

HERE, in this month of romance, are five "invitations" to Cupid.

As a gift, what lovelier than Schiaparelli’s Shocking-scented, heart-shaped soap, 82.95, or a luscious heart sachet, 86.* For Shocking is a sweet surprise.

Mary Dunhill puts her Scentinl perfume carrier in a special red plush heart, insulated in gold. In gold-tone, 82.95; sterling silver, 87.50.*

To keep you fresh as a flower, squeeze on the new Dew deodorant and antiperspirant from a bottle! It’s plastic, self-spraying, safe for you and your clothes and sprays into place. A year’s supply for 8.98.*

The House of Anjou introduces a new experience in fragrance, Apropos Parfum and its lighter counterpart, Eau de Parfum, each from $1.75* up. Both fragrance and packaging are divine.

Helena Rubinstein’s silver key chain holds four new lipsticks keyed both to your color type and fashion colors, plus a heart-shaped mirror. This gives you four changes for lips coordinated with your costumes, for $1.50. *

*Plus 20% Federal Tax

and decided that the only thing possible was marriage. Eighteen months later they decided, just as surely, that the only thing possible was a divorce.

Barbara admits now that both she and John were actually much too young to have wed at all, that neither of them had the remotest idea of the responsibilities of marriage. They were on some sort of a billowing cloud in the beginning, as many people of that age can be, and they didn’t know that perhaps, billows or no, what they had found was not more than puppy love, first love, love which is tender, delicate, delicious but not quite grown up.

They know it now, the hard way. And it’s too bad they know it and had to learn their lesson in such a spotlight. But that’s as someone has said before us, Hollywood.

There are facts about Barbara’s marriage which are not generally known. For instance, the news was given out that she had promised the studio not to marry until she was eighteen. Yet, she and John felt that they could not wait. Thus a month before her seventeenth birthday, they went to Mexico and tied the knot. And it was not for six months that even the studio knew what had happened. Then, there was the business of "granting official permission," and a church wedding in Los Angeles.

Because there was no other place to live, she and John moved in with Barbara’s mother, into an apartment which had been Barbara’s home almost ever since she came to California. The two kids re-decorated the place themselves the way they wanted it. And, lest you think that the divorce came about because of an interfering mother-in-law, let us tell you quickly that Mrs. Lawrence is much too busy a woman to interfere with anything. As a radio executive, she works night and day. She, therefore, gave the young Fontaines a place to live, but let them gnaw on their problems themselves.

The problems were finally too big, and Barbara and John separated legally. Barbara then took her place in the Hollywood scene for the first time as an adult.

She is an adult in one way, at least: Her unfortunate union with John has not made her bitter against the institution as a whole. She knows now that it was a mistake which could have happened to anyone, and that some day she will find the man with whom she will live for the rest of her life. When that occurs, she declares stoutly, she wants two children and to see her Golden Wedding anniversary.

Meanwhile, she is a happy gal. She works, she dates about, she has fun. She still lives in that apartment with her mother, she and a running series of cats. Barbara is pretty silly about cats. At present she is giving house room to her sixth, a four-month-old beige-yellow creature named, of all things, “Fletcher.”

Fletcher’s immediate predecessor, who most remarkable pedigree in all catdom. He is part Burmese, part Siamese, part alley.” She doesn’t know which alley.

Fletcher’s immediate predecessor, who came to an untimely end under a truck, was a black-and-white devil, yclept, “Jack the Ripper.” And when she be-
stowed that tag on him Barbara wasn't kidding. The people at the studio used to marvel at her continued adoration of him, for she showed up for work every morning with deep claw marks to her elbows.

She is a little mad about animals of all kinds, and right now she is trying to figure out how she can accept the winnings of a bet she had with Sabu. The bet was on some sort of a mathematical question, which, in case you didn't know, automatically forecast Barbara as the winner. She's the kid, as you may have heard, who chose geometry when she went to summer school at UCLA. And she actually likes such stuff!

Anyway, she and Sabu got into a discussion one evening along these lines, and she walked off with the prize. Item: One ocelot. And what do you do with an ocelot? Barbara doesn't know, either. She's been working on the problem ever since. And, meanwhile, of course, the ocelot—who lives with Sabu—is getting bigger and bigger.

If you have any ideas, let her know.

This business of betting is not a common activity with the gal, we might add. Especially after what happened a few weeks ago.

Barbara taught herself a lesson—and wishes she hadn't. She went up to Reno on location for "Mother Was A Freshman." And, like all visitors, she declared that she simply had to make with the dice and win herself a fortune.

Well, they taught her how to roll 'em, and she started in. And an hour later she started out—but broke. She had lost every cent she had.

The next morning, still smarting under the blows of fortune, she got an idea. She went out and walked down Reno's main street, and at every jewelry store she priced bracelets and earrings and necklaces and such. Then she went back to the hotel and thought. It was kinda stupid, she admitted, finally: If she'd taken that money the dice had snatched and gone into a store with it, she would have been decked with all sorts of finery at that point. And it was—well, Barbara ain't done it any more.

She loves to spend money, however, on the right things. One of her first acts when she began going places in pictures was to purchase a long, black convertible. And we mean "long." It extends so far in fact, that Barbara has to keep it out at night, for she can't drive it into the apartment house garage without working herself into a lather.

Another thing she dotes on is shoes. Any kind. Just shoes. She has pair after pair of them, finds ads about them, the most fascinating reading in any magazine, cannot force herself past a shop window displaying them. She tries to control this, of course, but every once in a while she goes on a shoe-Lost Weekend. Then her mother shakes her head and the two of them try to figure out where in the world they can stash 'em in the apartment.

There are very few things she dislikes, we might add. One of them, however, is television—working on television, that is.

Barbara would rather forget the first show of this kind she did. It was a half-hour telecast, a sort of a quiz show with

Love-quiz...For Married Women Only

WHY IS HER HUSBAND SO CRUELLY INDIFFERENT?

A. Jim adored her when they married. But now—so soon—he almost ignores her. Unfortunately, this wife is not even aware of her one fault which has caused his love to cool.

Q. What is that one fault she is unaware of?

A. Failure to practice sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.

Q. Aren't soap, soda, or salt just as effective?

A. Absolutely not. Because they cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus. Destroys the source of objectionable odors...kills germs on contact.

Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?

A. Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure cleanliness alone...and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol." Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is more reliable than "Lysol." No other product is more effective! No wonder three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined!
a group of wounded veterans and her as guests. The boys came in wheelchairs. Some had plaster casts on their arms or legs. And all wore uniforms, heavy winter uniforms.

Barbara still doesn’t see how they stood it. For they remained for a full half-hour under a barrage of the hottest, most brilliant lights she had ever run into, lights which turned the place into a steam room. She was the star and whipped on and off in five minutes, according to instructions. And that short time left her dripping.

“I was much more concerned about whether or not one of the boys was going to faint than I was with my part in the show,” she says now. “None of them did, but it was a near thing. And I made up my mind then and there that I’d skip television for good,—until, at least, they find some way to make it comfortable for the cast!”

It’s too bad she feels that way, for she’d be wonderful in video. Her hair is so perfectly and perfectly naturally grey that she could never look like Barbara Lawrence in a role in which figure would be just what the doctor ordered.

But we can see her point. It’s bad enough performing; you don’t have to make like a desert, too.

Like we said in the beginning, Barbara Lawrence is doing all right, though. In the past year or two, she has really found out what she wants out of life and is setting out to get it.

From where we sit, we’d say she probably will.

How Popular Can You Get?

Continued from page 39

spice in it and I’m sure others feel the same way. So when the Autry assignment came up I wasn’t any too happy. What kind of a story could you make out of a guy who loves children, animals, and the “great outdoors” and well, a hundred articles had already said just that. I didn’t have a new way to say it and I was pretty sure the public had gotten the idea in the first dozen or so stories. My chip had reached gigantic proportions by the time I reached his dressing-room door and I braced myself as I waited for the door to open and a hearty voice to say, “Howdy, pardner.” It never came! Autry had yet to arrive so I was ushered in by the most un-Western looking gent I had ever seen. Attired in a grey flannel suit, black string tie and homburg, Dave Whalen, the Autry public relations dynamo, was the first of many surprised and happy faces. I reckoned all my theories for a loop. Still, Mr. Whalen wasn’t supposed to be “King Of The Range,” or whatever it is, so if he wanted to look like a Brooks Brothers ad who was I to cramp his style.

Left alone in the dressing-room, my earlier suspicions returned full force. In one corner of the room stood a long rack of the brightest, lowest, maddest-looking garments I’ve ever seen. Cottons, silks and satins in the most varicolored colors imaginable. The old standby, red, green, blue and yellow, had greatly improved upon and the jackets, shirts and coats ran the gamut of shades. I was reminded of the anecdote I had heard about another particularly sour interviewer, who upon seeing this same rainbow-hued wardrobe remarked:

“I heard you’re going to a White House party so I suppose you’ll be wearing your purple suit to see the President.”

Making no sign of appreciation for the sarcasm Autry went on donning his boots and answered quietly:

“Nope! Tonight, in view of the occasion, I think I’ll wear my plain red one!”

Remembering this I decided it would be best to avoid the subject of clothes altogether. As I was admiring a very handsome-looking white bathrobe which later turned out to be a topecoat, the door opened and in walked Mr. Autry, complete with ten gallon hat and followed by two of the widest-eyed youngsters I had ever seen. No, I’m not going to say that I immediately kicked myself in the shins for having such a wrong impression of this famous star—for after all we still hadn’t even said, “How do you do?” But I was certainly surprised when he shook my hand and said, “I hope you don’t mind if I take care of these kids first!” and then went over to his desk and started to fill out forms while signing pictures. You see one of the first “tricks of the trade,” as the saying goes, is for the movie star to flatter the press and make the interviewer feel important. I’ve seen many a celebrity brush off fans and autograph seekers only to turn around and tell the press that he “loves his public.” Gene Autry was pulling a wheedle and I couldn’t help liking him for it. The two touts standing by his desk were, at the moment, more important. Autry had no intention of letting them do the interviews, just as well have told them to come back later or wait outside or anyone of a dozen stalls, but in all the time I was with him, in the Garden, on the street, in his hotel lobby—never once did he disappoint the children who seemed to adore him. Most of these kids were from the ages of four to ten and, therefore, not the boibby-soxers, who, it seems to me, have become a menace to mankind. These youngsters didn’t tear at Gene’s clothes and behave in a manner that would have scared any normal tribe of blood-thirsty Indians that occasionally appear in an Autry production. Instead, most of them would stand back shyly and wait for Gene to speak to them or perhaps even touch them. The first of these worshiping little fans that I saw were the two who came into his office, and the seven or eight-year-old boy was pale and trembling to such an extent that I was sure he was going to faint. When Gene asked the boy’s sister what her name was and she could autograph a picture to her, she opened her mouth to speak but not a sound came out. At last on the third try she mumbled some-

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Sagging throats, double chins caused by unexercised muscles and neglect are toned up by the gentle action of this marvelous Model Chin Strap. Fat and flabbiness are gently smoothed by its gentle action.

The Model way is a proved way to beauty. Just use this wonderful Model Chin Strap method regularly 15 minutes a day, exercising according to directions, and massageing with any throat cream. The natural movements of your chin and neck do their part. Muscles obtain the exercise they need; circulation is stimulated. Soon you should notice a vast improvement. In a matter of weeks you can expect new loveliness. And you can keep that new loveliness by the regular daily use of the Model Chin Strap.

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Fill in the coupon below now. Take this definite step toward new beauty today. The Model Chin Strap will come to you in a plain wrapper. On arrival pay postman $1.50 plus postage. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Your money back if not satisfied after 7 days’ trial. Rush coupon today.

Please send me a MODEL CHIN STRAP.
I’ll pay postage $1.50 plus postage. If I am not satisfied after 7 days, I’ll return it for refund of my purchase price. (If you send cash we pay postage.)

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Address:
City:
State:

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Shoots Toy Gas 15 Feet
Fits Pocket or Purse...
Guaranteed to stop man or beast

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Here's quick, easy "dash-up" protection, shaped like a reli- able fountain pen. This Imitation Leather Grip holds 15 feet of tear gas 15 feet! Cheap of gas. Shoots gas when you press button and refills itself. For self-defense, for protection of home or car. May be clipped in pocket like pen. Loads like gun. Only 50¢. Satisfaction Guaranteed. 30-day money-back trial. Send 50c NOW! Bengal Gas Corporation, Dept. 30, Chicago 5, Illinois.

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thing and the two departed still staring at the man behind the desk. And right then something occurred to me that I had never thought of before. All those young people seated out in that huge Garden— and the hundreds of thousands who went to the movies, read the comic books, and bought the records and toys that bore the name Gene Autry, did so because they believed in Autry as a person. He wasn't just another Hollywood star whose autograph could be traded for a hunk of bubble gum or a couple of marbles. He wasn't something just to see in person, so that it could be put away in a diary. This guy was no Hollywood production to any of his fans. Whatever it was he had, the kids loved it, but I was no kid and I was there to get a story, I had to be shown. Just let him put ME on the head.

Most of the information needed for a story had been sent to me in the form of the usual press releases which tell you everything on earth about a star, even down to the number of teeth in his head. The data on Autry had been mountainous, containing thirty-two pages of facts and figures instead of the usual three or four I had been used to. The reason for the interview was so that I could catch the personality and nature of the man. I hadn't actually prepared any questions. I thought I knew all the answers. It was just as well though, for the first thing I learned about him was that it's almost impossible to get a direct answer out of him. He doesn't like talking about himself and nine times out of ten finds a way of changing the subject. The conversation invariably went something like this.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Miss Hurst, but those youngsters had been standing out front for some time. They were—"

At that moment we were interrupted by a young girl who had come all the way from South Africa, and though I doubt whether she made the trip just to see Gene Autry, she certainly proved that his popularity wasn't confined to Uncle Sam. There was a time in Dublin, Ireland, when a crowd of 750,000 people packed the streets to see him. Fourteen square blocks in the business district were jammed. Busses and streetcars were overturned. The police were helpless and it took twelve hours to get traffic back to normal. Obviously the name Autry was not unknown in other parts of the world.

He signed another autograph and then turned to me and said.

"I'm very sorry. There won't be any more interruptions."

"Oh that's okay, but for heaven's sake, when do you relax? According to all I've heard, you own this rodeo; have interests in Arizona newspapers and radio stations; interests in a flying school and a chain of theatres in Texas; not to mention the pictures you make; records and books that bear your name; and the Gene Autry suits, belts, shirts, guns, ties, and neckerchiefs you endorse. And what about the 43,000 acres of cattle ranches that are operating profitably? Art was really interested in all those things or do you just lend your name to them?"

"They're all enterprises I should know something about. All of them are tied up with the movies in some way. All, that is, except the flying school and my ranches. I own and fly my plane and as far as the land I have goes, well, I was born and raised in Texas and Oklahoma where my father was a cattle buyer so it's not the most unnatural thing in the world that I should have gone in for ranching."

"But when do you take a vacation? Don't you ever relax? If I were you I'd

"No, a vacation's not for me. I don't

work too hard," and he added, as what seemed to be an afterthought, "You see, I really like to do what I'm doing. A good friend of mine, who's a vice-president at Columbia Broadcasting System, had a bad heart attack and his doctors told him he'd have to give up working so hard if he expected to live. As far as I know he's still working—just as hard—and the last time I saw him he looked very much alive and kicking to me. It's the same with work as far as I'm concerned. I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I weren't doing something every minute."

As if on cue, to prove his statement correct, a knock sounded on the door and three usherettes trooped in, all clutching programs to be signed in their hands.

"Look," said Autry with an embarrassed grin, "I'll have to go out in the arena in a minute, but after that I'll be through for a couple of hours. Why don't you catch the rest of the show and then come over to my hotel with me where we can finish this interview with less interruptions?"

Dave Whalen, his press agent who had come along with us, volunteered this tidbit of humor to add to the "a cowboy shouldn't smoke, drink, or kiss women" creed. On his last trip to New York, Gene was asked to be guest of honor at the monthly "Saints And Sinners" luncheon. This group consists of only the top men in the various fields of the theatre.

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*SCREENLAND*
politics, and the newspaper world and so on. The show they put on that day was devoted to making fun of horse operas and Gene himself, though it was he who had the biggest laughs. After it was all over they dragged Gene up on the stage and asked him if it were true that kissing women was of no interest to him. Before he could answer, a luscious blonde appeared on the scene, and Gene going along with a gig bent down and gave her a fatherly kiss. The blonde, who obviously hadn’t been kissed like that since she left home, started to walk away and then upon second thought reeled around and drewled, “Believe me, his horse can have him.”

However, in fifteen years of marriage there have been no complaints from Mrs. Autry.

From the biography his studio sent me I learned a great deal about Gene Autry, the movie star. He probably has more “firsts” to his credit than anyone in the entertainment world. He was the first cowboy to make phonograph records, the first singing cowboy on the radio, the first cowboy to make singing Western pictures, the first cowboy from Hollywood to head the Madison Square Garden Rodeo, and the first motion picture star to have a town named after him. The town is Gene Autry, Oklahoma.

That was what I found out from his studio!

And from the two or so hours I spent with him I found out quite a bit about Gene Autry, the man. Despite the gaily colored togs, he’s no prima donna. After the afternoon matinee was over he donned a quiet brown suit, still the Western type he always wears, and stuck a hat on his head without so much as a glance in the mirror. If you knew actors as well as I, you’d know this is an almost unheard of gesture. He was neither temperamental nor the slow, drawing rather phony cowboy I had expected. He is a clever business man who, though rather shy and quiet, is perfectly capable of taking care of the various Autry enterprises all by himself.

“Give the people working for you an interest or share in the business and it’ll pay you many times over,” he said.

Well, all those people Autry has working for and with him might be doing a lot to swell the bank account, but not one of them is doing the most important thing of all—being Gene Autry himself.

Although I thought I knew a bit about Autry the movie star and Autry the man and Autry the business tycoon, it wasn’t until almost a week later that I realized how little I really knew. The subway I was on stopped at 50th St. and 8th Ave. and a mob of kids descended upon the train. They looked just like the ones I had seen the week before in front of the Garden although their programs and whips and toy guns were a week newer. The little boy seated next to me looked as if he’d been dragged through a wringer and was so exhausted his head kept dropping on my shoulder until his mother shook him and made him sit up straight.

It had obviously been a big day for the seven-year-old. Hoping to strike up a conversation I asked him.

“Have you been to the Rodeo?”

He looked at me as if the question had been far too stupid to answer.

“They got anything good here this year?” I persisted.

THAT did it. The boy looked as if I’d just said there wasn’t any Santa Claus—or that he was going to have to go to school for the rest of his life without the benefit of weekends off, or vacations.

“It’s Gene Autry. He’s at the Rodeo, He’s great. Gee there’s no one like him.”

He noticed my blank face, and had we been stopped at a station I’m sure I would have gotten off. His expression was a mixture of contempt and pity. As he turned away from me he caught his mother smiling at me, then quickly turned back and bellowed so that half the car could hear.

“You grown-ups will never know what he’s really like, but I know. Why, there’s just no one like Gene Autry.”

And that’s the Gene Autry I’ll never know because I’m no longer a kid!

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Gossip Of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 32

necklace or a colorful pin at the base of your throat.

Another unique disguise can be acquired by using eyebrow pencil to literally “paint on” your mask—just a small domino mask around the eyes. It can be most provocative. Only be sure that you don’t get the kind which swears too easily and use cold cream to take it off.

At a “poverty party” which Beverly Hills jeweler Kenneth Brown invited me to recently, everyone showed up in rags and tatters, wearing everything from beachcomber remnants to old flour sacks. Coar Romero, however, stole the show by appearing in a charade costume which only had the word “London” printed across the seat of his trousers. It had

Diana Lynn, Gail Russell, Guy Madison and John Lindsay all guessing for hours before Hoogy Carmichael sat down at the piano and played Percy Grainger’s “Londonderry Air” for the clue.

FOR correct dress on male stars, I suppose Ronald Colman and Clifton Webb. A walk off with the top honors, although Clifton is always being kidded about his sartorial perfection. As Ed “Archie” Gardner of “Duffy’s Tavern” said to Clifton the other night at a party, “Just look at you—not a thing out of place. Why, Webb, you could drop dead this very minute and they wouldn’t have to do a thing to you!”

However, some of our other Hollywood star citizens are not so careful about their dress. We all know about Bing Crosby’s penchant for loud shirts and informal wear and we love him for it. But there is one producer who is too sloppily dressed to describe, although I do think that Reggie Gardiner came awfully close to it when he was talking about the man. “Comina,” he said, “he’s a regular clothes-horse—if you ever saw a horse wearing clothes!”

One of the most interesting of cocktail parties was given the other afternoon by 20th Century-Fox studios in honor of a young woman I never expected to ever have cocktails with. When I first met the young lady she was only eight years old. She curtsied, with her golden curls bobbing, and beseeched, “Hello,” behaving utterly unlike the very famous movie star she was at that time.

This time she didn’t curtsie, because she is a wife and a mother, although she still has the golden curls, cut in a short and very becoming bob.

Yes, you’ve guessed it. The party was for Shirley Temple and you’ve never seen a bigger turnout of her friends than those who came to welcome Shirley back to the studio where she once reigned as a supreme star.

Today, Shirley is still a big star and now she is appearing with Clifton Webb in “Mr. Belvedere Goes To College.” Mr. Belvedere, you recall, is the role which my friend, Clifton, created as the babysitter in “Sitting Pretty,” only this time he’s going to be a Freshman-sitter and if he’s half as funny as he was in the first picture, both he and Shirley will have a hit on their hands.

HOWEVER, this is getting a bit away from Shirley’s cocktail party, although Clifton was very much there to greet his co-star.

One of the guests, a tall, dark and trim girl, turned out to be Jane Withers, another young matron, who is so attractive that it makes it hard to remember when she and Shirley, as child stars, fought both on—and off—the screen. To-
producer Bill Keighley with Deborah
Kern at a radio theatre rehearsal.

day, the girls—or rather, young mothers—are the greatest of friends and they posed together in delight for all the photographers. For all of them, that is, except one bright young lensman who suggested that Shirley and Jane click cocktail glasses together.

Another tense moment occurred when Cameraman Jack Albin, Screenland's favorite photographer, asked Shirley if she had ever seen "the negligee picture" he had taken of her in her own boudoir?

Linda Darnell, Anne Baxter, Jean Her- sholt and all of Shirley's friends raised their eyebrows and studio publicity people shook in their boots when Jack produced his picture, which revealed satin pajama-clad Shirley—all of seven years old—tossing a teddy bear out of her crib!

* * *

Other stars who gathered to give Shirley a studio "welcome home" were Richard Widmark, Cesar Romero, Sonja Henie and Hattie McDaniel, in a magnificent John-Frederics bouquet of crimson plumes.

Although most of our stars prefer entertaining in their homes and private clubs, avoiding night clubs, many of them broke precedent when Hildegarde opened at the Ambassador's Coconut Grove. At various tables I spotted Dick Powell having a delightful supper with June Allyson, the Eddie LeBaron and Dorothy Shay, the "Hildilly Hildegarde" with, of all people, Ronald Reagan! Both Dorothy and Ronnie, who is still carrying a torch for Jane Wyman—he attended the premiere of "Johnny Belinda" alone—claim that it isn't serious, but they are seen together constantly. This also goes for John Payne and Iris Bynum, although Johnny looks longingly across the room every time Gloria De Haven enters!

* * *

ALL of which goes to prove that Hollywood is no different from any other place when it comes to serious heart action, and that St. Valentine's Day, which occurs this month, can be any day in the year.

because her knowledge about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS is not complete or scientific?

When a young wife doesn't get off on the right start in married life for this reason—often her husband begins to show a cool indifference and honeymoon days are definitely over.

All too often a woman foolishly follows old-fashioned and wrong advice of friends. If only married women would realize how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, charm, health and marriage happiness. And what's more important—if only they'd learn about this newer, scientific method of douching with modern ZONITE.

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Saint Looie Woman!

Continued from page 48

remote, but it could happen to Shelley Crazier things have.

There was the time in St. Louis when she crashed a teen-age talent contest on a stage of a local theatre and came off with a size fourteen sweater that hovered around her ankles. It wasn't a prize, either. The m. c. gave it to her as a briege to get off the stage because she seemed too loud, too good, and wouldn't stop.

After that episode, the non-building young actress got taught a lot more about singing by her mother, Rose Winters, who sang in the St. Louis Municipal Opera. Her mother also did her best to keep Shelley away from the stage, at least until she showed more talent.

Shelley's first job after the family moved to Brooklyn was modeling in a New York department store. Her debut in this field was no more successful than her stage experience. The first time around the runway, the new model fell flat on her face in front of the customers. In spite of this, Shelley continued to model while she studied in theatrical schools.

She finally did hit it off on the stage as a singer, and did so well in the operetta, "Rosalinda," that in 1942, Columbia signed her to a contract and made short shift of her real name, which is Scherit.

This contract touched off a somewhat fabulous chain of experiences during Shelley's early movie career which are only believable because they happened to her. They couldn't possibly have happened to anyone else.

She made her first test for Columbia in their New York studios. Nobody bothered to brief Shelley on the technique of the camera. She was a highly nervous young lady doing a high-powered test—Dorothy Parker's famous satire, "The Waltz." All the time Shelley was emoting she was also dodging a large object which kept following her around, narrowly missing her head at each step. Later Shelley found out it was the microphone boom which had to catch the dialogue. "I didn't know whether I was so bad they were trying to knock me out, or what. I remembered the time I won the sweater," she said.

Before she knew when she was going to Hollywood, she and a young Air Corps man. Mack Mayer, had a whirlwind three-week romance and were married.

Full of patriotism and the idea that a girl should stick with her husband, she went with him from camp to camp, disregarding orders to report to Hollywood.

Screenland
immediately with the airy nonchalance of inexperience and a modest, "Oh, they won't miss little ol' me," which, in the eyes of her studio, was a most unbecoming type of modesty.

Finally, her husband began to worry about her future. He was then stationed at Pierre, South Dakota, and Shelley was sw ettering out with him imminent passage overseas. He thought she should go to Hollywood. Shelley didn't.

Little Miss Fixit hit on a solution. "I put in a long distance call, collect, to Mr. Harry Cohn." (He is only the president and big boss at Columbia). "I told him what I was doing, and when he finally remembered me, he asked what I wanted. I explained about my husband and asked Mr. Cohn if he wouldn't please call Mack and tell him I could stay until he went overseas. And do you know what? He did!" Shelley still gets a slight nervous tic when she thinks of how much she was.

When her husband (the marriage was a casualty of the war and they are now divorced) went overseas, Shelley came to Hollywood via New York. On the same train were Geraldine Brooks and a famous band leader. As a prank, Shelley and Germany went one morning, thus confining him to quarters. They had a hard time smuggling it back into his compartment. "We were awfully young then," Shelley alibies.

It wasn't until after she had arrived in Hollywood that she discovered she'd been up for consideration as the lead in "Cover Girl," one of the best parts that would ever come an actress' way. However, Shelley's philosophical about the numerous mistakes she's made. Everybody has to learn.

After some small parts at Columbia she parted company with the studio and went to 20th Century-Fox. She says the former tried to make her look like Rita Hayworth and the latter had ideas about turning her into a Betty Grable. Neither one succeeded, she says. She then started free-lancing, without much success.

The success seen was made didn't advance her career much, but it provided her with some amusing conversation pieces. Up for consideration at Metro, Shelley improvised the dialogue for a test, and in her hurry to think up a comedy routine she decided to give her impression of the way executives handle it. She was just real funny—she thought. This was an opinion which was not shared by the executives who viewed her test.

The next mishap occurred at Republic, where she was up for the part of a young girl. Shelley got herself dressed up in saddle shoes, sweater and skirt and put her hair in pigtails. She was, oh, so terribly young looking!

She reported to the stage, as directed, and went through her lines. The director looked baffled and asked if she didn't think she was a bit young to play the part. It was Shelley's turn to look baffled. After the conversation got around to basic facts they both discovered she'd been sent to the wrong stage and had been reading for the part of a middle-aged woman!

"I just walked off the lot," Shelley laughed. "I know when I'm licked!"

But it wasn't so funny to realize that the prospects for a Hollywood career looked very dim indeed. She'd run out of places to make tests, was broke and in debt. Shelley didn't quite know what to do. Then she got an inspiration. Always impulsive, Shelley put in a long distance call to the real estate manager of the play "Born Yesterday," in New York, with the firm intention of selling herself to him as understudy to the star, Judy Holliday. She didn't even stop to think about how she was going to pay for the call.

Mr. Kanin accepted the Hollywood call, Shelley introduced herself to him—and then discovered that she was absolutely tongue-tied. Finally, she asked him how the weather was back there. He said it was fine. She said that was good and the director of the play wanted to call her. She, too. In utter confusion she then hung up, completely plotzed.

When Shelley came to her senses she hurriedly wrote Kanin a letter, explaining that she really wasn't an idiot. To prove it, she told him. Mr. Kanin was amused and sympathetic, and although she had an understudy he took time to suggest that Shelley get in touch with his brother, Michael, who was at that time preparing to make "A Double Life" at Universal-International. Shelley thought, "Uh-huh, her test." She had three bucks to her name and was utterly discouraged and quite cynical about Hollywood. Then Metro called her for a small part in "Killer McCoy." They offered her a hundred dollars, she grabbed it. That would get her back to New York on the bus and she thought she might talk her way into a Broadway musical, preferably "Oklahoma!"

Out of gratitude to Garson Kanin, however, she called his brother. Nothing would come of it, she told herself, but he'd been polite. . .

On the same day she was to report to Metro for her hundred buck job, Mike Kanin's office called and asked her to come to Mr. To make the test.

"I can't," she said, "because I'm working at Metro." Then they told her. Then she finished early in "Killer" and, for the heck of it, Shelley called U-I and told Mr. Kanin she could come out after all.

"I went through the test so casually," Shelley says, "thinking nothing would come of it. I was so relaxed that apparently I did all right."

Of course she was only sensational in the part of the waitress whom Ronald Colman murdered in "A Double Life." Every studio started claming for her. Quick like a flash she went from "The Great Gablay" at Paramount to "Cry Of The City" at 20th Century-Fox. Then she signed a seven-year deal with Universal-International, "because they offered me the most money." There's another reason for her signing with U-I, too. "I thought it was more definite than it was until I knew I got her first big break there and it was sentimental about it.

Shelley hasn't had any more crazy test experiences. She doesn't have to make them any more, or at least not the kind she did when she was an unknown. But don't think a lot of other screwball things
happened to her.

After she finished “Larceny” at U-I she got restless because nothing was coming up for her. Then someone got a brilliant, if wacky, idea. Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride (Ma and Pa Kettle in “The Egg And I”) were going on a personal appearance tour. The studio suggested that Shelley go along and she jumped at the chance.

She was busy trying to think up a routine for herself one evening so turned down a date, with the excuse that she was working. Later, while she was beating her brains out, another beau called. She gave him the same reason for staying home. But he was more resourceful than Beau No. 1. He said he was with Milton Berle and if she would go out with them Berle would help her write the material. They went to Mocanbo and to Shelley’s embarrassment, who should be sitting at the next table but the guy she’d turned down first. Shelley automatically crossed him off her future date list. “There’s no way to explain a situation like that,” she says.

Before she left on the tour she ran into Ray McKinley in Schwab’s drugstore. He told her he’d written a song about her. She was polite but nonchalant. The song was called “You Came A Long Way From St. Louis,” he said. How nice, she said. He’d like her to see it. She’d love it—someday. It wasn’t until after she came back from the tour and heard the hit tune on the juke box that it came to her with startling clarity that he wasn’t kidding, as she thought. She’s still trying to figure out a way to explain to Ray that she was not being rude or flouting him.

After the tour, still restless, Shelley did a part in “The Barker” at the La Jolla Playhouse. She earned the salary of fifty bucks for the two weeks.

When she first went down there for rehearsals she and Greta Peck, Greg’s wife, had an afternoon off and decided to take a spin in the ocean.

“Let’s swim out to the float,” Greta said. Shelley peered seaward.

“What float?” she asked. “Where is it?”

“Oh, just out there,” Greta answered, gesturing vaguely.

“You know those Nordic people,” Shelle

l said. “Strong, great endurance. . .

Well, we swam—and swam—AND swam. I thought perhaps we’d reach Catalina any moment but I couldn’t be sure—it wasn’t a clear day.”

Just as Shelley thought she’d go down for the third time the float hove into view. It was two hours and a severe sunburn later before Shelley could get up the strength to swim back. Greta, on the other hand, was in fine shape.

Until recently Shelley lived in a small apartment with her mother and father, an aunt and uncle, and her sister, who is a nurse. She and her sister were finally able to find another apartment which the landlord redecorated according to his idea of what a movie star would like. It is altogether exotic, lush, and elegant. But it isn’t like Shelley at all.

Lots of screwy things have happened to her in her twenty-five years but there’s another side to her personality which she’s inclined to play down because she kinda likes to be known as a character. She’s been studying the Shakespearean school of acting under the excellent tutelage of Charles Laughton, who has a Balliol and very serious group of young players in his class. Shelley doesn’t talk about it much—probably is waiting to spring it as a big surprise.

A great many of her experiences read like dreamed-up comedy routines, still there’s a shrewd, businesslike quality about Shelley that comes through all the light-hearted kidding she does.

The only serious bit of reasoning she’s apt to give out with is that she doesn’t believe actors have to be typed.

“She’s my platform and I don’t know whether I’ll be elected on it or not,” she says. “I think all people, and especially actors, are different at different times and I don’t see why they should be put in one specific groove on the screen or stage. Here I am, supposed to be a singer and a comedienne. But all I’ve done so far is play bad girls on the screen. Ah, ah, before you say I’ve been typed, look at the variety of bad girls I’ve played.

“I hope I’ll be able to give a distinct kind of performance in every picture I do.”

She will. Maybe nobody else could, but there’s nobody like Shelley Winters.
teens and early twenties give enough thought to themselves as individuals to find their own type, or develop good style. The French woman teaches her daughter how to buy good clothes. But here, generally, there's too great a desire for quantity rather than quality. But as the American mother learns to buy better, and, if necessary, fewer things, the younger generation will also learn.

It is surprising that colleges do not lay more stress upon personal evaluation. Through proper guidance, the college girl would soon learn to recognize shortcomings in dress, in carriage, in makeup, and in speech. Thus, upon the completion of her formal education, she would be able to follow her chosen career, a well-poised, attractive young woman.

To me, posture is most important. Many women with figure faults appear smart in their clothes because of perfect carriage. It also works the other way, for many women, most perfectly proportioned figures through poor posture.

Your clothes are right for you if they do not overpower your particular personality— if they make the most of your good points and the least of your bad ones. And, naturally, clothes to be right, must suit, as well as be fashionable, as the occasions for which they are worn.

It's dangerous for a young girl to insist upon her own ideas in dress until she has devoted some time to the study of good clothes. She can follow the magazines and learn a great deal, if she has the wisdom to take the middle road.

Every girl should learn to sew if she wants to acquire clothes sense that will lead to chic later on. You can safely learn to express your personal taste in clothes by buying a good pattern and a few yards of material, if you know how to sew. And you'll be surprised how it will also stimulate your interest in good clothes.

If a girl wants to become a designer, she should learn everything there is to know about sewing, cutting, and draping. You can design without a pencil, but you must be able to draw enough to express your ideas upon paper. If you can, learn languages, history, and art appreciation, for these will stand you in good stead.

I did my first designing when I was eighteen, after coming to the University of California from Montana to study music. Until that time I was determined to become a pianist. But designing lured me away from music when I happened to take a night course at a Los Angeles designing school, just to keep my college roommate company.

After I finished the course, I opened a small shop on the campus and moved my piano to a small room to come to the shop for several reasons; to practice amateur musicals, to smoke, which was forbidden on campus, and occasionally to buy a dress.

Dolores Del Rio was the first star for whom I designed, others soon followed and I opened a salon in Hollywood. Now my time is divided between Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and my own manufacturing business. Many people ask how it is possible for one person to do both types of designing, but I find that one stimulates the other. Some of the 1860 gowns which Ava Gardner wears in "The Great Waltz" were inspired by my experiences designing for the Warner team, while the other films I have given me ideas for my next collection.

True, it takes a great deal of time, but I have always awakened early and I often make sketch notations before leaving my apartment. Upon reaching the studio, I draw the dress in pencil over a figure which my sketch artist has ready for me. When she has painted the color scheme, she paints the sketch.

Designing for pictures is the most difficult type of designing. Regardless of whether the required wardrobe is typical of a working girl, a certain historical period, or designed to portray a definite character which, incidentally, is the most painstaking of all, the completed costume must satisfy both the director and the actress. The director, producer, and even the cameraman must be in on the final approval.

Even though screen designing is difficult, I get my greatest satisfaction when I see the result on film, and with it the realization of all the thought and effort which could only be expressed by a sketch. When I design my own line of clothes to be sold in stores, I can develop ideas while working with fabric and a model.

Naturally, it is not as easy to have fittings with a star as it is with a model, because during the preparation of a picture her time is limited. But many times a player's interest in her screen wardrobe becomes a real joy to me. At the moment, I'm thinking of Ava Gardner, for whom I'm making that elaborate 1860 costume for "The Great Waltz." If I were to design a costume for Ava, though fastidious in everything, is not particularly interested in clothes. Most of the time she prefers to wear whatever seems most comfortable. But when she saw her costumes for this picture, she said that the feeling of elegance they were meant to reflect, and after standing all day for fittings she said that she wouldn't mind doing it all over again.

Many screen stars have excellent taste in the selection of their own clothes. Claudette Colbert has, also Irene Dunne and Jeanette MacDonald. Katharine Hepburn has exquisite taste, but little interest in clothes. Time Allyson has become clothes-conscious in a restrained way. Marlene Dietrich dresses exactly right for herself. She always makes an entrance and is never interested in a dress that doesn't make an entrance.

Many people ask if Paris is still the style center of the world. Paris still exerts a great influence upon all fashion, but it will never again have complete world control because other fashion centers have also earned recognition. New York, California, as well as South America, are all engaged in the creation of fine clothes.
Paris does determine the length and silhouette of the average manufacturer’s line in this country. For once again, they all send buyers to Paris. Then they make copies of the models they have purchased, and soon you see the original adapted and printed down on Fifth Avenue. Because of that, a style quickly becomes old and the more discriminating women turn to the leading designers of this country for clothes which are new and have not been inex- pensively imitated.

The first thing in my spring line will have a jutting fullness in the back, on the side, or in the front, or perhaps a cape will do the trick. This represents a change from the pencil slim, and the plain full skirt.

Length will continue about the same as it was last fall. Suits between ten and twelve inches from the floor, the five o’clock dress from four to eight inches from the floor, evening gowns to the floor and sometimes trailing.

The colors of my gowns will be new, and I think, excitingly so. I am using pale pastels combined with white, such as pale coral with white, pale blue taffeta with white lace, but done in a completely sophisticated manner. My suits will also be a bit lighter in tone. I have a definite feeling about feminine colors for spring.

With this very feminine coloring there is also a line to be brought out in dress which depends upon detail and dressmaker touches of fine tucks and hand bindings.

In my opinion, it is in delicate or muted colors, discriminating detail and subtle lines that good taste will be expressed this season.

Always Audrey
Continued from page 45

have a headquarters where you can change your dress or powder your nose or just rest if you want to. This is a big place and there’s a lot of walking to be done.

“So the first thing that happened to me was my brand-new, lovely dressing-room was—I got bitten by a spider! On the leg. This is how it happened. When they gave me the key, I opened the door, walked in and flopped down in a big chair. I gazed around, enjoying myself thoroughly. Then, oh! I felt a little sting. No, punch and I didn’t think any more about it. But the next day the sting bothered me and a few hours later that tiny, little pin-prick swelled up into really something. I stayed at home four days with the darn thing!”

Audrey still lives in the apartment she was so proud of years ago when I talked with her for SCREENLAND. “Nothing’s changed,” she smiled. “I live with the same girl I lived with then and we’re just as independent of each other as we were then. We each have our own room, with our own closets and bath. We hardly ever see each other from one week to the next. She goes away often on trips that last a month, two months—and, of course, when I’m working in a picture I never see anybody anyway. Except for the few times we entertain, the living-room is almost never used and I manage wonderfully with the cook-housekeeper we’ve had all along.”

No, there’s nothing changed about Audrey and whichever of her friends nick-named her Teeter-Totter was talking through his hat. Though the alliteration may have been too tempting, there’s no suggestion of moods, ups-and-downs, or vacillation about this single-minded and determined young person. She just likes to work and she concentrates on her job with her whole mind and all her energy.

Her name is linked romantically with this type of work. In fact, she’s been a columnist, but the heartthrob always turns out to be only a beautiful friend-

ship. The friendships are so evidently just that even the most avid gossip never ventured to predict even the hint of an engagement.

“As a matter of fact,” Audrey laughed, “I’m married to MGM! Don’t think I wouldn’t want to change! It would be beautiful and I sometimes think it’s high time I should be. But I’m not. I go out with several men but there’s no one, serious friend. And each contributes a different thing to my life.”

She goes to all the pictures she possibly can fit into a heavy working-schedule as well as to every play, opera, concert and symphony that comes to Los Angeles. Lately she took—or tried to take—her first vacation since she came to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

“Of course, I’d been on trips to New York, but the time was filled with interviews and making personal appearances,” Audrey continued. “Oh, I loved it, but it wasn’t really a vacation. I knew there was nothing starting here at Metro, but I went to Bill Grady, the casting director, to make absolutely certain.”

The coast was clear, Grady assured her positively. It would be perfectly safe for her to take at least six weeks off. “Now don’t send me a wire at Yuma saying, ‘Detrain at Phoenix,’” Audrey warned half-jokingly. “Oh, no, nothing like that! Grady was smart!”

“So I piled into my compartment, bound for Texas and New Orleans, simply because they were the two places I’d never been. And sure enough, just as we pulled out of Yuma, a wire came from Bill Grady saying, ‘Detrain at Phoenix.’”

Audrey was delighted. “What a funny fellow! Such a sense of humor!” she crowed happily, putting her feet up on the seat opposite and settling down for a nice, long trip. However, when the train pulled into Phoenix, it took the conductor’s, the porter’s and Audrey’s combined efforts to get her packed up and off. The wire was no joke and the picture they wanted her for was “Alias

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Mother To Be
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Nicky Bed’ with Ray Milland on loan-out to Paramount. After that she went to RKO for “The Set Up,” and now is cast for MGM’s “Poppies in Vietnam.”

Nicky Bed’ is whatever success one can get. “But this can’t go on forever,” she pointed out wisely. “I’ve a business manager now who saves my money for me. He’s Bob Montgomery’s brother, Don, and I have the most complete faith in his judgment. Oh, I’ll go on acting till I’m eighty! It’s not that. I’ll act whatever it is, pictures, radio or the stage. But the stage is a luxury. The stage doesn’t pay the salaries that pictures do, and I want to have enough to take care of myself always!”

Though Audrey still lives without change as she did when she was first put under contract, there is one innovation.

“I have a car!” she announced triumphantly. “Can’t drive it yet, but I have it! A maroon Ford convertible. It’s beautiful! I’ve already engaged a professional instructor who will teach me on one of those dual-controlled cars so I won’t get into too many difficulties. I thought it was better to hire a teacher than to ask any of my friends. They’d either be too easy with me and I’d never learn. Or they might get impatient and we’d be bound to end bad friends!”

Smart girl. She’s studying the traffic-laws and has memorized most of them. “But there’s no use getting even a temporary license until I learn to drive.”

“The Pride of Jussie” is a story of California, her mother is sure. “She came out for a visit and decided Hollywood’s not a den of sin,” Audrey laughed fondly.

“She said it was just like a factory. She was so relieved to find out we go to work early in the morning, work all day and then come back to more work.”

Audrey’s always admired Bette Davis. To her Bette was semi-divine, an unapproachable goddess too wonderful to be included in the human race.

“And when at a party she sent word she wanted to meet me, I nearly collapsed,” breathed the awestruck worshipper. “I was weak in the knees when I went over to her and I couldn’t say a word! Just gawked and grinned and almost died!”

But Audrey doesn’t have to feel that way about anybody. From bit player to featured roles in two years may be a gargle she loves to roll around, but there’s more than a kernel of truth in it.


don't marry an actor!

continued from page 48

quality—I don’t mean the kind that has to do with anarchy or background, because I think that stuff is unimportant. She’s thoughtful, she’s sincere, she’s serious. I like the way she sings to me when we dance—she has a beautiful voice. I like the way she enjoys Wil Wright’s chocolate-mint sodas, because I do, too. I’d like Ann just as much if she weren’t an actress, but I probably wouldn’t have been fortunate enough to meet her, because it was one of her movies that ‘introduced’ us.

“I happened this way: Ray Sperry, my best friend and stand-in, told me about a girl he had seen in a Donald O’Connor movie, so I went to see it. I thought Ann was pretty swell. Then we just happened to run into each other—it just happened because I grabbed the table next to her date’s table when I recognized her at a press party at Giro’s. The place I grabbed had a better view of the floor show (I had looked out for that) and her date was to join me. I didn’t get her phone number that night—after all, I’m not that brash—but her studio gave it to me next day. That’s one of the nice things about being in pictures, you can meet almost anyone you want to. I phoned Ann that evening and we have been seeing each other, not steadily, but frequently, for more than three years. I still think she’s pretty wonderful.”

Right here I interrupted. “Haven’t you ever been in love?” I asked.

“Certainly,” was the unexpected answer. “And I asked the girl to marry me. I was eight years old at the time, and we planned the wedding for a Sat-urday, because school would be out. My bride were a long white dress, probably her big sister’s, and a lace-curtain veil. We pretended my pal’s pigeons were doves. How we knew that dove and love belonged together I’ll never know, but we did. We had a best man and a preacher, but we had never heard of a maid of honor so we didn’t provide one.

“The bride’s name? I can’t remember. Was she small or tall, ethereal or buxom, was she blonde or brunette? I honestly don’t know.

“But, alas, for the fickleness of man, the wedding was never finished. Suddenly in the middle of the ceremony a bird fell out of a nest in the tree right above me. I rushed over, almost knocking my bride off her hook, picked up the bird and ran home to feed it worms and water. I guess the bride didn’t mind being jilted, because I don’t remember any recriminations or social ostracism next day. Maybe she didn’t really love me, her.”

“Let’s get back to the present.” I prodded him. “Remember, you’re an old bachelor of twenty-five now, talking about girls and dates.”

“Oh, that reminds me,” Lon interrupted. “Maybe you’d like to hear about my first big date, when I was fourteen and Jane Withers was eleven or twelve. I think. We had met in Beverly Glen, at a riding academy, so our first date was to go riding in the Glen. When I called for her I brought a box of candy with a gardenia tucked under the ribbon on top—the very first time I had ever made an important investment like that on a mere date. I had no idea what an actress
would expect, but I'd been taught it wasn't polite to offer a girl anything but candy and flowers.

"It was Sunday, and Jane asked me to come back to the house for dinner. On the way, she wanted to know if I liked dolls. I did, so I found out she had the biggest collection of dolls in Hollywood and they were her pride and joy. I felt pretty silly.

"It turned out to be a sort of Tom Sawyer-Becky Thatcher day, anyhow. We swam in Jane's pool and I brought out my whole bag of tricks to impress a movie star. First I hurled my head on a board, and then, trying to do a back flip, I bumped Jane and gave her a beautiful black eye. She was working in a picture and they had their troubles covering it up the next few days. But in spite of my awkwardness, her parents were wonderful to me. They asked me to supper, too, and then we went to a show. When I left, I wasn't sure whether I was more in love with Mrs. Withers or Jane. I guess I was in love with them both."

"Come, come, now," I protested. "Jane's married, and it's 1949. What about Colleen?"

Lou grinned. "Colleen reminds me of my Chapman College days, which were certainly the most carefree I've known. She's exuberant, fun to take anywhere, gets as big a kick out of having a hamburger at a drive-in as a dinner at La Ruche. First I have to get her to do anything very little, never gets upset or angry, has a wonderful sense of humor. She can whip up a good meal in a jiffy. She's a devout churchgoer and our Saturday night dates end only too soon, so she can get up early Sunday morning. Being an actress, she's so busy trying to do with my liking Colleen—and she certainly doesn't act like one—but it's the same story; I probably wouldn't have met her if we hadn't both worked on the 20th Century-Fox lot."

"I dated Jeanne Crain and June Haver before they were married, and besides being two of the most beautiful girls I've known, they have plenty of common sense. Jeanne had the intelligence to marry when the right man came along and not wait until her career was at its peak, even though it might have hurt her career. It didn't. June had the common sense not to let ill luck in her personal life affect her professional life. I'm sure she must have cried plenty, but not on anyone's shoulders."

"There are probably a lot of other girls you're dating now," I ventured. "Girls I haven't even heard about."

"Not many. Actors don't have any private romantic lives, and you know it darn well. Even if the girls wanted to brag about places they've been with other fellows it would be a waste of time, because all I have to do is read the columns to find out where and with whom they've been seen. And they can do the same about me. We're the original goldfish. That's one of the reasons I'll probably never get engaged—just married, and have it over with."

"Speaking of goldfish," I reminded him, "there was some criticism in the press about your dating Peggy Ann Garner, because she's only seventeen."

"Peggy Ann has a mature mind for her age," Lon explained. "Her humor is wonderful. Of course, sometimes she makes me feel like an old man, but I sort of like the feeling when I'm with Peggy. It amazes how good she is at her age. It amazes me how sweet most girls are. Maybe I would make a good husband."

"Did you ever doubt you would?" I wondered.

"Sure," he answered quickly. "I'm too selfish."

"Selfish! Look what you've done for your mother and grandparents."

"I mean selfish from a more personal standpoint. My work sometimes begins at a little past five in the morning and doesn't end until seven at night. When I come home I'd expect certain things."

"Like quiet? Your slippers by the fire?"

"Well, that's the idea. A good dinner, my mail on the table. But it's the after-dinner hours a wife might not like. I study my script for at least an hour, like to have classical records playing while I'm studying, like to muffle the telephone. Then I'm tired and want to go to bed. No movies, no nightclubbing, no bridge—just a little shoulder and bed. Sounds dull, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but you're not making a picture every month."

"But I'm just as unlivable-with between pictures. I throw away schedules and clocks, and appointments mean nothing to me. I don't like to stay home then. I don't even like to stay in California. I love to travel. That's why not by train, and every girl I meet prefers trains to boats or planes. You'll probably think that sounds selfish, and that's what I told you. But to me, an actor's life is one compromise after another, and marriage would mean more of them. Maybe I wouldn't be so good at making the compromises."

"Why do you say an actor's life is full of compromises?"

Lon laughed. "This is beginning to sound quite ponderous, he commented. "But I'll bet, except in the last year, that I've never started. An actor seldom has a free moment on the set. It begins with the early call to makeup and goes right through to the end of the day when he may have as many as ten pages of dialogue to learn for the next day's shooting. There are constant rehearsals, bits of business to memorize, new suggestions to work out, direction to take without losing his own individual way of putting a scene across—and always accompanying this basic work are some kind of contact on the sets, the working press, somebody's uncle, posing for photographs with somebody's children. And even during lunch hour, when you'd like to relax, you have to give interviews."

"There's nothing personal in that last remark, says I, as I gaze about the 20th commissary."

Lon patted my hand apologetically.

"Nothing. I'm not complaining. They pay me too well for that, and the day fans don't want to read pieces about me is when I'll start fissing. I'm merely pointing out that an actor's life includes so much more than the stories about him would indicate. And I know it's tough for..."
the girl who marries one, especially when she's the homebody type I'd like to marry."

"I can think of a lot of girls who wouldn't mind a hard life like that."

"You're thinking of the glamour side—the movie star stuff. But this is merely my job, and an actor's job goes home with him at night."

"You mean you live your parts? Because if you do, they've usually been nice ones; no murderers, no gangsters, no wolves."

"That's just it, I don't live a role, once I leave the studio, I just work on it. And I don't like to shave too often, or dress up. I don't like frilly, chiffon things. I don't like most period furniture, except Early American. In fact, I love bright strong colors in fabrics and dark walls, and girls don't seem to go for that at all. I'm decorating my apartment right now and you should hear the suggestions of visiting girls—they'd like more light, white walls, knock-knocks and all that stuff I don't go for."

He hesitated. "If I'm beginning to sound a little smug, it's because I'm thinking you the wrong way. I know, I make concessions even now. For instance, I like to drive my car with the top down, but some girls complain because their hair blows. So I have been known to put up the top—for a special girl."

"And what about this special girl?" I broke in. "How special can she get?"

"That's one of the things I'm going to find out, soon, I hope," Lon answered seriously. "Maybe I'll find a girl who—"

I finished it for him,—"who will travel only by train, insist on white walls and chintz and bows, won't let you kiss her unless you're shaved—and you'll be so head-over-heels in love you'll forget you even thought anything else was important!"

Lon laughed. "Could be," he wound up. "The only thing I'd still insist on is that our first boy be named David. For no better reason than that I like the name."

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**Perfume Story**

Continued from page 16

For the scenting of apparel, nothing quite equals the good, old-fashioned sachets. They last, take no space, and once in a drawer or box begin their sweet business of enfolding lingerie and accessories in a world of flowers, spices, herbs and oils, to mention only a handful of the ingredients that make your perfume. A small, flat sachet pinned inside the separation area of your bra is a most effective way to use a fragrance. There is even one made with a tiny, removable pad for perfume. The same idea might be applied to any low neckline.

So much for the use of perfume on just you. However, so potent a power does fragrance in general wield that it is now invading the fields of art. If the Ballet Russe du Monte Carlo visits your city, and it is now on tour, it will provide an inspiration. You will enjoy, too, a new ballet, "Quelques Fleurs," inspired by Houbigant's lovely, seductive perfume of that name, now back in stores again after a wartime absence. By the time you read this, there will be a perfume released by the Recitals, Revel's "Perfume Set To Music" album. Revel's former work is well known throughout the world, while this new masterpiece was inspired by the Corday perfume creations, Toujours Moi, Possession, Trigiane, Ft. Fontaine and Marie Nuit. The first thing you know, perfume will be dictating the style of our homes, as it sometimes dictates and influences the trend of our lives.

So take care of that dram, ounce or ounces you buy or come by. Use perfume strategically for the utmost benefit, stop using it on your bottle tightly after each application. If you have a large bottle, do not expose it to strong daylight too long. Be careful in transferring it from...
bottle to applicator. Use a medicine dropper and a perfume funnel which you can now buy. Use and protect your per-
fume with loving care, for perfume is truly a lovely thing, an emotion you cannot afford to squander.

Your Guide To Current Films
Continued from page 15

Burt Lancaster and Edward G. Robinson do "All My Sons" on Screen Guild show.

freight plane. To make matters worse, and to get a little extra cash, co-pilot Eddie Albert rings in a pair of baby talking newlyweds and a thief on the event-
ful trip, too. These, plus a corpse and a live chimpanzee are all that's needed to make the flight zaniest than all git-out. It isn't until the plane is forced down on a remote Oklahoma farm that Jimmy realizes he's in love with Joan, who has been lying about her identity since she first met Jimmy. Then, he learns Joan has been fooling like crazy and it looks as though she's going to lose a potential bridegroom, but, oh well, you know the course of true love never, etc. etc. . . .

Yellow Sky
20th-Century-Fox

A RIP-ROARING Western with Greg-
ory Peck, Anne Baxter and Richard Widmark. Gregory is the leader of a gang of renegades, another of the gun-totin' party being Dan Duryea. After holding up a bank, the sextet escapes the posse
and finds refuge in a ghost town called "Yellow Sky." The only inhabitants around are an old prospector, James Barton, and his granddaughter, Anne. Because the pair have a hidden cache of gold, Andi presents the intruders and pro-
ceeds to take pot-shots at Gregory and he, in turn, roughs her up a little. Naturally, the smell of filthy lucre causes the gang to split and form a coalition against Gregory. He joins forces with
Anne and her grandpappy, thereby ab-
solving his past lawless deeds.

Liberally spiced with raw emotions, unshaven men and unrestrained sex, this is topdrawer Western entertainment.

When My Baby Smiles at Me
20th-Century-Fox (Technicolor)

A n interesting colorful musical about burlesque in the '30s, co-starring Betty Grable and Dan Dailey as the song-and-dance team which gets broken up when Dailey hits the big-time. Dailey goes along being his own sweet irrespon-
sible self until la belle Grable gets fed up and smacks him with a divorce subpoena. Things go from bad to worse until Dailey winds up in the alcoholic ward of Belle-
vue. When he tries a comeback, it isn't until Betty suddenly appears that Dan
becomes his former self and the team of Bonny and Stilp continues as before. One of the many nice things in this is that it brings Jack Oakie back to the screen after much too long an absence.

The Accused
Paramount

A TENSE, well-acted murder drama with Loretta Young as the psycholo-
gy teacher and Robert Cummings as the lawyer and guardian of a young, nervous Casanova who attempts to seduce the teacher. In an effort to fight his pulse, Loretta kills him then
attempts to make the murder appear an accidental death. From then on the fast, high-tensioned pace of how she tries to cover up her crime never slackens. Note-
worthy among the performances is the one turned in by Wendell Corey who plays the detective-lieutenant.

Belle Starr's Daughter
20th-Century-Fox

WITH George Montgomery as the town marshal and Rod Cameron as the hobo who just as soon shoot you as look at you, it doesn't take much im-
agination to figure out that Miss Starr, Ruth Roman, is going to have a devil of a time choosing between the two. It seems bad for George, in the beginning, because Ruth abandoned her mother and uncle when all the time it was that rogue, Rod, who done the foul deed.

Family Honeymoon
Universal-International

IT'S just what the title implies because when Fred MacMurray marries widow Claudette Colbert, a series of unforeseen events happen and the happy couple are forced to take Mme. Colbert's three live-wire offspring on the nuptial jaunt to the Grand Canyon. And if you think that's fun, you've got another thing coming—and I don't mean for the newly-
eds, either. The situations and result-
ing comedy are forced and hackneyed
Mr. MacMurray and Miss Colbert do the best they can with weak material, but even they can't pull this chestnut out of the not-so-hot class.

Let's Live A Little
Eagle Lion

If you think you've got troubles, you
ought to go see what poor Bob Cum-
nings is up against in this very funny little number about a harassed advertis-
ing executive and a female psychiatrist, Hedy Lambarr. She tries to untangle his nerves, but winds up becoming a notch erotic herself. Hedy also finds herself with no mean opposition to the form—and that word is sooo right—of Anna Sten, who is also vying for Bob's affections. It's all very wacky—especially Robert who absent-mindedly shaves off half his moustache, puts his shoes on backward, hears telephones ringing, and takes a dozen showers a day, only he never gets wet.

High Fury

United Artists Release

IT'S a shame that an actress like Madeleine Carroll should appear in a picture as weak and disjointed as this, but she is not alone. Suffering along with her are Ian Hunter and Michael Rennie. Briefly, the story is about a war orphan and how he disrupts an unhappy home. Married to Rennie, a ne'er-do-good, Madeleine is forced to turn over her hotel to him in order that she may keep the boy. Filmed in Switzerland, the picture has seen a pretty beauty and a pretty exciting moment when disaster strikes as Rennie and the lad are mountain-climbing. Aside from that, though, even beautiful vistas don't help this one.

He Walked By Night

Eagle Lion

BASED on a true murder case which happened in Los Angeles, the story develops into a rather interesting whodunit about an electronics genius, Richard Basehart, who turns his talents to crime. There are times, however, when the pace seems to slow down almost to STOP and the dialogue becomes stilted. But the final chase scene in the underground network of sewers, which Los Angeles has, makes up for the majority of technical faults.

Gossip In The Lobby

Continued from page 10

Tourists searching for movie stars, never would have believed it was Jeanne Crain in that public market at Sunset and Laurel. There the little expectant mother was in the vegetable department. She was wearing one of her husband's shirts hanging out loosely over a pair of dungarees. Jeanne looked as glamorous as the string beam she was purchasing. But we've never seen a lovelier or more industrious housewife.

If wishing would make it so, we'd be announcing that Mrs. John Lund (professionally known as "Bertha The Sewing Machine Girl") was working on those tiny garments. Both John and Marie are so stork-minded, that the long-legged bird can't hold out much longer. At least we're the first to tell you that it may happen. That's what Mrs. I. told us and she's the lovely little woman who should know!

David Brian's Hollywood baptism is well on its way. No sooner was he launched as Joan Crawford's leading man in "Plamosa Road," than he read where he was going steady with M'Liss McChure. Next his engagement was announced to Virginia Huston. Neither young lady had even been dated. David has taken out Lucille Safford. And why not? She's the nurse for Joan Crawford's children and it's through her suggesting David that he was tested and signed.

You can't win—i says here! Before Greer Garson made "Julia Misbehaves," she was criticized for playing so many dramatic roles. So she made a hilarious comedy and her accusers couldn't understand how she could be so unindignant. Greer has the right attitude in answer to it all. She just ignores it and goes right on making millions for her company. Her next is "The False Sign," with Errol Flynn, on loanout, playing opposite.

For the past six months Bob Hutton's been in Paris, acting in "Man On The Eiffel Tower," with Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone. Well, it seems Bob is the type those French females really go for. They like clean-cut, unspoiled young Americans and that's our boy! He thought they were pretty, too! But Bob happens to be deeply in love with the beautiful Mrs. Hutton. The female frog-gies didn't stand a chance.

You either had to be dead or out of town, not to be invited to the Arnold Kirkeby (he's a hotel chain magnate) party for Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers. Through the sea of faces we saw Anita Colby seeing Clark Gable (and how!), who saw Iris Bynum, only. And here's the answer to those June Allyson-Dick Powell separation rumors. We danced right next to them and he was singing love songs in her eager ear. It was a party to remember.

A character in a town of characters is Clifton Webb's mother. Everyone calls her Maybelle and she's more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Eighty years old and Webb (as she calls him) is working in "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College." They were at Claudette Colbert's house, when Maybelle suddenly looked at her wristwatch. "Let's go now," Webb, she exclaimed. "You've still got your homework to do."

But that was intentional, but Kathyrn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston certainly selected a strange time for a family quarrel. Johnnie walked out shortly after their baby was born. And while they were estranged, the script arrived for Katie's next MGM movie. So help us, it was titled—"Love In My Heart." At this writing (at least) and we hope forever, the two sweet singers of songs are happily together again.

Scandal In Hollywood! Dane Clark, who's a married man, carried on an outrageous flirtation with a young lady in Chasen's Restaurant. Presumably to use the telephone, she passed his table several times. Each time she smiled and when Dane winked, she'd turn a pretty pink. Finally, back at her own table, Margaret O'Brien turned to her mother and sighed: "Oh dear, I'm all out of nickels. I do hope Mr. Clark won't think I've lost my courage!"

Every press agent in Hollywood tried to pin it on his client, but it was Bob Hope who sent the one word telegram to President Truman when he won out over Thomas E. Dewey. "Wink," answered Bob!

According to Jack Carson, when the nation voted to keep President Harry S. Truman in the White House, it upset all of daughter Margaret's plans. "She was all ready to become the fourth Andrews sister!" cracked the Jack.

Agnes Moorehead is a great actress—with a great sense of humor. Following her brilliant work in "Johnny Belinda," she played Jimmy Stewart's mother in "The Stratton Story." Aggie (who is a little older than Jimmy) didn't mind "aging" for the part. But there was a dog in the picture, named Agnes, too. "We both came running when they called our name," she muses. "Finally, I got them to whistle when it was my turn!"

Lizabath Scott is very cooperative up to a point. The point being Hollywood's habit of publicizing romance, just to get space for a star. In despair, a studio publicity man told her that she should be seen out with others beside her usual nonprofessional escorts. "Okay," acquiesced Lizabath humorously. "From now on you can say I'm that way over—Butch Jenkins!"

Every man to his own taste, we always say. Only in this case, it's a lady. Remember that mammoth-sized "gold tooth" hanging outside Dennis Morgan's dental office in "One Sunday Afternoon?" Well, Dorothy Mikone, who played opposite Dennis, became attached to the tooth. Or maybe it was just a bit of whimsy. Anyway, the tooth now serves as an end table in delightful Dotty's living room! Interior decorators please note.

The studio liked Virginia Mayo's dark hair as the Indian girl in "Colorado Territory," so they decided to keep her a brunette. Then they sent her to England, along with Ronnie Reagan and Patricia Neal, to appear at the Royal Command Performance. "Don't you think I should become a blonde again?" queried the beautiful but modest Mayo. "If I don't, maybe they won't recognize me!" With that pretty pout? Oh, honey!

You'll get more Mature for your money, when you see him stripped in C. B. DeMille's "Samson And Delilah." But poor Vic had to toss off 25 pounds before he could undress photogenically. The day we saw him in the Paramount the mighty strong man was lunching on green salad and dry toast. Vic says he pretends it's roast beef and a baked potato—and that makes it easier!
WOMEN

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Because of its quick, cleansing germ-killing action, Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff, as well as an effective twice-a-day treatment once the condition has started.

For the glory of your hair, for the health of your scalp, make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair-washing. Also, it’s an intelligent routine for your husband and children who are by no means immune to infectious dandruff.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The “Bottle Bacillus”, scientifically known as "P. Ovale", called by many dermatologists a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

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 a new woman, not a girl...so now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

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

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

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is guaranteed not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

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

Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN
**THE FIRST BIG PICTURE OF 1949!**

Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, Brian Donlevy, Charles Bickford, John Hodiak, Edward Arnold

**"Command Decision"**

"KING CLARK GABLE BACK ON THRONE!"

*says Hedda Hopper (noted columnist)*

With such a galaxy of stars it is impossible to pay each the praise he deserves. They join magnificently together to create this stirring story of heroes, cowards, braggarts, fighters, liars, lovers... and what goes on in their hearts!

Kids The Brass Hats! VAN JOHNSON is hard-boiled and wise-cracking in a role that makes you laugh and cheer!

He Carries On! BRIAN DONLEVY as the man who takes the hot-spot of a high command does a fine job!

Flies Fateful Mission! JOHN HODIAK is thrilling as the pilot who achieves his objective... and pays the price!

CRASH LANDING! This is just one of the breath-taking scenes that make "Command Decision" an exciting picture, one of the most talked-about films in years.

THRILLED MILLIONS! As a best-selling book and Reader's Digest fiction feature, the story by William Wister Haines won wide acclaim. Men and women alike were held spellbound by its virile, gripping drama.

*CLARK GABLE*  
WALTER PIDGEON  
VAN JOHNSON  
BRIAN DONLEVY  
CHARLES BICKFORD  
JOHN HODIAK  
EDWARD ARNOLD

"COMMAND DECISION"  
with MARSHALL THOMPSON, RICHARD QUINE, CAMERON MITCHELL, CLINTON SUNDBERG, RAY COLLINS

A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION  
Screen Play by William R. Laidlaw and George Froeschel  
Based on the Play by William Wister Haines  
Directed by SAM WOOD  
Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN  
In Association with GOTTFRIED REINHARDT

An M-G-M Picture
Please lady, listen

Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year. As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

But the "big" news deals with a very tiny product indeed, no longer than your little finger! It is called Tampax and it is worn internally. This principle is well-known to doctors and it has many advantages. Tampax frees you from the tyranny of belts, pins and external pads. It causes no odor or chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. Tampax is only 1/9 the bulk of older kinds and you can shower, tub or swim without removing it!


By
Weston East

Gossip in the Lobby

Betty Hutton with her two daughters, Lindsay Diane and Candice ("Candy").

IT HAPPENED at that new service station owned by Esther Williams.

In addition to cleaning windshields, checking tires and water, MGM's million dollar mermaid also supplies free hot coffee. (Now just how easy can you bet!) One morning a sourpuss drove in for some gas. When his coffee was served, he became indignant. "I never drink coffee without doughnuts," he sneered. Then he drove off in a big, fat huff.

Not satisfied with producing "Johnny Belinda" and other Warner Bros. hits, Jerry Wald has really set a goal for himself. The genial gent has a script and can see only two stars playing the parts. Which two? Roy Rogers and Ingrid Bergman! Nothing less than magic and witchcraft could make this deal possible. With Jerry on the job, we wouldn't be a bit surprised if he performs the miracle.

* * *

Movie queens are now wearing crowns in Hollywood. Hedy Lamarr started the fad when she was late getting to the Ray Milland's cocktail party. For her role in "Samson And Delilah," the Lamarr-velous one wore a miniature crown-shaped hair ornament of pearl. To remove it meant mussing her hair. So Hedy went to the party right from the set and the crown went with her. Her highness never looked

Betty Hutton with her two daughters, Lindsay Diane and Candice ("Candy").

Rudy Vallee, before leaving for East, dines with Mary Ann Nyberg in Mayfair Room.

Van Johnson and Loretta Young, co-stars of "Mother Is A Freshman," share ice cream cones with Director Lloyd Bacon between scenes on 20th Century-Fox set.
They're the Scream-Hearts of 1949!

JOHN LOVES MARY

The story of the ever-lovin' gal who tied her Beau into knots!

WARMER, BROS.
ROMANCIN'
RIOT HAS
THE NATION
IN A ROAR
FROM SHORE TO SHORE!

IT'S THAT STAGE PLAY ON THE SCREEN WITH EVERY HUG AND HOWL THAT PANICKED AMERICA!

STARRING
RONALD REAGAN · JACK CARSON
EDWARD ARNOLD · WAYNE MORRIS · VIRGINIA FIELD
PATRICIA NEAL

AND INTRODUCING

DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER
SCREEN PLAY BY PHOEBE AND HENRY EPHERN · FROM THE HIT STAGE PLAY BY NORMAN KRASNA PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

Screenland
Remember Nestle-Colorinse hair ful could make anything dull, rich, and drooping a delici-ously smart and beautiful color. Delicate-ly scented, it keeps hair fresh and beautiful day after day. Ask for Nestle-Colorinse at all counters.

Shedding real tears in a dramatic scene for "Top O' The Morning" was no problem for Ann Blyth. But when it came time to turn off the torrent, the prop man had to run for his mop! Bing Crosby finally snapped lovely lil' Annie out of it when he cracked: "Come, come girl. Even Hope's pictures aren't that bad!"

Paulette Goddard's dinner date at Romanoff's with Greg Bautzer (Burgess Meredith was still in Europe) was merely a friendly reunion. But how about that conversation??? Naturally, neither knew their voices carried over to the adjoining booth. They just sat there fascinated (and loving it!) listening to pretty Paulette expound on some of her pet theories. What a gal! What a smart one! * * *

Loving their four adopted children the way they do, it was a sacrifice for the Bob Hopes to go to Germany for Christmas. But it was more important to entertain our G. I.'s. Yes, Bob insisted that his beautiful wife be in the act, too. The former Dolores Reed can really sing. Her voice with that fascinating throb is warm and sweet, just as she is. Bob's a lucky guy, in more ways than one.

You know him as the cool, calm and collected Henry Fonda. He was anything but, when he attended the monthly meeting of the Greenwich, Connecticut Parent Teacher's Association. His son is attending school there, while Hank is playing in "Mister Roberts" on Broadway. Well, there were 75 more fond parents present—and not a single father! The room rocked with applause when he walked in. Mr. F. still doesn't remember what came out in that speech he made!

Get a load of Jimmy Stewart. His Hollywood pals have always ribbed him.

William Holden and wife, Brenda Marshall, dining at Beverly-Wilshire.

Sir Laurence (Hamlet) Olivier and wife, Vivien Leigh, after New Zealand tour.

The Danny Kayes in Mayfair Room to see Kay Thompson, Danny's in "Happy Times."

lovelier or more regal in her life. * * *

John Garfield and Jane Wyman look at packed house for Radio Theatre show.
because he's so skinny his clothes look like they were held on with thumb tacks! So what happens? Jimmy's just been named one of the ten best dressed men of the nation. He's having the last laugh now—and Gloria McLean is right in there sharing it with him.

This is a "trade" secret, but we'll let you in on it. When you see Ray Milland (on loanout to 20th Century-Fox) in "It Happens Every Spring," he may look different to you, and there's a good reason. Ray plays a baseball player. Someone decided his grey temples made him look too dignified, so he had to dye them dark. Personally, we like the old way best.

Favorite story of the month: Richard Widmark and Boris Karloff went to the same party but no one introduced them. Finally, movieland's Number One Monster walked over, extended his hand to Richard, and said: "I admire you on the screen very much. I guess you're about the meanest man I know! Next to me!"

Well, we finally lived to see the day when the inimitable Groucho Marx was convicted by someone else. It was for a scene in "It's Only Money." Towering Jane Russell was supposed to walk over and slap Frank Sinatra on the back. When the "blow" struck, Frankie boy's knees almost buckled! Groucho laughed so hard, he almost swallowed his famous cigar!

It happened in Hollywood—again. Bill Shirley was around for years and couldn't get a break. Reluctantly, he finally agreed to dub Mark Stevens' singing voice in "Oh You Beautiful Doll." Bill wasn't very happy about it. There was no screen credit; he wouldn't even be seen. Then Producer Georgie Jessel asked him to sing at a dinner for Darryl F. Zanuck. Bill sang. Mr. Z. listened and immediately signed him up. Bill's dubbing days are over, and how!

Garbo a has been? Don't let Robert Cummings hear you say it! Ever since he announced he was going to make a picture with the great Greta, he hasn't had a peaceful moment. Letters pour in daily, from young fans who have never seen the sensational Swede, requests for photographs, offers to work free if they can just be on the set. Bob finally had to hire an extra secretary. Thus contin-

Gail Russell demonstrates the art of back-scratching on Dennis O'Keefe, with whom she co-stars in the United Artists release, "The Great Dan Patch.

Wild Bill Elliott being nonchalant over Adrian Booth's kiss in "The Last Bandit."
NEW, LONGER LIPSTICK
For the beautifully shaped lips men admire, try softer, smoother Irresistible Lipstick in the new long "make-up-artist" case of mock-gold metal. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer...smoother.

Irresistible lipstick in new mock-gold metal
swivel case.

25¢

At all cosmetic counters

Put a love song in his heart! Tonight, use
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
10¢ and 25¢ sizes

ues the Garbo legend.

Those close to him are really worried about Gregory Peck. No actor in Hollywood has worked as consistently, or as hard. While making "The Great Sinner," for thirteen weeks he was up every morning before dawn. He never got home at night before seven or eight. We join his many friends in hoping he'll insist on a rest.

Here's one for Mr. Ripley. Believe it or not, Paul Lukas searched all over the United States for the "right" dentist. But for a very special reason. Just before he started "I Married A Communist," Paul brought his aging Hungarian mother to this country. She was in need of serious dental work that required great explanation. Rather than chance an interpreter, Paul searched for a dentist who could speak Hungarian. He finally found him in—Cleveland!

Linda Darnell, looking particularly luscious, is a night club entertainer in "Slattery's Hurricane."

Dorothy Lamour having lunch with her mother at the Hollywood Brown Derby.

Colleen Townsend and Ronald Colman on NBC's "Hollywood Star Theatre."

Rory Calhoun and his bride, Lita Baron, in the Mayfair Room. Rory's in "When A Man's A Man."
"I think she's guilty..."

"I'm afraid she's guilty..."

"I know she's guilty..."

"I want the truth!"

A shot was fired behind the closed door! A fatal confession made! Yet, the secret truth lies buried deep in the breast of the lovely victim... together with the bullet that struck her down!

MAUREEN O'HARA · MELVYN DOUGLAS
GLORIA GRAHAME · BILL WILLIAMS

in

A Woman's Secret

with

VICTOR JORY · MARY PHILIPS
JAY C. FLIPPEIN

SCHARY Presentation
Produced by HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ
Directed by NICHOLAS RAY
Screen Play by HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ

Vicki Baum knows women! In this story, based on her best-seller, "Mortgage on Life," she explores the souls of two!

SCREENLAND
By Helen Hendricks

Letter To Three Wives
20th Century-Fox

THIS is a potent drama of how three suburban wives react when they learn that each of their husbands is a potential, and secret, candidate for the attentions of another woman. The picture is unique because you never see "the other woman," but from flashbacks and her voice you gather she's quite the gal. The wives are: Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain and Ann Sothern—the husbands: Kirk Douglas, Jeffrey Lynn and Paul Douglas. While the story is a standout in every way, the qualities which will impress you most are the numerous touches of comedy and the excellent manner in which Paul Douglas, a newcomer to the screen, handles his role of the gruff business tycoon married to Linda.

The plot takes form when the three wives receive a jointly-addressed letter from the unseen siren saying that one of the husbands has run off with her. Because each of the wives has a reason to believe it's her husband, the Mesdames Darnell, Crain and Sothern put in some emotional moments until they learn otherwise. The recalcitrant husband isn't identified until the last scene—and what a scene it is! Strangely enough, the highly romantic honors go to the couple you'd least suspect—and that's what probably makes "Letter To Three Wives" so wonderful.

Enchantment
Goldwyn

HERE'S one of those charmingly different love stories which unfortunately only happen every now and then in the movies. It's about two people in love who, because of misunderstanding, parted and how through their love another couple, a generation later, were brought together. Teresa Wright and David Niven play the lovers who separated years and years ago, and Evelyn Keyes and Farley Granger are the two who are almost guilty of the same mistake—but not quite. It's an enjoyable and tender yarn, but since there are numerous and rather complicated flashbacks, it's advisable that you see this right from the beginning.

Chicken Every Sunday
20th Century-Fox

BASED on the play of the same name which had a fair run on Broadway a few years ago, this film becomes excellent movie fare with Dan Dailey and Celeste Holm in the main roles as the couple who run an Arizona boarding house in the early 1900's. In addition to family problems, such as Dan's inability to stay put in any one business, there are a number of strange but likeable characters who inhabit the boarding house. One of the funnier situations develops out of Celeste's belief that an indelicate romance is going on between two of her boarders. Nostalgic and well done, this is top family entertainment.

Words And Music
(Musical-Technicolor)
MGM

IT SEEMS that no composer's life is safe from the prying eye of John Q. Public anymore, and just to prove as much, MGM has now come up with the semi-biography of the late Larry Hart, known to all as the lyricist of the Rodgers and Hart musical team, Hart, who died an untimely death at the age of 47, is enthusiastically played by Mickey Rooney. And if that isn't enough—just get a load of the cast: Tom Drake, Perry Como, Ann Sothern, June Allyson, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Lena Horne and many, many others. In addition to such star attractions, the picture is jam-packed with sparkling tunes and musical
numbers—so you pay your money, and you can’t miss but get its full worth.

Every Girl Should Be Married

RKO

INTRODUCING a new star, Betsy Drake, this is no doubt one of the most humorous pictures you’ll be seeing this year. The meat of the matter is mainly about the constant war between the sexes and the strategic battle a young, starry-eyed girl puts up to ensnare an eligible bachelor, Cary Grant. A department store employee, Betsy finally finds her "dream man" and on the theory that no holds are barred in husband-hunting, she pursues him like crazy. Her attack is planned with the daring of a general, the guile of a DuBarry and the tenacity of treacle—that plus a few other feminine tricks which eventually have baby-doctor Cary hanging on the ropes.

Further contributions to the general hilarity are capably handled by Diana Lynn, Franchot Tone and Eddie Albert—and one last word: Men should not be permitted to see this!

So Dear To My Heart

(Musical-Technicolor)

Disney

RIGHT at the head of the class is this Disney production based on the story about a boy, Bobby Driscoll, and his pet lamb, Danny—a mischief-maker if ever there was one. The lad dreams that Danny will win the first prize at the county fair, but Danny almost spoils everything by running away and getting Luana Patten lost. However, everything ends happily, but not before Granny, Beulah Bondi, gives the lad some fine homespun talkin’ to, and Burl Ives does a lot of mighty fine singing. Although this is only about 20% cartoon, youngsters and adults will enjoy every minute of it. Incidentally, the late Harry Carey is seen in his last screen stint as the kindly, understanding judge of the county fair.

That Wonderful Urge

20th Century-Fox

A BRIGHT comedy hit about a reporter, Tyrone Power, who trails a society heiress, Gene Tierney, to a ski resort so he can get more material for the series of unflattering articles he’s doing about her. Gene goes for Ty in a big way, but when she discovers he’s a reporter, she counters by telling the newspapers they are married—a falsehood, if there is any doubt. Ty loses his job, and has a very hectic time trying to prove Gene has made up the entire thing to get even with him. There’s a jail scene, a bedroom scene in which Ty roughs up Gene, and a scene where Ty breaks up a party by giving a lurid description of his no-account ancestry. Romance and mayhem—ahem!

The Kissing Bandit

(Musical-Technicolor)

MGM

PLAYING a character known and feared throughout the countryside of old Californ-i-a, Frank Sinatra does a nice workman-like job of showing how not to act if you’re a bandit. Arriving from Boston to take over his father’s inn, Frankie is horrified to learn that his dear departed papa was the notorious "kissing bandit." Not only that, but papa’s loyal followers, especially J. Carrol Naish, expect Frankie to follow in his father’s footsteps. In fact, he’s forced to become the second edition of the bandit. Fortunately, his first victim is the daughter of the governor of California, Kathryn Grayson, and he promptly falls in love with her, and vice versa. They have their troubles, of course—Frankie can’t scale a balcony wall, ride a horse, and never kiss a girl before. It definitely is a light, gay bit of whimsey with a libel
Instantly... 
make YOUR lips 
more thrilling!

New Beautiful Color for Lips 
Can't Rub Off!

Here's the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A ‘lipstick,’ at last, that actually can’t smear—that really won’t rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn’t a lipstick at all. It’s a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And it is so permanent. Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to prevent cream lipstick from smearing, too. Just brush on a coat of Liquid Liptone after lipstick. You’ll love it.

And CHEEKTONES... 

Blemishes in your cheeks 
without rouge? A “miracle” preparation. The effect is absolutely natural and lovely. Lasts all day.

Liquid Liptone

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT Dept. 8103
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, III.

Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. Tax) for each 

Liptone

Medium—Natural true red—very flattering.

Gypsy—Vibrant deep red—reviving.

Regal—Glamorous rich burgundy.

Orchid—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.

English Tint—Inviting coral pink.

Clear (colorless)—Use over lipstick, smearproofs

CHEEKTONES—“Magic” natural color.

Name (print) _______________________________________________________
Address _______________________________________________________________________
City ___________________________________ State _______________________


sprinkling of catchy tunes sung by Kathryn and Frankie.

One Sunday Afternoon
(Musical-Technicolor)
Warner Brothers

WITH Don DeFore, Dennis Morgan, 
Janis Paige and Dorothy Malone in 
the leading roles, this concerns itself with 
the shenanigans and love life of this 
particular foursome. The setting is New 
York, at the turn of the century. In love 
with Janis Paige, a lovely strawberry 
blonde dish, Dennis Morgan is crushed 
and shattered (emotionally, that is) 
when Janis winds up marrying a slick 
character, Don DeFore. However, the 
passing of years show that Dennis wasn’t 
so unfortunate after all, because Janis 
turns out to be one of those nagging 
wives. Costumes, music and color help 
this along considerably.

John Loves Mary
Warner Brothers

A CONTRIVED farce about a re-
turned G.L., Ronald Reagan, who 
gets his love life with his fiance, Patricia 
Neal, complicated by marrying an Eng-
lish girl. It’s a marriage in name only. 
Reagan could think of no other way to 
bring the girl to the United States and 
into the arms of her lost love—his war 
buddy, Jack Carson. It seemed very 
simple at first, but Ronald hadn’t reckoned 
on Jack’s getting married in the mean-
time, and the fact that Ronald’s fiance 
wants to get married immediately doesn’t 
help matters any, either. The situation 
gets more and more complicated when 
Ronald tries to cover up his marriage— 
and frankly, it looks as though he’ll never 
get things set straight. If it wasn’t for 
Wayne Morris’ unwitting solution to the

Below: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney 
do a fast routine in “Words And Music.”

Above: Burt Lancaster with Yvonne De Carlo in the tense drama, “Criss Cross.”
Are you in the know?

Ornery critters—cowlicks. You can neither take 'em or leave 'em. But if you favor a cowlick by parting the hair directly into the center of that stubborn tuft—it behaves! There's another smart plan you can favor, at certain times. That's trying all 3 absorbencies of Kotex—to find the one just right for you. Regular, Junior and Super are designed for different girls, different days. Why not be sure to have a Kotex napkin that's very personally yours?

Each answer is correct. The coat shown has new "back interest!" styling that flatters "glamazons." The new beauty ritual? Neck care! That collar-rubbing means extra scrubbing and softening (with lotion) to save your neck. Back interest in dresses is often a matter of eye-catching trimming, rather than flare. So on "those" days, choose the napkin that prevents telltale outlines! With those special, flat pressed ends of Kotex, you're smooth—from any view!

During a get-together, if a keen dean gets a buzz—don't let your conversation lapse. You may think it's polite, but he'll think you're listening! So keep up the charmin' chatter (tuned low) and spare the buzz boy needless blushes. Embarrassment is always needless, for clever girls—on calendar days. Because with the extra protection of Kotex, "accident" worries say bye-bye—thanks to Kotex' exclusive safety center. Keeps your confidence shatter-proof!

When buying sanitary needs, should you—

- Wait 'til next time
- Buy a new sanitary belt
- Buy 2 sanitary belts

After a bout with the daily grind, you welcome a shower ... a change to fresh togs. Of course! But to make your daintiness complete, on "those" days you'll want a fresh sanitary belt. You'll need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a change.

Remember, the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. You'll find your adjustable Kotex Sanitary Belt slips smoothly; doesn't bind. (It's all-elastic.) So—for extra comfort, choose the new Kotex Sanitary Belt, and buy two—for a change!

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy TWO—by name!
His Fate Is In Your Hands

Patricia Neal, of "The Fountainhead," knows the medieval cuff line adds glamour to hands.

A beautiful wrist is as relaxed as Barbara Bates', whose next film is "Happy Times."

IT IS fascinating to pause for a moment and reflect how much of yourself your hands reveal. They are like the index to a book, a guide to what you may find between the covers. And they reflect you from three angles, from how they look, how you use them and what you create or do with them. As a point of attraction, their influence is often minimized by the owner but not by the observer.

Here, at the ending of Winter, is an ideal time to look at your hands objectively and consider how you can center a great force of attraction in them. For the daily wear and tear tell now in skin texture and condition of nails.

Basically, your hands, like your hair, skin and eyes, reflect good health and spirits, or the lack of them. So to make you look prettier all over and to make you feel alert and sparkling, there is nothing like giving your diet the once-over. Fresh fruit and fruit juices, salads and the green and yellow vegetables, plus milk, are the most satisfying means to those extra vitamins that you undoubtedly need just now. Another point that the girls usually need a checkup on is water. Women drink far less than men, and a winter-dehydrated system needs moisture. Add to this list sufficient sleep, fresh air and exercise, and you are ready for the more glamourous aspects of lovely hands. These come from bottles and jars, are silky to the touch, sweet to the smell.

Hand lotions and creams, pretty and sweet-scented, are old familiars to you.
but their consistent use, at regular intervals that suit your daily routine, is the thing that shows in soft, smooth skin, not the sporadic thorough use today and not a touch for another week. Cream or lotion is a matter of taste for both have the same ultimate purpose. So keep your favorites literally at hand. Bathroom, kitchen and desk drawer are the strategic places for most of us. Their use preceding a task is just as important as their use following a hand washing, and one fine lotion is specifically designed for this "before" use. By use before a task, you protect. By use after, you correct. Two other thoughts that keep hand beauty up to par are towel moulding of cuticle whenever you dry your hands and the using-up on hands of any face cream left on your palms after the facial ritual. The towel moulding is an old, old beauty secret, popular long before the days of "Gone With The Wind," and is simply a gentle pushing back of cuticle with a towel as you dry your hands. Drying the hands thoroughly prevents much roughness and chapping, especially when they are immediately exposed to wind or cold.

Correct manicure procedure is pretty well known, but here are pertinent reminders.

Avoid shaping nails too closely at sides. Leave a very tiny fraction of white here. This gives the center of the nail, the portion that takes the bumps, a little leverage and decreases a tendency to break.

Always apply polish upward from cuticle in long, sweeping strokes. If you mess up nail, use your remover and start all over again.

Two coats of polish look prettier and wear longer than one. The second should be applied after the first is dry. A clear finishing coat is further beauty insurance.

Keep your nail shape in harmony with your hand shape and with the tasks your hands perform. The "leisure" nails may be longer than those of the busy bee.

If the happy prospect of an engagement diamond is before you, consider the shape of your hand in relation to the style of ring you want. Avoid too many rings. Good fashion dictates one or none before you're engaged, and after, the engagement ring replacing the one that may have been worn before, then in this order, wedding ring, engagement ring and perhaps later a guard ring.

If you punctuate your conversation with hand gestures, then it would be better to tie them behind you until you learn to make words and tone express yourself completely. There is nothing quite so disturbing as the girls whose

(Please turn to page 71)
Bob “Family Man” Hope

Bob HOPE, next to be seen in “Sorrowful Jones,” is such a busy guy that people frequently forget he even has a family. Not Bob, however. Every time he wangles a day off for himself, he heads for his home in North Hollywood to spend it with his wife, Dolores, and their four kids, Linda, 9, Tony, 8, and Nora and Kelly, who are both three. Bob and Dolores first met on Broadway and have been married for sixteen years.

Dolores, Tony, Linda and Bob, along with the family dog and cat, pose for a portrait. Bob has lots of energy, but he has to step to keep up with Linda and Tony.

Dolores used to sing in musical comedies, but now harmonizes only with Bob.

With the little ones, Nora and Kelly, tucked away in bed, Bob and Dolores and the two older children settle down to a quiet evening, watching television programs.

Bob and Dolores with their youngsters in the garden of their beautiful home. Bob loves his home and family: wishes he had more free time to spend with them.

Once an amateur slugger, Bob likes to teach Tony how to take care of himself.
Producer David O. Selznick, his star, Jennifer Jones, and his two sons, Jeffrey and Daniel, entering Pan Pacific Auditorium. Jennifer is now in "Rough Sketch."

Bob Crosby visits his brother Bing in his dressing room at Paramount during the making of "Top O' The Morning." It's their first photograph together in 16 years.

Paul Douglas dining with his ex-wife, Virginia Field. "Letter To Three Wives" has made him one of the best bets in films.

Ann Miller with Philip Reed at Ohrbach cocktail party. She's in "Kissing Bandit."

Ann Blyth and Roddy McDowall in the Mayfair Room of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel.
The stars themselves like to discuss what's going on in their town just as much as you do

By Lynn Bowers

NIGHT life in Hollywood has taken an up-swing of late, due mainly to the fact that the boys who operate those spots have wised up and offered some really super entertainment in return for the $$$$$$$ the customers part with on their nights away from home and fireside.

I reckon the plushest opening the town has seen in years was at the new Mayfair Room of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, when the fabulous Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers took over the room specially whipped up for them. All the celebs in town were working angles to get tables in the greenish-pinkish-grayish room. Some of the luckier ones—Clark Gable, Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs, Petey Lawford, Nora Flynn, Merle Oberon, Greg Bautzer, The Van Johnsons, Shirley Temple and John Agar, Claudette Colbert and Jack Pressman, the Jack Bennys, and even seldom-seen people like

Danny Thomas, MGM comedian, greets Frank Sinatra and his wife, Nancy, at Mocambo. Frank's now starring in "Take Me Out To The Ball Game."
Clark Gable and Van Johnson exchange hearty hellos at the Mocambo. Clark was with the popular Iris Bynum. Van was with his wife, Evie.

Clark and Van are among the stars in the all-male cast of "Command Decision," MGM picture. Van's also in 20th's "Mother Is A Freshman."

Ronnie and Benita Colman, the Fred Astaires and the Randy Scotts, to name a few dozen. Kay and the boys are drawing bigger than when they set Hollywood back on its heels at Ciro's last year—partly because more people can get into the Mayfair Room, also as a result of their act hitting the big time in New York.

Just as popular with the locals who make a part-time career of smoking out entertainment was Florence Desmond's stay at the famous Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel. Desie is, in a way, England's answer to our having sent so many of our stars to London's Palladium. And a mighty good answer she is, too. When she does her uncanny impressions of Claudette Colbert, Tallulah Bankhead, Betty Hutton, Marlene Dietrich, Bette Davis and Hildegarde you'd bet your life you were seeing those gals themselves instead of the deft and talented Desie.

Morton Downey brought Hollywood to Ciro's in flocks and coveys to hear his enchanting ballads. Joan Bennett, the Irish thrush's ex-sister-in-law, came to hear him several times. Closing night Joan Crawford, with Charles Feldman, did a jitterbug routine and also sang a number, much (Please turn to page 53)

Horace Schmidlapp, former husband of the late Carole Landis, amusing Helen Walker, of "My Dear Secretary," at the Mocambo.

Bob Hope and his wife having dinner at La Rue's. He's just finished "Easy Does It," with Rhonda Fleming, at Paramount.

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Bob Hope and his wife having dinner at La Rue's. He's just finished "Easy Does It," with Rhonda Fleming, at Paramount.
Joan Crawford, starring in the Warner Brothers picture, "Flamingo Road"
Like Working With

BING CROSBY

Rhonda Fleming, his leading lady in "A Connecticut Yankee," gives all the details

By Maude Cheatham

As the romantic heroine who shares honors with Bing Crosby in his new film, "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court," Rhonda Fleming won the acting plum of the season.

"I was always hoping for my big break," said Rhonda, "So you can imagine how excited I was when I learned I was being considered for the glamorous Alisande in this medieval drama. A Crosby picture, very elaborate and all done up in Technicolor—all this seemed the height of my dreams.

"Finally, I was given a series of tests. But nothing happened. Weeks and weeks dragged by. I kept hearing that dozens of other girls were being interviewed, and that sixteen had been tested, so I about gave up hope. Perhaps this was too good to be true.

"Then one morning, Paramount studio sent word that Bing wanted to make a personal test with me. I was thrilled and all my enthusiasm burst into flame. I had a cold, my eyes looked terrible and my voice was throaty, but I urged myself on, knowing the moment of decision regarding my chances was here at last.

"I had never before met Bing. But he was wonderful. He has the happy faculty for creating a friendly atmosphere and his merry conversation banished all strain and put me at ease. When they planted a tired-looking blonde wig on my head, which lowered my forehead, I almost lost my nerve. I was certain my minutes were numbered. But Bing merely exclaimed, "What happened to your hair? I thought it was reddish. Never mind, we'll attend to that later.'

"We went into our test without a script, just ad libbing. The joke was on me for I thought this was some kind of a rehearsal. I was completely relaxed and we kidded and chatted about this and that, going on and on with silly nothings. Imagine my dismay when I discovered all this had been recorded, that it was an important sound test!"

Without doubt, Rhonda's ready response to his comedy pleased Bing—she's quick on the trigger and has a lively sense of (Please turn to page 50)

Says Rhonda, "I had never before met Bing . . . his merry conversation banished all strain and put me at ease . . . Bing takes his acting seriously and expects everyone else to do so . . . he always appears easy and natural on the screen because he's mastered each and every detail."
So You Want To Act?

Gregory Peck, whose hobby is the theatre, gives pointers for Little Theatre groups

By Marcia Howard

CRosby loves horses. Astaire loves horses. Bogart loves boats and Gable loves cars. Everybody has a hobby.


Gregory Peck has a hobby—the theatre. He has a collection—the bruises inflicted by his determination to bring a living theatre to La Jolla and eventually to Beverly Hills.

Ever since The Actors Company was formed by Gregory Peck, Mel Ferrer, Jennifer Jones, Dorothy McGuire and Joe Cotten, Greg has been receiving cartons of fan mail from ambitious thespians everywhere wanting to know how to start a Little Theatre Group in their particular community.

The concern of most of the writers seems to be with the mechanics of costuming and securing the rights to a current Broadway hit. Says Greg, "This is like trying to pick apples before the tree has been planted. Practically no one seems to realize that the first thing a theatrical group must have before it is a theatrical group, professional or amateur, is an audience."

A painter may paint a picture, whereupon he is an artist whether anyone ever admits it or not, because he has created a tangible thing. A writer may scribble a book, and he becomes a writer whether the book is ever published or not, because he has created four or five pounds of visible copy. Even a seven-day bicycle rider, when separated from (Please turn to page 38)
Evelyn Keyes and Glenn Ford, currently being starred in Columbia's "Mr. Soft Touch"
Cobina Wright’s Gossip of

NO MATTER how lamb-like the departure of March may be, there is no doubt that the month is coming in like a social lion.

Hollywood hostesses are planning parties, both indoors and out, and guests have ample chance to use both formal dress and casual clothes for the coming social events of the month.

During recent weeks, however, stars have been jumping the gun, for outdoor parties and new spots like Palm Desert and Apple Valley have been getting as big a play as the more established resorts, Palm Springs, Del-Mar and Arrowhead Springs.

Apple Valley, for example, is a new ranch resort just beyond Victorville, California, where so many stars, just to get away from it all, have ranches for rest and relaxation.

The popular new Apple Valley Inn is a luxurious retreat where your film favorites can find modern comfort combined with rugged Western pleasures. Only last month the Zachary Scotts, David Niven, Audrey Totter, Cesar Romero, Barbara Bates and her husband, all went up to Apple Valley for a very special party.

The "special" part of the junket was that several of them had found out that this was where Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield, who were just married, were spending their honeymoon. Zachary and David Niven persuaded the others to drive up into the mountains and give the newly married pair an old-fashioned "Chivaree." With bells clanging and horns tooting they did just that, so that while the French star and her handsome husband, who is a Hal Wallis discovery, took it all in good fun, before the weekend was over they began to wish they had simply checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel!

One of the things which particularly delighted the movie crowd about this rustic spot was the fact that while there were telephones installed in all the luxurious bungalows—none of them were connected. Due to the telephone bottle-
neck which has seriously effected rapidly expanding Los Angeles county, the Inn’s management had to hit on another communication plan. Instead, they installed pigeons!

Outside of each bungalow there is a pigeon cage and every time you want room service, you simply release a carrier pigeon which has your bungalow number and your written order attached to its leg.

As soon as the bird reaches the main cote at the Inn, (Please turn to page 69)
DURING the Oklahoma oil boom in "Tulsa," Susan Hayward builds an oil empire through luck and sheer grit. But she sacrifices the love of Robert Preston in the process as well as her own sense of integrity. Only after a fire razes the oil fields, does Susan come to her senses, reunite with Bob.

Pedro Armendariz, an old friend, is ruined by Susan in her craving for wealth and power.

Susan Hayward rests between scenes on the set of "Tulsa."

In "Tulsa," an Eagle Lion film, Susan Hayward is transformed by greed from a beautiful straight-shooter into a ruthless vixen.

Oil from their first gusher covers Susan and Bob in this tense scene from "Tulsa."

Robert Preston is disillusioned in Susan Hayward, who he first thought was nearly perfect.
Angela Lansbury, MGM star, now appearing in "Samson And Delilah," for Paramount
DAUGHTER of a minister in “Baltimore Escapade,” Shirley Temple is quite a pepper-pot, especially for a young girl, vintage 1905. She’s a rabid suffragette and budding artist who’s expelled from school for demanding to paint from nude models. While her parents defend Shirley, her conduct jeopardizes her father’s career. The climax comes when she paints a picture (right) of her beau, John Agar, as a scantily-clad Spirit Of Labor whose face is plainly recognizable. Eventually, however, Shirley is vindicated. Below: Robert Young, as the minister, endures the trombone playing of his son, Johnny Sands. Bottom Left: A scene with a disapproving church vestryman, Albert Sharpe. Center: Shirley as a modern heroine. Bottom Right: Shirley prom-trots with Charlie Smith when John Agar escorts her rival, Carol Brannon.
LADD'S IN THE WEST...
IN TWO-GUN TECHNICOLOR!

Here's a LADD you've always dreamed about—quiet, gentle-like—but the most feared man on the wild frontier! Afraid of nothing but the woman who loved him.

Filmed on a scale to rival the never-to-be-forgotten "Union Pacific"!

ALAN LADD
ROBERT PRESTON • BRENDA MARSHALL
DONALD CRISP

in
"Whispering SMITH"

Color by TECHNICOLOR

A Paramount Picture with
WILLIAM DEMAREST
Fay Holden • Murvyn Vye • Frank Faylen
Associate Producer Mel Epstein • Directed by Leslie Fenton
Screenplay by Frank Butler and Karl Kamb • Based on the Novel by Frank H. Spearman
Greed keynotes Republic's "Wake Of The Red Witch," a brutally exotic tale of adventure in the South Seas. An unscrupulous trader, devoid of fear or conscience, Capt. John Wayne's lust destroys him despite his love for Gail Russell, who's a gently-bred French girl.

Adele Mara's hypnotic Balinese dance, after a moonlight swim in "Wake Of The Red Witch," provides one of the most provocative scenes in the picture. She plays Teleia, half-Dutch daughter of a native chief, who falls in love with Capt. Wayne of the Red Witch.

Director Ludwig takes Adele Mara's robe before she's doused with water for a scene in which she's supposed to have just bathed.

John Wayne and Adele Mara relax after a highly emotional scene in "Wake Of The Red Witch" over cups of soothing ice cream.
Lay Off Teenagers!

Especially when Barbara Bel Geddes, who still looks like one herself, is around

By Louis Reid

"DIZZY! Reckless! Loud! Stubborn! Rebellious! Ungrateful! Heedless! These are some of the adjectives plucked from the cupboard and hurled at teenagers. Too bad the people doing the hurling can't remember their own youth."

Thus, Barbara Bel Geddes, with that same forthright, attractive eagerness she brings to the screen, came to the defense of the girls and boys between the ages of 13 and 20.

Miss B. G. is convincing in her role of champion because at the age of 26 she could easily pass for a 17-year-old bobby-soxer, even without the sox or the loafers. She admits that 17 is precariously young. But there is a challenging look about her, in the tilt of her chin and in her persistently frank eyes even though they almost close when she laughs. She has the manner of one who observes the life about her from a firm and sure approach, of one inherently incapable of flouncing about the screen—or stage—as a dizzy ingénue.

Yet you have the impression she is acutely aware of not knowing all the answers—even about teenagers.

"I have a keen admiration for teenagers," she told me at the Hotel Plaza during a brief interlude between pictures (spent mostly at the latest Broadway plays). "Teenagers resent authority, but accept it as a necessary evil. They don't believe in being (Please turn to page 63)"
work
and
play


Below: Dana Andrews, with British stars Christine Norden and Robert Donat, at the Film Charities Ball in London, while making "The Affairs Of Adelaide" abroad.

Below: At the Film Charities Ball which was held at Albert Hall, Dana Andrews has a serious talk with Jean Simmons and Shirley Maycock, two J. Arthur Rank stars.

It was a happy day for co-stars Maureen O'Hara and Dana Andrews when 20th Century-Fox decided to film "The Affairs Of Adelaide," on location in England. For Maureen, it meant the chance to visit her family and old home in Ireland again; for Dana, it provided an opportunity to do some sightseeing around the British Isles. Work, in this instance, was play to the jubilant stars.

Left: While on location for "The Affairs Of Adelaide," Maureen attended the Film Charities Ball in London with her brother, Charlie Fitzsimmons, Director Jean Negulesco and his wife, Dusty Anderson, and Bill Neff. Below: Wardrobe repairs before a scene in "The Affairs Of Adelaide." In the picture, Maureen is a sheltered English girl who marries an impoverished artist, Dana Andrews. When he dies she falls in love with a man who resembles him strongly (actually Dana in the second half of a dual role), but because the poverty of her previous marriage haunts her, their love travels a rocky road of dissension before it finally leads them to the altar.
Dynamite With Dimples!

Kirk Douglas's potent personality hits you with the impact of a load of T.N.T.

By Fredda Dudley

YOU first saw Kirk Douglas as Barbara Stanwyck's neurotic, alcoholic husband in "The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers." Next, you probably saw him in "I Walk Alone" with Burt Lancaster and Elizabeth Scott, then in "Out Of The Past" with Robert Mitchum. In "Mourning Becomes Electra," Kirk enacted the role of Rosalind Russell's young lover. "Walls Of Jericho" opposite Linda Darnell and "My Dear Secretary" with Laraine Day added to his spiraling reputation, while his current role of the fighter in "The Champion" will definitely establish him as one of the most resourceful and talented of ascendant stars.

What is Kirk Douglas really like? If one were to play the old game of "Categories," he would be pigeon-holed in this way: if he were an animal, he would be a wire-haired terrier; if he were an element, he would be a whirlwind; a mineral—quicksilver; a flower—Johnny-

Kirk Douglas, more popular than ever, co-stars with Laraine Day in "My Dear Secretary." jump-up; a color—sea blue and wheat gold; music—a Rachmaninoff Prelude filled with crashing bass chords and a swift running melody bright with laughter.

He's dynamite—with dimples.

Statistically, Kirk was born in Amsterdam, New York, the only boy in a family boasting six daughters. He decided to be an actor when, as an impressionable first grader, he and his classmates were introduced to charades. By the time Kirk had completed four years of high school, his dramatic prowess had developed to the point of winning him the lead in the senior play, "The Goose Hangs High." Instead of going on to college at once, Kirk took a (Please turn to page 61)


Diana Lynn, recently wed, has pointed opinions on marriage and girls who should avoid it

By Dorothy O'Leary

PERT, dimpled Diana Lynn made quite an entrance as she came into The Players for lunch that day. Heads turned as one to look at her, not merely because she was a pretty, well-known actress; patrons of Preston Sturges' eatery on Sunset Strip are accustomed to seeing the like. Nor not just because she looked especially smart that day in a fetching dressmaker suit with a saucy bonnet tied under her chin. It was her left arm, encased in a plaster cast and held in a dark scarf sling, that attracted special attention.

Stories had been in the columns about Diana's breaking her arm—by slipping in the bathtub, of all things—but people are curious, even in Hollywood. Or should we say, especially in Hollywood.

It was quite logical, then, after Diana had acknowledged waves from acquaintances and had ordered her eggs Benedict, that we should talk about silly accidents and the great number that happen right in one's home. Obviously, Diana had been reading those statistics since her unfortunate accident in the tub.

Below: Diana Lynn and Betsy Drake in "Every Girl Should Be Married," RKO film. However, Diana doesn't really agree with the title.
"But those figures aren't nearly so alarming as some others I read the other day," she commented in that commandingly quiet voice of hers. "Did you read the news story quoting a recent estimate that one out of every three marriages performed in 1948 will end in divorce? Not just in Los Angeles County, but the entire nation? That's a frightening thought. What's happened to us?"

"Well, perhaps too many people get married," we challenged, being deliberately facetious. "Since you're now appearing in that RKO picture with Cary Grant called 'Every Girl Should Be Married,' do you honestly believe that every girl should?"

"Perhaps not," Diana answered. For almost a moment she said nothing, nor did we, for she was obviously giving more than passing attention to the idea.

"You know, we actors are put on a spot. Just because we are actors we shouldn't be oracles, quoted as authorities. Our opinions on everything from dogs to domestic relations get into print and sometimes they sound presumptuous. This is an example. How can I generalize on whether every girl should get married? My opinion is based solely on personal observation; I'm not, after all, a marriage counselor."

Diana took time out for a one-handed bite of lunch—very agile, too—and then went on.

"For a full life, I feel every girl should, but I also suspect that some women don't have the makings of successful wives. And some girls marry too soon, when it would be much smarter for them to remain single for a while until they matured emotionally and approached marriage with a proper perspective.

"The other day when I was shopping I couldn't help overhearing the conversation of two other girls in the store," Diana recalled. (Please turn to page 65)
What Friendship Means To Me

By Pat O'Brien

MY FIRST great friendship was with my dad. He taught me how to play marbles; how to throw a baseball; how to fight, if I had to fight, clean. He taught me it is important to have immaculate linen and to keep your nails clean. He taught me that it's better to be kind than to be king. He made me learn how many stars and stripes there are in the American flag and how they got there.

My dad taught me about friendship. He taught me that friendship is something you can never buy or bribe; that it happens to you “like the sun shines on you,” but when it does happen, you meet it more than halfway, or else—

He taught me that everything he taught me would be no good, “Unless you say your morning and evening prayers.”

My dad was an orphan. Maybe that's what brought him closer, remembering his own meagre childhood, to what another great friend of mine, the late Jim- my Walker, called, “The little guy in the bleachers.”

That's a book I'm going to write some- day—a book about my dad and what a lot of guy he (Please turn to page 66)
BOBBY DRISCOLL pleads so winningly that his grandmother, Beulah Bondi, finally permits him to adopt a little black lamb rejected by its mother in "So Dear To My Heart." Bobby names the lamb, Danny, and immediately begins to plan wonderful things for his pet, which include exhibiting him at the county fair. He meets with a lot of enormous obstacles, but encouraged by his playmate, Luana Patten, and by Uncle Hiram, the village blacksmith, (Burl Ives), he finally overcomes them all. Granny takes him and Luana and Danny to the Fair, where Danny receives a special award from the judges.
By William Lynch Vallee

When the General M. B. Stewart—a Southampton-bound troopship—sailed out of New York harbor, recently, its customary military cargo also included none other than the double-glamorous Ella Raines . . .

And though its principal cargo naturally will be welcome on the other side, nothing aboard will receive a more heartfelt greeting than the Handle With Care Raines, Wt. 100 lbs., Keep Right Side Up—a greeting to be delivered in person by Major Robin F. Olds, a jet pilot stationed in England and also the husband of the ravishing Use No Hooks package.

“Travis Banton made me a whole slew of new clothes,” Ella told us in the, quote, privacy, unquote, of 21, amidst the clatter of lunch and prior to her trip, “which I’d planned on wearing aboard the Queen Elizabeth, but . . . .”

The but had to do with a dock strike and the necessity for Ella to travel via troopship—a military wife’s right—and thus making life brighter for the armed personnel also aboard the war-barge. Not to mention that Air Force major who was in England, due to the exchange system.

“Robin,” said Ella, “has found us a country house in a place called Selsy Hill, 40 miles out of London. He wrote that it had six bedrooms, a greenhouse and lots of land—and I’m looking forward to a lazy, happy life there.

“For the last six years,” she went on after waving to (Please turn to page 73)
When you read of the great happiness Ella Raines has found in her marriage to Major Robin Olds, you understand why she's shelving her career to join him at his post in England.

Ella and her Major husband have been in the dog raising business since their golden-colored cocker spaniel, Bunny, had a litter of nine pups a year ago. The Oldses are now trying to breed pure white cockers. Ella intends to stay with her husband in England until his tour of duty is completed. Meanwhile her career must wait. "I've worked and slaved for the past six years. I need a rest," declares Ella.
After plugging to finish their new Warners picture, "Two Guys And A Girl," Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan headed for Jack's ranch for a day's relaxation, riding and just loafing.

Left: The young bandits holding up the boys are their own sons, Jimmy Morgan and John Carson. Above: Six-year-old Jimmy and Dennis were crazy about Jack's ranch. It nestles among the hills of San Fernando Valley, has many of the luxuries of an estate as well as the needs of a working ranch.
Above: Proud fathers and their offspring. Jack and Dennis are ardent sportsmen and are training their sons to like sports, too.

Above: Hey, Zeke, look at them dudes pose! Looks like a busman's holiday. Below: The four tired ranchers finally repaired to the feedbags for some welcome vittles. It would be hard to tell whether Jack and Dennis or the kids had the better time.

Left: The kids took a swim and played with Jack's Boxers before lunch. Above: Jack, now in "John Loves Mary," and son John, 7, are excellent riders.
Here's a wardrobe that will appeal to all women, for it combines comfort with sophistication and allure.

Clothes That Are Comfortable can also be smart and alluring. And that is one reason Loretta Young enjoyed the wardrobe she wore in "Mother Is A Freshman." As a sophisticated and too extravagant mother in the story, Loretta goes to college with her daughter to live on an endowment until her next check comes in. Now daughter doesn't want mother to look ridiculous so she insists that she dress like a co-ed instead of a high-styled Colony Club habitue. So, for her first campus appearance, mother wears daughter's skirt, stole and sweater. As she walks along, each wolf-whistle makes her more and more pleased that anything as comfortable as a wool skirt and a sweater can cause a mild sensation.

The Whistles Were Real when the company went on location to the campus of the University of Nevada. Loretta, in smart school clothes, caused half the student body to be late for class. When they saw her working before the camera in her red velveteen dress, they didn't bother to go to class.

It Often Surprises women of high fashion to discover that comfortable, casual clothes can also be sexy and chic. Loretta Young felt so comfortable in these clothes that she bought everything for her personal wardrobe. She said the easy-to-wear college clothes were perfect for her active life with her youngsters.

There Was No Problem in making a co-ed out of Loretta Young. With her figure and the way she wears clothes ... coupled with her own good taste ... she (Please turn to page 71)
Kay Nelson's Fashion Flashes

Kay Nelson, designer of Loretta Young's fetching wardrobe in 20th's "Mother Is A Freshman."

This gay costume has sleeveless jacket and skirt of red velveteen with grey, red and black striped jersey blouse.

Casual comfort is the keynote of this costume. Skirt and stole are of blue, green, red and yellow plaid. Blouse is gold wool jersey.

This steel grey shantung suit with Kelly green blouse is chic and youthful. White gloves and grey accessories complete outfit.

There's a feeling of Spring in this burnt orange silk shantung dress designed by Kay Nelson for Loretta in "Mother Is A Freshman."
THE Beverly-Wilshire Hotel hung out the S.R.O. sign when Kay Thompson and the Four Williams Brothers opened there on their return to Hollywood where they first skyrocketed to fame a year ago. The exclusive new Mayfair Room of the hotel was jammed with the most outstanding film personalities who applauded and called for encores from Kay and the boys just as enthusiastically as any balcony fan at the local Bijou. Above: The Fred Astaires, who rarely venture forth to Hollywood night spots, at the Beverly-Wilshire with Randolph Scott. "The Barkleys Of Broadway" is Fred's next. Left: Merle Oberon, decked out in her famous emeralds, enjoying Kay Thompson's routine with Greg Bautzer. He played host to a group of friends and had the table loaded with orchids. Below Left: In serious discussion prior to the opening are Shirley Temple and John Agar, currently co-starring on the screen in "Baltimore Escapade." Below: Arlene Dahl's the beautiful attraction for Harry Cushing at the Beverly-Wilshire.
Wide-eyed over all the other celebrities at Kay Thompson’s opening, are Jane Withers and her husband, Producer Bill Moss.

A Mayfair Room threesome are Rock Hudson and Dorothy Malone, now appearing in “One Sunday Afternoon” with Dennis Morgan.

Nora Eddington Flynn, Peter Lawford, newlyweds Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron at opening.

Dining at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, Claudette Colbert is flanked by Van Johnson (smile for the lady!) and Charles Vidor.

Karin Booth accompanied Noreen Nash and her husband, Dr. Lee Siegel, to debut of Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers.
Above and Left: As a well-known pediatrician, Dr. Madison Brown is much more interested in his work than in love and marriage. But as Anabel Simms, salesgirl, Betsy Drake is much more interested in love and marriage than in her work. Marrying the doctor becomes her aim in life.

IT'S seldom an actress is given so auspicious a screen debut as Betsy Drake in "Every Girl Should Be Married," a film which boasts of Cary Grant, the man who made it all possible for Betsy. He met her on a ship heading for the United States from England where Betsy had won acclaim for her spirited portrayal in "Deep Are The Roots." Impressed, Cary told her to look him up in Hollywood. His was more than a professional interest, so when she arrived Cary seriously set to work getting her in pictures, primarily because he believed her a "find," secondly because he was genuinely fond of Betsy. When Dore Schary and David O. Selznick readily agreed she was a "find," Cary promptly put her in his own picture, "Every Girl Should Be Married." Not only that, he had her role so built up that it turned out to be even more important than his own. Luckily, Betsy was not one to let Cary down. She proved more than equal to the unusual opportunity, being as talented and beguiling a young actress as Hollywood has seen. She plays the role of Anabel Simms, salesgirl, who decides "Every Girl Should Be Married" and that Dr. Madison Brown, pediatrician, played by Cary Grant, is the man she will marry. Getting him to agree is another matter and many amusing and hilarious events occur before he finally does. Betsy, of course, has Cary to thank for her unbelievable "break," but Cary has Betsy to thank for a superlative picture.

When the doctor goes a'shopping, Anabel, at first, thinks the booties are for his own children. Her hopes of marriage sag.

It takes time, patience and perseverance, but Anabel gets her man. She's the most refreshing new screen personality in ages.
HYA Doc, S'March on the clock, Get those feet out of lock And let's start to rock!

LOW wind, and break your cheeks! 'Cause this is the unreliable month of the year that opens the door like a big cat and cuts out like a wooly little devil. But it makes no never mind 'cause along with the wind and rain in your hair, there's a fine mess of sound for that little listening appendage just underneath. All you've got to do is set the needle in the first of those finely cut black grooves and roll!

HEAVENLY!

Kay Kyser: Wow! That geyser by Mr. Kyser is still spurtin'! First "Slow Boat To You-Know-Where," and now "Say It Isn't So"—Irving Berlin's great standard which is caressed subtly and lovingly by the Campus Kids with one of the chicks doing a violin-like obbligato, Otto, in the background. Georgia Carroll's boy knocks out a lecture on the ways and means of those whom Dr. Kinsey has not dealt with as yet—on the back—which proves they've been that way "Ever Since Eve." (Columbia)

Vaughn Monroe: Out comes the clothespin and Vaughnie boy wraps those muscular vocal cords around a brace from Frankie's pix "Kissing Bandit"—"If I Steal And Kiss" and "What's Wrong With Me." The Moon Maids don't answer that leading question but go along for the spin. Vaughnie flies a wonderful plane. You should see how beautifully he lands! (Victor)

Fred Robbins with Mickey Rooney at the Clique, Fred's own Broadway night club.

King Cole Trio: The glesome threesome have been trying for a sequel to "Nature Boy," but those things happen once in oodles on cookies. "That's A Natural Fact" is in the same slot, the—bulging with philosophy which Nat does with a telling touch. Gives you a lump in your larynx for no extra charge. Flip is a novelty bounce 'bout "Flo And Joe," with a little rumba beat and a spot of nice sent by Nat. (Capitol)

Buddy Clark: A few years ago a gal named Nancy Nolan used to sing "It's A Big Wide, Wonderful World" in a cocktail lounge in New York. She was a fixture there for many years and thousands of her fans were haunted by this beautiful hunk of fluff. No one else sang it anywhere—but as it must—great songs break through and find their way to the throats of singers who are heard by millions. Well—congrats to Buddy for latchin' on to this one 'cause the whole 48 provinces'll be getting it off their mass chest once they dig this waffle. Song has a lift and melody that getcha like the witches got Macbeth! Back is "The Song Of Long Ago"—a sentimental slab by the baritone lark. (Columbia)

Bing Crosby: The owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates goes into Spring training with the Ken Darby singers and it looks like a couple of home runs! "Far Away Places" and "Tura Talara Tala." First reminds of Bing's "Now Is The Hour"
and “Tara” is a lullaby like “Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ra” and they weren’t exactly hard to dispose of. Looks like the team should have a good season! (Decca)

**Perry Como:** Some sumptuous and scrumptious wax from this kid’s Manhasset, Long Island neighbor—he plays good Ping Pong, too. This was the moment the record ban was over in December and Ronnie’s Daddy trims your ears beautifully with “Far Away Places” and “Melancholy Minstrel.” When he hoists up those tonsils—m-m-m-m! (Victor)

**Buddy Rich:** The most versatile and personable of all bandleaders warms his tonsils on “Baby, Baby All The Time,” which he did first and then everyone else followed—Tommy Dorsey, Frankie Laine, Nat Cole, etc. Flip finds the full- sum Rich band on “Ready To Go Steady”—Buddy tired of having a ball and sick and tired of it all and ready to settle down. Great showman and our next really big name band! (Mercury)

**Jo Stafford:** More material all wool and a mile wide from Cinderella G. Stump. The beauty from “Love Life”—“Here I’ll Stay”—most satiny, and “Congratulations,” plus a return to Red Ingle’s Natural Seven and the zenith of zaniness on “The Prisoner Of Love’s Song”—in the crazy groove of “Tim-tay-shun.” Jo’s with Tex Williams and his Western Caravan, pardner, on the back of this fancy piece of cactus and they’re a comin’ on with the “Traveling Salesman Polka”—’bout this hippy now salesman that stopped at a farmhouse—see. And er—uh—well—you better dig the cookie! (Capitol)

**Gordon MacRae:** Voici the impeccable larynx of my man Gordie with 2 more aces right down the fairway. They’re oldies—and how he beams ’em—“Ramonat” and “Do You Ever Think Of Me.” Fore! He’s just as good on the golf course, too. And dig him on his Ameri- can Railroads show—wasn’t so long ago we were on the “Teentimers” club together and now Gordie’s on his way to becoming one of Warner Bros. biggest stars! Couldn’t happen to a nicer ex-NBC pageboy either! (Capitol)

**Fran Warren:** Oh dip me in a barrel of Jergens Lotion and let me soften to death! Here is a great new star!! We were at her first record date after the ban—her first record on her own—after leaving the Claude Thornhill band—and there’s only one name for Fran—“The Voice With The Bedroom Look.” She sings with so much feeling and emotion, many other canaries could take notice. Ole, What’s the chic has! And it comes out on her premiere Vic-torecord and leaves you breathless! There’s “What’s My Name,” a haunting, plaintive beauty written by Bob Wells, who did the “Xmas Song” and Dave Saxon, his new partner, and which will for cert become a standard. Cole Porter’s baby from “Kiss Me Kate” is on the back—“Why Don’t You Behave”—and it’s a knockout! How that kid writes! And how that Fran Warren sings! An ocean of emotion! Here’s to a brilliant new star! (Victor)

**Also Earnworthy:** ELLA FITZGERALD’S “In My Dreams” and “To Make A Mistake Is Human”—proving the greatest jazz singer is also the most commercial. Would she be sensational on the Hit Parade! (Decca) . . . TONY PASTOR’S “The Clowner Social”—cutie’ bout local 909 of the National Brotherhood of Progressive Pots, Pans and Boilemakers. (Columbia) . . . FRANK SINATRA AND PEARL BAILEY on “A Little Learnin’ Is A Dangerous Thing”—two sides of relaxed nonsense wrapped in a lazy blues, with Frank and my girl Pearl ad libbing all over the place. (Columbia) . . . KAY STARR’S “So Tired”—with the zestful little chestful soft and relaxed on Russ Morgan’s hit—and “Steady Daddy”—wherein all stops are opened and barrel- house fills the house! Wow! What vigor and beat! (Capitol) . . . JIMMY DORSEY’S “At Sundown” a smooth-jumpin’ pancake and “Angela Mia,” with Bob Carroll carolin’ on the back. (MGM) . . . JIMMY DURANTE’S mountainous conglomeration about “The State Of Arkansas” and “Dollar A Year Man,” riotous rib-expanding material by a masterful clown! . . . RONNIE DEAVILLE’S “Here I’ll Stay”—warm and suedy. (Mercury) . . . PEGGY LEE’S “Hold Me,” loaded with oomph and languor and pasted on the other side of “Then I’ll Be Happy,” which’ll have you sizzlin’ and fizzin’. (Capitol) . . . SADIE WOHLFART’S “Blue and White” is a reprise of careless sound, “I Only Have Eyes For You,” and “Deep Purple.” (Capitol) . . . DAVE ROSE’S “Serenade In Blue” and “Deep Purple”—both like peaches and cream. (MGM) . . . CLAUDE THORNHILL’S great album of piano solo—and it’s about time! The Cloud has bass, drums and guitar backing him on “Lady Of The Evening,” “Someday I’ll Find You,” “Love Takes,” “Memory Of An Island,” “That Old Feeling,” “How Am I To Know,” “When You Were A Tulip” and Dave Saxon, his new partner, and which intelligence, invention and that incredible Thornhill taste. And I’m not just whis- tin’ “Four Leaf Clover,” (Columbia) . . . TEX BENEKE’S “Bye Bye Blues”—slow instrumental that makes a soothing ear massage. (Victor) . . . TOMMY DORSEY’S “If You Can Never Shake Love,” written by Joe Bushkin and Johnny DeVries—and right in the TD groove—leaps lightly—and “You Know What The Trouble Is Baby”—Lucy Ann Polk glistening radiantly on the vocal. Sings that! (Victor) . . . THE PUSSY CAT SONG” by Bob Crosby and Patti Andrews but only once or twice. By now it’s coming out of your ears! (Decca)

**HOT!!**

**Woody Herman:** Get out of the way! Here comes that stampeding Herman Herd covering everything in sight on “The Goof And I,” with Stan Getz spotted on tenor and Don Lamond on drums. This gang never stops and has a drive like the Cadillac’s fourth speaker! Bill Harris blows his own composition, “Everywhere,” on the flip—moody trombone that is the point of departure for new horizons. (Columbia)

**Duke Ellington:** The elegance of Ellingtonia pouring sibilant sounds in your ear! What could be nicer than “Sultry Serenade” loaded with all the polished harmonies of the Duke! Johnny Hodges wrings beautiful things out of the alto that’s on trombone. Light and polite and great Ellington! Al Hibbler sings words to one of Duke’s most memorable themes on the back—“Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me,” made originally as an instrumental with Duke and Williams. Then, as he has to so many of his tunes, E.K.E. puts lyrics to it and it becomes a whole new thing! (Columbia)

**Dizzy Gillespie:** Well as I live and hop! Here’s one of Dizzy’s earliest cook-
BEST IN THE NEST

“Say It Isn’t So”—Kay Kyser (Columbia)

“I’ve Got My Love To Keep Me Warm”—Les Brown (Columbia)

“I’m Forever Blowing Bubbles”—Charley Ventura (National)

“Steady Daddy”—Kay Starr (Columbia)

“It’s A Big Wide Wonderful World”—Buddy Clark (Columbia)

“What’s My Name”—Fran Warren (Victor)

“That’s A Natural Fact”—Nat Cole (Capitol)

“The Goof And I”—Woody Herman (Columbia)

“Foot-Cat Rush In”—Billy Eckstine (MGM)

“Everywhere”—Woody Herman (Columbia)

ies and one of his best, to boot! I mean bop! He does unbelievably gorgeous things to “I Can’t Get Started,” very slow and with oodles of ideas. This is the one to play for the new listener to bop. The bopside is “Good Bait” in medium tempo and I guarantee you bop! Catchy melody, good beat and danceable—and another primer for the new bop fan. Do Byas is featured on tenor and the whole opus ripples and bops. (Columbia)

ALSO GROOVY: Lionel Hampton’s Decca-cookie of “How High The Moon” with five cats from the band doing great relaxed things to the deal. Hamp’s fugue on vibes with Milton Buckner on piano is luxurious! Hamp shares the grooves with Herbie Fields on clarinet on the other cheek, “Ribs And Hot Sauce” . . . The Art Van Damme Quintette on “I Know That You Know,” and “The Man I Love”—bright, sparkling stuff by a five that musters lots of luster! (Capitol) . . . Victor’s fresh Be-Bop album of Modern Jazz with such outstanding bopists as Red Callender, bass, Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet, Coleman Hawkins and Lucky Thompson, tenors, Benny Carter, alto, Dodo Marmarosa, piano, etc., etc., more greats than you can shake a flattened ninth at. All the bop styles are in the album and Dizzy’s “Cubano Be” and “Cubano Bop” are the most exciting slabs, showing what happens when African and Cuban vocal and percussion effects are blended with jazz orchestral sounds. This sheaf’ll have you bopside! (Victor P-226) . . . And James Moody, erstwhile tenor with Dizzy’s band, has some bop on which you’ll pop your top on the Blue Note label—“Tropicana” and “The Fuller-Bop Man”—(Walter Fuller wrote ‘em—therefore the title). . .

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

ELEANA POWERS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Art Lund’s real name is London—he used to sing with Benny Goodman, box and play football—and you can share a likeness c/o MGM Rec-

o... MARY MONTGOMERY, EAST BRADY, PA.—You’re a little behind times, The Boswell sisters have not made records for years. What you hear are reissues of their oldies. Connie is the only active kid and they’re all married. Madeleine Carroll is breaking it up on Broadway in “Goodbye, My Fancy.” JOHN JACKLIN, LINCOLNSHIRE, ENGLAND—Nice hearing from you all the way over there. Bob Eberly is recording on his own for Decca now and Helen O’Connell is all married up but makes a few records for independent labels after the ones she bakes for hubby . . . Jimmy Dorsey’s never been able to capture the same feeling as when Bob and Helen were yellin’ . . .

QUINN, MALDEN, MASS.—Suggest you write to Decca for Tony Martin’s waxing of “Flamingo.” Sheen out of print a long time . . . LAURENCE BEYER, MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS—Georgia Gibbs grooved a few things with Artie’s band—Shaw that is—under the name of Freda Gibson—which she later changed to G. Gibbs. Dig the Victor catalogue . . . Lemme know what’s buggin’ you and we’ll try and answer. Till next month—take it slow . . .

Address letters to Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND, 44 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 21

But Hollywood isn’t the only town that’s jumped! The Palm Springs season is in full swing again and everyone lucky enough to get away is there. Jimmy Davis, the ex-Governor of Louisiana, bought one of the desert hot spots, The Stables, and is running it himself. He’s, I hear, the only hillbilly bandleader who holds a master’s degree in psychology. Which may or may not have anything to do with the popularity of his new club. Opening night, Barbara Stanwyck, all gussied up in her snfry, and Davis led the square dance with Bob Stack, Don and Marion DeFore, and the Dan Duras following right in their tracks.

There are lots of other new spots opening up on the desert—among them Apple Valley which is a few miles thataway from Palm Springs, or to be exact, out of Victorville. Apple Valley is a real peachy spot which I’ll tell you more about later on account of it’s just barely opened and we’ve only had a sneak peek at it.

John Payne and Gloria De Haven, who make up and separate faster’n you can say pff, are, or were when this was written, back together again, with a big announcement to the press that they felt their reconciliation might influence other young couples with matrimonial difficulties to do the same. We hope they stick together this time, not only for their own and their children’s happiness but because we’re darn tired of having to report the various rumors.

Most everyone in town’s happy over little Diana Lynn’s marriage to the attractive young architect, John Lindsay, with the possible exception of some of the boys who have been mooning over the cute gal for years. Things look mighty bright for Diana both romantically speaking and career-wise.

Bing Crosby, on location at 20th Century-Fox for Paramount’s “Top O’ The
morning." (Fox has an Irish street on the back lot) caused so much excitement by lunching in the studio commissary that none of the home-team actors got any attention from the lunch gang. But it didn’t matter because they were all busy gaping at Bing themselves, that Crosby’s one boy who doesn’t enjoy the spotlight and avoids it whenever he can. But even he has to eat.

The stork buzzed Hollywood a couple of times again—at the James Masons’ and the Don Taylors’. The Masons named their daughter after Fred Allen’s wife, Portland. And the sea-going stork is in to drop another package, a Stirling Hayden’s boat in six months, which means the Hayden kids will be just about a year apart.

Which reminds us that Dick Haymes’ wife, before the separation, was a-tellin’ the “She Wore A Yellow Ribbon” gang that she’d like to make a picture, have a baby, make a picture, have a baby. Alternate, that is. Some bright character quipped at her that it was a good thing she didn’t make several pictures a year.

Esther Williams opened her new gas station with much fanfare and searchlights and this was one occasion when she could have used a bathing suit. She was so excited that when she dispensed gas to the customers she spilled more on herself than she got in the tanks!

Bette Davis has moved out of her Butternut farm in New England for good and has placed it up for sale. She had all her beautiful antiques and furniture shipped west and is having a hassle getting them all in her house at Laguna. She says, “California, I love you,” and adds that her young daughter, Barbara, is brown as a coffee bean from the Winter sunshine.

When Jane Russell finally gave in and parted with her long, flowing hairdo she liked the new cut so well that she bundled her stand-in, Carmae Neasbit, off, protesting, to the barber for the same treatment. Carmen said it could have been worse if Jane had decided to become a blonde.

You can expect some kind of excitement in Hollywood now that Maria Montez is back from Paris. The gal always manages to stir up a small or large cyclone. Near the picture she made for Seymour Nebenzahl, now called “The Siren Of Atlantis,” is considerably improved since Mr. N. re-shot about half the picture at a cost of considerably over a million bucks—this in face of the economy wave in the picture biz. He’s a brave man.

The party Louella Parsons gave, as a combined farewell to Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon who were leaving to live in England and a welcome-home to Dorothy Wanner and John Haskell on their return from Europe, was a hummer, Roz Russell, looking her chic self in a jazzy black dress and hat, was telling about doing over her small guest house, over the garage, which Cary Grant occupied for months. She’s combining it with a large playroom. If Cary had lived in my guest house I wouldn’t dream of doing it over, ever.

Anyway, the party was real keen, with a huge tent so people could spread out and have elbow room. So what did they do? They all crowded into Louella’s playroom, then suddenly for no reason at all, everyone decided the tent was the place to be and, bingo, all of ‘em moved out there and crowded in. Our chum, Florence Desmond, was worried about meeting Claudette Colbert, afraid she wouldn’t approve of the imitation Deise was doing of her. Claudette, approved.

Had a lot of laughs with Bill Howard, Dotty Lamour’s husband. He’s one of the cutest guys in this town. Dottie was a-tellin’ us about how happy she is to be going to London for a couple weeks at the Palladium come June. Frankie Sinatra’s another one who’ll be entertaining the Britishers there.

Deanna Durbin was at Miss P’s party, looking prettier than we’ve seen her in a long time. Maybe it’s because she’s excited about doing a picture in Italy. Anyway, she took her daughter, Jessica, up to the snow at Lake Arrowhead before taking off for furin parts.

Don’t look for Ty Power to be home, with or without a wife, for quite a spell. Ty loves the life in Italy and might possibly do “The Black Rose” after “Prince Of Foxes.” Then, he writes pals, he’ll have a three-month vacation for himself before he returns to Hollywood. Well, okay, but we miss his handsome face around town.

In case you care, Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan are now sojournin in Switzerland where they are doing a lot of skiing. Rita has met Aly’s sons and soon she’ll meet his father, the Aga Khan, who they both hope will put his seal of approval on their romance.

John Beul, who is a fine actor, got tired of waiting around for his career to pick up so he got together with a lot of talented people in Hollywood. He has opened an Actors Hobby Market on Vine Street where members of the stage and screen can bring their handiwork to display and sell. Paintings, knitted stuff, pottery (well, okay, then—ceramics), dozens of different kinds of art objects made by such people as Joan Crawford, Linda Darnell, Dick Cromwell, Richard Carlson and seads of others. The joint is mobbed all the time, not only by tourists, but also by celebs themselves who come in to pick up gifts. It’s a real keen idea.

Ran into that amusing gal, Betty MacDonald, who authored “The Egg And I” and, more recently, “The Plague And I,” when she was visiting Universal-International. In spite of her no-love for chicken on the hoof she’s bought a chicken ranch which she emphatically says she will not run personally. Also had a talk with the cute young guy U. S. signed as Jimmy Curtis. His name has been changed to Anthony Curtis. Tony’s mad about Hollywood and says he’s really livin’, even though he’s doing it on a small salary. He lives with a married couple, doesn’t drink, has three changes of clothes and two pairs of shoes. Right now Tony’s riding the bus to work, but hopes to save enough for a jailopy before too long. He’s a nice kid and verra handsome. You’ll see him first in “Amboy Dukes.”

Also spotted Steve McNally, the villain of “Johnny Belinda,” lunching at a nearby table. Steve is preparing his role with Barbara Stanwyck in “Gambling Lady.” Steve and his wife are expecting the fifth addition to their family soon.

Lots of nice people are getting back into the picture biz where they belong: Skeets Gallagher has a fat part in Republic’s “Duke Of Chicago,” Jane Wyatt grabbed off the lead opposite Gary Cooper in “Task Force,” to mention a couple of ’em. And it’s good to know Rita Johnson is getting over that awful accident.

Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray just before a Screen Guild Players broadcast. Despite their expressions, the play they did was a comedy.
She had and may be well enough to accept a picture soon.

Around town: June Allyson and Dick Powell looking awfully happy at La Rue—Bob Mitchum and his wife, the Dan Dai-leys, and newlyweds Ken Murray and Betty Lou Wagstaff and many others. There are a group of paintings by movie actors displayed at the Lodge—among them those of Ruth Hussey, Bill Eythe, Hurd Hatfield, and young John Derek. Very interesting.

Derek, by the way, has been put into important parts in “All The King’s Men” and “The Hero” without having been seen on the screen. His first role was in “Knock On Any Door.” He should be a good-looking young guy, I might add.

Stopped by for a short chat with one of my favorite people, Ginger Rogers, the other afternoon. She was rest ing up from the millions of dance routines she and Fred Astaire do in “The Barkleys Of Broadway.” She allowed as soon as the picture wound up she and Jack were heading for their Oregon ranch again. Ginger looked cute as all get out in a pair of navy slacks, a coral turtleneck pullover, under a navy cardigan.

I think it’s pretty wonderful of the Hollywood personalities to go out on hospital tours. I’ve heard more reports on the good they’ve done just by visiting with the veterans who are fighting to regain their health. Betty Hutton returned from a swing around several states and was really thrilled and touched by the reception these lonely guys gave her. Coleen Townsend and Lon McCallister also made a tour, as did Jennifer Jones and many others. Unfortunately, several stars have begged off going, which is kinda lousy, if you ask me.

Vic Mature got a half day off during shooting of “Sons And Daughters,” shed his long locks and leopard-skin costume and headed for the television shop he just opened. Sold four sets during the afternoon, too, by gum. Mobbe he would have sold more if he’d left his trick get-up on. Hmmm.

Burt Lancaster’s been a great hit on the road with his act. In it he does a rib on his killer roles, imitates Crosby and Sinatra, plays Romeo, and shows his muscles on the parallel bars. Few people around this town know that Burt broke the act in at Ken Murray’s “Blackouts,” without publicity or fanfare. He then took off for Chicago, New York and Philadelphia.

Ray Milland, used to buying nothing but small boy clothes, took his new daughter (adopted) out to one of the smarter shops for a new outfit. Victoria emerged in a blue velvet dress with matching hair bows, and patent Mary Jane slippers, tres chic. Danny Milland, Vickie’s older brother, bolstered like mad when his parents whipped up a lovely bedroom for the little girl, complained that she should bunk in the other twin bed in his room. Temporarily, that’s the arrangement.

If anybody’s worried about whatever Phil Terry’s (he’s Joan Crawford’s ex) been doing the last few years, here’s the latest dope. He bought himself an old inn up in Northern California and is running it himself as a hotel.

Edmund Gwenn, if anybody should happen to ask him, is awfully glad Christmas is over. Coming down from San Francisco on the Daylight (that is a train, son), he was besieged and bothered by all the kids on the train who insisted on telling him what they wanted on the big day. I don’t think it’s necessary to explain that he was Santa Claus, in “Miracle On 34th Street,” but I will, just in case.

Leave us not kid ourselves—the romance between Lew Ayres and Jane Wyman looks a bit on the serious side at this point. Also, George Sanders ain’t kidding about his love for the glamour gal, Zaza Gabor, inasmuch as he hung a beautiful emerald-diamond engagement ring, reported to cost the trifling sum of thirty-five thousand bucks, on the finger of his lady’s hand. Doubtless, even the elusive Mr. S. would stop to think a bit before backing out on this deal.

Ida Lupino initiated her new fireplace at home and it resulted in a choked-up feeling and a very red face for the girl. Seems she’d decided to enlarge the inside workings of the infernal thing herself and succeeded in blocking the chimney so well that the neighboring fire department was called out to quench the cloud of smoke which poured out into the Lupino Young living room. From now on, Ida’s sticking to acting and leaving architecture to them as knows what it’s all about.

Loretta Young’s husband, Tom Lewis, did an unscheduled and innocent stretch in a prison not long ago. Seems he was returning from a hunting trip, got fooled up in a fog, made a forced landing on what he thought was an emergency air strip and found himself in stir on the grounds of the State Penitentiary at Lancaster, California. When the guards shut off all the bells which were set off when Tom landed, they verified his identification and freed him take off again in clear weather.

Met that very charming young man, Farley Granger, very informally one evening and had a nice chat with him. He was about to start “Roseanna McCoy” for Sam Goldwyn and was pretty excited about the script. I think this 23-year-old lad is going to be one of the hottest parcels a studio ever owned, for sheer good, unconventional handsomeness and acting charm. He shore is interested in Pat Neal, the young gal who is the female lead in “The Fountainhead” and now in England making “The Hasty Heart” with Ronnie Reagan.

Ronnie, by the way, has sworn the oath demanded of all men who wear Scottish kilts, in or out of pictures, not to reveal tribal—if anything—a Scotsman wears under the short skirts.

Hollywood was somewhat startled when the young gal, June Fulton, winner of the South African beauty contest sponsored by Universal-International, arrived from Johannesburg with a six-months-old lion cub tucked under her arm. Donald O’Connor, who was the judge of the contest, didn’t know at the time he picked her to come to Hollywood that she was a lover of wild life. Neither did the hotel where the young lady parked herself, pet and luggage, suspect they were going to harbor wild animals. They gave the beauty queen six hours to get the varmint out of the joint. It is now halfway residing at a pet farm.

Douglas Fairbanks and his wife are back in Hollywood after a four-months stay in Europe. Doug and Mary Lee flew back on separate planes from England—they never travel together in the air in case of accident. Doug is feeling much better since he had a somewhat hectic rest over there.
humor that clicks with his tempo every time.

Even though she considers this the high spot in her career, it wasn't all glamour. It was work, hard work, and she ran into various hazards. For some years she has seriously studied voice, concentrating on the classical, but when she began rehearsing for her two songs in "A Connecticut Yankee," a solo musical comedy with Bing, she found they demanded an entirely new style of singing from her. This meant a complete reversal of all her previous training as to tonal quality, timing and word emphasis. She was terrified. However, Victor Young, the musical director, was so delighted when she started singing for her cold gave her voice the husky, throaty quality he wanted. Now she's convinced that singing popular numbers and giving them the rhythmical punch that makes them stand out so forcefully, is a talent in itself. She likes it and is intent mastering the magic technique.

"Then there was the dance episode," explained Rhonda, "While singing my solo, I gave a couple of whirs as I decorated a table with flowers and this suggested to Bing that here was a good spot for a little dance routine. I had studied ballet, tap and ballroom dancing, but had more or less pushed this aside when I went into my singing cycle. Whatever I do I go at it with such a vengeance that I can't divide my allegiance and accomplish much. So a dance routine meant a lot of intensive work. Bing and I decided to do a period dance, as required by the script, and this meant several hours of practice. And don't think that dancing in elaborate costumes is easy, for the yards and yards of floating materials must be skillfully handled or somebody gets tripped up. I had to do some experimenting to avoid this, but I loved every minute of it.

"The rich costumes—and oh, the colors are breathtaking, along with the picturesque settings and the musical score composed by Johnny Burke and James Van Heusen, all combine to create a romantic world for this gay drama. It's set away back in 325 A.D. Then there is a modern prologue, also, an epilogue that takes place around 1905—the Gibson girl era, which permits some enchantingly feminine frocks."

This is the third time the famous "Connecticut Yankee" has been filmed. In 1921, it was a silent offering. In 1931, it starred Will Rogers, and in both versions, they skipped the phonograph emphasis of the comedy. In this lavish production, radiant in Technicolor, the original Mark Twain story has been closely followed and the romance is given prominence.

The set of a Crosby picture is always funny. Rhonda gaily took up her script and said, "For the opening scene, 'How old are you, Pal?' He's an expert in delivering amusing asides, and he ad lib as the camera stops, adding hilarious and irrelevant dialogue that keeps everybody in a happy humor. He likes to have people around and there are always groups of friends watching every move and waiting eagerly to talk with anybody—but not about himself. And how cleverly he can side-step this!

"Yes, it was fun. But all the nonsense stopped when a scene was called. Bing takes his acting seriously and instantly snaps to attention, and he expects everyone to do so. He's a perfectionist. He always appears easy and natural on the screen because he has mastered each and every detail. The lines in this comedy are highly amusing. He got every shade of humor out of them. It looks easy, but he works over each word of dialogue, every bit of action until he gets the exact interpretation he thinks is right. Then he goes into a scene and tosses them off in that casual manner that has become distinctly his own. No one can adequately imitate Bing Crosby. He's the screen's individual.

"One director, Ted Chammett, was wonderful. He helped me over some rough spots. Always cheerful and considerate, and if he had a criticism or a suggestion, he quietly talked it all over. This avoided any confusion or nervous reaction, which I appreciated."

Rhonda was up every morning at six and at the studio at seven, for it required two full hours to have her hair arranged, be made up and get into the complicated costumes—she had nine elaborate changes, all designed to illustrate the period of King Arthur. Too, there was the session with the corsets, which were very high but not too stiff. Her own long bob was lengthened with a "three-quarter fall" which the hairdresser curled each night to keep it matched with her own natural curls. Rhonda says she thanks her lucky stars that she didn't live in those ancient days which might have been romantic, but not long on comfort. Rhonda became a bit serious. "Everything about this picture was perfect. There was a thrill every day as I learned something new. For instance, Bing never wasted energy in rehearsal and so he came to a scene fresh and with his imagination alive. He was always punctual. Too, he was always perfect in his lines and luckily for me, I'm something of a whiz at memorizing. He was very considerate with everyone, and gave me every break, photographically."

"Bing's role is so imaginative he was given a bag limit and was always adding some new whimsies. As for me, I had to play mine—sweet. But I had my moments."

Rhonda was born in Los Angeles. Her mother, who came from Mormon stock, was an actress before her marriage, and as Effie Graham, appeared in many New York shows. Her father, an eccentric theatrical producer in Salt Lake City, gave Maude Adams her first role as a small child. And her great-grandmother crossed the plains with Brigham Young to settle in Utah.

It was at the age of five, as an angel in a Kindergarten pageant, that Rhonda made her first public appearance. A 16 mm film of this event includes a close-up of the tiny girl whose happy grin reveals a gap where two teeth should have been.

At fifteen, she was offered a film contract, but her mother thought she was too young. Realizing, however, what was inevitably before her daughter, she enrolled her in a dramatic school and intensified the singing and dancing lessons. Rhonda admits she had no burning ambitions and never once thought of becoming a movie star, though sometimes she dreamed of starting the world as a great singer.

Evidently, it was the mother who cherished the ambitions, but she wisely never mentioned them nor urged a career. From her daughter's childhood she had been teaching her to read dialogue and to appreciate the value of words, how to walk and stand and meet people. And because the girl adored her pretty mother, she accepted this training as a game, little realizing she was building the foundation for a bright career.

Her chief interests at this time were sports. She captained the basket and volley ball teams at the Beverly Hills High School, was a member of a championship bowling team, and excelled at swimming and tennis.

It was Henry Willson who became her chief promoter. He had seen her several times, then one night he glimpsed her in Ken Murray's "Blackouts," and decided she had film qualifications. Being an executive of the Selznick studios, he took Rhonda to see Mr. Selznick. She was so nervous during the interview that she was sure she had ruined her chances. Then as Mr. Willson walked to the studio gate with her he was hailed by a message from Mr. Selznick, saying, "Never mind the test. Sign her." And she was signed.

Rhonda believes she's been especially fortunate in her directors. During that agonizing moment before she first faced the camera in "Spellbound," and completely awed by the importance of ap-
ONE NEGLECT THAT CAN BE STRONGER THAN LOVE...

Chains of intimate physical neglect can bind wives away from husband's love...

Too often... too frightfully often... the romance and tenderness of married love is shattered on one sad neglect.

This neglect makes a wife unsure of her feminine daintiness... slowly but surely succeeds in causing trouble between her husband and herself.

For too many wives are guilty of this neglect... fail to practice the complete, effective feminine hygiene that assures dainty allure. Yet all they need do is take regular vaginal douches with a scientifically correct preparation such as "Lysol." So easy a way for a wife to banish this unsomeness... which may stand in the way of normal, happy love!

Germs destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, proved power to kill germ-life on contact... truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" acts in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda never can.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

Three times as many women use "Lysol" for intimate feminine hygiene as any other liquid preparation! No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness... keep you desirable!

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on...

"Lysol"

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by reputable gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehman & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

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S-494 Colb., 1949 by Lehman & Fink Products Corp.

Screenland 57
ONE good way to shake off the doldrums of Winter is to brighten up your whole person and personality. Clear, soft skin, shining hair, bright lips, a romantic perfume, are just a few cues to Spring.

For a clear, clean line, Irresistible presents its excellent lipstick formula in a new form, Professional Lipstick. It's long enough to give an artist-brush stroke and comes in five Spring fashion colors, for but $0.39.*

The new Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion is as fragrant as ever but is now pink and in a finger-grip, slip-proof bottle. In sizes from $0.10* to $0.79*, here is your solution for soft, lovable hands and "comfortable," smooth body skin.

Luxuria Cleansing Cream, by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, is more than a cleansing cream; it's a kind of all-in-one for that dew-on-the-rose effect we crave at this season. In sizes from $1* to $3.50*, here is your facial Spring tonic!

She shall have perfume wherever she goes with Weil's Evettes, dainty ampules that you crush in your fingers. The fragrance is Cobra, and twelve applications are $1.50*. This is an ideal way to make perfume a part of your personality.

There are many heads that thrive on a pure Castile shampoo, which in this case means Conti. It's a thorough cleanser and leaves your hair with that immanence that is beauty, itself, plus lustre and silky texture. In sizes at $0.43 to $0.79, it's a good Springtime beauty tip.

C. M.

So You Want To Act?

Continued from page 26

his vehicle, has muscles to prove his trade.

But an actor, according to Gregory Peck, is not an actor until he has an audience. Acting, the commodity in which a thespian deals, is the transformation of a thought or an emotion from the actor to an audience. This electric message is brought into being only when there is an audience—unless, of course, one is seventeen and is satisfied with what goes on between one's mirror and oneself.

So, Gregory observes with a grin, the first concern of a group wishing to form a Little Theatre must be attracting a guaranteed audience.

Two committees should be formed; one to attend to business details, and one to attend to artistic problems.

The business committee, according to the experience of the units with which Greg worked in his beginning days, should get in touch with the city's service clubs, such as Rotary International, Lions, Kiwans, or some of the fraternal organizations. Such groups are always civic-minded and are usually planning a benefit of some kind, so are glad to support a dramatic project if they have confidence in the people in that dramatic association.

Greg says, "Once a sponsor is secured to distribute the tickets and to divide the profits, the Group's next problem is to secure a suitable theatre. In La Jolla, we were fortunate enough to secure the use of the high school auditorium."

There are several things to consider when selecting the place in which a series of plays are to be produced. First, the acoustics should be good. No audience can be lured back week after week if most of the playtime is taken up by half the audience whispering to the other half, "What did he say?"

Next, the committee should check the accessibility and number of fire escapes, as well as the availability of parking space. If a theatre satisfies the three major requirements of proper acoustics, reasonable safety, and reasonable parking facilities, it is to be hoped that further favors will be added in the form of adequate space backstage in which to move props and flies, and that there will be at least two large dressing rooms.

The latter two items are luxuries, of course, and not to be taken too seriously. Shakespearean casts have dressed in piano boxes, and grand opera stars on tour have slapped on makeup in tele-
phone booths.

The next problem—within the province of the artistic committee—is selecting a play ... with only one set, if this is humanly possible. The committee should write to one of three play publishers: Samuel French, Inc., Century Plays, or Drake Play Publishing Company, all of New York City, New York, and should ask for a play catalogue.

These catalogues detail each play published as to synopsis, number and sex of cast, royalty to be paid, and the number and type of sets needed.

Greg has found that “unfortunately, the great preponderance of theatrical aspirants are girls. About ten girls to one man is the usual turnout. However, once a group gets well started, more and more men will be attracted.”

Once the play is selected and rehearsals are started, the business committee should check the list of required properties, then make a list of probable sources. A smart business manager will borrow everything necessary for a successful play—for this reason it is likely that some of the greatest actors are swallowed up in the guise of business managers.

While the business managers are extolling the play and representing to furniture manufacturers the extent of goods which will plus advertising benefit to be derived from loaning the play company two lounges, four floor lamps, a rug, three occasional tables, etc., etc., the cast will be going down into the valley of the shadow to pull a play out of the pages of a bloodless script.

And oh, the things that will happen. Take, for instance, the harrowing experiences of Gregory Peck this Summer.

The Actors Company played for nine weeks at La Jolla, presenting nine plays during that time. Each play was rehearsed one week in advance; this created a situation in which, also for a successful play—for this reason it is likely that some of the greatest actors are swallowed up in the guise of business managers. The footlights never cooled!

Magnificent Jane Cowl was secured to do a part in “The First Mrs. Fraser,” and was well into rehearsal when calamina fever, from being transported from her hotel to the theatre in the Peck station wagon (Greg was not driving), and fell out as the car rounded a curve, making a three-point landing, backward.

She arose from the highway with the dignity of a queen, and ordered the horrified station wagon driver and the other passengers not to touch her. Fortunately the community hospital was only two short blocks away. Miss Cowl walked that distance—a little unsteadily, of course—but with the determination and durability of a pocket battleaxe.

At the hospital she told the admittance nurse, “I am Jane Cowl, and I have been injured by accident.”

Extensive tests indicated that she had sustained a concussion of the brain.

This posed a serious problem, both for Miss Cowl and for Messrs. Peck and Ferrer, who were faced with the need to replace an irreplaceable artist. An understudy was trained amid havoc and chaos, but on opening night Miss Cowl arose from her hospital bed, disregarding the orders of her doctor, and went through the play in the tradition of the undaunted trumper.

The audience, sensing a theatrical Great Moment, gave her three solid minutes of welcoming applause upon her entering line, and rewarded her further with fourteen curtain calls. They adored her.

All Little Theatre Groups get ambitious; Greg and his associates were no exception to this rule. They were determined to give their audiences Jennifer Jones in a role of her own selection. When she and her mentor, David O. Selznick, decided upon “Serena Blandish,” the Actors Company gulped, but gamely agreed.

Their one-set-per-play policy promptly sustained a compound fracture because “Serena Blandish” is an English melodrama requiring six sets, one of them a London bus top!

Furthermore, because Jennifer’s “live audience” experience consisted mainly of some Eastern Little Theatre performances and a few audience-present radio shows, she was terribly on edge at thought of all those white balloons of curious faces floating beyond the footlights. She wanted three weeks of rehearsal.

In the midst of the last week of rehearsal, Greg was notified by Equity that Louis Jourdan and another actor, who was doing a character part, had to be eliminated from the cast because they were aliens. Seems that Equity has an iron-clad rule, to protect American actors, that no alien may be employed in American Little Theatres. Not even Shakespeare himself would be allowed to work in an American Little Theatre.

Luckily, Mr. Peck is the let’s-not-blow-out-the-top type. He soothed Miss Jones, who had dissolved into oceans of sympathetic tears for the two vetoed actors.

“There must be something we can do,” he reasoned. His series of frantic long distance telephone calls extended from the Equity office in New York to the vacation spot of the president of Equity at Palo Alto. His cables sped to Joe Cotten in London, and to other influential citizens likely to be able to cajole Equity into making two slight exceptions to its rules. Nothing doing.

At this point, Mr. Selznick decided that if Jennifer couldn’t be surrounded by the cast of her choice and his approval, he would withdraw his most glittering star entirely.

This left Greg and the Actors Company, on Thursday night, without ANY PLAY WHATSOEVER for the ensuing week—with the theatre sold out to the rafters for six nights, too.

Greg dried his dripping forehead, gulped another cup of coffee, then observed in his velvet-pad voice, “Let’s not do anything radical. Let’s see what we can work out.”

There should be at least one Gregory Peck in every Little Theatre Group as insurance against Thespian battle fatigue, third degree.

Eventually a solution was reached: the two actors would be allowed to remain

Dynamite With Dimples!

Continued from page 37

year off to earn clothing and book money. It was a long year—one that Kirk thought would never end—but came a brisk September morning and Freshman Douglas set off down the highway, bound for St. Lawrence University. With him to share the fortunes of the road was a friend who was returning to the college as a sophomore; as Kirk and this sophisticated strider along, the second-year man explained some of the St. Lawrence traditions to Kirk. There were about seven hundred students, he said, about half of them being girls, the most beautiful collection of distraction on any campus in America. The college hangout was The Sugar Bowl, and you could also get a check cashed at the Co-Op.

In the midst of the indoctrination course, the boys were offered a ride. They looked over the vehicle of the samaritan driver; they looked at one another. They shrugged, then climbed on top of the cab.

Their chariot, which conveyed them onto the campus in an aura of high promise for future harvest, was loaded with fertilizer.

Kirk (as modest a man as you will find hitching a ride anywhere on earth) looked around the college buildings, up and down the college streets, and concluded that it would be impossible for him ever, completely, to merge with the glamorous life of the university. These gilded youths, wearing their sport sweaters boasting huge block letter L’s, smoking their pipes, tossing off witty quips, belonged in a world apart from anything Kirk had ever known. These exquisite girls, full of coquetry, teasing and laughter, were goddesses far beyond the Douglas reach.

“I’ll just study hard, earn high marks, and stay pretty much to myself,” he promised himself, making rapid tracks toward the nearest shoo-fly stand.

Three weeks later, Undergrad Douglas was wearing a collegiate sweater (letter to come later), was holding a pipe which he didn’t smoke, and was dating the tidiest numbers in the telephone book. His orientation was complete.

After earning his A.B. degree at St. Lawrence (his major was English, his minor languages both Germanic and Romance), Kirk went to New York City to enroll at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. After having worked his way through four years of cultural college work, he was prepared to work his way through two years of professional school. He found New York about twenty degrees less kindly than a college town, though.

Take, for instance, that first Thanksgiving. It was a school holiday, of course, so Kirk slept late. When he did awaken toward noon, the distant, tantalizing scent of turkey roasting reminded him that he had exactly twenty cents in his pocket.

Kirk showered, shaved, donned a clean, frayed shirt, and did what he could with a pair of rear view mirror from his blue serge suit. Once on the street he spent a nickel for a newspaper and scanned the inner pages carefully; in an obscure corner he found what he had hoped for: an announcement by the Salvation Army at that noon, they would be serving a free turkey dinner including cranberries, chestnut dressing, giblet gravy, fruit salad, and pumpkin pie. All the coffee a man could drink.

Drooling every step of the way, Kirk walked thirty blocks only to find a queue of equally hungry men patiently waiting their turns before the steaming tables. The aronos floated out—delicious on the bitter ache of the line and moved only an inch at a time. Between the fragrance and the traffic jam, Kirk thought he was going to faint, but he was still fairly upright when after two aching hours a regretful worker passed along the line, telling the disappointed men that the food supply was exhausted.

Kirk stumbled to the nearest beerery and dined on a ten-cent hamburger and a five-cent cup of coffee. Then he trudged thirty blocks home. At such moments are heroes made.

But, as is usually the case, the bitter experiences were necessary.

At the American Academy, Kirk met two girls, who were to influence all his future life. One was a slim, straightforward, ambitious girl named Betty Bacall. The other was a newcomer from Bermuda named Diana Dill, whom the irrepressible Americans promptly nicknamed “Pickles.”

Occasionally, Diana and her best girl friend patronized Scharff’s, where Kirk and his buddy were working as waiters. The situation was a little confused, because Kirk liked Diana, Diana liked Kirk’s buddy, the buddy had an eye on Diana’s girl friend, and the girl friend—inversely—loved Kirk. Nobody was getting any farther than a string of figures on a Wedgwood vase.
Kirk might have worried about it more extensively if he hadn’t been so near the end of his course. Upon graduation, he hit Broadway. Broadway hit right back. Although Kirk secured a number of jobs, each of them lasted quick. The only good thing about the experience was that no matter how fast the show closed, Kirk always managed to inspire a few good personal reviews. Things began to pick up.

When he snagged a job serving as understudy in the Katharine Cornell company, Kirk could feel the hot breath of Fame on the back of his neck. But Fame didn’t work as fast as the Japanese. They bombed Pearl Harbor and Kirk joined the Navy. He was sent to Notre Dame for his indoctrination course.

One night he and a group of conversational fellow Midshipmen were discussing the problem that began with Eve, when one of the boys flourished the current issue of LIFE magazine with the statement, “This is my idea of the dish to end dishes. My, my, what a tasty morzel.”

Kirk raised from his bunk on one elbow (merely to give a fast opinion) and roughly swallowed the magazine. “I know her,” he sputtered. “I went to school with her.”

Deseret laughter goes here.

“All right, all right, I’m a rear admiral and you guys can salut me with mop handles if her name isn’t Diana Dill. Go on, turn to the contents page. Check me.”

When his identification proved to be correct, Kirk began to get a little respect around the barracks, and a lot of encouragement to write to Miss Dill. As soon as he could manage it, without having the entire squadron leaning over his shoulder, Kirk wrote to Diana, congratulating her upon her cover-girl debut.

For days he was afraid to answer Mail Call. And more afraid NOT to. He needn’t have searched the decks; Diana answered, almost by return mail. Postal department receipts sky-rocketed.

As soon as Kirk was graduated, a resplendent ensign, he hopped a plane for New York. By wire he had already made a luncheon date with Diana and ordered an orchid for her; so—dazzling in his new suntan uniform—he called for her at her apartment and took her to one of the town’s plushiest spots.

They had tickets for a matinee, but before they called a taxi to go to the theatre, Kirk asked earnestly, “Do you mind waiting in the lobby of my hotel while I change uniform. Regulations, you know.”

When he returned, he was wearing dress blues. The darkness of the fabric emphasized the new ensign’s towering blondness; gave him a Viking air, in fact—a situation duly noted by Miss Dill.

After the matinee, Diana and Kirk had cocktails then Kirk said, “Will you excuse me once more. I have to change for dinner. You know—regulations.”

A few moments later he descended in starched, gleaming, and elegant whites.

(Diana is a girl of great self-control; not even the corners of her mouth twitched. Nowadays, of course, she recalls the day)

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**Don’t Fail Your Daughter... You Must Tell Her These Intimate Facts of Life!**

And here’s up-to-date information you and she can trust...

Every daughter has a right to know these intimate physical facts before she marries. You must inform her how important vaginal douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness—to combat odor and always after menstrual periods.

And you should make her realize no other type liquid antiseptic-germicidal tested for the douche is so powerful, yet so safe to tissues as modern ZONITE!

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Chemist

Be sure to caution your daughter about weak products for the douche. Pity the girl who, through ignorant advice of friends, uses such "kitchen make-shifts" as vinegar, salt or soda. These never can assure the great germicidal and deodorizing action of zonite.

On the other hand you must warn your daughter about dangerous products—overstrong solutions of which may burn, harden or scar delicate tissue lining, and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

Remember, while zonite is powerfully germicidal, it’s non-poisonous, non-irritating and ABSOLUTELY SAFE to delicate tissue lining. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury.

**Truly A Modern Miracle**

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Leaves you feeling so sweet and clean. Helps guard against infection. ZONITE KILLS every germ it touches. You know it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. You can buy ZONITE at any drug counter.

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**Zonite**

For Newer feminine hygiene

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For amazing enlightening NEW booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 9, 270 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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as a panorama of swiftly passing uniforms. "I concluded that we would win the war. Our Navy was going to blind the enemy with beauty."

After his New York leave, Kirk was ordered to Miami, then to New Orleans. When he received word from Diana that she and a group of models were being taken to Phoenix, Arizona, for a series of fashion photographs, Kirk wrote, "On your way back to New York, stop off in New Orleans for a visit."

By the time he got there, however, Kirk had discovered Miss Dill didn't seem to think of it. Either she perhaps knew what Kirk was going to ask her the instant she stepped off the train and had decided New Orleans would be a charming city in which to be married.

The ceremony was performed in the Navy Chapel on November 2, 1943. The bride wore a white dressmaker suit with hat to match, and the groom wore dress blues. Regulations, you know.

The wedding ring that Kirk slipped on Diana's finger has a tender history. Kirk had always admired the wedding ring worn by his wife's aunt, a wide, heavy band of yellow gold, its entire surface exquisitely carved. Holding his sister's hand, Kirk had said many times, "When I marry, I'd like my wife to have a ring exactly like this one."

Naturally, when Diana agreed to be married in New Orleans, Kirk was faced with a problem. He was on duty all day, so had no time to take Diana to a jeweler's. Resourcefully he wired his sister, asking her to secure—from the jeweler who had supplied her own ring—an exact duplicate and to send it to him.

Zip, back came a bright and shining ring in a velvet jewel box.Read.

There was nothing to indicate that the band so swiftly provided was actually his sister's own wedding token, and not until years later did Kirk learn the truth. It had required several months to replace the ring.

From his New Orleans duties, Kirk was transferred to Miami (Diana was able to fly down from New York between modeling jobs to see her husband), then was shipped out on submarine patrol duty. From the Atlantic he went to the Canal Zone, missing Diana's daily letters which couldn't be very warp-speed, fast enough to keep up with the sub patrol, and from the Canal Zone he went to the Galapagos Islands. It was there, during an attack on a Jap sub, that Kirk was smashed against a depth charge rack. He didn't pay much attention at the time. After all, when you think you're going to take a torpedo amidships in about ninety seconds, a few bruises seem nominal.

Not until he came down with raging fever and abdominal hemorrhages, did Kirk realize that the war was over for him. He was shipped to San Diego Naval Hospital. He didn't let Diana know where he was, nor at once, because he didn't want to worry her. But his mail began to catch up with him.

Between the last letter he had received and the first to arrive at the hospital, there had been a silence of many, many months. Naturally, Kirk's first misses was like getting into a movie during the fourth reel; Diana's reference to what she had said the week before, the month before, or even the day before, were pure mystery. But on the third page there was a small, breathtaking statement that began, "I've been thinking that, when the baby arrives...

Kirk read it ten times, then let out a whoop. Men in wads a thousand feet away sent orders to find out if the war had ended.

Kirk's elation was diminished by the realization that now he couldn't tell Diana he was in a hospital. He couldn't. He simply had to wait for each day's letter, hoping to get the clues about how soon the baby was due. By the time that secret was revealed, Kirk was a mere four months away from fatherhood.

Mr. Michael Douglas, the newcomer in town, is now almost five. His deepest interest is a water dispenser, any water dispenser, which he tries to drain into a Dixie cup. Kirk thinks that he will probably grow up to be a hydraulic engineer... or a life guard.

Michael now has a baby brother named Joel, whose hobby is still not too far removed from a tall bottle of milk.

As soon as Kirk was medically discharged from the Navy, he flew back to New York, became a father as itemized above, and stepped into a nice part in "Kiss And Tell."

At this point, Lauren Bacall comes back in the story. She and Humphrey Bogart boarded a New York-bound Super Chief one afternoon and met Producer Hal Wallis in the club car. Conversation drifted to the manner in which talent is discovered and stars are polished, and Lauren said, "I used to know a man who had tremendous talent—whom should be in pictures. The last I heard about him, he had just been discharged from service and was working in a Broadway show. You should catch a performance because I think he's star class."

"I'd like to see him," said Mr. Wallis. "What's his name?"

"Kirk Douglas," was the answer.

Kirk returned to his New York apartment one evening to learn that Mr. Hal Wallis of Hollywood wanted to see him. Kirk made an appointment and was instead conducted to a fifteen minute conversation, to hear Mr. Wallis say in effect, "I believe that you have what it takes to make a motion picture star. I don't have a definite part to offer at the moment, but I'll get in touch with you when I do."

Kirk didn't take it too seriously. Besides, he had a good toe-hold on Broadway, and he was set to start rehearsals for a new play. Those rehearsals were going to take so much out of him, he decided, that he couldn't waste time during off-Broadway.

According to Kirk he is a cross between an outrageous black leopard and the Great Stone Face when he is in rehearsal; alternating between spells of violent and angry prowling and growling, and hours of staring into space. To spare Diana, on this particular occasion, Kirk sent her to Miami for a visit with her
family.

While Diana was gone, Kirk received a wire from Hal Wallis offering him the part of Walter in "The Strange Love Of Martha Ivers." Impulsively, he tossed his extra cuff links into a suitcase and went West.

His manner of announcing this to Diana was typical. He wired, "Look where I am—in Hollywood. Explanation follows. Love, Kirk."

Diana joined Kirk as soon as possible. For awhile it looked as if they were going to have a home, and a few empty Wheaties boxes together as shelter, but they finally found a wonderful, rambling old house high in the Hollywood Hills. Kirk has built picket fences and painted them, and has cut enough firewood to barbecue an elephant.

Diana has selected rugs, drapes and upholstery fabrics, and has picked up some attractive antiques to supplement the things she had shipped out from New York. However, her domestic plans are subject to occasional postponement because Diana is set for a film career of her own after her fine work in "The Sign Of The Ram" for Columbia.

Before Diana was tested and signed, Kirk liked to hold forth at great rate about woman's place being in the home, about her duties to civilization, and her responsibility to the younger generation. A domestic life, he insisted, was the proper role for womankind.

A friend teased him about this pronouncement, after having seen Diana's sensational screen work. "How does that square with your views about frau and fiese?" Kirk was asked.

Kirk merely looked surprised . . . and wistful. "But Diana is different," he said. "She has talent. She has a great gift. It would be a mistake for her not to exercise her ability to the fullest extent. I think it's a sin to have her shackle her career. Career women frequently make the best mothers." Then he grinned.

Who knows, Diana and Kirk Douglas may become the first Lunt and Fontanne of the American screen.

**Lay Off Teenagers!**

Continued from page 35

badgered by parents or teachers or by professional lecturers or columnists or even scenario writers. "If they really wanted to, they have plenty to gripe about," Barbara asserted. "How would you like to be patronized with the regularity the boys-soxers and teenagers are? Too many people think all they have in mind is swooning, jitter-bugging and accepting help—and it's their fault, I mean, not hip. In the last three years I've heard much to assure me there is rebellion in the ranks of young people. It's rebellion against the cheap, the tawdry, the vicious and the unclean. Rebellion against any attitude of their elders that misinterprets their seriousness about life."

Barbara became eloquently resentful at what she termed a tendency on the part of too many elders to lump delinquency and teenagers together.

"Every so often someone comes out with a big boast about a kid who's strayed from the narrow, who's done something terrible, who's stolen or killed someone or committed some frightful social crime," she said. "And the result is that all teenagers get a black name, and the cry goes out across the land, 'American youth is de-moralized, and the name-calling starts."

It is her belief the youth of today are not greatly different from the youth of past generations. Sports and music and entertainment and dates are enjoyed just as much as ever. But today's young people, she insists, don't like to have their elders look at them as though they could possibly be thinking of anything but hell-raising.

"I'm not saying they don't get into trouble," Barbara declared, "but they're just as serious about their lives as older people are. Maybe more so. At least they're making sounds that indicate an effort toward understanding national and international affairs. It's solid-selling, I say, even when it's interspersed with talk about a 'drip' or a 'goon.' I think the professors are right—those professors who have really studied the teenage group—that it's a matter of muscles, if the muscles are okay, so are the mind and the manners."

And Barbara asks the self-answering question: Where, but in the U.S.A., can you find firmer muscles than among the young people—"so firm, so round, so fully-packed?"

She stressed the point that the young people of today know how to take care of themselves, and they will not tolerate a "don't-do-this, don't-do-that!" atmosphere at home or in school.

"Can you blame them?" she asked. "They know only too well that constant scolding is likely to develop furtiveness, and that is fatal to charm in young or old. Certainly they need. Why not? It's the only way they can be sure there isn't some wrong with them to it even their best friends won't tell them about."

"As for the girls, they can tell a wolf at 80 paces without hearing his howl. Though they're curious, they have no in- stant desire to have a wolf for a pet."

The half light of the early evening gave a softness to Barbara's fine hazel eyes and honey-colored hair and edged the contours of her lesbian face. In repose she could've easily been a Glamour Girl. But she was almost never still. Whether she was discussing her latest pictures, RKO's "Blood On The Moon" or Enterprise's "Caught," whether she was talking about her engineer husband, Carl Schreuer, and their little four-year-old daughter, Susan; or the lives and times of teenagers, her eyes and down-curved mouth and flickering hands were all express of a restless intelligence. Her restlessness, however, is not the type that leaps at you to evoke a possibly neat response. Rather, it's an electric quality...
that springs from a sensitive, imaginative spirit.

She talked of the alertness and the humor, too, of young people as she has come to know these characteristics.

"The kids today are really intense," she remarked. "They know the score in politics, in the latest atomic research, in the jockeying of diplomats just as they know it in football and baseball. But they have a sense of humor, too. Marriage is the goal of the girls. Like their mothers before them they want husbands who are generous, attractive, industrious, amusing and who don't eat pretzels in bed. There is no pretense about them and always they know what they want. The phonies in the Desirable Male Derby are scratched before the race begins. That's as true in Wilkes-Barre and Topeka as it is in Hollywood and New York.

"They're not looking for the money of an Astor or the physique of a Doak Walker or the line of a Yale cheer leader. You know what? They want nothing less than a composite of these characteristics, but the motivating factor must be love. Absolutely. Perhaps lasting love, too. Who knows?"

With her trim, well-rounded little figure—weight 112, height 5 feet 3½ inches, Barbara Bel Geddes might serve as a model for intelligent youth. Average youth, too, she has an odd idea. She thinks it possible for an average girl to live an average life and still be a movie star. She likes her home better than a night club, thinks it fun to figure out the kind of girl for the occasion. In the living room, listen to the newest records, indulge her talent for painting, read plays and novels and biographies curled up in a big chair, play with Susan. She receives being catalogued, typed, and, unlike many stage stars, she even Hollywood while basking in its golden pastures, is honest enough to declare she's completely infatuated with movie-making. She has a notion teenagers also are resentful of being catalogued.

"The girls and boys are supposed to talk a mysterious gibberish of their own, but Barbara Bel Geddes, the cartoonists and gag men and Tin Pan Alley troubadours and Broadway wisecrackers. Cartoonists, in particular, are the worst offenders. They make teenagers out of a bunch of nitwits, without sense, without poise, without character. What bothers young people most of all is being misunderstood.

"They use slang, of course, but no more than their fathers and mothers did in the days when 'Twenty-three, skidoo' and 'Oh, you kid' were the rage. They clip some words short, like 'match' for 'naturally.' They used to say 'hubbub' which could mean anything, and 'character,' which could mean anybody. A boy friend or a girl friend is still called 'the one and only' and a consecuted boy is often referred to as 'big time operator.'"

But Miss B.G. refuses to believe they go to such extremes of parroting the gagmen by calling a soda a 'moo with goo,' or a boy and the girl he's dated as 'a Jackson and his drag,' or a good dancer a 'jive bomber' or a superman in reverse a 'stuporman.'

"That's cartoon talk," insisted Barbara. "The real hep teenager doesn't go in for it, except as a burlesque of the cartoons. The teenager, more than anything else, wants to be natural."

Barbara believes, incidentally, that young people want their characters on the screen to be natural, to be realistic. She thinks the chief reason for the appeal of many foreign pictures to the teenage population lies in their simple realism.

Her own credo as an actress is to be real and natural, not something like a fugitive from a fashion magazine. With her lively, earnest gestures she finds it stimulating to see American youth facing and solving its problems in its own idealistic way.

"Too long we imbibed the prejudices and inhibitions of our elders," she said. "Now the kids are doing their own thinking. I notice they read newspapers diligently—probably much more diligently than their elders did at the same age. And I think you'll find them less extreme in their fashions than their elders were at the same age. I've yet to see an oversize boy or girl. You see, I think, though boys-sox make legs look square and stocky they're to be preferred any day to high button shoes."

As for all the supposed concentration on jive—well, to Barbara it's mostly exaggeration. She denies that lessons can be studied to the accomplishment of jive records. Anyone who could absorb math or English history with a jive record spraying discords would have to be, she said, deaf, dumb and dopy. And teenagers 'are none of these.'

Though Barbara's film contract allows her to do a legitimate play each year, she has not yet taken advantage of that clause. Nor does she see any likelihood of doing so any time soon. Last Summer he rejected, without any hesitation, two of Broadway's most promising parts for the new season—the role of Anne Boleyn, opposite Rex Harrison in "Anne Of L600 Days," and a stellar part in Jean Paul Sartre's "Red Gloves" with Charles Boyer.

She prefers California, so do Carl and Susan. They like the climate, the casual style of living, the people—particularly
the young people with their interests and creative achievements in writing, acting, painting, photography, their success at self-government.

Carl, she said, would like to get into pictures, too—in the production end.

Meanwhile, they'll keep their youthful spirits, make trips to New York and Europe and South America "to refresh those spirits," see what the young people are doing and why. After all they, too, are young people. And help to modern trends.

Every Girl Should Marry, But—

Continued from page 39

"One was obviously buying her trousseau and her friend was nearly jade green with envy.

"Jane, you've got to let me catch your bouquet or I'll just die!" the friend wailed to the prospective bride. 'Do you know I'll be the only girl in our crowd left unmarried? It's simply grim. Maybe I should marry Jim. He's so dull, but he does have a good job. And I can't bear being such an old maid!"

"If that girl marries poor Jim, I'm sure she'll give him a bad time of it because she'd be using marriage as nothing but an escape. In all probability theirs would be that of the three that would end in divorce," Diana went on.

"Many girls marry before they are at all interested in being real or good wives, and without waiting for the right man, just because all their friends are getting married, because 'everyone in the crowd is doing it' and they can't bear to be different. That's just downright silly. You know there are girls who get so steamed up about the prospect of showers and orange blossoms that they don't give a single thought to the serious side of marriage, to making it a permanent thing instead of something to be tossed away like an old dress.

"Then in contrast there are the romantic souls who are emotionally tempted by the idea of marriage. They are generally the ones who are in love with love. They meet a new man and immediately fancy themselves in love. The idea that 'rockets go off in their hearts' and think that is an adequate basis for getting married. But emotional rockets are inclined to be just as short-lived as the Fourth of July variety. They aren't to be trusted.

"What's wrong with being an idealist and waiting, if need be, for several years, for the right man? The one who is emotionally compatible? The one with a mutual interest? The one who will be a lifetime partner instead of a husband to be shed in Reno in a year?

"Actors live emotionally and have emotional makeovers to continue. They don't want 'rockets go off in their hearts' and think that is an adequate basis for getting married. But that very emotionalism can be a hurdle in marriage. Most actresses love their work and don't want to give it up after saying, 'I do,' and that too can be a hurdle.

"At 22, I know I'm not a Sarah Bernhardt, but I do think of myself as an actress and I'd be quite honest: I don't know if I'd want to give up my career for marriage. I definitely would if I knew the success of my marriage depended on it, but if possible I'd rather to go on acting.

"I suppose that's why it's easier for an actress to marry a man who is in the picture business or is somehow associated with it, so that he knows its problems and can understand her ambitions. With such understanding there would be need for fewer adjustments. And I do think that most of the adjustments made in marriage are made by the woman, don't you?"

"We couldn't argue with Diana's reasoning on that point, but asked how she felt about career girls, other than actresses, and their marriages.

"Personally, I believe it takes mutual dependence for a couple to stay married and happy. There should, of course, be certain independence and respect for individuality, but a couple needs to be sufficiently dependent on each other's love to overlook flaws and the irritations which must arise.

"Very successful career girls, especially those who earn more than their husbands, are inclined to feel sometimes that their financial independence gives them the freedom to do anything they wish. A woman without her own income, on the other hand, seems more willing to adapt herself.

"Don't misunderstand me. I feel every girl should be trained and prepared to earn money, just in case the need should arise. But there seems to be something deeply ingrained in women's natures which makes them lose respect for men who don't dominate a marriage. I've even known this loss of respect to lead to out-and-out hatred.

"I think most career women, generally, try to give women a difficult time in marriage. They like to be the boss, the head of the household, but can you blame them? That has been their position through thousands of years, and because women wanted it that way. I repeat, very rarely do women respect a man who isn't dominant. They like to look up to their men.

"A great many American girls, any psychiatrist will tell you, have a fairy-tale idea about marriage which isn't practical or smart. They expect the courtship to last forever. They believe it's entirely up to the male to continue the flowers, favors and solicitude of their courting days. They don't admit that the wife should share in this effort, too.

"After all, during the courtship and engagement, a woman and man are mutually courting favor; they are always on best behavior. After marriage they all too often take out their ill humors on each other; the romantic atmosphere is dissipated. But still the wife feels slighted because her husband forgets to bring flowers or some other token of affection. Why shouldn't she occasionally buy him a box of his favorite chocolates? Or does the kind of tie he likes instead of the pattern she prefers?"
“Some women seem to be born to be wives, possessing a genuine flair. Others acquire it by adjustment. And there are plenty of career women who continue their careers because they enjoy the stimulation of their work and are simultaneously successful wives because they are thus stimulated into being more interesting persons.

“I’ve known many well-adjusted women who continued working after marriage who were the finest imaginable wives and mothers, but at home they were women and not animated business machines. Neither were they incurable romantics who think the honeymoon must last forever, that marriage is a rose-covered cottage with little dogs. The man on his bended knee daily offers his heart on a satin pillow to his spouse.

“If one is at all romantic—I’m afraid I am—it’s tempting to think of marriage on that last basis, but I know better than to expect it. I know that I will have to do at least half of the giving to achieve any sort of give and take basis.

“I think the present high divorce rate in our country is deplorable, but I also believe that there is no sense in a couple’s going on together for the rest of their lives if they have made a mistake,” the continued. “Of course, I feel they should make every effort to salvage a tolerating marriage. But if in the end all efforts, including help from religious and marriage counselors, perhaps even from psychologists or psychiatrists, have failed, then a divorce seems the only solution.

“I do think girls should be more serious and selective before they marry. Not trust these ‘rockets going off.’ Not marry just because all their friends are.

“I guess my final answer on the entire subject would be that I think every girl should be married if she’s been selective, honest with herself and her prospective husband, and then is willing to make every effort to make her marriage a success.”

Diana married John C. Lindsay, 50, an architect, on December 18th at a beautiful church wedding. Jane Withers was matron of honor. Edith Head designed Diana’s wedding gown which was of traditional white satin. Only 15 close friends and relatives attended the ceremony, but at the reception which followed at the home of Wynn Rocamora, Diana’s agent, 300 guests attended. Diana and John spent their honeymoon in Bermuda.

Diana first met her husband at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Martin last June. They started dating regularly in August and, in keeping with Diana’s belief that engagements should be short, announced theirs on November 3rd.

What Friendship Means To Me

Continued from page 40

was.

He taught me a great deal, or I learned a great deal, from the love my dad had for my mother and my mother for my dad. They were sweethearts from the day they met until the day my dad’s death parted them. But I got it they were friends as well as sweethearts, and that was pretty inspirational, too.

When you start from scratch with two pretty good friends in your mother and father, and then meet the girl you love and she’s your friend, too, and in between there have been other links that don’t get rusty with time, or crack under strain, you’ve got the head on friendship—what is it and what’s worthy.

I don’t know that there is any way, in spite of the books that have been written on the subject, to tell people how to make friends. I don’t think you make friends, I believe, with my dad that friendship happens to you “like the sun shines on you.” I take this to mean that if you like someone well enough, honestly like him, he’ll like you. If he doesn’t, he’s not in your league anyway.

A few yarns about some of the guys that are in my league and have been from way back, may give an idea of what, in my opinion, the score is.

I was raised out in Wisconsin with a guy named Spencer Tracy. We were together at Marquette Academy when World War II offered adventure and I joined the Navy. Tracy followed me.

Later, we were in New York together, both of us trying to be actors and not succeeding, and living together in a broken-down trap on West End Avenue around 83rd Street. We were roommates without room rent.

Eventually, I wangled a road job and Tracy got a part without lines as a robot in the Theatre Guild production, “R.U. R.” I paid $12 a week and he ate. But this comes later.

One Winter, this was in 1925, when Spence and I are broke, George McBride, a guy we’d known in Milwaukee (where his old man was in haberdashery) comes into New York on an expense account. That’s our boy. We’re doing pretty well, Spence and I, while George is in New York, we really have him on the cuff.

One night at a joint with gas-jets, up on Lexington Avenue, the three of us are having steaks and they’re beaux. Suddenly, Spence and McBride are looking kind of green, and they’re blowing, quittting the joint, that is, taking a walk-out. They’re telling me, “The gas is escaping, let’s scram,” I say, “I’m staying,” I stayed—and ate all three steaks.

Later, I run into Spence on the corner of Lexington and 86th Street. He says, “The place might have blown up, you creep. You’re stupid.” I say, “You’re stupid.” We start to punch each other. After we’re both mussed up a little, we roll down our sleeves and start to walk.
home, Spence on one side of the street, me on the other side of the street. We got home and the phone rang. The line is, "Goodnight, Spence," "Goodnight, Pat"—and tomorrow's another day.

Toots Shor was in New York, broke when I was broke. Guys like Toots and Spence and me could always eat on the cuff; would almost read someone out of a meal. Now that Toots owns the big famed fedbag that carries his byline up on West 51st Street in New York, he doesn't forget what a tab on the cuff can mean to a broke guy. Always kind, Toots was, and never forgets to be kind...

Those were the Roaring Twenties, those days when Toots and Jimmy Walker, Jimmy and I go back over twenty years) Mark Hellinger, Frank McHugh, Lynne Overman, Frank Morgan and I were boys together, were broke together; when Damon Runyon was writing the first of his great tales of Broadway and Jimmy Walker was Mayor of New York. A great era when if you had a buck you were lucky; if you had an extra buck maybe you were a burglar.

In those days, I wanted the great big limousine, the great big house, the great big swimming pool, the chance to throw my Rand McNally around a little, and all the other things a guy who had the great big car. We never got the idea that he should divvy up.

I like it that way. I'm glad it was that way. I was broke and I got an extra buck and maybe I'll be broke again, so what's the difference?

What's the difference? And what's the matter with all these bums called Communists that are doing all the talking about the divvy up and that's a lot of malarkey.

Ever hear the one about the would-be Communist who was being quizzed for membership in the party by one of trade Stalin's recruiting Reds? Says this Red to the would-be Commie, "If you had a big, beautiful, shiny expensive car and your neighbor had none, would you give it to him?" "Yes," says the Pinko, "if I had a beautiful expensive car and my neighbor had none, I would give it to him." "Ah, ah," approves Moscow's missionary, "you make good Communist, good, good. Now, if you had a big house, a mansion, and your neighbor had none, would you share it with him?" "If I had a big house, a mansion, and my neighbor had none, yes," says the menace-in-the-making, "I would share it with him." "Ah, ah, you make good Communist, good, very good. Now, if you had two shirts and your neighbor had none, would you give one of your shirts to him?" "But I GOT two shirts!" screams the Pinko.

So there you are; A Commie will give you anything he hasn't got—and you can quote me, in great big letters!

What's this got to do with friendship? Everything. A friend gives you, shares with you, anything he's got, from a tab on the cuff to a tab on his time, his home, his heart. You won't find a Commie in that league.

Anyone who reads newspapers or listens to the radio—especially anyone who reads Walter Winchell's column or listens to Winchell on the air, knows that the late Damon Runyon died of cancer of the throat.

In the last years of his life, Runyon couldn't talk. He wrote what he had to say, and it was plenty, on slips of paper and passed them over to his friends. At a party one night, it's mentioned that Hollywood is thinking about making a film of Runyon's life. Runyon writes something on one of his slips of paper and hands it to me. What he writes is that if ever his life story is done on the screen, it would make him happy if I did it. If ever the story of Runyon's life is done for the screen I hope, too, that I do it.

First time I met Hizzoner Mayor O'Dwyer of New York was about eleven years ago, on the Chief, going West. We got talking one night, in the Club car, and little did O'Brien know to whom he was talking.

O'Dwyer was then prosecuting attorney of Brooklyn and was making history wiping out Murder, Inc., but "the face wasn't familiar" nor was mine to him and it didn't matter. Later, after dinner, O'Dwyer sent a porter to ask me to join him for a nightcap. We talked together late into that night and on into Los Angeles. O'Dwyer comes out to the house, meets Eloise and the kids and becomes completely enamoured of the lot of them.

Two or three years ago, maybe more, Eloise and I brought our daughter, Mavourneen, to New York with us and we stayed at Gracie Mansion, the three of us. Kind of a shock for an fifteen-year-old kid to remember she stayed at Gracie Mansion; to know she sat on the front porch where George Washington once sat, watching the British troops disembark, wondering what the score was going to be.

A couple of years ago, when our baby, Bridget, was born, O'Dwyer writes me a letter, "I want to beat Toots Shor to the punch," he says, "I want to be godfather to the baby." Right in the midst of administering the duties of the biggest city in the world, the Mayor of that city flies out to Hollywood of a Sunday morning and is godfather to our baby.

Reminding me, not that I ever need reminding, of a friend way down in front of any of these, Jimmy Gleason. Jimmy Gleason taught me everything I know, and not only about acting. In the Roaring Twenties, Jimmy had a stock company. He came to Milwaukee with his company and took time to give me the works; he was always so kind to me. He is Mavourneen's godfather.

So, this trip to New York, we sit in the library at Gracie Mansion of an evening, Bill and I, and talk. We both love sports. We sit there and pick our all-time teams—football, baseball, boxing. We talk theatre. He's crazy about the theatre, O'Dwyer is, nuts about Gilbert & Sullivan. He's crazy about people, loves people and in our love of people we're in the same league, and when you love people, there's no end to the talk between you.

But what we will talk about for hours

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**SCREENLAND**

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is, Bill will talk about Kitty, his late beloved wife; me, about Eloise.

Bill related that when he was a little girl, he talked about the way she loved New York, their New York.

Thinking how Kitty would have loved it added to Bill's love of "The Naked City," our good friend, Mark Hannagan's, last picture, which IS New York, is Hel-linger's salute to the city he loved, too. After the show, Bill and I got up to make a speech about it, he didn't make much of a speech, not in words, he didn't. He chucked up. He "fluffed his lines," as we say in show business. But what came over with the tears were orchids. I am fluming as no smooth florist's bouquet could have been.

We saw the picture, Toots, Steve Hannagan, one or two others and myself went up to Gracie Mansion with the Mayor, sat around and dished.

Hannagan was saying that Mark was the greatest check-picker-upper that ever lived. "One night we were having dinner at Duffy's Tavern," says Hannagan. "Knowing Hollinger, as a tab-taker, I take Duffy aside and warn him, 'I don't want that bum to get this check.' Comes tab-time and Hollinger itchy to take it, Duffy stalls the deal, or tries to. 'If I don't get this check,' says Hollinger, 'I'll never see you again.' "Oh, for God's sake," says Duffy, 'give ME the check!'—and he takes it."

I'm telling about the last time Mark and I were together . . . the time Toots and his wife, Baby (if Baby has another name, I don't know it. She's Baby and that does it, to Toots) were visiting Holly-wood and we have dinner on the Strip. Toots and Baby, Mark and his Gladys, Eloise and I, and Orson Welles, on the loose. After dinner, Mark takes us to his house to see a picture. The picture he runs is Rockne—because he knows that Toots loves Kitty like I am in the picture—and that's Mark. Dual purpose. Wasn't that a cute thing?

Recently, Toots and Baby were in Holly-wood again. This time, they're in Holly-wood for Glady's, which is without Mark. In his strange, fantastic sensitivity, Toots is always there when a fellow was there in the old days, like me.

Not long ago, another pal of ours, Louis Sobol, the ace columnist, lost the wife he loved; lost to quote him, "the sweet beloved redhead to whom I said my final goodbye that frost-tatted day in January, told me last night, Toots called to tell me he wouldn't be eating with me at my favorite table in my favorite New York beanyer, which is his. He said, "We're going down where a guy is lonely." He and Baby were going down to Sobol's.

"Mr. Jiminy Cricket!"—that's Toots at his most profane. That is Toots' profanity. Guys that love him, guys like me, know there isn't any profanity in the big lug.

One is about friendship, when it's in your league, it takes in your whole family. Your friend isn't your friend unless his affection is not only for you, but for you and yours.

A couple of years ago, Eloise and I were in New York, on our way to Lon- don, England, for the Command Per-formance. The night before we sailed, Toots Shor gave us a party at his apartment in "The Naked City," by the way. He loaned it to Hollinger while Hollinger and the cast were shooting in New York. It was a party to end all parties. Ethel Merman came over and sang her brains out; Joe E. Brown came over from the Copacabana; Bill Powell was there; Bob Hope. And Jimmy Walker, who was one of the great friendships of my life, stopped by. I met Walker at the Lambs Club in New York before I ever went to Hollywood. I'd met him, later, at lunche- nons and parties; never an underling alone with him in my life, wouldn't have presumed—but there was a guy I revered and loved—so, this evening, at Toots' party when Jimmy was told that Eloise and I were on our way to England to be presented to the King and Queen, he goes over to Eloise, kisses her hand, looks at her and says, "A greater compliment could never be paid a Queen."

After the Command Performance, Eloise and I are in Paris, having ourselves a fling, when a bellboy comes into our hotel room with the New York papers. The headlines read: JAMES J. WALKER DIES.

From Paris, I wrote to Toots: "Dear Toots," I said in part, "God must be getting very lonely because guys like Jimmy are called upstairs all the time, lately."

All the time, lately . . . now, Runyon and Hollinger.

Once a week, every week of our lives, Spence, Jimmy Cagney, McHugh, Frank Morgan, Jimmy Gleason and I get together at Chasen's, or at one of our homes, and dish like a lot of old dames. One of these days, some day, I hope, Byrne Overman, isn't there anymore. He got called upstairs, too.

These days, my two sons and I swim together, oh, daily. We fish together. I teach them how to throw a football, laced to the right nonetheless. I eat more than just like it's a hard-boiled egg. I teach them how to play baseball, never to throw it underhand, always overhand. I tell them that immaculate linen and clean fingernails are important. I tell them it's better to be kind than to be king. They know the meaning of aristocracy. I teach them that it's better to raise the American flag and how it got that way. I talk to them about friendship and how it's something you can never buy or bribe. I tell them about Jimmy Walker and Jimmy Gleason and Hollinger and them and them and them and me and me and me. It's like Tracy, and what a lot of guy each guy was, in his way, or is.

I tell them that everything I've taught them will be no good unless they say their morning and evening prayers.

If Sean, say, has a beef about something, I talk it over with him, lay the blame on me, say, "Sean, we got a deal?" wait for the answer, "Yes, Dad, we've got a deal."

So, as a result, these are two more great friends I've made . . . two more guys, along with the other great gays, in my league.

To talk about the guys that are in your league and have been, from way back, what more is there to say about friendship?
a maid or a bellboy shows up with your order.

It proved fascinating to the movie contingent, although as Barbara Bates, who is Danny Kaye's new leading lady, said to me, "I think this is the hard way to get Kleenex.

A

NOTHER fun weekend party which drew crowds of stars like Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Danny Kaye, Merle Oberon and Burns and Allen down to Palm Springs, took place during the recent earthquake. Palm Springs felt it worse than any other spot in Southern California, but it gave the whole crowd at the Tennis Club and the Racquet Club a lot to talk about.

George Burns was taking his first drink of the afternoon, when the quake rocked the whole room. Putting down his drink, George looked at his wife, Sylvia Fovz, and said, "Gracie, if that's the kind of Bourbon they're serving, let's get out of here."

At George Raft's new Desert Retreat, Raft was mixing cocktails at the same moment. George recovered from the first shock and called to his butler, "Bring the ice, but don't be too quick, the shaking's still on." Dorothy Lamour claims that because of the earth's convulsion, she's the only person who ever fell off a horse while it was standing still and Betty Hutton blames her loss of gin rummy that afternoon, on the fact that the cards all moved backward.

INCIDENTALLY, Betty and Ted Briskin, her husband, gave one of the most amusing parties in their own Brentwood home the other evening, inviting Danny Kaye and his wife, Sylvia Fovz, to be guests of honor. Both Betty and Danny reviewed for their guests, after dinner, the acts they did in London's Palladium. Of course, both of them broke all English records, but not the one for laughs we had in Betty's house.

The way one evening when Danny did his impersonation of Kay Thompson, the song and dance satirist who has recently taken this country by storm. Danny put on her makeup and went through the whole act, excusing himself only for a moment before the final number. This closing bit was so good that Van Heflin and Walter Pidgeon both exclaimed, "Why that's better than Kay herself!"

The laugh came when, a few minutes later, they found out that it was Kay herself — and that Danny had fixed it for her to go on for him, while the incorrigible Kaye slipped into Betty's dining room and was standing there howling to herself!

KAY, of course, is the former dramatic coach at MGM, who has taught so many stars and starslets how to walk and talk properly in front of the camera. An incomparably clever girl, Kay finally thought of doing an act herself with the aid of a quartet of boys, who call themselves the Williams Brothers. So adept has Kay become at watching all the stars there is hardly one she can't imitate and her act has, in less than two years, won top acclaim both here and in the East.

Her return to Hollywood was in the nature of a triumph. The Beverly-Wilshire Hotel did a whole new room over for her and her opening party drew every top star in Hollywood. Not since the Circus Benefit, we told you about in SCREENLAND two months ago, have we seen such a galaxy of film celebrities.

The only oddity does Hollywood live up to its reputation as a fabulous starland filled with glitter and glamour, but Kay's return debut was one of those extra-special occasions.

Imagine a famous face at every table and you have some idea of what the turnout was like. On my left were the Jack Benny's with Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Pressman, and Van and Evie Johnson. On the other side were Ginger Rogers and Jack Brigs, while at an adjoining table were Jane Allgyer and Dick Powell with the Johnny Greens.

On the crowded dance floor, Clark Gable and Iris Bryson, whom he's really been rushing, danced by Peter Lawford and Nora Flynn, who, in turn, made dance room for the Randolph Scotts. Arlene Dahl and socialite's, Harry Cauble, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, the Alan Laddis, newly reconciled Gloria De Haven and Johnny Payne, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, Merle Oberon and the William Powell's — all were on hand to applaud the talented Kay. What surprised me most was to see such enthusiasm from a movie colony audience which is reported to be the coldest in the world!

O

F THE more intimate parties I have attended recently, I think the most outstanding was the one which Denise, Adrian, and his wife, Janet Gaynor, gave.

Adrian designs parties with the same verve he puts into everything from painted canvases to clothes. He and Janet have a fascinating house high on a mountain ridge overlooking San Fernando Valley. A spectacular view from the drawing room windows reveals acres of rolling pastureland filled with grazing cattle. After cocktails in this picturesque atmosphere, Host Adrian invited his guests to go to the sumptuous buffet to fill their plates. By the time they had returned, they found that, with seaside-like ingenuity, beautifully appointed tables had been spread, even down to the last place cards.

The other evening Loretta Young and her husband, Tom Lewis, Roz Russell and her husband, Freddie Brisson, Constance Collier and Claudette Colbert were all exclaiming over this amazing transformation. But they were even further surprised, once dessert and coffee were served, to see the tables disapplying with equal magic. I took a minute to admire the unusual piece of
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Kay Nelson's Fashion Flashes

Continued from page 46

jewelry which Adrian had imported from India as a gift for Janet. (It is a huge ring attached to a matching bracelet by myriad fine strands of gold.)

When I looked up, the room has assumed still another personality—that of an art gallery. There, with an easel set by the enormous fireplace, stood Jeffrey Lynn as an assistant—was Adrian ready to preview his exotic and imaginative African paintings. How versatile can a Hollywood party be?

You Never Know what will happen during the day, what important moment will suddenly arise. It's very nice to have the feeling that you're right. The only way to do it is to plan your costume carefully and then forget it.

Self-Assurance Is Half The Battle Won. How you wear clothes, how you walk, how you stand, is a million times more important than having a new outfit. Even if it is old, say to yourself, "It looks just as good on me now as it did when it was new and I like it." The minute you become sure of yourself you wear your clothes well. Notice how Loretta Young looks clothed on the screen. No matter what she puts on, she looks smart because of her innate clothes assurance.

Strangely Enough the campus clothes in "Mother Is A Freshman," are adaptable to any age from Junior High to College Senior. The velveteens and wools are good for the career girl, the young married girl, for country wear, or for any age "at home."

You Don't Have To Be Rich To Look Rich. Get as good materials as you can, and keep it simple. If a young girl would only remember that she has a good figure and an individual personality, she would never overdress to the extent that she hides that personality. Take an honest look at yourself. Know your good points and bad points and then let clothes cover up the bad and accentuate the good. And don't forget that with the background of a good simple dress, you can express distinction in the way you wear your jewelry or your scarves.

Men Hate to see a girl gussied up to a point where she doesn't look natural and comfortable. They like the kind of grooming that comes from immaculate clothes, but they don't like the fussiness of an elaborate, lacquered hair-do. They like to see a girl dressed comfortably so that she can act natural. They hate it when she isn't herself.

Your Date Dress should be just a little bit more formal but not too much more than your classroom attire. If a man sees you dressed casually in the afternoon and
you rush for black chiffon when he asks you for a date, he'll think you're trying to overwhelm him. And never wear an "occasional" dress that attracts or pulls out of place, so that you have to keep fussing with it. See that it fits right and stays in place.

The Informal Dinner Dress is fun if you work out a group of interchangeable ones. For example, you could start with a little velvet jacket cut like the top of the sunburst-plated wool dress in Loretta Young's wardrobe. Add a matching velvet skirt. One night you could switch the jacket to an off-shoulder blouse or a metallic sweater tucked into the skirt and worn with a leather belt. As for the length of your dinner dress, let your ankles be your guide. If they are attractive, don't hide them simply because a long length is fashionable. If they're not, you could elongate your legs with twelve inches from the floor. If they're not one of your good points, drop the skirt as low as you wish.

Even Formal Attire goes interchangeable now. With clever changing you can wear the same long skirt four times a week, or use four different jackets across the dresses. You could have one lace top with long or short sleeves, another of taffeta, velvet or lame. Add a huge pouf of a bow in the back and you have a bustle. Add a checked taffeta apron and you have a new skirt.

When Aunt Clara Went To College girls dressed like their mothers and they wanted most of all to look different. But now the co-ed dresses her age. She goes for casual comfort and a natural look. That's good, but she shouldn't let this curtail her color. Not only will she hide her personality. Don't be afraid to wear a scarf a new way, to hang your jewelry on your belt, or to devise any made-up clothing. It will teach you to be a fashion leader later.

It So Happens that my thirteen-year-old daughter looks good in a turtleneck sweater. I suggested that she wear one of mine to school but she said, "Oh, no, mother... the girls don't wear them!" I asked her if she had to look like everyone else. Well, she decided to try it and when she came home she told me that all her friends wanted her to buy turtleneck sweaters like hers. She discovered what fun it is to be a little different.

You Can't Depend On A Saleslady to make you look smart. Too often, with limited time, you rush to a store and your clothes is like reaching for a grabbag. If the waistline and the hips fit, the saleslady tells you it looks wonderful. Why not try a different approach the next time you need a suit, for example. Find a good wool skirt, a neutral color such as beige or gray, in a hard finish. Then ask for a separate jacket, black or brown. Add a couple of blouses, one in silk to match the skirt, another in silk to contrast with the skirt but complete the jacket. Then, if you can, find a striped jersey sweater to wear in or out, with a good looking belt. The Magic Of The Silk Scarf is too often overlooked. One of those yard square silk print kerchiefs can change an outfit in endless ways. You can tuck it into your belt, fasten it with a big gold safety pin and let it hang. You can wrap one corner around your neck and tuck the rest into your belt. Toss it over your shoulder and fasten it into the belt front. And hang it on the same thing with a gold thread or sequin studded scarf for evening. Fasten one corner to your necklace and spread the balance across the front of your dress, or drape it at one side.

And The Magic Of Color is too often neglected. If you have no awareness of color, you'll miss out on the study of paintings that will open a new world to you. You will begin to understand and enjoy color combinations not only for your wardrobe but for your home background. I have files and files of color pictures that I have collected over a period of years. Whenever I see a beautiful color combination in a magazine I cut it out. It might be only the rust shade of a pipe near the blue of water or the green of grass. It might be the yellow of eggs being whipped by a silvery egg beater in a blue bowl. If the color combination is right and balanced, I clip it and save it. It's fun to develop your own color preferences and it certainly will make you more distinctive when you use them in your clothes.

And Speaking Of Color it might interest you to study the colors we used in "Mother Is A Freshman." It's a Technicolor picture and I don't think we overlooked a single color of the rainbow. But, you'll have to look for them because the colors of clothes must be subtle to form a background that enhances the personality of the wearer.

His Fate Is In Your Hands

Continued from page 17

hands never seem at rest. The restless hands are usually a sign of a nervous temperament. Give these hands something definite to do and tension cases. Knitting or crocheting is an effective antidote. And there are few motion picture sets or back stages in the theatre where you will not see members of the female casts knitting. Also, this precision use of the hands is a symbol of beauty. For the gentle gesture develops flexibility and grace. On the first page of this story, you will see lovely Janis Paige busy with her knitting, and you will also notice the graceful bend of Barbara Bates' wrist. For lovelier hands and a smarter wardrobe, you might well take to your knitting needles, girls.

Like ankles, wrists are a special point for beauty. Too often, our bones here are prominent, so we resort to concealment or illusion to correct this fault. If you wear any long sleeves, wear them long. The sleeve that is even half an inch too short makes hands look awkward.

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YOUR GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

Continued from page 14

Whispering Smith
(Technicolor)
Paramount

The picture opens with some tough hombre shooting Alan Ladd's horse out from under him, and from then on, Ladd is a rip-roaring, one-man posse in this super-duper Western. In addition, Alan is a railroad detective on the trail of a gang of train wreckers who are looting the derailed trains. Suspicion about his best friend, Robert Preston, finally sets Ladd on—excuse me—the right track. This is crammed with ornery critics, including Frank Faylen and Donald Crisp. Love interest takes a side seat, but the finale shows it's more than possible that Alan will get the gal. Brenda Marshall too.

Fighting Squadron
(Technicolor)
Worner Brothers

An exciting action yarn woven around an English-based squadron of fighter planes and pilots during the last war. It has an all-male cast and the humor is along the same lines—masculine. Among the young men who live and die bravely are Edmund O'Brien, as the squadron leader, and Robert Stack, as the pilot who takes time out to marry the girl back home. There are many actual shots taken from Air Force films which lend excitement and authenticity to the picture. Outstanding among the roles is the one done by Tom D'Andrea, a sergeant who goes around chasing British damsels and using the well-known name of "Kinsey."

The Man From Colorado
(Technicolor)
Columbia

Good, fast-moving drama about a Civil War colonel, Glenn Ford, who during the war has developed the lust to kill and destroy. When he is mustered out of the army, Ford is appointed as a Federal judge, and he in turn appoints his comrade and fellow officer, William Holden, as marshal. However, it rapidly becomes apparent that Glenn is using his job to turn himself into a dictator and takes delight in imposing unjust laws on the townsfolk. After ordering the hanging of an innocent man, Glenn gets told off—but good—by Bill—and from then on it's open warfare between the two, with Glenn's wife, Ellen Drew, in the middle. Justice finally triumphs and Glenn gets what's coming to him.

MEXICAN HAYRIDE
Universal-International

With Abbott and Costello as the two main zanies, what more can you say? Except, perhaps, that friend Lou eventually finds himself in a bullfight arena which makes for more laughs than his "love scenes" with sultry Luba Malina. There's a slight plot in which Costello is the innocent fall guy for swindler Abbott, and is therefore known to American police as a cagy confidence man. Of course he is no such thing, and in his own screwball fashion manages to prove his innocence, and takes off, to the U.S.A. Ah, yes, Miss Malina finally succumbs to the Costello charm and as the two love-birds fly into the sunset—yup, you guessed it—Costello falls out of the wagon.

THREE GODFATHERS
(Technicolor)
MGM

This certainly is an unusual Western—three bank robbers, while fleeing a posse, find a deserted camp and a lone woman about to give birth. Before the mother dies, she makes the three outlaws the baby's godfathers and asks that they look after the child. From then on, John Wayne, Pedro Armendariz and Harry Carey, Jr. are no longer concerned with themselves and escape. Instead, with a minimum supply of water, they set out across the desert to bring their newborn godson to civilization and safety. Definitely a tearjerker, the picture, nevertheless, has its happier moments. As in the scene where the godfathers read a book on baby care. Harry Carey, Jr. does well in both acting and singing a cowboy song which turns out to be his own dirge.
Lucky Stiff
United Artists

PLIETY of murder and plenty of laughs is the formula for Dorothy Lamour's latest. Along with Dotty, Brian Donlevy and Claire Trevor find themselves in some hair-raising situations which begin when a night club owner gets bumped off and Dotty is accused of being the guilty party. Since Brian thinks she isn't guilty, he decides to track down the real murderer. He also gets Dotty, who everyone believes has been electrocuted for her crime, to play the role of her departed spirit. The object is to scare the killer into making him, or her, confess. With Dotty scaring the daylight out of everyone, and several creepy scenes, one takes place in an undertaker's parlor, you're sure to enjoy yourself. Plus that—a surprise finish, too.

Criss Cross
Universal-International

GIVES you an insight into the lives of some nasty characters and how they get nasty as time and the picture go on. With Burt Lancaster as the armed guard, Yvonne De Carlo as the sexy female who has been divorced from him, is still in love with him, but married to Dan Duryea, things happen fast and furiously, pitch. It's a tough, rough scramble of dirty deals and involved love. Both Dan and Burt get paid off for their crimes, and no one lives happily ever after.

The Countess Of Monte Cristo
Universal-International

THE only thing you can say is that this brings Sonja Henie back to the screen. Her skating with Michael Kirby and a small bit done by skater-comedian, Freddie Trenker, are the main bright spots. The rest is a rather confused potpourri about Sonja, and her chum, Olga San Juan, who are barmy in a small European kingdom. The girls get hold of a car and decide to palm themselves off as a countess and her maid—Sonja being the pseudo countess. While on the spree, Sonja meets and goes for a dashing lieutenant, Michael Kirby, but not without complications—each thinks the other is a crook. Anyhow, Sonja winds up with a movie contract and Michael.

Ella Bids Au Revoir
Continued from page 42

Eddie Albert, sitting across from us, "I've worked and slaved. During my last picture-making job, I was laid up for three weeks with mononucleosis, which could easily return if I don't take it easy for awhile."

"And yet—and all because I'm pretty darned happy, Robin! I feel capable of a million jobs, tired or not. My new mental approach is perfect and translating energy into work is simplicity in itself. All thanks to a dreamy husband."

Speaking of husbands, the last time we talked to Ella, she'd just been divorced and was trying to tie up the loose ends of her life.

"I'm really glad," she said, during the present meeting, "that I was married before, because now I can appreciate what we have achieved. I couldn't be happier—all I expected of this marriage came true. Plus a great deal I hadn't even dreamed of.

"I knew that Robin was the one for me, exactly three dates after we first met at Palm Springs. That evening, I remember, I'd been much taken with him and had asked, casually, about the three rows of ribbons on his uniform. It annoyed him, naturally, and he muttered something about getting them out of a box of Crackerjack. But, despite this minor contretemps, the mutual first-impression was very good, very good, . . ."

"He called me, two weeks later, and asked me to an air show. More dates followed, but, as I said, I knew after the third date that he was the man."

"Being a very honorable fellow," she continued, "Robin held off on a formal proposal of marriage until my divorce was final. Then I was so amused by the old-fashioned formality of his actual proposal, that I almost laughed, even though it touched my heart. I said, in answer, 'I think marriage to you would be fun, darling.' A classic bit of understatement, though I wasn't aware that it was, then."

And so they were married, Robin and Ella. It was a fancy church wedding and the newlyweds took off for Sugar Bowl—"
in the northern part of California—for their honeymoon.

"It's a lovely spot," said Ella, "great for skiing, something we're both mad for. I'm not what's called a competing skier—we're strong skiers, with the accent on endurance. Robin had never been on skis before and I was all set to show him up; a tiny bit, anyway. But I should have known that this rascal—Army All-American—would be a quickstudy on a ski run...."

"Naturally, since we both work, there've been separations, but we've been pretty lucky that way. And when we're apart, we write every day—his letters are extraordinarily good. The guy has a sense of humor, in addition to being intellectual."

The college-bred Raimes swears that his education is better than hers—he's a West Pointer. On the other hand, she's subconsciously jealous of the fact that Robin—the son of General Robert Olds and born in Hawaii—has traveled all over the U.S. and in Europe during the war.

"I've never been out of this country," said Ella, "and I love travel."

This "best husband" is a complete balance to her, she says, and is apt to come up with a surprise any old time, anyhow. Their sole maid has finally gotten used to them and if they eat dinner on the patio or in bed, she accepts it with a shrug. But always has to be doing something; both draw. He does cartoons, does a lot for and of the Air Corps in England. Ella specializes in circus paintings, has been engaged to do a card-a-year for a top-ranking greeting-card company. He wrote like everything—she's out to beat him every time (if she can) but, even so, they don't fight, period. Argue, yes—but no quarrels. He's right 50 percent of the time; she's right 35—that leaves a safe margin to be divided up.

"Robin's very much pro my career," says Ella. "He has helped me to become a real person on the screen. Thanks to his sane advice, I'm now aiming at completely natural acting—realism with an almost European flavor."

"When Robin and I saw the first rushes of a film I was making a while ago, he quietly made the point that I should appear on the screen as I am at home, that is, to put more warmth in the role. I trust my recent film-jobs are the better for that added warmth. No question about it, Robin has a good layman's sense of the movies and the movie crowd adores the guy."

And speaking of her movies, "Impact" is her latest, a United Artists job, and with Brian Donlevy, Helen Walker, Charles Coburn.

"My first nice-girl role," says Ella, "since 'Suspect,' four years back, and a happy change for someone who hates playing witches. In 'Impact,' I'm Marsha Peters, work in a garage, wear greasy overalls and have my hair slicked back off my face, like a boy's. Helen Walker, as Brian's wife, is a femme fatale and, through a complication, Brian and I are thrown together and come in contact with a police lieutenant, played by Charles Coburn and thanks to a smart bit of off-casting."

Prior to the above movie, Ella had turned out "Walking Hills," for Columbia—she's free-lancing, these days. It's an outdoor film having to do with sand dunes, Randolph Scott and a cast that includes the late, comic Edgar Kennedy.

"Impact," the United Artists release, was her 10th picture, she pointed out. This, she trusts, will break a jinx regarding the number 16 and her. Numerology doesn't have much impact on her, but she has noted that several unhappy things have centered around 16—she burned her face when a gas oven flared-out at her; in the 16th and she had a month's sickness in 1944 on that date. The 6th, however, that's a number—she was born on the 6th, married the major on the 6th.

"In Hollywood," Ella said, "it's better to be married to someone who's not in the same profession—if only because there's so much more to talk about when you labor at different trades, yes? As it so happens, I admire Robin's choice of the Army as a career—a natural choice for him, really, since his is an old Army family. As it also happens, I love Robin, and ours is the grandest romance—or have I said that, before? To me, to us, that romance is the most important thing in the world and its success even helps us to do better work. It makes me feel both proud and humble and I don't care who says that's corn, it's precisely the way I feel.

"I had cooked up a dozen fancy ideas about how I was going to lead my life, but I can honestly say that the way it turned out is much better than that pre-conception. There's no question about who's more important, in our relationship. Robin is prominent in his own right and people accept us both at face value and in all sets.

"I have a peculiar theory that people make their own lives and that if they really work at it—and have the essential drive and energy—they can bring things about by themselves—I can only point to Robin and me, as proof. And whenever I say 'my husband,' I get a jolt out of it...."

John Hodiak takes speck out of Maureen O'Hara's eye before Radio Theatre show.

"Not that I'm inclined to talk about the man," she smirked, went on, "but Robin just happens to number good taste among his other good qualities. He's even made me clothes-conscious. I, who used to be a suit-woman. Give little Ella a decent suit and I was all set. Now I spend years being fitted to very feminine things that will please Robin. Those Travis Banton numbers I mentioned weren't just for the boat or to dazzle Paris—they were whipped up to impress your now-who!"

"England is the big concern right now," Ella said. "I have five things in mind, as regards that country and me. First, I want to be a good airman's wife. Second, I want to help Robin in other ways, too. Thirdly, I want to learn French. Does learning French in England sound crazy? I don't think so, since it's spoken more there and there's a possibility of getting a bi-lingual housekeeper who'd help me get rid of the trea-vile French accent I got out of my college Francaise.

"My fourth objective is the study of dramatics in London, which has some of the world's best teachers. No one has ever turned all this talk about acting and I'm no exception.

"And, finally, I need a rest. A quiet spot 40 miles from London should give me a chance for plenty of relaxation, aside from carrying out that program."

One of the rock-solid foundations supporting the Olds amalgamation, is a number of common interests, especially in the sports line, where skiing heads the list, followed by most of the others with the exception of golf. They share a mutual dislike of cards but both are mad about dancing, the major being an exceptionally smooth man on the dance floor, according to an informed authority. Ella cooks on the maid's day off and once on that day and when Ella was ill, the master of the house fixed eggs and all the fixings and served them to her in bed. She's been trying with the idea of a regular Thursday attack.

As we walked out of 21, Ella said: "I'm just plain lucky, I guess. Marriage is a little better than a movie script, for it serves as a license. Robin's still my best beau. He's everything I ever wanted of all the boys in my life—puppy love, college crushes; they're all-in-one in this. We're not only husband and wife, we're also partners—an important fact in a working marriage a working partnership that works. But, confidentially, I knock myself out trying to beat him at as many things as I can so he won't be too conceited. ...

Ella had just two more things to say. One was almost a sworn statement. 'I'll bet every possession I have,' she said, with a quiet intensity, "that Robin and I will still be married 50 years from now." The other item had to do with her eventual return to the U. S., when her husband's tour of duty was finished. "Either come back," Ella promised, "with a bump or a bundle."

In case you're not up on your slang, Ella and Robin Olds are planning on having a baby....

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Catching Cold?

ATTACK THESE GERMS BEFORE THEY ATTACK YOU

Quick germ-killing action can often head off trouble or lessen its severity.

Medical men tell us that while some kind of a virus may frequently start a cold, the so-called “Secondary Invaders” are among the germs that so often complicate it, and are responsible for many of its most distressing symptoms.

When you’re under par, over-tired, or when body resistance is lowered by drafts, wet or cold feet, or sudden changes in temperature, these germs can stage a mass invasion of the tissues. You’re headed for trouble!

Then is the time to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against such a mass invasion . . . to help ward off the infection, or lessen its severity.

_Germs Killed on Throat Surfaces_
Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat and mouth surfaces to kill millions of these germs. Actual tests have shown reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

This marked germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic’s impressive test record in fighting colds.

Fewer Colds In Tests
Tests made over a period of twelve years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle. Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did have colds, they were usually milder and of shorter duration.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this germ-killing action is a wise precaution which warrants your serious consideration. But don’t forget . . . gargle early and often!

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

At the first sniffle— Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

P.S. IT’S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

SCREENLAND
MGM scores again with a singing, dancing, romancing smash in Technicolor!

FRANK SINATRA
ESTHER WILLIAMS
GENE KELLY

Take Me Out To The Ball Game

DIRECTED BY
BUSBY BERKELEY
PRODUCED BY
ARTHUR FREED

Screen Play by HARRY TUGEND and GEORGE WELLS

SONG-HITS!
9 of 'em, naturally!
Including:
"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
"Yes Indeedy"
"The Hayride Song"
"O'Brien To Ryan To Fineburg"
"It's Fate, Baby, It's Fate"
"She's The Right Girl For Me"
"Baby Doll"

LET'S FACE IT!...

It's Tops in Musicals

Screen Play by HARRY TUGEND and GEORGE WELLS

Story by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Screenland
SCREENLAND

J. FRED HENRY, Publisher
LESTER GRADY, Editor
CHARLES W. ADAMS
Art Director
STANLEY M. COOK
Production Manager

Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

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O N T H E C O V E R, PAULETTE GODDARD, STARRING IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "BRIDE OF VENGEANCE"

APRIL, 1949

PUBLISHED BY J. FRED HENRY PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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 no longer a girl... so now you must keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains.

Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to flourish 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 dries instantly. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is guaranteed not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.
THE POPULAR GIRL has more poise on her days each month if she is wearing that modern Tampax for protection. She is blisterly unaware of its presence!

THE CAREFUL ONE takes note that internally worn Tampax is doctor-invented, made of pure surgical cotton and used by a large percentage of nurses recently surveyed.

THE BUSY ONE finds Tampax quick to change, handy to carry (average month's supply slips into purse) and quite bother-proof when disposal time arrives.

THE FASHIONABLE woman need not limit her wardrobe during "her days," for Tampax cannot cause a ridge under the sheerest dress.

THE DAINTY GIRL discovers that Tampax causes no odor . . . Her hands need not touch it while inserting . . . And no removal for tub or shower!

THE SENSIBLE ONE adds up all the benefits of Tampax—and before the "moon" is out she buys it at drug or notion counter . . . 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior . . . Made by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Harry James, Betty Grable, Al Jolson at opening of Santa Anita race track.

In covering the Hollywood social beat, perhaps the question I'm asked most often is, "Do all of filmland functions go off as smoothly as planned? Does everything go according to schedule, without a hitch?"

My answer is that I doubt if there's a star hostess who hasn't at some time been embarrassed to find that her social slip was showing. Of course, I think this is true of every American community in which entertaining is done on a sizeable scale. It's only that, in Hollywood, such off-the-record moments are more conspicuous.

There are the classic examples of the newly-arrived star who gave a reception for a British ambassador and then introduced the wrong man; the legendary dinner at which the guest of honor, a noted scientist, mistook the garderobe in his finger-bowl for a salad and ate it, causing his red-faced hostess and the rest of the company to follow suit. And then, my favorite case of the tempestuous movie star who secretly switched dinner table place cards so that she could sit next to a new romance—and automatically switched herself out of an important role. The producer of her next picture, who was to have been her dinner companion, saw her do it!

Naturally, the chance of error is much greater at large parties where the hazards of a hostess range from unreliable extra help to reliable gatecrashers, who are still the bane of every SCREENLAND party.

Recently there have been a number of unanticipated incidents which have upset Hollywood's party-goers and I think perhaps the most amusing is the plight of lovely titian-haired star Arlene Dahl. Arlene had just moved into a new apartment and for a house-warming she

The Fred Astaires were among the stars who tried to pick a winner at the opening day of the Santa Anita course. Fred’s in “The Barkleys Of Broadway” with Ginger Rogers.

Bob Montgomery, between bites, explains the construction of a “Dagwood” sandwich to amuse Ingrid Bergman, with whom he co-starred in the “Seventh Veil,” over Radio Theatre.
"I didn't have a word to say in 'Johnny Belinda'.
But now I can't say enough about the wonderful time
I have with David Niven
in 'Kiss in the Dark'. There's
something in 'Kiss in the Dark'—something as warm
and special in its own way
as 'Johnny Belinda' was.
You're going to have a new
story to talk about again."

Jane won
78
CITATIONS
for 'Johnny Belinda'
—and she does
it again!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT A BIG NEW TRIUMPH!

DAVID NIVEN and JANE WYMAN

"KISS IN THE DARK"

with VICTOR MOORE · WAYNE MORRIS · BRODERICK CRAWFORD

DIRECTED BY DELMER DAVES · PRODUCED BY HARRY KURNITZ

SCREEN PLAY BY HARRY KURNITZ · FROM A STORY BY EVERETT AND DEVENY FREEMAN

ORIGINAL MUSIC COMPOSED AND ADAPTED BY MAX STEINER

SCREENLAND
A LITTLE MORE
Color—
MEANS A LOT MORE
Glamour!

A touch of color in your hair...if it is thrilling, natural-looking Marchand color...helps make you irresistible! There are flattering Marchand Rinse shades for you, whether you are blonde, brownette, brunette or redhead.

He'll love the sparkling highlights Marchand's rinses into your hair, too! Use "Make-Up" Rinse after every shampoo to add bewitching color and lustre, and to blend in gray hairs. Safe, easy to use, washes out in shampooing.

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"MAKE-UP"
HAIR RINSE
2 Rinses 10¢ • 6 Rinses 25¢

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BY MAIL—THE
ORIENTAL TOUCH

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Built-in Air Lift Arch
Wedge Heel Removable Straps
Crepe Sole

Never before offered at a price so low! Fit Guaranteed! Money-back guarantee!

COLEEN ENTERPRISES, Haverhill, Mass.

Ann Blyth wishes Wanda Hendrix happiness after Wanda's marriage to Audie Murphy.

she rushed out of the house to say goodbye at the ear.

Upon returning to her front door, Arlene discovered that she locked herself out!

She rang the bell, pounded on the door and rapped on window panes, but all to no avail. The guests were having such a wonderful time around the bowl of "glogg" (that potent Norwegian brew of aquavit and cinnamon sticks) that no one could hear her distressed and shivering hostess.

In desperation, Arlene went to a neighbor's home and called on the phone. No answer. Furious at being locked out of her own party, she went back to the house and made a final try. This time, after a long pause, suave and sharp-eared Reggie Gardiner heard the commotion and opened the door. Looking at his disheveled hostess, who was on the verge of tears, Reggie—in his typical dead pan English butler manner—said, "You're quite late, Miss, but what name shall I announce?"

A NOTHER accident—of a slightly different sort—took place at Diana Lynn's wedding. It was a lovely ceremony and the reception which followed at agent Wynn Rocamora's Bel-Aire home

Lucille Ball greets newly married Margaret Whiting and Hubbell Robinson at party.

Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy cut the wedding cake together at their reception.

Above: Lucille Ball brands Desi Arnaz her favorite husband at her Ciro's party.
A powerful and moving story of the secret hearts of men and women on the thin edge of desperation.

“Pretty Boy” Romano nears the end of his trail.

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
Humphrey BOGART
in
KNOCK ON ANY DOOR

introducing JOHN DEREK
GEORGE ALLENE SUSAN
with MACREADY ROBERTS PERRY

Screen play by Daniel Taradash and John Monks, Jr.
A SANTANA PRODUCTION OF THE NOVEL BY WILLARD MOTLEY

Directed by NICHOLAS RAY • Produced by ROBERT LORD

for April 1949
To Tampon Users...

Fibs

is the Tampon

with Rounded Ends...

the only Tampon

"Quilted" for Comfort...

"Quilted" for Safety...

Next time try Fibs

Director Alfred Hitchcock, Evelyn Ankers, Richard Denning and Macdonald Carey swapping laughs at the "favorite husband" party which Lucille Ball tossed at Ciro's.

was one of the most beautiful I have seen.  Over 300 guests arrived and for her bridal party, Diana had her close friends, Mona Freeman and Betty Hutton, while Jane Withers was the Matron of Honor.

Now Diana had it all planned to have Harold Lloyd's attractive daughter, Gloria, catch her bridal bouquet, but Diana's intention was better than her aim, so that the white bouquet fell into other hands, much to Diana's—and Gloria's—disappointment.

But what everyone at the party was wondering was, if Gloria had caught the bouquet and fulfilled the traditional prophecy of becoming the next engaged, would it have been to Bob Neal, who was formerly engaged to Diana? Bob was tops in Diana's affections until handsome architect John Lindsay came along, but is now very serious about Gloria Lloyd. Meanwhile, starlet Jane Nigh, who was that way about Lindsay until he caught sight of Diana, is all tied up with Claude Cartier, the Parisian jeweler's son. How romantically complicated can these young'uns get?

However, not all the slips occur to the hostess. Frequently the fans miss the boat, too, as at a recent premiere of "Joan Of Arc," an event for which all the stars turned out en masse, because the proceeds all went to the Marion Davies Foundation Clinic. It was a glittering display with top stardom donning its best bibs and diamonds.

Loretta Young showed up in an Adrian creation that took everyone's breath away. Joan Bennett and Irene Dunne wore Sophie originals—Joan's, a brown taffeta with pink roses and Irene's, a

(Please turn to page 54)

With John Payne's help, Maureen O'Hara prepares script for Radio Theatre show.

Cristine Cooper, of "Bitter Victory," in recent air appearance with Mickey Rooney.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Ray Milland relax during rehearsal for CBS drama series.
No man ever held more Terrible Power over Women!

HE TEMPTED HER Into The Strangest Bargain Ever Made Between A Man And A Woman!

A Paramount Picture starring

RAY MILLAND AUDREY TATTER THOMAS MITCHELL

with GEORGE MACREADY • FRED CLARK

Produced by ENDRE BOHEM • Directed by JOHN FARROW

Screenplay by Jonathan Latimer • Original story by Mildred Lord

PLEASE don’t tell your friends who—“Nick Beal” really is!
By Helen Hendricks

Portrait Of Jennie

David O. Selznick

HERE'S a tender, moving romance about the timeless love of Joseph Cotten, an impoverished but talented painter, and Jennifer Jones, the young girl who appears from the past to inspire him to paint his portrait of Jennie. In a time when so much is based on materialism, a film such as this is as refreshing and necessary, in this dried and mixed-up world, as a glass of cool water. The numerous location shots filmed in New York City lend the right touch of charm and authenticity to an otherwise ethereal plot. Along with Miss Jones, and Mr. Cotten, you'll find Ethel Barrymore and David Wayne, a new star on the Hollywood scene. Completely different and really out of this world, the picture is filmed for the most part in black and white, then goes into green-tint, then the final sequence, a hurricane, is done in Technicolor. This last sequence, by the way, has several effects that are breathtaking. If you have any touch of romance in you at all, and who hasn't, don't miss "Portrait Of Jennie."

Command Decision

MGM

WITH Clark Gable as the Air Force commander who is faced with the grim task of sending out a bomber squadron on a suicide mission, this film is an excellent story of a man who has to order others to their deaths so that more lives may be saved later in the war. Gable does a realistic job with combating his conscience, governmental red tape, and a group of sight-seeing senators. Though the major part of the picture in straight heavy dramatics, there are, nevertheless, some lighter moments with Sgt. Van Johnson, as the general's enterprising aide-de-camp, and Clinton Sundberg, the fusty, old-maidish major on Gen. Walter Pidgeon's staff. A number of the scenes are highly tense, and a few tear-jerkers—especially when the report from Major John Hodiak reaches Gable. With an all male cast of this calibre, women, needless to say, will thoroughly enjoy it.

A Connecticut Yankee

In King Arthur's Court

(Paramount)

PRITHEE, fair reader, canst think of better sport than to watcheth Bing Crosby cavorting about in King Arthur's Court, hey? Well, he does and it all starts when he gets conked on the bean while riding a horse. When he wakes up, he has been transported back into the 6th Century and immediately is captured by Sir William Bendix clad in rusty armor and wearing a Joan of Arc hairdo. Taken to King Arthur's Court, he
How LUCKY Can You Get?

Amusement Enterprises presents

DOROTHY LAMOUR  BRIAN DONLEVY  CLAIRE TREVOR
in "THE LUCKY STIFF"

with IRENE HERVEY  BILLY VINE  MARJORIE RAMBEAU  ROBERT ARMSTRONG

Directed by LEWIS R. FOSTER

Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster
Based on the novel by Craig Rice
Released thru United Artists

It's a rollicking mystery-comedy based on the popular Craig Rice character (and we do mean "character") Mr. Malone
MOTHER!

Be wise — give
This Pleasant Laxative

Of course you hate to force a nasty-tasting laxative on your child. Next time he needs relief, give him pleasant-tasting Ex-Lax — the dependable laxative many doctors use in their practice.

Children love its delicious chocolate taste. Millions of mothers give Ex-Lax with confidence to their children. Ex-Lax is effective in a gentle way.

Ex-Lax is still only 10¢. There is no better laxative at any price.

When Your Child has a COLD ... and needs a laxative, give him easy-acting Ex-Lax. It works gently, comfortably and effectively.

When Nature 'forgets' ... remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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BOSOM BEAUTY

At a BUDGET PRICE

$1.00

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meets the King, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a sniffling hypochondriac, and a faire princesse, Rhonda Fleming. From then on, Bing transforms the Court and its royal occupants. In the process, he gets himself involved in a joust, the outcome of which will determine who gets the faire princesse. The fact that Bing foregoes his suit of armor in favor of a cowboy horse and lariat, makes this one of the funniest scenes in the film. By the time our hero is returned to the 20th Century, he saves the King, does away with the villainous conspirators, and kisses Rhonda goodbye — but not for long.

Alias Nick Beal

Paramount

A FANTASY, and a very good one, too, about an honest district attorney, Thomas Mitchell, who, through the help of the Devil, Ray Milland, gets elected governor. The payment for the assistance being: one soul — Mitchell's. Though the theme is strange, there's nothing spooky here since the Devil is treated with 20th Century realism: he wears Brooks Brothers suits, drinks Barbados rum, and at one time has Audrey Totter make an ineffectual play for him. With Audrey and the Devil both working on Mitchell, it seems inevitable that he'll be handed a receipt: PAID IN FULL — THE DEVIL. However, good triumphs over evil and the debt is cancelled in a very interesting way.

A Kiss In The Dark

Warner Brothers

LIGHT and breezy as a Spring day, the story concerns a pin-up girl, Jane Wyman, who converts a temperamental concert pianist, David Niven, into a real live man — grrrrrufffff! Assisting Jane in this metamorphosis, but in a slightly different way, is that cherubic pixie, Victor Moore, custodian of The Cleopatra Arms, an apartment house Niven owns. With the house, Niven also inherits its tenants, one of whom is Broderick Crawford, as nasty a character as you ever saw. Along with Crawford, Niven has his troubles with Wayne Morris, Jane's muscular fiancé, and a crooked business manager. Only after Jane works on him and brings out his normal manly instincts, does Niven take care of the terrible three, and how! Incidentally, he also takes care of Jane, too.

Cover Up

United Artists

FIRST-CLASS mystery about a small-town suicide which turns into a plain case of murder. When an insurance investigator, Dennis O'Keefe, comes to town to look into the death, he realizes that his company's ex-client was murdered and also that almost every decent, upstanding character in town could have been guilty of the crime, including the easy-going, homespun sheriff, William Bendix. That O'Keefe falls in love with Barbara Britton, the daughter of the man who turns out to be the most likely suspect, complicates matters even more. Everyone, with special honors going to Art Baker, the father, turns in a fine performance.

Miranda

J. Arthur Rank — Eagle-Lion

AN English version of "Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid," and just about as naughty as it is gay. A doctor, Griffith Jones, off on a fishing trip, latches onto a blonde mermaid, Glynnis Johns, who is clad in nothing but a fishstall, and besides, hasn't a moral to her name. Unable to resist her — ahem — childish charms, Jones takes her back to London as a patient who is unable to walk. There,
The Most Wonderful Story
A Nation Ever Took To Its Heart!

Richard Greene and Jeanne Crain have a crucial misunderstanding in "The Fan."

dressed in long gowns to cover her tail, she meets the doctor's wife, Googie Withers, and a susceptible assortment of men. Since her stay in London is limited, Miranda works furiously to see the sights and create some more. She is also guilty of almost lousing up three perfectly good romances, but doesn't because at the 11th hour, Googie discovers the sweet child is a mermaid. Realizing her secret has been discovered, Miranda takes a jump into the Thames. Drown? A mermaid! Heavens to Betsy, no! On the contrary...

An Act Of Violence

MGM

READING of the whereabouts of an ex-Army buddy, Van Heflin, Robert Ryan packs a suitcase and gun and heads for the West Coast to fulfill a promise he had made to himself: to kill Heflin, now married, a father, and good citizen. After many tense moments in which the hunter stalks his prey, you finally learn why Ryan is so obsessed with killing the man who was his closest buddy. However, the

(A please turn to page 74)

A tense scene in "Force Of Evil" between John Garfield, Marie Windsor.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS

GARY COOPER

IN "THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES"

STARRING

TERESA WRIGHT
WALTER BRENNAN
BABE RUTH

and BABE RUTH Himself

Valin and Yolanda Ray Noble and his Orchestra
Directed by SAM WIE
Screen Play by J. Stuart Scott and Herman J. Mankiewicz
Original Story by Paul Gallico
RE-RELEASED by RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

Screenland 15
Eyes On New Horizons

Makeup is half of the means to lovely eyes, the rest is you

It's Spring again! There's a first shy peep of baby grass. Forsythia's yellow bells dance in a caressing breeze. The sky is a new, eternal blue, and everywhere there trembles a fresh promise of happy things to come. This promise of Spring shows in most faces. Lips half curve into an unconscious smile and eyes reflect the brightness of hope and anticipation. So often, it is this expression alone that makes eyes seem beautiful.

To keep this light alive forever might well be the purpose of every girl who has proper respect for her appearance. This is something that you alone can do by being aware of a few vital facts. Sparkling eyes flower from good health, and they belong to happy people, or people who can unselfishly surmount unhappiness in the interest of others. When we realize that our true and deep selves shine through our eyes, that they are indeed our windows, then from bottle, jar and case comes the added glamour that puts lovely eyes in reach of everyone.

Let us imagine a dainty dressing table, replete with finishing touches for eye beauty. Here is what we might find: eyebrow pencil, black or brown, with a good, clean point for sketching a clear After using her eyebrow pencil in short, definite strokes, Doris carefully brushes them to perfect line. A brow or a tooth brush works.

“Sunglasses give glamour and protection,” says Janis Paige of “The Younger Brothers.”

By Courtenay Marvin

Geraldine Brooks' violet eyes are enhanced by lash curling. Gerry is appearing in “The Younger Brothers.”

Doris Day, blonde star of “My Dream Is Yours,” darkens her naturally good browline.
two

Prices

87.50

150.00

12.50

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IT'S THE CHEER LEADER OF THE YEAR!!

Loretta Young
Van Johnson
MOTHER is a Freshman

Color by TECHNICOLOR

WITH RUDY VALLEE
BARBARA LAWRENCE
ROBERT ARTHUR • BETTY LYNN • GRIFF BARNETT • KATHLEEN HUGHES

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by WALTER MOROSCO
Screen Play by Mary Loos and Richard Sale • Based on a Story by Raphael Blau
Ingrid Bergman with her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, at the West Coast premiere of her film, "Joan Of Arc." Their friend, Signe Hasso, is to the right.

Walter Wanger, producer of "Joan Of Arc," with his wife, Joan Bennett, at the Beverly Theatre.

Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage, arriving for the formal premiere. The theatre was filled with big name stars.

NEWSREEL

Getting much attention from the fans out front was Robert Mitchum, who, looking much younger, attended the opening with his wife.

Paulette Goddard, escorted by Agent Charles Feldman, wore new French creation to "Joan Of Arc."

Susan Hayward with her actor-husband, Jess Barker, at Beverly Theatre. "Joan Of Arc" also opened same night at Palace in L. A.
IN AN intimate and beautiful ceremony at the University Methodist Church, Diana Lynn was married to an architect, John Lindsay. After a reception at the home of her agent, Wynn Roca-mora, Diana and John left for a honeymoon in Nassau. The couple met at a friend's home early last Summer and were married after a short engagement. Coincidentally, Diana's latest picture before her wedding was "Every Girl Should Be Married," an RKO film.

Betty Hutton congratulates Diana, looking as happy as the bride herself.

Reginald Gardiner gives Diana Lynn an old married man's advice, as her father, Lewis Loehr, enjoys the lecture.

John holds Diana's hand when they cut the first slice together from their elaborate four-tiered wedding cake.

The bride and groom leaving the church after their wedding. In John, Diana found all the things she wanted in a husband.
So like precious Oriental pearls in soft-hued lustre and iridescence, Gilda is the gift supreme!
Hand-knotted and finished with 10K white gold safety clasp, in Chinese type presentation case... $18.50 federal tax included.

L. Heller and Son, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York

Deltah has designed this Chinese gift case from details of Shang dynasty (122-947 B.C.) original treasures, as exhibited in prominent museums.
A wife, eager to hold her husband, must play a dual role in his life

By Ida Lupino

Any actress who puts herself in the position—as I am now doing—of giving advice, lays herself wide open to such remarks as, “Get her—she’s a big movie star—let her talk.” But besides being an actress, I should like to remark that I’m also a woman, faced with the problems of any woman, and with the emotions of a woman. I don’t pretend to be any oracle or any high-sounding philosopher. Nor do I expect that what I have to say on this particularly difficult subject will be world-shaking. But because I do feel deeply about the subject of marriage, I can’t help going into a phase of it that seems important to me.

To begin with, I don’t intend to go into the commonplace approach to the “other woman.” I’m only interested in pointing out a few things any wife can pick up from that proverbial but elusive female. When a man falls in love with a woman, she is the most important thing in his life. And she had better keep on being that important after the wedding ceremony. I am of the firm belief that no matter how attractive a woman thinks she is or other women think she is, it’s the man who really knows what she has—or hasn’t. And it’s important for a girl to get that into her head fast. Every woman, whether she realizes it or not, dresses to please a man. When my husband, Collier Young, stepped into my life, I had a rude awakening. I liked the currently popular short bob, so I cut my hair. Collier, however, didn’t care for it and told me so. I am now (Please turn to page 66)

Below: Ida Lupino chatting with Mark Stevens at Radio Theatre rehearsal. “Wives overlook the important fact that they should remain their husbands’ sweethearts,” contends Ida.
From the smartest playgrounds in the world we’ve rounded up these new fashions.

Colorful as a cabaña, as sentimental as a sunset.
And made so well and comfortably that you’ll romp and romance in them the Summer through. In a wide choice of gay colors... in leathers and Summer materials.
Unequalled for style, quality and workmanship at the price.

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Here are the items the stars, directors and producers themselves find are most amusing

By Lynn Bowers

The time for handing out awards has rolled around again and is in full swing. It's a nice time of the year for Hollywood, a town that takes its full share of deserved or undeserved pasting much of the rest of the year. So it was fun to participate in awarding the Golden Apples of the Hollywood Women's Press Club to Dorothy Lamour and Glenn Ford, a gal and guy who rate very highly with the hard-working women who bring you news of the stars.

There isn't a female star in town more cooperative or pleasant to work with than Dottie who has never been known to turn down a request for a benefit, a public appearance, or any kind of event that would promote good-will for Hollywood.

The party which the press gals tossed at the Beverly Hills Club for Dottie and Glenn was made very gay. Dana Andrews, who won the gents' award last year, was invited to come—and did. He was just back from England where he made "Impulse."

The entertainment was terrific, with the Dave Barbour Trio, Funnyman Abe Burrows, Betty Jaynes—she's just been signed again by MGM after several years of retirement from her singing career. And, of course, Miss Lamour gave out with several wonderful songs.

She also put a sock finish to the affair by inviting the hundred or so members of the Press Club to her house for a party. The only men present were Dana, Glenn, Dottie's husband, Bill Howard, and their 3-year-old son, Ridge. Glenn left sorta early and explained to us that he was off on a duck hunting trip to start his four-months vacation, his first real one since he came back from the War.

From there we went to the Rodeo Room at the Beverly Hills Hotel for Louella Parsons' gay whanging for her newspaper staff and radio gang, one of the best parties we've been to in months.

And from there we dragged our tired self home to bed, on account of we've been on a terrific merry-go-round lately.

A night or two before these events, we went to the preview of "Command Decision" which was attended by every star who could wangle seats to it. As we left the theatre in the rain Jimmy Stewart and his gal, Gloria McLean, were a-walkin' along beside us. She wasn't too hot about tramping to the parking lot in the downpour but Jimmy said, "Aw, it isn't raining hard." So she meekly trekked off down the street with him. Guess you would, too, if your bean was Mr. S.

Later we met Michael Steele, the very good young actor who played Captain Jenks in "Command Decision," and told him how good he was—it was no fib, either—we think he has a great future.

There have been a whole covey of Hollywood marriages, starting off with Diana Lynn's to John Lindsay. Wynn Rocamora, Diana's agent and pal, gave her a large wedding reception. Jane Withers was her matron of honor. And Bob Neal, Diana's former beau, was the first one to send her a wedding present. The newlyweds headed for a Nassau honeymoon. Marguerite Chapman and her new husband, Attorney
Bentley Ryan, spent theirs in Acapulco, the Mexican resort. Wanda Hendrix arrived in town just a few hours before her marriage to Audie Murphy. Delayed in finishing “Prince Of Foxes” in Italy, Wanda planned in on a split-second schedule which didn’t give her time to even try on the wedding dress that Paramount’s designer, Edith Head, had made for her. David Rose and Betty Bigelow eloped to Las Vegas; Claire Trevor and Milton Bren were marriedly quietly; Margaret Whiting and radio advertising man, Hubbell Robinson, also tied the knot in Las Vegas.

And the recently married Eddie O’Brien are expecting a little O’Brien—which will delay Olga’s starting her new contract at MGM. The Richard Harls are on the stork’s list for the second time as are Burt and (Please turn to page 71)
By Ben Maddox

Beside the telephone Shirley Temple uses most often there is the most bewildering scratch pad in all Hollywood. If you don't know of its existence, then you don't know the real Shirley.

"Isn't it awful?" she prods you, with her gay grin underlining her emphasis. "I realize I should have a nice pad, all ruled off in correct, convenient little spaces. Then I could find a phone number easily. I'd understand what I was doing when I wrote myself a memo. But it isn't that way, because I'm not that way. I realize the value of a system. You don't have to think. Life is so simple. But there are never any surprises. I couldn't stand that! I'll be the sort who wants to wonder, always. So that's why I scribble and jumble everything on this one sad piece of paper. You can see it's practically black. I have a dreadful time distinguishing what I've meant to remind myself."

Shirley sighed happily.

"So sometimes I just pick out phone numbers and start calling. I don't know whom I'll be getting. It's a marvelous door, however. I get into such unexpected conversations and have to figure out how to extract myself!"

All of which goes to prove that Shirley isn't the victim of unparalleled fame. She was brought up to be the well-balanced and responsible person she is today. But, being well-adjusted, she isn't to be dismissed as merely a virtuous symbol of American girlhood. She's definitely, you soon learn, a vivid human being. An intense imagination plus the light touch are Temple traits with which she is constantly peppering her progress. Success automatically brings oceans of publicity on how the winner got to the top. You're familiar with the fine common sense and good breeding the Temple family helped develop in Shirley. What you ought to hear now is the truth about where Shirley makes her own exceptions —for that is where and why her grown-up happiness actually begins.

Shirley and Darryl Zanuck, for whom she's making "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College."

She conforms seriously up to a certain point.

From the lovable little moppet emerged the Shirley of today... intelligent and beautiful with dimples still intact. Her adult philosophy, however, is peppery and imaginative.

"I have to be on time and fit into Hollywood's schedule when I am making a new picture. Here at home, I have to try to suit Jack, And Susan. My family. But the idea that people should live by a set of rigid rules is a horrible one to me. Posing as perfect is just not in me. That's an impossible goal, and I hate pretense. I refuse to be cut-and-dried about anything. It's not the things you might claim to do that count. It's probably what you don't do that adds up!"

"I can't help being naively youthful in looks, as well as small," moans Shirley, who looks no older than on her wedding day, "but I've cut my hair... I dress appropriately for my age now."

The proper indexed telephone note pad could be quickly ordered. But the ludicrous contrast of her scratch pad and her well-ordered home amuses Shirley. A secretary could be marching at her side, handing her neat little lists of her appointments for the day. "Oh, no!" Shirley cried at a mere mention of such a miserable fate. "What I need," she went on analytically, "is a little black date-book I could carry in my purse. If anyone gives me one, though. I'll lose it fast. I
just don’t want everything one ought to have. Not if it’s going to routinize my spare hours!”

She doesn’t strain to appear anything she isn’t.

“I draw the line at fooling people. Naturally, I begin by being honest with Jack. No, I don’t believe in flattering a husband with false preferences. I’m not a clinging-vine and Jack would never have noticed me if I had been one. I love him for his own personality and his own idiosyncrasies, and he doesn’t mind mine. For instance, he is mad about golf. My theory is that I should take it up, too, to keep him company on the links. But do I? No, I sampled it. My father tried to persuade me I was missing something, and failed. I discovered Jack could play thirty-six holes in the time he was laboring with me around the first nine. I saw no purpose in holding him back, and I didn’t feel the same enthusiasm for it he does. There’s always so much to do around a house with a baby in it that I have a legitimate excuse at the moment. I foresee that Susan’s daddy will eventually be taking her out as his caddy. Then I could be a genuine golf widow!”

“Tennis is my sport. Since Jack is as keen about it as I am, it’s a joint pleasure for us.” He had to learn to ride well for his movie debut. Shirley confesses she hasn’t been on a horse since she was ten years old, “I’m going to take riding lessons this year. I can share that fun with Jack. And some day I might have to ride in a picture.”

Her attitude towards her career has changed recently.

“Jack has made me much more ambitious about my work. I could never remember when I wasn’t making movies, but to me they were like a hobby, though I realized I could never be happy away from a studio. I can’t take idleness too long. By watching Jack and our friends who are just starting, by becoming aware of how much in earnest they are, I have been infected with their driving determination. Now I don’t just want to go on forever on the screen. I want to go on forever as, first, an excellent adult actress. Then I want to wind up as terrific a character star as Ethel Barrymore.”

“Right now,” Shirley continued practically, “I can’t help being naively youthful in looks, as well as small. But I’ve cut my hair for my new film, and as Jack approves of this (Please turn to page 55)

“Motherhood has tied me down, and I’m glad,” says Shirley, with Jack and baby Susan. “I feel I wouldn’t be a good mother if I spent several weeks away from Susan every year.”
Anne Baxter, now starring in "You're My Everything," a 20th Century-Fox picture.
Leading Ladies I’ve Known

By Gary Cooper

“I have never talked about these gals before,” he admits

FIFTY-SOME films ago, I made my first picture. That’s a pretty frightening statement, I realize, and I hope that it doesn’t convey to you the idea that I arrived in Hollywood along with the Indians.

I didn’t. Neither did I pitch a tent by the side of the Los Angeles River and wait for Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. DeMille to start shooting in an abandoned barn. The explanation is simply that once the producers put me to work, they kept me at it, week in and week out.

I’m glad they did, of course. And, even more, I’m glad to have been cast with the various ladies who have played opposite me.

I’ve never talked about these gals before for publication, but I assure you they have been a varied and wonderful group. They have ranged from seven-year-old Shirley Temple to Ingrid Bergman, from fifteen-year-old, timid Joan Leslie to voluble Tallulah Bankhead. The only one I’ve missed, it seems, is Lassie.

Thinking of all these girls as a group, I am struck immediately with the fact that not one of them was “difficult” in the theatrical sense of the word. They were colorful,

(please turn to page 60)
BOY MEETS DOG

In "Sun In The Morning," Claude Jarman, Jr., and Lassie are starred with Jeanette MacDonald. She's a concert singer whose young son is killed saving his dog's life. Lassie is the dog. Embittered, Jeanette gives up her career and, with Lassie, rents a home in the country. It is Claude, an orphan who does the chores around her house, whom Lassie accepts as his new master. And it is Claude who helps Jeanette find happiness again in her career as a singer.

Left: Claude helps Lassie to a cool cup of water after a difficult scene. Claude learned how to handle animals in his first role in "The Yearling."

Right: Claude and Lassie have a game of Leap Frog. "Sun In The Morning" was written by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, author of "The Yearling."

Claude, who hails from Nashville, Tenn., gives his all making a film. Won an Academy Award for "The Yearling," Lloyd Nolan, Lewis Stone are in film.
A **SAUCY** mermaid is the heroine of "Miranda," a delightful fantasy released by Eagle Lion. Miranda (Glynis Johns) leaves her ocean lair after she captures a doctor (Griffith Jones) and frees him in return for a trip to dry land. There she soon discovers men, particularly an artist, a butler and the doctor himself, are very, very fetching and takes home with her a sweet baby merman (father unknown) to prove it.

David Tomlinson, a butler, is engaged to the household maid until Miranda arrives.

Miranda returns to the sea after the doctor's jealous wife hurts her feelings by calling her a sea cow.

Griffith Jones finds it hard to resist Miranda's artless charm.

Miranda's little son is her pet souvenir from her trip to land.
Roy Rogers, starring in "The Far Frontier," a Republic production
Mr. and Mrs. Bentley Ryan at their wedding reception at the Bel-Aire Hotel.

New Role For Marguerite

Constance Moore and Joan Crawford were among the guests at the reception. Ann Miller and Kay Aldridge Cameron congratulate Marguerite and Bentley.

Willard Parker congratulates Bentley while Mrs. Parker admires Marguerite's rings.

Bentley ducks under his bride's bonnet for a kiss before they cut the cake.

Santa Barbara's beautiful old Mission was the scene of Marguerite Chapman's marriage to Bentley Ryan. The ceremony was performed at a nuptial mass by Father O'Toole, historian priest in charge of the Mission, and was witnessed by the families of the bride and groom only. A reception for their friends was held after the wedding at the Bel-Aire Hotel. To Marguerite, no scene she has ever made in pictures was half so exciting as her own wedding, and no leading man could compare with her dynamic new husband. After a honeymoon trip, they plan to live in Los Angeles where Bentley is Greg Bautzer's law partner.
Esther Williams, next to be seen in the MGM film, "Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
Those LITTLE Things

Macdonald Carey, currently one of Paramount's best and busiest leading men.

Macdonald with his wife, Betty (formerly of radio), and their daughter, Lynne Catherine, now two years old. The Careys are expecting another addition to the family shortly.

Macdonald Carey poses for candid camera fan on location at Gallup, N. M.

Macdonald with Bill Holden and Bill Bendix in New Mexico for "Streets Of Laredo" scenes.

Mona Freeman having fun with Mac between scenes of Paramount's "Streets Of Laredo."

Macdonald Carey has learned from experience he's no exception to the rule that it's the little things that count

By William Lynch Vallee

MACDONALD CAREY — one of Paramount's assorted leading men — rates as an authority on "the little things in life." The very same "little things" that help, the ditto that harm.

"You've encountered them, yourself—those small items that make life intolerably difficult and the miniscule matters that transform a cloudy day into a clear one. The brief note that arrived when you were fathoms deep in the blues, chased them away and brought you safely to the surface. The forgotten small something that was responsible for the fall of Rome or the loss of the One Who Mattered—and who's to say which is the more important?

Carey—no dope, no illiterate ham—is a college-bred gent who was neck and neck with his master's degree when the call of the wild histrionic arts lured him away. Playing top roles in no less than four recent Paramount films ("Streets Of Laredo," "Bride Of Vengeance," "The Great Gatsby" and "The Sin Of Abby Hunt"). Carey is intelligent, articulate, commonsensical and a quick man with repartee—as you'll see if you stick around for a few more words.

"Back in Sioux City, Iowa," said Mac, looking smooth and sophisticated as all former Sioux City residents do, "in my first school play, a four-year-old girl saved my reputation via a couple of the little things that big ones depend upon—in this case, buttons and long trousers. I wore them in the play and the two back buttons were hanging by threads, ready to part company with the suspenders and expose all—but all. I might add that I was then six years old and that I hardly ever have that trouble these days."

In "Streets Of Laredo," which Mac describes as a Western-style "Three Musketeers," he plays Lorn Renning. Lorn is a cowboy cad with sex appeal and a part Mac enjoyed playing, especially since he wasn't once bothered by a little matter that has irked hundreds of actors, to wit, doing a love scene with someone who'd eaten garlic for lunch.

"My first experience with garlic and l'amour," he says, "came in a junior high play, when I had to make love to a young miss who was (Please turn to page 62)
By Alice L. Tildesley

ALMOST every Hollywood actress has rumor problems. At one time or another, when she picks up her paper or turns on her radio, she sees or hears a startling rumor concerning herself.

It may be unnerving only because it isn't true. Perhaps it is stated that she is going to have an all-white house, when she has just put the last penny her business manager will allow her into an old English decor, all dark paneled walls and polished mahogany. She can laugh at that one; but she can't laugh when she reads that she's being seen with her leading man at cafes, when she's happily married to someone else, or that she and her husband are "agreeing to disagree," though actually they are very much in love.

"All you need do is wake up in the morning, and you're in trouble!" sighed Linda Darnell. Dark and slender, in plaid shirt and well-cut slacks, she paced her studio dressing room. "So far as you know, you haven't said anything—you haven't done anything out of the ordinary. Yet your eyes are only half-open when a friend telephones: 'WELL, have you read so-and-so's column? What goes on at your house?' or 'Darling, what's the fight about?'

"No one believes you when you say you have no idea. Even when you have found the paper and looked up the item, you can't imagine where the rumor came from."

She paused before a Chinese red screen that intensified the brilliant black of her hair.

"Pev and I have been married for nearly six years, and not a single year has gone by without two or three hateful rumors about us. We were married in April. That June, when I was on location at Kanab Forest for 'Buffalo Bill,' and poor, dear Pev was flat on his back in a hospital following an operation, one newspaper carried the story that we had been seen brawling at a Beverly Hills restaurant! Since no one can be in two places at once, it could easily be proved that we were not at the restaurant. If we had been there, neither of us would have been 'brawling.' We're too well bred for that, I hope.

"Pev tried to find out how such a thing could happen, but the only information he could get was that the restaurant had hired a public- (Please turn to page 67)"
One of the first photos of Linda with her newly-adopted baby, Charlotte Mildred, nicknamed Lola. She'll later adopt a boy.

Linda with her husband, Pee Wee Marley, cameraman. They've been married for six years and, despite rumors, expect to be so for life.

Linda Darnell, as a night club entertainer, in "Slattery's Hurricane," a 20th Century-Fox film.

Linda Darnell, with customary frankness, discusses the many fantastic reports about herself and the real harm they cause.
Bing Crosby, as Hank Martin, the blacksmith from Connecticut, cheers up King Arthur (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), as he takes a hot mustard foot bath to relieve his incurable cold. As a positive cure, Bing suggests the King stop living royally for awhile and try the life of a peasant.

ONE of Paramount's most enjoyable pictures is "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court," with Bing Crosby in the title role. There is more Bing than Yankee and a good thing, too, for he's never been more appealing, more entertaining than as the village smithy of 1905 who suddenly finds himself living in 528 A.D. in the screwy court of King Arthur.

Left: Bing dons the armor for his joust with Sir Lancelot, played by Henry Wilcoxon. Oddly enough, Bing is winner.

Right: Bing's arrival at the Court is punctuated by the spears of King Arthur's men. They believe him a monster.
Bing astounds lovely Alisande with feats of magic—magic to folks back in 526 A.D.

Alisande introduces Bing to her betrothed, Sir Galahad (Richard Webb). Bing falls for Sandy, too.

Right: In 1931 the late Will Rogers played the title role of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" with Myrna Loy as Alisande. Just as with Bing, it was one of Will's best screen efforts.

Below: Bing Crosby personally selected Rhonda Fleming for the important role of Alisande, and certainly made no mistake in doing so. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the King, his first comedy role, is second to Bing in honors.

As Bing hears his death warrant read, he destroys the document with the aid of his watch crystal and the sun.

Having freed himself, Bing removes the shackles from Alisande to thwart Merlin (Murray Yye).
Richard Widmark gets his first chance at being a hero in "Down To The Sea In Ships." In the film he befriends young Dean Stockwell.

"I love doing hoodlum roles, but after a

By Florence Pritchett

HOLLYWOOD can lay claim to a number of curious things. It has The Voice named Sinatra, The Nose named Durante, The Face named Colby, The Ego named Welles, The Body named McDonald, and The Surprise named Widmark. Believe me, Richard Widmark is a surprise! Barring none, this young, blond screen villain is the most contradictory figure on the American screen today. Naturally, this is merely your writer's most humble opinion for when I met him for the first time, I got the surprise of my life!

Heaven only knows just what I expected, but if you've ever asked for red meat and ended up with creamed chicken, you can draw a close parallel to my astonishment. After all, Richard Widmark (with a most delicate hand) has pushed old ladies in wheel chairs to death. He has slapped women around and generally displayed a refined type of hoodlum manners capable of making the boys from "Murder Inc." shudder. On screen, he has been merciless, cold and sadistic.

Now, I'm not saying I expected to be poisoned or slapped around, but the prospect of lunching with a blue-eyed Bluebeard made it difficult to forecast just what would occur.

True, I sat at the table for an hour with my jaw dropping open in complete astonishment, but then lunch is a good time to have your mouth open. Even today when the name Richard Widmark pops into the conversation, an incredulous expression flits over my features. Why all of this astonishment? Let me tell you. Richard Widmark, the screen's favorite killer, is as quiet and reserved as a
Dick, with Gregory Peck, in “Yellow Sky.” He’s also in “Slattery’s Hurricane.”

**Surprise**

uple you get pretty tired of them,” admits Richard Widmark

mouse. A reticence, apparently deeply bred in his character, makes him a difficult person to talk with when the topic of conversation is Richard Widmark. He doesn’t sneer, snarl, or “talk tough.” He speaks softly, his pale blue eyes are gentle, and he smiles most of the time. His education, obviously, has been extended beyond the best way to cut people into pieces. His sense of humor contains outward signs other than a hyena’s laugh.

A ruthless killer on the screen, Dick is actually a shy, quiet, happy homebody.

In one long breath he said, “Oh! I almost forgot we were lunching. How are you? How are things in New York? I met you on Fifth Avenue. Do you remember?”

While he seated himself and ordered a jelly omelette and milk, I answered his questions. Finally, deciding to take the bull by the (Please turn to page 68)
"Nearly everyone puts up a barrier as a defense from insecurity and fears," says Ava.

After all, it's the most interesting side, especially when it belongs to Ava Gardner.

Luscious and glamorous, Ava seldom attends lavish parties. Has never given one herself.

When you talk to Ava Gardner you are always in for a double-barrelled deal.

That true glamour of hers gives you the first wallop. Believe me, she isn't synthetic. MGM hasn't assembled Ava in a spare hour. She's not just a slick trick of clever photography, with added siren sound effects. At conversational closeness, her face and figure are genuine dream stuff. Further, Ava is deliciously neither too old nor too young, and she was born with the rare knack of being fascinatingly feminine. In person, not merely on a screen.

This last-mentioned instinctive flair of hers was unfortunately blocked until she got to Hollywood. More of how she licked this particular personal problem later on.

Obviously, Ava is developing her acting ability out Culver City way and is now destined to climb to her very own niche in Hollywood's history. But the generally unappreciated fact I think worth bringing out is this: away from her studio she is already in full bloom—as a human being. I want to tell you, here, about the unpublicized side of this lovable Gardner girl.

You have read enough about the reaction she causes when she steps out in standard Hollywood style. When Ava goes to a premiere or to Ciro's she lands in all the columns the morning after. Her behavior is invariably genteel, but her appearance is so completely sock that she is the eye-stealer. She grins impishly at an escort and the know-it-alls wrap that
up as a blazing romance. Naturally, where there's Ava there is fundamental warmth. Only in her case, I spell it heart. Hers, let me confide, is very well under control now, after considerable wrenching.

After you look at her for awhile, you find yourself listening in absolute astonishment. All of a sudden you get the second knockout jolt. She isn't following the ordinary pattern for glamour experts. She says and does things that you don't expect in Hollywood from a person in her spot. She is, actually, every bit as sincere, as amazingly unaffected, as the day she arrived in town.

Ava continues to spend three-fourths of all her free time away from the spotlighted places. Today, by her own choice, her best friends aren't any fellow movie stars. In spite of her film fame demanding that she be seen, she doesn't feel that chumming exclusively with Top Names is a burning necessity.

Watching a scene with Charles Laughton, also in "The Bribe." It's a dramatic romance of tropical intrigue and exciting adventure.

She definitely rates our most envied invitations, but she simply isn't wild about superficial triumphs. So she seldom attends our most lavish parties. She certainly has never given one, and has no suppressed urge to eventually out-dazzle in that sort of splurging. A vain delight in showing off an elaborate house, a variety of expensive gowns and furs, fabulous jewels, and chi-chi attitudes, is not in her makeup. A passion for posturing, according to caste system rules, is not her idea of fun.

Not that she's a free soul. Far from it! Ava looks luscious enough to upset many an applecart, but what's inside that same head of hers bosses her exterior. She literally admires the conventional in conduct, wants good taste in all she touches. Pretense, of whatever brand, throws her for a complete loss. So, wisely, she avoids all shades of fakery, tactfully. She seeks as her intimates people who are basically like herself. Idealists, with a great honesty. Eager to better themselves, but not hard in their ambition. Vastly impressed with life's opportunities, but never with themselves. And followers of the Golden Rule.

With these friends Ava is not a pampered tin goddess, dominating because she is a movie celebrity. She acts like "just folks," and this endearing democracy cinches her with you.

"I had to find something that Jerry would okay," she bubbled, running to open the front door of her new home for me. The first house Ava has ever owned is a couple of miles up one of Hollywood's most secluded canyons. You think you must have made a mistake, until you round one more bend and see the colorful pink wood, one-story Gardner house set into her own portion of hillsides.

Jerry is her attorney. Jerry Rosenthal, to be explicit. He doesn't specialize in film clients, and it's typical of Ava that she picked a successful young Los Angeles lawyer to give her financial as well as legal advice instead of a Hollywood character boasting of contacts.

I couldn't help grin back, for I know she's spent the past two years searching for this home. "It has to be reasonable and saleable," she'd inform her friends each time she returned from another fruitless real estate tour. She lived in small apartments until she finally discovered the right thing.

"I love this (Please turn to page 70)
In the Mojave Desert, not far from Victorville, California, where a new resort section has sprung up, Apple Valley Inn has become one of the favorite vacation spots for the Hollywood stars. Boasting a landing field for private planes, the Inn is surrounded by breathtaking scenery, maintains a string of fine riding horses and, in short, offers a brand of dude ranching that emphasizes luxury and comfort for work-weary actors. Apple Valley was a natural oasis then when the Zachary Scotts, Cesar Romero, Audrey Totter, the John Bromfield, and Barbara Bates wanted a weekend outdoors.

Zachary Scott, who was raised on a Texas ranch, and Cesar Romero, an experienced rider himself, roundup calves for branding at Apple Valley.

When John Bromfield and his bride, Corinne Calvet, flew up to Apple Valley Inn, the Scotts, Cesar, Audrey Totter and Barbara Bates greeted them at the field.

Cesar crowned Nancy Bisset Queen of the Apple Valley Roundup with the help of Zachary Scott and Audrey Totter. In the evening, they all went square-dancing.

The stars got a kick out of carrier pigeons, used to relay messages to the main lodge.

Corinne, John, Barbara and Cesar appreciated the fire at the early morning roundup.
Feeling a little bit squeamish and sorry for the calf, Cesar Romero helped with the branding during the roundup for Apple Valley Inn, which raises its own beef cattle. Though coaxed, none of the girls would touch a hand to the branding iron.

Audrey Totter gets a lift down from the chuckwagon from George Trench and Cesar.
By Edward Stevenson

Perhaps you think movie stars go out and buy twenty-five new outfits at a time. They don't. They're quite realistic about the value of the dollar these days. They'd rather put their money into their homes because that's an investment. Most of them are very practical about their clothes. At the beginning of a season they buy three or four new suits and dresses to wear along with the things they already have.

Lucille Ball loves to buy evening clothes. But when she was making "Interference" at RKO, she told me she never buys more than she actually needs. Like the majority of the stars, she puts most of her money in basic suits and dresses. She doesn't buy a lot of things. She decides what she will need for the coming season, plans her purchases carefully, buys the necessities and no more.

Stars often ask if they can have a favorite suit lengthened, re-fitted, or even dyed, to keep it going for another season. One day I saw Shirley Temple wearing a very attractive suit and I asked her if it was new. "No," she said, "it's two years old and I want to have a yoke put on the skirt to make it longer." Like anyone else, stars become fond of a suit.

The leaf design for the collar of this French blue wool suit is repeated in the slit pocket on the side of the jacket.

Perfect for office use is this suit Lucille Ball wears in "Interference." It's blue and gray wool with a detachable light blue faille collar.
or a dress and they’re willing to go to any amount of trouble to have it changed slightly so that they can continue to wear it.

And you might be surprised to know that while stars usually buy their basic clothes when a designer shows a new collection, many of them then go to the budget shops for the little extra items they need. They find some of their Summer cottons in those departments. They might be tempted to buy a simple little cotton dress in a custom designer’s collection, but they shudder at the thought of spending two or three hundred dollars for it.

Too many girls try to buy all the clothes they want, instead of just the clothes they need. They buy heedlessly throughout the year, instead of acquiring a complete, harmonious wardrobe all at one time. I’ve heard them say, “I have a date with Joe tonight. I’m going to dash out to have my hair done and buy a new dress.” They grab something in a hurry and waste their money as far as being well dressed is concerned.

Don’t try to save on a suit, a basic dress, or a coat, because your appearance really depends on those three items. Unless a girl’s life includes many social affairs, her wardrobe for a season could consist of just those three things. Let them be good and you can change them with less costly accessories.

Spend money on shoes. Buy one pair of each type that you need and buy good ones. They’re an investment that will last if they’re well made in classic lines. Do the same (Please turn to page 66)
Alexis doing a hot dance number for "South Of St. Louis."

Left: Alexis teams up with Joel McCrea, a Texas rancher, and they run the Union blockade. When Joel becomes a drunkard, Alexis sticks by him, helps him and, later, weds him.

Right: Alan Hale, Alexis' cohort in the smuggling racket, protests when she says she's going to ride a shipment of ammunition.

Alexis Smith makes friends and influences people who can be helpful to her in her gun-running activities in "South Of St. Louis."

Zachary Scott falls under Alexis' spell in the Warner picture.

Her interpretation of a barroom entertainer and unscrupulous gun runner for the Confederates in "South Of St. Louis," is Alexis Smith's answer to those critics who complain that she doesn't radiate any warmth on the screen. They'll have to take it all back when they see her as Rouge de Lisle.
AUDIE MURPHY'S publicity man is a very befuddled fellow.

For Mr. Murphy, who made his name the hard way—in eight major infantry campaigns in the War—refuses to behave as a movie star should. During the production of his first starring film, Allied Artists' "Bad Boy," Audie broke every rule in the book.

To begin with, he made statements. Like: "I always want not to be a hero. Only a few people deserve that title—and I don't know any off-hand."

(This is from the guy who was given the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Legion of Honor of France, and twenty other medals!)

And like: "When people first asked me to take a screen test and go into the movies, I refused. I didn't know anything about acting. I still don't."

(That's sheer heresy!)

And like: "Hollywood is like any other industry. You do a job—just like you did in the Army. And, if you don't do it well, the result is the same as during the War: they send you back to peeling potatoes where you belong."

"I'm going to try a few pictures. If I'm all right, fine. If I'm not, then I'll get out and make room for somebody who really knows what he's doing."

It is this last statement which causes the publicity man to clutch his greying hair. For never before in the history of motion pictures has anyone even hinted that he might not set the world on fire as an actor. And so well-grounded is the exactly opposite philosophy that it amounts nearly to protocol: If you're new to the screen, you infer in everything you do and say that the Gables and the Cohns and the Mitchums had better watch out—and let the press agents take it from there.

Now a well-preserved twenty-four, Mr. Murphy is thus a rather unusual gentleman. And we only hope that Hollywood's future will include more like him. Audie is on the threshold of what will probably be the one carefree period of his life, and we wish him many years of it. We say this because, up to now, all that has come to him has been bought either by pure muscle-power or at the risk of his neck.

He was born in Kingston, Texas, a town of five hundred, in 1925. His father was a farmer, a sharecropper on land not renowned for its productivity. There was no money. Thus Audie began to earn his way as a mere kid, working in the fields, clerking in a general store, helping in a gas station, getting schooling somewhere in between.

By the time he was seventeen, he was alone in the world. And there was a war on. Both because of the Army pay and because Audie is the kind of guy who likes to get into the right sort of fight, he decided a uniform was for him. The fact that he was under-age was easily rectified: he forged his birth certificate. Since there was no one to dispute his statement that he had attained the proper status, the Army opened its doors to him.

He hoped to become a paratrooper, but he didn't weigh enough. They put him, instead, in the infantry and soon afterwards sent him to North Africa as a replacement.

That began it. As a member of the 3rd Infantry Division of the 7th Army, Audie went from Africa to Sicily, to Italy's toe, to Anzio, to the Rhone Valley in Germany, and a few other spots between, winding up the War in Austria. He emerged with the aforementioned medals and with something he prized more: he was promoted to (Please turn to page 64)
Jane Wyman and David Niven in "A Kiss In The Dark," rollicking Warner Brothers comedy in which Jane again wins critics' braves.

Screenland Salutes

Jane Wyman

It's all very well being versatile as an actress, but how few there are who can change from one type of role to another without some loss of effectiveness. Jane Wyman is one of the gifted few. As Polly Haines, photographer's model in "A Kiss In The Dark," she is every bit as convincing and compelling as she was as the deaf-mute in memorable "Johnny Belinda." Her loveliness, shapeliness and sparkling personality are just as believable as was her drab and pathetic self in "Johnny Belinda." Watching Jane as Polly in "A Kiss In The Dark," with her Belinda in mind as contrast, presents a delightful exception to Jack of all trades, master of none.

As a photographer's model, Jane is a decided delight to the eyes in this hilarious film.

Jane at work as a model in "A Kiss In The Dark." Quite a change from "Johnny Belinda."
HYA Grace
Is your face in place!
Well let's step up the pace
And get off to the race!

AND the race is to those kiddie cars
with the canvas tops that go all the
way back and let all that pretty
azure in. M-m-m feel that balmy
breath of old lady Spring, young thing! And
meet it face to face. Dig those chestnuts
in blossom and all these fresh groovings
too—there's as much nice noise coming
from them as from those little ornitho-
logical rascals all around you. Show you
what we mean! Alors!

HEAVENLY!

Frank Sinatra—Man, once you've
been kissed by Amy—just tear up your
list—you're thru! So goes the tres cacci-
torre story from "Where's Charley"—
which Nancy's daddy knocks off so moon-
beamish like. Nice beat by Mitch Ayres' ork behind him, smooth beat and F.S. at
his most Sinatraish. "Sunflower," and ah reckon as how you all will like it quite a
spell. Just call Frankie "Red River Sinatra." (Columbia)

Tommy Dorsey—Hey! Everybody
down to the station to dig the little "Chugger Bellies"—as T. D. and Co. pull
out the throttle on "Down By The Sta-
tion"—loaded with train whistles and all
the other effects. Lucy Ann Polk, the
Sentimentalists and Denny Dennis are all
waiting for the choo choo. Shows what
the great Dorsey band can do with a
novelty. Denny Dennis, the kid from
Piccadilly, has the backside all to himself
—"How Many Tears Must Fall"—and
flows like the Thames itself. (Victor)

Doris Day-Buddy Clark—Just like a
Johnny Desmond—Look out—or you’ll choke on your chielet ‘cause Desmond comes on like Chanel # 5 on this etching! Guy has more feeling than a Russian play and his euphonies will have you purring like a kitten, kitten. First Johnny breathes “These Will Be The Best Years Of Our Lives” which immediately adds to the pleasures of ’49—and the stars hilliam, even as Nancy’s Daddy does, on “Careless Hands”—which has a nice beat and could happen. But this Desmond! Only great! MGM should be feeding Leo the Lion extra meat for getting him on their label. (MG)M

Words And Music—Voici the album from the shimmering celloid of the same handle smack off the sound track, Jack! Loaded with those immortal Rodgers and Hart thrillers—“Manhattan,” “Thou Swell,” “The Lady Is A Tramp,” “Where Or When,” “Johnny One Note,” “I Wish I Were In Love Again,” “There’s A Small Hotel,” “Where’s That Rainbow”—and Lena Horne, Betty Garrett, Mickey Rooney, June Allyson, Judy Garland, Ann Sothern and Lena Hayon and lotsa to sing and play em. What else do you want—dessert? (MG)M

Stan Kenton—By the time you dig this—Stan may either be reorganized, for which everyone with a good ear is keeping his toes crossed—or else deep in the study of psychiatry. Can’t you imagine Dr. Stanley Kenton playing his records for some lovely patient and bringing out all of her hidden frustrations. “Oh, Doctor, play me ‘Machito’ or ‘Cuban Carnival.’ She’d be cured, but quick! And another in the all too short line of Kenton classics is this fresh cookie, “How Am I To Know,” medium tempoed and not too frantic—backed by June Christie chirpin’, “He Was A Good Man As Good Men Go”—novelty stuff done to show the Kenton band can be as commercial as any other. Every time you have a hunk of Kentonia on your turntable, Mabel, make a little wish that Stan does reorganize—he’s too great a musician and has given too much to American music to remain unheard! (Capitol)

Frankie Laine—Oh, save that confederate money, boys, the South shall rise again! Here comes the kid who relieves the pain. Mr. Laine—taking “Rosetta” for a walk that’ll have you falling right in line behind! Moves like a DC 6! Wow! Has Frankie got a great beat!! And the kid can wag his chin to a slowie as well as demonstrated on “It Only Happens Once,” his latest composition—the other beauty was “We’ll Be Together Again”—which is just as lovely—and shows he can write ‘em as well as sell ‘em. Wonderful guy to boot! (Mercury)

Harry James—Jesse James Daddy on the flames! And that band still revolves at the same consistent speed! Meaning Harry boy’s back with a nice uproar on “Love—Your Magic Spell Is Everywhere,” with Marion Morgan at the breath controls. Then everybody turns over and—mop!—we’re off with “Redigal Jump”—another in that heavy rumbling series of tremendous instruments arranged by Ray Conniff, Harry’s trombonist. The Boys “East Coast Blues,” “Easy,” “All The Way,” etc. This is right up to standard and comes on like Milton Berle! Harry’s spotted on horn—and how! Wow! (Columbia)

LES BROWN’S “Just One Of Those Things”—a rattlin’ sequel to “I’ve Got My Bop To Keep Me Warm” and another in the leaping line of Brown instruments. (Columbia) . . . JO STAFFORD’S “Congratulations” and “Funny Little Money Man”—first by Paul Weston and the mate in the “Little Man With A Candy Cigar” groove (one she made with TD) . . . And her “These Will Be The Best Years Of Our Lives” is like cotton candy. (Capitol) . . . FRANKIE CARLE’S etching of “Congratutes” has Greg Lawrence kicking his cards and is most ear arresting. (Columbia) . . . VAUGHN MONROE’S “Red Roses For A Blue Lady” and “My Own True Love”—if you like clothespins with your singing. Pass me my nose drops, Mirandy. (Victor) . . . The head of Vie’s Vixens has a sybaritic pressing in “My Heart’s In The Middle Of July” and “I Heard Music From Heaven”—sounds like the angels themselves. (Mercury) . . . SKITCH HENDERSON’S SKETCHES—A sheaf of Kyles Cedric’s melodies on “Autumn In New York,” “Jealousy,” “Moonglow,” “Soft Lights And Sweet Music,” “Two Cigarettes In The Dark” and “Two Sleepy People.” (Capitol 511) . . . PATTI PAGE—“Oh In So In Love” the Cole Porter beaut from “Kiss Me Kate,” Soulful sound! (Mercury) . . . There’s nice sherbert by HERBERT—JEFFRIES, that is, on “Baby You Won’t Please Come Home.” (Exclusive) . . . TONY PASTOR’S “Grievin’ For You”—cooking with chirping soft and swooney by Rosemary Clooney, San oldie but the vibrations are like therapy. (Columbia) . . . JOHNNY LONG’S “Sweet Sue”—closet thing to his smasheroo “Shanty In Old You-Know-Where.” How it bubbles! Zounds! (Signature) . . . And here comes LOUIS JORDAN “Petin’ And Pokin’” laughin’ and jokin’, screamin’ and scratchin’ and beanin’ and steamin’—his fast patter cookie loaded with alliteration in the ruffles and nusses of a married pair. Beware brother! (Decca) . . . DEAN MARTIN does fine on his ownsay on “Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder” and “Powder Your Face With Sunshine” and if he keeps it up he’ll be powderin’ lotsa hearin’ flaps with those tonsils. (Capitol)

ALSO EARWORTHY!

Gene Krupa—Come and be baptized!’ Cause Genie with the light brown drumsticks in a leaping’ brace of originals by Eddie Finkel, “Calling Doctor Gillespie” and “Up An Atom,” bulging with surgin’ solos and that great G.K. Slingerland (see, Dad!) Showing how Genie has moved right with the times. And if you think you can’t stop your insteps to ’em—you’re off your rocker. But there’s so much intriguing stuff to listen to, who wants to. Genie’s sure baked some great HOTs this past year—“Joe Jock Jumps,” “Leave Us Leap.” (Columbia)
Ella Fitzgerald—Well scrape me off a saucer and call me buttercup! This is the "Robbins' Nest" to end 'em all—as Ella puts her own words to the catchy deal done for this kid by Illinois Jacquet originally and then by Sam Donahue, Claude Thornhill and Count Basie. But then she takes off in a coupla bop choruses that'll have you flippin' but with a half gaynor. How great can you be! And whatta thrill it is for this rascal everytime he diggs it! Ella's lyrie, incident, was fashioned on the spot in a N.Y. nite spot when we walked in and she dedicated it to us—but with pronouns and participles right out of her own fertile little brain. Back is her own composition—"No Sense," which belies the title—"cause it has bunches! (Decca)

Duke Ellington—Victor be praised! They're out with a reissued or unissued slab of "Caravan" and "In A Sentimental Mood"—but what's the diff—it's Ellington and that means more immortality for your wax shelf. Both full band deals—both completely up to '49 in every department. (Victor)

ALSO GROOVEY!

COLEMAN HAWKINS' melodic, rhapsodie exercise on "What Is There To Say," by Vernon Duke—still the greatest tenor soloist! Back is "Riffide"—in which you're baptizied by Hawk, as well as Howard McGhee on trumpet and Sir Charles Thompson, author of "Robbins' Nest." (Capitol) . . . HOWARD MCGHEE-FATS NAVARRO BOPTET—two chapters of concentrated baptismal stuff that'll transfix you like Ulysses was by the sirens! (Blue Note) . . . CHUBBY JACKSON'S four lockin' bopalong bicaulis—"Lemon Drop," "Crown Pilots," "Boomsie," and "Dee Dee's Dance"—all cut in Sweden (Rainbow) . . . BRAD GOWAN'S "Singin' The Blues" and "Jazz Me Blues"—with Billy Butterfield on trumpet and the late Davey Tough on the tubs (Victor) . . . COUNT BASIE'S "Sophisticated Swing" and "Mister Roberts' Roost"—coupla fine fizzin' instrumentals. (Victor) 

BEST IN THE NEST

DORIS DAY—"Someone Like You" (Columbia)
JOHNNY DESMOND—"These Will Be The Best Years Of Our Lives" (MGM)
STAN KENTON—"How Am I To Know" (Capitol)
FRANKIE LAINE—"Rosetta" (Mercury)
HARRY JAMES—"Regal Jump" (Columbia)
TONY PASTOR—"Grievin' For You" (Columbia)
LOUIS JORDAN—"Pettin' And Pokin'" (Decca)
ELLA FITZGERALD—"Robbin's Nest" (Decca)
FRAN WARRICK—"What's My Name" (Decca)
BUDDY STEWART—"Laughin' Boy" (Sittin' In)

For lips men love—and love to kiss—Tangee

"KISS ME"
as interpreted by
MEG RANDALL
AND RICHARD LONG
in a scene from
THE LIFE OF RILEY
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

Tangee KISS COLORS

Tangee PINK QUEEN—A new pink . . . to give extra "kiss appeal" to your lips.
TANGE RED—Best bet for brunettes . . . This rich, intriguing red is a sure magnet for kisses.
TANGE THEATRICAL RED—This dramatic color makes red-heads look doubly warm and tempting.
TANGE GAY—Red for blondes . . . gives lips that gay, reckless, "I-dare-you" look.

1. Keeps lips soft . . . invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right . . . gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily . . . so smoothly . . . so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and LASTS!
Continued from page 10

wine-colored off-the-shoulder taffeta.

Claudette Colbert was a dream in a pink silk crepe with flowing lines, while Anne Baxter, happily holding on to the arm of husband John Hodiak, was a vision in a gown of classic design by the sensational designer, Madame Genni—an evening robe in three shades of watered green tones.

Amid such a display of couturier art was it any wonder that the fans failed to recognize the slim girl with the severe black gown and the shoulder-length hair—do who turned out to be none other than Miss Bergman, the star of the whole proceedings, herself!

Of course, the autograph hunters and the premiere prowlers had their eyes and their candid cameras peered for a vivacious short-haired "Joan" in an evening dress resembling a suit of armor. But this time Bergman, who is one of the most reticent of all the stars we know, fooled them and was off and away before the first-night fans could catch her.

At an intimate party later in the evening, I asked Ingrid why she had whipped off so suddenly and she told me that the New York premiere had been almost too much for her and that she and her husband were longing to get away for a quiet rest.

Kidding her about her New York jaunt was the distinguished actor, Nicholas Joy, who plays the Archbishop of Rheims in "Joan" and who appeared with Ingrid on a broadcast of "Camille" during her Gotham sojourn.

Nicholas played Armand's father to Bergman's portrayal of the famous Dumas heroine for the radio presentation which won Hotper-rating acclaim.

"Cobina, don't let Ingrid tell you that she has no sense of humor," Nick said.

"After the broadcast was over, La Bergman looked at me impishly, smiled and said, 'Well, at least there was one thing unusual about this performance. It's the first time there's ever been any Joy in "Camille".'"

The next day Ingrid and her husband Dr. Lindstrom did get away for a few days vacation, but instead of going to the desert as everyone expected, they quietly stole away to the High Sierras which are still wintry at this time of year.

Many of their friends thought they would seek relaxation at the Shadow Mountain Club, Cliff Henderson's new desert retreat at Palm Desert about fifteen miles from Palm Springs. This new luxurious oasis has everything from a polo field to a private air-strip and amid these beautiful surroundings, film stars and celebrities sip champagne in a spot where twenty years ago grizzled prospectors died of thirst.

Cliff is the man who built the famous West Coast Pan-Pacific Auditorium, which he recently sold for many millions of dollars, all of which he sank into this new desert community to provide a playground for movie stars and socialites.

At the opening of his new crystal-encrusted Shadow Mountain Club, for example, I discovered Jimmy Stewart with his glamorous stand-by, Gloria McLean, Olivia de Havilland and her husband, Marcus Goodrich, the Gregory Peck's, Bill Holden with Brenda and Bob Stack with Irene Wrightsman.

Opening day events brought out all the stars to watch the rodeo, the pioneer pageant and the Water Ballet which was so effective that I heard a girl behind me remark, "I think that's the most beautiful swimming exhibition I have ever seen!"

You can imagine my surprise when I turned around and found that the impressed voice came from none other than Estelle Williams!

Humphrey Bogart surveys National Brotherhood Week poster which he just finished nailing up at Warners' Studios.


Gene Kelly, Dennis Day with Dotty Lamour on her NBC air show.

Esther Williams, currently in "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," and her husband, Ben Gage, entertain her mother and dad, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Williams, at home.
new look I'm going to keep it short. It's a step toward following the prevailing fashion. I dress appropriately for my age now, but after awhile I can do a bit of style-setting, I hope. Lowering the pitch of my speaking voice should add to my opportunities for dramatic roles. I've begun my first voice lessons with that as my purpose."

In "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College," Shirley portrays a young widow with a three-year-old son. This makes a specific demand upon her acting ability, and an advance glimpse of some of her major scenes plainly shows her increased range. She receives a twenty second kiss from Tom Drake in the finished film. Creating it meant her most ardent romantic task so far. The director shot the clinch from every possible angle, "I didn't rehearse it at home," Shirley informed me, "Jack and I don't rehearse one another. We are too self-conscious with each other for that.

Her return to the 20th Century-Fox lot, where she was the world's greatest child star, has been the most enjoyable loan-out David O. Selznick has ever arranged for her. She was welcomed back after her nine-year absence with a gala reception in the studio cafe. Jane Withers and many of the stars who shone in the early Temple films attended to greet her in person.

Her picturesque dressing-room cottage, long a Hollywood landmark, was empty until last year. Then the studio dentist finally captured it for his offices. He couldn't move it. So Shirley was blissful, and very grown-up, in a swanky suite right alongside the others reserved for Betty Grable and Tyrone Power. She received a nostalgic jolt when her set dressing-room materialized as the identical trailer she'd had as a child star. Only all the frills of childhood were gone.

Instead of the cute wallpaper with animals, the doll's house, and the set of little dishes, it was painted a dark, lush green and the dressing-table and couch were in a subtly matching shade. "I wouldn't have recognized it," Shirley assured me, "if I hadn't found the initials 'S. T.' carved on the door—where I put them when nobody was looking."

"Everything looked smaller at 30th than I'd remembered. That first longer love scene with Tom Drake was shot on Stage 9. It was the same stage I began on, when I was five. Only then it was a vast cavern to me. I couldn't wait to slip off and see the hill I used to climb up at five. Now it's gone. At least, it's become just a slight incline. I hurried over to the old administration building where I thought there were eight high steps. I finally located two medium-sized ones."

Working with Clifton Webb was a delight and onlookers told me how ably she kept up with his witticisms. He had to accept one of her don'ts, to his surprise. The first day of shooting, he immediately asked her to call him by his first name, as did the producer of their picture, Sam Engel. "That's something I've never been able..."
to do." Shirley said to me. "I don’t call older people by their first names until we have become old friends—which takes a lot of years. This isn’t a rule with me. It’s a mania! It seems so disrespectful otherwise. Mr. Webb announced he’d call me ‘Temple’ then, if I would call him ‘Webb.’ I accomplished that all right, because it was sort of professional. But it was always Mr. Engel. Imagine being so flip with a producer that you’d call him Sam, or David or Darryl!"

She spent thirteen novel days on location on the University of Nevada campus in Reno. It was her first time away from Susan, and Shirley carefully long-distancted home daily to check on every detail of her baby’s care in her necessary absence. Two hundred college students were hired for extra work, and pleaded with her to return to be queen of their Winter ski festival. It was very stimulating to her to mix with the college crowd. She recalls with particular pleasure the lengthy discussion she had with the Dean of women at the university.

"I was amazed to discover nearly an eighth of the undergraduates are married. Many have children and are keeping house. Yet their grades are as good as the single girls’, and better than the men students.

"I don’t eat much at lunch when I’m working," Shirley went on, recollecting a fiasco she shared with Mr. Webb. "I can’t. Neither can he. But such a magnificent dinner was sent us one noon while we were on that location that we slipped. It was eleven degrees above zero when we tried to resume acting outside afterwards. We had a five-page scene to play and both of us were so full of food we were pathetic. We fluffed it time after time!

By preference, Shirley says no, firmly, to all offers of elaborately prepared food, so you’d be wasting your efforts if you shamed over intricate dishes for her benefit. "I’ve loved Summer squash, and have eaten it almost daily, since I was a very young Peas and carrots, too. And it isn’t chicken every Sunday for me, but every day if possible instead of meat. All too often I get plomaine from the chicken I order when we eat out. I’ve gotten it in Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and Santa Monica restaurants. That doesn’t stop me!"

Although Shirley wants plain foods, she sees to it that Jack can have a variety. They employ an expert housekeeper-cook, but Shirley checks on the menus thoroughly. She considers this one of her basic duties. Occasionally she decides to practice some of the cooking-school recipes she mastered before her marriage. A chocolate roll, stuffed temptingly with whipped cream, is inevitably a breeze for Mrs. Agar and a morsel to Jack and their bridge guests.

The Agars dote on very small, informal gits—a notion of friends’, where mostly Nonames. Going over to someone’s house, or phoning an invitation to come on over to the Agars’, is nine-tenths of their social life. Once in awhile they go dancing at Ciro’s, and just last month Shirley gave her first Name party at home in honor of Rory Calhoun and his sporting the longer haircut. That was only one instance where I learned that a woman must gear herself to please her man style-wise and all the other wise. To me, that is a certain way to be the “other woman” in your husband’s life.

Whenever anyone asks me how I managed to keep Collie interested before we were married and since—and that’s a woman’s big job, keeping a husband interested—I say, in reply, “I try never to get in a rut. I try not to be the same personality day in and day out—of course this is not difficult for me.” A man thinks he likes a nice, steady diet of female companionship. He’s supposed to like a woman whose moods he can gauge, whose reactions he can anticipate. But a lot of women are calm, dependable and steady find that after a while their men become restless, that the gentlemen come home at night and retire behind the newspaper.

I think men like variety in a wife. So she doesn’t mind hurrying when she’s at the wheel of her car. She has a passion for shopping. That is, for the picking out part of it. The drudgery involved is a pain she often avoids suffering. She abhors a fitting, for example. "Yes, I did pick out a new suit three months ago," she admitted. "I haven’t it delivered yet, because I’ve put off going back to the shop for a fitting."

Then we got back on the subject of her movies again, she explained that she and Jack would like to team in one a year. They prefer to work with one another, but they don’t think it wise for him to be typed with her. "It’s more fun when I don’t know what I’m to make next. I’d rather be told on a Saturday that I’m starting a new picture on a Monday. Then I won’t worry for months ahead. I’m against worry, but I’m a worrier! Once I did have that happen to me. There was no time at all to assemble a wardrobe, so I just wore my own things. I wish, also, that studios could work from one p. m. to ten p. m. I always feel peppy as the day goes along. How I hate that morning alarm clock!"

Susan Agar, now a year old, is the third person who’s always included in the Agars’ scheme now. Shirley hasn’t been to New York City since 1944. She doesn’t anticipate a spree there. "Motherhood has me tied down, and I’m glad. I feel I wouldn’t be a good mother if I spent several weeks away from Susan each year. The one location trip to Nevada had to be, but it was terrible to be so far from her that long a time."

She isn’t going to let Susan be an only child. She’s expecting two more children, the three preferably two years apart. "I don’t care whether they are boys or girls, so long as they are healthy and fairly intelligent."

With Shirley Temple as their mother, how can they miss?

How To Be The Other Woman . . .

Continued from page 22

Director Alfred Hitchcock gets an earful from Lucille Ball at her Ciro’s party.

Screendland
are the very things, the very reasons that the "other woman" uses in her conquest of the man. So why shouldn't a wife use them? Why shouldn't she try to carry out the idea that she and her husband are still going together? And in dwelling on this romance idea, I think men can be equally romantic without destroying themselves. I think, for example, that it's a wonderful thing when a husband suddenly stops his car when he and his wife are driving some place and says to her, "You look wonderful—give me a kiss."

All of these things were done during the courtship period and it doesn't hurt to continue them after marriage.

Speaking of the courtship period brings up a moot question. Should a girl show her faults then or try to hide them? I think a girl should let a man know of her shortcomings while she's being dated—but how few do! Men are wonderful in that respect. They blandly display all their faults. If he puts his feet on the furniture, for instance, when he is courting a girl, she can be sure he'll do the same thing when he's married. That constant quality is the nature of the man. Women are indirect. A woman will watch her behavior carefully when she's being dated. She's so careful that she gets all tied up in knots. When I was going with Collie, I used to be so nervous for fear that I'd do something wrong that I couldn't eat when I was dining with him. I even tried to develop a new voice—something soft and different! Mine naturally is sort of husky- hoarse, you know. But Collie found me out. One day he said, "You know I like that quality in your voice. Got a cold?" I let down the barriers and replied, "No, it's the way I really talk. I can't help it." I haven't tried to change it since.

It doesn't pay for a woman to fool a man. Instead, she must be all women to one man. Let her be herself—but with a constant eye on what pleases the man she's married.

When the girl has won her man and they're in the first year of marriage, there are, naturally, problems. But here again she can borrow the tricks of the nebulous "other woman" and keep her marriage and her man.

One of the most important things for her to remember is not to be jealous. Jealousy is a destructive force. If a girl happens to be jealous and can't help it, it's certainly best for her to keep it to herself. Nothing frightens a man so much as jealousy. Mentally, he feels like a prisoner. To resent a husband's complimentary remarks about another woman is silly. And is also tiresome to a man. Rather than resenting them, I think, it's better for a wife to incorporate in herself some of the qualities he has admired in others. Not in such a way that she tries to be a carbon copy of another woman. I mean, if a husband should say that he likes a certain woman's laugh, the wife shouldn't try to simulate some gay laugh which makes her sound like an idiot! That would be silly. She can still be herself—and honest to herself—without taking such drastic measures, but she can improve her laugh, perhaps—walk more attractively, improve her style in makeup.

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Often a young wife is too timid or shy to learn these intimate physical facts. And because of this her husband may become sulky and resentful. She feels her marriage is breaking up—heading for divorce. Yet she finds herself helpless.

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Golden Chance perfume rests in an intricate gold leaf.

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Matchabelli's Easter Bonnet box holds miniatures of Stradivari and Easter Lily, at $8.\(^*\) The little hat boxes are so appealing, the perfume so precious, that girls would be wise to think now of who is having a birthday in the future and do a little stocking up for the happy events.

C. M.

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Yardley's Pink Pearl English Complexion Powder lends a lifting radiance to Winter-pale faces.

Cheramy's April Showers is as much a part of Spring as sunshine. Pictured is the Eau de Toilette, $1.25\(^*\) to $2.\(^*\) The companion perfume is $1.25\(^*\) to $7.50.\(^*\)

Golden Chance perfume, lying in a golden leaf, by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, is one delightful way to spend $1.50\(^*\) for perfume. The bottle is a replica of an old-fashioned inkwell. A golden cord with pink hearts hugs its neck, while the leaf makes a quaint individual ash tray.

Here's a little treasure.

Star Bright, inspired by the old wishing verse, is a Cutex contribution. "Pink just blushing into flame," is the maker's description of this electric tone in Nail and clothes. The basic foundation of a woman's character can't be changed—but it can always be improved upon.

I know I mentioned a wife's appearance at the beginning of this article, and called it "old hat" if you want, but I can't help stressing it. I can't see any reason for a wife's neglect of her own appearance in her home. Pin curls, for example, are about the most unglamorous thing in the world. If she does her own hair, she can still put a bandana or turban on her head in such an attractive way that at least the hair in front is curled and neat looking. Bandanas, too, can be made to look very appealing. Even if the wife is an inveterate blue-jeans-and-old-shirt wearer, she can still look attractive. A woman forgets—once she's married—that a man during his daily business hours sees plenty of pretty girls and he wants his wife to look equally attractive. The "other woman" is like the girl who is being dinged—she never will appear untidy before a man, so why should a wife be any different?

Oh, I can hear many girls saying, "Oh, great! Listen to Lupino. She's a movie star with maids 'n' everything. She can talk about being attractive because she doesn't have to do anything all day but primp." Well, that's where the girls are wrong. It just happens I haven't a maid. When I'm working, I get up around 5:45 a.m. and am at the studio all day. I come home dead on my feet at 7 p.m., yet I manage to get my face washed and climb into something nice for Collie to see when he comes home. And also, when we were fixing our house, he and I painted the place inside and out ourselves. We started at six in the morning and worked all day. When he had to be at the studio, I went right ahead with the job. We didn't even have a stick of furniture at the time. Yet, when he came home, I had set up a card table in the dining room, I had romantic music on the phonograph, and I had arranged a few wreaths as glamorously as possible on the table. And, yes, I had candlelight, too. In addition to which I had dressed my hair and taken time to don something feminine and frilly. Certainly it took extra effort—but the appreciation in Collie's eyes made it mighty worthwhile.

That all reduces to one thing—a wife must remain an exciting woman to her husband. And if any wife says, "Why try—there's nothing exciting about me now!" she's wrong. There must have been or her husband wouldn't have fallen in love with her in the first place.

Now, I admit Collie and I have been married not quite a year, that we're in the first full flush of married life. But we've had our trials already. They're part of marriage. For one thing, we seldom get a chance to see each other. He leaves the house around eight-thirty in the morning and doesn't get home until about seven or eight at night. One of the principal reasons I accepted the part in "Greed" at Columbia was because I thought I could at least have lunch with Collie since that is his studio. So what happened? Most of the picture was made in Arizona and out at the Columbia ranch—and I never saw him once during production at the studio. We're taking care of that situation now,
though. We plan to go to Europe in a few months when "Not Wanted," my first picture as a producer for Emerald Productions, Film Classics release, is finished, just to be together. Not all couples can take ambitious trips to Europe, but they can find an acceptable substitute if they take the time to give the matter some thought.

I think anyone, if she wants to remain interesting to her husband, is foolish to nag. That is simply being domineering and robs a man of his masculinity or puts him on the defensive. The "other woman" would never resort to that. Instead she would be utterly feminine. She might even become the helpless female—and it doesn't hurt any wife to be just a little helpless. No matter what they say, men like helpless females. It gives them added strength. Not that I approve of the clinging vine approach. I loathe it. But to make a man feel your need of him isn't such a bad idea. Women forget that a man's ego can be beaten down faster than can a woman's—much faster. And when that happens, what have you?

I also think that a wife shouldn't forget that in the courting days she laughed at every funny thing her man said. Once she has put the Mrs. in front of her name, though, she seems diabolically determined to let his jokes fall with a dull thud. Some wives forget to be good listeners any of the time. They want to do all the talking. Every man likes to have his ego inflated—and what better way is there than to appreciate his sense of humor, even if you have heard the same gags over and over again?

Another danger time in the ego department is when children arrive. I grant you I have no children yet, but I have friends who have, and I've been able to observe that there is a serious problem here. Many women forget the husband—or push him into the background—when a child is born. I don't believe in this because a man must never be pushed out of a woman's immediate interest. I know it's a trying time for a woman. She is up all night, she's nervous with her new responsibilities, but she has to learn to control all that and still remain a sweetheart and a wife. Every rule I've thought of about marriage up to this point is even more important now. When the child arrives is the time when a marriage must be hung on to more tenaciously than ever. I know it takes work.

Yet, my own mother succeeded very well in this respect. She took care of my sister, Rita, and me in the morning, always got father's lunch at noon, went to the theatre and performed two shows in the afternoon, came home to look after us when she finished working, prepared dinner, put Rita and me to bed, and then went back to the theatre. But she never for a moment neglected my father—and she didn't neglect herself. She remained as glamorous as ever. It can be done—if a woman wants her marriage badly enough.

Another common trait among some wives that I have no use for is the habit of complaining about what a hard day they have had or how ill they feel. A woman who has "complaining-itis" is sounding the death knell to her happy marriage. Men have been known to stray from the fireside just for the want of hearing something happy and cheerful said for a change. There is no quicker way to get a marriage into a dangerous rut than by complaining about the very things that are your job in that marriage.

Which brings me to my last point—and perhaps the most important. To keep a husband interested in you, take a hint from the "other woman" and let him know once in a while that you want to be alone with him. Why not say, "Let's see no one tonight and just be alone?"

In other words, what's wrong with having a date together by the fire in your own living room? Collie and I tried that recently. We had four invitations for one Saturday night and we refused them all. We sat down in front of the fire and just talked for a while. We had gone to the ballet the night before, so after a while he asked me to show him how to do some of the "lifts" we had seen. So I did. You should have seen me caving out about with Collie lifting me up on cue! It was a wonderful evening of fun.

That's the basis of Collie's and my life together. To have fun. He's a man who loves laughter. He's sympathetic to anyone in trouble, but he can't tolerate—and neither can I—anyone's bringing his moods into our house. He turns pale then and becomes very nervous. We want to keep life on as cheery a plane as possible. That's the only plan we have for our future—to keep our marriage fun, to keep its success from being taken for granted. It's the best way I know of to avoid the entrance of the "other woman."
Leading Ladies I've Known

Continued from page 39

many of them, but there wasn't one who didn't consider herself secondary to the film as a whole.

In that particular department, perhaps the most outstanding example is a gal from Sweden of whom you may have heard: a gal named Bergman.

Our first picture together was "For Whom The Bell Tolls." It was, as you may remember, a rugged sort of film, shot under rugged conditions. Ingrid came through beautifully, as we had known she would.

I had met her at a dinner party several years before we worked together. She had not been in this country long then, and impressed me at once by being one of the most truly shy women I had ever encountered. Hollywood seemed to overwhelm her. And her clean, healthy good looks stood out from the crowd around that table like a beacon. She, if the truth be known, overwhelmed us moviettes as much as we did her.

When we were last to see her, it was after she was playing Maria in "Bell." we were all delighted. Hemingway himself had said she was the girl he had in mind when he wrote the book, you see. And Sam Wood and I felt she was eminently right for the part, above all other actresses in Hollywood. So we waited for her in our mountain location impatiently.

She arrived with her hair as short as any beaver that ever lived. The characterization called for that bob, of course, but we were still surprised. We had thought that any woman, no matter who, wouldn't—well, would chisel a little, not go as far as Hemingway's description of Maria's looks. But Bergman did it. She was Maria.

She was almost humble about the role. She was more eyes and ears than anything else. She had great enthusiasm for the part and the story, but she put herself second to the picture.

She always does that. No matter what the part. The production is more important than she is.

And, in some uncanny way, despite her hair and her mannish costume of pants and an old shirt, she managed to look feminine both on and off the screen. With no makeup and roughing it in the mountains, she was as much a lady as she would have been in her own living room.

Playing scenes with Bergman is a joy. For she is never mechanical. She thinks as she acts. She meets you halfway, makes you feel that you are actually living the scene, that it is something which is actually happening.

That's rare. Few actresses can do it.

I think of two others who can. Helen Hayes, with whom I made "A Farewell To Arms," and Patricia Neal, who recently finished "The Fountainhead" with me.

Patricia is like Bergman in many ways, yet also entirely individual. Like Ingrid, she is tall, intensly serious about her work, wholly sincere. But she has other qualities exquisitely her own.

I don't think that any other actress in the world could have done as great a job in "Fountainhead" as she did. That's a broad statement, I know, but it happens to be true.

The role, you know, is not the kind that comes up every day or every year. It is a role which borders on the neurotic, which has scenes of great passion in it, great violence. It could easily be made ridiculous. It wasn't—in Patricia's hands. Instead, she made it superb and believable.

It was the second role she had had in pictures and, frankly, the studio was a bit dubious about entrusting her with it. She had had a fine stage background, of course, but she was very young. The bosses were doubtful whether or not she had the technical skill to carry it off.

I had never seen her on the screen until they ran one of her tests for me at Warners. Part of the footage, to be honest about it, was no good at all. But there was one scene in which she was terrific, in which she showed definitely what she was capable of doing. She won the role on that one scene.

She was scared of the part, naturally. You get scared of any role that's good. I do, anyway. I feel all my inadequacies staring me in the face and begin to wonder. But, after only a few days' work, Patricia was hitting her scenes dead center. She was showing us all that she both knew the character and understood her thoroughly. And she was thinking, thinking hard, in every sequence she played. The result, as I think you will agree, is magnificent. And Patricia Neal is a new star with whom to reckon.

We had fun on that set, of course, as we do on most sets. It was such an emotional story, you see, that if we hadn't relaxed between shots we would have gone crazy.

There was exactly against kidding in any way, I might add, and when a gal who's in a picture with me has a sense of humor it charms me right down to the ground.

Two girls immediately come to mind in this category, Annie Sheridan, whose dialogue is bawdy and wonderful, and the late Carole Lombard.

Lombard was more laughs than anyone I've ever met. That's been said before, I know. When we made "The Man From Wyoming" together, I found it was true.

She was utterly lovely, of course. Somehow, her face was almost unbelievable. And the first time I saw her cut loose she surprised me so that I nearly fell over.

We were on location out in the Valley. The shooting had been rather uneventful. It remained so until Carole blew a little bit.

She stopped cold. She took a deep breath. She jumped what looked like ten feet into the air. And as she jumped yelled in a voice you could have heard for a block, "Oh, HELL!"

Eight electricians and I rolled on the ground.

In direct contrast to Carole was Shirley Temple. She was exactly seven when we made "Now And Forever" together at Paramount. It was her second film.

I hope all the other child stars will forgive me when I say that I don't believe any other child with the talent Shirley had as a kid. From my standpoint, she was incredible.

My point of view went farther than the mere fact that she was cute, you see. I had to work with her. And I must confess that originally the prospect did not make me exactly blissful.

But Shirley, even then, had dignity. She, too, was "show business," though in her case the quality had not come from experience. She had been born that way.

Even then, she picked up her cues like a veteran. She took direction the first time it was given. She "got" the scene as fast as any adult. And I got the education of my life.

Laraine Day is like that, too. We made "The Story Of Dr. Wassell" together for Mr. DeMille, as you may remember. And I found her to be completely swell,

She had a challenging character in the picture; She was to play a nurse, a creature of great efficiency, yet, at the same time, she was also to be a woman, a warm and appealing personality. That's tough to do, for if you go too far in one direction you make the other side unbelievable, and vice versa. Laraine steered through the middle, perfectly.

I have a story I want to tell her the next time I see her.

One day when we were between shots on "Dr. Wassell," I asked Laraine where she came from. I knew it was somewhere in Utah, but I didn't know the exact spot.

"Roosevelt," she answered. "Don't worry, you'll never go there. It's the smallest town in the state."

Well, a year ago, I was on my way by car from Sun Valley to Aspen, where I own some ranch land. And, suddenly, I saw a sign in the middle of nowhere. There before me stood a little dust-blown town—named "Wassell."

I stopped at a gas station.

"Isn't this where Laraine Day comes from?" I asked.
Ann Blyth of "Red Canyon" with Eenie, Meenie, Minie and Moe, cute toy poodles.

The man looked up proudly from the back of my car.

"It sure is," he said. "Her aunt and uncle live right over there," he added, pointing.

A few miles farther, I came to another town. I stopped again.

"Doesn't Laraine Day come from around here somewhere?" I asked a lady who ran an antique shop.

"She certainly does," the woman answered. "Her cousins live in that house down the block."

I didn't dare stop for the third time. Either everyone in Utah wants to claim Laraine, or she has more relatives than anyone who ever lived.

There have been many other gals I like to remember working with. Stanwyck, for instance, who's fun and businesslike at the same time. Colbert, whom I first met when we made a complete stinker together years ago in New York. (We have a wordless pact never to mention that film by name.) Bankhead, an interesting, vital person with whom I hope I never have a verbal argument. (I'd lose.)

And there was little Joan Leslie, who played my young sweetheart in "Sergeant York."

Joan was fifteen at the time and had never done anything in pictures before. Yet I felt—and still do feel—that she was one of the most brilliant actresses I've ever met. She had a natural gift for the theatre. She had enormous possibilities.

Joan's career has been confused recently because of her legal fight for freedom. I sincerely hope that she gets herself untangled soon, for I feel that she could be truly great.

There is one woman I have not worked with in the past whom I hope will be playing opposite me in the future. She is, of course, one of the screen's immortals, still as beautiful today as she was when she first came into pictures.

I speak of Garbo. If she ever decides to make another film, I hope I'm somewhere in the vicinity.

For, up to now, the only thing I've played with her is tennis.

And that's not enough.
as pretty as a picture—and steeped in garlic.

“The stuff is ruled out at our house—Betty, my wife, is opposed to it. In 'Laredo,' which, by the way, is a honey of a picture, my very pleasant love scenes with Mr. Carey never come at the 14x12 studio and sans you-know-what. Believe it or not, the script called for candy-eating during those scenes—garlic-proof!

“The outdoor shots,” he went on, “were filmed mostly at Gallup, New Mexico. No love scenes there and we could—and did—eat anything we chose. Bill Holden and I did some tricky cooking with a portable barbecue and when Betty heard about the dreamy food, she began a campaign that ended with my buying one for the Carey Actor’s Home.” More anon about cooking and Carey vs. peanut butter.

Mac raved about a Mexican actor—well-known south of the border—named Alfonso Bedoya, who plays Charley Calico, a bandit, in ‘Laredo.’

“The guy’s terrific,” said Mac, the one actor who praises other actors. “This, incidentally, was my first assignment as a film-heavy and I was crazy about it.

“The moustache I wear as Lora is a beauty—busier than the one I’m behind now. The reason I’m still wearing one is that it pleases my wife. As Caesar Borgia in ‘Brute Of Vengeance,’ my own moustache is fancy, turns down, but the attendance blazed a path that I would not grow. Regarding hisrute adornments, June Havoc once told me that she made her husband (Bill Spier) wear a beard because, to her way of thinking, it does things for a man.”

Mac feels that acting as a rotter, stinker, cad or dastard is considerably more fun than playing a hero. It’s also true that it may do more for him, professionally speaking. He noted that a similar behavior pattern had done wonders for Victor Mature and Richard Widdmark, both now concentrating on screen-punks.

“Vic Mature once defined a cad,” said Mac, “as a guy who has sex appeal and doesn’t give a hoot about anything—a setup that women seem to adore. I personally am opposed to indiscriminate killing and the cads I am in ‘Laredo’ and the Borgia number aren’t much given to casual butchering.

“As a matter of fact, in the Borgia opus, my sister—played by Paulette Goddard—does most of my poisoning for me. I only snuff out one lone character. In ‘Laredo,’ I kill several, but I’m very amiable in the one role. I dare say, finally, Mona drops me with a bullet just as I start to polish off the guy who’s come betwixt us. She’s protecting him, of course, because I’m such a terribly tough guy with a six-shooter and he hasn’t a chance. She’s very fair that way, a sentiment that appeals to me as long as it’s only a movie character who’s doing the dying.”

Like everyone else, Mac hates to be kept waiting. It’s one fault possessed by a majority of people.

“My wife says that I move slowly,” he admits, “but, even so, I’m pretty prompt. My work in radio got me accustomed to gauging time down to seconds. Thanks to being able to figure that way and since I’m only a half hour away from the studio, have a tan and don’t need makeup, I don’t have to leave the house before 8:40 and, even so, I can be dressed and on the set by 9:00.

“That the movie business may keep us waiting, is a matter of no consequence. Waiting was something we got used to in the Marines, anyway (Mac was a lieutenant). It was the old war story—wait for food, wait for orders, wait . . .”

Our man confesses that he’s bad about letter-writing, despite his personal knowledge of what a letter can accomplish.

“A note,” he says, “did the trick when it came to persuading Betty that she’d be the happiest woman in the world if she became Mrs. C. In that letter I analyzed our situation, made an appeal to reason and she was swept off her feet by its overwhelming eloquence—in fact, she accepted me, just as she had decided to, months previous to my devastating missive.”

Mac can cite an instance from his background that will illustrate the tiny tricks fate springs on people.

“I’d done a lot of acting in college,” he says, “and I was also working for my tuition. I also had a job from a professional Shakespearian stock company was too good to pass up. I became an actor.

“I was engaged as a juvenile, one of the reasons I was willing to quit college. But it seems that there were two directors and each had hired a juvenile and who’d want two of those things? And the other one had been acquired before I was and, besides, he was younger and prettier.

“To the latter,” he went on, “it seemed like a easy break. I’d earned my academic bridges behind me in order to be a juvenile and I wasn’t. So—I became a character man and, if I do say so, a darned good one.

“Instead of appearing as a pretty dude, I waddled about as Friar Lawrence and grabbed off a handful of applause. I played Brutus to Julius Caesar and found it a fat part. I worked every day and drew a cash salary that the management admitted I’d earned honestly. Also, I learned plenty about acting even as I discovered that what had looked like a kick in the pants was actually a boost up the ladder”

On his list of small irritations go the people who forget to say thanks, the late arrivals and the coughing audience at the theatre and, worst of all, the lugs who don’t try to remember your name.

M en spoke of one annoyance that made people might rather have either a major or a minor one—namely, set visitors.

“The public knows how movies are
made," he said, "they're even on to the tricks, such as process shots, and there's no worry about de-glamourizing the stars. It's merely that an actor—working at his only trade—can't let go completely if he's being eyed by a gaping group.

I have a phobia about another detail of living, and it has to do with the gentle art of listening—most people don't. For a fact, I don't object to people who talk your head off if they're amusing, and, for that matter, a garrulous guy can also be a perfect listener. One of the hardest things an actor has to learn is how to listen intelligently.

The Hollywood grind—and the ditto life—provides many little tidbits, Mac says, that affect the people who live there. It's hard to maintain a circle of friends, primarily because of the type of work and the tough hours involved.

"Most actors live a long way from their studios," Mac pointed out, "and so they have to get up early to be there in time for makeup and so on. The ladies, however, sometimes have to roll out of bed at 4:30 (for a fancy hairdo). Actors labor all day and wait endless hours while cameras and lights are being set up and look at rushes at 6:00 p.m. Then they struggle home at 7:30 at night, try to eat, and settle down to—learning the next day's lines. Possibly stealing a moment to read a magazine piece about themselves, something titled, 'The Gay Life Of Suzy Burke,' wondering—half asleep—who this gay person is.

Besides that, there's the matter of looking well. Now mind you, I don't mean looking rosie-pink or sans lines. I'm talking about eyes. Few people are aware of the camera's overweening fondness for a wide-open eye and its uncanny ability to pick up what's in an eye. Naturally, a sleepy, droopy-eyed actor looks but lousy on the screen. Look at the eyes of your pet star next time you're at the Bijou..."

Another of the small nuisances of Hollywood life is its lack of privacy. Mac is not a free-lance type—he's-a-lone type and he broods with joy when a pack of auto-graph hounds starts baying on his trail.

"But," he insists, "actors do enjoy a chance to take in things—not in the way of attending, but rather in the way of absorbing. They're too often in the position of putting out, too rarely get a chance to quietly take in things so they'll have more than shop talk up their sleeves.

I remember, specifically, a chance to read a book; to have a few friends in for a quiet evening; to enjoy good conversation instead of the prattle attendant on an over-sized dinner party or a cocktail party peopled with more photographers than guests.

"Instead, the customary thing is the ice Folies' opening and picture of you and cute skaters. Or a movie premiere with cameraman perched on your knee to better snap oblivious—you looking obviously startled by the flash. I'm not even hinting that the gag is, this is merely a campaign for a chance to like them.

Mac paused, looked a bit embarrassed and said that the above honest tirade probably made him out an introvert, which he isn't, altogether. Especially in view of the fact that, unlike so many movie males, he's keen about dancing and is reported to be a tolerable dancer.

"When I do get a chance to crack a book," he said, "I read most everything in sight—metaphysics, essays, satirists, books on the theatre and art. I wasn't bowled over by the 'Kinsey Report,' and a book jacket displaying a bosomy heroine is not for mine.

"Sports certainly are a means to a broader outlook, no specific reference intended towards riding, something I've been doing a lot of, lately, in the fillums. Tennis I'm fairly good at, golf I gave up as a kid when my twin brothers, four years younger than I, used to go around in the 70's while I stayed with the 80's. They won tournaments with ease and with my father (a golf champion)—no wonder I quit. I took fencing lessons once for poise and exercise and I've been able to use some of that in the 'Borgia' movie. I suppose these are all unimportant matters in a person's life, but it would seem as though they contributed a great deal to the sum total..."

Watching the self-confident, debonair Macdonald Carey making love to Paulette, Mona, et al, on the silver screen, you'd find it hard to believe that there was a man who once lived exclusively on peanut butter.

"At one point, back there," he says, "I quit Chicago and much radio work, to make my name on the New York stage. I'd saved $150, which I didn't really need inasmuch as I had been promised a role in a play. Naturally, the play fell through, leaving only sporadic radio jobs. Meanwhile, I had to eat, even liked to eat, and New York's enormous variety of food fascinated me—I ate at a different restaurant every night. Before long, of course, the $150 was gone and only peanut butter was left—three times a day.

"Years later, my wife discovered peanut butter. She wasn't much of a cook at first and I pretended that I was ignorant of the art—me, Carey, the man with a rep at Iowa U for the macaroni salad! So Betty fell back on you-know-what, even often disguised it in her cooking attempts and darned if I didn't get to like the stuff again, after I'd sworn never again."

Betty has since become a marvelous cook, he adds, specializing in souffles that don't fall, hollandaise that doesn't curdle and dec-veen peanut-butter surprises.

The Careys rate bridge as too small an item to be included on their list. They're poker players, with the likes of Bob Preston, Glenn Langan, Bill Holden and John Hodiak in on their games.

"I've noticed that when women play," said Mac, "less money is wagered. Most men, I'd say, lose less but bet more. Few women, and I'm risking my neck by saying this, play scientific poker.

"Speaking of annoyances, small-size, Mac turned on women's hats—he doesn't like them.

"I prefer shawls on women's heads," he said, describing them with his hands and managing to look like Macdonald Carey.
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and not a girl in a shawl. "They can be darned nice—the shawls, I mean—and they lend a cow-like effect, and I did say cow. But I'll still hold out for the theory that woman's ornament glory is her hair, unmarred by a felt-monstrosity.

"Career woman," he said, adding that he was aware that, for pure danger, his pronouncements on poker and hats were as nothing compared to this red-hot sub-
ject, "are quite probable."

"Nowadays it's a question as to whether a man should open the door for a lady or whether she should open it for him. La politesse is presumably a man's province, but if women are his competitors and equals, well? If there's any talk of failing manhood, it's a woman-made thing.

"Nature, however, has a way of dictating to all of us and children do need care and supervision. Even so, some women shirk their obligations in their feverish anxiety to carve out a career. Why can't we all be in complete agreement on this. We feel that where two people are in the same profession (Betty was a radio actress), it's better if one of them becomes inactive. It's usually only satisfactory for husband and wife to both have careers when they're in entirely different fields.

"I fully appreciate the sacrifice that Betty has made in our case," Mac said.

"So does our two-year-old daughter, Lynne Catherine. And so, too—I'm sure —will the one we're expecting.

"It's true, too, that the little things that count, it's a little Carey who's being counted on. . .

Still In Stride
Continued from page 49
first lieutenant on the field.

On one side, he has put the War out of his mind and he wants it that way. When you ask him to tell you the one bit of bravery which won him his Congressional Medal, he stops, thinks, and finally looks up grinning.

"I just can't remember," he says. "Honest."

However, on another side, he knows that the War is still very much with him and always will be. He says now that it is difficult for him to become interested in kids his own age—a kids who weren't in the service, that is. He just cannot get excited about hot rods and juke boxes; he's seen a few other things. He also says that, both because of the War and his own particular background, he can't remember ever feeling really young.

We asked him, in view of that fact, how come he and Wanda Hendrix, now a lovely twenty, made sense. By the time you read this, Miss Hendrix certainly will be "Mrs. Murphy." And we personally can't think of a better idea.

"Wanda's unusual for her age," Audie answered, soberly. "She's very kind—that's what I admire most in her. And she's considerate and understanding. Too, she's 'show business,' and that makes her more adult than most girls of twenty.

"If it hadn't been for Wanda, I wouldn't never have stayed in this town," he adds. "If nothing else happened to me in Hollywood, I'll always be in the peace or bringing us together.

Audie is speaking now of the few years just after the War. They were, even for him, confusing.

When the Germans were finally defeated and the Japs gave up, you see, he had some hopes of becoming a professional soldier. This was nothing new: from childhood, he had thought of West Point as the nearest approach to Heaven.

With the aid of some top brass, who acted as sponsors, Audie was allowed to try for the Point when his active service drew to a close. Scholastically, he was all right. But physically he got the axe. For he had been wounded three times overseas, and one of the shells that caught him managed to carve away most of his right hip. For normal life, he was O.K.

For the rigors of West Point—well, the Army shook his head.

After that, Audie didn't know what to do.

Then his picture appeared on the cover of a national magazine, as the "most decorated soldier in the armed forces." It was seen by everyone in Hollywood, of course, and particularly by Jimmy Cagney. Audie began to get phone calls and wires from producers and such, all of which he turned down. Cagney was one of these, but he would not take No for an answer.

"How do you know you can't act?" Cagney said, with logic. "You never tried."

The result was that Audie agreed to come out for six months and see what the score was. He stayed at Cagney's house, learned much from him. person-
ally and professionally. But, unfortunately, Jimmy had no picture to put him in immediately. Thus it was decided, finally, that young Audie could do better on his own, without strings.

Then followed the lowest period of all. Audie was, like many another veteran, broke. He knew he'd be all right in the future; He was writing a book, "To Hell And Back," which was to be published in the Spring of 1940. "If we could prove that he could probably get some kind of a job. But the book came first, and while he was writing it there was no dough.

Audie would like special mention here of the fact that there was one man in Hollywood, at least, who gave him something of the pretty words at this time. He was Terry Hunt, who runs Hollywood's best athletic establishment. And he not only loaned Audie a place to sleep but slipped him a ten-spot, or so when the going got rough. Audie says that he'll never forget him.

Mr. Murphy almost gave the town the go-by at this point, of course, and would have, had it not been for Wanda Hendrix. Somehow, she kept him in California.

And then things began to break again.
The book was finished. Paul Short, a truly sensitive producer, approached Audie to make a film. David Selznick also decided that he was screen material. He gave Audie a test but nothing ever happened. Short, however, has just finished "Bad Boy" with him. And, yes, Audie plays the title role.

"I'm really awful in the picture," he says now, his blue eyes twinkling. "I rob somebody. I fight. I ride a horse to death. I do a few other things. You see, the story is based on the ranches set up by The Variety Clubs across the country, ranches something like "Boys Town."

I intended to be one of the kids who's picked up with the beginnings of a police record and sent to one of them--so I do everything the Johnston Office will allow!"

He was lucky in the people he had to work with in the film, for Short wisely chose the most distinguished screen veterans he could find as support to his star: Lloyd Nolan, Jimmy Gleason and Jane Wyatt.

"They were wonderful," Audie says. "I just couldn't be scared with them around."

What does he want out of life now?

Well, first, he and Wanda hope for the privacy to live normally. They already have planned a family. He's already taught her to shoot and is very proud of her prowess. And he hopes that, now married, they will be allowed to exist as they want to, as other young couples can.

Second, he'd like to keep on writing. Working on his book, he discovered that writing was one way of expressing himself without, as he puts it, "being overbearing." He's struggling now with a novel-length piece of fiction about a returned veteran. He'd like it to be good enough to print.

Third, he'd like to make a success in pictures. Not for the money, no. "Money doesn't mean anything to me," he says, honestly. "I actually never know how much I have in my pockets. But, if success in pictures means being able to do a good job and be happy, then I want it."

The publicity man smiles a little as Audie makes this statement. Things are getting back to the usual groove.

Then the money-wrench is thrown again.

"But, if after two or three films I don't think I'm any good," Mr. Murphy adds, positively, "then I'll get out. I can always go back to writing in Texas. I don't think I'll starve."

While the press agent goes down for the third time, you look at the guy who said that. You decide that it wasn't in any way an accident that he came home from the War with a chestful of medals. For he's not the flamboyant kind of hero, not the kind who dashes into gunfire just to show off. Instead, he's almost shy, almost timid. What he does, and what he has done, come, you decide, from another sort of courage, the kind which knows the unbalance of the odds and meets them anyway. Audie Murphy is a greater hero than most, you know suddenly, for he has felt fear and he has faced death in spite of it.

It's small wonder that to him Hollywood is not of all-consuming consequence. We cannot help hoping that he makes a great and lasting mark on the town.

For, between the two of us, the town is lucky to have him around.

**Eyes On New Horizons**

Continued from page 16

must be subtle and blend the color perfectly or you will look too theatrical. Shadow color should either complement or contrast with the eye color. Sometimes lovely effects are achieved by color, with careful blending to make a special mauve or blue or green.

Now comes mascara to frame your eyes, to increase size, clarify and color. Develop a skilled hand with mascara. You can, with patience and care, and once mastered, the technique is your for keeps. One general mistake is to get your cake mascara too wet. Another is to take too much mascara on your brush at once, whether cake or cream form.

The worst, perhaps, is trying to use a clogged brush. The brush needs cleaning after every use. Brush straight upward from the roots of lashes with a light application of mascara. Let this dry. Then if you need more, go over your lashes again. This also must dry before you use a creme brush to thoroughly separate Torch lash. Generally, mascara should not be used on lower lashes, but the very blonde, large-eyed, sometimes have a bald look. To correct this, touch lower center lashes lightly with mascara. Since most good brands are proof against tears, unless you rub your eyes, and against the usual shower, you can use them with confidence. However, for swimming, for really rugged contact with rain, then the cream form may offer even more insurance. By the way, some find that mascara is also a good brow darkener if applied lightly to the hair alone, then brushed into line.

Remove your mascara with cream. Simply close your eyes and smooth cream downward over your lashes, removing with a cleansing tissue. Now you are ready for your thorough skin cleansing.

Most of us never give a second thought to our eyes beyond makeup until we sit in a doctor's office. Then it is often later than we think. Be sure that you do not strain your eyes to see in your work or recreation. Do not let sun shine directly in your eyes for long periods. The answer to that is simple and glamorous—sunglasses! When your eyes feel tired, close them for a few minutes. Cup your palms lightly over them and relax even two minutes in this darkness. Learn to look directly, without staring, at people when you talk. Avoid eye manmansions...
If you have constipation, Fussel's New Remedy Tablets proved a wonder. Make sure you are not wearing your glasses for your eyes, since you are bound to project some facet of your personality. As your hairline can turn to an eye asset, if your eyes are small, keep your hair back from your face. Wear off-face hats or big soft ones that frame your face. Choose your glasses, for permanence or sun only, to give more prominence to your eyes. If your eyes are very large and definite, then the lower bang or hair forward at the sides will not detract from them. You are the girls that can wear hats that are peculiar, and providing you do not have a long nose. You are the girls whose eyes take on mystery and beauty behind a veil. But do not choose glasses that enhance eye size, since these may create an "all eyes" effect.

Look always for new horizons in the way of improving the actual physical appearance of your eyes. Look, too, for that light in the mere joy of living, the true and deep secret of eye beauty, regardless of size, shape or color.

Let's Be Practical
Continued from page 47

thing with handbags. Spend all you can on one good leather bag and it will look smarter and wear far better than a cheap bag.

Put all the money you can into a good foundation garment. Many girls, stars included, arc guilty of carelessness about the quality and the fit of this important item. When perfectly fitted they make inexpensive purchases look cheap. Unless a girl has a very slender waistline, she should wear a well-fitted, long foundation garment, or one of the new ones that come just above the waistline.

Where can you save? On formal evening clothes, hats, gloves, blouses, jersey tops, sweaters, lingerie, scarves and the little extra jackets or vests that do so much to enlarge your wardrobe.

Why invest a fortune in an evening gown that will be hidden away in your closet most of the time? If you want one good formal dress, buy one that is made of fine material and one that can be worn in Summer or Winter. Select some classic style that can be changed with accessories. In "Interference," Elizabeth Scott wears a costly-looking evening gown of cream and silver brocade. It has such simple lines that anyone who knows anything about sewing could cut it from a pattern. You could change it from time to time, with scarves, or shawls, or bolero jackets. I think the store, like the ballroom dress, is on its way out, but if you wish, you could make one of mouseline and fasten it with a piece of jewelry.

Have you ever noticed some of the simple little hats that stores sell in their budget shops, or what they call their "hat bars." You should know something about hats in order to discriminate between the cheap and the simple. It would be smart to study the costly high-styled hats shown in some magazines, to learn what is good before you try to save on that item.

There's no reason why you need to spend a great deal of money on gloves, even if you are one of the unusual girls who doesn't lose them in the theatre. Little fabric gloves are smartly styled now. They are sold in all the delicate neutral tones as well as in the bright solid colors. And if you want to, you could even dye them yourself to match a scarf or a color note in your hat.

They don't cost much and they're good . . . the blouses that you can find in the stores now. Of course, some are extremely costly, but if you take the time to shop, you'll find others that are well-made and inexpensive. I think the same thing can be said of the new short-sleeved sweater blouses that you need to change the appearance of your one or two good suits.

The working girl gets a break in the stores now. I think she can find very smart things in the medium price range. The fabric quality has improved and there is more variety. A few years ago, prices were so high and fabrics so inferior that many girls started making their own clothes.

More and more clothes are being made at home. High school girls take dressmaking courses and start with skirts and blouses. Many of them make their evening dresses. Patterns and materials are selling like mad. I have a friend who has two yardage shops in wealthy shopping areas and he says many rich women have established a routine of buying material and taking it to a dressmaker. A good dressmaker, however, still charges too much to make this a practical method for a girl with a small clothes budget.

Unless you can make it yourself the most practical thing now is to shop carefully for the things you need. If you know how to plan a wardrobe in advance, you can also save money by buying very good things that go on sale at the end of the season and put them away until it's time to wear them. Don't go to sales unless you know how to buy only what you need. Sometimes a sale calls for considerable control or you'll find you've bought something you can't use. But if you're strong-minded, and know you won't become hypnotized by a bargain, you can save money that way.

As a career girl in "Interference," Lucile Ball's wardrobe was planned almost entirely for office wear and for travel. It's really a collection of suits because they're best for the working girl. Any
Any one of these suits could be changed into a dress by wearing, with the skirt, a long terry jersey pop. This should match the color of the shirt, and should be worn without a belt if the waistline is slender. A soft bias roll at the neck is good for jewelry, and the sleeves should be three-quarter with slight fullness at the elbow.

Not every woman cares for the suit skirt that is cut pencil slim. The other morning I saw a girl wearing a long, narrow skirt, struggles to make that first long step, and then to pull and bunch her way in and she expressed her annoyance in no uncertain terms, Lucille Ball's suit skirts are all either the four-gore type with an almost unnoticeable flare for ease... or they are pleated. We have found that pleated skirts photograph very well because they are so graceful in movement.

Your one good coat would be very practical, cut along the lines of Lucille's flaring great-coat. If you had a coat like this in black broadcloth, lined in black, it could be worn over any type of dress. It would be smart over cocktail dresses or formal evening gowns, if the latter are either very slender or very full.

I have the greatest admiration for the girls who know how to dress well on a small amount of money. It's easy for the wealthy woman to go to a designer of custom-made clothes and let him plan a wardrobe for her. I think much more credit is due the girl who must spend wisely and well. She is the smart one!

Linda Unravels The Rumors

Continued from page 36

ity man and the manager was highly impressed with our rumor, presumably feeling that it would bring customers scurrying in to see how Hollywood battles it out in public." Her face had flashed.

Linda hadn't been married three weeks before one columnist printed that she was "expecting." Much shocked, Linda asked for a retraction. "He wouldn't retract it!" she remembered. "He laughed and said he was right!" When Linda's husband proved him wrong, he had not retreated to this day. And I haven't spoken to him since.

Recently, correspondents for magazines and radio commentators have been all but unanimous in announcing that Linda plans to adopt at least five children, in addition to little Charlotte, already in her nursery.

"There's an explanation for that one, I suppose," smiled the star. "In an expansive moment, when I was feeling particularly elated over having found Lola, as we call her, I may have said: 'I'd like to have a dozen children!' But I wasn't serious. I would like to adopt a little boy when Lola is two years old; two years would be a nice space between them. I'd try to get him as a very young baby, because then he'll seem more mine. Lola came to me when she was only a few weeks old. If I can find her a brother half so sweet, I'll be lucky!

Rumors about Linda and her children are amusing and quite annoying. She reads that she will presently move to her home on a New Mexican ranch where the children will grow up free and untrammeled, living in as near a natural state as possible. If a child shows an interest in anything, he or she will be encouraged to take up that subject; if he or she finds any branch of learning difficult or uninteresting, it will be promptly dropped.

Linda settled into a deep chair.

"Nonsense! The germ of truth in it is that I would love to have them grow up in New Mexico. However, we haven't a ranch there, let alone a house. All we have is an option on a piece of land. It would be wonderful to build an adobe house designed to fit into that glorious scenery; the inside would be modern, with a studio I could paint. But all that is in the future.

"If we get such a house on a ranch, the children would live there, when we could be with them. But I have a picture contract that will go on for four-and-a-half years, so we haven't even given the thought of giving it up. I love my work.

One reason Linda would like her children to live in New Mexico is that citizens there have never bothered her.

"It's the one place I've found in the United States where they let you live your own life." she said. "People murmur and nudge each other sometimes, when they recognize you, but they never tear your clothes and try to touch you. They don't demand that you stop to sign autographs when it means you'll miss a train or radio show or other engagement. It wouldn't be too Mexican to annoy your child with attention simply because your face was seen on a local theatre screen!"

There's the rumor that Linda has become temperamental; that she has decided she is too important a star to give interviews to any except a favored group.

"Ridiculous!" scoffed Linda. "Even Bernhardt didn't turn down interviews! Temperament is merely infantilism. I'll admit that I have had a few understandings about what I'm asked to do in connection with a picture, I do not do luncheon interviews, because I have exactly an hour at noon and need it to relax and eat my meal in order to keep well. If I am working in difficult scenes, it is understood that I am not to be asked to do anything outside on that day; let me devote myself to getting what my director wants. I will do everything else in good time."

Then there's the rumor that Linda is going to design her own clothes for her pictures. Linda smiled.

Scrennland
Charming Surprise

Continued from page 41

horns and start this interview, I remarked that I’d heard he hated interviews.

“Well, I’m not crazy about them,” he answered with a laugh. “Did you ever hear about my first Hollywood interview? I guess it threw me off for a while. I met this man in an office and we were sitting there with the biggest pad, the longest pencil, and 330 of the most personal questions I have ever been asked. When it was all over, I decided I just wouldn’t be able to go through with any more like it. However, you ask me questions and I’ll try to answer them if I can.”

“I have nothing personal to ask you,” I stated. “We should be discussing Richard’s face lighting considerably. Your studio touts you as a very quiet, reserved and shy guy. Are
you what they say?"

"I guess I’ve always been a little shy," he responded.

This, Widmark fans, is a mild understatement. Richard is not at all happy when interrogated about his personal life and reactions. His answers are always either evasive or extra close-mouthed.

"What about this picture 'Down To The Last Man'? Do you think you’re a hero?"

"Yeah, a couple of scenes are pretty nice. I look halfway human in it. They have the set rigged up to move like a real boat and the trouble is I’m always seasick. I love doing hoodlum roles, but after a couple you get pretty tired of them. In a picture I just finished I’m a nice fellow in two scenes. The picture starts off with me trying to con a dame and drop a billiard ball on the head of a fellow to kill him. Pretty nice guy, huh?"

While Richard hungrily consumed his omelette, Mr. Reid told me that several colleges had formed Tommy Udo Clubs and that despite his horrifying portrayals the fan mail from girls proclaimed him 'cute.' Strangely enough, the word is well selected.

During Richard Widmark’s sojourn on the New York stage I had seen him play so many brassy boy roles a hero, I asked him why Hollywood hadn’t put this versatility to use.

"Oh, they probably will someday," he replied. "I did a lot of those and would like to do another, but then no one is ever satisfied. The lover boys want to be hoodlums and the hoodlums want to be lover boys. ‘Yellow Sky’, which I recently did with Gregory Peck, was a lot of fun. He’s a terrific guy with a great sense of humor."

"Do you get a thrill out of being a movie star?"

He gazed at me as if I were one of the seven oddities of the world, and quietly said, "Well, not exactly. It’s a nice job, but after you’ve been around as long as I have it’s very exciting. That thrill stuff is for kids."

Richard feels after having worked in the three mediums, radio, movies and the stage, that radio is easiest, stage the hardest, and movies the most disconcerting. The lack of continuity in shooting schedules and the long hours throw him off quite a bit.

"It gets dull while you wait around," he remarked, "and then when they call you, you’re half asleep. My stage experience makes it easier to work in pictures."

"It’s pestelry. The two jobs could only equal the technical perfection, then they really would be terrific!"

Digressing to a more personal tangent for a minute, Richard told me he had moved three times during his stay in Hollywood.

"You know this is a great place for kids," he said, "but finding a house is terrible. At last we’re settled in a little house belonging to Claudia Rains. The first house we had was sold to us at a sensationaionally low price but it wasn’t until we moved in to it that we found out why. We named it ‘Snake Haven’.

"Just how do you go about living this nice life?" I asked. "What do you do?"

In his soft way of talking, Richard slowly answered, "Well, my wife and I lead a very quiet life. Out here our home is very important to us because there are so few places to go in Hollywood for amusement. We avoid big parties and spend most of our time just sitting home looking at movies. All my life I have been a movie fan. I love them all. Even bad ones.

"Our life out here is very different from the East. We lived in Bronxville and I commuted to New York. It didn’t bother me for I just had to time to read the papers and I live in Grand Central. My wife is a writer, though she’s never to be an actress."

I interrupted with, "And how do you like working with women?"

"Oh, boy! This is where I get into trouble," he answered. "I hate working with women. They are too tough. Big female stars have all the characteristics men hate in women. They are aggressive, over-eager and too darned independent."

While he paused to take a breath after this world-shaking statement, I asked Richard if his wife was dependent on him.

"Of course she is," he replied. "She is a dependent person, but then any sensitive person is."

"Has Hollywood is totally different from New York," he continued. "In New York we lived on concerts and here we never go. I used to read all the time, but in Hollywood I never seem to have the time. I guess it’s because you live outdoors here."

Richard Widmark has a marvelous casual and relaxed attitude about his sudden rise to movie fame. He obviously thinks it’s just fine, but isn’t a bit worried about how long it’s going to last. This is a very unique attitude in Hollywood for movies often to sit pretty long so that they never relax for a minute.

"There’s no point in getting excited," he claims. "Once in awhile I get all hopped up about something or other, but if it isn’t this job, it will be another. I’m just living along calmly of this world."

Throughout luncheon Richard Widmark had impressed me as a most serious and self-possessed young man of 33. He knows exactly where he is going and says he has known since his sophomore year in college.

What of a lighter side? At times he has silly moments and loves to dance though he hasn’t in a long time. There aren’t any places in Hollywood to suit his tastes. He hates nightclubs because they are brassy and loud, but adores dancing in rooms like the Persian Room of the Plaza or the St. Regis in New York. Quiet, dignified hotels rooms are a drawing card to Mr. Widmark when his feet itch to “trip the light fantastic.”

The pet hates Richard indulges in are few and far between. Intense eager beavers head the list and next in line are big people who push little people around. "You see a lot of them out here," he said. "Making movies is an exaggerated industry, so every one thinks that they are twice as big as they are."  

The other points of information I gleaned from Richard Widmark about himself are quite assorted. He loves to travel and once bicycled through Europe. Switzerland was his favorite country.
though he felt like a "corny tourist" for thinking so. His dream is to travel around the world slowly, but not now for Americans spending money for more Communists, he believes. Greg Peck is his brother-in-law, his biggest kick in life was getting started in radio. He loves women, money and the profiles his brother-in-law writes for the New Yorker.

It was time for the young man with the high forehead to depart, so with a smile and a reminder to give his love to New York, he left. I repeat. It had been a most surprising luncheon for having expected to meet a slick-jawed, dangerous imbecile, I met a veritable charmer, a gentle-spoken, intelligent man with a most inquiring mind. This actor named Richard Widmark is not only a definite addition to the Hollywood scene, but indeed, charming surprise.

Human Side Of A Heavenly Body

Continued from page 49
"I wish I could go to college right on the campus," she declares, "but I can't combine that with pictures."

She was a joyful tomboy as a child. Everybody was her friend on the farm and in grammar school in Smithfield, North Carolina. When the Gardners moved to New York, in Virginia, she nearly met her Waterloo. Her accent was so different her new classmates screamed with mirth. The teacher did nothing to stop them. From then on she was treated as an oddity away from her own house, and to a sensitive soul this was sheer compounding horror. Ava's father, once a proud father, suffered from a lingering illness and her mother took in schoolteachers as boarders to earn the living expenses. In high school Ava was forever an outsider. She didn't have the money for a student body ticket. When she was asked for dates she had to turn them down, because she had nothing to wear to parties or games. She wouldn't let her harassed mother even suspect the youngest of the Gardners was being thoroughly snubbed.

Ava actually acquired a terrible inferiority complex. She is still too shy with new people. Gushiness is never an approach to her, for she fancies an instant enthusiasm to have to dishonest. She can't bear to be ridiculed, having memories of more than half her share during her difficult high school days.

Her wit is soft and her sympathy pours out at the hint of its need.

"You can't tell what a person is like at first meeting," she says. "Nearly everyone puts up a barrier as a defense from insecurity and fears. There are so many ways of concealing hurts."

Hollywood has given Ava Gardner the chance to throw off yesteryear's hurts and be her authentic self. It has smiled upon her, and in response she has blossomed. Here she has found more than a career that seems like the pages of a fairy book to her. Here she has found the respect and deep, enduring affection of men, women—and yes, children—of her own quality.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 23

Norma Lancaster. A few weeks before the Bogart blessed event, they had a visitor who was definitely not in the stock department. Their two Boxers, who are almost as well-known characters as their owners, brought home a little playmate—a pup. Bobby and Betty moved out and the vet had the job of deodorizing the two canines.

Another pre-natal calamity happened at the Steve McNally's house, just before their fifth child arrived. Steve, who I hear is only terrific opposite Barbara Stanwyck in the temporarily titled "The Lady Gamblers" at U-I, bought his Mrs, a terrifically expensive new living room rug, costing 30 bucks a yard. Young Steve, who is four, decided he'd like to do the ironing so he plugged in and burned an iron-wire hole right through the exact middle of the new rug. His pop, who is somewhat of a villain on the screen, didn't even whip the kid. But he shore is a sick cookie.

Joan Crawford, who likes to knit almost as well as act, is now carting around two knitting bags on account of she's working on so many different things and likes to switch from one to another. Joan's got her friends worried—she's down to 110 pounds which is much too skinny for a gal as tall as she.

Remember last month I told you all I would have more to say about the new resort, Apple Valley? Well, I'm a gal who keeps my promises—most of the time. Like I said, it's near Victorville, in the California mountains and is the place where "Lost Horizon" was shot. The men who own the spot loved the scenery so much when they saw the picture that they found out where it was and promptly bought the extensive property. Some of the first guests at the beautiful resort were Cesar Romero, the Zach Scotts, Audrey Totter, Barbara Bates, the newly married John Bromfields (she's Corinne Calvet). Imagine how they felt when the management told them that they hadn't been able to get telephones installed from the bungalows to the main building, but whenever they wanted anything just to write a note and attach it to the leg of the homing pigeon provided for each bungalow. Then, it was explained, the pigeon would fly to the office and the order would be delivered immediately. The system works so well and is so novel, Apple Valley may never put telephones in!

On the set of "It's Only Money" at RKO, Frank Sinatra was showing around a postcard he'd received from his pal Gene Kelly, in Paris. It said, "Over here they think Sinatra is some kind of American food." Frankie asked Groucho Marx, Jane Russell, and the crew for suggestions for a snappy comeback to toss Gene.

Palm Springs' favorite hangout, The Racquet Club, has some new furniture for the swimming pool. It's a little rowboat Bill Powell's wife, Diana, plopped in there for sun bathing. It doesn't bother the other customers on account of it's primarily a tennis club. As a matter of fact, it probably wouldn't bother them if "Mousey" put her rowboat on the courts, since the people hardly ever play tennis either. Main sport is sunbathing and just plain yakking.

We had a wonderful time at the one-man art exhibit of Ross Shattuck, the very talented young man, who has done such wonderful paintings of early California towns, San Francisco scenes, and the gold-mining towns of Colorado. Matter of fact, we sorta helped sell a couple of his pictures. Irene Dunne bought his beautiful painting of St. Paul's Cathedral.
in San Francisco. George Burns and Gracie Allen bought another San Francisco painting, and Paul Douglas acquired one of Ross’ Colorado masterpieces. Don DeFore and his cute wife, Marion, were trying hard to decide whether to buy a painting or a rug for their new house. Marion won—the rug.

Victor Mature, dead beat from a hard day of acting in “Samson And Delilah,” was just barely able to make it to the comfortable chair in his living room, where he collapsed for a slight nap. He was sound asleep when the dangdest commotion brought him to with a start. Eleven neighborhood kids, who come over every night to watch Judy Splinters on his television or in his den after the show, so busy talking they failed to see their scared host.

If I hadn’t seen this with me own two lookin’ eyes, I wouldn’t believe it. Out at Sportsman’s Lodge in the Valley they have trout streams visible to diners through huge floor-to-ceiling windows. And floating in the big pond is a gondola. And riding on the gondola is a piano AND a piano player. When anybody wants a tune, he sends a message out. The music is piped into the Lodge. Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, Don O’Connor and his Gwen were dining there and looking as dazed over the whole thing as I felt.

Before Gene Tierney headed West to go back to work at 20th Century-Fox, she wired the studio that she’d like to borrow the ski costumes she wore in “That Wonderful Urge” for a vacation at Lake Placid. The studio, who has always been swell to Gene, sent them off by air express to their star. Considering what ski costumes cost, this was quite a windfall.

One of Hollywood’s landmarks is about to be torn down. It’s the Trocadero, one of the most famous of the Strip nightclubs, which has been shuttered for several years. By the way, Shell’s shoe store is going to be built on the site. That’s the place where Mary Martin sang her heart out to Hollywood’s producers and directors without getting a single screen offer. It wasn’t until she went to Broadway and sang the famous “My Heart Belongs To Daddy” in “Leave It To Me” that the movies started yelling for her.

Janet Leigh, whose marriage to Barry Nelson should be any day now if it hasn’t already happened, was given her first real screen dressing room at MGM. It’s an Early American bungalow complete with chintzy quaintness and she’s too excited for words. Well, MGM’s excited about Janet and has given her a peachy part in “Porsyte Sage.”

This scene takes place down Malibu way. A lone figure, feminine, stands half-deep in the surf, skirts tucked ‘way up. She is fishing. Overhead, planes are flying and blimps are doing whatever they do. Suddenly one of the blimps hovers lower and lower over the lonely figure. Then an object drops from the blimp. The girl catches a small parachute, to which is attached a chocolate bar and a note. The note says, “How about a date?” The girl is Barbara Stanwyck, on location for “The Lady Gambles,” and the scene is not in the script!

Same day the above company had plenty of troubles. Barbara stubbed her toe when a big wave hit her and almost broke the fish she supposed to catch, bought at $3.65 per fish, died, from neglect or something. So the studio drivers had a wonderful time rolling up their pants and casting into the surf, hoping for some rites. One of the drivers caught a red snapper and that’s the fish you’ll see coming on her line. To top it all off, a whale came up and spouted offshore, which further disrupted the company.

Petey Lawford and Van Johnson have both sprouted mustaches—and do they ever look funny—Petey for “Storm Over Vienna” and Van for “Good Old Summertime.” This latter picture, which has Judy Garland in the star female role, also has a young lady named Liza Minnelli in a prominent spot. Liza, of course, is Judy’s young daughter. And her famous ma wants her to be an actress. From where we see it, it looks as though Judy will have no worries because the kid loves to act. The day Liza appeared, her dressing room was crowded with flowers. The young lady sang, yawned, and finally went sound asleep—with the cameras clicking like mad.

Mark Stevens’ pretty wife, Amnelle, gifted him with an English racing bike which he pedals past Universal-International a couple of times a day. Which doesn’t mean much until you know this studio was the one that told Mark to forget Hollywood and an acting career, that he had nothing to offer the silver screen. Mark, incidentally, has a new “voice” for “Oh, You Beautiful Doll.” Seems Buddy Clark, who sang for him in previous pictures, upped his price too much and 20th had young and very talented Bill Shirley to dub in the voice. Bill’s a swell kid and a fine singer and when he appeared at Mocamo for a couple of weeks he invited Mark over to hear him. Said Bill, “I think the body should hear the voice.”

Stranger things have happened in Hollywood but, in connection with “Oh, You Beautiful Doll,” a story about the life of songwriter Fred Fisher, the only song which he didn’t write is the title song, “Oh, You Beautiful Doll!”

When John and Marie Lund vacationed up at Alisal Ranch, near a little Swedish settlement called Solvang, north of Santa Barbara, all he did was play pool, while Marie banged out some tunes for Van and Frances Heflin on the piano. Aside from pool, square dancing is the real sport at Alisal, with natives and tourists getting in there and giving it the business.

Vacationing other spots: Ava Gardner took off for the ole plantation at Wilson, North Carolina, to visit her Kinspeople.
From there she was due to go to New York for a spell. Ava’s folks raise tobaco on their property.

Janie Powell, coming back from New York, grabbed the wrong raincoat in the shuffle of getting off at the Los Angeles station. It was just like her, except for the important fact that the coat she got must have been owned by a gal over six feet tall. Janie, who measures around five-two cracked, “This would be fine, but I already have a pup-tent.”

Maureen O’Hara and Gloria Grahame, both appearing in “A Woman’s Secret,” are two gals who are holding out and staying in the longhair class. When questioned about why they refused to cut theirs short, they both claimed their husbunds didn’t approve of short hair. Maureen is married to Will Price, a director. Gloria is married to Nick Ray, also a director. Wonder if they feel the same way about the stars in their pictures going for the short hairdo? Hmmm-mmm?

There was much glitter and glamour at Harriet Parsons’ annual mid-Winter party, which gets bigger and better each year. This time Harriet had a huge tent put up in her patio, so the crowd could be warm. The tent was gay with red berries, poinsettias, and some stuff outside that looked exactly like snow. About a hundred and fifty people had a quite wonderful time—among them, Gene Raymond and Jeanette Macdonald (she has a silver streak in the front of her red hair), Irene Dunne, Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, Dottie Lamour and Bill Howard, Gertrude Niesen and husband Al Greenfield, Bob Stack, Irene Wrightman McEvoy, Billie Dove and Bob Keniston (their son is now taller than his big father although he’s only thirteen), pretty Una Merkel, Louella Parsons, George Stevens, young Richard Lyon (son of Bebe and Ben), among the big crowd. Next day, the rain came along and collapsed the tent, but fortunately by that time the last guest had gone.

We had lots of laughs a night or two later at the home of Gertie Niesen’s mother and father, Anita and Monte. Gertie was there about her special new Cadillac convertible which is painted a dreamy chartreuse and has red leather seats. She said the Cadillacs people painted it specially for her, liked the color so well that they’re doing more of them. Gertie has a new album of recordins coming out soon which I’m panting to hear.

Also had fun at a small party which Jimmy and Zanny Lorimer gave. They are very cute people and are the daughter and son-in-law of Charles Brackett, (if you don’t know who he is you can go stand in the corner), who must be the most amusing man in Hollywood or any other town.

“Nuther party that was a real hummer was the one Bill Howard whipped up for Dorothy Lamour on her birthday. He’d just come out from one which Bill Pine and Bill Thomas tossed for her on the set of her new picture, “Manhandled.” Bill (Howard, that is) always invites just the people who are closest to Dottie—her hairdresser, her secretary and her best pals.

The Bill Hollens are having quite a lot of trouble with their four-year-old, Scott. Seems he likes to get up in the middle of the night and wander all over the house, usually ending up at his parents’ bedside and peering at them until they wake up with the feeling that someone is watching them. Which is true. Instead of a vacation, Bill presented his Brenda and the three kids with a Paul Cemans painting of—Brenda and the three kids.

Celeste Holm, it seems, is also troubled with noises in the night. She woke up about 8 a.m., because of a loud uproar out in the patio. Thinking it was burglars or worse, she set out to invesitgate and found her pooh. Hokey-Pokey, a character of mixed breed, barking around a little toy dog on wheels that barks as it’s being pulled. Hokey-Pokey would pull the toy a little way, then stop to bark back at it. Celeste did not award the pup her Oscar for his performance.

Walter Pidgeon tells this one on himself. During a visit back East, he went to see a friend of his who operates a copper factory in Darien, Connecticut. Pidgeon was quite impressed when he saw the long line of employees outside the factory and very pleased that they had turned out en masse to greet him. So he went down the line, shaking hands and giving out autographs. His friend tapped him on the shoulder and said, “Walter, it really isn’t necessary for you to do this; these people are just in line waiting for their pay checks.”
drama doesn't end there, for in running away from Ryan, Heflin gets involved with some shoddy characters who for a price will kill Ryan. Terrified of the man and that his past will be made public, Heflin accepts the offer, and things begin to move even faster—to a tragic end.

The Fan

20th Century-Fox

BASED on Oscar Wilde’s “Lady Windemere’s Fan,” the picture should have been cut as the title has been. Briefly, the plot, told in flashbacks, is about a mysterious but lovely adventuress, Madeleine Carroll, who is being supported handsomely by young Lord Windemere, Richard Greene. When Lady Windemere, Jeannie Crain, hears of this, she prepares to leave her devoted husband and run off with George Sanders. Just in time Madeleine discovers this foolish plot and appears in Georgia’s flat not a second too soon, saves Jeannie and in doing so, besmirches her own name. Just why Madeleine goes through all this trouble is known only to herself and Lord Richard, and, of course, the audience eventually. Miss Carroll is at her usual best in this.

Bad Boy

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

As a tough, incorrigible juvenile delinquent, Audie Murphy does a very good job of showing the birth, nurturing and finally, the reformation of a criminal character. Having committed 63 felonies, Murphy is turned over to Lloyd Nolan, director of the Variety Clubs International Boys’ Farm, in Texas. Unable to get along with other people, despite Nolan’s and his wife’s, Jane Wyatt, attempts to help him, Murphy continues to be a problem, especially when he rob a store, steals a gun, makes off with a car, and takes pot shots at the constabulary. Fortunately, Nolan learns, through some sleuthing, what caused the boy to turn into a criminal and with that information makes Murphy see how wrong he was. It’s all very well done and with a minimum of preachy or saccharine talk.

Wake Of The Red Witch

Republic

At last we’ve found the man about whom people say: “He’s so good, he’d give you the shirt off his back!” You see, in this one, three-quarters of the time, John Wayne goes around without a shirt, so-o-o-o...

Anyway, action and violence run rampant in this rip-snorting sea tale, and if John’s love scenes with Gail Russell aren’t quite up to expectations, the lack is made up by shark-infested waters, a giant octopus, (which John kills), a man-eating clam and some fancy deep sea diving for a million dollars in gold bullion. Messing up John’s life, love and, otherwise, is Luther Adler, a power-crazed, ruthless (he doesn’t get Ruth, he gets Gail) business man. Exiting from start to finish, but the finish will leave Wayne Fans, in slightly shaken.

The Sun Comes Up (Technicolor)

MGM

JEANETTE MACDONALD, Claude Jarman, Jr., Lloyd Nolan and Lassie start meaning something to one another when Jeanette’s son is killed as he attempts to save his dog, Lassie, from an oncoming truck. To get away and forget, Jeanette takes the dog and herself to the hill-country. Besides running into Percy Kilbride, she meets Claude Jarman, and though the resemblance at first is painful, she allows herself to become attached to the boy, an orphan. With that set-up, the solution should be quite simple, but it isn’t—thanks to a lie Claude tells. It takes quite some time, from then on, for things to go along as they should, but they do. The story is nice, Miss MacDonald’s singing is nice, and the color is nicely subdued.

Flaxy Martin

Warner Brothers

ONE of those pictures about a flock of pretty gosh-darn evil characters, and about a good, honest lawyer, Zachary Scott, mixed up with some. Probably one of the wackiest of the batch is a gal named Flaxy, Virginia Mayo. When she gets involved in murder, Zachary, who loves her dearly, even though she’s two-timing him, comes to her rescue by saying he is the murderer. It’s only after he learns from Tom D’Andrea what a dope he’s been, that he starts trying to untangle himself and prove his innocence. His first move in that direction is to escape on his way to jail. The net results are that everyone gets killed, except pal Flaxy—she gets thrown to the cops. And Zachary? Well, he goes back to Dorothy Malone who has been waiting for him—lo! these many weeks.

Siren Of Atlantis

United Artists

THOUSANDS and thousands of years ago, there was an island called Atlantis, and then suddenly it disappeared into the sea. Therefore, it is scarcely necessary to say that when two French Foreign Legionnaires, Jean Pierre Autmont, and Dennis O’Keefe, (huh?), find a place called Atlantis in the middle of the Sahara Desert, they are two very surprised cookies. Their surprise is even greater when they find the man they are looking for encased in 15K gold. Also there, but not encased in gold, is the Queen of Atlantis, Maria Montez, who goes for men like mad. The ones she tires of—the 15K gold treatment, Jean is lucky. She likes him, but that O’Keefe man! So, Maria fixes it up so a beautiful friendship between the men is ended abruptly, including their lives.

Force Of Evil

Enterprise-MGM

CONCERNS itself with the numbers racket and the people, big and small, who are involved. John Garfield is a lawyer assisting a policed racketeer in his plans to sew up the small operators into one big syndicate. The only fly in the ointment is Garfield’s older brother, Thomas Gomez, operator of a little “business” of his own. At first, he refuses, but finally goes along with the big boys, only not very far. He dies at the hands of another group of racketeers trying to cut in on the newly-formed syndicate. Garfield, who wasn’t too law-abiding until then, gets the let’s-clean-out-this-thing urge. This sets him up to the police as being an accessory. Long and very talky, this has one thing in its favor, it introduces Beatrice Pearson to moviegoers.

Don’t Take it To Heart

J. Arthur Rank

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ON THE COVER, TYRONE POWER, 20TH-CENTURY-FOX STAR, AND HIS WIFE, LINDA CHRISTIAN

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Ask her—and she'll probably freely admit that her attitude towards "those days" underwent a decided improvement the first month she used Tampax for sanitary protection.

AS AN AID TO RELAXATION at such times Tampax has a great deal to offer. It is worn internally, discarding belts, pins and external pads. Therefore no awareness of restraining bulk. No self-consciousness about outlines that might show under dresses. No fear that odor would form.

HOW TAMPAX WAS INVENTED is a simple story. A doctor applied the medical principle of internal absorption to this special need of women. Tampax is made of pure, highly absorbent cotton compressed into easy-to-use applicators. When in place it is unseen and unfelt.

SOME PRACTICAL MATTERS: Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit varying needs. Not necessary to remove for tub or shower. Changing quick and disposal no trouble. An average month's supply slips into your purse. Or an economy box will provide 4 months' average supply. Sold at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Tyrone Power and Linda Christian at their colorful wedding ceremony in Rome.

NO romance in which either Linda Christian or Tyrone Power have played on the screen, can approach the real-life love story which finally brought them together in marriage in Rome last January 27th.

In fact, if Hollywood, itself, had planned it as a production they couldn't have "dreamed up" a more ideal situation for a motion picture; and their wedding, of course, exceeded even the most fantastic flights of a screen writer's imagination.

Not since the days of the "triumphs" of the Caesars has there been such a mob scene as when Linda and Ty, who are two of the happiest people I know today, walked arm-in-arm out of the church of Santa Francesca Romana on that sunny Winter morning! (Please turn to page 9)
You couldn't tell a traitor from a hero
... and South of St. Louis nobody cared!

SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS

Kip - His six-guns fought both sides for that South of St. Louis woman!

Rouge - Red-haired gun-runner queen - she kept men at each other's throat!

Burns - Even the man who had their price! He raised his gun too high!

Deb - The flash of her eyes fooled you but the flash of her gun never did!

Black Cottrell - Across the land his name was 'Black'. It was the color of his heart.

The Ranger - He pulled the trigger first and asked questions later!

Jake - Among men of war all he could think of was girl!

All its thousand-mile span of spectacular adventure in color by

TECHNICOLOR

With thunder-clap violence comes this never-told chapter of Southwest history - presented by

WARNER BROS.

STARRING

JOEL McCREA - ALEXIS SMITH - SCOTT MALONE - DOROTHY WEBB

DIRECTED BY RAY ENRIGHT - A UNITED STATES PICTURE - MILTON SPERING

PRODUCED BY DOUGLAS KENNEDY - ALAN HALE

WRITTEN BY ZACHARY GOLD - JAMES R. WEBB

MUSIC BY MAX STECHER

It's your Big Springtime Adventure-Thrill from Warner Bros!
DORIS DAY

...Singing sensation of the Bob Hope Radio Show!

THE GIRL WHOSE VOICE MAKES MILLIONS OF RECORDS WHIRL!
NOW BRINGS YOU AN ALL-TIME RECORD IN MUSICAL SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT FROM WARNER BROS!

"MY DREAM IS YOURS"

The story of a love-song that swept a girl to star-glittering fame!

A MICHAEL CURTIZ PRODUCTION IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

HEAR THE DREAM-HITS THEY'RE ALL SINGING
MY DREAM IS YOURS
SOMEONE LIKE YOU
LOVE FINDS A WAY
I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU
(lyric by Al Dubin)

JACK CARSON - DORIS DAY - LEE BOWMAN

WITH ADOLPHE MENJOU - EVE ARDEN - S.Z. SAKALL

SELENA ROYLE - FRANKIE CARLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ
MUSIC BY HARRY WARREN - LYRICS BY RALPH BLANE - MUSICAL DIRECTION RAY HEINZER
SCREEN PLAY BY HARRY KURNITZ AND DANE LUSSIER

It's your big Easter-time musical-thrill from WARNER BROS!
Following the ceremony in the church of Santa Francesca Romana in Rome, Ty and Linda cut their wedding cake at a breakfast given by U. S. Ambassador James C. Dunn in the Embassy. Ty has just completed “Prince Of Foxes” and will now do “The Black Rose” in England and North Africa. Linda has given up her career.

The medieval church, which is near the famous Coliseum, was such a mass of white flowers that it almost kept the counts and countesses, the princes and the princesses who attended, from witnessing the ceremony. Linda told me that she and Ty picked this particular church because it was so like St. Peter’s which they visited together on their first sight-seeing tour of the ancient city in 1947. The church has a sunken sanctum with forty steps leading up to the altar rail before which Linda and Ty knelt on white lilacs as Monsignor William Hemmick, of Washington, D. C., made them man and wife. Linda was a vision in a gown by Madame Fontana, one of Italy’s top designers, who put fifty yards of satin, seventy yards of lace, two thousand pearls and countless hours of work into the creation. In fact, she put so much time in this one nuptial robe that Linda had the new Roman couturier, Shuberth, do most of the rest of her $12,000 trousseau.

Meanwhile, outside the church, thousands of “Tifosi” (the Italian equivalent of bobby-soxers) were having a real Ro-
man holiday, screaming "Leenda," "Leen-da" and "Ty, il magnifico!" which Romans, like the rest of the world that loves a lover, have dubbed the handsome young actor.

Actually, the only time Linda was really nervous was after the ceremony. She said, when she saw that horde of excited faces break through the police lines and swarm over the limousine which was taking them to a special audience with the Pope, she became really frightened and Tyrone had to hold both her cold hands to keep them from shaking.

Ty was only nervous before the wedding because Linda was one half-hour late getting to the church. This was due to the traffic snarl and not to a last minute delay about the legal procedure which he said he had feared. Just like a movie plot there was almost a before-the-hour hitch, due to the time change which didn't make his divorce from Annabella legal in California until that morning. But as the scenario would have had it, the villainous legal papers were foiled.

Humphrey Bogart drops in at MGM to hear Betty Garrett wax the "Humphrey Bogart Rumba," and Mr. and Mrs. Power could stand before his Papal Majesty and receive his blessing.

The Pope gave Linda a special rosary and a booklet of "Instructions about the Good Christian Family," while he presented Tyrone with a rare pontifical medallion.

Following the wedding reception and breakfast, it was with a sigh of relief over all the threatened obstacles, that the lovers took off for that honeymoon which was to carry them to Switzerland, Austria, North Africa, Scotland and finally to London where Tyrone is making "The Black Rose," before returning to the United States.

This was the climax to a romance which, as I said before, was as fanciful as any film story, and one I think you would enjoy knowing about.

Actually, it was a case of love at second sight, because Linda and Ty had met before that star-crossed day of November 6, 1947, in Rome. The fabled Rome meeting took place on that date, which was the day that Linda and her little sister, Ariadne, checked into the same hotel where Tyrone Power was staying. Linda and Ariadne were en route to visit their

(Please turn to page 74)
HE SAW IT HAPPEN...
but nobody will believe him!

Nobody... nobody but the killers! And now, because he knows too much... his life is in danger!

RKO PRESENTS

THE WINDOW

DORE SCHARY In Charge of Production

Starring BARBARA HALE • BOBBY DRISCOLL • ARTHUR KENNEDY • PAUL STEWART • RUTH ROMAN

Produced by Frederic Ullman, Jr. • Directed by Ted Tetzlaff • Screenplay by Mel Dinelli

Daringly Filmed
ON NEW YORK'S TEEMING EAST SIDE!
NEW, LONGER LIPSTICK PROFESSIONAL SIZE

• Your favorite lipstick, whip-text to be softer, smoother, more lasting... now easier to use than ever in its new long case. You'll love it at first try, so try it today. The most exciting new idea since lipstick itself!

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
IN NEW MOCK-GOLD METAL SWIVEL CASE.
JUMBO SIZE 25¢

at all cosmetic counters

men respond to its fragrant appeal! tonight, use IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
10¢ and 25¢ sizes

By Helen Hendricks

Macdonald Carey and Paulette Goddard plot together in "Bride Of Vengeance."

Maureen O'Hara and Mervyn Douglas in the RKO picture, "A Woman's Secret."

The Bribe
MGM

FAST moving and full of suspense, Robert Taylor plays a T-Man sent to an island off the coast of Central America to find out the whys and wherefores of a gang dealing in the illegal sale of airplane engines. While there, Bob meets up with some grim doings, one of which is a bout with a man-eating shark, and also, he falls in love with one of his suspects, Ava Gardner, a cafe singer married to ex-Army pilot, John Hodiak. Incidentally, another suspect is Charles Laughton, the pay-off and contact man for the brain of the racket—he's nothing short of terrific as the menace whose feet hurt constantly. Though the picture is quite long, the pace doesn't slacken and finishes off with a spectacular death scene of villain Vincent Price.

Knock On Any Door
Columbia

A POWERFULLY emotional and gripping film dealing with how a criminal is created out of a boy who could, normally, have benefited society. A product of the slums, you are first introduced to him, newcomer John Derek, when he is caught in a police dragnet
"NICE" GIRLS DON'T DO SUCH THINGS!... -but She did!

The warm, wonderful, completely delightful adventures of a lively Miss... whose very modern ideas simply made even her boy-friend wonder whether she was woman, witch, or what!

Robert Young
Shirley Temple • John Agar
in
Adventure in Baltimore

A DORE SCHARY Presentation • Produced by Richard H. Berger
Directed by Richard Wallace • Screenplay by Lionel Houser

Oh, the things they said... about the things she did!
After a policeman is killed during an attempted hold-up of a fourth-rate dance hall. Because of his past criminal record, baby-faced Derek is finally tagged as the No. 1 suspect though he denies any implication in the cold-blooded murder.

Against his better judgment, since he, better than anyone, knows Derek's past history, Lawyer Humphrey Bogart, who incidentally is seen in one of his best roles, takes the case. When they finally go to trial, it is Bogart's summation of the boy's life which brings out in flashbacks what turned him into a suspected killer. And what the audience sees is almost sickening because there, but for a slight turn in the road, could be anyone close to you, and there, at this very minute, Derek's story is becoming fact, not fiction, in the slums of the United States. Bogart points out that it is not a question of character, because, like Derek, character can take an awful shellingack by circumstances. The death of Derek's father, in prison, the poverty, and the environment cast the die. The bitterness in Derek's soul even extended to his young wife and destroyed the only good thing he ever knew.

In addition to being an eye-opener, this film has suspense, excellent dialogue, tense courtroom scenes, and fine acting—all of which puts it in the A plus class.

**Down To The Sea In Ships**

20th Century-Fox

An EXCITING saga of the old whaling days and "thar she blows" sort of thing. With Lionel Barrymore as the vinegar, but stouter-hearted, old skipper about to be retired, and his young grandson, Dean Stockwell, there are the full quota of tense scenes and a number of emotional ones. Trouble starts when Dean begins to idolize the first mate, Richard Widmark—and, you read right—making Lionel jest a mite bit jealous. When Widmark goes against the captain's orders, and endangers the ship to rescue Dean from the briny deep, after a whaling foray, he is ordered to leave ship at the next port of call. En route, the captain becomes ill and Widmark takes over, which suits Dean just fine since he has grown to hate his grandfather. Though Widmark tries to reason with the boy and show him where his grandfather is right, Dean isn't buying. As they head for the nearest port and a doctor, the whaler smashes into a fog enshrouded iceberg. Just when things look hopeless and the crew is preparing to abandon ship, Skipper Barrymore appears on deck and takes over command. Safely afloat again, Dean acquires a new understanding of his grandfather and asks the dying man's forgiveness. This is definitely the family-type picture at its best, with many thrilling moments and salty atmosphere. Widmark, as you may gather, is playing his first sympathetic role—which is a top performance.

**South Of St. Louis**

(Technicolor-songs)

Warner Brothers

A ZIPPY Western that has nothing at all to do with St. Louis since the main action takes place in Texas and Mexico during the Civil War. Three fast shooting friends are victims of renegade guerrillas and, cleaned out of all their possessions, hope to rebuild their bank account and ranch. They separate and one, Douglas Kennedy, joins the Confederate army, suh. The other two, Joel McCrea and Zachary Scott, fall into a gun-running business for the Confederates through the influence of saloon-chanteuse Alexia Smith, who goes for Joel in a big way. The boys are cleaning up until ole Zachary gets greedy and the three put a violent end to their staunch friendship. They actually get to hate each other. Kennedy steals Joel's gal—the sweet, gentle one he left back home—and Zachary tries to kill Joel and Kennedy, and Joel wanders down Mexico way to become a bum. A pack of fun-loving Rover boys, all right, but in the next to the last scene, they once again stand shoulder to shoulder, like in the old days, pumping lead into some rotten critters. Oh! The last scene? Alexia didn't wear those can-can skirts for nothing.

**Tarzan's Magic Fountain**

RKO

If you like Tarzan pictures, and quite a number of people do, this should fit the bill for you. With Lex Barker as the new Tarzan, and Brenda Joyce as his wife, Jane, the pair discover a noted aviatix, missing for twenty years, and who is living with natives in a hidden valley. Also in the valley is a fountain of youth and to sip of its waters means rejuvenation. Albert Dekker also learns of the thing which would put Max Factor, et al, out of business and gets Jane to lead him to the valley. The inhabitants of the place become enraged at the influx of all these tourists, especially since Dekker wants to take possession of the fountain, and start toasting flaming arrows around. Fortunately, Tarzan appears at the right moment and talks the tribe leader into letting peace prevail now that Dekker is dead. Youngsters of all ages will go for this latest Tarzan adventure in a big way.

**Canadian Pacific**

(Cinecolor)

20th Century-Fox

Here's another fast-moving Western, this time hinged on the building of the Canadian Pacific railroad. Randolph Scott is the company surveyor trying to find a pass through the mountains, and meanie Victor Jory is all out to stop...
Randy from doing that little thing. Jam-packed with fist fights, gun fights, Indians on the war path, this even has a woman doctor, who keeps telling Randy to stop with the guns and violence. She, Jane Wyatt, gets him to comply, but luckily not for long. To complicate matters, the doctor and a fiery French-Indian lass are both in a tizz over Randy. If it’s action you want, you’ll get more than your share, and if Randy survived, so will you.

_Bride Of Vengeance_  
_Techicolor_  
Paramount

A GAiN John Lund, this time a 16th Century duke, acts the lame-brain, and Paulette Goddard (wows!) as Lucretia Borgia, acts as though she doesn’t mind taking John as her third husband. However, both have their ulterior motives; John marries Paulette only to gain time in order to stave off invasion of his state, Ferrara, by Lucretia’s avaricious, and more than slightly satanic brother, Maedonald Carey. Paulette, in turn, wants nothing more out of the marriage than a chance to spike John’s wine goblet with Essence D’Arsenie. She thinks that John had a very definite hand in the murder of her last husband, when all the time it was brother Carey, who is using sis merely to keep John occupied. Everyone is working the motives and double meaning bon mots like crazy until Lucretia realizes almost too late that she has made a horrible mistake. Despite the terrific battle scene, in all its medieval horror, and Duke John’s sincere desire to save his state and people, this is mainly a comedy of the sexy variety.

_My Dream Is Yours_  
_Techicolor-musical_  
Warner Brothers

CUTE, enjoyable and light, this is about an advertising agency man, Jack Carson, and his trials and tribulations when he discovers a new, talented singer, Doris Day. Only Doris doesn’t make quite the hit Jack thinks she will—with the sponsors, that is. She certainly makes a hit with egomaniac crooner, Lee Bowman. After many disappointments, Doris’ big moment comes when Lee gets fried, but good, and can’t appear on his show. Jack talks the sponsor into letting Doris go on in his place, even though she says no. She’s a hit, makes, and Lee disappears. However, she’s still in love with the guy and gets Jack to help him make a comeback, which is tough for the huckster to do because he’s in love with Doris. His better nature triumphs but Lee is still the same and once back in the public eye, gives Doris the cold shoulder. Doris’ eyes are opened and, happily, so are Jack’s arms. There’s also a cute dream sequence in here done in cartoon with Bugs Bunny and Tweety Pie.

_Street Of Laredo_  
_Techicolor_  
Paramount

MACDONALD CAREY, William Holden and William Bendix are frontier badmen—well, at least all three are at the start of the picture. Separated by an ambush, Bendix and Bendix are on their own and, needing money to continue their search for partner Carey, unwillingly get mixed up with some Texas Rangers—so does Carey, only he is taken prisoner. To get their chum out of jail, his friends sign up with the Rangers. They spring him, all right, but instead of following, remain with the Rangers in order to get inside information on all gold shipments and large cattle drives which will be forwarded to Carey. The entire plan is thrown for a loop when Holden and Bendix reluctantly admit they like being Rangers and therefore want no more of Carey and his nefarious schemes. Hearing that, Carey (Please turn to page 73)
Color Goes To Your Head

By Courtenay Marvin

Makeup can glorify your hair as frankly as it does your lips; here are some of the methods

While "The Boy With Green Hair" is entertaining us and giving us all food for thought, the girl with the pink hair has appeared on the fashion scene. How does she get this way, with this evanescent tint to her curls, half champagne-toned, half nebulous pink-beige? It comes out of a bottle, an envelope, a jar!

While I am certainly not advocating costume colors for your head generally, it does seem time that the old whispers and unkind remarks regarding a change in hair color go into the discard and we consider the matter frankly in the light of the day.

Once upon a time, hair color change fell into three groups. Brunettes bleached their hair to a harsh, brassy tone, and won themselves the title of bleach-blondes. Other brunettes yearned for a touch of seductive auburn and overdid the business with henna, an old trick of the Egyptians, if you remember. Then there was the lady frankly fortyish who resorted to hair dye. Largely because the effects of these measures were unflattering, as a harsh tone of hair is to any face, they won the epithet of bad taste if not outright condemnation.

Now, all that is changed. Hollywood helped to a large extent. It accustomed us to seeing our favorite star raven-haired in one role, a starry-eyed blonde in the next. Camera and character usually dictated the change, not personal vanity. The most current example, and male, at that, is Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet." Then beauty science in the laboratory stepped in, and the present day result is a thoroughly satisfactory method for almost any reasonable change in hair tone.

There are the brightening rinses that you use after a shampoo to lend new light and lustre to your hair. But that is not all. By the correct choice for your need, usually charted or carefully listed for you, you can use these rinses to increase or decrease color. This decrease in color sometimes spells the difference between flattering and extremely unflattering hair. Especially is this true in the case of the over-bleached hair with its almost metallic sharpness in color. There are redheads whose brilliance of hair is sometimes in sharp contrast to pale skin. There are the heads, usually blonde, over-toasted by the sun to a medley of varying tones. Then, there are the girls whose hair becomes gray or faded early in youth. For such heads, a slight tone-down in color creates a softer harmony with skin. I emphasize this decrease or softening of color because we usually think in the opposite direction of more color and forget that subtraction, rather than addition, may be just what we need.

When we come to the in-between girls, mousey, they used to be called, we have a group that needs more color generally, just a glint of auburn in the sunlight, a ray of rich chestnut under fluorescents. And this is what they will get from the correct tone of finishing rinse.

The natural blonde has a real problem. Corn-colored, wheat
or pure gold, after the 'teens this hair invariably takes to deeper, darker tones, and half of her blonde charm is gone. The best simple answer is a mild, lightening rinse to keep her hair as nearly its original tone as possible and immaculate cleanliness, since oil and dust darken the appearance of all hair.

Up to this time, we have mentioned only the beauty rinses; frankly makeup for your hair. Reliable brands are of pure, certified colors that remain on only from shampoo to shampoo, with exception of the truly lightening rinse which probably does have a continued lightening action. These are as simple to use as the old standbys of lemon or vinegar.

For a complete change in hair color, a reliable salon is the answer, because this change requires skill and knowledge. No longer is a girl just a blonde. She is a blonde of a special tone. At a Spring fashion show, the models from the recent Broadway musical, "All For Love," represented four distinct blonde types. One of the leaders in the field of coloring has an oil shampoo tint in twenty-four different shades. I recently watched a demonstration of an application. The complete tinting of a diaphanous grayed head resulted in soft, attractive color and took ten years from the subject's appearance.

Another, with fair, delicate skin, felt she would be happier if her dark locks took on a burnished auburn tone. The resultant deep auburn of her hair was charming with that skin. This tinting, however, is definitely something for your hairdresser and not for home use. An advance consultation to discover just what tone is best for you is suggested.

When is a change of hair color advisable? That's a very individual problem. So far as the temporary rinses are concerned, they are advised for anyone who would like a spark more color, more sheen and high lights, as well as for those, as I said before, who would like to soften a tone but retain luster and light, and especially for those beginning on gray. A just touch of color will blend in the colorless hairs and make them much less noticeable. In the bright days ahead, you will find, too, that the rinses may be used to good advantage to soften and blend together streaks from sunburned hair. As a matter of fact, there is no reason why a beauty rinse should not follow each shampoo, especially with the blondes who would like to stay that way.

Before changing the color of your hair permanently, because this comes under the general class of dye and does not wash out, it is well to be sure of yourself. Be sure that your family, friends and you feel in harmony. Otherwise, you will not welcome the criticism. If you are a professional in modeling, entertaining or any phase of show business, then consider carefully if a change is helpful to your career. If you are graying prematurely, if this hampers you in your career or social life, then a change may be advisable if you do not go to extremes in coloring.

To keep a quiet tone of your original hair is wiser than attempting to look something you never were. Certainly if you are contorted with your gray or white hair, you can make it beautiful and glamorous by the proper rinse to

Don't let your daughter marry still in doubt about these Intimate Physical Facts

but first make sure your own knowledge is SCIENTIFIC and SOUND!

The practice of vaginal douching has become so widely accepted and used today, it's no longer a question of douching but rather what a woman should put in her douche. And certainly every woman should be made to realize:

No other type liquid antiseptic germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so harmless as ZONITE! Scientists tested every generally known antiseptic they could find on sale for this purpose. And no other type was so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE.

Warms Against Weak or Dangerous Products

It's a pity how many women, through ignorant advice of friends, still use salt, soda or vinegar for the douche. These 'kitchen makeshifts' are not germicides in the douche. They never can assure you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

Women should learn the importance of using only a germicide intended for vaginal douching—one powerfully germicidal with deodorizing and dissolving qualities yet one absolutely safe to tissues. Why not enjoy ZONITE's great benefits now?

Positively Non-Irritating

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

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances; helps guard against infection. It immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you CAN BE SURE ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

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For amazing enlightening new booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. SS-59, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.,

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Screenland 17
GET SET TO HOWL!

That "SITTING PRETTY" Man is back

Clifton WEBB    Shirley TEMPLE
Mr. BELVEDERE Goes To College
Tom DRAKE    Alan YOUNG

Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT    Produced by SAMUEL G. ENGEL
Written by Richard Sale, Mary Loos and Mary McCall, Jr. - Based on a Character Created by Gwen Davenport

AND WHAT HAPPENS SHOULDN'T HAPPEN...... to a college!!
The Jack Bennys and Jane Wyman, a sober trio at Slapsy Maxie’s. Jane is currently in the Warner comedy, “Kiss In The Dark,” with David Niven.

John Payne, currently starring in “El Paso,” sits contemplatively by as his wife, Gloria De Haven, talks animatedly across their table in Ciro’s.

Dining at Somerset House are Eve Arden, star of CBS comedy series, “Our Miss Brooks,” and William Hawes, radio and television writer.

Marlene Dietrich congratulates Olivia de Havilland for winning N. Y. Film Critics’ Award for “The Snake Pit.”

The cinder in Douglas Dick’s eye wins him first aid from Shelley Winters and sympathy from Elaine Howe.
A Big Girl Now

WHEN Margaret O'Brien fans see her as Beth in MGM's "Little Women," they'll have to accept the fact that their hazel-eyed honey is no longer the five-year-old who first won their hearts in "Journey For Margaret." Margaret herself is conclusive proof that babyhood is behind her. She's growing tall and slender, her delicately winsome face has lost its baby roundness and her clear guileless eyes have become more serious and adult. But even though she's now a twelve-year-old who gets crushes on boys, likes pretty clothes and vacillates between being a tomboy and a sedate young lady, Margaret has lost none of the sweet and winning charm, the childish dignity that captivated and held a host of ardent fans.

On the set of "Little Women," Margaret and her mother, Gladys, rehearse her lines.

The role of Beth in "Little Women" is perfect for Margaret, who's the same age and just as endearing.

Margaret and Janet Leigh, her sister Meg in the picture, exclaim over a pint-sized pup.

Director Mervyn LeRoy spots Margaret's dress for a scene in Alcott's "Little Women."
Ask your jeweler to show you Aida—Deltah’s new, lovely, lustrous simulated pearl necklace, graduated and finished with sterling silver clasp. Single strand $4.50, two strand $7.00, three strand $10.00—each a remarkable value! Prices include federal tax... Earrings to match.

L. Heller & Son, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York
Because Gene Tierney believes in fighting for what she wants, her marriage is still very much alive.

One night, not long ago, Gene Tierney swept into New York's most exclusive restaurant, the Colony, dripping in sables and satins. She carried her head high. A smile hovered on her lips. She was completely unaware of the covetous glances of the men and the envious stares of the women. At that moment, Gene was the happiest woman in the world. But not a single person in the entire room suspected that the reason for her happiness walked right behind her. He was Oleg Cassini— the husband she had almost lost!

To tell the whole story, it's necessary to shift the scene to Hollywood. For ever since Gene Tierney started to carve a career for herself in films, the residents of the movie colony have included her in that little group of players whose actions were completely baffling and unpredictable. She simply refused to follow the prevailing pattern. Instead of acting like an important movie star, she continued being Gene Tierney.

When most top players were buying fabulous ranches with elaborate swimming pools, five-car garages, guest-houses and barbecue cottages, Gene lived in a simple little home furnished with some Early American antiques her mother had taken out of the attic of the Tierneys' Connecticut home. She drove a medium-priced car while her co-workers sported flashy, custom-built foreign models. She wore cotton frocks and even did her own housekeeping, which, according to Hollywood standards, was outrageous.

But Gene found that by refusing to follow in the footsteps of others, she saved herself from a major tragedy. By remembering (Please turn to page 54)
How the law was brought to a gun-riddled...feud-ridden border-town of lawlessness. This is the story of the "Coffin Corner of Texas" in the lusty era when ambush in the night made the Rio Grande run red!

in Paramount's

EL PASO

Color by CINECOLOR

with

Eduardo Noriega - Henry Hull - Mary Beth Hughes
H. B. Warner - Bobby Ellis - Directed by Lewis R. Foster

Based on a story by J. Robert Bren and Gladys Atwater
Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster - A Pine-Thomas Production
What Hollywood Itself Is

IF THERE is a movie fan left who thinks a star's life is all fudge and orchids, this little tale about Barbara Stanwyck's last day on "The Lady Gambles" oughta clear up that illusion. U-I had carefully hoarded the scene she was to do until the picture's end for the very good reason that Miss S. was going to get a good beating from a bunch of guys she'd been shooting craps with. All day long the scene was shot on an unheated set; temperature 25°. And all day long Stanny took her beating. Next day she spent in bed nursing bruises and a bad case of pleurisy, which she hadn't bothered to tell anybody about.

There were a few red faces in Hollywood, sworn by those who swore Ty Power and Linda Christian would never be Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, director of Ty's last picture, "Prince Of Foxes," returned from Rome with the report that Italian fans really let go with Latin enthusiasm over Ty. It wasn't that way ten years ago when he made "White Sister" and "Romulo" over there. At that time, he said, nobody even noticed stars when the cameras were clicking.

And it looks as though the long and well-traveled road to romance will lead Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan right back to Hollywood after their marriage. Our personal opinion is that Rita will keep right on making pictures and fans will keep right on crowding the box-office to see her.

The stars themselves enjoy the gossip as much as you do

By Lynn Bowers

Another homing pigeon, Lana Turner, comes back to our town with sympathy because of the loss of her baby; Gene Tierney is also on her way westward, to make the last picture on her present contract with 20th Century-Fox.

A bunch of people were wondering why Spencer Tracy was wearing a hat for the first time in his life. Reason: his famous locks had been cropped to a quarter-inch, super-butch cut for his role of a convict in "Operation Malaya." And Bob Ryan, who wore a short bowl-type hair-
Betty Grable with Soundman Gene Grossman on "Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend" set.

do for "The Setup," is going in for overcompensation. His hair is now as long as a frontiersman's.

Bob was delighted when he found a modern ranch house in the Valley and moved there pronto because he thought his kids would be healthier playing in the big yard. Wasn't but a few days after the move that both kids came down with bad colds.

The James Masons have another addition to their family. It arrived not long after the birth of their daughter, Porty. Seems Judy Garland got acquainted with Mason when hubby Vincente Minnelli was directing him in "Madame Bovary." One day Judy appeared on the set with a basket covered by a red-checked tablecloth. "Here's your lunch," Judy said. When the actor opened it, there was a small cat, which brought the number of Mason felines up to nine. When you overhear Judy and James talking formulae and vitamins, they're discussing cats, not daughters.

Most of the yak-yak about Jane Russell these days centers on her ability as an actress since "The Paleface." Jane's more excited. (Please turn to page 56)

Esther Williams went into "Neptune's Daughter" after "Take Me Out To The Ball Game."
Scare the tar out of me," admits Joan Crawford, "and it's just bad when I give them"

By Jack Holland

In "Flamingo Road," Warner Brothers' picture, Joan Crawford has the dramatic role of a girl who, because of, or in spite of, the men in her life, works her way up from a carnival hootchy-kooch dancer.
JOAN CRAWFORD has been analyzed, discussed, taken apart and put together so many times that you wouldn't think there'd be anything left to write about her. Yet, surprisingly enough, the real Joan Crawford—what she thinks about, believes in, what she is honestly like—has not been touched.

This, then, is a candid portrait of a star who has long held the admiration of the public and Hollywood alike. A series of impressions that are also revelations of a little known woman.

Joan had just finished "Flamingo Road" at Warners, in which she sings for the first time in years, when I saw her at her Brentwood home. As we sat talking in her den, she was busy sewing on a coat that belonged to one of her adopted children. A carpenter was nearby making alterations in the room. It was a most unlikely setting to ask Joan what her philosophy of life was, but that's what opened our discussion.

"I have no profound ideas," Joan answered after a slight pause. "Only what I consider a few essential truths. I have no specific code of living, but I do believe in certain things. For one thing, I believe that everyone should be given the right to be an individual. In other words, tolerance of others' opinions is important. I had that driven home to me lately at a party I attended. One of the people there was speaking of a person we all knew. Said this person, 'I think he is so intelligent.' To which another quickly said in horrified tones, 'How can you say he is intelligent? Why, he's the most stupid, the most arrogant—' and on and on. Such a reaction denies one individuality. And it only proves to me that it never pays to enter into any discussions about people. You just never get anywhere. And certainly I don't believe in arguing about politics or religion. That is my creed—if you can call it that—for a smooth running life."

This introduction to Joan is probably a typical one. Everyone has thought of her as a serious-minded person. But there is also the lighter side to the star.

"One of the toughest things I've had to learn is how to enjoy myself," Joan quipped. "In fact, I'm still learning how to have fun. I've always worked so hard I just never had the time to relax. There haven't been enough hours in my days for me to take it easy. My children have kept me more than busy for some time, but I have suddenly come to the realization that it's time I let them live their lives so I can have time to live mine. If I give all of myself to them now—and that's a great temptation—I'll be left hanging by a limb when they grow up. And I don't intend to become a lonely woman. I'm, therefore, making real efforts now—but not entirely successful ones—to stop worrying about something I might have (Please turn to page 39)
Ann Blyth, now starring in the Universal-International production, "Black Velvet"
NO PRETENSE ABOUT BOB

Robert Taylor is the best answer to what's fine about Hollywood

Bob with Elizabeth Taylor in a scene in "Conspirator," the film they made together in England. Although they have the same name they're not related.

Bob is currently appearing in "The Briebe," an MGM adventure yarn, with Ava Gardner.

By Ben Maddox

RARELY can you talk to a movie star who could honestly be called a well-adjusted person. Something about Hollywood draws the turbulent type. Behind the glamour there is usually a personality impelled to plunge into hectic episodes. That's why I particularly like Robert Taylor.

He ranks as the number one exception to this general rule.

Bob is constantly proving that a star can have looks, a keen love of life, the radiant bright lights—and balance. He is, in person, one of the best answers I can give you to what's fine about Hollywood. He is one of the few men here who is right about the place.

When you know him well, you feel a sense of security. No matter how crazy the world behaves, you remember that Bob is getting along all right by sticking stubbornly to his own standards, figuring out the sanest solutions to all problems for himself. His ability to retain the balance—"I'm as I was—" is something rare.
THE first stop for Lon McCallister on his New York trip was the National Theatre where his old friend, Bill Eythe, is producing and starring in the musical revue, "Lend An Ear." Watching the cast rehearse, smelling the greasepaint, gave Lon nostalgic memories of his own Broadway stint in "Winged Victory," and the yen to get behind the footlights into the act once more.

Antoinette Gulhke, Dorothy Babbs, dancers in "Lend An Ear," greet Lon as Singer Lee Story, Bill Eythe look on.

Antoinette, Lee, Lon talk movies. Revue was a hit in California, too.

A little levity is good for morale. Dorothy Babbs is the boys' victim.
Look Who's Playing Bits!

When Franchot Tone and his fiancee, Betty Harper, patronize a nightclub in "Jigsaw," they are unimpressed by their waiter, Henry Fonda, and completely unaware that sultry Marlene Dietrich is just leaving with her escort.

Don't get so engrossed in the clues Franchot Tone follows in "Jigsaw," that you miss all the fun. The gimmick in this story of an assistant D.A., who busts up a rackets gang by trailing a murderer, sets it apart from the usual whodunit. If you keep your eyes peeled, you'll glimpse Marlene Dietrich ankling out of a scene, or find the hand waving beneath Franchot's nose belongs to John Garfield. These and other stars, just for the novelty of it, play "bit" parts in this United Artists release.

Somebody ought to tip Franchot off that the anonymous office girl in "Jigsaw" is Marsha Hunt.

Jean Wallace, his estranged wife off screen, kayos Franchot, but only for a scene in "Jigsaw."

"Third floor rear," John Garfield knows the answer, even though he's just a passerby in "Jigsaw."

A sleuth, finds Franchot, can pick up plenty of clues from a bartender like . . . Burgess Meredith.
Van Johnson, currently being seen in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Mother Is A Freshman"
ALMOST everybody in Hollywood turned out for the party Joe Pasternak hosted recently at Mocambo. One of the best liked producers in town, Joe knocked off from his current MGM picture, "That Midnight Kiss," to make with the feasting and festivities for his glamorous guests, among them, Kathryn Grayson, Jose Iturbi and Keenan Wynn, stars of the picture. Big names were a dime a dozen, but of all the marquee magnets it was Clark Gable who rated the most attention when he waltzed in with an unknown beauty on his arm, Elaine White, MGM secretary. Clark's in "Any Number Can Play" with Alexis Smith.

Clark Gable with Elaine White, a secretary at MGM. He's just made "Any Number Can Play" with Alexis Smith at MGM.
Patricia Neal, starring in "The Fountainhead," a Warner Bros. picture
It Is To Blush

Coping with embarrassing moments is John Lund's toughest problem

By Fredda Dudley Balling

Mr. JOHN LUND is an actor who will be very happy, very happy indeed, when his new Paramount picture, "Bride Of Vengeance," supersedes "Miss Tatlock's Millions" in the minds of motion picture audiences. He has had just about all he can handle of "Miss Tatlock's Millions," a

John's zany role in "Miss Tatlock's Millions" embarrassed him off screen.

By Fredda Dudley Balling

statement that can not be made by the nation's moppets. For instance, the other day he was walking along his own street with dignity and the air of being a sensible citizen when suddenly from the shrubbery there bounded a group of small boys. All were wearing their sweaters pulled over the tops of their heads. All leered at John and screamed, "We're playing the turtle game. We're Schuyler. We're currr ... azy!"

In case you had the awful misfortune to miss "Miss Tatlock's Millions," it should be explained that the character John played was a retarded case named Schuyler who wore a Shetland pony forelock, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, and his coat over his head when he wanted to "hide" from someone. Aside from these minor details, he was a fairly conventional chap when he wasn't burning down a shanty or giving some relative a hot foot. To further complicate the plot, there was a real Schuyler and a

bogus Schuyler, and ... look, you'd better see the picture. It's funny enough to make people forget their income tax problems and all other troubles.

Funny enough for everyone, that is, excepting John Lund.

It is a well-known fact that it is easy for an actor to (Please turn to page 63,
Hobbies Come
Hobbies Go

By Marcia Howard

To Susan Hayward, there’s nothing quite so fascinating as a new hobby—nothing, that is, except another new hobby.

The very best thing to wear, when calling at the Susan Hayward-Jess Barker home, is an expression of acute anticipation.

Throughout the town of Hollywood there are gay people, witty people, talented people, and people (from whom the Saints deliver us) who live atop soap boxes. But in no home is there always such a combination of spirited effort, of eager conviction that the world is teeming with so many fascinations that one life-time is totally inadequate to enjoy them, as constantly exists in the household of Susan and Jess.

The hobbies of Jess last longer; the hobbies of Susan cover a wider field.

Before Jess and Susan were married, each was too busy flying around, having a gay time, to consider the investigation of the world’s wealth of delightful pre-occupations. However, as soon as they were married and had established a home, each set in motion a series of projects.

“I’ve been shopping,” Susan announced one afternoon. “There simply isn’t anything to be had. It’s partly due to the War and it’s partly due to the lack of imagination on the part of manufacturers. I know that if I had a sewing machine I could make my own clothing. I could have smart things at less than half the present price for downright mediocre models.”

“I’ll pick up a sewing machine for you,” said Jess, the cooperative.

“If anyone else had said such a thing in that naive tone, I’d hoot,” confided Susan. “Since you said it, I believe you.” She had learned early in her marriage that, for Jess, good luck fell in place as naturally as seventeen passes at a dice table.

The next day he visited three sewing machine agencies, was told in that old cliche, “There’s been a war, Bub—ain’t
you heard?" and was brushed off.

On the way home he stopped at Schwab's Drug Store on Sunset and mentioned to one of the Schwab boys that he was in the market for a sewing machine. "By coincidence," said The Schwab, "I have had my order placed for nearly a year at two agencies. Today, both called to say I could have a machine. You may have one of mine."

So Jess went home with his proud sewing machine, and his wife did not even blink over this remarkable state of affairs.

Promptly, Susan began to collect fabrics; she chose a brocade for an evening gown, a luscious turquoise jersey for a casual frock, a deep blue velvet for a hostess gown. She bought matching thread, imaginative buttons, linings, buckram for stiffening collars, and patterns.

Like an armadillo, she was fortified for all emergencies.

She sat down at her sewing machine and nobody, not even her husband, laughed.

She found a tucking foot, so of course she had to dash out to buy batiste which she tucked in readiness for making a 100%-tucked blouse. She was enchanted. She tucked lawn for two of her girl friends who were making baby dresses. She tucked net for a friend who was making bedroom curtains.

Then she discovered the hemstitcher. She hemstitched a dozen napkins for herself, several scarves for friends, a tablecloth which (Please turn to page 65)
Reporters and his manager, Paul Stewart, hear Kirk Douglas brag that he fought his way to a crack at the title in "The Champion."

RUTHLESS, vicious and amoral...that's Kirk Douglas. A brutal, handsome killer who mistreats the women in his life and discards everyone who helps him rise from the gutter to become a fight champion...that's Kirk Douglas, too. So realistic is his portrayal of Midge Kelly, "hero" of the United Artists picture, "The Champion," that he'll reap superlatives as the meanest mug in movies. It's Kirk's most difficult role to date, with rugged workouts in the gym and bruising fight scenes as part of his daily routine. Playing the role of a heel who pulls every dirty trick in the book may be artistically satisfying, but physically it's a little like being trapped inside an active cement mixer.

Kirk's iron fist enforces his orders to men...or women...in "The Champion."

Ruth Roman is the first of three women whose lives are irreparably scarred through contact with Kirk.
Marilyn Maxwell, flashy gold-digger and trollop, replaces guileless Ruth Roman in Kirk Douglas' life. But later, when "The Champion" tires of her greed and glitter, he finds a new companion to amuse him and sends Marilyn packing.

Between scenes, Kirk and Ruth Roman discuss how to pose for effective cheesecake. "The Champion" is the first picture made of Ring Lardner's bitter classic. Previously, it was thought too tough for presentation on the screen.

Right: The role of Emma Bryce, the little innocent Kirk Douglas first loves and then cruelly betrays in "The Champion," is Ruth Roman's biggest break in pictures so far.

Below: Kirk and Marilyn Maxwell enjoy an amorous interlude in "The Champion." Marilyn usually sings in pictures, but as Kirk's hardboiled girl friend, she doesn't chirp a note.

A delayed lunch brought out Kirk's cannibal instincts on the set of "The Champion," a United Artists release.
AFRICA SCREAMS—And HOW!

“Africa Screams” when Abbott and Costello invade the Dark Continent on a safari that can never be equalled. For despite such companions as Frank Buck, Clyde Beatty and Max Baer, Bud and Lou manage to plunge into one hair-raising escapade after another, escaping with their lives by the skin of their teeth. It’s a debatable question whether or not “Africa Screams” at the boys or because of them, but suffice to say the jungle was never the same after meeting Abbott and Costello.

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Above: Admiring a croc’s bridgework is Lou Costello in “Africa Screams,” U. A. release.

Below: Lou almost gets into a stew when captured by cannibals in “Africa Screams.”
To revenge her brother's murder by the Inspector of the Cuban secret police in "We Were Strangers," Jennifer Jones joins the underground and plots against government tyranny. She falls in love with John Garfield, a co-rebel, only to have him die in her arms after they, singlehanded, successfully defend their cause in a battle with government troops.

Right: When rebel plans to assassinate Cuban leaders fail, Jennifer, John are trapped before they can flee the country.

Below: Jennifer's first job in the underground is to get false credentials for John, a Cuban who was reared in America.

Above: Pedro Armendariz, who killed her brother, tries to get information from Jennifer.

Below: When John falls victim to police bullets, Jennifer fights on alone, turns tide in rebel favor.
By Barry Farrar

In a town where an Academy Award winner like Luise Rainer with her high-test talent can disappear from the limelight overnight, and pretty girls are as plentiful as apples in Farmer Jones' orchard, June Haver claims she has the answer as to what a girl needs most in Hollywood to win success and keep it.

Mind you, June doesn't pretend to be a sage. But she made it plain that there is plenty of intelligence behind the sparkle in her pretty blue eyes when we cornered her on the set of "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" at 20th Century-Fox and tried to stop her with the above query. In fact, June doesn't feel she is unusually bright; but does insist that she has some of that unglamorous sounding stuff known as common horse sense.

For this reason she wasn't at all stumped when we asked her to select the one factor that had contributed most to her Hollywood achievements. We had named those elements most frequently mentioned in success stories about actresses: talent, beauty, figure, experience, adaptability and so on. But June chose none of these. She settled for the most homely trait imaginable—an even disposition.

Of course, this covers a multitude of fine points in the human personality, but June is no psychologist, either. She was talking about an ordinary, everyday approach to life that enables one human being to get along with others. She claims it is the (Please turn to page 67)
June's next picture for 20th Century-Fox will be "Oh, You Beautiful Doll."

If you can't get along with people, talent, beauty mean nothing, says June.

Whether you're in Hollywood or elsewhere, June Haver contends an even disposition is your most important asset.
THE young actors in "City Across The River" who portray members of a boy gang in a slum district, made the most of a good thing recently. Because they are new to pictures, Director Maxwell Shane gave them detailed instructions on how to kiss before the camera for a scene in the film. There are so many pretty girls in the cast that the boys played dumb for as many rehearsals as they could wangle.

Necking parties usually climax the dances the Dukes hold in their clubroom.

Above: Shane makes a production out of Peter's and Betty's initial kiss.
Below: 'City Across The River' tells how unguided kids get in trouble.
Larry Parks, as Al Jolson in "Jolson Sings Again," proves he's lost none of his magnetism in this sequel.

While ill in an Army hospital, Larry first meets Barbara Hale. After Larry and Barbara marry, Larry's career flourishes again.

Only Larry Parks could play Al Jolson. The fans were set on that after seeing "The Jolson Story." So when Columbia announced they might replace Larry in "Jolson Sings Again," the sequel to Al's successful screen biography, and when Larry became wary of being typed, they protested en masse so tumultuously that Jolson himself wouldn't open his mouth even for his dentist. The result? Larry's back as the mammy singer in "Jolson Sings Again." He treks overseas to entertain during the War, meets his present wife while ill as a result of his tours, and makes one of the most magnificent comebacks that show business has ever known.

Bill Goodwin, Ludwig Donath, Eric Wilton, Larry Parks, Tamara Shayne, William Demarest in a scene from "Jolson Sings Again."
In The Spring

(Navy and white checked wool is Ann Miller's choice for a tailored Spring dress. The crisp white pique trim can be unbuttoned and reversed or easily washed.

Arlene Dahl's black silk evening gown, hand appliqued in lace, can be made into a cocktail dress by removing the lowest flounce which is attached to a separate slip.

Flower-fresh is Virginia Grey in Jacquelyn Ross's coachman dress of navy blue shantung with a white shantung collar and cuffs.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: It's cherches l'homme, not cherches la femme, according to Jacquelyn Ross, smart young California designer. She is confident that a lovely wardrobe will help any girl find her man and more important, help her hold him.)

In the Spring a young girl's fancy turns to thoughts of clothes... fresh looking clothes... clean looking clothes. If she can't rush out and buy a new dress, she will want to add crisp touches of white to her woolen clothes. I'll wager that the springlike sparkle of white pique has attracted more masculine glances than the dazzle of sequins.

Office Girls and professional women need good clothes to boost their morale and subsequently help their careers. And let's face it, any girl, no matter how interested in her work, wants to find a man... to attract one or to hold one. The best way to hold a man's interest is to have other men interested, and to do that you must be attractive. Then your man has what others want and it keeps him from being fickle.

Clothes Change a Girl and after she knows what clothes are best for her, she should try to maintain a provocative appearance. As man has a wandering eye, she shouldn't always have a sameness about her. I have three children, nevertheless I like the young, girlish look in the morning. Crisp, clean white or pastel cottons are perfect for that in the Spring and Summer.

Don't Be Dull by wearing the same type of clothes through the day and evening. The business day or the luncheon en-
Young Girls' Fancy ...

By Jacquelyn Ross

Engagement calls for a tailored appearance. Navy and white with a touch of red is the answer. I like to look different when my husband comes home at night so I wear cottons in deeper, sometimes brilliant, colors. Evenings out offer opportunities for any "look" you wish. A slim black velvet dress worn with an orange hat can turn a girl into a Winter femme fatale. A white draped jersey dress gives her a sophisticated provocative appearance. And while you’re changing your clothes type, don’t forget the importance of changing face makeup and hairdress to suit the occasion.

How Shall I Dress is the question that designers are most frequently asked. First, I would consider your type . . .

what colors are right for you, and what colors you do not like to wear. Second, I would consider the occasions for which you need clothes. The professional woman needs a different wardrobe from the young married who stays at home caring for her house. Third, I would observe your figure and face. You can’t put strictly tailored clothes on a dainty feminine person, nor can you fill the tailored type. Some girls, however, can be either tailored or feminine, depending simply upon clothes and hair styling. They are the fortunate ones who can have most fun with clothes.

A Wardrobe Chart should include certain seasonless things that will make you well dressed and well groomed. You may not be able to buy all the items you need at once, but buy what you can this Spring and add to your collection of good clothes each year whenever possible.

You Should Have at least one stunning tailored suit in black, navy, brown, beige or gray. Start with gabardine and you’ll have something to wear in the Winter as well as the Summer. Each year invest in one more good suit if you can. Then, you need one basic dress . . . black or navy crepe that can be worn the year around. If you can afford one more daytime costume, I’d suggest a knit dress. The girl with a slim enough figure will be delighted with the way a knit dress takes her from daytime to the five o’clock date occasions.

You Also Need one dressy coat or cape of cloth if you cannot afford a good fur coat. Forget about fur until you can buy a really good fur coat. Nothing betrays your in-
PEGGY CUMMINS, whose American screen career hit all kinds of snags, has been busy in London making "That Dangerous Age," for Alexander Korda. The picture was a joy to Peggy for it called for many outdoor scenes which were shot around London, in Rome and Capri. Everywhere the company went curious crowds gathered to watch the proceedings with awe and wonderment. And Peggy was as thrilled by it all as were the spectators. Other players in the cast are Myrna Loy, who portrays Peggy's step-mother, and Richard Greene, who's her sweetheart.

A lull in the film's shooting schedule gives Peggy and Richard time for a refreshing swim and sunbath on the beach at Capri.

London's famed Bond Street is background for this outdoor shot with the two stars.

Myrna Loy and Peggy working at a London airport.

Richard Greene and Peggy Cummins about to make a scene for their new film, "That Dangerous Age."

Peggy relaxes while Director Gregory Ratoff explains how he wants her to handle the next scene.
SURE, now, the good folk of Eire are proud indeed of their kin in Hollywood. Are there not the O'Briens—Pat and Margaret, and the beautiful Merle who became Oberon? And the Fitzsimmons girl from Dublin who's known as Maureen O'Hara? And the Flanagan lad who answers to Dennis O'Keefe? And hand in hand with 'em, is there not himself, Barry Fitzgerald, from the famed Abbey Theatre, lovable, quiet and shy Barry who can act rings around most everybody in the land?

Faith, 'twould be fun to go on this way about Barry—but as out of place as an orange tie in a St. Patrick's day parade, for Barry is no story book nor musical comedy type of Irishman. True, he's not lost all of his brogue, and ingratiating it is to the ears, but he doesn't go about telling Pat and Mike stories. He isn't hot-tempered. He isn't even superstitious and will start a picture on any day of the week including Friday the thirteenth! In other words, Barry certainly isn't what the Irish call a Black Irishman, those who are set apart by their black hair, dark eyes and mystic natures.

He's a slight, reserved but friendly man with a definite twinkle in his blue eyes, a pointed nose and jutting chin that remind one a bit of Bob Hope grown a little older. A bachelor who would have made, according to his best friends, a wonderful husband and father. Above all, he is an actor, who pursues his chosen art with philosophical charm and calm.

After finishing a picture with Fitzgerald not long ago, Veronica Lake told a confidante, "I learned more working with Barry in this picture than in all the other pictures I've made since leaving dramatic school. He's such a perfectionist!"

Barry takes great pride in his work and his integrity is such that he often asks a director's permission to do a particular scene just once more. This is not because he feels he had done the scene badly, but be-

( Please turn to page 71 )
Humphrey Bogart, in response to public demand for new personalities, offers handsome, talented John Derek in his Santana production of "Knock On Any Door," vivid thriller of Chicago's Skid Row. John, given every possible opportunity in his screen debut as Nick Romano, baby-faced killer, just about steals the laurels from producer-star Bogey, who's unsparing in his footage of the young Adonis. Not just another pretty-boy type, John, an exciting personality, has great emotional depth which arouses warmth and sympathy. Welcome to stardom, John Derek!
HYA Clyde!
It's May outside!
Put that scratch sheet aside
And let's go for a ride!

AND we mean at 78 RPM, which means—revolutions per minute, though your little head is probably revolving at 45 RPM, except in months without an R and then at LP speed, which is 33 1/3 RPM. Oh those record companies! You almost need a different player for every label. 'Smurder! Any-hoo it's all in the name of progress and those regular cookies are still with us and always will be—so here we go riding 'tween their pretty grooves, picking up new sound in every one!

HEAVENLY!

Perry Como—The kid from Canonsburg, Pa., is a neighbor of this kid, buys his meat from the same butcher, too. He sang a new song for us when we were over his pad one day—and predicted oodles and oodles for it. Was kicks to hear a hit before anyone else—even before he waxed it! You've been diggin' it as "I Can't See Me In Your Eyes Anymore"—and was Ronnie's Daddy right or was he right? Backside is "Forever And Ever," in waltz tempo and there's yet another slab—"With A Song In My Heart" and "Blue Room"—right from "Words And Music," P. C.'s flicker—in fact, right from the sound track. Jack! Great Rodgers and Hart! And Perry's like ice cream! (Victor)

Mary Ann McCall—One of the most underrated canaries in the eagle's nest—Mary Ann sings up a mild storm on her ownsy on the Discovery label. She's still with Woody Herman but etched these solos and clap feet she did! "You're Mine You" and "I Hadn't Anyone Till You"—

two great songs get caressing treatment under Miss Mac's livid larynx. And Phil Moore's small group behind her puts the frosting on the cake! (Discovery)

Tony Martin—Well, rum diddle diddle! Which turntable has the Tony! It's a lucky one that does cause the marcelled maw's soul stirring tonsils are always thrilling to dig—specially on "The Tene-ment Symphony," "Sail the "Concrete Jungle"—X. Y., that is—and captures the heartbeat of the city wrapped up in a beautiful theme. Comes from the Marx Bros. celluloid, "The Big Store"—and Tony decided to cut it when they screamed for it on his appearance in England. He didn't think anyone re-

membered it 'cause the picture is years old—but they did and hip hip hooray for it! Two-sided cookie that'll gas you! But there's yet another Martin face—"No Orchids For My Lady" and "We're Not Getting Any Younger, Baby"—and don't you wish you were Cyd Charisse! I'd rather be Tony Martin! (Victor)

Ray McKinley—All of Mac's fine showmanship and versatility comes out on this brace of goodies—"Little Jack Frost Get Lost" and "Sunflower"—the first, an ounce of nice bounce, and the other, 'bout the state of the same nickname, with a western flavor all through the grooves. Jean Friley rides sidesaddle with Ray on this one—but we wish he'd cut more stuff like "Hangover Square" and "Sandstorm." (Victor)

Peggy Lee and Dean Martin—Capitol's answer to Doris Day and Buddy Clark gets off on "You Was," which Vic Damone and Patti Page did on Mercury, and they make a nice duo. But who couldn't sing next to Peg—a darling doll. Or is she an ice cream cone blum-blum! Dean lets her solo on the flip—"Someone Like You" and she does so well Capitol gave her her own big cookie to play with —result—"Blum Blum"—a nonsensical bit of fluff which will hydraulically drive you off your rocker. Flip of that is Mrs. Barbour at her most velvety—"If You Could See Me Now"—which Sarah Vaughan made famous and v. v. Peg sounds like a cumulus cloud! (Cap-

tol)

Frank Sinatra—Ah, ma petite chou—voici un chanson tres tres charmant—"Comme Ci, Comme Ca"—un importation Francaise—and Christina's Daddy does it tres prettily. Has a lift that gets under your you know what. Other chock is "When The Angelus Was Ringing"—

FRED ROBBINS
Right off the Record

Fred Robbins with some of his countless teenage admirers. They love his inimitable vocabulary which sharpens the dullest of proceedings.

Screenland 51
adapted from Edith Piaf's famous specialty, "The Three Bells"—rich and cantantly. Then there's Frankie wrapped around the Phil Moore Four on Cole Porter's beauty, "Why Can't You Be-
have," from "Kiss Me Lisa Kirk" and "No Orchids For My Lady"—an English import (this kid Sinatra's completely international), both of which will see you riding through their furrows many tunes—on they're honey smooth and stinging and cardinal too! (Columbia)

**Kiss Me, Kate**—Ears off to Columbia for a superb job of waxing the great Cole Porter set of sharps and flats with the original cast—Alfred Drake, Particia Morison, Lisa Kirk, Harold Lang, Annabelle Hill and chorus. There's six 12 inch slabs, some have dialogue leading into the tunes—so you can dig the music even if you haven't seen the show. A tremendous undertaking by Columbia and just as successful! (Columbia)

Johnny Desmond—Don't turn off the fire, Meyer, just let em melt! Oh those gorgeous tonsils of Desmo! And how limp you'll be once you put the stylus in the niches of "Peggy, Dear" and "When The Angelus Was Ringing," his freshest cookie. Guy has a warmth and style that ranks with the best in the country and a feeling for lyrics that many guys would do well to dig. A great vocalist, J. D.!!! Wow! We can still feel the goose bumps! (MGM)

Margaret Whiting—My gal Maggie, Mrs. Hubbell Robinson as of the last few months, bakes another platter full of merengue with "When The Angelus Was Ringing" and "My Dream Is Yours" from the film of the same handle. When M. W. bakes 'em—they're ready—not only for Freddly—but you, too. Your ears are in the best company as long as they hang around with Mrs. Robinson's bronchial tubes. (Capitol)

Mel Torme—The Velvet Fog has taken on a lace trimmed ball and chain, too—Susan Perry—so all you lasse can concentrate on her soulful singing now! And Melvin makes you pull the scatter pins off your dress with his first one for Capitol—"She's A Home Girl" and "Careless Hands." Great to have the "Fog" on a major label where everyone can dig one of the most talented rascals ever to flick a tonsil! (Capitol)

**ALSO EARWORTHY!**

DANNY KAYE AND THE AND-DREWS GALS on a waffle checkful of chuckles, "Amelia Cordella McHugh," (Decca) — GORDIE MACRAE's brilliant etching of "So In Love"—bulging with all the virility and fervor that have taken him so far since we worked on the "Teenimers" show together. And there's a "Clarin' listenin' in "A Rosewood Spinet," the lip, and "Melancholy Minstrel" and "You're Still The Belle Of The Ball" aussi. And how bout that cellulo "Look For The Silver Lining?" My Man Mac! One of the biggest new stars in years, dear! And he deserves every buck of it! (Capitol) . . . JANE HARVEY'S "So In Love" and "Always True To You In My Fashion"—two from "K. M. K."—in that bewitching hands-behind-the-back-Harvey style (MGM) . . . KING COLE'S "No Moon At All" and "It Only Happens One"—Frankie Laine's tune—but then isn't everything Nat does like peanuts? More you eat, etc. (Capitol) . . . BILLY ECKSTINE'S "No Orchids For My Lady" and "Be- wildered"—a production of "ekstatic static" by Mr. B. who's singing has you flat, like the mat (MGM) . . . DORIS DAY AND BUDDY CLARK put down some happy goulash on "I'll String Along With You," from her new Warner Bros. pix. They're like strawberries and cream together (Columbia) . . . JOE MOONEY'S sock novelty, "A Man With A Million Dollars," with that whispered vocal and the quartet's subtle jazz (Decca) . . . DINAH SHORE'S romp with "So In Love," beguine tempo and wonderful—and "Always True To You"—infectious and sex-ious (Columbia) . . . BING'S "So In Love" and "Why Can't You Be-
have"—right down the fairway! (Decca) PATTI PAGE'S "Money, Marbles And Chalk"—hillibury tune with lotsa philosophy and great for crying in your beer or malled (Mercury) BUDWICH'S "Ready To Go Steady"—fine rockin' sound, with Buddy's vocal that leaps! (Mercury) . . . PHIL MOORE'S "Misty Moon Blues" and "Fugue For Barroom Piano"—great stuff by a gifted composer (Discovery) . . . JIMMY DURANTE AND BETTY GARRETT on "Pussy Cat Song"—full of imagination and cute as Bute Jenkins! (MGM) . . . FRANKIE CARLE'S smoothies, "Sweet Sue" and "Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella"—sparkling inter-stopping stuff (Columbia) . . . GENE WIL-
LIAMS premiere bicuit, "I'll Do The Same For You," darling tune, and "Just Goofin'," grovey instrumental. They call him "Young America's Favorite" and this shows you why! (Mercury) . . .

**HOT!**

**Woody Herman**—Lay me out in my green suit, mudder! Here's some of the most exciting and provocative stuff to be heard today—"Summer Sequence" and "Lady McGowan's Dream"—both from the fertile mind of Ralph Burns, Woody's arranger. They're semi-serious concert jazz pieces and "Sequences" (in four parts) represents Summers spent in various places—Long Island, New York, Chicago and California. Ralph is featured at piano, Bill Harris on trombone, Chuck Wayne, guitar, Joe Mondragon on bass, Sam Rubinson, and Flip Phillips on sax, with Woody on sax and clar. "Lady McGowan's Dream" was a tribute to an elderly English poetess that got her kicks from the Herd. This album stamps Ralph as a brilliant composer, one of our most prominent and promising, and he's only 21. A beautifully waxed and thrilling creation blending jazz and modern classicism (Col C 177). And don't ever miss "Lemon Drop," Woodrow's first one for Capitol, which is good to the last bop! Swings and drives like daffnymph--with Perry Gibs outstanding on vib. See- Challof on baritone sax and Earl Swope on trombone. There's good boppin' tenite! (Capitol)

**Stan Kenton Encores**—The latest shots from the Long Leaner, who at this typing is retired—but, we suspect, temporarily. For, if ever a man brought to the concert halls and cars of this republic a new, vibrant music, unfettered by custom, that's Stanly K. Some of his most progressive and musical is that album are 'twixt these leaves—"Peg O' My Heart," "Chorale For Brass, Piano And Bongo," "Abstraction," "Capitol Punishment," "Sonnambulism" and "He's Funny That Way"—Junie Christie chirpin' on "A Cheeky Lady" from an earlier album—"Artistry In Rhythm" and "A Concert In Progressive Jazz." (Capitol CC 113)

**Billie Holiday**—"Weep No More" and "Girls Were Made To Take Care Of
BEST IN THE NEST

PERRY COMO—"Blue Room" and "With A Song In My Heart" (Victor) MARY ANN MCCALL—"You’re Mine, Baby" and "I Hadn’t Anyone Till You" (Discovery) WOODY HERMAN—"Summer Sequence," "Lady McGowan’s Dream" and "Lemon Drop" (Col. and Cap.) TONY MARTIN—"Tenement Symphony" (Victor) JOHNNY DESMOND—"Peggy Dear" and "When The Angelus Was Ringing" (MGM) KISS ME KATE—Columbia album with original cast FRANK SINATRA—"Comme Ci, Comme Ca" (Columbia) NAT KING COLE—King Cole at the Piano (Capitol album) GENE WILLIAMS—"I’ll Do The Same For You" and "Just Goofin’" (Mercury) GORDON MACRAE—"So In Love" (Capitol)

"Boys"—Lady Day’s first etching in eons, it seems, and most welcome, ’cause there’s only one Billie—and all the fervor and tortured phrasing that stamp her as great are on this cookie. "Weep" is from "Along Fifth Avenue"—but the vocal group with Lady Day seems to cramp her style. Better on her own! (Decca)

Charley Ventura—Chaz is on a major label, Mabel—and sure deserves it. The former Gene Krupa tenor kid was the first guy to make bop really commercial with those jumping bits of intrigue—the bop vocals by Jackie Cain and Roy Krat—so it was inevitable. They exude the ooh-ohs and ah-ahs on "Birdland" and "Lullaby In Rhythm" and if this doesn’t make you bop, look and listen—you’re just no place, Grace. Try his waffles of "Euphoria," "I’m Forever Blowing Bubbles," "East Of Suez" and "Pina Colada" on the National label, too. It’s a hearin’ bunch, that Ventura gang! (Victor)

ALSO GROOVY!

NAT COLE’S new album of piano solos—at long last—on "Blues In My Shower," "Cole Capers," "How High The Moon," "These Foolish Things," "I’ll Never Be The Same," and "Three Little Words"—great artistry and fine lettuce for your salad! (Capitol) ... THELONIOUS MONK’S beautiful "Ruby My Dear" (Blue Note) ... BOB CROSBY’S reissue of "Mask Rat Ramble" on Coral

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY!

GERRY VERBEKE, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA—If you’ve written songs—your best bet is to show them to a bandleader or swing who hits your town. If they like it, maybe they’ll use it. JO-ELLEN CONTE, DIEDMONT, CA—Her sister Arna’s records with Cugat are pretty tough to get. But he’s on his own, you know, so grab all his cookies you can ... JOHN W. ASLICH, DETROIT, MICH.—Don’t think there are any waffles of songs from "Foreign Affair." Like most background music—it dies with the picture, unfortunately ... JANIE FLORA, ANDERSON, IN. —Thax a lump, Janie, and watch for "Robbins’ Nest" on your local station. It’s our new syndicated record show ... PHYLLIS CONNELLY, YORK, PA.—The best way to break into radio as a disk jockey is on a small station—with a new idea. Make a record of your show and present it to the program director ... IRENE PERKINS, GALVESTON, TEXAS—"Tis a shame, Irene, for that nice sound from "The Big Sleep" to be wasted, but, as we told John, that’s what happens to most movie music—except stuff like "Laura," "Mamselle," etc... BARBARA DEANE, ANAPOLIS, MD.—Both Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin are hitched. Jerry has a young son, and Dean has four offspring—FOUR!! They’re very young—Germ, as Dean calls him—is about 94 and Dean’s in his early 30s. They’ve got a flicker coming out for Hal Wallis and will have their own show soon on NBC. And you can dig ‘em on Capitol cookies ... SUE WILLIAMS, BLOOMINGTON, IN.—There are lotsa slabs of "One Alone" and Gordie and Jo did make "I’ll String Along With You" ... GINO ALPARONE, NAPLES, ITALY—Wow! So far away! Maybe you like your own Bruno Pallesi’s voice better than Frank Sinatra’s but over here we don’t have Bruno, so we love Frankie. Besides, he’s got so much rework ... PAUL TIMMONS, RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J.—The stuff Mildred Bailey did on the defunct Majestic may be reissued on Mercury. She did lotsa things on Decca, tho. Billie Holiday’s first records on her own were done in 1936, but she cut some with Benny Goodman in 1933 on Columbia. Dig the new Hot Discography ... ANITA LORRING—Freddie Stewart is not married and has been making flickers for some years now. His latest wax is "For All We Know" and "Ah Hft It Happens" on Capitol ... BILL WHITEHEAD, LANCASTIRE, ENG.—Glad you’re copping Kenton’s stuff at last. We have a hunch SK will reorganize and probably tour your tight little island ... MARIE STEVIE. TOLEDO, OHIO—Sam Donahue is hitched, is in his early 30s and is a wonderful guy. His freshest pancake is "Gypsy Love Song" and "Out In The Cold Again" on Capitol ... Lemme know what’s on that crummin’ "bout sharps and flats and we’ll try and relieve your misery.

Address letters to Fred Robbins, Screenland Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
the intelligent teaching and guidance of her mother, she was able to avoid the heartbreak and unhappiness that makes the average woman hard and bitter towards everything in life.

Ever since she was a mere youngster, Gene has followed a principle that never has failed her. When she was a pig-tailed little girl of ten, she wanted to join in a ball game with some of the boys in the neighborhood. But because she was a girl, they chased her away and refused to let her play. At that time, she never dreamed of using her glamour to break down their youthful prejudice. Instead, she went running home to her mother, tears streaming from her deep blue eyes and sobbed out the heart-rending story.

Belle Tierney was too intelligent a woman to dismiss this trivial incident as nothing. She dried Gene's eyes and sat down to listen to some good advice. She told her child that life wasn't always pleasant; sometimes cruel and thoughtless situations arose. "But always remember one thing," she admonished Gene. "If there's anything you want, and want very badly, you must go out and fight for it. If you don't want to fight for it, it means that you really don't want it."

Gene never forgot those words. Young as she was, she recognized the wisdom in them. She rushed out of the house, over to the field where the ball game was in progress and singled out the leader who had refused to let her play. She told him that unless she could be on the ball team, he'd have to fight with her just to prove to the others that she was as good, if not better than he.

The challenge paid off. Gene played on that ball team and eventually was responsible for many of its triumphs. But most important, it was her first victory in her fight for the things she wanted out of life. Since then she's gone right on battling for everything she has. First, it was her career.

It was no easy job to convince her family that acting would be a logical profession for her to follow. Her father was convinced that it was only a schoolgirl ambition. To help prove she was wrong, he even accompanied her to a producer's office where she went for a job. But Gene wanted so hard to convince him that acting was something she loved that she got her first assignment.

When the talent scouts spotted her and she was sent out to Hollywood, her whole career seemed to be made up of one endless challenge after another. She let the studio cast her as a moron in her very first screen assignment, "Tobacco Road," for she was glad to get the chance to appear before the cameras. It meant wearing her pride in a sling, but Gene remembered the words of her mother. She knew that first screen role was something she wanted very badly. Everyone told her she'd be finished if she ever accepted the part; that she'd be cast in similar roles in every picture she made. Gene refused to listen to the advice.

At that moment, she grew up. She made a resolution never to let negative opinion influence her, and she has stuck to that resolution faithfully throughout all the years. That's why she has always been close to her family. No matter how busy Gene happened to be, she never forgot to write to her mother and to her sister, Pat, and her brother, Howard.

Gene gives credit for this to her mother who, despite the fact that she had a famous daughter, didn't hesitate to go out and work. All the Tierneys are realists—honest realists. They have no false standards. Their sense of values are real.

With each successive picture Gene made after "Tobacco Road," she continually kept proving to herself that she was perfectly right in paying no attention to idle talk. She suffered through a series of assignments that would have made even a second-rate actress scurry out of the movie capital in indignation.

But Gene was going to fight it through to the finish, simply because she was fighting for her career, for a cause that meant a great deal to her.

Soon the studio recognized that she was one of the most intelligent actresses on its roster of stars. Instead of becoming temperamental, as was customary when an actress was given unsatisfactory roles, Gene silently accepted them and executed each one to the best of her ability. Yet, she kept studying and improving herself continually. The producers and directors couldn't help noticing this and before long, her parts improved. There never was any talk of her refusing to play certain roles or being put on suspension because of it. She felt that only when the reason justified it would she fight.

She had seen too many of Hollywood's leading players commit career suicide by being obstinate and disagreeable when it came to sticking close to the terms of their contracts. She also knew that at times it was necessary to sacrifice pride and show a bit of meekness. But it was all part of the fight.

Then when the world heard that Gene was planning to marry Oleg Cassini, the same trend that was with its unsolicited advice began to scoff at her choice of a husband. They privately predicted that she could do much better. But once again, she simply shut her ears to them and refused to let them influence her. She knew better than anyone else why she was marrying Oleg. She was in love with him. For her that was the most important reason in the world. And marrying the man she loved, despite the gloomy and pessimistic admonitions of others, was one of the greatest triumphs of her lifetime.

The final words of the marriage ceremony were hardly uttered when the cynics started to predict that the marriage wouldn't last. But it did last. Gene and Oleg were madly in love with each other.

When War broke out and Oleg joined the Army, Gene didn't hesitate a single minute. She closed up her home and became another of the hundreds of thousands of war wives. She set up house in a tiny cottage near the camp where her husband was stationed. She cooked his...
meals, scrubbed the floors and even did her own laundry. For the time being, her career took second place. The most important thing at the moment was that her husband be as happy as it was possible for her to make him. At the time, she would have gladly sacrificed her career permanently, if necessary, because she happened to be one of the few people in the film colony who had found the simple formula for happiness.

When the War was over and she returned to Hollywood the biggest opportunities of her career came along. The studio stopped casting her as a glamorous decoration and gave her roles in which she could prove her ability as an actress. Gene found herself the recipient of worthwhile assignments. But when she was writing in "The Razor's Edge" a mysterious rumor, intended, perhaps, as a publicity aid, started making the rounds. Because she was playing opposite Tyrone Power, there was talk of a romance between the two.

It was this myth that almost wrecked the one thing that meant more to Gene than anything else—her marriage. She wanted to hold on to her home, her husband and her child.

Soon, almost every newspaper in the country carried front page stories about the torrid romance between Gene and Tyrone. At the time, not only Gene, but her mother, too, vehemently denied the rumor.

Yet from then on, stories about the impending split-up between her husband and herself kept spreading. The gossips and scandalmongers eagerly devoured evidence of anything that outranked their "I-told-you-sos." At the time, I chanced with Gene and there was no indication of a rift. She was in the East with Oleg and both of them gave every indication of being as much in love as the day they were married.

But perhaps the rumors hurt Oleg's pride, as they would hurt any man's pride under the circumstances. In cases of this kind, every little misunderstanding becomes exaggerated until there are open flaps.

The parting finally came. There was no definite reason, simply a series of trivial incidents that took on special significance. Sadly and unwillingly, Gene agreed to a separation. She really wanted time to think the whole thing over clearly. But she wasn't content to let it go at that. This was the biggest fight of her entire lifetime, and being a fighter, she wasn't just going to sit back and chew on her fingernails. She didn't want her marriage to become an unhappy chapter of her past.

The first thing she had to admit to herself was that she was sincerely in love with her husband. She knew he was even more in love with her. Then there was their daughter, Daria. Love and a family went worth fighting for. Gene didn't care what the rest of the world might say. She didn't care if the Hollywood gossips were snickering up their sleeves. She didn't want her marriage to be a failure. She didn't want her child to grow up without a normal home life and the love of a father and mother. This thought alone made her more determined to fight fiercely—even savagely—to save the biggest thing in her life. It was the sort of thing any woman would fight to save.

And Gene was in a fighting mood. She wasn't going to give up without making an attempt. She had never conformed to the ways of the general crowd and refused to start now at this crucial moment in her life. It was the eye-opening statistics on the overwhelming number of divorces in America that stirred her to a revolutionary type of action. Before this, everyone connected with films considered it absolutely necessary to live on the West Coast as did Gene. She felt, however, that living there was a constant reminder of her broken marriage, that she should go somewhere else where she could give the remnants of her marriage a fair chance.

So she packed her bags, sold her house and took Daria to New York. She found a comfortable apartment near her mother and sister. But hardly had she settled down to a different way of living than Oleg himself hurriedly followed. This was the first indication Gene had that her hunch to get away from Hollywood was the right one. When her husband came East, Gene was convinced that now her marriage had a chance of surviving.

It proved he still loved her.

Once in New York, Oleg himself felt differently. He began courting his wife all over again. There was evidence of the same ardent and romantic interest he had shown when he met her for the first time. They went out to dinner alone. They took long drives in the country. They visited the art galleries, the museums. They saw many of Gene's old friends. In short, they began living like average, normal people.

Oleg soon discovered he could be happier in New York. In a short time, he had found quarters in the heart of Manhattan's elegant shopping center and established his designing business there. No longer bent by the possibility of losing the woman he loved, he was able to concentrate on his work successfully.

Gene gave Oleg every encouragement he could want. In her pictures as well as in her private life, she was his best advertisement and wore the clothes he designed for her. In New York, Oleg was not only successful but independent as well. He no longer was looked upon as Gene Tierney's husband but as a successful, gifted business man in his own right.

It was all these considerations that helped Gene in the fight to save her marriage. She called off the divorce proceedings when she discovered that she was winning the greatest triumph of her life. And then to help insure the future and prevent anything unpleasant to threaten again her family life, she built a modest home next door to her mother's Connecticut house. Her sister Pat had married in the meanwhile and had built a place nearby. So did her brother and his family. That's what Gene had wanted for herself, for she realized that the American family is an institution which people are apt to take too lightly.

The greatest climax of Gene's triumph came when she gave birth to her second daughter, Christina. To her, the new youngster is a symbol, as well as constant reminder, that she waged and won the hardest battle of her life.

Color Goes To Your Head

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Women and Children First?

It is American tradition that women and children do come first in our national thinking, attitudes and action. However, our present 20% luxury tax on toiletries, a wartime imposed measure, discriminates against women and children. You pay this tax on such necessities as a lipstick, a deodorant, on oil and powder for your baby, etc. A man gets his shave tax-free! A repeal of this tax seems fair on two counts:

1. The reason for this tax, war, is past.
2. The necessities for your grooming, for the health and comfort of your child, are no more luxuries than a man's shave.

If you agree, won't you tell this to your Senator or Representative on Capitol Hill? He is your voice in making our laws.

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What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 25

about doing over her new Valley home, which is up on a hill and is constructed almost entirely of glass walls. The house is being done in monotoles, but she has a gimmick that's quite unusual. In a closet which connects with both the living room and bedroom there are four pairs of draperies for each room. At the mere pull of a string, Jane can change the color of the drapes from turquoise to Chinese red to chartreuse to floral print, as the mood suits her. Kinda neat, huh?

When Barbara Lawrence and Cesar Romero flew to Mexico for personal appearances, the gal's mother was plagued with phone calls from newsmen wanting to know if she'd eloped with the charming Butch. Mrs. L. denied it, since it wasn't true. This was Barbara's first trip out of the country and she was so taken with Mexico that she quickly started studying Spanish, preparing for her next trip. Barbara's divorce from John Fontaine won't be final for quite a spell yet and she's having lots of dates and fun, as a young gal should.

Elizabeth Taylor, in England, sent clean to Beverly Hills for a gift which she presented to a young Englishman she admires. The gift—a silver spoon with a rattle in the handle—was for a young boy born with a gold, jewel-encrusted spoon in his mouth; the young Prince Charles. Son of Princess Elizabeth and Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

Jeanne Crain's new babe, who turned out to be a boy instead of the little gal she expected, arrived home just as the Brinkman's new nursery was completed. Jeanne and Paul hadn't thought up a name for the little bouter, but he came out quite well. His name is Michael Anthony. Jeanne, who is quite an artist as well as actress, painted the murals in the nursery.

Proudest father in town is Humphrey Bogart. From the way he acts and talks about young Stephen Humphrey, the impression is that Bogey has an exclusive on fatherhood, which is as swell a way to feel if you ask us. Okay, okay, don't ask us.

The award Jane Wyman received as best actress of the year from the London Daily Express Film Tribunal was accepted in London by none other than her ex, Ronnie Reagan, who was in England at the time making "The Hasty Heart." Ronnie's and Jane's young son, Michael, was in the bad graces of his mother when he attempted to improve on one of her landscape paintings by daubing it generously with a tube of gold paint.

Shelley Winters, whose popularity on the screen is only equaled by her ditto with the eligible men around town, had been dating Farley Granger, Douglas Dick, Tony Curtis and Bill Phipps. Not having enough evenings to go around, Shelley neatly solved the problem by dating all four of 'em at once. She decided to cook Hungarian goulash and figured the quartet would eat quite a lot of it. But she didn't reckon that a pound and a half of noodles was going to crowd her out of the kitchen. After she scraped up the part that boiled over and fell on the floor, the amateur cook still had enough left to feed a dozen harvesters. Aside from that and the fact that one of her guests—and she ain't sayin' which—stepped on and broke her favorite record album, everybody had a keen time.

Dan Dailey's birthday present from his wife, Liz, was a thing he'd been hankering after for a long, long spell. It's a slide-trombone, yet! Dan packs it back and forth to work and when he has a few minutes away from scenes in "You're My Everything," he heads for his dressing room. In a few days, Dan had learned three pieces on the slip-horn. "One," he said, "with variations." The talented, long-legged dancer plays several other musical instruments, but this is his favorite. Whether out of consideration for or pressure from others, Dan moved his portable dressing room outside the sound stage when he started blowing on his birthday present.

Dan swears his 19-month-old son, Dan III, is going to be a dancer. The little guy responds to music by cutting the rug in unsure but enthusiastic steps. According to his fond pop, the kid really has the heat.

Going up the walk to Maggie Ettinger's party for the very attractive Carmen Figueras and her sister, Mrs. Larry Grey, visiting here from Mexico City, we thought we were being followed by a bunch of kids. Turned out the "kids" were George Burns and Gracie Allen, accompanied by their handsome young son, Ronnie, who were laughing and having fun together. During the evening, we did a rumba with Edgar Bergen while his party wife, Frances, whipped up some fancy steps with Cesar Romero. Paul Douglas was there, getting compliments right and left for his performance in "A Letter To Three Wives." One of my favorite gals, Barbara Bel Geddes, was telling me proudly about her new car and learning to drive in seven lessons. Says she leans out and yells at the other drivers, just as though she'd been piloting a car around for years. Rhonda Fleming was getting admiring stares from all the men at the party. She was with a handsome attorney, Bill O'Conner. One of the guests of honor, Mrs. Grey, is married to one-time film idol, Larry Grey.

Saw the new weds, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, shortly after they returned from their honeymoon. DI looks prettier than ever, which is a neat trick, and her young husband is handsome enough to be a movie star himself. They'd had a wonderful trip and are currently going crazy trying to get their new apartment all furnished and cozy.

Kay Thompson's closing night at the Mayfair Room was so jammed that the promenantly publicized duo, Dick Haymes and Nora Flynn, were promenantly seated at a table on the stage. Also there to catch the fabulous Kay's act were Ida Lupino and Collier Young; Director Nicholas Ray and his wife, Gloria Grahame. Kay, who was only a talent coach at MGM not so long ago, has received some very fancy offers to come back and act at her ex-studio.

Around town: At the Hollywood Derby—Howard Duff lunching with his pal and manager, Mike Mesekov. How ard and Ava Gardner aren't seeing very much of each other these days; the melodrama Andrews Sisters with each other.
Driving out the Sunset Strip we saw Burt Lancaster making a U-turn and being honked at by an indignant tourist from Connecticut who probably thought Hollywood traffic crazier than most. We popped by our local hardware store in Westwood and met Sally Cobb, wife of Brown Derby and Hollywood Star's prez, Bob. She had her six-month-old white toy poodle tucked under her arm. Sal landed on us with her tufted red and bright red baseball cap. As we were yakking, portly Sydney Greenstreet hove into view and started browsing among the fascinating merchandise. Later at our market, Guy Madison had all the gals gawking at him. Guess what? Three quarts of milk. Guy and his gal, Gail Russell, are supposed to be romancing again, but you never can tell.

June Haver has sold her big home. She and her mother have moved into adjoining apartments in Westwood. June bought a new stove that's big enough to cook dinner for a regiment. It hardly leaves room in the kitchen to swing a cat. When June had her large house, her stove was a tiny, apartment-size number.

They're calling Bill Powell "the boy with ginger hair" on the "Take One False Step" set. He was carrot-topped for "Life With Father," pure white for "The Senator Was Indiscreet," gray for "Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid" and now he has the new look for his present picture. Bill's wife, Mousie, is getting used to the changes and he's getting a kick out of them.

During the several years Anne Baxter and John Hodack have been married, they've never had the same time off from pictures. Usually Anne would finish one about the time John started. So when they found themselves with three whole weeks on their hands they got out of town fast—took off for Jamaica on their first real vacation.

The Gregory Pecks are expecting their third child, and the Sterling Haydens are also on the list again. Their son, Christian, is now eight months old. Sterling and Beatrice have moved into a new house—living on a boat is getting kinda cramped. Esther Williams thinks her baby will be born on her birthday, August 6.

Clifton Webb, bedded with virus X, got a phone call from a columnist who asked him how he felt. "If I told you how I felt you couldn't print it," cracked the always urbane Mr. W.

While the much-discussed friendship of Dick Haymes and Nora Flynn hit the news regularly, Dick's wife, Joanne Dru, stayed in the background. She did, however, have dinner with John Ireland at Sportsman's Lodge, watching the peacocks and looking at the paintings Harold Lloyd lent the restaurant's rapidly growing collection. John and Joanne met while they were making "All The King's Men."

While Howard Duff was making "Illega Entry" at U-I, his mother came down to visit him from Seattle. The company was shooting a night scene on Olive Street (the oldest quarter in Los Angeles) and Mrs. Duff waited patiently in the car. Finally she got lonesome and started toward her son, almost walking into a scene. Someone got the idea of putting her in the picture, so they gave her a line to say, standing next to her famous son. Mrs. Duff went back to Seattle happy, without any newly-awkward yearnings to become an actress.

One more name has been added to the long list of leading ladies who think Clark Gable is the absolute tops. She's Alexis Smith, who works with the king in "Any Number Can Play." Their first scene together, sans any previous acquaintance and avec only a hasty introduction, involved Mr. G. and Miss S. in six minutes of smooching. But that wasn't what evoked all the admiration from Alexis—none of the gals, in fact, seem to be able to explain clearly why they find him so charming.

Kathryn Grayson's young daughter appears with her in "Midnight Kiss." And Debrah Kerr's younger, Melanie, June, has a tiny part with Jennifer Jones in "Madame Bovary." Judy Garland's little Liza has already been in a picture. So far, the holdout is Bette Davis, who emphatically refuses to let her little girl go near a camera.

Mickey Rooney, at the Palm Springs Racquet Club, heard his latest picture, "Words And Music," was playing at a Palm Springs theatre, rounded up a bunch of people, including his latest romances, Martha Vickers, and took them in to see the show. Van, Eve, and the Johnson kids were also at the Racquet Club. Van was keeping the courts hot taking tennis lessons. He's good, too, I hear.

Marusia, the designer (and wife of radio announcer Don Wilson), whipped up a round-the-clock wardrobe for Paulette Goddard's last trip to Mexico. It was so well planned that Paulette got twenty-four costumes into two suitcases. Remind me to consult her the next time I take a trip to New York.

Dana Andrews and his wife are so crazy about sailing their yacht that they took off on a three-week cruise without any destination in mind, just milled around the Pacific aimlessly. Wotta wonderful way to relax! They finally did sight some land—the Santa Barbara and Santa Cruz Islands, but they didn't set foot ashore. The picture Dana and Maureen O'Hara made in England from the novel "Britannia Mews" is now tagged "Impulse" for some reason.

More and more Hollywood producers are re-discovering some of the talent of earlier movie days. One of the latest and best to be flogged by MGM for a part in "Good Old Summertime" is Buster Keaton, stone-faced comedian who was a great star not so many years ago. Van Johnson and Judy Garland dreamed up a nice welcome for him, strictly in the old tradition of the Keaton pie-throwing comedies. His dressing room was stacked with every known variety of pie, from chicken pot to black bottom. Their best gag, however, misfired. They'd rigged up a nice soft pie over the door and it was supposed to fall on him as he walked in. Something went wrong with the trip wire and Buster escaped his fate.

Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw hope to have an April-in-Paris honeymoon.
GUIDE To Glamour

MAYTIME brings its flowery message in a fanfare of soft or brilliant touches for your face.

Recipe for that silken look—Madame Helena Rubinstein’s Silken Look collection, containing Silk-Tone foundation, Silk Screen face powder and lipstick in her new Rose Mauve, a feminine, soft and subtle note. Package complete, $3.50.* Contents, plus rouge and nail lacquer, also come separately.

Barbara Gould brings a soft touch to your lips, and to your pocketbook, too, in the Daily Double. Packaged together are two lipsticks, Bright Orchid, lush, exotic, and Coral Flame, fresh, singing red, plus that newest darling of fashion models, Model’s Applicator, for tracing a perfect lipline. All this, $1.80. A new lipstick texture in six fashionable shades has been perfected by Coty. It glows with lustr, glides on easily, smoothly, and leaves a clean, clear outline. You wear this lipstick with confidence, it knows its place and stays there. In a handsome case, $1.80. Geraniums in your window—that’s the color theme in Revlon’s new Touch of Genius, a name that’s quite deserved for this dancing red-red. This color inspiration pervades other Revlon makeup aids, but shown is the Match Box with Nail Enamel and Lip-Fashion, the long stick that makes shaping so easy. Match Box, $1.60.

There are seven shades, including Natural, in the well-loved Tangee lipsticks, in sizes that range from $1.10*, good for the tiny purse, to $1.80. Pink Queen, however, is the newest and one that ought to be in every lip color wardrobe. It is a tone of extreme flattery, a kind of fashion accent to your picturesque costumes and romantic moods. C. M.

*Coty guarantees satisfaction or money back.

Barbara Gould’s Bright Orchid and Coral Flame with Model’s Applicator.

Touch of Genius is name Revlon aptly applies to new geranium tone in makeup for fingers, face.

Tangee’s Pink Queen has its place on every dressing-table, on all lips for the cool, sweet moods of fragile beauty and subtle romance.

Coty introduces delightful new texture in six color treasures for lips.

when you see Susan Perry in “Knock on Any Door” she’ll be Mrs. Mel Torme. They were married in Chicago. We went to a party for Marshall Thompson and Barbara Long (Richard’s sister) given by Dean Severance a couple days before they were married. Marshall was ordered to report to register for the draft the same day the wedding took place.

Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy got two weeks off after their wedding and headed for Dallas, Audie’s hometown, hoping to get rid of two awful colds (one apiece). Dallas is also the headquarters of the Southern Variety Clubs, who assisted in the production of Audie’s picture, “Bad Boy.” If the personable young war hero isn’t a screen sensation as the result of this picture, I’ll never predict another thing as long as I live.

Don DeFore’s taken to pipe smoking since he got badly burned by a cigarette while he was driving home. Not only did he ruin a new sport coat, but he is also minus a patch of his own skin.

We had a fine time at the party given by one of Hollywood’s most famous voice coaches, Major Herbert Wall. He has a vast house off Laurel Canyon where his students can sing as loud as they want to.

During the evening we heard everything from arias, to cowboy, to bebop. Major Wall’s famous sister, Corina Mura, had the joint jumping with her exciting Brazillian songs—she is also a brilliant guitarist. Later, much later, the Carica Boys headed by Jose Oleveras (he’s Joe Caricca of Disney’s “The Three Caballeros”) really rocked the place with Latin music. Gertrude Nissen had to beg off singing some of her famous numbers because of a sore throat, but Marsha Hunt surprised everyone by singing several songs—and very well, too. Florence Bates sat by and enjoyed it all. And Dick Foote, who some time ago I said was going to be a new find and who just signed a long-term deal with Monogram, gave with several cowboy songs, despite having just had his tonsils yanked. It was a wonderful evening, we said as we left in the cold gray dawn.

Few nights later we trekked to Pasadena to see the world premiere of Dewitt Bodeen’s play, “The Bunner Sisters,” on stage at the Pasadena Playhouse. Two outstanding stars of a few years back, Lenore Ulric and Sally O’Neill, were the stars of this wonderful play, directed by Edith Wharton’s novel. In the audience and applauding like mad we saw Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, Billie Burke, the Richard Baseharts with Mike Steele—a long with several hundred other enthusiastic theatre goers. We hear Dewitt’s play is headed for Broadway.

Outside the stage where “It Happens Every Spring” was shooting at 20th, Ray Milland and his wife, Douglas Spencer, were talking. Ray held an object in his hand which Douglas was admiring. “You like it?” Ray asked. “Sure do,” said Doug. “It’s yours, and a happy birthday, Doug,” said Ray. The object? A brand-new toupee for standing-in purposes!
done wrong yesterday and to look ahead only to the next day.

"I hope to learn not to worry. To let things happen naturally. All of the good things that have happened to me have come about spontaneously. Everything I ever planned on in minute detail turned out to be only hard work. Recently, I went to a dinner party. On the way home, my escort suddenly said, 'Would you like to dance?' Just as suddenly I replied, 'Yes, I'd love to.' I had a wonderful time that night, too. But if I'd planned on going dancing, the music would have been awful. I'd have stepped all over my escort's feet, and I'd have been miserable. I guess you can budget a life too thoroughly at times."

For anyone who has made such extensive long-range planning in a career as Joan has, the mere idea that that person could be impulsive sounds ridiculous. Yet, Joan is a woman who acts on impulse more than a little.

"I'm terribly impulsive," Joan went on. "And, as a result, I'm forever getting into trouble. There is one particular example of the involved situations I can get myself into. One day, I was having a terrible time at the house. Cathy and Cindy, my two little babies, were ill. I was having problems with my business manager. There were eleven men in the house making alterations. My mother had me on the phone to tell me how ill my brother was. Colby, my secretary, was frantically trying to get my attention all the time I was talking to Mother. Finally, Colby managed to tell me that a strange woman, very well dressed in mink and with an expensive car, was at the door weeping profusely and insisting on seeing me. I was scaredly in the mood to talk to anyone, but impulsively I told Colby to take the woman into her office and I'd try to get some time to see her later. 'I'll listen to her problems if she'll listen to mine,' I said as a gag, then hastily added, 'You know I'm just kidding.' Well, I did see the woman later—and she greeted me with a bucket of tears. Seems she had come here from the East three times in the last three years to see me but had only now had the nerve to come to the house. She poured out her whole tale of unhappiness, her loneliness. After a while, taking a look at all the men working about the place, all of the scurry and bustle, she said, 'I've never seen so much activity.' I told her that apparently, from what she had said to me of her life, her own existence lacked activity. I said I thought she ought to fill her time with something besides her own troubles. And then I advised her to go to a beauty parlor and get herself all fixed up, reminding her that she couldn't be attractive to others if she weren't attractive to herself. I let go with my philosophy and at last she stopped crying and left. I know I never should have let myself get into such a position. It might have led to bad consequences. But at the moment it seemed the only way out of the situa-

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**BEFORE LOVE BECOMES MERELY...A MEMORY**

Don't let this one

**intimate neglect bar you away from your husband!**

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Don't risk this neglect! Do use effective, feminine hygiene... such as regular vaginal douches with reliable "Lysol." With this wonderful hygienic protection, you can be confident of your appealing feminine daintiness.

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tion. I've often wondered just how much good my advice did."

We were interrupted at that moment by the ringing of the phone. It was another invitation to a party, as Joan later explained. Joan is probably one of the most famous names in Hollywood parties than any star in town. But how they scare her! And that's another insight into a complex personality.

"Parties scare the tar out of me," Joan exclaimed—and meant it. "And it's just as bad when I give them. When I walk into a room where there are a lot of people I feel as though I had on all the wrong things, I become terribly shy, my hands get clammy, and my stomach turns inside out. Yet, such parties usually turn out all right after I'm there a while, once I feel that people are my friends. I'm learning now that if I give a smile and try to be self-assured I'll get a smile and confidence in return."

"I prefer small parties, though, with my close friends to the big Hollywood parties, but I was guilty once of turning out the red carpet. It was a party I gave for Noel Coward. Billy Haines, the interior decorator and close friend of mine, and I worked for weeks on this party. Before it came off I had worked myself up literally into a high fever. You'd have thought no one ever gave a party before. Yet, with all my fussing and fuming, it was the most successful one I ever gave."

"I do enjoy the Hollywood parties, but, unfortunately, the term 'Hollywood' when tagged on to social gatherings becomes something entirely different to the public from a mere pleasant evening. Society in Hollywood is not made up, as some believe, of questionable antics. Far from it. Those I've attended have been dignified and perfectly managed. The best parties here are given by Joan Bennett, Mrs. William Goetz, Mrs. Alfred Bloomingdale, Mrs. Tom May and Joan Dozier—also known as Joan Fontaine. As for the hosts, Billy Haines is just about tops.

"Yet, with all the parties I've gone to, I still feel self-conscious when I first arrive. If anyone knows how to overcome this feeling I'd like the recipe."

Joan may not feel at ease at parties, but she certainly isn't at a loss in the town itself. She has been a star for a long time and has really had every chance to get to know Hollywood. I asked her just what the town had done for her—or to her.

"To begin with," Joan remarked quietly, "I'm not even sure Hollywood as such exists. It's a name tied to it like an old hat. It's a dream world, a fairy story in many ways—and often a very nice fairy story, mainly because so many have made fun of it. Yet, Hollywood is primarily a place to me made up of the people I love and the work I love. It has taught me all I know. It has given me everything I have—the good and the bad. We in this business are very lucky, for what we don't know at first is taught to us free of charge. If we have to dance in a film or if we have to speak French in a scene and we can't do either, we've been given lessons. Hollywood can be a great education."

"As you know, I've grown up in this town. And in growing up I have been fortunate enough also to have matured. Maturity is, to me, something that comes out of knowledge and the acceptance and application of that knowledge. It is acquiring, with each succeeding year, a wisdom and a beauty. I have accepted from Hollywood the things that were right—and, actually, wrongs I have learned from my experiences."

"The town has been a challenge to me, too, in many ways. It has put up obstacles and made me hurdle them or else find myself lost in the stream. Now, each new experience fills me with great apprehensions and trepidation. Yet, I've learned to analyze myself and my obstacles. To be more determined than ever to continue to progress. And, as a result, I'm gaining a broader viewpoint—I think. I hope anyway that what I've learned has given me more confidence."

"The one big lesson that has come to me, though, as a result of my Hollywood experience is that I must never completely lose my confidence. Once that happens to you, you'll lose that, and you know you're losing ground. Whenever I'm asked, then, how to keep one's confidence, I can only speak from my own experiences and say, 'Dive into things that look impossible, meet them, and conquer them.' It's the only way I know of gaining self-assurance."

Joan paused momentarily, a smile spread across her face, and she said very quietly, "I always thought that I knew what I wanted from life—that is, until my children came into my home. I can only hope now that I'm teaching them as much as they're teaching me."

As far as Joan's plans for the future and the obstacles she wants to face are concerned, which was the next point we took up, she has nothing definite in mind. "I have no time to set up any goals for myself," Joan explained. "I'm too busy taking care of the things that were set up a long time back. I do hope that as time goes on I'll learn not to take my self too seriously. I still do and it's not always so good. A friend of mine once said to me, 'Stop getting depressed about what you might have done wrong last week. Instead, get up in Expectation Corner and think of the good things that will happen.' That has helped me a lot and has enabled me to stop putting up hurdles in my path."

Outside of her serious approach to life—and that is inherent in her despite any changes she has made in herself—Joan's other outstanding characteristic is her sentimentality. No one can turn on the tears for less reason as quickly as Joan. "I get so mad at my sentimentality," Joan said firmly. "It's a worse disease than being a perfectionist. But there's nothing you can do when you get sentimental. Recently, one of the local columnists called me on the phone to tell me how feminine I had looked at a party. He said, 'You were a gal!' I don't know why, but the way he said it so affected me that I couldn't answer him. My eyes filled with tears and a lump came to my throat. And when Michael Curtiz complimented me on a scene I had done in 'Flamingo Road' recently, I just dissolved into tears."

"A few weeks ago I went to a rehear-
get all tangled up in a role, publicly and privately. People are surprised to learn that a screen villain like Richard Widmark, for instance, is actually kind to carnations and has never been known to bite anything more rare than a hamburger. It comes as a shock to discover that Edward G. Robinson collects paintings instead of Tommy guns. Who would believe Sydney Greenstreet’s house pet is a kitten, not a bax constrictor?

“When I read that ‘Tatlock’ script, and realized that I was going to play a wacky duck, I knew I was in trouble,” meditated John, in the presence of a friend recently. “It’s fairly simple to talk people out of the idea that you’re a villain, but how do you go about proving that you aren’t a little weefled?”

During the early weeks of the shooting on “Miss Tatlock’s Millions,” John arose from his script one evening and wandered around the house, pausing in the bedroom. Abruptly he charged through the room in which his wife, Marie, was reading, and shot to the kitchen. Having arrived there, he realized that he had no idea why he had made the trip in the first place.

Retracing his steps to the bedroom, he hesitated, scowled, then recalled his entire train of thought: the bedroom window hinge needed oil. He had gone to the kitchen for the oilcan.

Back he streaked past Marie.

“Is everything all right, dear?” she inquired gently.

John explained.

His good wife studied him. “Have you always done absent-minded things like that?” she wanted to know, fighting a grin.

“No, look here . . .” said John. Then he stopped. He was at a distinct disadvantage, because Marie had never let him forget entirely that delightful little episode of their wedding morning.

John had warned Marie to be ready at 11:30 A.M.; he would call for her a few moments later. They would be married around noon.

At one o’clock the bride, blushing not so much from maidenly modesty as from righteous indignation, arrived at the door.
John's hotel room and found a sign fluttering from the doorknob, "Do Not Disturb," it read.

Marie ignored this suggestion with a right cross to the door. From within, a sleepy voice called, "What's the big idea... Holy Moses! What time... WHO'S that? Gosh, it's my wedding day!"

Fortunately, his tone was jubilant, or it might not have been his wedding day.

John was still a groom when he entered another absent-minded professor demerit. He was to read a script for a celebrated producer this particular morning, so he was understandably nervous. As he dressed, he outlined the producer's past successes for an attentive Marie.

"But I'll have to be careful," John said, and recited a long list of the man's idiosyncrasies.

He paused at the door. "Wish me luck, darling," he said.

"Are you going like that?" queried his wife.

"My best shirt. My best shoes. My best hat. What more can I do?"

"Well, I don't know this particular producer," admitted Marie carefully, "but I think almost anyone might be dubious about a man who arrived for an interview, unshaven."

John, in his preoccupation, had forgotten all about his regular morning shaving ritual.

In this instance, disgrace was averted. However, John—dashing to his meeting with the producer—could remember times when his dignity had received a compound fracture, and his reputation had suffered total collapse.

How well he remembered being sixteen, a vulnerable age. How well he remembered stepping in the doorway of an unlighted, time-blackened building for the home-bound bus. Because the night had been dark, the weather chill, and his boredom intense, John had started to recite poetry—aloud. As a matter of fact, he had an Irish brogue.

When he heard the bus coming, he emerged from his daze and discovered that he had not been alone. He had amassed an audience of one, a man who was a casual local acquaintance, living in John's general neighborhood. The man followed John onto the bus.

John made an apology. In preference to allowing this man to think him the sort of adult character of sixteen who would stand in doorways reciting poetry, John decided to play drunk.

All the way home, he mumbled and made faces, glanced and talked to himself. His actions certainly gave alcohol a bad name. They didn't help the name of Lund either.

John's ego had barely recovered from this bumbling when he became further involved in the mad antics of humanity.

He was walking home from a school function with a very pretty girl one night when she said suddenly, "It's so cold and we still have such a long way to walk that I think a cup of hot chocolate would be delicious. We could stop right here."

"I'm awfully sorry," John confessed, "but I'm stony." He turned his pockets

shady side out.

"That's nothing," laughed the little lady. "I have plenty of money. Come on." Before John could demur, she had entered the restaurant and was on her way to a table.

When the clock arrived for one cup of chocolate for John, two cups of chocolate, a chicken sandwich and a slice of chocolate cake for the party's financial backer, she dived into her purse, told John to hold out his hand, and began to unload a purseful of PENNIES.

John had to count out one dollar and twenty-five cents in appreciation, Miss Anderson, a superior woman whose expression read from left to right, "Mice in the attic."

Maturity brought John no noticeable protection against the suggestion that he might be a trifle—er, eccentric.

On the occasion of his first important radio show, long before he had learned the meaning of various radio terms, he was told that the radio company would rehearse, do a show, rehearse and repeat. He had no idea what "repet" in this instance meant. When the director said there would be a break at noon, and the company would do the "repet" at two o'clock, Mr. Lund blithely assumed that the actual broadcast was called a "repet."

Judith Anderson was the star of the show. John admired her immensely, but he was mildly puzzled when—during what John presumed was the eleven o'clock rehearsal—she was far more nervous than one would expect so great and accomplished an actress to be.

John gave her best to the "rehearsal," but it was a relaxed, self-assured performance. He did a little pantomime clowning with the program director, although he read his script with all the forensic zeal in his system.

Then he learned that the "rehearsal" had been the BIG broadcast for eastern stations. The two o'clock "repet" was the broadcast for the western audience. And at that performance, Miss Anderson was the soul of poise, whereas Mr. Lund shook so hard that he couldn't even see the script.

Pitfalls, pitfalls—always there were pitfalls for a man who only wanted to be considered an average, sensible citizen.

When John first came to Hollywood, he was writing radio scripts for one of the country's leading advertising agencies, B. B. D. & O. One evening he was wandering down Hollywood Boulevard when he caught sight of a familiar face.

Both men stopped. The nice chap from New York was accompanied by an exceptionally pretty girl who was introduced merely as "my wife."

Try as he would, John couldn't recall the boy's name; he merely knew that he and the boy had worked together in a play perhaps, or maybe in radio, in New York. Nice fellow, though, John remembered. Talented.

The conversation revolved around mutual friends in New York, the radio business, new plays. The young man was noticeably silent on what he, himself, was doing at that particular time. John thought sympathetically, "Trying for a picture break, probably."
He debated with himself as to the wisdom of saying to this handsome and talented acquaintance, “I’m just a small shot in the agency, but I know a couple of fellows in the casting department. I could introduce you to someone who could fix you up with some radio work if you’re interested.”

However, he hesitated. Might hurt the fellow’s pride. The moment was lost. After mutual promises to keep in touch, the trio separated and John wandered further along Hollywood Boulevard.

In front of Warners’ Hollywood Theatre, he stopped short and stared at a twenty-foot (approximately) picture of the man he had just met. The caption read, “Janie’ starring Bob Hutton and Joyce Reynolds.”

For a week, every time he remembered how near he had come to offering Bob Hutton a small-time radio job, John Lund had the ague.

Just to prove that life can be crazier than anything, John went through the reverse situation last Fall in New York. On Broadway, in front of the Paramount Theatre, he encountered an old friend.

John was embarrassed, having no desire to three-sheet himself, because he was standing in such close proximity to a theatre playing “A Foreign Affair” and featuring a blow-up portrait of John Lund that was large enough to be installed on Mt. Rushmore.

He chatted as best he could with his friend, trying to move out of the glare of the lights. The friend, who had been engaged plenty of theatrical bad luck, obviously concluded that John, too, was down for the count. “Tell me,” the friend said finally, fixing John with a pitying eye, “just what are you doing now?”

“Whatver comes my way,” said John. “Show business is a crazy business,” said the friend.

“You’re a smart duck,” agreed the man who knew that “Miss Tatlock’s Millions” would follow “A Foreign Affair” into New York shortly.

A few nights later, John was invited to a party to be given on Long Island by old friends who were in the biz. “We’re having a few friends in for dinner at eight,” the hostess said. “Come a bit early for a cocktail. It won’t be elaborate, you understand, just a few amusing people like . . .” and she rolled off a list of literary and theatrical greats.

John, the conventional, thought he had been properly briefed. Plainly, this was an affair in which a man must appear in dinner jacket and black tie.

Because he had left his own dinner clothes in Hollywood, he had to borrow clothing from a friend. Unfortunately, the friend was slightly shorter than John, and some forty pounds heavier.

John, the elegant, arrived at the dinner party wearing jacket and trousers from which his length seeped a trifle too far, and a wing collar into which he could disappear like a turtle.

The butler took John’s topcoat and hat and said, “In the library, sir.”

As John paused on the top of the three shallow steps leading to the library, a place from which to view the room, he discovered that he was the only man in the group wearing dinner clothes. Everyone else had come straight from a business office or the golf links.

When John returned to Hollywood, he and Marie were invited to the home of friends in Bel Air for what was described as “a little dinner, with some music afterward.”

Definitely the invitation gave no clue to the fact that the function was to be a musicale with adjoining champagne buffet.

John wore a sport coat and shirt (with a tie added as insurance) and a pair of slacks. Marie wore a simple spectator sports dress.

“That was the night,” observed John afterward, “when elegant and perspiring gentlemen in white ties and tails kept coming up to me to say, ‘You individually and several combined - I am trying to tell my wife into letting me off with dinner clothes, she asked me if I wanted people to think I was crazy.’

‘Don’t mention that word,’ begged John.

Said the wretched guest, ‘For my money, you’re the only sane man in the room.’

These days, John cherishes that statement whenever anyone begins to strum a lower lip and shout Schuyler at him.

Of course, if anyone mentions John Lund around the Paramount lot, there is no need to refer to such terms as “crazy,” “odd” or “idosyncratic.”

All his co-workers can think of is that John Lund has the keenest mind, the quietest wit, the most perfect manners, the friendliest disposition, the most useful talent and the most exciting future of anyone they have seen in a long time.

Crazy like a fox, that is.

**Hobbies Come, Hobbies Go**

Continued from page 57

served as a wedding gift.

When she discovered the gathering foot, she prepared yards of eyelet embroidery and passed it around among friends for use on peasant skirts and lingerie.

But the greatest thing of all was the button-hole maker. She made button-holes for everything except the living room doors, and she would have decorated them if she could have found a heavier needle.

Having proved that she was a master of the accessories, Susan was bored by simple sewing machine stitching. She crossed the machine, turned her fabrics over to her dressmaker, and has made nothing since . . . Except, of course, that pillow.

But it really belonged to a later phase in the Hayward Delights.

There came a day when the den clearly

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FOUR HOUSE OF EDEN, Dept. SU

I am proud of what...

"I am proud of what...

Susan has studied art in with a half
hearted intention of becoming a com-
mercial artist. Equipped with the
information gained in this course, she
descended upon the nearest art goods
store in Hollywood and outfitted herself
in a manner to stagger Picasso.

She bought pastels and charcoal, oils
and fixatives.

Scorning such beginner's efforts as
landscapes, seascapes, or studio still life,
she started a portrait.

Jess, coming to her improvised studio
at night ("We must outfit a real studio for
you, Susan, one with a north light and
French windows!"), was greatly impressed to the point of near-speech-
lessness. "My gosh, you're good!" he said.
And, after a moment, "Is there something slightly wrong with the nose?"

"Yes, I know how to fix that. I'm going
to do that tomorrow, but I want to put
a few more touches on the hair before I
quit this evening."

The next morning the studio called
before Susan had been able to slip into
her paint-daubed smock. They wanted
to test her for a new part. From that
moment, to this, she has neither finished
the portrait nor been able to find time
to fix up a studio.

"That's a shame, too," said Jess. "I had
planned to use about half of your
studio as a darkroom." His hobby had
been on a briskly. Susan had given him a
10 millimeter moving picture camera for
his birthday, and his home shots, in color,
had turned out to be the most
beautiful pictorial record of Susan ever
taken.

A friend of theirs, having viewed the
films one night, told Jess, "Susan has
never been photographed by a profession-
al as well as you have done. The regula-
tion camera has never recorded that
magnificent head of flaming hair com-
 bined with the shell-pink fragility of her
skin. Boy, you really have the shutter
touch on you."

It was at this time, approximately, that
Susan signed to do an interesting part
in "House Of Strangers" opposite
Richard Conte and Edward G. Robinson.
The girl Susan portrays in the film is a
spoiled, self-willed honey who falls for
small-time lawyer Conte, when she em-
 ploys Conte to defend her most recent
felonious boy friend.

When that commitment was finished,
Susan could take her choice of a number
of exciting offers. One would have been
in France. Such an emergency could
inspire only one activity on the part
of the dynamic Miss Hayward: she decided
to learn French. Agog, she rushed down
to a bookstore, then to a record shop.
She purchased an enormous French-
English dictionary, a French Grammard,
a volume entitled, "Conversational
French," and a box of recordings guar-
anteed to make one as native to Paris as
Boyer in ten easy lessons.

She was still in the Aveu vous beaux-
coeurs des arbres de mon amite stage when she was notified that the French
location had been called off -- no financ-
ing. Reluctantly, she stored the box of
recordings and her books of instruction
in one corner of the room in which her
eas paid in silent rebuke. "I'll get lack

As a student in high school in Brook-

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SCREENLAND
to all of you in time," she promised, blowing them a kiss.

At a dinner party a few nights later, someone was discussing the involved subject of astrology. For some reason, this was an enthusiasm which had not carried over to Susan's attention. She was enchanted. When she mentioned her birthday, one of the more expert astrologers in the group outlined Susan's character, as indicated by her zodiac period, and amazed her by stating the exact time when certain emergencies had occurred in the past.

"This, I must know more about," she told Jess on the way home.

With her customary thoroughness, she bought every popular work on Astrology on the newsstand, and also searched her local bookstore for more erudite treatments. Difficult as such things are for the beginner, she set about perfecting charts for her own family and for certain of her close friends.

She worked on one chart for several weeks. She found it fascinating, and she hoped to produce a guide of genuine merit for her friends. The only trouble was that everything she worked on in the solar chart appeared to be in direct contradiction to the events in the life of the person for whom Susan was securing what she hoped would be the guidance of the stars and the planets.

Finally, Susan took it up with her friend. "Would the year of my birth make any difference?" the friend inquired. "Because, if it did, that might account for the discrepancies. I never tell my age, you know.

"That startling announcement rendered the previous two weeks work of Astrologer Hayward as useless as a 1912 calendar. Incidentally, Jess promptly began to call his wife "Miss Nostradamus."

As this story goes to press, Susan is still swooping around with her head in the stars and her forefinger marking a particularly rugged passage in an astrological manual.

Hobbies may come and go, but one overwhelming fascination entirely dominates the life of the Barker house: the development and training of their twin sons, Gregory and Timothy.

Anyone who has ever been associated with a member of the current younger generation perfectly well knows how any current adult has a chance against one of these, let alone two. In a vain effort to keep even with their sons' mental growth, Susan devours child training books by the pound. When she finds one of particular merit, it is stashed away, dozed at crucial passages, so that it is ready for instant reference.

A pretty situation arose last Christmas. Susan was careful to teach them that Santa Claus is the spirit of giving, and that Christmas is celebrated because it is the birthday of the Baby Jesus. All of this was accepted by the four-year-old savants in good part. There will be no wrench of discovering that Santa and his reindeer will not singe their whiskers on the Barker glowing coals once a year.

However, Timothy was silent for some time after the story about Baby Jesus. Finally he asked with an air of reasonable patience, "Why haven't you ever put up a Christmas tree for MY birthday, Momma?"

Susan ran for the book. Whether she found an answer or not doesn't matter because there will be more complex problems in the future. The important fact is that Susan and Jess are two of the most sparkling people in a sparkling town. They can converse on almost any subject with authority and enthusiasm ... and if you spring something on them—he warned! Within three weeks they will be knee-deep in a brand new hobby and will be comparing notes with you.

Mr. and Mrs. Dynamic, their friends call them.

What A Girl Needs Most

Continued from page 42

kind of attitude anyone has to cultivate around the home, in business or anywhere else in order to achieve successful living.

"I'll give you an example of what I mean by the cultivation of this trait," she explained. "I remember a trip I made a couple of years ago to my home town, Idaho. For four days I experienced a constant round of activity. And after that I was hurried off to New York for another series of appearances and interviews.

"When I arrived in New York I was dead tired. I was so knocked out I was in tears. Early on the morning of my arrival I was called for my first interview, and I was just on the verge of telling studio representatives that I couldn't go through with it. Then I started thinking. If they had gone to all the trouble to arrange an interview I should be appreciative enough to give it. So I did, and I actually found it a pleasant experience when it was all over."

June then proceeded to explain what she had known perfectly well and cancelled the interview. The writer most likely would have lost an assignment, her studio might have figured she was uncooperative and she would have appeared selfish for taking it easy while there was work to be done.

This attitude is all well and good for June Haver, we reminded her, because of her numerous other assets that have gone a long way towards making her a success. But maybe other girls aren't so fortunate. She denied this. She maintains that all the other gifts she seems to have are entirely developed. Her belief is that she started from scratch with only an ambition to become an actress, and that she had to develop her so-called blessings as she went along.

"Don't get the impression that I am bragging about myself," she hastily corrected. "In choosing an attitude of co-
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schedule in her mind. She takes things as they come to her without considering how many different tasks and engagements she has during an entire day. The schedule might make her want to give up even before she starts it.

"When people start thinking about themselves too much and worrying over where they are going to find time to do everything, they get into trouble," she observed. "I try to think of only one thing at a time, and when that is done I go on to the next piece of business. But of course I'm lucky. I allow the studio to plan most of my days and then do just what they tell me.

She confided that another little benefit derived from making friends with the assistant directors, whose duty it is to see that actresses are at work on time.

"If they like you," she said, "they don't call you to the studio until you are actually needed; but when an actress isn't nice to them they can call her to the studio hours before she is supposed to be there. I get in a lot of extra sleep by making friends with the boys."

Having an even disposition at all times isn't as easy as it sounds, according to June. In the first place she claims a person can't stay on an even keel constantly, but that it is necessary to blow off steam occasionally. She makes a practice of doing this, in fact, when she is too harassed. But she is sure she does it with people who like and understand her, and if she hurts anyone's feelings she later apologizes all over the place.

"I put very little stock in the one thing people say a girl needs most of to get along - luck. I'm talking about luck," June remarked. "Anyone who amounts to anything naturally figures he has a lot of it, but it is something you simply can't count on. I have always figured that luck never comes by itself. It usually is accompanied by work, which creates the break in a right direction."

According to her opinion, the most useless thing in the world is a grudge. When she does fly off she quickly forgets the incident, and if those around her don't appear to do the same thing she goes out of her way to make them see that they will be happier if they forget unpleasant experiences.

There has been only one notable failure in June's career, the termination of her brief marriage to Jimmy Zito. She knew Jimmy in the early days when she was singing with bands, but apparently he had changed more than she realized when he showed up in her life later. She learned this after her marriage, but feels it would be wrong to date on her mistake.

But because it was a mistake, she has been careful to avoid publicity about romance in her life since her divorce. When she does appear in public with a date it is always with Dr. John Dukiz, a Beverly Hills dentist, who had gone with her long before her marriage to Zito. But June didn't want to talk about Dr. Dukiz, and we didn't care to strain her even disposition by dwelling on the subject.

She was far more eager to tell us about the struggle she had learned to play a violin for several scenes in "Oh, You Beautiful Doll." It further illustrated her point that an actress gets ahead in her career by keeping her head and doing what she is told. She was proud of the fact that she had added a new accomplishment to her store of knowledge.

"Personally, even if I did get fiddler's cramp," she concluded, "I say thanks to the powers that be for all I've learned during my picture career. And I only hope they'll go on making me learn something new for each movie, and that I will be level-headed enough not to get temperamental and balk. Where else but in Hollywood can I learn while I earn? That's why I'm holding on to an even disposition."

In The Spring A Young Girl's Fancy

Continued from page 47

coming as much as the type of fur you wear. On the other hand, a cloth coat is deceiving. I have seen wealthy women in simple but smart cloth coats. Your coat should be black or navy, depending on the color of your basic dress. It could also be a strong red or a deep shade of emerald green.

To Fill In and extend your wardrobe, consider two-piece things that can be changed about for variety. A grey flannel suit and grey jersey top is the easiest to do this with. You can wear a grey jersey blouse or sweater with a complementary skirt. You can wear the grey jacket with a plaid skirt, and make any number of changes like that.

As For Accessories, you need a black or navy hat to match your basic wardrobe color plan. Add black or navy gloves. I beg women to buy good gloves... hand-made gloves if possible. The difference is only a few dollars and grooming depends greatly upon the condition of your gloves. You should have one pastel hat with gloves to match, for that will change the appearance of your basic dress. And it is always nice to have a flowered hat because it is good in the Spring and Summer months.

Your Shoes are another indication of good taste, good grooming... and the condition of your bank account. If your basic color is black or navy, buy the very best black suede shoes you can afford, and a well-made bag to match them. If your budget is very limited and you don't wear black clothes, you will actually find it an economy to invest in a good pair of light alligator shoes and a matching handbag. Of course they're expensive but they can be worn with anything and they last for years. I have...
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Decorating

The present fashion

interior decorating is closely related to

designing, which is really a kind of
decorating... especially when it comes
to color combinations. After decorating
two rooms for myself, helping friends
and then doing it professionally, I found
that the most satisfactory results are
obtained by following one color scheme and
selecting color accents with care. In my
own home I started with grey in the
living room and went to silver, a tone of
grey, in the dining room. The accents of
color throughout the house follow one
scheme. The same thing should be done
in a wardrobe...

Exterior decorating needs the same use of
diffusion, color and particularly in the
Spring. If you want to brighten a
plain black crepe dress for Spring, add
a crisp hat and gloves. Navy blue,
barbadoes or your grey flannel suit
will take on a feeling of Spring if you
apply a touch of white pique and a dash
of bright red in a ribbon or flower trim
in one of your accessories.

A Designer must have a natural sense of
styling and a sense of balance in color.
She must know how to mix and when
to mix when it comes to cutting clothes.
She who buys clothes needs only to
know the meaning of good taste and
if she has any doubt about that quality,
she should insist on clothes that are
simple in line. She can always depend
on simplicity as a guide. The rest is just
a matter of grooming... that careful
attention to detail. The result is a pre-
sentation of oneself that is extremely at
tractive to the eye, masculine as well as
feminine. And Spring... more than any
season of the year, is the time to do it.
cause he knows he could do it just a little bit better! Withal, though, he is easy going, not tense.

At home he is casual, informal and likes to be comfortable; characteristics which are reflected in his home, an oldish California-style bungalow, complete with front porch, in a quiet, highly respectable but unpretentious section of Hollywood.

When we saw him there on a recent Saturday afternoon, Barry, in blue jeans and a navy turtle-neck sweater, was supervising the placing of living room furniture just brought back by upholsterers. The smell of fresh paint pervaded the cheerful rooms. The workmen promptly left and Barry ushered us, after a hasty apology, to a deep chair, then he sprawled on a studio couch across the room, puffing on a favorite pipe.

"You know, I've lived here six years and hadn't changed a thing, but it was beginning to look depressing. Comfort is the main thing to me, but I don't like a drab look. So I decided to redecorate. Strictly trial an error method. No interior decorators. I know what I want—for the house to look cheerful—so I've been experimenting," our host explained.

Barry has done fine. The living room walls are pale yellow. Big sofas and chairs, some grouped invitingly around a large open fireplace, are covered in soft shades of green, beige and dubonnet. Off the living room is a snug study, its walls lined with books, its furniture a man-sized desk and deep leather chair, and Barry's collection of pipes. The dining room he has converted into a music room. A grand piano fills much of the space, and proudly displayed in a book shelf niche is his Oscar, won for his memorable role of Father Fitzgibbon in "Going My Way."

"I could use six more Oscars to fill those niches," he remarks dryly.

Barry's part in the redecorating has been strictly supervisory. He isn't much of a hand at tinkering or fixing. He was moved to try one experiment—a dismal failure. In his eagerness to put more color in the living room he painted a beige rayon lampshade. Just painted it, with red enamel!

"I'm throwing it out," he apologized, "but the new one hasn't arrived."

Barry loves to play the piano, strictly for his own amusement. He had not studied music in his youth but a few years ago decided it would be fun and took piano lessons for twelve months. He sticks to the classics and is very modest about his keyboard artistry. Some of his friends say he plays quite well; his brother, Arthur Shields, says he "thumps."

Barry isn't a hobbyist or collector. His pipe collection, numbering about two dozen briars, is strictly functional. He is an omnivorous reader but gives away most of his books after reading them. "I accumulate them for awhile, then get rid of them when I have too many and they start to clutter up the house," he explains. He reads few novels, concentrates on biography and history.

He doesn't cook and has never been interested in trying. Says he, "I can barely make tea. I'm not a very fancy eater, so I've never had the incentive to experiment with cooking. Except for breakfast I have all my meals out."
In the June issue of
SILVER SCREEN
WHAT MAKES A MAN
A GREAT LOVER?
LINDA DARNELL
gives the answer
ON SALE MAY 11TH

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he has been storing them up for many years. Whether he plays a ship's cook, a disreputable saloon man, the detective or a priest, all of his widely diversified roles reflect some of Fitzgerald and some of the personalities he has watched during his sixty years of life.

Despite his Oscar and its attendant fame, you've read much less about Barry Fitzgerald than you should because he never seeks publicity and actually avoids the press. Newspaper and magazine people have to pursue him for weeks or months if they really want to interview him, because his shyness makes him shun them. A pity, too, because he's such an engaging fellow, when he finally allows himself to be seen, he's finally cornered. And at least one subject—acting—makes him definitely loquacious.

For one thing, he believes that no one can be taught to act.

"That sounds unorthodox and I suppose all the drama school people will hate me for saying it. What I mean is that to be a real actor one must have the spark, the inner ability; without it all the dramatic lessons in the world cannot produce an actor. One may learn the mechanicalities of acting, but these become stilted without the spark, the soul of acting. Audiences like sincerity. They may not think about it or ever be conscious of it, but they do and the actors they choose as their favorites are the ones who possess this sincerity and spark," Barry insists.

Since the enormous cost of producing new plays on Broadway now limits their number so considerably, Barry thinks the only hope of the theatre in this country is the little theatre movement, but this too has its limitations, he points out.

"The average little theatres present nothing new. They produce copies of Broadway hits, partly because these hits will attract audiences, which they need for financial support, and partly through lack of imagination. So the young actors in these relaunched plays do a fair carbon copy of the actors who created the roles. They have no chance to create anything new.

"I really think the American public should be ashamed of itself for this. Surely somewhere in this wealthy country we should support a real experimental theatre that would try new plays. When I was at the Abbey Theatre we had eight or ten new plays every year; it was a cockpit for expression. Someone would get steamed up about a subject, usually some local political, and write a play about it. Why can't that be tried in little theatres here? We need new playwrights as well as new actors.

"A play with a purpose usually has a better chance of success because it is based on experience. You don't mean that propaganda plays are necessarily good, but conviction does carry weight."

Barry, as a theatre-trained actor, naturally feels that motion pictures must depend on little theatres for a great deal of new talent. He himself, however, at this point of his career has no special hankering to return to the stage because he thinks it is a much more difficult medium than movies.

"It's a much tougher grind to maintain a characterization over many months, as happens in any successful play today, but that's the way as we do in motion pictures," he points out. "But to young actors who want to get in movies—and most of them do—I'd say get all the training possible in the legitimate theatre!"

Barry, as you may have heard, was granted freedom from the Abbey by the man for whom he was born William Joseph Shields, and was working as a civil service clerk when he became interested in acting and joined the Abbey Theatre as an after-hours volunteer. For fifteen years he clerked during the day as William Shields and acted at night as Barry. It was in 1937 that he was brought to the film capital by John Ford for "The Plough And The Stars," and he has remained in movies ever since, except for an occasional film on Broadway's stages.

Barry thinks the easiest role he ever did was in "Going My Way" and the most difficult that in "Stork Club."

"The latter was obvious humor, the double-take sort of comedy, Just expected reactions that were telegraphed to the audience. To me, that's the most difficult sort of acting because it is so obvious," he says.

Before he starts any new role he reads through the entire script to get the feel of his character, without learning any dialogue. Then he studies his role for the smallest thing, one keynote to the character. On this he builds in his imagination until he has a definite man in mind and then he starts studying lines. His effortless ease and naturalness in any role are based on these weeks of preparation, not to mention that spark or soul, of acting which is natively his.

Two years ago Barry took a trip back to Ireland after a decade's absence. He looked forward to a quiet vacation with his sister in Dublin, with absolute privacy. But if he thought Hollywood was a good bowl, he found it ten times so. He was hero-worshipped and fussed over everywhere he went, treatment which sincerely embarrasses him. The only place he found real privacy was on a friend's yacht! He wanted to rest, but he was bothered by repeated picture and play contracts, and he couldn't get a good cup of coffee.

"Of course the tea was wonderful. We don't make good tea in the United States, but neither do they make decent coffee in Europe," says he.

"Ireland," he adds, "It was glad to get back to Hollywood, where he can blame his bad tea on his own brewing—and where his neighbors are nice friendly people who take him for granted and don't treat him like a movie star!"
Red Pony
(Technicolor)
Republic

AN excellently done yarn about a boy, Peter Miles, and his pony, Gabian. However, this isn't one of those ordinary run-of-the-mill animal stories, by any means. Based on a novel by John Steinbeck, the pony becomes the focal point of complex human relationships at the ranch. The boy's father, Sheppard Strudwick, a former schoolteacher never able to adapt himself to ranch life, resents the fact that his son turns to the hired hand, Robert Mitchum, for guidance and care of the pony. Myrna Loy, the wife, tries to smooth over Strudwick's ruffled feelings but, too, fails.

When the pony becomes ill and dies, the boy, thinking Mitchum has failed him, gains comfort from his father who for the first time feels necessary to his family. But it isn't until Mitchum presents the boy with a new born colt that everything settles down and a new and better relationship begins. Louis Calhern, as the grandfather, is one of the many good features in this.

The Green Promise

RKO

IS a surprisingly good account of how the 4-H Clubs and advanced scientific agriculture are bettering the lives of farmers and the soil of our country. Walter Brennan is a stubborn farmer who clings to ignorance and backward ideas. Despite the advice of county agricultural agent Robert Paige he goes ahead and cuts down the timber on his land, which prevents soil erosion, thereby placing his farm and land in danger. Two things Paige does manage to do, is to get little Natalie Wood, the youngest of Brennan's four children, to join a 4-H Club and start raising a pair of prize lambs, and also gets the oldest daughter, Marguerite Chapman, to fall in love with him. Neither of which Brennan likes until a storm and the recent ruination of his farm, and almost his family, makes him see the light.

El Paso

Paramount

GUESS what? Yup! ANOTHER Western! John Payne, a lawyer, comes to El Paso merely on a routine case, and is so incensed by the kangaroo-type court and justice he sees, that he remains, hoping to bring some law to the city. Gail Russell, the daughter of the foppish judge who knows from nothing once he has a few under his belt, thinks Payne's idea is wonderful, but her other suitor is Sterling Hayden, the chap who's...
running the town his way, see? In an attempt to show the people that they must rise against tyrant Hayden, Payne induces a fugitive, who is innocent in the first place, to return to El Paso where he'll get a fair trial. He sees to it that the judge is sobered up and stays that way. The judge, back in his old stride, frees the man, for which he gets killed. With that, Payne starts guerrilla warfare against Hayden and his mob. Justice does win out in the end, but the corpses pile up higher before that happens.

**The Life Of Riley**

*Universal-International*

Based on the radio play series of the same name in which William Bendix also stars, this is a not too funny comedy about an average American—and we use the word "average" loosely—and his family. Bendix is always getting into trouble but not nearly so bad as when he decides he is going to become a big time operator instead of a mere factory employee. It's because of this desire that his daughter almost marries the boss's son, a weak-chinned heel who will get enough money if he "settles" down to pay off his gambling debts. The marriage doesn't take place because just in the old nick of time, Daddy Bendix discovers the young man's plan. Once his family is happy again, Bendix decides he wasn't cut out to be a BTO and settles for a foreman's job at the plant.

**Massacre River**

*Monogram*

O H NO! . . . , it seems there were three (count 'em—3) young cavalry officers serving in the Plains Indian country after the Civil War: Rory Calhoun, Guy Madison and Johnny Sands. They are very close, devoted friends. Johnny has a sister who becomes engaged to Guy. However, he meets another, breaks his engagement and weds. Furious at the treatment his sister received, Johnny sets out after Guy and instead of killing him, gets killed by Guy's wife, Cathy Downs, who is trying to defend her spouse. Then, Rory, thinking Guy killed Johnny, sets out after the couple. Just as he catches up with Guy and his wife, the trio is set upon by a hostile Indian war party. During the battle, Rory learns that his friend is innocent when Mrs. Guy confesses after she has been fatally wounded. The Indians disperse leaving Rory and Guy . . . and I sincerely hope that that takes care of these people who pal around in threes!

**Miss Mink Of 1949**

*20th Century-Fox*

MIGHT be timely with all these give-away shows on radio, but that's where its usefulness ends. There are two henpecked husbands, one of whose wife wins a $20,000 mink coat in a slogan contest, and the other's who wants the same coat at any cost. Jimmy Lydon and Richard Lane are the husbands, and Lois Collier and June Storey are the wives. How Jimmy tries to get his wife to sell her coat and how Lane tries to buy it takes up half the film. Then, they join forces and decide to steal the coat in order to save more wear and tear on their nervous systems. What follows after that is a free-for-all, in more ways than one, winding up in the local clink, and laugh? Gee, hey! I thought I'd die!

**Cobina Wright's Party Gossip**

Continued from page 10

father who is in the Dutch oil business in Palestine. When they signed the register, the clerk looked up and said, "Oh, are you from Hollywood? We have another California visitor here with us."

"Who is it?" asked Linda.

"His name is Mr. Tyrone Power," replied the clerk.

"Not really!" screamed Ariadne, who is a teenage film fan. "Oh Linda, let's call him, please!"

It is a frown impatiently. "Now, Ariadne, behave yourself. Don't act like such a Bobby-soxer. At least wait until we get into our suite!"

Ariadne heaved a sigh of disappointment. "Oh, all right, but I think that older (he said 22) never want a girl to have any fun."

With that the two of them were escorted upstairs and started to unpack. But if you think Ariadne was a chaste girl, you're sadly mistaken. She's just as impulsive as Linda and just as headstrong. Linda stepped out of the room for a minute and when she returned, she found Ariadne on the phone.

"Whom are you calling?" demanded Linda, knowing that her little sister didn't know anyone in Rome.

"I'm calling Tyrone Power," timidly, said Ariadne who was becoming a little frightened now. "What shall I say to him?"

"Oh, Ariadne," wailed Linda, "won't you ever learn? Here give me the phone!"

So, when Tyrone said "hello" from his room, he got a very apologetic response from the girl who was to play such an important part in his life. Sensing that she was embarrassed, he asked her to join him downstairs for a cocktail and to bring her autograph-hungry sister for a lime water.

Tyrone was fascinated right from the start, although they had met before. As Linda said, "Frankly, I absolutely don't recall, but we have met before, Mr. Power."

"Where?" asked Ty. "I'm sure I would remember."

"It was at a party in Hollywood," replied Linda.

"At what party?" demanded Ty.

"One at your house," said Linda impulsively. "I even signed your guest register!"

Tyrone insisted that this was impossible, but had to confess that they later found it, only Linda had signed her real name—Bianca Welter!

But if that first chance encounter didn't please the trio, the second one certainly did. After that first cocktails-for-two in Rome, Tyrone couldn't wait to see Linda again. Her laughter, her love for living, which she inherits from her Mexican mother, and her almost childlike universality fascinated him, while Linda was equally overwhelmed by the attentions of such a dashing man-of-the-world as the popular Power.

For over a year they travelled Italy together and, with the chaperonage of Count and Countess Crespi, they spent a long holiday at Capri. The Count, who married one of the famous O'Connor twins, is an old buddy of Tyrone's and it was he who agreed to be best man at the wedding as early as June of 1947.

Linda and Ty had planned to be married on November 6th of 1948, the anniversary of their meeting in Rome, but the legal complications of the California state laws, which didn't make Ty's divorce valid until after January 26 of this year, along with movie contract difficulties, prevented them from keeping that anniversary date at the altar. Perhaps it's just as well that they waited and didn't take an impetuous step such as Laraine Day and Leo Durocher did. The proof of it is that today Linda and Ty are truly one of the happiest couples I know.

How long do I think this happiness will last? I can't say, but I will say that I believe that this will be one marriage that will continue—principally because both Linda and Ty have grown up.

I first knew Linda when Tony Martin brought her to my house and I thought she was charming, but a little on the madcap side.

Linda is a much more mature girl today. She's still vivacious and active, but she has a serious interest in promoting her husband's career. As she says, "Two actors in one family won't work. Besides, I want to have a real family of my own!"

So the lovely Linda is abandoning all ideas about facing a camera and is ready to face all household tasks and domestic chores.

Ty, too, has changed. He still is just as dashing, but in a more reserved manner. His rash and roving days, like those he experienced in the four years of service in the United States Marines are over and he's come home to stay—with Linda!
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But he was doing it—and doing it deliberately—breaking the biggest date of the year on very short notice! This was the party she had dreamed about... for which she had bought a lovely new evening dress and adorable new shoes.

Now he was calling the whole thing off with excuses that, to say the least, sounded phony.

Looking back at their last date she recalled that he had acted strangely indifferent. What had she said to merit such treatment then? What had she done to deserve it now? The more she searched for an explanation the further she got from the truth*.

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Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

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

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

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause 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 matter what deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

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Quite naturally, when a product appears which is completely unlike past methods, your first thought may be “Is it really meant for me?” or “I wonder if I am any different”...Well, Tampax is just such a revolutionary product in the field of monthly sanitary protection—and here are some facts to help you make up your mind about it.

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Cobina Wright greets Van Johnson and Loretta Young, currently co-starred in "Mother Is A Freshman," at the Ted Fio Rito opening in the Beverly Hills Hotel.

THE Spring and Summer crop of visitors to Hollywood from abroad have had hostesses vying with one another in staging some of the most unusual parties of the year. Titled travelers to the film colony, particularly find themselves being feted, because our film stars like to show British aristocracy how much fun informal parties can be.

In turn many of these lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, get a kick out of Rosalind Russell and Eric Johnston were in same party at Beverly Hills Hotel fete.

Irene Dunne’s wit tickles Bob Montgomery at another dinner party at lavish opening.
the roar of a mob...

relentless footsteps...

the death-rattle of a tommy-gun...

the terrific impact of a great motion picture...

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WE WERE STRANGERS

with Gilbert Roland • Ramon Novarro • Wally Cassell • David Bond • Screen Play by PETER VIERTEL and JOHN HUSTON

from Robert Sylvestre's novel, 'ROUGH SKETCH' • AN HORIZON PRODUCTION • Directed by JOHN HUSTON • Produced by S. P. EAGLE
But I think the highlight came when Bob Montgomery brought out a record of "Hot Pretzels," the old-fashioned British ditty, to which they have set dance steps—something like the old "Lambeth Walk," and which has become the rage of Hollywood. While Bob exclaimed that he was really a "round peg in a square dance," he and his young daughter, Elizabeth, staged a terrific demonstration of this new polka. This brought the George Murphys to the floor and soon all the guests—including Lord and Lady Harcourt—were doing the "Hot Pretzels!"

For a dinner Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Cagney went into an old vaudeville "soft shoe" routine with all the "take it from there" gestures and minstrel show patter. It stopped the show but not the party, which went on into the wee small ones!

** DESIGNED to give an impromptu spirit to a carefully planned party, Errol Flynn went to great lengths to provide fun for his guests at his recent party.

"The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend" is none other than Betty Grable herself.

Craig Stevens drowses but his wife, Alexis Smith, sparkles during Tedio Rito opening.

He had a miniature glass racetrack built in the patio of his Mulholland Drive home, which overlooks San Fernando Valley from the mountains to the sea.

Then Flynn, who always has original ideas, went out and got a lot of white mice and had a "mouse-race" for the three hundred friends he had invited. He had race cards printed up and named each entry after a guest. There was one for Ava Gardner, which stated that the entry was "in fine form," another for Greer Garson who, according to the consensus, was "running at the top." Joan Crawford pointed out to me that hers said she was "always a winner." Everyone was kidding one another about their entries and bragging about their fine points—"pink nose" or "sharp eye" or "long tail," but the fullest thing is what Flynn told me himself about his mice.

** It seems that he was so anxious for the races to go off smoothly that he decided to hold a rehearsal the afternoon of the party. Well, everything was fine except that the mice wouldn't come out of their miniature stalls!

Nothing could induce them to run.

In desperation Errol hopped in his car and raced over to the University at Westwood. He went into the laboratory and presented his problem to a psychol-

The lovebirds at Mocambo are Producer William Dozier and his missus, Joan Fontaine.

taking off their titles and tiaras and joining in the kind of impromptu gaiety they would never find in a stiff London drawing room.

** **

THE other evening Betty and Bob Montgomery hosted a party for Lord and Lady Harcourt and the British couple claimed that they couldn't remember when they had had such a good time.

After a sumptuous buffet in their Bel Air home, Bob showed us his famous collection of caricatures by the witty English cartoonist, Maz Beerbohm, who had presented Bob with a whole set of original cartoons. In fact, Beerbohm himself burned the only other copy so that Bob would have the original volume.

After that sample of British humor, Bob Hope got up and did a hilarious monologue for a taste of American wit. Finally, Alexis Smith, Craig Stevens, Joan Fontaine, Bill Dozier and the Edgar Bergens all gathered around Mrs. Bob Hope and persuaded the beautiful Dolores to sing some old favorites like "Tea For Two" and "All The Things You Are." I had forgotten that Dolores was formerly in show business and what a charming voice she has! Anyway, this really got the ball rolling and all the guests contributed to the fun. Walter Pidgeon sang his famous "Fly Song," while Hank Potter had Adolphe Menjou and the Elliott Nugents in hysterics with his "No Nose Is Good Nose" impersonation of Jimmy Durante. Although she doesn't like to perform at parties, this one was so lively that even Irene Dunne broke down and sang two songs, including a Norwegian lullaby she learned while she was studying for the role of "I Remember Mama!"

Ray Milland’s story amuses Mrs. Bill Seiter (Marion Nixon) at Beverly Hills Hotel party.
'MILDRED PIERCE' DOES IT AGAIN ... and everybody tells!

JOAN CRAWFORD

"See you on Flamingo Road"

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ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE BY EDWARD H. NORTH
ROBERT AND SALLY WILDER

DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ
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JERRY WALD

SCREENLAND
divorce. I must say if Errol felt badly, he hid it well and gave one of his best performances as a host!

ONE of the most lavish filmland parties of recent months took place not in Hollywood, but in Houston, Texas, where Glenn McCarthy transplanted literally a trainload of stars for the premiere of his first picture, "The Green Promise," as well as for the opening of his $20,000,000 hotel—the Shamrock. Since we weren't able to go by train, Buddy Rogers, Bob Stack, Robert Preston and myself all flew down aboard a special DC-6 to join Dorothy Lamour, Arlene Dahl, Bob Cummings, Ginger Rogers, and Sonja Henie and the host of other film favorites who were there to help host oil-man McCarthy celebrate. Of course, as it has been so widely reported, there were some hitches in the first night plans—especially radio trouble—but the fete was a huge success and (Please turn to page 7)

At the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgewood Room are Celeste Holm, hubby Schuyler Dunning.

While the Cleveland Indians were in training at Tucson, Arizona, Bob Hope, an Indian's stockholder, visited them and got into a "bat brawl" with genial Tris Speaker, coach of the team.

Print Dress
with Jacket
... 9.95

This cool summery rayon print—topped by fitted faille jacket with pert pеп-

lum. Shed the jacket, add gloves and a flower, you'll look your best for any date! Pink, maize, or aqua print with black jacket, mist grey with brown. Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15, 17.

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Please send me JACKET DRESSES at $9.95 each.
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The Judge is sweet as husbands go, and as husbands go... he went!

She's just what the doctor ordered to make the Judge forget... and give him something to remember!

They're out of this world, and sitting pretty in sunny California... while Boston burns!

**The Judge Steps Out**

ALEXANDER KNOX - ANN SOTHERN

with

GEORGE TOBIAS - SHARYN MOFFETT - FLORENCE BATES - FRIEDA INESCORT - MYRNA DELL

Produced by MICHEL KRAIKE - Directed by BORIS INGSTER

Screen Play by BORIS INGSTER and ALEXANDER KNOX.
There is a GOLDEN GLINT Rinse for BOTH!

Golden Glint Rinse gives the finishing touch to your shampoo. Whether you want added brightness to glorify your natural hair color . . . or whether you merely want cleaner, more lustrous hair without added color, there is a Golden Glint Rinse for you.

Golden Glint Lustre Rinse (colorless) dissolves dulling soap and hard-water film instantly. Tangles and snarls vanish. The natural color and lustre of your hair is revealed in all its glory, and your hair is so responsive to your comb that setting it is no problem.

Each of the eleven other shades matches a natural hair color, adding just a whisper of true color for a tiny tint highlight. Whether your hair is raven black, platinum blonde or any shade between, there is a right shade of Golden Glint Rinse for you. The color shampoo out, but will not rub off.

SIMPLE, EASY TO USE

A Golden Glint Rinse after your permanent leaves the curls tight, but the dull lifelessness of your wave is gone. Even hair that changes color an inch or so from the scalp can be naturally blended with a color rinse.

So simple, so easy, so economical to use, Golden Glint should be a regular part of your shampoo. Buy a package today. Try it tonight. A single rinse will show you why America's loveliest women have bought over 60 million packages.

5 RINSES, 25¢ — 2 RINSES, 10¢

SEE COLOR CHART AT COSMETIC COUNTERS IN DRUG OR DIME STORES


Champion

United Artists Release

Slightly terrific becomes a mediocre description for Kirk Douglas in a film packed, in more ways than one, with a broadside of socks. Based on a story by Ring Lanthier, Kirk is a bitter, fast-tempered lad who can punch his way out of any situation. When he runs into several things which can't be handled with brute force, such as: disappointment, poverty and a forced marriage to Ruth Roman, his bitterness turns to fury. Forcing fate to change, Kirk talks a fight manager into taking him on and training him for main eventers. At first, his object is to make money, and be somebody. However, with each win-

Loretta Young, in "Mother Is A Freshman," finds Professor Van Johnson's class the most fun.
SCREEN PLAYS CORP. PRESENTS

KIRK DOUGLAS
in Ring Lardner’s
“CHAMPION”
Co-starring
MARILYN MAXWELL • ARTHUR KENNEDY
with PAUL STEWART • RUTH ROMAN • LOLA ALBRIGHT
Produced by STANLEY KRAMER
Associate Producer Robert Stillman • Directed by Mark Robson
Screenplay by Carl Foreman • Released thru United Artists
Sensational New
Minit Curl Method

Curls and Waves hair
without permanent waving!

Exciting new way... takes only minutes. Not a permanent... not a wave set... but an entirely new, SAFE scientific discovery for curling and waving your hair... simply, quickly, beautifully... and at a few pennies cost. Easy now to be your glamorous best... whether your hair is short or long, whether you have a permanent or not... Minit Curl controls and waves your hair as you set it, giving it body and lustre. Absolutely harmless to all types of hair. Glorious, natural-looking, long-lasting waves and curls... at home... in minutes.

JUST 3 EASY SIMPLE STEPS

1. Empty contents of one capsule in hot water as directed
2. Comb solution thoroughly thru hair
3. Set hair and allow to dry. Comb into soft waves, curls

WOnderful for children's fine hair
So simple, so easy. Leaves their hair in beautiful, soft curls and ringlets. Simply comb Minit Curl solution thru hair after shampooing and partially drying... and shape over comb, finger or curlers. Results are stupendous! Curls last and last!

Glenn Ford's activities as treasury agent in "The Undercover Man," endanger his wife, Nina Foch.

Mother Is A Freshman
(Technicolor)
20th Century-Fox

If YOUR name were Abigail Fortitude and a yearly annuity left you by a deceased husband were down to 0.00, you'd have the same problem Loretta Young has when her teenage daughter will just die if she can't continue her college education. Luckily, Loretta hasn't
Clifton Webb and Shirley Temple in the gay comedy, "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College."

the name Abigail Fortitude for nothing. It seems there's a $3,000 endowment, at her daughter's college, waiting for any potential student with the misfortune to bear the name of Abigail Fortitude. So, Mother Loretta becomes an un-hep freshman to put her child through Pointer College, and, incidentally, to check into a torrid passion dotter has for an English professor, Van—EEEeeeee!—Johnson. That's where the fun really begins and almost ends with mother and daughter vying for the Johnson affections. To add to the fun, Rudy Vallee steps in as the frustrated, rusty suitor for the widow Loretta's hand. All in all, this is Grade A, homogenized comedy, and Loretta's wardrobe should boost college enrollments 100%

**Flamingo Road**

**Warners**

AN ABSORBING melodrama starring Joan Crawford, Zachary Scott, Sydney Greenstreet and introducing David Brian, who could very well be Hollywood's latest charge of TNT. Joan is a hootchy-koochy dancer who leaves a fly-by-night carnival to start a normal existence in a small town. Assisting the

(Please turn to page 72)

In "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra are baseball players.
THIS is a month of diamonds and
diplomas. It is the most romantic,
dramatic month of the year because
so many girls write finis to one chapter
of their lives and start a completely new
one. Whatever your role, bride, graduate,
aspire to that first job, or the better
half of a great big, beautiful date, ad-
ance planning and preparation will help
you to play your part to the fullest, to
look and feel your very best and thus to
sense truly precious emotions and de-
tails to be treasured long after in your
memory.

If you are to be a bride, let us hope
that your ivory satin with grandmother’s
lace, or whatever other costume you are
to be married in, is now perfectly fitted
and ready for donning. Let us hope, too,
that your lovely lingerie is smothered
with your favorite sachet and that acces-
sories details are taken care of, too. That
brings us right back to you, your curls,
your skin, your manicure and pedicure.
If you can follow more or less our spac-
ing schedule, you will face that important
day, or any important day, in the pink
of perfection rather than with that
groomed-at-the-moment look which is
often too mechanically perfect.

Your hair. It is very likely that a
permanent is pending. Two weeks in ad-
ance of the big day should put your
hair at its best. It is generally admitted
that it takes about two settings after a
permanent for lustre and wave to shine-
forth in fullest glory. Whether you have
a home permanent or have beauty shop
service is a personal matter for you to
decide. However, even if this is your
first adventure with a home permanent,
you may confidently count on complete
success if you will follow the directions
to the letter that come with the kit. If

Milo Anderson created this exquisite wedding gown for Doris Day in "It's A Great
Feeling." Rare lace and tulle make the gown, lilies-of-the-valley, the ball bouquet.
Are you in the know?

How to choose the right perfume?

- By trial and error
- By its glamorous name
- Buy Mom's brand

Sultry scents aren't suitable for teens at any time—much less in summer. Keep cool and sweet with a delicate cologne; or some fresh, light-hearted perfume suited to your type. How to tell? By trial and error. Try a few different fragrances in small sizes, to find the kind for you. You know, when smart gals choose sanitary protection, they try the 3 absorbencies of Kotex—Regular, Junior, Super. Do likewise! Discover which one's right for your needs.

After a late date, should a damsel—

- Invite him into the house
- Say goodnight at the door
- Thank him

When the night's no longer young, there's no call for your date to linger. Dismiss him graciously at the door. (Your family will appreciate it!) And please—no "thank-you's," either. "It's been a lovely evening" will do. You can always be sure of a pleasant evening, when you're poised—free of "problem time" worries. That's why you'll want to be sure to choose Kotex. Because of that special safety center, you can count on extra protection with Kotex.

To style-wise gals, does "Empire" suggest—

- World's tallest building
- Great Britain
- Good camouflage

Plan to go places? Or a stay-at-home vacation? Either way, you can find new glamour—by giving careful thought to your wardrobes. If you've figure faults, select styles that conceal them. For instance—the high-waisted "Empire" line does wonders for a flat-chested femme. And don't forget, on certain days, there's no telltale line with Kotex. For that, thank the flat pressed ends of Kotex. They prevent revealing outlines . . . do wonders for your confidence!

Which deodorant would you decide on?

- A cream
- A powder
- A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins . . . what about deodorants for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for those days a powder deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing Quest Powder is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest destroys them. Safely. Positively. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

*U.S. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
your hair needs thinning or trimming, it will pay you to have this done professionally unless you have a very experienced hand. You will also find the permanent much easier to administer. Set your hair exactly the way you expect to wear it. This will give you more opportunity to study its relationship with your headress, your veil or your hat. Following this setting, unless your hair is exposed to excessive dust or heat, I would space the next shampoo about two or three days before the event. This will give your hair the soft, natural beauty that it usually has a few days after the setting, rather than at once, unless you choose an intricate coiffure. You might like to follow your shampoo with a brightening rinse to highlight your natural color and add lustre.

Your skin. The bride will find it to her advantage to apply all makeup fully an hour in advance of her gown. The reason for this is that warmth of skin always intensifies color, especially under the strain of excitement. A warm-colored base is the best suggestion, over which perhaps the merest wisps of rouge is applied over the full part of the cheeks and out toward the temples. No bride should look definitely rouged, nor yet too pale. The tinted foundation or powder base will give the skin a radiance without a too-blushing look. Rose is the color for your lips, rather than red, and it should be applied delicately but perfectly. Keep the color, for this occasion, as closely to your natural line as possible and perfect the outline with brush or a lip liner. It would be very advisable to use one of the preparations that protect the color on your lips and prevent it from rubbing or smudging off. The bride is in line for

(For turn to page 70)

RECEIVE JULY SCREENLAND FREE!

We have 300 free copies of the July SCREENLAND which we will mail to the readers of Screenland while the supply lasts. Just mail in your answers to the questions below. It's easy to fill out and fun to do. Send in your answers today!

Number in the order of preference the feature stories you liked best in this issue: "My Bobby-Sox Are Off!"... "Should She... Or Not?"... "Betty Grable Lets Her Hair Down"... "If An Actress Wants To Live"...

How many people are there in your family?............. Are you: Married......... Single......... Engaged......... ? If married, how many children do you have?............. Are you a: housewife...... home girl........ student........ employed......... ? If employed, what kind of work do you do?.............

What is the occupation of the head of your family?.............

Check the schools you have attended: Junior High........ High School........ College........ Secretarial........ Vocational........

What is the combined weekly salary of all your family? Less than $60......... $65......... $70......... $75......... $80......... $85......... $90......... $95......... $100-$200......... Over $200.........

Do you smoke? Yes........ No............ If yes, at what age did you start?............ What is your favorite brand?.............

How many years have you smoked this brand?.............

How many other people read your copy of SCREENLAND?.............

Do you have permanent waves? Yes......... No............ If yes, do you have: Beauty-shop permanent........ Home permanent........? How many times a year do you have a permanent?............. If you have a home permanent, do you try: A new brand each time........ Buy refills for original package........? If you prefer home permanents, why? Cost less........ Save time........ Give better wave........

Name............. Address............. Age.............

City............. Zone............. State.............

Fill out and mail to: Research Dept., SCREENLAND, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.
At the "Paisan" premiere, which she attended with her fiance, Gary Steffen, Jane Powell congratulates Car Moore for his outstanding performance in the film.

Ingrid Bergman cringes before the flashbulb at the Hollywood opening of "Paisan," but Director Roberto Rossellini and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, take it all in nonchalant stride.

Bob Stack squired his best girl, Irene McEvoy, to the premiere of "Paisan," which was made in Italy and is a moving story of the comradeship among the Allied troops who campaigned in Italy.

Farley Granger, who's currently starring in "Roseanna McCoy," for Goldwyn, has settled down to dating Shelley Winters pretty steadily. They're entering the El Rey to see Roberto Rossellini's "Paisan" opening.

On one of their infrequent evenings out, Jessica and Robert Ryan are enthusiastic spectators at the Hollywood premiere of "Paisan" at the El Rey. Bob's now starring opposite Audrey Totter in "The Set-Up."
Cornel and Pat visit Henry King, who was in Siena directing "Prince Of Foxes."

The three months Cornel Wilde and his pretty wife, Patricia Knight, spent wandering through Europe were the kind of leisurely holiday everybody dreams of taking. But of all the spots they visited on their vagabond tour, they loved Siena, Italy, best. The climate, scenery, friendly natives and quaint, crumbling old buildings completely enchanted them. In fact, if Cornel hadn't had to hurry home to sign a new contract with 20th Century-Fox, they'd be poking about there yet, blissfully happy.

Every morning before they started out sightseeing, Pat consulted her Baedeker for directions, while Cornel loaded his hard-working camera. They walked all over Siena, unmolested by the townspeople who let them enjoy their visit just like any other tourists.

The marketplace in Siena, Italy, was a fascinating experience for the Wildes. They spent many happy hours there, buying curios or watching the colorful throng.
To add a touch of luxury to your daytime outfit or glamour-time gown, to highlight an alluring neckline, wear Deltah's new Carmen Ensemble—a glowing, lustrous, simulated pearl necklace, graduated and finished with Sterling Silver filigree clasp, and perfectly matched, Sterling Silver mounted earrings, both for only $10.75. Necklace only $7.25. Prices include Federal tax.

L. HELLER & SON, Inc., 411 Fifth Avenue, New York 16
MY BOBBY-SOX ARE OFF

I don't remember exactly when it happened, the change is so gradual, but all of a sudden you find that you are a young lady in every sense of the word.

By Jane Powell

NOT long ago a friend telephoned me and asked me if I'd like to take part in the formal opening of the Hollywood branch of the California Bank. He went on to explain that he had a natural stunt all worked out for me, and that it would be fun for everyone concerned.

I'll admit I was intrigued right from the beginning. In Hollywood, almost anything can happen, but this was the first time I had ever heard of a premiere treatment for the opening of a bank! I'd been to premieres for theatres, clubs, hotels, and even hot dog stands, but never a bank.

"Tell me," I asked, already visualizing the costume I'd wear for this different occasion, "just what is this 'natural' stunt you have in mind for me? I suppose you want me to be 'Miss California Bank' or something of that ilk?"

"Nope, nothing like that," he replied. "I want you to deposit your bobby-sox in the safety vault. After all, you're an engaged young lady now, so you won't be needing your bobby-sox anymore!"

Yes, my bobby-sox days are over. The change comes gradually, but all of a sudden one day you awake to find that you are a young lady in every sense of the word.

I don't remember exactly when it happened, but while I was working at MGM in "A Date With Judy," I was driving through the gate one day with a friend, and the gateman called out, "Good morning, Miss Powell!"

"That's something new," said my friend. "Since when did he stop calling you 'Janey'? How does it feel to jump from the juvenile class to the ranks of the ingenues?"

I suppose every girl enjoys it when she makes this important step, and gradually she watches for reactions from others. On the set that day I too did some looking and listening, and sure enough, the reactions there were similar to that of the gateman.

But then I wonder if a girl doesn't feel a tug at the carelessness of the world she leaves behind her? There's a considerable freedom in the activities and all the resulting fun of the early teens that must fade away once the line is crossed.

Yet, how can a girl avoid it? And there are plenty of compensations. For instance, now when I go to a nightclub or go dancing at the Coconut Grove with my boy friend, I don't have that little suspicious (Please turn to page 53)
Chic little shoes, so worldly-wise about fashion, so cool, so comfortable and light. They’re buckled and strapped, they’re white or multicolored... they’re quality-made of fine leathers, even with the leather covered platforms generally found only in far more expensive shoes. They’re each and all an outstanding value.

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI
Spend an hour's conversation with John Payne on his career or private life, and you'll soon see that he's a very single-minded, deep-thinking man, indeed.

DID YOU SAY GLAMOUR BOY?

By Eve Love Blair

"TWO men look out through the same bars,
One sees the mud and one the stars"—
That was written by a philosopher, Frederick Langbridge, in "A Cluster Of Quiet Thoughts" in 1896.

John Payne, more than a bit of philosopher himself, echoes it emphatically as a creed of living for today. "Let's overlook the mud, and keep our eyes on the stars!"

That sounds serious-minded? Well, it is—and John is! That's a side of John you probably never suspected. You know "Our feet are in the mud, let's keep our heads among the stars," is the philosophy of John Payne, seen romancing with Ellen Drew in "The Crooked Way."
Patience is most necessary in marriage, John, with his estranged wife, Gloria De Haven, says.

him as a popular romantic star, one of Hollywood’s handsomest actors. Brooding eyes and a somewhat sulkily expression are part of his charm, and his good looks, coupled with singing as well as acting talent, have brought him stardom in Technicolor musicals opposite Betty Grable, with Maureen O’Hara and with many of Hollywood’s other leading beauties. But don’t label him “glamour boy,” please! That phrase implies a certain shallowness and a frivolous approach to life. That’s not John Payne.

Spend an hour’s conversation with him and you’ll discover that he’s a very deep-thinking man, indeed. He’s probably one of the best-read persons in Hollywood, with the subject-matter on his list ranging from philosophy and psychiatry to atom bomb. He has emphatic ideas about the arts, and about love, marriage, bringing up children, saving money, all the important things of living. When marooned at a cocktail party, or any other momentary island in life, where conversation is a definite “must,” just ask for as interesting a companion as John, that’s all!

It was in New York that I recently had an interview appointment with John Payne in one of those luxury hotels overlooking Central Park.

He was keeping a terrific schedule of radio, television and personal appearance dates while in Manhattan, and he had just dashed into the hotel with a couple of friends when I was ushered into the living room of his suite.

After we exchanged greetings, I asked him how he had liked making his first Western, “El Paso,” a Pine-Thomas frontier drama in color, released by Paramount.

“I liked it,” he said. “I liked it fine. It was good not (Please turn to page 54)
What Hollywood Itself

The hassle of making the film, "I Was A Male War Bride," was as big as the one the original male war bride had getting from Europe to this country. The movie company had bad weather in Berlin. Ann Sheridan came down in London with a bad case of pleurisy. Cary Grant got an extreme case of yellow jaundice. Director Howard Hawks had flu and two attacks of ptomaine poisoning, lost 26 pounds. Starlet Randy Stewart aped Cary by getting the jaundice. Another starlet, Marion Marshall, escaped with just a slight cold. The company had to wait two months for Cary to recover before shooting resumed. Ann went to the French Riviera to get well. 20th figures nothing else can happen, but probably will.

A nice bow in the general direction of Bing Crosby for signing Frances Gifford for one of the co-starring parts in his new picture, "Riding High." Francie hasn't worked since that awful automobile accident which scarred her pretty badly. Now the scars are all gone and she's just as beautiful as ever. She's also a good actress and this is the break she needed to start her off on a bigger, better career.

Walter Huston congratulates son John for winning N. Y. Film Critics' Best Director Award

Mary and Dana Andrews back from London with their kids, Kathy and Steven. Dana went over there to make "Impulse."
Is Talking About!

Jean Arthur’s talent as a top comedienne is undeniable, but she has others, too. One of them is her facility for getting in bad with the press. After denying repeatedly there was a rift between her and her producer-husband, Frank Ross, she ups and asks for a divorce. Jean, like a few other top stars, doesn’t give a big fig whether the press likes her or not—or at least it would seem thataway.

Dan Dailey and his wife, Liz, headed for New York and a two months vacation as soon as he finished “You’re My Everything.” It’s Dan’s first holiday since he became a star. It’ll be a postman’s holiday for him—he and Liz will see every show on Broadway.

Van and Evie Johnsou spent their second wedding anniversary at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Van gets himself a juicy part in “Seeve Of The Crime” as a private eye. Watch out there, Howard Duff!

Keenan and Betty Wynn aren’t so lucky—Keenan has two more pictures to knock off before they can take a wedding trip. Keenan gave his bride a saddle horse for a wedding present. Reckon she doesn’t care much for his motorcycle.

Was Betty Grable ever sore when a sore throat kept her home from the big Santa Anita Handicap! We saw her and Harry James at the track a few days before. The only thing Betty studies harder than her script is the racing form. We also saw Don and Honey Ameche, Gail Patrick and Cornwall Jackson at the track. Everybody, including us, concentrated so hard on the next race that there was very little conversation.

The premiere of Roberto Rosselini’s “Paisau” in Hollywood was big stuff. Rosselini was with Ingrid Bergman and her doctor husband, Peter Lindstrom. Howard Duff and Marta Toren were a surprise threesome. Janie Powell, in a sophisticated black dinner suit and a jaunty feather hat, was with her fiancé, Gary Steffen. Gar Moore, one of the stars of the picture, was a-sayin' that he'd meet his wife, Nancy Walker, in Oklahoma when she closes in the Broadway show, “Along Fifth Avenue.” This will be Nancy’s introduction to Gar's family.

There was quite a stir among the guests at the party for the Ernie Byfield's in the Bev Hills Hotel’s Rodeo Room when Joan Crawford and Clark Gable walked in together. They’ve been friends for years but this was (Please turn to page 70)
In her first musical, "You're My Everything," versatile Anne Baxter plays a Clara Bow flapper who is wooed by Dan Dailey.

Anne Baxter with Cornel Wilde in "The Walls Of Jericho," one of the 23 pictures she's made over the last eight years.

Anne and Dana Andrews eavesdrop on engineer's headset before Radio Theatre show.

Anne and John Hodiak, her husband, are working partners in a happy marriage.

Anne Baxter loves her job, including headaches and all

By Dan Jenkins

If there is such a thing as a completely happy and successful career girl in Hollywood, her name would have to be Anne Baxter Hodiak.

She has made twenty-three pictures in the last eight years. She is firmly established as a ranking star. She has won an Academy Award. And she is a working partner in a happy marriage now well through its third year.

Confronted with this rather overwhelming estimate of herself, Anne is genuinely perplexed. "But I'm so young," she tells you. "I have so much to learn. I suppose I have been successful up to now, but you're only as good as your last two pictures, you know."

It's a matter of record that Anne Baxter need have no worries on that score. Good, bad or indifferent as a picture may have been, Anne has generally managed to come through with a standout performance. "The Razor's Edge," a notorious example of an expensive picture that failed to live up to its advance ballyhoo, brought Anne her Academy Award. And when an actress (Please turn to page 37)
Betty's a prize package of straightforward sincerity—a wonderful human being.

What her hairdresser knows about the real Betty Grable adds up to much more than a million dollar movie star.

Betty Grable in a scene in "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend," her new film.
By Marie Brasselle

THERE is Betty, the Box-Office Queen... Betty, the Pin-Up Girl... and the Betty who is Mrs. Trumpet, married to the nation's top bandleader, Harry James.

Maybe you think of her as that gorgeous blonde with the beautiful legs and maybe her boss, Darryl F. Zanuck, thinks of her as "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend."

But let me tell you about the Betty I know—the other Grable. The six-in-the-morning till six-in-the-evening honey that I find as easy to work with as you find easy to look at.

There's an old saying that no man is a hero to his valet: I suppose it follows that no movie star is a heroine to her hairdresser.

I agree wholeheartedly.

To me, Betty is far more than a movie heroine. She's a wonderful human being—warm, considerate, generous, and, above all, a good sport. She's fun to be around.

In a way, she's like a long, cool drink of water after an overdose of ham. I don't know about the rest of the country, but there's no shortage of that item in Hollywood. a fact which makes the people without it doubly refreshing. There's more ham in a lamb chop than in the Grable I know.

Our first meeting, when she was just starting in pictures, was a tip-off to the Betty I later learned to know. She was just a kid then, about 12 or 13, who had lied blandly about her age in order to get her first movie job. Even as a child, she had that same sparkle that shines today in Technicolor. (Please turn to page 39)

Betty Grable as a 1920 bathing beauty. She was all of three and a half years old then.

There's a marked resemblance between the young Betty and daughter Victoria Elizabeth.

Chatting with Preston Sturges, director of Fox's hilarious western comedy.

Left: Relaxing at home. Although Betty loves her work, her chief interest is her family.

Below: Cesar Romero, Betty and Rudy Vallee in "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend."
Dan Dailey, next to be seen in "You're My Everything," a 20th Century-Fox production.
As the stranded carnival dancer in “Flamingo Road,” Joan Crawford has a role that offers her wide scope.

Whether dressed in smart, up-to-the-minute fashions or carnival costumes, Joan is always glamorous.

She’s Got Everything!

In “Flamingo Road,” Joan Crawford returns to her first love—dancing. Joan started her spectacular career as a chorus girl and while she’s earned a reputation as one of moviedom’s best dramatic actresses, some of her earliest screen successes were in roles in which she danced. In her new film, Joan has an opportunity to combine the two mediums, for she plays a carnival dancer who innocently becomes involved with cold-blooded and ruthless politicians who railroad her to prison. Such a role can mean only one thing—Joan at her very best. Not only that, but you’ll see a Joan Crawford who is just as attractive and sexy in her scanty carnival costume as she was when she made “Dancing Lady” with Clark Gable many moons ago. Yes sir, there’s only one Joan Crawford—a gal who can win an Academy Award for Best Performance of the Year and who can also hold her own with any of the dancing darlings of today.

Dolores Castle, Joan Crawford and Bridget Brown in a dance number in “Flamingo Road,” Warner release.
Marilyn Maxwell, currently being seen in "Champion," a United Artists release
Theories on the current Hollywood recession are a dime a dozen, but clear-headed Bill Holden's make the most sense

Bill Holden, with sons Scott and West, is now making "Miss Grant Takes Richmond."

By Constance Palmer

On location for "Streets Of Laredo," Bill Holden and Mona Freeman have a quiet talk.

EVERYONE knows the picture business has always been in some kind of crisis. To hear people talk, you'd think the industry should have fallen apart long ago. In bad times there's wailing, lamenting and gnashing of teeth. In good times there are bitter moans about the bad times just ahead.

Threat of television, curtailment of foreign markets, high labor costs, drop in box-office receipts together.

But Bill Holden, who's one of the most sought-after stars in the business today, and Macdonald Carey battle brutally in "Streets Of Laredo."

"I was rushed onto the MGM lot," he says. "I was tested by William Wyler, and he liked me. They gave me a contract, and I'd been in pictures since 1942."

"I was a shop helper in a match factory before that. My dad was a miner, and I was his helper. My sister was a maid."
Jane Wyman receiving her Oscar from Ronald Colman as Best Actress for her role in "Johnny Belinda." Ronald won Actor Award last year.

JANE WYMAN realized the ambition of every screen actress when she was awarded an Oscar by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the Best Actress of 1948 for her role of the deaf mute in "Johnny Belinda." Laurence Olivier was voted the Best Actor for his role in "Hamlet," which, incidentally, was declared the Best Picture. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., an old friend, was proxy for Laurence and accepted both Awards on his behalf. It was the 21st annual presentation of the Awards and held in the Academy's own theatre without customary fanfare. John Huston was voted the Best Director for "Treasure Of Sierra Madre." He also won another Oscar for the Best Screenplay, having written "Treasure." His father, Walter Huston, won an Oscar as the Best Supporting Actor for his role in his son's film, "Treasure Of Sierra Madre." Claire Trevor was named Best Supporting Actress for her role in "Key Largo." Robert Montgomery was the M. C.

Jack Warner, with Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Elsa Maxwell, was the happiest person at Awards. His studio won most of the honors.

Elizabeth Taylor, who made "Conspirator" with Bob Taylor in London, attended the Academy Awards with Glenn Davis, No. 1 beau.
DREAMS COME TRUE

Claire Trevor, voted Best Supporting Actress for role in "Key Largo," with Walter Huston, Best Supporting Actor for role in "Treasure Of Sierra Madre." His son John won Best Director role and Best Screen Play Award for "Treasure Of Sierra Madre."

Jane Wyman practically confirmed all those romantic rumors in attending the Awards with Lew Ayres. He was in "Johnny Belinda."

Gregory Peck and his wife, among the distinguished guests at Academy Theatre. Greg has come close, but has yet to win Award.

Susan Hayward accepted Best Art Direction Award for "Red Shoes" from Arlene Dahl on behalf of Eagle Lion-J. Arthur Rank.

Below: Irene Dunne with RKO Publicity Director Perry Leiber. Irene was later honored by Notre Dame U. with Laetare medal.
HARDLY a day passes when I'm not asked, "Dottie, what's happened to the sarong? Aren't you ever going to make another jungle or South Sea Island picture, wearing the costume that made you famous, and vice versa?"

And you'd be surprised where I'm asked the question. I've been button-holed at parties, luncheons, at my radio broadcasts, in elevators, in the Brown Derby parking lot, and even when I'm waiting for a traffic light to change!

When I made "Lulu Belle" not long ago, the switch from sarongs was understandable because the clothes designed by Jean Louis were gorgeous. But when "Slightly French," "The Lucky Stiff," and "Manhandled" followed each other in rapid succession with nary a hibiscus or sarong in sight, the quizzing started

If her fans insist, Dottie may return to the sarong after her current picture, "Manhandled."
all over again.

So, I feel the time has come for an answer. Actually, I've been thinking about this for a good long time because I believe every actor or actress should keep the interested fans posted on what's ahead. Then, when the editor of SCREENLAND asked me to write my reply in this exclusive article, I was not only flattered by his attention, but also pleased to haul out my typewriter and get my opinions on both sides of this subject in print!

I'll list my pros and cons of being the screen's so-called sarong girl, and I won't come to any conclusion, because I'm going to leave that up to you. I'm asking you to write me a letter after you've finished reading this article, and let me know exactly how you feel about my returning to jungle and South Seas pictures. Will you do it?

First of all, let me say that sarongs have made me what I am today, to paraphrase the famous song of yesterday. They were my springboard to success in films, and were a wonderful angle which the men in the publicity de-

Getting the best out of Bossie is as easy for Dorothy Lamour as wearing her scanty sarong.

dpartment could really exploit. Editors throughout the world seemed to enjoy running any picture of me wrapped up in a sarong.

Winning fame by wearing a sarong was comparatively easy, too, because the acting for this type of role was not as demanding as, for instance, a heavily dramatic part. We were all one happy family on the set because of the informality and, other than the men on the crew who did the hard manual work, the rest of us expended little effort.

I liked such pictures because they are what we call "escape" stories. The plots showed a happy, carefree life, with ideal romance against a lovely background. People escaped the cares of the everyday life around them by sitting in a movie, watching the antics of a jungle princess and her handsome leading man. Their troubles, for the moment vanished, and it was a good feeling to know that we, as actors, had brought pleasure through this harmless type of escape.

I remember that we had our doubts about the possible success of the first sarong movie, "The Jungle Princess," and there were a number of experts who didn't think it would go over. I was one of 155 girls tested for the part, and they didn't give me too much encouragement. However, after (Please turn to page 65)
Right: Bob Sterling is intrigued as Grace Horton, in charge of Barbizon Agency, sends Ginger Kimbard out on a fashion photographic assignment.

**The Barbizon School of Modeling**

The Barbizon School of Modeling recently selected Robert Sterling, star of RKO's "Roughshod," as the most eligible bachelor of the year. Helen Fraser, directress of the school, presented Bob with an appropriate scroll on his visit to the school and then showed him how a modeling academy operates. He was surprised how much more complicated it is than he supposed. The models were thrilled with having handsome Bob as their guest and were delighted to show him precisely how they put on their makeup, how they keep their waists trim, how they keep their hips small and firm and how they remove any excess bit of poundage. After his tour of the school and learning just how much time and serious effort go into fashion modeling, Bob was asked by the girls to show them how he'd play a scene for one of his movies. He gladly put on a real Hollywood scene for them. Using Ginger Kimbard as his leading lady, Bob showed the Barbizon beauties just how movies are filmed. It was his way of returning the treat of seeing how a topflight modeling school, such as Barbizon, trains, conditions, and manages its lovely students.
Bob Sterling and Ginger Kimbard in a typical Hollywood scene as other models of the Barbizon School look on with much interest.
Creer Carson was escorted to Errol Flynn's exciting party by Buddy Fogelson, whom she is expected to wed. The William Doziers shared their table.

A party to end all parties was the one recently given by the handsome Errol Flynn at his hilltop home. The affair was held in the garden, which was completely covered by a candy-striped tent with cellophane sides from which the guests could see the lights of the city below. Everyone was especially happy about this party, referred to as Errol's "coming out" party, for it marked his emergence from the shell into which he had drawn after his separation from Nora Eddington, who has just started divorce proceedings. Besides an abundance of food, there was a rumba band for dancing, and for those with spare cash there was, of all things, a white mice race. When the party broke up along about five in the morning all hands agreed it had been a terrific evening and one they'll long remember. Errol has always had a reputation in Hollywood as a marvelous host but this time he really outdid himself as a partygiver.

Social leader and Screenland's party reporter, Cobina Wright, with host Errol Flynn.

Dorothy Lamour and Ann Miller have a gay time teasing Philip Reed, who loves it.

Jennifer Jones and David O. Selznick swaying to the rhythmic strains of the rumba band.

Robert Stack seems to be doing a good job of keeping Audrey Totter entertained.
Lew Ayres listens attentively to Jane Wyman, with whom his name has often been linked. Jane will soon be leaving on a European jaunt.

ERROL'S

"Coming Out"

PARTY

Clark Gable with Producer-Director Joan Harrison. Clark's another star who's Europe-bound. He plans to tour the continent by car.

Bob Hutton, Jimmy Ritz, Judy Canova and Cleatus Caldwell digging into the food at the fabulous Errol Flynn party. Judy entertained with her hillbilly songs.

Loretta Young and Tom Lewis trying to pick a winner in the white mice race.

A table companion offers a light as Mrs. Dan Duryea takes one of her hubby's cigarettes.
If An Actress

The best actresses, in Anatole Litvak's book,

By Gladys Hall

"If an actress wants to live in pictures and live long, she must be what I call a 'director's actress.' By a 'director's actress,' I mean," Director Anatole Litvak explained, "the actress who understands and accepts that the important thing is not only and alone the part she plays, but the picture as a whole, the whole picture...

"In having Olivia de Havilland and Barbara Stanwyck as the stars of my last two pictures, 'The Snake Pit' and 'Sorry, Wrong Number,' I have been lucky, I have been very lucky, for with me as with every director, the real advantage is to work with actors who work for the whole. As Olivia does. As Barbara does...

"But there are actresses who think you know, only of themselves. They will accept for themselves only those roles that are fat, and fill the screen. Whether it helps the picture as a whole, or harms it, they fight for extra close-ups. They fight for extra lines. They fight for the preservation of their glamour. They go through storms and crimes and childbirth looking always the same. They will never succeed, such as these, never. Due to a lucky fall of the dice, such as a tricky role or the first impact of the physical beauty with which they were born, they may sky-rocke. But a sky-rocke dies quickly down and is seen no more.""
always put the story before the star

Infinitely-shaped dark eyebrows were fuzzed by use of a base cream to the disordered look characteristic of the mentally sick. In the scenes in which she is shown as more disturbed than at other times, such as when undergoing shock treatment, a snudge of shadow was pencilled under her eyes. With the exception of these two slight alterations which subtracted from, rather than added to her beauty, Livvy used no makeup whatsoever.

"On the studio lot, it is the business of the studio hairdresser to stick by the star as a stamp sticks to a letter. Before every scene, every take, the hairdresser combs the star's hair, beautifully, every-hair-in-place perfectly. When, on the first day of shooting 'The Snake Pit,' I caught sight of the ubiquitous hairdresser hovering, comb in hand, over de Havilland, I gave the hairdresser the shock treatment by telling her, 'Never, never come NEAR Miss de Havilland on the set. Once she is in a scene, just—you DO understand, don't you?—just go AWAY!' I said. "The hairdresser stayed away and Livvy's lovely hair was, to her satisfaction, as to mine, the sorry sight it is throughout most of the picture.

"In all the scenes in the mental hospital, Livvy wore shapeless dresses or even more shapeless 'Hoover-type' hospital aprons . . . and there was none of this. 'In spite of being a sick woman can't I, for the sake of my fans, look a little better?' None of this at all. Even in the scenes showing her before and after her breakdown, her clothes, while becoming, gave her very little. Realizing that an aspiring writer such as Virginia was before she became ill, would be neatly, nicely, but never expensively or glamourously dressed, Olivia, rigidly uncompromising, dressed, not to the enhancement of de Havilland but in the character of Cunningham.

"The story of the hair. (Please turn to page 66)
Audrey Totter flatly argues a point with her incredulous luncheon partner, Spencer Tracy of "Operation Malaya," at MGM festivities.

Sets of "That Midnight Kiss" and "Madame Bovary" were represented at the studio fete by Kathryn Grayson and Jennifer Jones.

Two stars of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," Frank Sinatra and Esther Williams, flank Walter Pidgeon, who's in "Forsyte Saga."

"Neptune's Daughter" (or Esther Williams) watches George Murphy of "Border Incident" bib Lassie, the star of "Highland Lassie."

HY A Blair!
Are you solid in there?
Well get out of that lair
And lend your schnoz to that air!

M-M just sniff a whiff of it and
let it roll around that olfactory
appendage! Hoist aloft the milk
white rose and sweeten the night! 'Tis
Summer! Back with the convertible top
and call me sun-tanned! Eeehoo! No
more white precipitation—just sol beat-
ing down! So let the Gaby or Copper-
tone flow! Just as the sound from that
turntable—whether it goes 'round at 78,
45, 33⅓ or 66⅔ revolutions per minute.
Let's see what that finely ground piece
of steel is emitting these days!

HEAVENLY!

Fran Warren—The voice with the bed-
room look! Only way you can describe
this kid with an ocean of emotion in her

Hurd Hatfield and Fred Robbins puzzle over the merits of two platters on Fred's radio program.

Sparring with closed umbrellas are Fred
and Jose Ferrer, of "The Silver Whistle."

Broadway dancer Valerie Bettis teaches
Fred Robbins the best way to swing a hip.

lungs—who's out with two of the beau-
ties from "South Pacific," the new Rod-
gers and Hammerstein smash! "I'm Gon-
na Wash That Man Right Outa My
Hair," which Mary Martin does in the
show, and "He's A Wonderful Guy," a
delightful waltz oozing with lift! Then
she pairs with Bill Lawrence—who's been
making giant splashes on the same label
and on the Arthur Godfrey show—for
"Younger Than Springtime"—also from
the show—and "I'll Do The Same For
You," tres cute little opus perfect for
boy and girl duet. All of which is addi-
tional circumstantial evidence by Fran
that there's a great new canary in the
gilded cage! (Victor)

Perry Como—Ezio Pinza boils these in
"South Pacific," but the kid from Can-
osburg, Pa., doesn't have to take a
rumble seat via his groovings of "Some
Enchanted Evening" and "Bali Hai." All
the relaxation and hands in the pocket
style of Perry goes into these two love-
lies and make for a most dreamy hunk

While Fred Robbins plugs the Martin album on his disk show, guest Tony looks properly modest.
of living. And that Rodgers and Hammerstein! Let's face it—they're the greatest things since we're self starter and bebop! (Victor)

Frank Sinatra—Nancy's Daddy's quite prolific, but not too terrific, with two new cookies—one from "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," in which Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Huesen try hard to follow up their great score from "Going My Way," but that was a pretty tough one to follow. "If You Stub Your Toe On The Moon"—is an obvious pattern on "Swinging On A Star," but comes nowhere near it in charm or idea and "When Is Sometime" isn't up to their usual high standard either, hey. And F.S. is accordingly hampered in performance. Does much better on the fresh Ains Wilder baby—"Where Is The One," and "Bop Goes My Heart," with the Phil Moore Four behind him—fizziest rhythm tune Frank's done in era! Those gorgeous albums are still Frankin's pinnacle! (Capitol)

Vic Damone—The young rascal whom Frankie calls his East Coast branch is singing like F.S. used to, only he's evolved a style more his own and is pretty caviar in his own right. Mais oui, Vickie's singing beautifully these days—as one needling of his fresh tracking still sauce—"Again," from "Rebecca," and "I Love You So Much It Hurts," Seconds may be had by digging "Comme Ci, Comme Ca" and "The Little Old Church In Leicester Square." These are all wool and a mile wide and full-bodied, too. (Mercury)

Jo Stafford—Ow! Right off the front burner, Myrna, comes Joltn' Josephine's freshest slicing—"Begin The Beguine," ave Paul Weston and the Starlighters wound around her—medium-well bounce. Flipp is another great standard, "On The Avenue" baby—and when one out time someone did this beaux lyrically. Warm as a hug—and that's no dream! And don't miss needling "Just Reminisce" and "Always True To You" either. Hey! (Capitol)

Dick Haymes—Just let your ear tunnel with a man of muscle—the kid who brings up the sound from his toes on a quartet of fresh waffles—"Where Is The One," Alce Wilder's classy creation, "A Rosewool Spinet," "Skyscraper Blues," another N.Y. opus by Gordon (Manhattan Towers) Jenkins, and "Comme Ci, Comme Ca." You can almost feel the earth rumble when Richard opens that mouth. (Decca)

Gordon MacRae—If you think Dickie's the only kid who unbribles your decent passwords, Gordon'll have you MacRae in just the time it takes to dig his newie—"The Right Girl For Me," from "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," one of his finest slabs to date—full of warmth and shading. Gettin' better late in temps. Flipp is "I Get Up Every Morning"—what do I do, ditto, ditto? Answer—you'll be diggin' this record, that's what! Then he wraps that good golfin' arm around Cinderella G. Stump for "A, You're Adorable" and "Need You," and these kids blend like Kaiser and Frazer. (Capitol)

Johnny Desmond—Oh, put that ice pack on my head, I'm igniting! Wow! Those lungs of Desmo! That voice is as cool as a patch of shade—but oh, so warm, too! Especially on "Comme Ci, Comme Ca," the best rendition of all—and my "My Dream Is Yours."

ALSO EARNWORTHY!

FREDDY MARTIN'S "Humphrey Bogart Rhumba."—and BETTY GARRETT'S, too—specially with Baby's boy comin' in at the last groove and askin' you to relinquish your hold on that lethal weapon, Louie. (Victor and MGM) . . . RAY BOLGER'S "Once In Love With Amy," a thrilling biscuit in which a performer loses himself completely in a rendition. Just as he does it in "Where's Charley," Ray pours all the charm and lift and excitement from Frank Loesser's brainchild. There's so much enthusiasm and vitality in it you'll join in just as the audiences of "Where's Charley" do. I dare you not to respond! And another example of how performance is everything—and a great sequel to "September Song" sung by Walter Huston—an other example of a non-singer doing a song better than anyone has since! A classic! (Decca) . . . MAGGIE WHITTING'S "Dreamer With A Penny," and "Forever And Ever," and "Great Guns," a rhythm deal, and "Comme Ci, Comme Ca"—nice gravy all, but then isn't every cookie Maggie bakes. (Capitol) . . . "Swedish Rhapsody" and "Bop West The Strings:" limp, buttery stuff by Paul Weston and Co.—the Rhapsody especially beautiful! (Capitol) . . . ALFRED DRAKE's "So In Love" and "Were Thine That Special Face" from "K.M.K." which he remade in ten-inch version, A dynamic, magnetic performer! (Victor) . . . KING COLE's melt "Portrait Of Jennie"—with Nat's coy cooing against a big bank of strings like in "Nature Boy." An Old Piano Plays The Blues on the back is moody and delicately groovy and most ear-arresting. (Capitol) . . . BING'S "Save Your Sorrow" with EDDIE HEYWOOD and orch. and "One Sweet Letter From You"—another in the long line of singles to right by the vice-prez of the Pittsburgh Pirates (Decca) . . . SY OLIVER'S "Grandma Plays The Numbers"—jumpin' novelty by Decca's new musical director—with Sy himself chirpin' about Granny and her hobby . . . Oodles of zest from the chest of KAY STARR on "Second Hand Love" and "You Broke Your Promise" (Capitol) . . . DINA H SHORE'S "I've Been Hit"—which could be one—Melissa's Mommy getting right under this leper and giving it a swift lift! (Columbia) . . . HERB JEFFRIES first 4 for Columbia—a "Bewildered," "Girls Were Made To Take Care Of Boys," A Dreamer With A Penny" and "It's Easy To Remember"—one of the country's finest tonal artists at last on a major label so everyone can dig his great purring . . . BILLY ECKSTINE'S goose-pimply lyrical ride on "Caravan," the Duke's baby. Eeckstatic static! (MGM) . . . MARTHA RAYE'S salty commentary on the famous report—"O-b-b Dr. Kissy"—a riot! (Discovery) . . . and BILL LAWRENCE'S first Victor etching "I'm Beginning To Miss You" and "Dreamer With A Penny,"—excellent effort by the Arthur Godfrey winner and the Robert Sozer's current rage. And he's a doll, too!"
Gene Krupa—Put your chin in hand and come closer! Genev with the light brown drumsticks bangs out a deuce of bop-instruments that’ll have you gasping! “Lemon Drop”—with G.K. on the bongo and Frankie Ross ooh-ooiling and ah-ahing to such an extent you’ll be bewitched, bewildered and be-bopped! Flip is “Similar”—real Afro-Cuban stuff with Bill Black singing the A-C melody and Frankie Ross imposing a bop vocal over them. Shows how bop and Afro-Cuban blend. Primitive and exciting! (Columbia)

Charley Barnett—Ow! Hit me down the sideline and call me an ace! The Mad Maba and his premiere on Capitol—and how! Greatest band C.B.’s ever had and he’s had lots of ’em. This is his newest and best-streamlined, modernized and Baptized as well! And comes on like Dynafall itself! There’s “Chartreuse,” potent mood stuff, of which Charley has issued so many beautiful things in the past, and “Cu-Ba,” arranged by Walter Fuller, which turns the temperate into the torrid and will really bop you to sleep! Ears off to a brilliant new band! (Capitol)

Chubby Jackson—And yet another new gang! The Happy Monsler, Gregg Stewart Jackson, has a crazy, leaping 14 piece team which swings from the heels. And bangs out a couple homers on their first cookie, too—this one for Columbia. All the major labels are on a bop kick, Mam! This is the “Shoebopper” and “Godelhip,” happy, fun-filled instrumental with Chubby screaming all thru the grooves urging the guys on like a coach! And they come through like the Lone Ranger! (Columbia)

Also Groovy—DIZZY GILLESPIE’S brisk diskings of “Lover Come Back To Me” and “Guarachi Guano”—dripping with the amazing Gillespie technique and Afro-Cuban influence. Torrid and tempestuous! (Victor) ... BENVY GOMAN’S great—but great—initial bop waffle of Undercurrent Blues—a tremendously exciting opus and the sound and the band gets is the end! Proving when better bop is played Benny—at this rate—will play it! (Capitol) And MILES DAVIS has corralled a boppin’ bunch on his number one Capitol cookie on two original titles—“Boolo,” and “Move”—with lead Miles reeling off a slant and the rest of the members of the bopnocracy turning in inventive stuff. Wow! All the cookies are boppin’, the whole bop and nothing but bop these days! (Capitol)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY!

ICHIRO TERASHIMA, Tokyo—Writes for oodles of info “a great deal of questions,” as he says, practically a catalogue of what’s happened in the U.S. for the last 19 years. Wish we had time, Ich, but try the library in Tokyo or write to Metronome and Downbeat here. Glad you can dig the spectacular vernacular.

... NORMA STRETCH, Vancouver, B.C.—Louis Jordan’s freshest cookie is “You Broke Your Promise” and “Safe, feeling that I’m doing something wrong. The waiters don’t look at me out of the corner of their eyes, trying to decide whether I’m not just a bit too young for all the sophistication of a night spot.

Which leads me into more detail about a very important subject in every young woman’s life—romance and eventual marriage.

When I was a few years younger, my mother used to worry about my running off to get married, or the fact that I’d fall too hard for someone and would get myself hopelessly confused and entangled.

She offered me an understanding ear for any troubles, and respected my opinions. She was rather definite in her attitudes about me and the subject of dates, but then she wasn’t any different from any other mother. And, I will admit, she knew best.

One transition from bobby-sox to young ladydom is very noticeable to me, and that’s the subject of shopping. Where once I looked for hairbows and the frilly jewgaws that delighted the heart of a 16-year-old, now I shop for hats, shoes, and look lovingly at fur-pieces.

They say that when you buy your first fur coat, you’re definitely out of the adolescent class, so this is another clincher for me. While I was on my personal appearance tour several months ago, Mother and I went out to a mink farm and picked out the furs for our coats. That was a real thrill, believe me, and I felt so worldly while I was selecting my pelts! Do you think I’ll ever get such a wallop again out of buying a coat?

On this same tour I made my first long airplane flight, and I felt very much like a world-wide traveler when the plane landed in Cincinnati. There I was given more attention than I’d ever received before. The hotel management and the theatre in which I played made me feel very much like a young leading lady, and

PRODUCER WILLIAM KEIGHLEY, of the Radio Theatre, discussing the radio script of “Sitting Pretty” with Clifton Webb, Maureen O’Hara, stars of film original.

BEST IN THE NEST

FRAN WARREN—He’s A Wonderful Guy”—I’m Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair” (Victor)

JOHNNY DESMOND—“Come On, Comme Ca” and “My Dream Is Yours” (MGM)

GORDON MACRAE—The Right Girl For Me” (Capitol)

BENNY GOODMAN—Undercurrent Blues” (Capitol)

KING COLE—“Portrait Of Jennie” (Capitol)

METRONOME ALL STARS—“Victory Ball” and “Overtime” (Victor)

DICK HAYMES—Where Is The One” and “Skyscraper Blues” (Decca)

CHUBBY JACKSON—“Father Knickerbopper” (Columbia)

CHARLEY BARNETT—“Cu-Ba” (Capitol)

PERRY COMO—“Bali Hai” (Victor)

My Bobby-Sox Are Off

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of course I loved it.

In a way, too, I achieved a bit of fame in New York, because Reuben’s famous restaurant decided to name a sandwich after me!

Somehow these things never happened to me just a few years ago, so I presume they all go with the full bloom of youth! I’ve never lived in New York, and never cared much for it. We had no football games or proms, and certainly no spirit. I never had the opportunity to throw even one spitball, and how I used to envy other kids when they’d tell about all the fun they had in their classes!

My clothes too reflect my young-lady outlook. I notice that I have very few skirts and sweaters, and that I no longer strive for that classic look. Once upon a time I thought nothing of going into the Brown Derby wearing slacks, sweater, and broad hat. But I’ve never done that again. Skirts or slacks don’t give me that “dressed-up” feeling.

Generally speaking, here are some other changes I’ve observed: I take better care of my clothes and other personal possessions. I no longer let my mother usually check my dresses for any damage, but now I always inspect them myself, and do all the necessary repairs.

I make my own decisions about what costumes I’d like to wear for any important function, instead of asking my mother first and then worrying whether everything would be all right. Now, of course, I always check with her to see if she likes the final effect, but I make the original choices myself.

On dates with Gary Steffen, my fiancé, I let him do all the deciding about where we’ll go. This may sound ordinary, but I had the common fault many young girls have of naming a definite place and insisting upon going there. It never occurred to me that perhaps the boy didn’t have enough money to pay the check! All older friends of my mother and father have shown their acceptance of my growing up in a rather interesting way. They ask me about my opinions on politics, national problems, and on current happenings; this is a far cry from the days when they talked down to me, and after they had exhausted their vocabularies, would tell me to run along while the older folks discussed more serious things!

I find that I’m a better hostess at my parties in our Easy American ranch-style house, and that I don’t rely on my mother so much to keep things running smoothly. After all, I figure it’s my responsibility, and that it’s up to me to see that the event is a success.

I’ve given considerable thought to my plans for the future which, of course, include marriage. I’d like to win the kind of stardom Judy Garland enjoys, and like her, be able to pick out the roles I’d want to play. I loved Judy in “For Me And My Gal” and would be more than happy with a role such as the one she played. And just to be on the safe side, should the opportunity arise, I’m taking dancing lessons as well as continuing with my music coaching.

This Summer I am planning to appear in the operetta, “The Student Prince,” at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles, and I hope that the management will offer me roles in “New Moon” and “Two Hearts in 3/4 Time,” also favorite operettas of mine.

On the screen, a dream will come true if I can portray the life of Jenny Lind, that very famous Swedish singer who came to this country in a blaze of glory, and left unhappily, defeated and unnoticed. I’d also appreciate the chance to be in a movie built around Grace Moore’s colorful career.

Often I’m asked if I wouldn’t do a Broadway musical comedy or operetta. No, I wouldn’t, I like working in motion pictures and living in California too much to get into the hustle and nervous excitement of backstage life. I feel that in time, the West Coast will have its own theoretical circuit, and I’ll work on the stage arrange it?

Naturally, I’m no different from any other young lady who is musings over her future, because when you get right down to it, I’m looking for happiness. Who isn’t?

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Did You Say Glamour Boy?

actor, and was severely critical of the Tennessee Williams approach to life.

“I think his plays glorify the importance of a neurotic beyond all reason,” he said, “Why drag people down when they come out for an evening in the theatre by holding up to them the miseries, the semblance of existence, the sorrowful side of life that they’re trying to forget? We face enough of that in our day-to-day living. I think any art form—music, painting, drama—should hold up an ideal, not be iconoclastic, or tear down illusions, instead of build up them.

“Our feet are in the mud, let’s keep our heads among the stars,’ should be our maxim for living, and the arts should be compelling forces for lifting us above the disappointments and depressing influences of the world that we see about us, the neurotic elements in our own lives. Personal tragedies should have no place in the arts.

This was putting it strongly enough! John spoke quickly, impatiently, with a sort of restless energy which showed he was expressing thoughts long studied out in his mind, and eager to be voiced.

What about marriage, I asked him. How did his personal philosophy enter
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Screenland
period—from two to six years, I would say, when they form some very important habits and impressions that remain with them for the rest of their lives, and you’ve got to help them learn what is best for them. You can’t do it by trying to reason with them. You’ve got to spank them when they’re wrong.

John Payne, the father, it seems, is just as single-minded as John Payne, the actor and intellectual. I think this singleness of purpose must have been an outstanding characteristic of his throughout his career, once he decided what was right.

John was born on May 28, 1912, in Roanoke, Virginia. His parents were George Washington Payne, real estate operator, and Ida Schaefer Payne, once a singer of minor roles at the Metropolitan Opera. John attended Roanoke high school in Roanoke, then enrolled in Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania. Still in his teens, he shipped as steward on various ships during summer vacations, visiting Europe. South America, Mexico and Cuba.

While John was attending Mercersburg, his father died, leaving him with his mother and two brothers. At this point, John seems to have been undecided as to what he wanted in the future. He attended Roanoke College, Duke University and University of Virginia before finally landing at Columbia University to study journalism.

“I was shopping for a school,” he said. At Columbia, he had every intention of following through with his journalistic career. However, Fate stepped in and took a hand. Among his elective subjects, he was taking a course in poetry and a course in Shakespearean research. This last course was taught by Estelle Davis Coit, who took the form of Fate with John. She was a wonderful, determined little old lady, weighing 88 pounds, and she was John’s favorite teacher. In the Shakespearean research course the students made reconstructions of historic sets, and John became more and more interested in the theatre. He had dabbled a bit in campus theatricals at the University of Virginia, but it was Miss Coit who definitely started him on the road to success. "Henry V" was to be put on at Columbia’s MacMillan Theatre, and she thought John should play the title role. John thought not, but Miss Coit was adamant. He found himself playing the part.

"I told a thick southern accent," John laughed, "and the girl who played Katharine was from Brooklyn, with a real Brooklyn accent. Between us, we sure messed up that play good!"

While he was working at the University’s MacMillan Theatre, Payne was offered the part of a singing stenographer for the Shuberts at $850 a week. This was mama from heaven. He took it, and played in countless road shows for the Shuberts. It was while playing in "At Home Abroad," in support of Beatrice Lillie, that he received his chance at the movies. He signed a film contract with Goldwyn, but it came to nothing, and when it expired he signed with Paramount. Betty Grable was just starting at that time, on the same lot. Later, they became two of the most popular co-stars in Technicolor musicals, and John Payne has been in demand ever since, his movie career assured.

About the future, John Payne has some pretty definite ideas. He is one movie actor who isn’t eager to get back to the Broadway stage. He really enjoyed playing in "The Voice Of The Turtle," with Joan Caulfield, at a Summer theatre last season. He knows how difficult it is to find the right vehicle. He wants to produce his own movie next. He has acquired the rights to a comedy-drama, "I Give You Maggie," an original that was written for Margaret Sullivan, and wants to launch it as his first effort in that field. Then, he wants to do an occasional realistic film like the documentary he has just completed, "The Crooked Way," which is about paraplegics.

He wants a new private plane and time to fly it, one comfortable enough for his children to accompany him on his trips. John is an enthusiastic flier. One of the disappointments of his life was when an order was canceled at the last moment that would have sent him to India with the Army Air Corps during the War.

But John, with his philosophy, doesn’t dwell long on regrets. He spoke of his real estate business in Hollywood—and, with everything else, he’s definitely practical and a success in business—and of his home in Beverly Hills. He’s about ready to give that up, he said, and go to his place beyond Malibu on the ocean to live. It would be an ideal spot for the children.

John looked out the window toward Central Park again, about this time, and suddenly observed something that had never occurred to him. "What an exciting, inspired, no doubt, by his beloved Science Fiction Monthly. Off and on, during our interview, his enthusiasm for science had led him into scholarly discussions on the subject of atom bombs and futuristic inventions with his two friends. But, not with me! It was interesting talk, but ‘way over my head. Definitely no conversation for a girl who funked college Math, and Skinnered with Physics with a ‘D’.

So I imagine," John said, "if somebody could build a huge room under Central Park and install a machine that would be set so its rays would disintegrate the bone structure of people when..."
they were within a certain radius of it! Of course, getting the room built—"
I gathered up gloves and bag hastily, and said goodbye.
When next I hear of John Payne, I’m sure he will still be keeping his head among the stars, his eyes on the Science Fiction Monthly! And his program of life can mean only one thing—continued success.

_Couldn't Be Happier_
Continued from page 29

can win an Oscar with no help whatever from the picture as a whole, she's done a job for herself.

Director William Wellman, confronted with the problem of finding someone to play the hellcat role in "Yellow Sky" opposite a technically accomplished performer as Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark and character actor Henry Morgan, said bluntly: "I want an actress. I want Anne Baxter." A lot of glamour girls wanted that role, but Wellman wanted an actress. He wanted Anne Baxter, Hollywood's youngest genuine "pro."

With Dan Dailey set for the new 20th Century-Fox musical, "You're My Everything," and Betty Grable busy elsewhere making "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend," the problem arose as to who could play opposite Dailey. The answer was Anne Baxter. She can do everything else, the studio executives figured, so there's no reason why she can't do a musical.

How did she get that way? How does a girl in her middle twenties reach the point where she is a solid success in her chosen field, an Academy Award winner at 23, a versatile performer who has adroitly avoided being typecast, and with an even brighter future ahead of her?

"No, I've never looked at it quite that way," Anne goes on in her provocatively husky voice. "I've been lucky, I guess. My parents helped me from the beginning. I never stop being amazed at the independence and responsibility they gave me. Why, when I was only 11, I used to commute into New York City from Westchester County all alone to go to dramatic school. When I was 15, I went up to Cape Cod all alone to play in a play. It was great for me, too. Made me realize I had to live up to my parents' confidence in me. And it's not every mother who will be so tolerant and understanding of an eleven-year-old daughter's passion for acting."

Born in Michigan City, Indiana, Anne moved with her parents to New York when she was 4. Her father is a successful New York businessman, her grandfather, the famed architect, Frank Lloyd Wright. Although a family of means, they didn’t insist that Anne go to college, and may or may not have been guided by some sixth sense when they allowed their young daughter to pursue a free hand that "passion for acting" that led her through stock and Broadway (she played with Eva Le Gallienne in "Madam Capet") to a Fox contract al-

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Guerlain's beloved L'Heure Bleue now permeates a subtle, fragrant new eau de Cologne.

Ciro's New Horizons, imaginative and delightful, now comes in a smaller size of the original winged bottle.

It's nice that Rapture Pink, a radiant crimson with a touch of blue, by The House of Westmore, is here for June, for it's fashion-coordinated to wear with all current colors. Lipsticks are from 85¢ to $1.50 cream or dry rouge is from 85¢ to 80 to 85.50.*

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Etiquet Deodorant Cream, which both deodorizes and checks perspiration, now comes in a dainty tube for easier and daintier use. It's all you could ask for intimate grooming and is 85¢.*

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S C R E E N L A N D

most ten years ago when still a mere youngster.

The passion has stuck with her, instead of burning itself out, and along with it Anne has developed a tremendous capacity for learning. "I look back on some of my earlier pictures now and just shudder. How on earth could I have been that bad? I remember 'Five Graves to Cairo,' back in 1942, where I had a role that called for a great deal of emotional conflict that had to be held in. I felt it all right, but I held it in so completely that it never came across on the screen."

But it came across in "The Razor's Edge." It was Director Edmund Goulding who taught her how to project emotion for the camera, how to bang on a wall in a fit of sick fury without being afraid of embarrassing the audience, how to let herself go and do anything a role demanded, no matter how wild or uninhibited.

The lesson stuck, as most lessons do with Anne, and she went into "Homecoming" to tackle a part that could have been poison to a less competent actress—that of the sweet, understanding, long-suffering wife whose husband fell in love with a nurse overseas. It was a part that could have been sticky-sweet to the point of nausea. Anne gave it character, brought it to life, made it "sing" as only a pro can when faced with a tough role.

"And that reminds me," Anne says, rather sharply and banging on the table to lend emphasis to her point, "some day somebody is going to write a story in which the wife is going to be the glamorous, beautiful siren and that 'other girl' down at the office is going to be the mouse—oh, very understanding and all that, but still a mouse. Golly, to read the novels these days you'd think no man ever married an attractive girl. It always has to be a mouse, with a glamour-puss lurking on every corner to snatch him away from her. Why can't some of these writers give us real-life wives a little credit?"

A point well taken. Anne herself is a beautiful wife—and even more beautiful when her eyes snap and she bangs on the table.

But this career business. Even if it is successful, is it worth the candle? Aren't there a lot of headaches? Doesn't it interfere with a normal home life?

Anne Baxter is nothing if not honest. "Of course there are headaches. What career doesn't have them? Housewives, secretaries, business girls, actresses—everybody has her own particular assortment of headaches."

Such as?

"Such as clothes, for one thing." (Anne is wearing a very becoming tailored suit which looks like anything but a head- ache.) "Oh, yes—clothes. Because I'm an actress, I'm expected to keep up to the minute with the latest fashions. Sometimes even ahead of them, for in August, a magazine editor is going to want fashion pictures for one of his Winter issues, and that doesn't mean I can drag out last Winter's clothes. Oh, no—I have to have next Winter's."

"I have to be well-dressed, well-groomed, bright and gay every single minute. If I want to run down to the
corner to pick up some extra groceries, can I dash out in my blue jeans with a bandanna wrapped around my uncombed hair and my old polo coat slung across my shoulders? I cannot. I have to stop and comb my hair, fix my face, put on a dress—and it can’t be a dress I’ve been seen in too often, either.

“’Til just a practical matter of business, of course. I’m an actress and I’m expected to look like one—all the time. But sometimes it’s also a gosh awful headache.”

All right, the amazing fact has been established that a beautiful career girl is forced to look upon beautiful clothes as a headache. Perhaps her ruffled feelings can be soothed with a question that will allow her to coo and gurgle a bit.

How about her married life? Are there any real problems in having two well-known stars in the family?

You already know the usual answer to that one, of course: “Oh, no. John and I go our separate ways in the morning and then come back at night and leave our studio problems outside the door and enjoy our evenings together just like any other couple.”

Anne Baxter Hodiak looks you straight in the eye and figuratively hands you an eraser.

“It’s tough,” she says earnestly. “It’s darn tough. And if we weren’t in love and hadn’t taken out insurance on our marriage by recognizing our particular problems and keeping them out in the open where they belong, the marriage couldn’t possibly have worked.

“When we get home nights, we’re tired. John doesn’t always find the bright and cheerful little wife whom men eternally want to come home to. Sometimes I’m nervous, exhausted, irritable. And sometimes he is, too. But we’ve understood from the beginning that it was going to have to be like that many times, and in understanding it and knowing it for what it is—just an occasional spell of normal, temporary bad humor—we don’t let it get the better of us. We’re in love, that’s all. And I might add that the young couple who don’t realize right from the very beginning that they can’t be Abelard and Heloise on a constant, 24-hour basis may be headed straight for the divorce court.”

Vacations are another headache for Anne and John. “We almost never get them together—and when we do, we get so excited trying to figure out where we can go and how we can spend the most time together that we’re nervous wrecks by the time we get to wherever we’ve finally decided to go.

“Someday,” she adds wistfully, “maybe we’ll both be well enough established to have some say about our time off.”

That would seem to be one more score on which Anne needn’t worry much longer. An accomplished actress, a trouper, a career girl in the truest sense of the word, she is rapidly becoming recognized as one of Hollywood’s best answers to the type of bad publicity which clings to the movie colony with all the tenacity of a tireless leech. And Hollywood is not slow to pay its just debts.

Anne herself is too modest to realize it, but another picture or two under her
Betty Lets Her Hair Down!

Continued from page 31

In the years since, she's grown into an even lovelier woman, while I became a grandmother.

We didn't exactly hit it off on that first meeting. Betty never did make friends quickly. She's not one for snap judgments, and she chooses her friends with about as much speed as a John D. Rockefeller making out his income tax return. She takes her time.

With Gloria Stuart, then a top Fox star, I had been loaned to the Samuel Goldwyn Studios for a musical called "Whoopee."

In the chorus line were Betty and some other youngsters, including Paulette Goddard, Grace Poggi and Lucille Ball. Something about Betty stood out. She was one of the prettiest young girls I'd ever seen, with a white, creamy complexion, a soft, rounded face, and the same smile that is still wins her friends and influencing box-offices all over the country. I liked the way she handled herself, and the way she minded her own business, and I walked over to where she and her mother were sitting between scenes and offered to help her with her hair.

Very simply, and yet very definitely, with the air of a youngster who knows her own mind, she told me, "Thank you. But I'd rather you didn't. I always do my own hair." Betty hasn't changed much. She still hates to have other people do for her the things she can do for herself—and do better at that. She puts on her own makeup, does her own manicure, takes care of her personal wardrobe, for example. She hates to be fussed over. I think sometimes that she only puts up with me because she's used to me, and because she can't avoid it. It's her one concession to movie star tradition. A star is supposed to have a hairdresser. But, once in a while, when I'm setting her up for a movie scene, I get the feeling she'd like to take the comb away from me and do it herself. And believe me, many times she does!

After the Goldwyn picture, I didn't see her for a few years. Then she came on the lot for a screen test, and I was assigned as the hairdresser. With that sharp memory for names and faces that never fails to astound me, she remembered me—but she still didn't let my comb get near her. When I saw the way she handled herself, I didn't mind. She knew what she was doing. She looked wonderful, and she didn't get the contract only because the studio felt she was too young.

I didn't see her again until after she had done "DuBarry Was A Lady," the stage musical, and set Broadway on its splendid reputation.

She loves her job, headaches and all. She'll be around for a long, long while. Come 1995, and Ethel Barrymore's place is going to be well filled.

Betty will do anything for a friend, but she hates to be caught at it. A real softie, she covers up her sentiment with a cloak of kidding. If she wants to do something for you, she tries to pass it off casually.

One of Betty's sweetest gestures meant a lot to me personally, but she would never let me thank her. My son, Keefee Brassele, is an actor, and one afternoon when he dropped in on the set of "That Lady In Ermine" he mentioned he was up for an important part in the picture, "Knock On Any Door." Betty was in the midst of reading the book, and was crazy about it, and they discussed at great length the character Keefe was interested in.

Then, without a word to me of her intentions, Betty did something that afternoon that I would never have known except for what I read in the papers. She called Louella Parsons, and gave Keefe a build-up that would make a press agent's conversation sound weak by comparison. That plug from Betty Grable, who has never sought publicity for herself, did Keefee a lot of good, and he'll never forget it. Miss Parsons didn't forget it either, for she mentioned it again when Keefe got a good break in "Not Wanted," a picture that Ida Lupino is producing. When you're a newcomer, it helps a lot to have a big star palling for you. It's the kind of nice, quietly wonderful thoughtfulness that is typical of Betty.

I like to think, too, of the time in 1943 when I accompanied her on a lengthy hospital tour. For all of her shyness, and her fascination at the hospital, she could conquer her terror of crowds when the occasion calls for it. I've never seen Betty work so hard as she did during those weeks on the road, entertaining soldiers all over the country. I particularly remember one night in Fort Bragg when she was so busy with an outdoor show. It was pouring rain, and not the kind of weather for the fancy white satin and sequinned gown Betty was wearing. The officer in charge suggested they cancel the show, but Betty put her arm around his teeth and walked on stage amid the cheers of 5,000 soldiers waiting in the rain.

"If they can stand it," she said, "so can I." And there she stood, for almost two hours, singing her heart out. Her hairdo was drooping, and her dress was getting longer and longer, but Betty was Betty in the rain, having the time of her life.

I remember, too, the first hospital wards we covered, when neither Betty nor I had ever been around people who were seriously hurt or maimed. I watched Betty walk into a ward where soldiers were being treated for serious airplane injuries, and I knew she was scared. She stayed a long time, and when she came out, she said, in quiet wonderment, 'You know, I never thought I'd be able to do that.'

The next morning, she couldn't wait to get started all over again. And when she'd covered the entire hospital, the largest in the country at that time, the soldiers who could leave their rooms
gathered in the auditorium to thank her, and to present her with some gifts of handcraft made during their convalescence. I have never seen Betty so touched, and I was so moved by her reaction I couldn't help crying. When Betty saw me there, she tried to laugh it off, but the tears were streaming down her own face as she said, "What are you crying about? You look real gooney!"

I couldn't tell her. She'd have hated me if I had tried to say how much I admired the work she had been doing, and the relentless way in which she drove herself during that tour. A simple, undemonstrative person herself, she hates gushers. Words like "sensational" offended her. The only way to compliment Betty is to tell her she is good. That means something.

On a picture, Betty and I have a pretty consistent work routine. She comes into her dressing room at the studio about 7 o'clock, scrubbed and shiny in fresh slacks and a white blouse. Rarely is there any conversation, just a friendly, quick, "Hi," and then we get to work on the hairstyle for the day's scenes. All business.

She never watches a clock, but somehow, instinctively, she knows when an hour has gone by. Between 2 and 10 minutes after 8, she calls home to say hello to Vicki, who is just having her breakfast. Every morning it's the same conversation: "Hi, Vicki. What's doing? Is Daddy still asleep? Please don't wake him, he worked late last night. How are the puppies? What are you going to do today? What's Jess having for breakfast?"

She calls her home five or six times a day—to talk to Vicki, to talk to Harry, to be sure the gardener has shut the gate, to be sure the housekeeper ordered the roast, to find out from Miss Parsons, the nurse, if Vicki and Jessica ate their spinach... .

The responsibilities of movie stardom don't weigh as heavily on her mind. She takes those in stride, and although she's a perfectionist about her work, she never worries about it. When she's doing dance numbers, the day is a laugh from start to finish. Everything is for a gag, and she likes nothing better than a leading man with a sense of humor. She, and Dan Dailey get along beautifully, because he likes to yak it up too when it doesn't interfere with business. "You know, for an actor," she'll tell him, "you're okay. "For a Queen," he'll kid back, "you're real democratic."

If it's a tough day, and Betty has dramatic scenes to do instead of dance routines, she doesn't kid around much. Between scenes, she'll hole up in her dressing room and study her lines. Then, before she has to rehearse, she'll call me in and ask me to go over them with her. It's part of her shyness, I think, that makes her want to be very sure of herself before she'll go over her lines with anyone else.

No matter how tough the day, Betty always relaxes at lunch. She'll let nothing interfere with that hour of laughs with her old cronies, the dance gang she's known for years. Anyone who dares to talk business at lunch gets banished to another table.

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Screenland 61
When not kidding with the crew or her co-stars on the set, she's in her dressing room playing air-checks of Harry's radio show, or his favorite records. She's a loyal gal, this Grable, and she loves the Harry James orchestra. This is the one thing that can't be interrupted. Comes a visitor, he has to wait until the record is over, before she'll say hello.

Betty reads a lot on a set. She gets reading jags, and catches up on all of the recent books that she has missed. She likes adventure novels, and "The Black Rose's" and "The Secret of Harrow" were favorites of hers. She reads to learn, too, on any subject that interests her, and which she wants to know more about. Any new book on horses, about their training or grooming, will fascinate her.

She's terribly superstitious. She's sure the world would end if she lost a comb she's used for years. Half of its teeth are gone, but Betty hangs on to it as if it were made of pure gold. On a trip once, she left it in an Eastern hotel room, and burned up the Western Union wires until it was found.

She firmly believes it's bad luck to whistle in a dressing room. Let anyone try it—that's all, brother. What a ritual he must go through. He has to go outside, turn around three times, mutter certain selected words, and then maybe the bad luck is broken. Betty still worries, though.

She's from St. Louis, Missouri, and it shows. You have to prove things to Betty. You can't make an expansive remark without the facts to back you up and a few notarized statements to boot. She's not from Missouri for nothing.

She's come a long way in the years I've known her. A wonderful daughter, a wonderful wife, and a wonderful mother, she's also a wonderful friend. She wears well.

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I can't begin to express my admiration for the fellow who, on a few hours' notice, can get up in his lines and speak his piece letter perfect. Perhaps a member of the cast has been taken ill suddenly; the other actor is called in and the part thrust into his hand. You see him over in a corner hunched in a chair, muttering to himself. And when the set's ready and he's called for the scene, he's ready, too.

"Let me say there's no feather-bedding among actors. It may take five men to carry the board that two carried before, but it still takes only one actor to say the lines! And I, and all other conscientious actors, play just as much as the front office to see the picture come in on schedule and under the budget!"

Bill, himself, is an extremely active member of the Screen Actors' Guild, serving on, to name only one, the committee that negotiated the first equitable contract in ten years with the Motion Picture Producers' Association. In spite of jumping from one picture into another, he gives twenty hours a week to the Guild's affairs.

Soon after he came out of the Army he was elected to the Board. Then, because he understood the problems of actors just out of service, Bill, with Gene Kelly and Ronald Reagan, formed the Veterans' Service Committee. Later came duty on the Motion Picture Council, the Hollywood Co-ordinating Committee and the Fact-finding Committee. Now he's one of the Guild's Vice-Presidents, working closely with capable Ronald Reagan, the President.

"Today there are about $300 actors under contract," Bill continued, "and these $300 front for all the others—not only the bit and day player but players who work by weekly contract, too. When a problem of a freelance actor comes up, it's Walter Polgegon or Reagan or Holden or Kelly who presents it to the studio.

"The contract player is the key that unlocks the door. Though it may have problems of his own, he doesn't often present them.

"To cite a personal example; for the first five years I worked in pictures I was the lowest paid leading man in the business. More than that, at $150 a week, every principal in the cast of my own picture was making more money than I was!

"Figuring five weeks to the picture, $750 in the budget took care of my salary. But the company loaned me out for $10,000 and I didn't get a cent of it. Was that fair?

"Then, too, the freelance player gets paid for time in the makeup room, wardrobe fittings and so forth. The contract player doesn't, simply because he's under contract and theoretically on call at all times.

"During negotiations for the basic contract, one official asked for a morals clause. But we pointed out that we're neither a religious nor a police group. We're a labor union and it's up to the producers to keep their actors in line. If they don't behave, fire 'em.

"The motion picture business isn't the transient, vagabond hodgepodge it used to be. It's solid and substantial; it's a big industry and a powerful force in our democracy.

"Actors aren't dreamy and impractical any more, either. They're business men now, selling a commodity of value. This is the age of the business manager, of investments, of savings accounts, schedules and budgets. Heavy taxes, a relatively limited span of working life and the deflated dollar make them necessary.

"I can't remember the magnificent Twenties—have only heard about the Duesenberg's, the diamonds, the huge estates, the fabulous spending. But where today do you see an actor riding around in a fancy car or hoarding a vast pile of a house? Our cars are good, of course, but small; our houses are nice and livable and manageable. I think the lack of help during the War taught everyone a lot about the burden of big homes.

"There's a lot of talk about the threat of television being one of the causes of this recession. It's said the producers are waiting to see how it catches on, how big it will grow, how it will be financed. But television will never be a threat to the actor who knows his business and can't survive.

"The ones who stand to gain by television are first, the entertainers, the variety act that has a song and dance, a line of patter. Second, the trained stage actor who knows how to sustain an hour's show will come into his own. And third, the motion picture actor who not only can memorize lines but knows the technique, will have a definite place in television. The one who will really suffer is the radio actor who works with his eyes on the script.

"However, there is so much to settle about television first. It will be some time before it's a threat to anybody. For instance, under the jurisdiction of which union would it come?

"Actors' Equity, the mother of all theatrical unions because it began with the stage, says it's hers. The Screen Actors Guild wants him to be under the jurisdiction because some television is shot on film and screen actors appear on it. The American Federation of Radio Artists claims it because it's based on radio.

"And besides these three Big A's, as they're called, there are the many technical unions that will want to have their say about it.

"But whether television is or isn't a threat, the motion picture business is our problem right now. I believe we're coming out of this recession a finer and better industry. Both actor and producer have been taught a great lesson.

"For one thing, when the business does get back on its feet and pictures are made again with steady consistency, many an actor is going to think twice before he spends as much as he makes.

"Producers, too, are going to remember with anything but joy the days when they'd come home with such a dull thud! Perhaps they'll see that it never happens again.

"And so, in this 'best of all possible worlds,' all's well that ends well—we hope!"
they saw my test, they decided to take a chance with the movie. It was done on a shoestring budget, but when it was previewed, the executives discovered that perhaps they had been wrong. We did add scenes, and it was then that the producer and director learned I could sing. They hadn't even asked me before that.

I sang "Moonlight And Shadows" and it went over with a bang. Through this, I achieved a reputation as a vocalist, too, which was one step closer to my goal of stardom, "Moonlight And Shadows," by the way, was on the Hit Parade for 15 weeks, and it had taken the authors exactly a half hour to write!

One of the reasons why I liked working in sarong pictures during the War was the fact that through this one item of costume we were able to hit the jackpot. Bond drives. Sounds odd, but it was true. I made public appearances, and on a number of occasions, my sarongs and other costume items were auctioned off for several million dollars in Bonds! It was probably the first time in history that sarongs helped to buy bullets.

Then, too, being a native princess had its costume advantages, because I never had to be called in for endless hours of fittings, sessions with the makeup department, and more hours with the hairdresser. All they did was hand me a cloth and a few simple accessories: hairbrush and a powder puff, and I was ready for the camera! And, because I didn't have to report to the studios for all these preliminary preparations, I got in many extra hours of precious sleep. Believe me, I love to sleep!

Sarong roles were a wonderful starting point for me in my career, because through them and the fact that they were synonymous with informality and fun, I was able to meet people on an easy and friendly basis. Naturally, I like people, but when you're new in any business, it does take effort to win a whole assortment of new friends. Folks would remember me as I appeared to them on the screen, and the rest was easy.

Among the many advantages of appearing in such pictures, I suppose the outstanding one was the opportunity. I had in working with actors who knew the business from the ground up and could teach me much. I started out cold as an actress, with no experience except working with a band, and had plenty to learn. And, since I was a willing pupil, I was always ready to be taught the acting art.

Ray Milland, who worked with me in "Jungle Princess" and "Jungle Love," was one of my good teachers. He showed me how to take advantage of camera angles, sometimes sacrificing himself so that I would have the better spot. He showed me how to act so that I would forget that the camera was constantly before me, and perhaps best of all, he gave me invaluable lessons on how to treat other newcomers by his own many kindnesses to me.

The last of the pros for sarong pictures is also important, but can be said simply. Working in so many of them was a sort of prep school for the "Road" pictures with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, and any skill I picked up in the earlier films came to good stead when I worked with those really swell guys.

Now, let me point out what I haven't particularly cared for in the sarong picture section.

It's no news to you that any woman always wants to look essentially feminine. I had always dreamed of wearing the beautiful clothes, the hairdos, and the jewelry which seemed to me the epitome of screen stardom. These, I told myself, were to be my pleasure, too. So what happened—I wore a sarong, a bibiscus, and they didn't even give me a pair of shoes!

And that wasn't the end of it. I was always stepping on a thorn, or being bitten by bees or mosquitoes. I love the out-of-doors but I couldn't get out into the open for any length of time because a sun-blistered skin didn't go with my role as a jungle princess.

During the making of several jungle scenes, I had seen the wild animals hurt people seriously, and then I'd have to go before the screen with these same animals and smile as though nothing had happened. Once a tiger threw his paws over my shoulders, and I was nursing claw-gashes on my back for a good month. Do you wonder why I'd often be a jittery bundle of nerves?

One of my strongest objections to the roles I played in these films was the fact that they never were an acting challenge to me. All of them were the same, with the exception of my characterization in "Hurricane." In some, the hero was shipwrecked on my island, or crashed in his plane, or he was a big game hunter looking for a way out, but the general plot was the same. My hero would arrive, we'd have an idyllic courtship under the bright moon and swaying palms, and then all would end happily.

I felt that I wasn't doing much to increase my acting skill, and equally important, I was certain that theatregoers would begin to tire of me. It seemed to me that I was always petting the same tiger, swimming in the same emerald lagoon, and sitting under the same palm tree on the same white sand beach.

In a way, I suppose you would call this type-casting, the thing which every actor or actress fears. I made seven jungle or South Seas pictures, scarcely without stopping to catch my breath, and in each I did almost identical roles. And, to make it worse, the animals got to know me so well that they practically called me by my first name every time they saw me!

In "On Our Merry Way," I did a satire on all this in a song entitled "Queen Of The Hollywood Islands." In the song,
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Made for Love

By Carlotta Baker

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just come from a memorable party and was expected by her
wealthy young friends for dinner. Missy was young, attractive,
prosperous and personalable, and it was just this quality of
her personality that she was able to charm Art Arneson, a
prominent career man or being a head of the studio. And in
the course of the visit, into the hands of the suitor, he
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Wanted To Live

Continued from page 45

dresses and of Olivia's hair reminds me of
the blonde and beautiful hair of Celeste
Holm—and what became of it. With two
Broadway hits, "Oklahoma" and "Blomer
Girl" to her credit, and working as we
began work on The Snake Pit, in "The
Gentleman's Agreement," Celeste amazed
us all by campaigning, indeed by begging,
for the very dramatic but, certainly,
comparatively small role of Grace in The
Snake Pit. She literally lay in wait for
me in front of the studio gate, and, after
corrected, in any event, ‘But the part
is a small one, little more than a bit.
‘An important bit,' she countered, 'in a
most important picture.' But your shoot-
ing schedule—how can you arrange your
shooting schedule if you make two
pictures at once? 'It can be arranged,' she'd
insist, 'If you play this role, you
must have your hair cut off,' I said,
'Of course.' Celeste had her hair cut
off. All of it. Which so surprised me that
I tested her, and she played the part of
the nurse who starts the story ready to
leave the mental hospital and winds up in
a straightjacket.

"Trooper enough to realize that the quality and not the role that is fat and
fills the screen is the best counts. Celeste is very much to be among those who live to
a ripe old age on stage and screen.

"Every player in the large cast, in
fact, name players, almost every one of them
seemed to share Celeste Holm's
feeling about appearing, let the credits
fall where they may, in 'The Snake Pit.'

"Mark Stevens, who as the heartless but understanding husband co-starred with Olivia and Leo Genn in 'The Snake Pit,' which I would listen to him that to appear in a picture of such importance, he would have taken a bit part, 'Been glad to,' Leo Genn's luggage was already aboard a boat bound for Mr. Genn's native England when producer of 'The Snake Pit,' Darrell Starcevich, recalled him for the part of Dr. Kik. Whereupon Genn, a very excellent actor, a wonderful actor and known in London, by the way, as 'the man with the black velvet voice,' immediately retrieved his luggage and undocked.

"In the same way that Olivia is wonderful, in the same way that all actors who have a larger vision than those of their own names in electric lights are wonderful, Barbara Stanwyck is wonderful. She, too, is completely devoted. To her, too, the story is more important than the star.

"During the tremendously taxing days when we were shooting—and re-shooting—the final scenes of 'Sorry, Wrong Number,' Stanwyck was magnificent. Half-mad with terror as in the final sequences she is shown to be, she, too, dispensed with her makeup, forgetful of glaumour, looked dishevelled, distraught, sick. Working at high pitch, as she was, she probably felt sicker than she looked; doubtless felt a great deal more like going to bed than she was. It was the set and the champagne that gave to her tiredness a feverish quality. This was good. Finally, wanting to exhaust her completely, I did the scene, so many times that she became exhausted, so exhausted that at the end, really fainted in Boyer's arms—she had not taken a breath. Darrieux became a great star, overnight.

"With young Betsy Blair who plays 'Hester in 'The Snake Pit,' my approach, equally sadistic, was different. "When Betsy first came to see me for an interview, I knew nothing of her other than that she had been briefly in the theatre in New York, had made one or perhaps two pictures. (In 'The Vertical Man,' which she does like immensely) and was the wife of Gene Kelly. But at once, on sight, I liked her face. I tested her for the part. In the test, she was quite shy. A quiet, intellectual girl, she wasn't forgetting herself in the test as much as I wanted her to. She was too controlled. She was asking herself, 'Am I doing too much? Too little?' In order for her to let out the maniacal hate towards all mankind that as Hester, she must feel and show in her eyes, I must, I knew, break up this emotional resistance. Again, how? I thought, 'If I can make Betsy feel towards me as Hester feels towards all men and women.' I thought, 'If, when she looks at me, resentment towards me, light in her eyes, that cold, that pale and bald fat face there must be in the eyes of god, mad Hester.

"I began to play a part. A part really well-played, though I say it. By the time the test was run, I'd decided to take her. But I didn't tell her so. I left her with the inference that, if this was the best she could do, there was another girl. The first day on the picture, I never spoke to her. When, later on, I did speak to her, I was not too polite to her, not too rude, cold, rather, indifferent. I never said she was good, I mostly said she was bad, giving what I said an, 'Oh, well, you can do it anyway so what's the user?' shrug and scorn. Not quite so simple as it sounds, she felt in me (even

**Screenland**

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though there were times when I wanted to kiss her, to say, "Oh, come now, you know I am acting a part!" a kind of hate towards her and gradually I felt growing in her, a hate towards me and I knew she'd do it. She'd do what I wanted her to do. She looked the way I wanted her to look. She was what I wanted her to be. She was Hester.

"I hope you don't hate me," I said to her when the picture was finished, "as much as I think you do."

"Well, it was a heck of an experience," she said, speaking—characteristically—the simple truth, 'but I was on to what you were doing, and why you were doing it, before you had any idea I was and so, no, I don't hate you. Of course I don't."

"I hope not for Betsy is, in my opinion, one of the finest young actresses in Hollywood.

"With more experienced actors, release of the emotions comes, of course, more naturally. With an actress like Bette Davis, for example, you would not use such methods as I used with Darrieux and Blair. Before you say what you want Bette to do, she does it...

"With Olivia, it was not necessary to tell her that the important thing was for her to understand Virginia Cunningham. Olivia studied Virginia's character so much persuasion as to make any questions about why, in this scene, Virginia does this, or says that, completely unnecessary. Olivia read and re-read the book and the script of 'The Snake Pit.' On a visit to New York before we started shooting, Olivia consulted with one of the leading psychiatrists in New York. In Hollywood, she did the same thing. Before we shot the first scene of the picture, we had made tests of every phase of Virginia's illness and every phase was questioned by Olivia, and analyzed and analyzed by the psychiatrists who worked with us. From the day we began work on the picture to the day our work was done, we had two doctors constantly on the set with us.

"I am not one to believe that an actress playing a psychotie, or a murderer (or any role, for that matter) need go about in her private life, feeling mentally ill or potentially homicidal. But there is a certain amount of 'homework' an actress must do while making a picture—and this reminds me of an anecdote that may amuse you about Olivia."

"The most famous scenes in the film for Livvy were the week-long narco-synthesis sequences, and it was while she was rehearsing for these sequences at home that apartment house neighbors, hearing the maniacal screams which, in varying degrees, Livvy was practicing, would come to the door, the husband, Marcus Goodrich, were quarreling. This led, in turn, to published rumors that the Goodriches were 'separating.' To one columnist who wrote, 'Are the Goodriches feuding—or just noisy?' Olivia wired good-naturedly, 'Just noisy.'"

"Far from separating, it was during the filming of 'The Snake Pit' that Olivia and Marcus celebrated their first anniversary by purchasing their first home. Now the tag to this story is one you will not believe. Nevertheless, here it is: In the garden of their new home, a few yards from the house, Mr. Goodrich found, when he killed a six-foot rattler and its twenty young, a real snake-pit. No one, including myself, did believe the story until Mr. Goodrich exhibited to me the reptiles' rattles!"

"For the star of 'The Snake Pit' to find a snake-pit in her own backyard—how realistic, I wonder, can you get?"

"And now let me tag my story with the hope that to an actress who wants to live long in pictures, I have been some little help..."
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**Ray Milland and his wife dining at the Stork Club during recent visit to New York. Ray's current film for Paramount is the exciting "Alias Nick Beal."**

name and a place for himself.

**Hollywood Screen Clothes** generally speaking, should be a good fashion influence. The best designers detest sensationalism in clothes. The others are curtailed by the precarious condition of motion picture production just now. If a designer doesn't consider himself just a part of a whole big plan to make entertainment instead of a fashion show, he will soon be told to do so. And if some screen designers feel they are being tied down, it may have an over-all good effect of good taste in Hollywood fashions.

**Fashions Are Slow to change.** There have been only four drastic innovations since 1926. In that year, Chanel lowered the waistline. Some years later, Schiaparelli introduced the squared shoulder. Then, just before the war, Balenciaga effected some great improvements and had a good influence on American clothes.

**Most Phenomenal** was the latest style change, and that again came from Paris, when Dior gave us what we called the New Look. There has never been such a sweeping upset of fashion in the history of clothes. Ordinarily all new things come gradually. No smart store buyer dares plunge for merchandise that is wildly different. She would fear for her job if she doubted that American women would accept it. Stores have too many billions of dollars tied up in clothes. That's why this last change was most exceptional. There won't be anything like that again for a long, long time.

**A New Clothes Consciousness** has come to this country. It may be due to that last sweeping change in style. It may be due to the higher gear of merchandising. Big clothing manufacturers pay top salaries for good designers. Naturally, they advertise and publicize the name of their style creator. As a result, more and more women ask for clothes made by a certain house. That's rather dangerous. People should really buy only what is right for them, regardless of the name of the maker. It's good to study all the good name clothes... and then be very selective. You're less apt to make errors.

The Younger Generation is bound to carry on with even more interest in fashions. There are so many wealthy families who no longer have quite so much money to toss around. They live more normal lives. They wear their children so much more practically, and so much better than they did fifteen years ago. Many of these families make their children learn to sew, even though they have enough money to buy almost anything they want in a store.

**Barbara Stanwyck's Clothes** in "The Lady Gambles," indicate an average clothes budget. In the picture, she is a young married girl who has a moderate amount of money and earns a little more. She is an average American girl. All of her clothes could be made and worn by any girl who doesn't waste money on clothes.

They could easily be worn by anyone because they are not extreme... just easy and comfortable. The shoulders are not padded. There is only a cupped outline of the shoulder beneath the fabric of the dress or jacket. The sleeves are either very short or just cover the elbow. And as for length... we didn't even measure any certain length from the floor. We just looked at the dress and agreed on the most attractive length. If a dress is a little fuller, it can be longer. Length should never be an arbitrary number of inches from the floor. Wear your clothes the length that looks best on you.

**The American Appearance** is more of an intelligent outlook in design. It's a leveling off of the last drastic change. Dior himself, the originator of that new silhouette, is now making modified versions of it. Dress for yourself. The custom designer made a gown for only one person... the wearer. But now you don't have to mortgage the homestead to have clothes that are exactly right for you. Stores carry good merchandise in different price levels. If you are selective, your clothes will have individuality and quiet good taste. That's American.
many kisses, as you know, and lovely color that stays where it should is thoughtfulness towards others, as well as herself. If mascara is normally a part of makeup, the wise bride will choose a waterproof one for her wedding. Tears, though happy, usually flow. Whatever your natural coloring, a wedding seems to require alabaster or porcelain beauty, rather than a more flamboyant type. Usually, there is a radiance about brides that needs but the slightest careful touch of color. If the day is warm and your face becomes damp, gently blot with a fresh tissue and do not add more powder unless necessary. This will keep your skin looking fresh and dewy. The general ideas outlined, except choice in color, apply to everybody.

Your manicure and pedicure. The day before is the best time for these, or if you do them, yourself, the night before. This means that in spite of the temptation to use your hands and do so many things, thus possibly marring the polish before it is dry, you take a time when your hands must rest. The same is true of your toes. A delicate shade harmonious with your lips seems appropriate for the hand to receive a wedding band.

Your perfume. The floral family, muguet (ily-of-the-valley), rose, lilac, etc. are ideal for the journey to the altar as well as other delicate fragrances. A number of fine manufacturers have perfumes blended especially with the bride in mind, as well as the related eau de Cologne, soap, powder and sachet. An ideal routine for the use of fragrance on this, and, indeed, on all occasions, is the lavish use all over your body of your eau de Cologne or toilet water, following your bath, because this gives the foundation for perfume, which should later be applied to neck, chest, arms and other parts of the body.

**Intimate grooming.** If your legs show the slightest need of a depilatory, be sure that on this day of days they are as smooth and soft as a baby's. There are a number of highly dependable preparations for this. Your deodorant, too, is more than important, since tension, nervousness and excitement contribute acutely to perspiration. If you have found the preparation adequate for your needs, then you are safe. If you have not, then you would be wise, both for the sake of your lovely clothes and your peace of mind, to do a little scouting and experimenting well in advance to discover the preparation ideal for you. Since the human body varies—and in spite of the many fine products at hand, sometimes we must do a little personal investigation to find what is exactly right for us.

All details of grooming behind you, the beauty of the slow wedding march, the exchange of the same marriage vows that have lived throughout centuries in your memory, and a bright new door to life opens to you. A bright new door, too, for the girl in her white graduation dress or her cap and gown, or you, Mary Jane, when you least expect it. For June is the month of happy change, of the closing and opening of many doors.

**What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About**

Continued from page 27

Douglas was hitting the headlines, he was spending a lot of his time at home, supervising the new nursery. We saw Diana out at 29th, working on "House Of Strangers." She's quite a pretty gal.

Paul Douglas, who's hotter than boiling lead, plays the part of a big lug with a magnificent operatic voice in "Everybody Does It." As a gag, he was given a throat spray by a Joker with a strange sense of humor—the thing was filled with fly spray! Paul's opinion of the gag sized so much it couldn't be recorded.

On that same subject—one of the most discussed in Hollywood—Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman reduced at Terry Hunt's. Jeanne had quite a healthy appetite before their second son put in his appearance and Paul, always the gentleman, took on all as many groceries as she did. Without help for two months after she finished "The Fan," Jeanne says you can quote her that being a housewife is the hardest job in the world.

We ran into Eve Arden out at U-I all dressed up in a snazzy grey outfit of the
Elizabeth Taylor got the thrill of her life when she visited the house in Kent, England, where she and her family spent holidays before she went into this country. She knocked at the door, asked the lady who answered if she could look through the house. The present tenant is Alexandria, ex-queen of Yugoslavia. The queen was not in the parlor, but in the kitchen cooking dinner when Liz arrived. Hear Liz and her fella, Old Davis, have promised her family not to get married for a year. But you never can tell about young love.

Stork stuff: Ollie de Havillard could not be happier about impending motherhood; Dorothy McGuire and John Swayne named their daughter, Mary; Esther Williams found an old, old cradle which she'll use as a magazine rack until her infant arrives. Reggie Gardner was the only man among sixty women at the baby shower Virginia Zanuck gave her wife, Nadia. He said he was never so frightened in his life.

One of the most attractive male newcomers to the screen is William Bishop, who got his first important part in "The Walking Hills." Columbia Studio's bossman, Harry Cohn, was so impressed with him that he handed Bill the fat part of Pauline Goddard's husband in "Anna Lucasta." He's 6-1/2, tips the scales at 190, not married, a good horseman, and is the nephew of Helen Hayes. We think it won't be long before he's right up there in popularity with Cliff, Widmark, Lund, Granger and all the other glamorous boys.

When Doris Day got back to Hollywood from that fabulous tour with the Bob Hope show, she slept for five days solid! The gal is really going to town, what with the Hope show, recordings for Capitol, and her picture career.

A switch on the "Carol Lawrence" schedule was announced. The Magy, hitherto the girl who sang the Judy Garland songs, will now do the voice of Betty Hutton for a while. Betty Hutton will do the "day" work on the show.*

* See Screenland, May 25, 1951.

Screengard
This is a letterbox-sized document that contains text about various topics, ranging from personal stories to entertainment. The text is dense and appears to be from a variety of sources, possibly excerpts from a newspaper or magazine. The document includes names of people, dates, and other relevant details. The text is not clearly formatted into paragraphs, suggesting it might be a collage of different pieces of writing. There are no visible images or diagrams within the document.
Mr. Belvedere Goes To College
20th Century-Fox

C I L F T O N W E B B takes over where he left off in “Sitting Pretty,” and finds himself engulfed in campus life. Never having gone beyond kindergarten, Webb needs the college diploma to collect a $10,000 award for his novel and decides to complete 4 years of college in one. Naturally, at his age, Belvedere is bound to make an unusual freshman, and still more unusual waiter at a sorority house. He also gets himself mixed up in the love life of Shirley Temple, who is quite grown-up, and Tom Drake, whose growth ain’t been stunted, either. Mr. B’s well-organized life is further complicated by Alan Young, his sniffling roommate, but Young gets put in his place, a la Belvedere and a pole-vaulting contest. Lots of fun tied up with a surprise ending.

Tulsa
(technicolor)

Eagle Lion

S U S A N H A W A R D strikes it rich, and also strikes like a female cobra once she gets her manicured little white hands in OIL! Black, devil or, Treacle. Goaded by ambition and lust for power through wealth, Susan wreaks the life of her friend, Pedro Armendariz, and just about throws over Robert Preston for a hundred or so barrels of petroleum. Being a manly man, Bob doesn’t have the barrel ones in a while, but it sure riles him to be thrown over for a barrel.

Not being a simple young thing, it would, of course, take something like a major catastrophe to bring Susan to her senses, so when a fire devastates her oil fields, Susan casts aside her vixen role and sweetly cuddles up to Bob. The oil field scenes in this are excellent, especially when they become a raging inferno, and—ha—ha—oil’s well that ends well.

The Younger Brothers

Warner

A S AGA of three brothers, one of whom is Wayne Morris, who want to return to Missouri and lead peaceful law-abiding lives as farmers now that they’ve finished their jail sentences. But their plans for a quiet rural life are stymied by a detective—Fred Clark, who blames the Youngers for an accident which left him lame and jobless. He’s running for revenge and by way of showing it, gets the townspeople against the Youngers. While hiding out for the law in the tiny, they run into a female renegade, Janis Paige, who wants them to join in robbing a bank. They turn thumbs down on the idea, and luckily so because the youngest Younger, Robert Hutton, gets himself involved in a shooting fracas and kills a man in self-defense. With that, their troubles pile up: Clark is after them, Janis is cooking up a scheme to frame them, and Hutton has the posse after him. Things slip right along to a smash-up finish.
Little Women 
(Technicolor) 

MGM 

BECAUSE most everyone knows the story of Louisa May Alcott's best seller, there isn't much to tell about this latest version except that June Allyson, Margaret O'Brien, Elizabeth Taylor (as blonde Amy), Janet Leigh, and Peter Lawford are in it. June does her share of crying, aided and abetted by her three other sisters, and even Lawford's eye-lashes glisten upon occasion. The junior members of your family—especially if they are sweet kids—will think it's peachy keen, and mothers will leave the theatre thinking: "Now, if only my children were . . ."

Manhandled 

Paramount 

A SUPER murder mystery starring Dotty Lamour and Dan Duryea. When the spoiled wife of a novelist is found with her skull battered in by a heavy perfume bottle and her jewelry stolen, the police get to work. Although there are a number of suspects, Dotty wins top billing on the list when the references she gave her psychiatrist-employee prove to be false. Not only that, but she hocks one of the stolen pieces of jewelry. The only person who doesn't think she's guilty is insurance investigator Sterling Hayden. To counteract this Sterling character, is Duryea, a first-class skunk using the title of Private Investigator as a front for any foul scheme he can think up—his latest being Dotty's frame-up. He almost succeeds except that he outschemes himself by killing the only man who can prove he didn't murder the society gal. It's funny and fast with good suspense.

City Across The River 

Universal-International 

GROWING out of the Brooklyn slums is this portrayal of an erstwhile upstanding boy, Peter Fernandez, who is detoured by the influence of his surround-ings—especially his club, "The Amboy Street Dukes," Peter develops into a full-fledged juvenile delinquent when he becomes an accessory in the unpunished murder of a high-school teacher. The killer, another teenager belonging to "The Dukes," and Peter grow more and more distrustful of each other until he cracks under the strain and tips off the police to the killer's identity. The main idea of the picture is the case against gangs and "social clubs," as Stephen McNally attempts to point out. This is more for parents than it is for their children.

Song Of India 

Columbia 

A NOETHER jungle thriller, done to Rimsky-Korsikoff's music of the same name, with Sabu, Gail Russell and Turhan Bey doing the emoting. Not too much plot but swell fare for the youngsters. Things start to happen when Turhan misBEYAVes by taking Gail and a hunting expedition into a jungle where hunting has been strictly forbidden. Sabu, prince of the jungle, and his pet sabre-tooth tiger eventually have to give the trespasser his come up stance and that happens on a high cliff, Turhan, like Humpty Dumpy, has a great fall and Sabu and his animal friends go back to peace and quiet.

The Secret Garden 

(Part Technicolor) 

MGM 

ENTERTAINING semi-mystery with Margaret O'Brien as a precocious orphan, who radically changes the lives of Dean Stockwell, a spoiled, pampered invalid, and his morose, half-mad father, Herbert Marshall. The crux behind all the trouble in the gloomy mansion is a walled-up garden into which no one has dared enter for ten years. Margaret, curi-ous as all get out, eventually finds the key to the gate and learns the tragic secret of the garden. Unruffled by what she has discovered, Margaret sets about transforming the desolate garden from a place of unwanted memories into something alive and beautiful. Mr. Marshall and Master Stockwell receive, through Margaret, an overhauling job of equal intensity much against their wishes. Take the whole family to see this.

Saraband 

(Technicolor) 

Eagle Lion

STARRING Stewart Granger as a dashing soldier of fortune who falls in love with a married princess, Joan Greenwood, this is a later production of court intrigue in 17th Century Germany. Sponsored by Flora Robson, a countess and the influential mistress of Joan's father-in-law, Granger enters into court life and meets the unhappy young wife of the degenerate prince. Though at first sight, the two are kept apart through the scheming efforts of Flora, who goes for Granger like a tick for a hound. Unfortunately, Joan and Granger do get to be alone on a few occasions. This is what isn't what you'd like to see, but history has the habit of double-crossing the nicest people.

Cobina Wright's Party Gossip 

Continued from page 10

A S WE hinted before in mentioning "Hot Pretzels," barn dancing—or rather "group dancing"—has swept Hollywood like the Pyramid craze of a few months back. "Pyramid" members like Mickey Rooney and Audrey Totter, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Dick Quinn, Marilyn Maxwell, Cesar Romero and Martha Vickers all have taken to "swinging your partners and circle round again" in these affairs.

SALLY COBB, wife of the Bob who owns all the famous Brown Derbys, has formed a "Barn Dance Club" and they meet every Thursday night—not on a ranch, but in the swank Palm Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel!
The younger set, led by Jane Withers and her husband, Shirley Temple and John Agar, and beautiful Elizabeth Taylor and her friends have all given up "Be-Bop" for tunes like "The Traveling Rogue" and "Ozark Ike," and a sharp fiddle has definitely replaced the moaning sax.

Most of these young couples, like June Allyson and Dick Powell, for example, take turns inviting the "Hayseed Club" as they call themselves, to their various homes, using rumpus rooms and patios out of doors for their musical round-ups and hoe-down sessions. In fact, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz have built a special covered pavilion near the pool on their Chatsworth estate out North Holle way—just for dance sessions, although Desi does insist they have a rumble once in a while.

NOOTHER unusual party idea was started by handsome young radio columnist George Fisher, just for business. He origi-nally purchased a tape recorder to record tape recorder and an engineer Archetect Hyam, even designed a clever scheme to tape movies along with Fisher's recorded interviews and the two Georges collaborate on some fine "productions." 

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Susan Hayward
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Wait 'til you see this HONEY!

Paramount presents

BOB HOPE
LUCILLE BALL
in Damon Runyon's
“Sorrowful JONES”

with

Wm. Demarest · Bruce Cabot · Thomas Gomez
and Introducing
MARY JANE SAUNDERS

Foreword narrated by Walter Winchell
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Come see for yourself! Be convinced! Be convulsed . . . as Bob Hope becomes involved
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Massage vigorously. You'll be de-
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Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

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Don't be Half-safe!

by VALDA SHERMAN

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Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

First Run Features

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About
The stars themselves love to exchange news and views about their town

Saturday Night Date With Montgomery Clift
Tricia Hurst

A Woman Should Play Second Fiddle
Dale Evans knows that's the way a woman always will be in her husband's heart

Are You Ever Lonely, Too?
Jack Holland

Letter From A Teenager's Father
Zachary Scott

In His Birthday Message to His Daughter, Jack Scott combines humor and loving pride

Stars Who Go By The Stars
Charles Gentry

Astrolabe Carroll Righter has called the turn for many a Hollywood star

The Tenth Tarzan Talks
Gladys Hall

Playing Tarzan is a natural for Lee Barker

Judy's Plans For Her Baby
Fredda Dudley Balling

A refreshing divergence are Judy Garland's plans for daughter's career

Right Off The Record
Fred Robbins

Latest list of records reviewed by popular disk jockey

Exclusive Color Photos

Ray Milland and Jean Peters
Jeanne Crain
Kirk Douglas

The Hollywood Scen

Party Gossip
Cobina Wright

Your Guide To Current Films
Helen Hendricks

Devoted Mother

Newsreal

Thrifts For The Stars

"Black Magic" Orson

Hollywood Visits Texas

The Lady Gambles-

Fabulous Fete

Behind The Tele Camera

SCREENLAND Salutes Bob Hope for "Sorrowful Jones"

For Feminists Only

The Best Weeks Of Our Lives
Courtenay Marcin

Billowy And Romantic
Barbara Barondess MacLean

Sew For Vacation Fun

Guide To Climate

ON THE COVER, SUSAN HAYWARD, STARRING IN "COLLINSON", A 20TH CENTURY-Fox PRODUCTION

JULY, 1949

PUBLISHED BY J. FRED HENRY PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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A Hollywood party takes a lot of food for thought, but it also takes an equal amount of thought for food. I know because I spent a great deal of time selecting a menu for the party I gave for Laddie Sanford, well-known polo enthusiast from New York. Laddie and his wife came to Hollywood for the International Polo Matches between the United States and Argentina, which were held at the Beverly Hills Polo Club this year.

I've known many an elaborately planned all-star affair to go awry because of a slip in the kitchen, or because there were too many cooks spoiling the fun. A smart Hollywood hostess takes as much care selecting a menu as you or I would if we knew that Hedy Lamarr, Barbara Stanwyck or Bing Crosby were going to be around tasting the snacks or the hors d'oeuvres.

I'm not saying that any of Hollywood's famous feuds have started over a recipe, but they easily could have, and I know many of our favorite stars who try to out-do one another when it comes to a buffet spread.

Many of your glamour girls in the films guard their secret recipes more jeal-

Exciting Gloria Swanson, who's returning to films in "Sunset Boulevard," entertaining Bruce Cabot, the Red Skeltons at Cobina Wright's fete honoring Laddie Sanford.
"Whatever it is, there is nothing you can't tell the woman you love!"

DAY AFTER DAY YOU'LL KEEP REMEMBERING EVERY STIRRING MOMENT OF THIS HEART-GRIPPING ROMANCE FROM WARNER BROS.

A sister shamed, and a doctor who breaks a confidence to keep from breaking a woman's heart.

"NIGHT UNTO NIGHT"

STARRING RONALD REAGAN • VIVECA LINDFORS

DIRECTED BY DON SIEGEL PRODUCED BY OWEN CRUMP SCREEN PLAY BY KATHRYN SCOLA • FROM THE NOVEL BY PHILIP WYLIE • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN
eggs whites and then chilled and served with whipped cream. Talk about ambrosia, I wouldn't miss an O'Brien special like that for anything!

Loretta Young's intimate dinners to which she and Tom Lewis invite only a few friends, are very likely to end up with Loretta's favorite dessert which is a "Persimmon Pudding." Oddly enough it has no persimmon in it, but raisins, cinnamon, cloves and every spice you can think of, baked in pastry cups and sprinkled with walnuts roasted in brandy.

Of course, I'm probably starting at the wrong end of the menu, so I'll give you a few tips on what the stars like to begin a party with.

GREER GARSON loves minced clams mixed with cream cheese and a little onion juice—served as a spread on Ritz crackers. Personally, I like the same snack, except I prefer to shave them in the oven and serve them warm. Jeanette MacDonald's favorite, which she served one night at a party honoring the great opera star, Lotte Lehmann, is something she and husband, Gene Raymond literally "dished up" themselves. They call it the "MacRaymond Spread" and it, too, has a basis of cream cheese, except that Jeanette and Gene combine it with chopped chutney, curry, sour cream and mushrooms and then let it chill for two days!

You should have seen the expressions on the faces of Diana Lynn and her husband, architect John Lindsay, Ann Miller and Turhan Bey when they tasted it!

Broiled mushrooms, stuffed with chopped hamburger and green peppers, is a specialty of Connie Moore's household and at her tenth wedding anniversary recently she had all her guests clamoring for more.

ously than they do their screen assignments.

Even I must admit that if my friend, Gene Tierney, should ask me how I mix my salad dressing, I would be loath to tell her.

However, I did get a few of our most famous hostesses to part with some of their pet "cooked-up" ideas and I think perhaps SCREENLAND readers might not only be interested, but could also use them at a party themselves.

FOR example, Mrs. Pat O'Brien, at luncheons which bring out the Bing Crosbys and Bob and Dolores Hope with their youngsters, has a special dish for the grown-ups called "Sunday Fluff." It calls for clear gelatin, pureed apricots, crushed pineapple all folded into beaten

Dueting at the Hollywood opening of the revue, "Tongue in Check," are John Ireland and Joanne Dru, who deny romance rumors. Both are in "All The King's Men."

Incidentally, Connie and her husband, Johnny Maschio, wanted to observe their tenth anniversary very quietly, so they invited only two of their oldest friends.

But they began sentimentalizing over the list of people they had known since they were married and by the time the party was ready, they had over a hundred people knocking on their door!

Betty Hutton is one girl who really takes her culinary art to heart. I've known Betty to stand all day over that proverbial hot stove, making everything from peppy cereals to preserves, all of which bear her hand-written label, "Canned By Betty Hutton." Of course, she often forgets to state what's inside the jar, so if you probe into her storeroom, you may open a jar of peppered potatoes for one of pickled peas!

However, Betty's piece de resistance is a really exotic one which is her husband's delight. Because Ted Briskin likes it so
It is called "Kavkaski Pilaf," but don’t let that scare you. I told my cook about it and as soon as I mentioned the name, she started to put on her hat and coat. Seriously though, it is delicious and relatively simple to make.

It is a Caucasian way of preparing lamb, cut off the leg, and delicately browned with rice. Cooked in stock and bay leaf, it has a rare oriental flavor, especially when topped with onions and a sour cream dressing.

The other night Betty gave a small dinner for her friend, Gertrude Neisen, who had just returned from a singing engagement in the East, and the "Pilaf" was such a hearty success that Betty, Gertrude, Benay Venuta, Van and Frances Heflin could scarcely move from the table after the feast was over.

NATURALLY, Hedy Lamarr likes Viennese dishes, which she serves in her own home, because she rarely goes out for dinner. But there is one Hawaiian dish she knows which completely captivates every one of her guests who has ever tasted it.

It is "Chicken In Coconut," which combines the tender meat of the coconut with the choice pieces of finely sliced chicken all mixed with cooked tomatoes, highly seasoned, and served in half-loved coconut shells. Try it some time and your friends will say it’s like a trip to the islands.

Barbara Bel Geddes adds sherry to her Chicken a la King, just to keep it from tasting like one of those hotel blue plates; Lucille Ball adds chili pepper to everything except ice cream, because Desi Arnaz likes food that way; and Paulette Goddard mixes lobster with curry in such a way that no man—or woman—can resist asking for a second helping.

I hope you’ll forgive your Hollywood party reporter for stepping into the kitchen for this one issue, but this column has had so many queries as to what stars serve in their homes, what their table tastes really are and if they really pay attention to what they serve their guests, that we wanted to reply.

Every filmland hostess who wants to give a successful party, be it an intimate dinner or a huge cocktail affair, realizes the importance of being earnest and conscientious about what their guests eat. They know what to serve in the way of liquid refreshment, but a new canape or an unusual tidbit has been the making of many a gala occasion.

So, if you think your Joan Crawfords or your Rosalind Russells just call a caterer and then forget about the whole thing—you’re mistaken.

Roddy McDowall and Ann Blyth first "discovered" one another over a wonderful clambake at Darryl Zanuck’s house, while Robert Stack and Irene Wrightsman have been holding hands ever since they first tasted that wonderful "Veal Scallopini" at Harold Lloyd’s Bel-Air home.

Never underestimate the power of an unusual cookbook, and, if you would be
Janet Leigh at a party following the Hollywood opening of "Tongue In Check," with Ross Hunter and Danny Scholl.

Using a spoon for a mirror, Terry Moore dons lipstick while at Rudy Vallee's Coconut Grove debut with Roddy McDowall.

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

interested in a more detailed description about some of these "star" recipes, please let me know in care of SCREENLAND, and I'll be happy to send you the complete recipe, just to let you know—what's cooking in Hollywood!*

No matter how the thermometer is rising it's never surprising to find your favorite film stars trekking off to the desert to acquire a week-end tan or to bask and bake by a pool.

What used to be considered "out of season" at Palm Springs is no more, because more and more Hollywood citizens are buying or building all-year-round homes in the desert and, naturally, where they go the parties go.

* * *

One of the highlights of the late season in the Springs is the annual Circus Ball which motor magnate Ray Dodge and his lovely Ada give every year.

This year they outdid themselves by converting their tennis courts into a massive circus tent and inviting all the cream of the movie colony to attend.

Connie Moore came as a ballerina with a blue "tutu," just like a lovely character out of "Swan Lake." Betty Hutton appeared as a bareback rider; Arlene Dahl as a tiger cat with white-clad architect George Hyams as her trainer. Dorothy Lamour, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, was a "Little Egypt" who would stop any side show, and Ann Miller's sari made her an Indian maid of great beauty.

Ada Dodge, the charming hostess, claims that it was her famous "Chuck Wagon Stew" that was responsible for bringing Ann Sheridan and Clark Gable together for some fun and a few laughs. Ann, as a cowgirl, met rancher Gable at this party and started tongues wagging. I do know they lunched together the next day at Charlie Farrell's Racquet Club where I noticed director Howard Hawks paying great attention to lovely little Marian Marshall, and where singer Dick Haymes was hiding behind dark glasses to chat with Nora Flynn, Errol's estranged wife.

But back to the party. Clowns Turhan Bey, Michael North, Jimmy Ritz and brother Harry, all circled around your movie star "show girls" and costumed "animals," keeping the fun going until dawn broke over the desert.

At three in the morning, hostess Ada Dodge had great circus wagons hauled in bearing cauldrons of the "Chuck Wagon" beef-steak stew, and I saw even your daintiest stars like Diana Lynn and Rhonda Fleming pitching in with appetites that would have done justice to a roustabout!

* * *

In complete contrast, the next week practically all of them trekked back to town for the opening of the Metropolitan Opera, a two-week engagement which drew all your film stars to listen

Barbara Lawrence, Dick Long and starry-eyed Colleen Townsend, of Hollywood's younger set, exchange gossip at cocktail party given by Herman Hover of Ciro's.

What's the amazing secret Rod Cameron's confiding to Marie Windsor at the Mocambo?
Kirk Douglas, on top since "Champion," rough-houses with his two boys, Joel and Michael.

to the opera stars.

Not a night of this season's engagement but found Joan Crawford, Greer Garson or Hedy Lamarr in attendance. In fact, one night Greer created such a sensation when she walked in with Errol Flynn, that fans in the audience could hardly keep their eyes or their ears on the stage!

Towards the close of the engagement, songwriter Jimmy McHugh took over the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel and had the stars from both firmsments meet.

And so you found Rosalind Russell chatting with fat basso Bucaloni, Loretta Young admiring Dorothy Kirsten's gown and Joan Fontaine inquiring of soprano Bidu Sayao if she thought she could start taking singing lessons. It seems, Joan has to do a song for her next picture and she would like to be able to do it herself, without "dubbing." Patrice Munsel came in on the arm of Phil Reed.

When Cary Grant arrived in Los Angeles via boat from England, where he made "I Was A Male War Bride," Betsy Drake skipped off "The Bandwagon" set to meet him at the dock.

Ann Sheridan in a mock love scene with Ross Hunter after opening of "Tongue In Cheek."
Lovely Leona Fredericks rose from beauty contest fame to a top-notch modeling career! Miami’s Queen of Beauty says: “No girl is really beautiful unless she’s exquisitely dainty! That’s why I love to powder myself with Lander’s flower-fresh talcs after every shower. You’ll love them!”

Heartwarming and tenderly comic are Bob Hope’s attempts as a cynical bookie to teach Mary Jane Saunders her prayers in Paramount’s “Sorrowful Jones.”

**The Fallen Idol**

*A Selznick Release*

For out and out suspense and emotional impact, this English-made film which introduces a new child star, Bobby Henrey, never slackens pace for one moment. The entire film is seen through young Henrey’s eyes. He feels the basic emotions such as hate, love, loneliness and fear—and the subtle plays of adult emotions completely bypass him—

—even though these prove to be far more portentous than those of the more basic quality.

The young son of an ambassador to England, Bobby is left to the care of the butler, Ralph Richardson, and his neurotic wife, the housekeeper. In this one brief weekend, Bobby becomes the unwitting eyewitness to a love affair the butler is conducting with one of the Embassy typists, Michele Morgan, and sees the housekeeper, whom he hates, plunge to her death. Thinking Richardson murdered his wife, Bobby tries to keep what
ASHAMED OF YOUR FACE?

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In fact, the New York Skin Laboratory is so sure of it that they will refund the full purchase price if the VIDERM PLAN doesn't give you a clearer, lovelier skin and complexion. SEND NO MONEY NOW. Just your name and address to New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division St., Dept. 2-O N. Y. 2, N. Y. You will receive by return mail the complete 2-jar VIDERM PLAN in plain sealed wrapper with doctor's advice how to use for best results. (If you wish to save postage and C.O.D. charges, send $2 with order.) Same money back guarantee applies. Here's the address again—New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 2-O, New York 2, N. Y. Write today.

TO PHYSICIANS: Complete clinical data on the effects of VIDERM on Acne Simplex, together with professional sample, sent if requested on your letterhead.
picture of his movie career. A tight-wad whose money-belt is thicker than a Simmons mattress, Bob runs into difficulty when a down and out horseplayer leaves his little girl, Mary Jane Saunders, as a marker (betting talk for a credit slip). After the child's father is bumped off by racketeer Bruce Cabot, Bob is stuck with the "bad debt" until Bruce shows him how he can put the child to work on a crooked race deal: Dreamy Joe, a third-rate race horse, will be registered in her name, and to cinch his winning the race, will be given a fatal speedball. Bob goes for the idea, but little Miss Marker goes for Dreamy Joe. Just because Mary Jane has a crush on the nag, Bob has no intentions of sparing the horse and spoiling the bankroll he figures to make on the deal. But happily, for Mary Jane and Lucille Ball, a nightclub singer, Bob is really a softie underneath his Broadway breeding. Every bit of dialogue, the characters, and each incident has the unmistakable Damon Runyon touch, and Bob's interpretation of

he suspects from the police. However, his obvious attempts to steer the investigators in another direction almost put the noose around his idol's neck. When the police finally find what they believe is conclusive proof that Richardson did not murder his wife, Bobby is the only one to recognize it as a worthless clue.

His attempts to explain the "clue" to the police will give audiences about five of the most suspenseful moments spent in a theatre. Credit for the sheer wizardry of Bobby's acting goes to Producer-Director Carol Reed who allowed him to be just a boy throughout the picture and not a grimacing, precocious wonder-child.

Sorrowful Jones

Paramount

BEING a bookie has more drawbacks than merely staying out of the reach of the law, according to the troubles Bob Hope has in what is the finest

"Adventure In Baltimore" co-stars Shirley Temple, John Agar as scrappy sweethearts.

Sorrowful makes this a fine tribute to the greatness of Runyon's writing.

The Stratton Story

MGM

EXCELLENT and warmly touching is this story about a big-league ballplayer, Monty Stratton, who, through a hunting accident, lost a leg. With James Stewart in the lead role, not all the pic

Orson Welles uses his hypnotic power over Nancy Guild whom he loves in "Black Magic"
June Allyson helps James Stewart make a comeback in MGM's "The Stratton Story."

The Barkleys Of Broadway (Technicolor)  
MGM

For some strange reason, when this is shown in Great Britain, the title will be changed to "The Gay Barkleys." Actually, the Barkleys, a musical comedy team made up of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, are the battlingest pair ever to be in love. While giving theatregoers and publicity writers the impression they're the happiest couple in show business, Ginger thinks nothing of conking Fred on the head with a cold cream jar, biting his wrist, or denting his forehead with a shoe. Fred retaliates by tossing Ginger into a cold shower and whacking the living bejabbers out of her.

Well, like we said, theirs was the usual happy marriage, until the producer decided Ginger needed an understudy—none other than vivacious Gale Robbins—and Ginger gets bitten by the phooey-to-musical-comedy-I-want-to-be-a-great-

(Long cut)

Lips eager to kiss in a romantic love scene between SUE ENGLAND and PETER FERNANDEZ in "City Across The River"  
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Gordon MacRae, June Haver in "Look For The Silver Lining," story of Marilyn Miller.

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TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—Dramatize your lips—for him—with this amorous, glamorous shade.
TANGEE GAY-RED—A kiss-catching color for the fair-haired girl.
Don't trust your romance to anything less than Tangee!
How to look your best and feel your best for those precious “two weeks with pay”

Your daydreams of "Far Away Places With Strange Sounding Names" may have mesmerized into a ticket as long as your arm with the promise of a new world to unfold or they may have simmered down to a visit to a relative in the country. Whatever your plan may be, vacation time spells change. It holds the magic of the unknown, the unexpected, for though your destination may be sure, your destiny is not. For the unattached, it is a time of romance because you will meet new faces under the most desirable conditions, those of play time and pleasure. For the girls who have found their own new friendships promise to bloom.

So before the doors of opportunity swing open on their golden hinges, you would do well to give some thought to putting your best face forward, in other words, to looking and feeling tops.

There are some preparatory steps you can take in advance, other than your wardrobe. You can see that your hair is prettily and permanently curled. Bless the home permanent now, as never before. For so very little it can give you so very much. The summer permanent is more necessary than any other, I think. Heat, humidity and perspiration leave uncurled locks limp. Salt air, if you plan a cruise, is fatal to straight hair, and so are dips in the deep and the air at the seashore. Give some thought to your hairdo. Now is the time to change to a style that may be brushed smartly into shape in a jiffy without fussing. Time is precious. Save each jeweled moment for good times. A detergent (soapless) type of shampoo is always a good companion for vacation or a trip, because this type works well in any kind of water, hot, cold, soft or hard. Hair nets will prove useful, too.

Thorough leg and foot grooming is a passport to poise before a vacation. The use of a depilatory means that your silken legs will pass critical eyes with approval. If we could know what the boys think of carelessness in this respect, we’d blush crimson. Since toes, too, will be bared to the light of day, give them some pampering care.

Sunglasses add more glamour to Alexis Smith. It’s "Montana" next for Warners’ blonde star.

Warner’s Oscar-winning Jane Wyman, in her blue jeans. Her next is "The Octopus And Miss Smith."

You will be seeing Elizabeth Taylor in MGM’s forthcoming "Conspirator." Here, she is all set for a hayride.
Try a good pedicure to make them look neat, and polish them up to the same bright hue you use on your fingers.

The packing problem might have a quick review. Last summer, I interviewed pretty Marsha Hunt, stage and screen star, who is a traveler. To be sure that all is at hand when needed, Marsha adopted the bright idea of writing herself a memo, a great time and brain saver. She’s decide how many costumes to take, then write down exactly what went with each, such as gray suit, white and yellow, etc., white and yellow gloves, brown pumps, etc.

For convenience, ease of packing and lessening of luggage weight, aid a ten-cent store for small sizes in your grooming and makeup aids. Here you will find everything under the sun in fine brands. For travel and trial purposes, and when the budget is low, there is nothing like the little sizes in the ten-cent store. For general use, however, you save time and money on the large sizes. One big container that should go in your bag, however, is a reliable suntan or sunburn lotion, cream or oil. For sunburn is the bugbear of many a vacation. This type of preparation you should use extravagantly unless you are already sun conditioned and tanned to a toast tint. Always read directions carefully and use as directed, which is mostly a matter of keeping the skin well protected by the preparation while exposed to the sun’s burning rays.

Water-proof mascara will aid the confidence and poise of the girl who constantly uses this makeup, for this type is designed to withstand surf, shower and tears. It has a creamy base and the way to use it is with cleansing cream or oil. It’s comforting to know you can dive into the Atlantic or Pacific and come up with lashes a la mascara, if yours are too blonde or sparse.

Since you really can’t consider yourself fully dressed until you’ve added a breath of fragrance, both eau de Cologne and perfume should go on a vacation with you. Considering this very need, a number of manufacturers have special packages that combine smaller sizes of each and sell quite reasonably in spite of the fine quality. The use of perfume is coming more and more to the fore. You’ll find it a great source of satisfaction in knowing that you are always fragrant and lovely to be near, even for your morning coffee.

Now for a brief lecture course on the do’s and the don’ts for a happy time:
Do Not: Expose yourself to sun for long periods and expect a beautiful tan at once. If you’re still city-wan, take your tanning in small doses, thoroughly protected by oil, cream or lotion, according to your needs, gradually working up from about five minutes of exposure the first time to the point where you’re the color you want to be.
Expose your skin to poison ivy, sumac or other of this ilk needlessly. Keep a wary eye open for these pleasure-spoilers. If they do catch up with you, remember good calamine lotion.
Expose your eyes for hours to glare of sun on water, sand or landscape. You’ve the best excuse in the world, your eyesight, to look glamorous in smart sun glasses.
Think you can swim, ride or even hike all day, without some gradual conditioning of muscles, and not pay for it with stiffened, aching body.
Do: Take your physical activities in your stride, which means a little slowly the first few days to build up real proficiency and endurance.
Remember to take a simple laxative if you find that change of water and food upset your schedule in this respect. This often results, and there’s no sense in feeling groggy when you know the simple answer.
Do make an effort to like people you meet and contribute to the pleasure of all, even if they are frankly disappointing at first. You never know how many nice people they may know and introduce you to, if you’ve made yourself liked.

Keep eyes open, ears alert to the new world that may confront you, especially if you travel far from home. Formerly, complete education finished up with travel, usually in Europe. Today, any new place within our boundaries or beyond offers opportunity for experience and knowledge that can be turned to a social asset. In spite of good looks, charm and interest are better insurance any day for popularity. Beauty, as you know, attracts, but it has to go deeper than the surface to hold. Make yourself good at conversation, learn to be a good listener, consider the other person first, and your popularity will jump sky high any time.

Plan to keep some vacation pleasures in your life, pleasant people you’ve met, new skills acquired, new knowledge put to work generally for more pleasure and profit in living. This is one way to keep these best weeks of your life in your life.

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We have 500 free copies of the August SCREENLAND which we will mail to the readers of SCREENLAND while the supply lasts. Just mail in your answers to the questions below. It’s easy to fill out and fun to do. Send in your answers today!

Number in the order of preference the feature stories you liked best in this issue: "Saturday Night Date With Montgomery Clift"... "A Wife Should Play Second Fiddle"... "Are You Lonely, Too?"... "A Letter From A Teenager’s Father"... "The Tenth Tarzan Talks"

How many people are there in your family?.............. Are you: Married...... Single...... Engaged......? If married, how many children do you have?.............. Are you a: housewife...... home girl...... student...... employed......? If employed, what kind of work do you do?..............

What is the occupation of the head of your family?..............

Check the schools you have attended: Junior High...... High School......
College...... Secretarial...... Vocational......

What is the combined weekly salary of all your family? Less than $60......
$65...... $70...... $75...... $80...... $85...... $90...... $95...... $100......
$100-$200...... Over $200......

How many times a week do you shop for groceries?...... Are most of the groceries you buy nationally advertised brand products? Yes......

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Do you, or your family, own a television set? Yes...... No...... If you don’t own one, do you expect to buy one? Yes...... No...... If yes, when? 6 months...... 1 year...... 2 years...... More than 2 years...... Would you like to see more editorial features in this magazine devoted to television stars? Yes...... No......

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Fill out and mail to: Research Dept., SCREENLAND, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.
DEVOTED MOTHER

Betty, Jessica and the family pooch enjoying each other at their Baby J Ranch home in Calabasas.

Vicki, who's growing fast, has a shy sweet smile and a sprinkling of freckles across her cute nose.

The minute Betty Grable walks off the set, she becomes Mrs. Harry James, the proud mother of wee Jessica and her big sister, Vicki.

Their pretty mama who's teaching Vicki and Jess a two-step, is now dancing for her fans in "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend."
Dick Haymes and Nora Eddington Flynn at Mocambo. Plans for their marriage are at a standstill right now since Nora hasn't as yet filed for a divorce from Errol.

**NEWSREEL**

Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert, currently appearing in "Family Honeymoon," at a Radio Theatre rehearsal. It was their fifth joint appearance on the air.

Dorothy Lamour and her guest star, Victor Mature, on NBC's Variety Theatre broadcast.

Jane Powell with her fiance, Geary Steffens, at Slapsy Maxie's. They won't wed for two years.

Bette Davis dancing with her artist husband, William Grant Sherry, at Gotham's Stork Club.
Barbara Lawrence and Bob Neal were among the spectators at the International Polo Matches recently held in Beverly Hills.

Polo enthusiasts Joan Harrison, Robert Montgomery and Lee Russell share a box at the Beverly Hills Club during one of the games in the exciting series between United States and Argentina teams.

Elizabeth Taylor watches the game with Larry Sheerin, new young polo star. Elizabeth’s romance with Army Lieutenant Glenn Davis is a thing of the past now.

While Mrs. Sanford repairs her makeup, Gene Tierney gets some first-hand information about the matches from Laddie Sanford, former ace player.

Thrills For
Writer Cy Bartlett (he's the husband of lovely Ellen Drew), Derek Dunstett, Peggy Cummins at the International Polo Matches held in Beverly Hills.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond keep their eyes glued on playing field during thrilling game between U.S. and Argentina.

Gregory Peck follows the game in a calm manner while Mrs. Peck excitedly sits on the edge of her seat and peers over his shoulder so as not to miss any of exciting moments in this action-packed sport.

Richard Widmark and his wife sat in front of Peggy Cummins at the polo matches in Beverly Hills. The games were played during weekends which enabled stars to attend.

The Stars
After a long and strenuous rehearsal, Rosalind Russell, Marlene Dietrich and John Lund take time out for a brief rest before doing broadcast for NBC’s Radio Theatre Of The Air.

The stars themselves love to exchange news and views about their town and its colorful inhabitants

By Lynn Bowers

ANYBODY wanna hear more about the Academy Awards, huh? Okay. This year’s, the 21st, was impressive, fast as an Olympic sprinter, exciting, and chic as all get out. The guests wheeled into an awninged parking lot across from the Beverly Hills’ jailhouse and from there were whisked to the Academy Theatre in fleets of limousines, a wonderful stunt because all of a sudden, and new to Academy crowds, there was no traffic problem. The thousand fans in the bleachers got a good gander at the arriving celebrities and were happy, in spite of a slight snow.


Anna Roosevelt and Ida Lupino enjoy pleasant chat while awaiting cue to go on the air.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking
Rhonda Fleming and Barry Fitzgerald at the cocktail party given by Paramount Studios.

Eric Johnston, head of the Motion Picture Industry, with Hedy Lamarr at Paramount party.

Arthur (Dagwood) Lake smells roses presented to Ann Rutherford on her debut as "Blondie."

The theatre was all dolled up. A silver curtain covered the full stage and when it parted, right on time, the audience gasped at the beautiful array of Oscars on stage. Two long white tasseled ropes held the microphones and a lucite lectern concealed others. The sound, needless to say, was super.

Robert Montgomery, in full dress and bedecked with a six-inch bank of war medals, did a fast and witty job as master of ceremonies, and the idea of having pretty actresses and handsome actors present all the Awards was a honey.

Mitchell Leisen, glamorous Gloria Swanson, Cecil DeMille at Paramount Studio Party.

Instead of having all the nominated songs sung at once they were spaced through the program. Doris Day started the melody department with "It's Magic." She was spectacular in a white gown trimmed in emerald green, set off by her blonde hair and a whizzer of a suntan. Jane Russell, in a strapless sorta burnt sugar colored satin number, surprised a lot of people by singing the winner, "Buttons And Bows." They didn't know she could sing, too. Jo Stafford, lovely in a clinging black job, sang "This Is The Moment." Gordon MacRae obliged with "For Every Man There's A Woman." (Please turn to page 56)

When Dennis O'Keefe visited Ralph Edwards' Truth Or Consequences show he got hot seat.

Betty Hutton dining with hubby Ted Briskin at the Stork Club during trip to Manhattan.

About!
SATURDAY night! Date night!
As I lay in the tub I thought of all the other females who were primping and powdering and perfuming themselves—thousands of them—all over the country. After all, Saturday night dates were supposed to be "special." No work or school the next day and invariably you went dancing or to a party or did something that the other six nights in the week didn’t have to offer. And, boy, was I doing something different! I had a date with Montgomery Clift.
I wondered what I should wear? High heels or flat? I wasn’t at all sure how tall he was. I also didn’t have any idea where we were going or what we were going to do. He’d said something about "doing the Village." I decided to stick to a plain black dress and my old tweed coat. At least I’d be comfortable and I knew that I was always at my best when I was comfortable and at ease.
Actually, I hadn’t had much time to think about the evening and date before me. That was just as well. If I’d thought about it very much I probably...
never would have made it.

I was going out with a guy that any
girl in New York would have given a
few years of her life to be dating. New
York! Heck, anywhere. How I came to
be having a date with him was still a
bit of a puzzle to me.

The week before I had gone up to his
tiny two-room apartment just off Lex-
ington Ave. and had spent almost three
hours interviewing him. He had turned
out to be about the swellest person I'd
ever met in show business or any busi-
ness for that matter. Writing for maga-
azines I'd met a lot of actors and had
also known quite a few personally. This
guy was different. I took to him right
away, but after all—work is work—so I
took down my notes and said goodby.

A couple of days later I had occasion
to call him and ask a few more ques-
tions.

"Look, Tricia," the informality of us-
ing my first name pleased me, "why
don't you stop around my place about
six-thirty tomorrow night, find out what
you want to know, and then we can go
and get something to eat. Maybe take

in a movie. A pal of mine might be with
us and—say, you live down in Green-
wich Village—how about showing it to
us?"

Needless to say, I didn't say I was
busy.

Thinking back I believe I screamed
something like "goodby" and hung up
before he changed his mind. I was no
fool!

The next night at six-fifteen I was
seated on the Eighth Ave. subway
headed for uptown. I was going to be
a little late. The subway was quicker
than a cab. Whom do I think I'm kid-
ding? The subway was also a dollar
cheaper than a cab.

I looked around at the people going
home from work or on their way to meet
their dates of the evening—just as I
was. I wondered if I looked any differ-
tent to them, but that was silly. You
don't just glance at a girl sitting across
from you on a subway and think,

"I'll bet that girl has a date with
Montgomery Clift. She looks like a girl
who has a date with Montgomery Clift.
You can tell." (Please turn to page 83)
By May Mann

Dale Evans, devoted wife of Roy Rogers, knows that in so doing a woman always will be first in her husband's heart.

ANY girl with a yen for Roy Rogers would gleefully fling a career—even stardom—out the window to marry him. Dale Evans did just that—and now after two years, her job (which Hollywood thought was lost forever) has come walking right back to her.

Republic Studios called. "Will you play the leading lady in all Roy Rogers' pictures?" Dale said, "I will." Which is exactly Roy's dream for Dale: "To be with me." It was as simple as that. No mention was made of the fact that Dale was bootéd right out of pictures when she married Roy. Nor of the great hullabaloo from protesting fans who wanted Dale back—nor of the press columns both "for and agin" coast to coast. So they have just completed their first picture, "Susanna Pass."

Now if the King of the Western's Queen, who is Queen of the Westerns in her own right, has any idea of "sitting in the parlor eating bread and honey as the fable goes, while her King rides Trigger to enable him to "sit in the counting house, counting all of his money"—here's the beautiful truth.

"My only thought is to make Roy happy—and to be with him. He would be miserable if I were to ambitiously pursue my career as I did before we were married. So now—I'll make movies with Roy as long as he wants me to make them, but I will never permit any possible career commitment to interfere with Roy and me being together—even if it is for only fifteen minutes."

Dale Evans Rogers' eyes glistened with the inner sincerity and emotion that impelled her words straight from her heart. "That's what loving Roy means to me," she said quietly.

We both recalled when they were planning to marry—and there was so much ruthless opposition. As though losing her movie job were not enough, someone had to make a big to-do about Dale having a grown son. In the all and
all, here were two people; Roy with his little motherless family, who adored Dale—and Dale who loved the children and Roy to the extent that she would unselfishly push aside her own hard won popularity and fame for them.

Two weeks before their marriage I began wondering why someone didn't give a big party for Roy and Dale—who have hosts of friends. Someone wanted to give a party for me—so I suggested. "Let's give the party, instead, for Roy and Dale."

A real Western wedding party developed, with Roy's and Dale's names in stardusted silver letters with hearts and wedding bells, and a big barbecue followed by a square dance, with Roy doing the calling, and Keenan Wynn, Sonny Tufts, David Street, Jack Oakie and a dozen more ex-musicians jamming with a Western orchestra. It was a gala party—and about two hundred movie folks turned out to give Roy and Dale a friendly start on the royal road to a permanent romance.

Now, here I was talking to Dale—and later to Roy in their own home in the Hollywood Hills. Truthfully, they are about the happiest married pair I have ever seen.

"Roy proposed when we were saddled on Pal and Trigger waiting behind the shoots to ride out in a rodeo," Dale continued. "He asked me to quit working in pictures unless I worked with him. "I want you with me, Dale—all the time. I need you and my children need you. I want us to be happy, to be pals, to be together." Could any girl ask for more?"

"On the screen we never go into clinches or long love scenes—but on that day I suddenly found myself swept off Pal and I was on Trigger's back in Roy's arms.

"Roy kept asking the studio for my return to the screen, mainly because he wants me with him. Since our marriage, when Roy made a picture, he would invite me to lunch with him at the studio. Then he would ask me to visit him on the set, and he couldn't understand why I didn't like to (Please turn to page 62)
Ray Milland and Jean Peters, starring in "It Happens Every Spring," for 20th Century-Fox
Orson Welles, in “Black Magic,” is an ingenious and wily schemer who rises from obscurity through his hypnotic gift.

When he uses his hypnotic power to cure a nobleman, Nicholas Danaroff, Orson Welles starts his career as Cagliostro.

Orson becomes the idol of the people as he rises in power in “Black Magic.”

For his latest role in “Black Magic,” a United Artists release, Orson Welles again portrays one of the half-mad, power-crazed psychotics that seem to be so dear to his heart. Filmed against a Roman background, “Black Magic” is based on Alexandre Dumas’ most fabulous character, Cagliostro, played by Orson, a hypnotist who attempts to usurp the French throne by replacing Marie Antoinette with a girl who could be her double. Come to think of it, that’s not such bad casting, after all. With those great, big eyes of his, Orson is a natural for the part of a hypnotist.

Stephen Bekassy won’t let Orson Welles hypnotize Nancy Guild in “Black Magic.”
Roommates on the Shamrock Special to Houston, Ellen Drew washes out hose and Peggy Cummins munches an orange. The stars almost got left behind when the train pulled out unexpectedly at Clovis, New Mexico.

After the stars' triumphal entry into Houston, Dorothy Lamour and Pat O'Brien officiated with the McCarthy family when owner Glenn McCarthy cut the ribbon to formally open The Shamrock.

Bob Paige rejects Hugh Herbert's plea to sit beside Ellen Drew at opening dinner.

Hollywood Visits Texas

Virginia Grey, Ward Bond, Andy Devine at The Shamrock on opening night. Many stars remained for Houston premiere of McCarthy's film, "The Green Promise."

At Albuquerque, Macdonald Carey, Dorothy Lamour, Van Heflin send telegrams to the few people left back home.
With wranglin' Andy Devine's help, Dorothy Lamour accepts Clovis heifer, a gift to The Shamrock opening. Maureen O'Hara, Ginger Rogers, Ed Gardner were among stars who flew to Houston just for the celebration.

A FABULOUS trip by fabulous people began when a score of Hollywood stars, headed by Dorothy Lamour, boarded a chartered train for Houston, Texas, where they were to take part in the festive opening of millionaire Glenn McCarthy's monumental new hotel, The Shamrock. The trip down was a party for the stars. They sang, cracked jokes and signed autographs by the hundreds when fans jammed the platforms of every whistle-stop en route to greet them. At The Shamrock, the debut party grew too big to handle efficiently, with the result that Dottie Lamour's radio show, broadcast from there, was drowned out. However, during the most trying moments, the stars never forgot their manners, hung onto their biggest smiles and made Houstonians feel that Hollywood folk are the nicest in the USA.

Bob Ryan enjoys Joan Davis' attempts to wipe off Mac Carey's birthday cake from her face. She got it on when the train hit a sharp curve.

Glenn McCarthy, engineers and Dorothy Lamour confer prior to radio broadcast at opening of The Shamrock.

Mrs. Andy Devine, Macdonald Carey and Peggy Cummins at dinner in the hotel's Emerald Room. The stars were also feted by former Texas governor, Hobby.
Jeanne Crain, soon to be seen in the 20th Century-Fox production, "The Fan"
Are You Ever Lonely, Too?

Stars are no exceptions, but here's what they do about it

By Jack Holland

EVERYONE has at one time or another in his life come face to face with a bleak period of loneliness, when a devastating blue funk seems to engulf one, when living becomes unimportant. The stars are no exception to this. But they, like others, have found that such lonely hours have, in a way, changed them or taught them something about themselves or life in general. Maybe what they have learned will be of help to others who find themselves surrounded by—blank nothingness.

BARBARA STANWYCK was the first person I approached on this matter. Barbara is a very vital, energetic person, but she has not been without the feeling that silence and emptiness can be noisy things.

"I learned how to live alone and not like it," Barbara told me on the set of "The Lady Gambles" at U-I. "But I also learned to grin and sweat it out. During the War, when Bob went into the Navy, it was pretty bad at first. Like all women newly alone I made myself into quite a martyr. My shellac of gaiety was very bright indeed. And just as brittle. I hated it. I hated our lovely home with its empty, empty feeling which made it overnight a stranger's house. About that time, the Victory Committee sent me on a tour for the Navy Relief Fund. In between countless speeches, I visited the hospitals. I met young kids, horribly wounded. I met nurses parted from their homes and loved ones, women who were serving with great courage and serenity. Well, I tossed my smug little martyrdom out of the window. I came out of my preoccupation with personal loneliness into the sharp focus of others' problems.

"When Bob went to Europe several months ago to make 'Conspirator,' I faced loneliness again. But I had learned too much before to drag my heart around on my shoe strings. I faced it. I have been given so much more than the average person and while that did not fill the void Bob left, I know that there are comparisons of loneliness. There are so many people with their aloneness who have ever so much more to bear than I. I still have my lonely moments, but it helps now to know that no one really fights aloneness by himself."

(Please turn to page 60)
Kirk Douglas, currently starring in "Champion," United Artists release
The Lady Gambles

The click of a pair of dice in "The Lady Gambles," transforms Barbara Stanwyck into a tense, feverish gambler intent only on making a kill, unable to resist any bet.

Even the love of her husband, Robert Preston, isn't strong enough to overcome Barbara's craving to gamble.

Steve McNally, casino manager, introduces Barbara to gambling in "The Lady Gambles."

When Barbara Stanwyck first hits Las Vegas in "The Lady Gambles," she's just a happy wife accompanying her husband on a business trip. But after she has been lured into the snares set by the gambling casinos a few times, she gets the fever and starts down a sordid Skid Row that leaves her a gambling stumbler. Barbara not only loses her money, self-respect and moral sense, but her husband as well. Her luckiest break in "The Lady Gambles," is the slugging she gets in a brawl which puts her in a hospital. There a doctor cures her and effects a reconciliation with her husband.

Their idyllic vacation in Mexico is ruined and they separate when Bob discovers Barbara has been secretly gambling.
MY DARLING:

Tomorrow is your 13th birthday. As far as the passing of time is concerned, to you, it is one more year. But to me, it’s just one more day. As far as sentiment is concerned, well, I’m afraid the importance of the occasion prompts this nostalgic narration.

Tomorrow your mother and I will welcome a teenager into the family. A little girl we’ve loved very much is leaving us—an equally adored young lady will replace her. It’s the beginning of a whole new phase of your life Waverly. Because we were parents at 21, we’ve always felt closer to your age. Therefore, your 13th birthday, in a way, is our 13th birthday. And we’re still growing up with you!

Under ordinary circumstances, I wouldn’t be expressing these thoughts on paper. But there is nothing ordinary about tonight! As a rule, when you and I have anything to discuss, we just sit down and talk. But here we are—your mother, Jingo, the French poodle, Val (who arrived on Valentine’s Day), the cocker spaniel, and I—all “barricaded” upstairs in our room. As for saying one word to you during the next 12 hours, even Judge Hardy wouldn’t stand a chance!

This is your night, the one night in the year that is completely yours. Our house is turned over to you and your friends. The Frigidaire is filled with food and you can eat when you please. This year you asked for sleeping bags—to sleep on the floor in front of the fireplace yet! The seven little girls you invited as guests, look like a junior United Nations. You selected them out of friendship and not because of their religion or the color of their skin. We felt justly proud of you indeed.

As I’m sitting here writing, I’m also thinking of other little girls who are turning into teenagers. How lucky all of you are to be living in this free country. Your parents are lucky, too, for you are the answer to the world’s great need for individual thinking and believing. It’s comforting to (Please turn to page 67)
A Teenager's Father

By Zachary Scott

The Scotts feel that they are still growing up with their teenager, Waverly.
Cigarette girl Gloria De Haven learns where her sales territory is from Ida Mayer Cummings, the chairman of the Home For The Aged benefit.

Angela Lansbury and fiancé Peter Shaw at the benefit ball held in the Biltmore Hotel.

THE annual benefit for the Home For The Aged at the Biltmore Hotel was a sentimental affair for the stars because it’s one of Hollywood’s oldest organizations, which they’ve been helping to support for years. From soup to nuts was apt in this instance since the benefit, sponsored by Mary Pickford and Louis B. Mayer, began with a dinner and proceeded to a hilarious show put on by Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Red Skelton, Kathryn Grayson, Johnny Johnston, George Jessel and Jimmy Durante and emceed by Kay Kyser. As if this weren’t enough, the cigarette guys and gals were a show in themselves, volunteers with some of the most glamorous names in Hollywood. After a gala evening, the guests went home well-fed, well-entertained and making mental notes to be sure to attend the Home For The Aged benefit next year as well.

Farley Granger greets honor guest Ethel Barrymore, who’s next to Louis B. Mayer.
Shelley Winters, Joan Davis, Judy Canova and Ann Miller, cigarette girls at the benefit ball for the Home For The Aged, line up for inspection in the Biltmore Hotel.

The John Mack Browns don their best bibs and tuckers for affair.

Red Skelton, Beverly Tyler and Bob Hope at the charity benefit.

Star guests are Gloria De Haven, John Payne, Noreen Nash and hubby.

Kay Kyser, m.c. at Home For The Aged benefit, buys smokes from pretty vendor, Shirley Temple.
Astrologer Carroll Righter has called the turn for many a Hollywood star, but what irks him most is their tendency to be indefinite about their ages

By Charles Gentry

Aquarian Ann Sothern, whose career has taken a spurt upward since the release of "Letter To Three Wives," keeps in close touch with the stars.

When problems confront Van Johnson he turns to astrology and Carroll Righter for help.

Clark Gable is another Aquarian who has sought advice from Astrologer Carroll Righter.

Who says the stars don't tell all? Just ask Carroll Righter, who is on very confidential terms with both Hollywood and heavenly constellations.

Righter is an astrologer, but not one of the swami type with a turban, a crystal ball and a lot of abracadabra. He looks more like a business executive or professional man; perhaps a doctor. To him come many of our top stars, directors and producers.

Van Johnson, Ann Sothern, Clark Gable, Peter Lawford, Jane Withers, Maria Montez, Anne Jeffreys and Robert Mitchum are just a few of the stars who have consulted Righter about their own stars.

Perhaps the most romantic example of the faith in Righter's judgement is that Linda Christian and Tyrone Power first called Carroll on the trans-Atlantic telephone from Italy early last year to find out when they should get married. They wanted to be wed on November 6, 1948, the anniversary of the day they met—November 6, 1947.

But Righter advised them to wait until signs were more propitious, adding that while a delay might be annoying, in the long run, there were points of contact between their two horoscopes indicating that they should have a very happy marriage. Result—they waited and Carroll Righter was the only Hollywood friend who was invited and who actually attended the ceremony in Rome's Santa Francesca Romana church last January 27!

Righter's advice is not confined to Hollywood alone, however. His political prognostications carry him to Washington at least twice a year and there's
many a senator as willing to lend an ear to him as a motion picture star. In fact, many of last year's pollsters could have taken a word from the star wise, when Righter told them that Dewey would be left waiting at the White House gate!

But back to Hollywood, where Righter keeps in closer touch with the planets. Carroll once told Marlene Dietrich not to stir out of her house on a certain August 26. Marlene said, "Pouf!" in typical Dietrich style, walked out of her front door and promptly broke one of the famous Dietrich legs.

After that, not only Dietrich was convinced, but even the producer and director of the picture she was making at the time went to Righter with tears in their eyes.

"Please let us know what Marlene should do," they begged. "By not listening to you, production has been held up—and it's cost us thousands of dollars.

Let us know even what she should have for breakfast!"

Today Marlene calls Righter when she goes to buy a hat.

Of course, Righter is not infallible. But who is? He will tell you about the days when he hired a very young and untired actor to be his assistant during a barnstorming tour of the Deep South.

The young actor was a tall, husky youngster named Robert Mitchum.

Righter will tell you that then, as well as now, Bob was an unpredictable, uninhibited guy with a weird sense of humor and a devil-may-care philosophy. Right off the bat, he read Mitchum's stars—but let Carroll tell it:

"Bob is Leo, of course, and you know what that means. (We didn't, but we nodded any way) It means that he is ruled by the Lion, a purely animal sign which should be kept strictly under control. It is only when Leo is in the ascendant that Bob gets into difficulties. Had Bob not been so heedless and consulted his chart, he might very easily have avoided his present trouble. I hope he has learned his lesson, because he is really a great guy."

Righter had already warned Bob that Leo was definitely not a friendly sign, before they started off for the South. Leo caught up with them in the form of a Louisiana hurricane, which swept Mitchum and their luggage into a bayou. The catch there was that Righter—horoscope and all—went into the bog, too!

The fabulous Maria Montez is another great Hollywood personality who swears by Righter's advice.

It was he who told "June 6" that she was doing the right thing when she married "January 5."

This astrological double-talk means that he told Maria to go ahead and wed the French star, Jean Pierre Aumont. It turned out to be an exceptionally happy marriage until recently when the tempestuous Maria started thinking about a divorce. Maria, like Dietrich, won't make a move without calling Righter—even if he's in Washington in conference with a cabinet member.

When Maria was told by the doctors that her baby would have to be delivered by Caesarean section, she hastily phoned Righter to find out what day would be most propitious for the baby's birth.

"The doctors say, Carroll, that I should be ready for the child on February 12. Is (Please turn to page 68)
Playing Tarzan is a natural for Lex Barker, who, as a kid, idolized the famous character.

The muscular Lex makes Wrestler Henry Kulke cry "uncle" on "Tarzan" set.

The role of Tarzan requires height, muscle, handsomeness, a lot of man—that's Lex.

By Gladys Hall

In the first of the Tarzan pictures, Elmo Lincoln played the Edgar Rice Burroughs superman, Tarzan. Elmo was succeeded by, successively, Gene Polar, T. Dempsey Tabler, James H. Pierce, Frank Merrill, Buster Crabbe, Herman Brix, Glen Morris, Johnny Weissmuller and lastly, and currently, Lex Barker.

The first Tarzan picture was made approximately thirty years ago and, if you like coincidences, Lex was born May 8, 1919, or, approximately thirty years ago!

We lunched with the Tenth Tarzan at, of all unlikely places to swing from a tree-top, the plush sophisticated Stork Club in New York. It developed that Lex is sentimental about The Stork. It was at a debutante party, held at The Stork that Lex met, and fell in love with, his mate. Now, after seven years of marriage, whenever Lex and Mrs. Lex are in New York, they break their daily bread at Mr. Billingsley's famed bistro.

It also developed that the habitués of The Stork are not so sophisticated as you might suppose. Something quite primitive was in the eyes of the minked and jewelled lady luchers as they lit, and we do mean lit, on the Tenth Tarzan. In the eyes of the lady lunchers' escorts, as they appraised the blond giant, there was also something primitive. Could it be, could be, jealousy . . . ?

There are six feet four, two hundred hard-muscled, sculpturally distributed pounds of Lex Barker. His hair is a light, bright tan helmet. His eyes are

Tarzan and his mate—Lex Barker and Brenda Joyce—with their devoted pet, Cheetah.
plete circle of material, quilted, and made to fit snugly at the top. It was black cotton-satin, very full, and topped by a black turtleneck sweater that looked good with a lot of jewelry. The full skirts of the New Look hadn't made their appearance then yet, so it created quite a sensation.

* * *

It Happened One Night that I wore my Tea Cozy to a Sunday barbecue party. The flattering lines of the full skirt fitted snugly over the hips, seemed to catch everyone's fancy. It was different: it was feminine and graceful. Anita Colby was there and she wanted one exactly like mine. Within three weeks twenty movie stars asked me to make some for them. All at once I was in the dress-making business along with my interior decorating. I couldn't make them all like the original so I had my drapery cutters do Tea Cozies in chintz and then plated.

* * *

Lana Turner, Jennifer Jones, Norma Shearer ordered them immediately. Lana's skirt was quilted cocoa faille and she wore it with a black satin off-shoulder blouse. Jennifer's skirt was quilted Scotch plaid wool. She coupled it with a bottle green turtleneck blouse and a stole that matched the skirt. Norma Shearer ordered her first Tea Cozy in deep coral upholstery pique, quilted in beige and wore it with a jersey sweater striped in coral and beige. She took it with her to San Moritz. Jeanette MacDonald, whom I have known since I appeared in "The Merry Widow," and for whom I have made many clothes, wanted one in gold lame lined in black cotton-satin. The blouse was black velvet with a deep V neckline and pushed up sleeves. While all the original Tea Cozies were cut in the same complete circle, interlined and quilted, there was no limit to the variety of materials and colors that could be used for different occasions.

* * *

Men Want Women to look like women which they do in these simple circular skirts. I discovered that when I wore my original to the party, I suspected that many of the stars bought them because the men liked them. And I knew it was a fact when men began to order them for their wives, or sent their wives in for them. Fred MacMurray came into my shop to pick out some Tea Cozies for Mrs. MacMurray after he saw someone else wearing one. Gary Cooper likes them on his wife, particularly for after skiing. Tom Lewis bought some for Loretta Young as a birthday gift. Loretta and

(In "Million Dollar Weekend," Stephanie Paull dresses up her cool white chintz frock with an Hawaiian lei or wears it under a circular skirt.
Johnny Sands with Mary McCarty and Sid Caesar, co-stars of "The Admiral Broadway Revue," NBC television show.

Mary McCarty gives Johnny pointers on television acting as they watch rehearsal of comedy sketch for "The Admiral Broadway Revue."

Kay Coulter, Mary McCarty and Marilyn Day explain intricacies of the television camera to Johnny Sands, whose latest film is "Massacre River."

The show is comparable to a Broadway production, with skits, songs and dances, and its cast is organized as a permanent stock company.

Intrigued by television, Johnny Sands watches popular NBC program in rehearsal.
The Cowers, who in private life are Mr. and Mrs., appear regularly on "The Admiral Broadway Revue." Their intricate dance steps fascinated Johnny.

Gower Champion is impressed by Johnny's footwork as he dances with Marge Champion.

Johnny is an interested spectator as Marge and Gower Champion go through their paces.

Comedienne Mary McCarty, who acted as Johnny's guide, all ready to go into her act.

Johnny Sands, big open-range man from Texas, joins dancers Boris Rumanian and George Reich in a number which the boys are rehearsing under direction of Choreographer James Starbuck.

BEHIND THE TELE CAMERA
Playing the title role in Paramount's "Sorrowful Jones" is the most enjoyable performance Bob Hope has ever given. He's more the actor than the gagster and shows that he's equally adept in getting your laughter or tears. He's a Broadway bookmaker who's forced to "adopt" little Mary Jane Saunders. Some of his scenes with this child wonder will tear your heart out. Especially when he's teaching Mary Jane how to pray. Bob's still the same gay quipster, but it's the meaty Damon Runyon story that matters most to him this time. He puts it across solidly for his top screen triumph.

Screenland Salutes

Bob Hope

Mary Jane Saunders and Bob Hope in one of the film's tender moments.

As his leading lady in "Sorrowful Jones," Lucille Ball is the perfect foil for Bob and his antics.
H'Ya Sr!
Well, if it isn't July!
Get those boots laced up high
And let's ride to the sky!

MATTER of fact, that's about how far the fresh piles of black shellac stretch—and to catch 'em all we've been practically welded to the 45, 33 and 1/3, and 78 R.P.M. sound dis- pensor the entire 24 of the day. All for the express purpose of taking care of your hearing attachment.

And it's always a ball, having the stars you see on these pages fall into Robbins' Nest—where they take over the program, spin the cookies, bat the breeze with this kid, shoot off roman candles and throw some guff about things and stuff. They've got their favorite biscuits even as you and I. Bet some of these are among 'em.

HEAVENLY!!!

South Pacific!!—And that's just what it is—heavenly! The kids who did "Oklahoma" and "Carousel" and "Allegro" make it 4 for 4 with this hunk of glory which made all the critics blow their re- spective type (pun intended)—and all the lucky mules who've seen it do flip flops out of the Majestic Theatre. 'Course you've been singing their great songs nite and day and who blames you! Just as everybody and his brother and sister have recorded 'em for their respective labels—Peggy, Margaret, Dinah, Jo, Anne Vincent, Eve Young, Fran Warren, Bing, Perry, Bill Lawrence, Frankie, etc., etc. It's a question of dig 'em and take your choice—and it's not too tough a job 'cause Perry's and Fran's stand out like sore tonsils, with Bing's right behind. Perry does "Bali Hai" and "Some En-
chanted Evening" as does Bing, and Frank chirps "I’m Gonna Wash That Man Right Out My Hair," and "I’m In Love With A Wonderful Guy." Bill Lawrence sings "Younger Than Springtime" and "This Nearly Was Mine;" Eve Young— "A Cockeyed Optimist" and "Happy Talk;" Maggie—"A Wonderful Guy" and "You and I." The oldies "Bali Hai" and hubby Dave Barbour does "There’s Nothing Like A Dame" on the back which is a delight; Jo— "Some Enchanted Evening" and "I’m Gonna Wash That Man, etc." Frank—"Bali Hai" and "Some Enchanted Evening" and Dinah the same ones as Maggie. They’re all good performances, you comprenez, but we feel P.C. and F.W.; the "Voice With The Bedroom Look," captures the rapture of the songs more than the others. And those songs!!! Let’s face it! R. and H. are a couple geniuses! Our fave tune is "A Wonderful Guy." Wow! What lines! Long may they wave and long will we rave!

Sarah Vaughan—At long last the "gal who’s gone" has been recorded properly and perfectly—and for the first time! And you realize that here is a brilliant artist on her first cookie for a major label. Columbia! With a voice so rich and honey, she please to the stratosphere on Columbia. Special if this premiere waffle is any indication. Sarah does "As You Desire Me" and "Black Coffee" with magnificent backing by Joe Lipman and Co.—flutes, French horns, 'cello—just gorgeous! She sings her little head off, "Black Coffee" is a blues with a great lyric that’ll make the water on your kneecaps bubble. This is record perfection from the first to last groove! (Columbia)

Johnny Desmond—More delicious decibels by Desmo on "A Chapter In My Life Called Mary," a wistful fistful of shellac beautifully sung as always. Back is "You Broke Your Promise"—with lots of handclapping behind Johnny’s husky mic larynx. No wonder J.D.’s one of radio and television’s most popular rascals. (MGM)

Nat Cole—When King Cole winds those vocal cartilages around sweet, simple stuff you might as well call for the oxygen tent. Which he does on "Don’t Cry, Cry Baby." Backed by "If You Stil Your Toe On The Moon," from Bing’s pix, but it’s still better in the picture, we bet. (Capitol)

Dinah Shore—Melissa’s mother was never in better shape than on "The Story Of My Life."—from the first toddling days till romance—nestled in nostalgia and sweetness. Flip is "Having A Wonderful Wish," from "Sorrowful Jones," with a catchy echo deal. (Columbia)

Mel Torme—But soft! The "Velvet Fog" is descending all around your ears on "Again" with hongos behind him and most provocatively, soft as a billowy cloud! Best deal of all the records on this beauty from "Bette’s House." Bad love has Melvin Howard purring the one he did in "Words And Music."—"Blue Moon," Just as beautiful and ethereal, too. Watch him go on his new label—Capitol!

Ella Fitzgerald—Just another reason why Miss Fits is the greatest! "Old Mother Hubbard"—top treatment of the old nursery rhyme is not only a sheer hunk of ten inch delight but gets your heart beating in a dotted eighth pattern! Wow! When the gal takes off it’s like stratoscruising! Bring me some of that meat, Ella! Back is from the pix, "Let’s Fall In Love."—"I Want To Learn About Love."—Ella at her most commercial and that’s an oodle! (Decca)

Perry Como—A squiggy walk thru the alphabet with Ronnie’s daddy on "A Younger Fugitive,"—which this slab is, but completely. Perry cooing softly from A to Z, and all we can add is R—he’s relaxing and N—never taxiing. Wonderful biscuit! Back is from Bing’s pix, "Connecticut Yankee."—"When Is Sometime," with which the ex-tenoronal artist massages you comfortably! (Victor)

TrIBUTES ON TEMPO—Tributes to eight honored musicians by this sparkling gang in a fresh new album also available on LP. Great idea, this dedication of themes and identifications in the various arrangements these unforgettable personalities made famous! There are salutes to Glen Miller (medley of "Elmer’s Tune," "Moonlight Serenade," "Chattanooga Choo Choo"), Hal Kemp ("Lamplight," "Jack Benny—"Starltds," "Chief Webb—"Rock It For Me," Ben Bernie—"It’s A Lonesome Old Town," Russ Columbo—"You Call It Madness," Jimmy Lunceford—"Margie," Fats Waller—"Ain’t Misbehavin’": Guarantee you’ll get lotsa lumps in the throat! (Columbia 6-181; LP recording—CL 6043)

ALSO EARWORTHY—

TONY PASTOR’S "It’s A Cruel Cruel World"—tres cacciatori novelty with Tony and the Clooney sisters (Columbia). . . . AL JOLSON’S "That Wonderful Girl Of Mine."—a sequel to "Anniversary Song" and "I Only Have Eyes For You" from "Jolson Sings Again" (Decca). . . . TOMMY DORSEY’S "Enjoy Yourself (It’s Later Than You Think!)"—bright bouncy deal with the new voice of Sonny Calelli—remember that name—Charley Shavers, Lucy Ann Polk and the whole gang! (Victor). . . . RAY MCKINLEY’S "Missouri Walkin’ Preacher" and "Simulai"—perfect hunks of material for the varied talents of the new daddy, Mr. Mac! (Victor). . . . VAUGHN MONROE’S "Riders In The Sky,"—with Vaughnie boy away from the pop stuff for some folk poetry that’s compelling and convincing. BURL IVES’ version is even more genuine. (Victor and Columbia). . . . THE ANDREWS KIDS AND DAN DAILEY on "In The Good Old Summer Time" and "Take Me Out To The Ball Game,"—just like the band in your park used to play! don’t miss their "Clancy Lowered The Boom" and "I Had A Hat," either. A happy pairing and a new record star—Dan Dulieu! (Decca) . . . . Another cosmic twosome is BING and EVELYN KNIGHT on "How It Lies," and "Everywhere You Go,"—the "Groaner" and the "Bird" on the same face! (Decca) . . . JO STAFFORD’S "Once And For Always" and why Can’t You Behave”—nice flapping against your ears! (Capitol). Mrs. Hubbell Robinson’s "When Is Sometime," and "The Story Of My Life,"—lush lyricizing by Maggie Whiting, in case you didn’t know. (Capitol). . . JOHN LAURENZ on "A Kiss And A Rose,"—lovely English ballad—and granulated. (Mercury) . . . BUDDY MORENO’S "Honey Bun," which Mary Martin kills everyone with in "South Pacific. (Victor). . . . TEX BENESKES "Tulsa," wallowing Western stuff from the same flicker. (Victor). . . . FRANK SINATRA’S "The Right Girl For Me," from his pix, "Take Me Out To You-Knew-What," and "Night After Night," a beauty by Paul Weston and Axel Stordahl on the back. Nancy’s Daddy’s in good form. (Columbia) . . . GORDON JENNINGS’ "Skip To My Lou," "Again," "My Dream Is Yours" and "I’m Beginning To Miss You,"—with Joe Graydon singing the last three. You remember him as Joe Doss and he sure sprays nice noise! (Decca)

HOT!}

Woody Herman—Light me with a match and call me firecracker! Here
comes that stampeding Herman Herd with a jumping hunk of U255—"That's Right"—with oodles of drive and a big beat. Terry Gibbs is featured on vibes. Zoot Sims on tenor, Lou Levy on piano, Serge Chaloff on baritone and Earl Swope on trombone. Mary Ann McCall shows why she's one of our greatest canaries on the flip—doing a magnificent bit of purring on Duke Ellington's "I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good"—laden with feeling, soul and heart. Other singers please copy! (Capeit)

Count Basie—Here it is —11 years after, "Jumpin' At The Woodside" and it still jumps on this reissue. Lester Young, of course, shines on that mammoth tenor solo, which any student of the instrument still studies. There's gush- ing by Jimmy Rushing on the back, "Exact- ly Like You"—also an oldie. Great to have 'em available once again! (Coral)


Lionel Hampton—A screaming brace of follow-ups to already famous Hamp epics. "Hamp's Boogie Woogie #2" with the great showman himself on the box (piano) and "New Central Ave. Breakdown" with more of the two foreign piano work by Lionel. If you're not blase you'll flip your toupee to these! (Decca)

ALSO GROOVY!

LES BROWN'S sequel to "I've Got My Love, etc," etched at the same time and with the same pulsating arrangement—"A Fine Romance." Could be as big a hit, too! (Columbia) . . . The mess of bop-platters with which Capitol has blown its top—BABS GONZALES on "Professor Bop" and "Capitolizing;" DAVE LAMBERT and his 12 voice choir on "Hawaiian War Chant" and "Always." DAVE BARBOUR AND CO, on "Little Boy Blue Go Blow Your Top" and "Ensenada;" LENNIE TRISTANO Sextet—"Wow!" and "Crosscurrent;" MILES DAVIS—"Godchild" and "Jeru;" TAD DAMERON—"Cashbah" and "Sid's Delight." Also BILL HARRIS on solo trombone with strings behind him—more bop—but very good on "How High The Moon" and "The Moon Is Low." 'Nuff stuff to make you bop, look and listen!

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY!

BETTY MARIE HANSEN, Ogden, Utah—Alfred Drake is breaking it up in "Kiss Me Kate." He's made tallor for Victor of "So In Love," "Were Thine That Special Face," and don't miss his "Malaguena." . . ELIZABETH HICKMAN, Akron, Ohio—June Allyson did record "Best Things In Life Are Free" —right from the sound track of "Good (Please turn to page 55)
Sew For Vacation Fun

4985—Go the gay way in this double duty sunsuit-plus-bolero outfit. Sizes 11-17. Sizes 13 playsuits, bolero require 2½ yards and 1½ yards contrast 33 inch material.

4871—Budget-wise! A built-up skirt can be a sundress or jumper; a regular skirt can be worn with blouses. And jacket for both! Sizes 12-20; 30-42. Size 16 jacket, dress need 4⅜ yards 39 inch material.

4554—Cool and trim casual. The shoulder flange is a smart, new detail and the sewing is simple. Sizes 12-20. Size 16 will take 4⅜ yards of 33 inch fabric.


Although a glamorous star, Peggy Cummins loves to make her own clothes.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (in coins) for each pattern to: SCREENLAND 224, Pattern Department, 243 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y. FIFTEEN CENTS more for the Summer Pattern Book. A free pattern is printed right in this book.
News” and it’s in an MGM album. Lotsa goodies from that pix are in there . . .

JUNE ALLEN, Hopkinsville, Ky.—Suggest you write to Decca in N. Y. for Ingrid Bergman’s albums of “Pied Piper Of Hamlin” and “Arch Of Triumph” . . . MARY KUHL, Minneapolis, Minn.—Gene Kelly has a whole album with June Allyson on MGM called “The Pirate”—with all the songs from that flicker . . . G. BEVERLY, Linos, England—You should be getting Tony Martin’s cookies on Victor on your enchanted isle by now. If not write to Victor in Camden, New Jersey. And make sure you latch on to his album, “You And The Night And The Music” . . . ALMA CROOKS, N. Bessmer, Pa.—Tito Guizar waxes for Victor, is in his late thirties, has dark hair and eyes and is oh-so-humba! . . . LEW GRIF-FTTH, Pottstown, Pa.—Vido Musso, tenor man with the old Kenton band, has his own combo and is jobbing around. Moe Purtil, who drummed for Glen Miller, is playing on the coast. methinks . . . VAL SWENSON, Madison Wis.—Elmo Tanner, who whistles with Ted Weems, is not blind. You’re thinking of Fred Low-ery . . . DAVE SPAZIANI, Hartford, Conn.—Helen Forrest used to chiph for Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman and Harry James, in that order . . . ED GARCIA. El Paso, Texas.—Al Jolson just baked a waffle of “I Only Have Eyes For You.” The one you dug by Sinatra was a V Disc, which means you can’t put your lit- tle hands on it . . . JOANN RÖECKER, Walla Walla, Wash.—“Duel In The Sun” is in a Victor album by Tiomkin and has all the theme music from the celluloid . . . EUGENE ALLEN, Middletown, Ohio—Dotty Lamour just cut one for Decca—“Perfidia” and “Adios, Marquita Linda.” Bob Mitchum made “Foolish Pride,” “O-He-O-Hi-O-Ho” and an album, “Rachel And The Stranger.” Sings good, too. Also Decca . . . What’s on your brain, Jane? Make me know it—anything about records, music, the treat- ment of coo-coo catarrh, etc. and we’ll try and answer. But save the love prob- lems for Dotty Dix . . . Dig you next month . . .

BEST IN THE NEST

SARAH VAUGHAN—“Black Coffee” and “As You Desire Me” (Columbia)

MEL TORME—“Again” and “Blue Moon” (Capitol)

PERRY COMO—“A, You’re Ador- able” (Vctor)

“SOUTH PACIFIC”—All the cook- ies from that great show—but especially Fran Warren’s and Perry Como’s.

THE MODERNAIRES—“TrIBUTES In Tempo” (Columbia)

DAVE ROSE—“Swedish Rhapsody” (MGM)

DINAH SHORE and MARGARET WHITING—“The Story Of My Life” (Columbia and Capitol)

ELLA FITZGERALD—“Old Mother Hubbard” (Decca)

WOODY HERMAN—“That’s Right” and “I’ve Got It Bad” (Capitol)

JIMMIE LUNCEFORD—“For Dancers Only” (Decca album)

DO INHIBITIONS (Doubts)

THREATEN MARRIED LOVE?

One small intimate physical neglect can rob a wife of her husband’s love

YEs, your married love is strong today. But married love can wither swiftly when a wife lets one small neglect stand in the way of full, normal romance.

And every wife invites that sadness . . . if she neglects effective feminine hygiene, like regular vaginal douches with reliable “Lysol” . . . complete hygienic protection that assures dainty allure. This is perhaps the easiest way to make a wife confident of her daintiness . . . banishing the unsurity that can separate loving mates.

Germs destroyed swiftly

“Lysol” has amazing, proved power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus “Lysol” acts in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda never can.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic “Lysol” will not harm delicate tissue. Simple direc- tions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with “Lysol” brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

Three times as many women use “Lysol” for intimate feminine hygiene as any other liquid preparation! No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on “Lysol” to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

NEW!..FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lohn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

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Pee 307
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 23

an.” Harry Babbitt and Gloria Wood sang the “Woody Woodpecker Song.”

The continuous parade of beautifully gowned gals lent a fashion show air to the big doings. Ava Gardner, now a blond, led the procession, followed by Deborah Kerr in a heavenly yellow chiffon number. Ann Blyth in turquiose satin, Jeanne Crain in black lace, Arlene Dahl swirled out in a dreamy white bouffant gown—and on came the gals dressed in their best. The men all looked like handsome, distinguished penguins in their white ties and tails. Louis Jourdan, Glenn Ford, Wendell Corey, Bob Ryan, Ronald Colman gave the femmes in the audience a sartorial treat.

Most popular Awards, we thought, were those given to Walter and John Huston for “Treasure Of The Sierra Madre”—first time a father and son team has won. Frank Borzage, who won the first Academy Award 21 years ago for his direction of “Seventh Heaven” presented John with the directing Oscar for “Treasure.” Both the Hustons wore ear-to-ear grins, in addition to their evening clothes.

Jane Wyman, in a stunning white gown, looked completely dazed and on the verge of tears when she accepted the biirght green, musical director award for a smooth, snappy job. It was all over before ten o’clock and the big crowd hurried off to the scads of parties in honor of the winners and the runner-ups.

Waiting in the lobby for transportation, we listened to a few thousand words with John and Marie Lund. John claimed he was suffering from croup and Marie said she had a couple or three allergies, but their ailments didn’t seem to affect their sense of humor, the distinguished Mr. Charles Brackett was escorting his daughter, Alexandra, elegant in white satin. Elizabeth Taylor looked starry-eyed as she left the Academy Theatre.

Mocambo was jumping with dozens of parties when we joined Harriet Parson’s ringside party which included Barbara Bel Geddes and Carl Schreur, Ellen Corby (both Barbara and Ellen were nominees in the same category. Best Supporting Actress—nominations being made for their work in “I Remember Mama,” and the first time two actresses have been named for the same award from one picture). Others in the party—Earl Blackwell (pres of Celebrity Service). Dap Nelson, the managing director of Hull Hotels, Dewitt Bouche, who scripted “Mama.” Harriet’s famous mom, Louella, divided her time between our table and the Warner Bros. party, held in Mocambo’s Champagne Room for their Academy winners Jane Wyman, Claire Trevor, et al.

There was so much going on in Mocambo we never did get to the Warner party. Sam Spiegel and his pretty wife, Lynne Bagott, hosted a party for John and Walter Huston. Eddie Robinson was one of the guests and was sporting a kind of fluffy mustache, smoking cigarettes instead of his inevitable cigar.

Howard Duff and Ava Gardner seemed awfully devoted to each other, although they hadn’t been going so steady. Arlene Dahl was with the handsome Richard Gully. As we were dancing around with Victor Rueda, another handsome hombre (he’s one of the best known foreign correspondents and a protege of Joan Crawford) we thought Eddie O’Hare had added a new singer to the band. Sure enough, it was Gordon MacRae, singing like mad on the darkened stage. Hardly anybody in the place tumbled to who he was until a spotlight was turned on him.

After we closed up Mocambo we ran into John Huston and Evelyn Keyes, who had helped do the same thing outside. Mr. H. allowed Harriet Parsons to touch one of his Oscar’s, but he belligerently asked her to touch it very lightly. Evelyn looked awful party—she’s let her hair go back to its natural brown. She’s been taking Spanish lessons so their adopted son, Pablo, won’t forget his native language. She and John were leaving almost immediately for Italy, where he’ll make “Quo Vadis” for MGM.

That was quite an evening—and we’re glad Hollywood’s biggest night, like Christmas, comes but once a year.

There has been a rash of marriage breakups in our towns—and in other parts of the country. Maria Montez, in Paris, announced divorce plans and a couple of days later said she’d marry French film director F. H. Clouzot as soon as she was free from Jean Pierre Aumont. Madeleine Carroll and Henri Lavorel have gone their separate ways—she was still in the New York play “Goodbye My Fancy” at the time. Joanne Dru first agreed, then disagreed, to get a quick Nevada divorce so Dick Haymes could marry Nora Flynn, but perhaps Joanne’s current romance with John Ireland might change her mind. Paullette Goddard and Burgess Meredith finally hailed off and announced they were through, after months of being coy and denying anything was amiss. Paullette probably will get a Mexican divorce because she headed down fourways when she finished “Anna Lucasta.” The Gig Youngs parted, but the rift was of short duration. Which makes this little paragraph of good cheer end on a happier note.

That feudin’ fussin’ picture, “Roseanna McCoy,” has had its share of jinks—a change of directors; bad weather forced the company home from location and when it was able to return to the mountains near Sonora, California, Far- ley Granger’s pistol accidentally went off and injured Joan Evans, the 14-year-old gal who plays Roseanna. The company again returned to Hollywood to await her recovery. Even the Hatfields and the McCoys never had it so bad.

It’s good news that Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard are expecting another baby in September. And their young son, Ridge, is sooo excited! Remember, we told you he asked Santa Claus for a baby sister last Christmas.

Barbara Stanwyck and Wendell Corey landed in the pokey—but it was all for dear old art’s sake. Their new picture, “File On Thelma Jordan,” is about a lady murderer and, for realism, Bar- bara was photographed behind real bars. She was sprung right after the shots were taken.

The new revue, “Tongue In Cheek,” which followed “Lead An Ear”—now on Broadway—into the Las Palmas Theatre looks like a hit from where we sit.

When Jimmy Stewart introduced Gene Bearden, handsome baseball rookie to Esther Williams, she said, “Ah, a leading man just the right height for me.”
It's nice to know that young Buddy Pepper, the talented composer-arranger, who is also Margaret Whiting's accompanist, got high praise for his musical contribution to "Tongue In Cheek" at the same time his engagement was announced. Alan Hale's daughter, Karen, is his bride.

Burt Lancaster, who used to do an acrobatic act in the circus for three clams a week, did a four-week stint with Cole Brothers Circus at $3,000 per week for the same act.

Saw Larry Parks and Betty Garrett with Jules Munshin and Howard Duff with his mother and Shelley Winters at "Allegro." It was inevitable that Howard and Shelley would get together—we've seen Howard out with Ann Blyth, Gloria De Haven, Marla Torn and, of course, Ava Gardner lately. Shelley gets around with Errol Flynn, Scott Brady, Farley Granger and I don't know who else—after all, I can't spend all my time checking up on who's dating whom. Can I?

Spent an afternoon with Dinah Shore and George Montgomery the other day. George took me on a personally conducted tour of some of the houses he's helping to build. Among them is their neighbors—Marie McDonald and Harry Karl. George is so busy building furniture and houses we'll be lucky to see him on the screen. We also went on a tour of his furniture shop, but didn't come home with any samples, darn it. The Montgwerys have one of the most charming houses in these here parts—cozy, liveable, and at the same time elegant. And George has built almost every piece of furniture in the place. Starting as a hobby, he's turned furniture-making into a well-paying business venture.

Edmond O'Brien almost cracked up his car on account of his wife, Olga San Juan, suddenly grabbed his arm, making him head for the curb. Seems she'd been scanning a book of names, hoping to find a likely one for their expected heir, found one, and put a hammerlock on her man. He's threatened her with handcuffs whilst motoring.

Our chum, Florence Desmond, the very talented British mimic, has been signed for the second lead in 20th's "Three Came Home," which stars Claudette Colbert. Desi was appearing at El Rancho Vegas in Las Vegas when 20th called and asked her to fly down and make the test. She finished her midnight show, hopped a plane, did the test, and flew back to Las Vegas in time for her first evening performance. She was a very excited gal when she telephoned us with the good news that 20th had signed her for the part. "Maybe," she said, "I'll really get a chance to act instead of imitating other actors." For my dough, I hope Desi never stops doing her fabulous imitations—they're too good. Jean Negulesco, who directed "Johnny Belinda," will meg "Three Came Home."

We had fun at Barbara Bel Geddes'
Here are some new "tickets" to hot weather charm, all easy on your budget, space-saving in a vacation bag.

The new Woodbury Tinted Cream Make-up, for instance, works two very pretty ways. A combination of foundation-plus-powder, it, alone, gives young faces a fresh, radiant glow. With a touch of powder, it gives that "finished" look. Above, Gloria De Haven, MGM player, is using Woodbury Tropic Tan Face Powder over the same tone in the new make-up for pleasing contrast with her honey blonde hair. Besides Tropic Tan, the two other shades in the Tinted Cream Make-up are Brunette and Natural at 90c. Matching powder tones are 81c, $.39* and $.30*.

Cashmere Bouquet All-Purpose Face Cream, light, fluffy and newly improved, has a sweet, lingering fragrance, in $.10*, $.25* and $.50* sizes. Use as a cleanser, a night cream, a foundation.

Very new is Nestle Spraze, and just the thing to keep sleek bob or springy curls in order all day. It's a fixative that you spray directly on hair from its plastic squeezable atomizer bottle. Invisible, with no stiffness or stickiness, here is your ideal Summer hair groomer. 89c* for a 3 1/2 oz. bottle.

Mum is the word for underarm daintiness. Now this gentle, effective deodorizer has a fresh, floral fragrance. Mum means much to your appeal, your poise and clothes. In 81c* sizes and up.

Today modern mothers are onto Junior's smooth skin secret—his Johnson & Johnson Baby Oil, 8c*.94*. And both use it for silky skin and to help offset outdoor drying and parching. As good for the grown-ups as it is for the wee ones.

*Plus 20% Federal Tax.
Have you spoken frankly to your daughter about these Intimate Physical Facts?

Before she marries—make sure she has scientific knowledge she can trust!

The practice of vaginal douching two or three times weekly for intimate feminine cleanliness, health, married happiness, after menstrual periods and to combat odor—has become so thoroughly recognized and recommended today, it’s no longer a question of whether a woman should douche but rather what she should use in her douche.

And every woman should be made to realize this: Of all the liquid antiseptic-germicides tested for the douche—no other type proved so powerful yet so safe to tissues as ZONITE! You can use ZONITE as often as you want without the slightest injury.

Cautions Against Weak or Dangerous Products

It’s shocking how many women, through ignorant advice of friends, still use ‘kitchen makeshifts’ such as salt, soda and vinegar for the douche. These are not germicides in the douche. They never can assure you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and chemist—the first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germ-killing action yet absolutely safe to the most delicate tissues.

Truly a Miracle!

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no mercury, no harsh acids—overstrong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. ZONITE is strictly non-poisonous, non-irritating—truly a blessing to womankind.

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It immediately kills every germ it touches. You know it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure ZONITE does kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Any drug counter.

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For a chance to win a FREE new booklet containing frank discussions of intimate physical facts recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Dept. SS.78, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
JEANETTE MACDONALD, who just finished a starring stint in "The Sun Comes Up," a picture in which she plays a lonely woman, also got her loneliness heaped on her during the War when Genie Raymond was away.

"At the beginning, I swung to the pessimistic side rather than to optimism," Jeanette remarked. "I seemed to have a full idea of just how grim it was going to be without Gene. So I knew that unless I set about doing something objective, I'd find myself swamped with a depressing feeling to fill time—something important, but just something to keep me busy. I scheduled many concert engagements, I planned camp show appearances. I felt that a good way to look at it might be to keep myself very busy by keeping others from being lonely also, and I'd find companionship and occupation for myself.

"When I wasn't completely occupied, I learned to enjoy being alone occasionally—to be able to sit quietly and think and to have the opportunity to evaluate all the things I had to be thankful for—good health, a comfortable home, and good food. All those gifts we take for granted. But when we place the proper value on them, we appreciate, too, the importance of maintaining them. I spent a great deal of thought on what I would do later about refurbishing my home—and yes, I cooked. From my experience with loneliness, I learned mainly that it is a temporary thing—that time takes care of all things."*

JUNE HAVER and Lizbeth Scott are two others who turned to cooking to fill their lonely hours.

"I've had a very lonely year," June told me in between scenes of "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" at 20th. "So to keep me occupied, I've gotten very domestic. In my new apartment I have a lot of new gadgets for the present-day woman. And I've been cooking constantly and giving big dinners. My main interest has been in collecting recipes from people on the set and I've even baked cakes for the men on the crew. This has kept me busy and given pleasure to others. All in all, then, the best lesson I've learned from loneliness is that it doesn't do a bit of good to dwell on it, to be introspective and think only of what is wrong. Then you begin to feel sorry for yourself and when that happens, recovery is a long way off."*

"LONELINESS can be increased or lessened, depending on how you work at it," Lizbeth Scott told me on the "Bitter Victory" set. "Much of my time is spent alone, but I still believe it's silly not to live as nicely as possible. I always fix myself a nice breakfast and I give a lot of thought to a tastefully prepared dinner, even though it's all for me alone. Living this way breaks the monotony and has helped me to face loneliness. I know now that it takes a great deal of effort to fill empty days, but the effort is not wasted in the long run. I believe one is only as lonely as he wants to be."*

ROBERT CUMMINGS hasn't been a solitary guy as a rule. He has never allowed himself the luxury of loneliness.

"When I have had my lonely moments, though, I've started to build something or to draw," Bob, starring in "Reign Of Terror" and "Bitter Victory," said to me, "I've always liked to do architectural drawing, for instance, and I've made many of the plans for the new house Mary and I are building. I've found that in loneliness anything you do with your hands takes thoughts away from your mind. But most of all, I have discovered that hectic activity and a mad rush to see people fill your thoughts only temporarily. Such a solution is actually a futile stop-gap. The relief from the tension you feel is short-lived. Loneliness can only be combated by facing it and solving it within yourself, by turning to something worthwhile and doing it within yourself and your determination to defeat it that count—not the reliance on anyone else to bring you out of the morass."*

IRENE DUNNE has also learned that defeating loneliness must come from within.

"I actually learned to live with myself from being lonely," Irene said to me. "Surrounded by friends, noise and business, we actually escape ourselves. When I first set out on a career and for the first time found myself in a strange place amidst strangers, I made the acquaintance of a new woman, that is to say, there were high hopes and disappointments, and there was no one around to bolster the shocks. In learning, then, to put up with my own moods, I talk a great deal about doing things, and to avoid the boredom that can accompany loneliness, in learning how to be by myself, I learned also how to live with others."*

In direct contrast to Irene, Betty Hutton and Dorothy Lamour have found that their lessons from loneliness have involved the meeting of new people.

"Loneliness to me for a long time was associated with my driving ambition to get ahead in show business," Betty, who was making "Red, Hot And Blue," told me, "mainly because I was so busy concentrating on my career that I didn't have too much time left for personal contacts which lead to friendships. My initial failures made me turn to the two friends I had—my mother and my sister, Marion. Finally, when the good breaks came, I was surprised to find that success alone wasn't enough. I had my share of nights when I hoped someone would call me to go to a movie, but I can honestly say I suppose no one thought I'd be interested. Little by little, the gnawing pangs of loneliness came so much and I set out on a campaign to make friends and keep them. I began to concentrate only on the interests of others. And it was amazing how soon I found myself genuinely intrigued because all of this opened a new world for me. Loneliness, too, made me receptive to matrimony. When I met Ted Briskin in Chicago, he swept me off my feet with his kindliness and many considerations. He was the kind of attention I was starved for. Since that day, a new life opened for me—but always it meant having those I loved around me. I don't believe I could be lonely again."*

"I'm a gregarious creature by nature," Dorothy Lamour remarked, "so it's very obvious that loneliness to me means the lack of having people around me. And, believe me, I'm proud of the wonderful assortment of friends I have! When I was just a moppet in New Orleans, I thought I was something unusual when people began to refer to me as a pretty girl. It went to my head—and I alienated people who might have been my friends. My mother then took me in hand and reminded me that it was the beauty within a person that counted—not the beauty on the surface. She also pointed out that such arrogance would only bring me loneliness. I set out to mend my ways, and, thanks to mother's advice, I've never made the same mistake again. Which may be why I've never found loneliness a difficult thing to combat."*

WILLIAM BENDIX, the lovable mug of "The Life Of Riley" and "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court," is a guy who can't stand to be alone. He loves a family and a home.

"When I came to Hollywood for the first time," Bill said to me, "I left Tess and my daughter, Lorraine, back East. I was really an unhappy fellow then. Exciting things were happening to me, yes, but there was still that void, that lack of anyone to talk to, to share things with. From that bleak period, I learned one great lesson—that I must never take my marriage—and my home—for granted. I learned that any man without his wife is a shell. I never want to be separated from my wife and family again. I even take Tess with me now on location trips as I did recently when I
went to Mexico to make 'The Big Steal' for RKO. I'm a family guy—so I'll never be alone.

In a similar way, Roddy McDowall, who just finished “Tuna Clipper,” came to the same realization when he was on a personal appearance tour a couple of years ago.

"When I was child, I wanted nothing but to get back home to all of the familiar things I loved so well." Roddy told me. "I had a very busy schedule, I was constantly meeting people and getting invitations to go out, but I wanted only to be home, to see my friends, and to live that life that made me feel warm inside. Mother, who was with me on the tour, felt the same way. From that period of loneliness, I discovered one big truth—that the person who thinks he's self-sufficient is a lonely person. No one can be sufficient unto himself and know real happiness. Sharing is so much a part of living, and that's what my family and I have always lived by.

Greer Garson disagrees with Roddy on the matter of self-sufficiency. Greer, now starring in "Forsyte Saga," has always claimed that she has never known real loneliness, that when she's alone it's because she has wanted to be by herself. And that loneliness simply means that you're not self-sufficient. Greer's manner of living alone has followed one pattern—to go to Pebble Beach where she has a house and where she takes long walks and reads. She simply won't allow herself time for loneliness.

Van Johnson is another who won't let himself give in to it. "I won't give in to it because it can defeat you and destroy your confidence in yourself," Van told me when I saw him on the set of "In The Good Old Summertime."

"Oh, I've had my lonely moments, particularly when I first came to Hollywood, but it didn't take me long to realize that I would have to find something to absorb me and my feelings completely if I were to get anywhere. I took up a hobby—tennis first and later painting. I found that when I became vitally interested in something it gave me no chance to think of myself and how lonely I might be. It centered my thoughts on more constructive matters. That's the lesson I learned from my blue funk.

Farley Granger, star of Samuel Goldwyn's "Rosenau McCoy," didn't have any hobbies to help him in his moment of loneliness, for that period hit him when he was in the South Pacific in service.

"I read in the papers about all of my past dates who were getting married," Farley said to me. "One day, I went out on the beach and sat by myself. I became really lonely and despondent. I don't know how long I sat there or when my ideas began to change, but suddenly I found myself realizing that I was still young, that I had a whole life ahead of me, and that this was the point at which I could make that life a meaningful thing or an empty shell. I discovered that if I let loneliness overcome me I'd miss out on so much that was living—and that the mere fact that past dates were getting married didn't mean the end of the world for me. I know now that loneliness is a state of mind—so why make your life an active confession that all that is ruling you is loneliness?"

Marta Toren was one of the loneliest people I'd ever known when she had been in Hollywood for a few months. For one thing, she had difficulty with the language and couldn't express herself. It was during the filming of "Rogues' Regiment" that she learned a big lesson.

"I had to come in one day and dub my own voice for a song," Marta told me while making "Illegal Entry." "A lot of people were on the sound stage at the time. Suddenly, I was engrossed by loneliness. I felt I couldn't take it any longer—that I had to go back home to Sweden at once. Then out of a crowd of extras on the set I saw one person smiling at me. When I was able to leave the stage, I went over to that man. He was introduced to me as Howard Gorden. I started to talk to him and told him how lonely I was. He said rather abruptly, 'Lift your sail off the ground!' Then he told me that all I needed was confidence, confidence that comes with good poise. I learned later he was a voice and dramatic coach. From working with him I eventually gained that poise and that confidence.

Shelley Winters' lesson was rather like that of Marta's. Her lesson came when she was a mere sixteen while she was understudying a part in a play directed by Chester Erskine. After the opening night in Wilmington, the cast was invited to a party at someone's fancy home.

"I had no dinner dress and couldn't afford to buy one," Shelley, who was making "Take One False Step," remarked, "so I went in a red taffeta blouse and a black skirt. I was the only one not seated at the party, I was soon the wallflower of the evening. As a kid I had always tried to sell myself, so I tried to be the gay young thing that night. The more I tried the worse it got. So I went in a corner of the room and sat—all alone in tears. No one paid any attention to me. I decided to leave, but I wasn't able to get a taxi so I walked to the hotel. On the long walk back, I decided, after much thought, that I could never act or look lonely if I wanted to get anywhere or if I wanted others to have confidence in me. Nor could I get anywhere by putting on a false act of gaiety. I had to learn to be myself and to stop living by superficial guides. That was the turning point in my life and career. No one is ever really lonely who knows what he wants from life and drops the phony attitude of trying to be something he isn't."
stay. I’d explain that I felt in the way when I wasn’t really working. So he would go up and ask Mr. Yates (President of Republic Pictures) to bring me back.

“It is fun making pictures now with none of the pressure or stress of being Dale Evans. It just means being with Roy.”

It was a rainy California Spring morning. Dale and I were sitting in the newly furnished living room. The decor is sky blue with overtones of dark velvety red and splashes of flowered chiffon and polished mahogany. A portrait of Dale in her much loved hogs over the fireplace. A blooming yellow Acacia tree, dripping with Spring rain and freshness, filled the view from the windows that overlook a natural canyon and a sweep of rustic garden and glen that end with a running brook planted with trout. Upstairs we could hear Roy singing—singing happy little snatches of Western songs as he moved about, changing outfits for photographers awaiting him down by his pigeon coops. Even in the rain, Roy is obliging to the camera eye. Now, considering the eight years I’ve known Roy, I still don’t find him at all impressed or changed with his great popularity as a screen star of such box-office magnitude.

“This room,” Dale laughed, “is my particular pride and joy. Since we spend most of our time in the play-room, where Roy has trophies, his guns, stuffed and mounted animals and the movie projector—he simply can’t understand my pleasure in a formal living room. I tell him his nine hound dogs have his pleasure—mine is this room.”

“I could tell you a hundred ways I love Roy,” she said, “but the closest to his heart, “It is his great simplicity and sincerity. It is his complete honesty and lack of conceit, his unassuaging fearlessness that is its true dislike for unreal, phony people. He is a very unconnected guy and I’m sure it is because of the woman he is making of me—just because I am with him. There is no time to be selfish or self-centered—for our whole life revolves around our children. We have an incentive—to make our family as a whole, happy.”

“Cheryl is nine. She calls me Momma. Linda Lou, now six, calls me Dale, and occasionally, Mommy. Dusty, too, calls me Mommy, H,” Dale disclosed, “a baby of our own should come along, the baby would be too. I can’t—not—we have an adequate family. If we raise these right we feel we’ll be doing plenty.”

“When I was on the radio in Chicago, I had just two ambitions in life. This was before 20th Century-Fox brought me to Hollywood for pictures. I wanted to be on a radio program. I was on the Edgar Bergen show for 43 weeks. My other ambition was to star in a Broadway play. Just before we were to be married, I received a call from my agent in New York. ‘How would you like to play Gypsy Rose Lee in “A Woman Gets Your Gun” for London?’ There was my second ambition. ‘Goodness no,’ I said. ‘When I was a little girl, I used to dream of marrying Tom Mix.’ Dale continued, ‘I was born in Texas and loved the outdoors. I thought Tom and his horse, Tony, were absolutely sensational. And to think that I did marry the King of the Cowboys. I guess that was my secret dream—realized.”

There were bounding steps down the stairs. The click, click of boots and spurs—and there was Roy, spic and span—with a healthy tan, a friendly grin, attired in spotless blue westerns. “Mommy,” he said, leaning over and pecking Dale lightly on her cheek, “what are our plans?”

There was a little explaining. There were more pictures to be taken with the purse pigeons that had been sent to Roy by fans from Philadelphia. There was a radio rehearsal of Roy’s show. There was Dale’s own show, “Western Hit Revue.”

“What’re you singing?” Roy queried. “‘Candy Kisses. I’ve got to learn it, too,” Dale said.

Then there was a Camp Fire Girls meeting in the Valley; Dale is honorary captain and Roy is honorary captain. The Rogers are a double feature. When you ask one—you get them both. Then home at seven for dinner with the children. Then a short visit with Jane Frazee and her husband, Whitey Christensen, and a guarantee for Market. A

“Roy used to call me Chickadee, but with the children, ‘Mommy’ and ‘Daddy’ comes natural. Our marriage,” Dale continued, “is so precious and so far beyond what either of us had ever hoped, that our trust and our confidence in each other is sufficient for anything we may have to face. We are both working hard now to give the children good educations—and make them happy.

“We run movies three times a week—and let the children bring their friends in to see them. Cheryl has a crush on Alaskan Lady, and says she hopes she’s lucky enough one day to run up and ride a cowboy. We have a set rule of having dinner with the children every night at seven. We are up every morning at eight—to be with the children for breakfast. That is, unless we are on hunting or fishing trips. Even then we take the two girls with us—when we have suitable camping or living quarters.”

“Roy and I never go to night clubs. We like to retire before midnight—and curl up in our big oversized bed and read. Roy loves onion and scrambled egg or meat sandwiches. We usually raid the ice-box,” Dale admitted.

“Just being together is enough for us. A happy and loved wife wants to say something to her husband, ‘Why is it that he is the head of things, the motivating force in the family, because that makes her happy, I don’t mind—when Roy receives all of the attention wherever we go. I expect that with his popularity—for no matter what other girls do or say in their eagerness and enthusiasm...
on meeting Roy in person, I know that his heart is mine.

"Roy shares his life with me—all of it. He has taught me to shoot, hunt and fish. Our life together is wholesome. His favorite sport is to go coon hunting, which starts around nine at night—after the other night we took sandwiches and some raw coffee and a tin can. After we'd bagged our coon, we made a fire and boiled coffee. Roy teased that this was Lady's Delight hunting.

"It's the little things that give you confidence and a real understanding of each other. I know when to be quiet and when to talk. Roy asks my opinion on everything. We love composing music together. Our favorite is about Roy's little boy, Dusty. I wrote the melody and Roy helped with the lyrics.

"I make my time coincide with Roy's. Tomorrow he goes to Texas on business. Do I stay here for my weekly radio show? No. They can pipe me in from Texas or do without me that week. My life is with Roy."

Dale might entertain ideas about mink coats and Valentino gowns, but she doesn't think they are suitable for Roy Rogers' wife.

"Roy likes me to wear freshly washed clothes with frills, like peasant and Western clothes, at home. He likes studio dinner dresses with bare shoulders, but with a Western motif. We usually wear suits to match. I have a Labrador fox coat—because it is light—and Roy usually wears light clothes. I don't think elaborate mink and lots of glamorous jewelry would be suitable. I dress in keeping with Roy. This year I plan a new fur coat, of some simple fur, with wide shoulders and a belted back—Western.

"Dale was wearing a blue quilted skirt and a little old-fashioned high-necked blouse with a handsome cameo pin brooch set with a diamond. "Roy bought it for me from a lady who admired him. She wanted to give it to him, but Roy insisted on buying it," Dale said. "Simple clothes for a simple life. When we are no longer making pictures we hope to spend our years in Marysville, up in Northern California.

"Funny, and I was so ashamed," Dale laughed. "The other morning my legs felt like I had polio or something and when I came down to breakfast, Roy said, 'Mommy, look at your face!' I was covered with red dots—the German measles."

No, Dale didn't give them to Roy or the children—but she was plenty embarrassed. And Roy, who was scheduled to appear at a civic banquet to take a bow, sat right by the bedside of Mrs. R. R., or Miss Dale Evans, either way—and told them, "I'm sorry, but my wife isn't well—and I cannot leave her." And he never will.

"I have no social ambitions," said Dale. "No ideas of being a glamorous screen star—or anything at all. Just a good mother to Roy's children, a good wife, a pal and a sweetheart to a man who so devotedly has given me his heart and his future—and the future of his children into my keeping."

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Saturday Night Date With Montgomery Clift

Continued from page 25

I laughed to myself. I felt very good. I arrived twenty minutes late. Monty was still getting dressed. He was knotting one of the two ties he owns, no kidding, and worrying because Kevin McCarthy, his best friend, hadn't shown up.

"The doorbell rang a couple of times, but it wasn't his ring," he said. "I can't ever tell if it's someone I'm expecting or those kids who wait around outside. Gee, they're nice kids, but if you start letting some of them up here—well, it gets to be quite a free-for-all. I don't want to offend them, but still—they're driving me nutty!"

At that moment the bell rang in a way that seemed to be a signal to Monty for he put on his tweed jacket—and down the five flights we went.

Unlike the last time I had been there no ardent fans were in evidence—even they have to knock off for supper—and Kevin was waiting in front in his car.

On our way over to the West Side, where the boys knew of a little Italian restaurant, we passed the St. Regis.

"Hey, isn't that 'Bogey' and 'Baby' coming out?" asked Monty.

'Bogey' and 'Baby' turned out to be Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Lauren Bacall.

"It sure is," replied Kevin, "they're probably going to '21.'" "21," stated Monty, "is ONLY three and a half blocks away. Why are they getting into a limousine?"

"Simple. When you're a celebrity you ride around in a mobproof car so you arrive at a restaurant in the same suit you left home in. The reason you are now riding in my old '39 Plymouth is you don't have one as fast as he does and it's not so dangerous!"

Kevin, who's a well-known stage actor in his own right, was ribbing Monty, but I knew he was sincere when he said Monty just wasn't capable of "putting on airs." His parts in "The Search" and "Red River," were considered to be "fine acting jobs" and "outstanding performances," but they also gave you a clue as to what the real Montgomery Clift is like, because he isn't any deferent off screen than he is on. I believe it's a continual shock to people to find this out.

There was a relaxed, easy-going friendship between these two—a friendship that had not been affected because all of a sudden Monty had become "well-known." They kidded one another and

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LOWE'S

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they kidded me which it itself was surprising. They weren’t “being nice” to me because they thought I’d write a better story.

A great many actors will agree with everything you say and nod their heads in agreement until they’ve bowed you out the door with their fixed smiles. Not Monty!

We argued about books and authors and when I made a statement that didn’t seem to make much sense, which now that I look back was often, he’d smile and quietly think to himself.

“Okay, okay, so what’s your point? What are you trying to prove? You don’t make any sense.”

I silently agreed with him. I didn’t know what I was saying half the time because I was trying to understand what he had said—so I could write it down later. I could just hear Kevin the next day.

“Boy! You sure picked a dilly. I don’t think that gal knew whether she was coming or going.”

He couldn’t have been more right!

The restaurant we went to was one of those out-of-the-way places where you have to walk up a flight of stairs. I’d been to a lot of Italian places in the Village, but none could equal this in charm and the food was good.

“Good food—damn cheap—wonderful coffee. When you haven’t got much dough—you come here and load up on spaghetti.”

The wonderful thing about Monty Clift is he doesn’t look like an actor or at least he doesn’t look like what people expect of an actor. He looks exactly as he does in the movies, but for some reason people look right through him. Maybe it’s because he doesn’t dress like a movie star.

Monty dresses like he acts. There’s nothing loud about him and if you take a second look, as all the girls we saw that night did, you notice his tweeds are good and are worn with the air of someone who knows the best. Monty is and he shows it. That’s something no amount of fame or money can give you. Either you have it or you don’t.

He did!

“THOSE,” said Kevin, “are pretty spily socks. Argyles, y’et.”

“THOSE,” replied Monty, “were knit by a fan. Hand-knit that’s what they are. This movie stuff is not so bad—not so bad at all.”

“Listen, boy,” said Kevin, “you’re going in too much for that soft living. Next pair you get—better give them to me. Good for your character.” They both laughed.

From there we went over to Radio City to pick up Kevin’s wife, Augusta Dabney, who’s an actress. Augusta, along with two fellow actors, piled into the car and we went to a movie house on upper Broadway.

Like so many of those old movie houses this one had no air-conditioning so for the next hour and a half everyone squirmed, sweated, and made numerous trips to the water-fountain. It was not long before Monty showed signs of defeat.

“This, I cannot take,” he whispered.

“I’ll see you outside.”

He excused himself, passed a couple of people and was gone.

“Hey, lady, tell your boy friend his shirt-tail is hanging out,” the fat man next to me said—in a loud stage whisper.

I looked up the aisle and sure enough, there went Monty—his shirt-tail hanging below his sports jacket.

“My dear man,” said I, as I pushed past this protruding legs and feel. “I am quite sure he is aware of that fact and even if he weren’t I am just as sure he wouldn’t give a damn!”

I believe the gentleman went back to watching his movie. At least, it was better than being insulted.

“Where to now?” was the cry.

“‘To the Village’!”

To the Village it was.

Somewhere in the West Forties we picked up another pal, Don Keefer, who was standing on a street corner, and we always pick up all our friends on street corners,” explained Monty. “I’m beginning to think everyone I know is homeless.”

Don, who’s appearing in “Death Of A Salesman,” a top hit on Broadway, kept on casually bowing all the way downtown with his bits of backstage gossip.

As we stopped in front of the San Remo, a local spot around the corner from where I live, the car gave a sorrowful groan.

“Boy—you better do something about this here car,” said Monty, holding his sides to keep from laughing any more.

“Get a new one. This thing won’t get you home!”

“Maybe you’ve got some suggestions as to what I use for money, huh?”

“Well, if I go on The Ford Hour maybe I can get them to give me a couple of cars instead of cash. Then you have one and I can have one. How’s that?”

“Sure, sure,” came Kevin’s reply. “My mine’s getting a little door—gray—white wall tires. Okay?”

Everyone laughed including Monty, but you know somehow I think the guy was serious.

The San Remo, one of the few places left in the Village that hasn’t become a tourist trap, is more or less of a meeting place for the so-called—‘young intellectuals.” The front room was jammed so we went on into the back dining room and found ourselves a table in the corner.

Up until now the evening had gone smoothly. Then all of a sudden I was made to realize just whom I was out with.

Within ten minutes the almost empty dining room was over flowing with people. No one came over to the table at first—no one said anything. They just came in, sat down—and STARED!

I wished I were in a hundred other places. The guys with us looked around semiswervingly, Kevin and Dabney grinned. Monty, seeming oblivious to the whole thing ordered.

“A round of beers for the table.”

Then everything happened at once.

One fellow started taking candid shots.

A dozen others crowded up for autographs. Surprisingly enough there were
being what it is, Eastern prep schools and all that, his diction is flawless. In addition to fluent English, he also speaks fluent French, understands Spanish and Italian—a linguistic virtuosity he kept, it is to be hoped, in deference to Tarzan's grunts and guttural, from Director Sholem.

One of Lex's pet aversions is cigarette smoke—especially when it comes from a smouldering cigarette in an ashtray. But he does enjoy a pipe and was enjoying his pipe (how far out of the "Tarzan" formula can you get?) when he walked in, unannounced, on Mr. Sholem.

In spite of these surface handicaps, however, "I look one look at him," says Mr. Sholem, "and that was enough for me! I didn't even want to test him. I said, 'He's IT!'"

Mr. Sholem then explained to us what is required of the man who plays Tarzan.

"The role of Tarzan requires first, of course, physical appearance—height, muscle, handsomeness, a lot of man... But it also requires being alert, being graceful, being keen of mind as well as of body. There are a great many men with big bodies, such as these weight-lifters, wrestlers and so on who are alert, not unpleasant—and not actors. In the man who plays Tarzan, acting ability must be thrown in." Mr. Sholem smiled, "for good measure. Furthermore, Tarzan, as conceived by his creator was, by birth, you must remember, an English lord. Lost in the jungle in infancy he grew up unable to use words, to converse with men. But he is, despite this handicap, as fleet of brain as of foot."

Into this framework of the Tarzan character, as outlined by Director Sholem, Lex fits, in body and brain, in his alertness to the new potentialities the part has for him. "And this is the plus—wants to fit the frame. Wants to be the Tenth Tarzan. Thinks that to play Tarzan "for as long as my muscles hold up and my waistline is great stuff. A good deal."

Said the Tenth Tarzan, taking over, "You know Tarzan isn't going to be an Academy winner, but you—by you, I mean the audience—go to see the animals, to Get Away From It All, so you don't care... As for the satisfaction playing Tarzan gives an actor—well, you can't ham Tarzan up. Can't have him leering all over the place. He's a dignified character. In recent years, and especially from Tarzan of the Lost Empire to Jane, has become comparatively garrulous. But he still speaks pretty much in words of one syllable. He hasn't become heap, as yet, to the personal pronoun, T. Still says, 'Tarzan go,' 'Cheetah go with Tarzan,' and the like. In short, he still gets his thoughts over by thinking them. It challenges the actor in any man.

"The actor in our man, Barker, was—to the considerable bewilderment of his parents who thought actors were something you looked at on a screen or across the safe remove of the footlights born in him."

Lex was born in Rye, New York, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Crichtow Barker. Of English-Spanish descent, he is a direct descendant of Sir Roger Williams, founder of Providence, Rhode Island, and of Sir William Henry Crichtow, governor general of the Barbadoes. Lex's full name is Alexander Crichtow Barker, II, his father, for whom he was named, is a civil engineer, a business man. He has one sister, Fredericka, "Now Mrs. Robert Schelesinger, Fredericka lives in Charlottesville, Virginia," Lex told us, adding with relief, "and raises bulls. By what curious assemblage of the chromosomes a breeder of bulls and an actor came to rest in the bosom of the Barker family, that, to our parents, is the Question?"

When Lex was four, the family moved from suburban Rye to New York City and Lex was sent away to school. In New England, first to Essendon, a prep school... "Why away so early, I was a horrible child and my parents," Lex laughed, "wanted to rid of me. After Essendon, I went on to Phillips-Exeter from which I graduated. I did NOT, however, as has been erroneously stated, go on to Princeton. I merely

Righter has found that many actresses are unwilling to admit their real ages— not because you or I care—but because they are afraid that the chances will find out they didn't tell the exact truth at the Marriage License Bureau.

Oddly enough, the same holds true for many of our male stars. Some of them Righter considers even vainer and more secretive about their birth dates than their feminine counterparts.

At least he told the wife of one handsome screen idol how old her husband was—and was almost hauled into the resultant divorce proceedings. Since then, he talks only about the age of stars in terms of planetary light years—and not in those of beauty shop calendars.

**The Tenth Tarzan Talks!**

Continued from page 43
brushed Princeton when, in deference to my father's wish, I looked into entrance requirements and, weak as I was in math, tackled them. I am going again!

"If I could have majored in Tarziana, I might," Lex looked amused, "have matriculated, because—this is going to sound like a whole field of the old corn—I was a walking encyclopedia on Tarzan. I'd read all the Tarzan books so many times I could recite them. I'd seen all the 'Tarzan' films, reissues as well as current attractions, and the Tarzans, from Elmo Lincoln on, were my heroes and my models. I learned the Call. During Summer vacations in the city, I built tree-houses. During visits to the city, I bought panthers, tigers, black panthers and to the various kith and kin of the charming Cheetah and they talked, you could never have told me otherwise, to me.

"So hungover is my idolatry of the early Tarzan that when I discovered Elmo Lincoln, playing a part in Tarzan's Magic Lantern, in my first 'Tarzan' film, I felt a kid again. When Elmo flexed his still mighty muscles for me, I gawked. And when he sat in on one of my interviews, I was able to say more than two words, said about two words—and the complete interview fell to Elmo!

"In spite of my idolatry, however, I used to look at the Tarzans on the screen and say, with the arrogance of the teenager, or younger, 'My gosh, I can do better than that!' I used to look at actors in pictures, and say, 'My gosh, I can do better than that!' When Elmo, I would walk home from a movie being the character I'd most admired—Laurence Olivier in 'Wuthering Heights,' Fredric March in 'A Star Is Born'—and much better, of course, much more effectively than the Messers. Olivier and March had managed to be! Even now, grown up and in the movies, my poor wife has put up with me as being a character I've just seen on stage or screen. I must say, however, that she gets this break—I'm never such a character as, say, Marlo Brandon in 'Streetcar Named Desire' or Bogart in 'Treasure Of The Sierra Madre,' much more likely to be David Niven in 'Entanglement—I'm one who believes,' Lex laughed, "in the beautiful things!

"Since it never actually occurred to me that my dream of playing Tarzan in the movies might really come true, I can't say that Tarzan was my target But acting was. Following my graduation from Exeter, he went, I went, with never a glance to right or left, into Summer stock—Mt. Kisco, Westport, Ridgefield, all the stops, large and small, on the strawhat circuit. In the Winter, I appeared on Broadway in, in (TERRY w oz. "Shopping" and 'The Merry Wives Of Windsor.

"In shock as the result of my choice of a profession, my mother, being a mother, composed her features and said, bravely, 'Do anything you want to do.' But after one Winter of watching me walk the boards, my father helped, with pain.

"The Summer I was nineteen, a talent scout for 20th Century-Fox, travelling in the train to Westport with me, offered me a screen test in New York. I made the test, I did. But before Hollywood became more than a gleam in my eye, my father made a request of me. 'Quit the theatre for one year, go into business with me and if, at the end of that time, you still want the theatre—' said my father, managing a sickly smile, 'why, all right. But.'

"'I went to work for Dad in a hot steel mill—and loathed it. Blast furnaces in the Summer, frozen to the scaffold in the Winter, Tarzan's jungle is, by comparison,' Lex laughed, "a Garden of Eden.'

Lex made his escape from the blast furnaces, not into the arms of 20th Century-Fox (not then, not yet!) but into another blast furnace. In January 1911, he enlisted in the U.S. Army as a buck private in the Infantry. He emerged from the War a major, the rank with which, invalided out of the Service, he was retired. Of the fact that he was seriously wounded in the War, Lex says nothing and you see nothing.

"Meanwhile, in the portly purview of the Stork Club, Tarzan had found his mate...

"We met here, at The Stork," Lex told us, "at a débutante cocktail party. We were introduced, 'Miss Constance Thur-...[continued]"
nie said, with a time-does-pass gesture, "Lynne is six years old and the baby, Alexander Crichlow Barker, III—but we call him Zan—is soon to be three."

"We called him Zan before we knew," Lex made haste to explain, "that his pappy was due to be Tarzan."

The twenty-first Century-Fox during his time overseas, Lex signed a contract with the studio soon after his return and it was off to Hollywood, hope flying high, for the three young Barkers.

But within a very few months, the high hopes with which the Barkers had rallied the Hollywood's call were flying, almost at half mast.

As Lex tells it: "After six months at 20th Century-Fox during which time I did absolutely nothing except one very small part in 'Doll Face'—a very expensive six months for 20th Century-Fox, very discouraging for me—I asked for my release, got it, was signed by Warner Brothers, did nothing, hope nothing except for a very small part in 'Two Guys From Milwaukee,' asked for my release, got it—as I now know, that's the usual story. I also know now that part of my trouble, was my size, too tall, and the fact that I was big as a man to the men in the starring roles, not big enough (in experience) to be a star. But I was, at the time, pretty frustrated.

"After 'resting between roles' for what seemed like the rest of my life, I was tested by RKO for the part of the elder brother in 'The Farmer's Daughter,' got the part—and a long term contract with RKO. Mitchum's bodyguard in 'Crossfire' I was in the casts, little more, of 'Return Of The Bad Men.' Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House.' The Velvet Touch and then, one day, I dropped in to see Mr. Sholom. Which brings us right back where we started—with me, who found it hard enough to act with my clothes on, now stripped to the sarong of Tarzan, loving it ...."

"Are there those who warn you," Lex added, "against being 'tipped.' But is that bad? For myself, I doubt it. After all, there's no guarantee I'm going to be a tip-off, anyway, if I keep in shape. I can probably get a Tarzan without the 'warning.'"

I'm fifty! I don't want to get entirely tipped. I'd like to dress up in a T-shirt and now and again. Meantime, I play tennis every day of my life. I swim (not a Weismuller in the water, I'm a fair swimmer of my size). If I keep in shape, I can probably get a Tarzan."

Lex, once, said firmly, "now down the monkey business!"

Tarzan is quiet, a home boy, always helping Jane with the, uh, coconuts, always keeping white men out of the jungle. Take it to be alone with Jane and Cheeta.

Lex—we have Mrs. Lex's word for it—is such a quiet boy that, on account the children wake him up at what he calls "the cr-ack of dawn," he now wears ear-plugs.

"We keep only one maid, a nurse for the children, so I," Connie explained, "am chief cook and bottle washer which, since Lex is definitely of the opinion that woman's place is by the stove, is fine! And even as Tarzan helps Jane around their tree-top house, Lex helps me around ours ... he not only hires the dishes but is also, by his own account, gardener, pool-boy, half-arsed electrician, carpenter, plumber and, on such days as the nurse is off, and Connie marketing, baby-sitter!"

"And as Tarzan likes to be alone with Jane and Cheeta, Lex likes to be pretty much alone with me and the kids and His Nibs and Roger and the snow of cats! I often tell him that Tarzan keeping the white men out of the jungle has nothing on him keeping the social swim, you might say, at bay!"

"All things considered," Connie said, having the last word, "it's not surprising that Lex is playing Tarzan. It would be surprising, if he were not!"

Viewing the Tarzan with, we must confess, the same accuracy as the other ladies hatchers at The Stork.

"It would, indeed," we said, "it would indeed!"

---

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SEND ON APPROVAL
Billowy And Romantic

Continued from page 47

Jennifer Jones once took the same boat to Europe. Jennifer constantly appeared in a different skirt and blouse. They all looked so attractive that finally Loretta couldn't stand it any longer and asked her where she got them. "You mean your decorator made them for you?" she asked in amazement. Soon after that she had one in quilted emerald green upholstery satin with a blouse to match.

Gene Raymond's "Million Dollar Week-end," in which he starred with Stephanie Paull as well as produced and directed, was all set for location shooting in Hawaii. He thought the full skirts would lend themselves well to that romantic locale. I had already made a new organdy dress for Jeanette MacDonald, who was going with the company. Gene called me on a Monday to ask if I could make Stephanie Paull's screen wardrobe by the following Friday when they were flying to the islands. I asked him to tell me the story over the telephone and to send me a script immediately. I had an idea of Stephanie's screen character by the time the script arrived. That was a busy week but we made five outfits for Stephanie and got them on that plane.

Anyone, Any Size, Any Height can wear the Tea Cozy. Barbara Stanwyck has several quilted in beautiful Scotch plaid wool. Claudette Colbert and Joan Bennett wear them. Gracie Allen, Mrs. Louis Jordan and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck are quite short but they look stunning in them. Teresa Wright's are a normal size twelve. Anyone with an average waist measurement can wear them. The waistline is then minimized two inches in appearance because of the full skirt. The bottom width gives the silhouette natural proportions. It is quite important to leave the shoulders unpadded for correct balance with the skirt. Then you have the pleasing lines of the inverted triangle.

The Trick To The Circular Skirt lies in quantity and quality of material. Eight manufacturers have tried to copy my Tea Cozy. Some cut down on the amount of material and they looked skimpy. Some used cheaper fabrics and they just looked like bad copies. The type of workmanship has a lot to do with it, too. A circular skirt that is quilted or lined must be made by hand to hang right. We also have little secrets of cutting that we can't talk about. Because of the handwork and the material, our skirts with their own tops have been selling for five seasons, from $79.75 to $89.00. They never wear out and I know many people who have covered chairs with them after they wore them for several years.

Came The Question of complete wardrobe soon after the Tea Cozy appeared and my collections began to include coats, suits and dresses. Our Spring showing featured an Indian Sari of flame chiffon edged with gold. The women who wear it look as if they're wrapped in chiffon. It is really a sensational entrance gown.

Summer Colors should delight the eye. We made a circular skirt of quilted taffeta trimmed in pale yellow, olive green, and emerald green. I like such combinations as pink and gray, olive green with pink or yellow, chowing gum pink with pale yellow, soft gray with red, watermelon pink with black. And of course everyone likes navy blue and white. She looks beautiful in white linen with white, or white organdy with green, pale gray linen, or white lace for cocktails, all have a refreshing, cool feel about them. Unusual contrasts are good, too, such as bright pink linen combined with navy blue shantung. One of our new challis prints, called "High Button Shoes," blends beautifully with a red jersey stole. Another popular Summer item is a black linen skirt trimmed with white and worn with a white embroidered linen blouse.

Personal Style is far more important than being "in style." The girl who finds she looks well in a certain type of thing, and then sticks to it, with variations of skirt length, is a girl with personal style. If she happens to be a dainty Victorian type, she should always wear clothes a little like that. An outdoor girl should wear casual clothes. Even her evening things should follow those lines. For example, Alexis Smith, who is that clean cut sports type, would be right in a skirtwaist dinner dress with a plunging neckline for a touch of glamour.

The Casual Effect is really a personal style in itself. Katharine Hepburn and Ingrid Bergman have it. I would dress them with classic simplicity that goes with the informal hair-dress—the wind and tennis racket look. Rosalind Russell has another style. She is the sophisticate and should wear dramatic clothes. She has the height for it. I'd like to see her in a magnificent full-volume, red taffeta coat. The cameo type, like Joan Bennett, should always keep that dainty look. She is perfect in basics things with tiny jackets and little bonnets.

What Every Girl Should Know are her own skin and hair tones, if she wants to have personal style. A blonde with golden skin should wear all colors that don't give a yellow tinge to her skin. She's most lovely when she wears clothes of the same tone as her skin...topaz, cocoa, monochrome and beige. She can also wear greens and orange red. The blue-eyed blonde should wear blues and pinks instead of yellows. The brunette with blue eyes, who usually has a fair skin, can wear any color under the sun.

Stars At Home like to wear clothes to blend with the colors of their rooms. When I decorate their homes I often make hostess gowns, skirts and negligees to match any color in the house. Anita Colby wanted quilted Tea Cozy skirts to
match all the draperies in her apartment. When she moved to New York she took her draperies with her, because she said she couldn't part with the skirts and they looked so well together. Of course the star's at-home clothes aren't always an exact fabric match with their draperies or furniture coverings. They are just a blend of the background with identical patterns in the material. Three different skirts might coordinate the colors of one room. Some people do like skirts made of the same material that is used in the room decoration. As an example, I had a skirt that matched a chair. When a hole was burned in the chair covering I simply cut the skirt and mended it. I had another skirt that I wore for two years and then I covered a love-seat with it. It's fun to blend the colors of your clothes with the colors in your home.

It May Surprise You to know that most of the stars prefer to do all their entertaining at home. Their surroundings might be luxurious but they like to live simply within them. That calls for the comfort of casual California clothes. And for that, the Tea Cozy has proved itself perfect. It is comfortable as well as alluring. It is just as suitable for special occasions. I wear it to cocktail parties, to the theatre and for business.

Give It Swing and the movement of the circular skirt is utterly feminine. It has something that tightly glued on clothes don't have. Perhaps it's a bit of mystery as to where you begin and end. Anyway men like their graceful effect. They're real charmers—and fun, too.

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

drama-star bug. Then: Fight, solid, this time . . . exit Ginger . . . Gale takes over in the act . . . Ginger takes over in big dramatic role, but is gosh-awful. Fred, who hasn't stopped loving her, realizes her bad acting is due to bad directing and starts correcting that difficulty in a manner which almost backfires. Lots of good music, good dancing and above all, it brings the Rogers-Astaire team back to the screen.

The Set-Up

RKO

A NOTHER side of the fight game is presented in this short but starkly realistic account of 71 minutes in the life of prizefighter Robert Ryan. There's none of the Madison Square Garden glamour, or the athletes you usually see in a film of this type. Good sportsmanship, fair play and human dignity are just so many words when it comes to club fighters—men who get beaten and mauled for a few bucks a fight. The dirt, ugliness and third-rate living are what Audrey Totter wants her fighter-husband Ryan to get away from. But Ryan is still looking for the fight—the one which will give him enough to retire from the ring.

Ryan's manager, George Tobias, knows his 33-year-old "boy" is about finished and, believing he'll lose the fight anyway, takes a $50 bribe from gambler Alan Baxter to lose the fight. Taxi (Toby) doesn't tell Ryan about the deal, but as the fight progresses and his opponent keeps telling him to take a dive, Ryan realizes the fight has been fixed. Anger outweighs his fear of Baxter and he smashes his way to victory, thereby putting the final nail in his boxing days.

One Woman's Story

Universal-International Release

WHEN a woman sacrifices love for wealth and position, it follows that she's brewing herself a nice emotional stew. Ann Todd, using selfishness as the main ingredient, also embroils her husband, Claude Rains, and her lover, Trevor Howard, until the stew runs over and just about engulfs her. All this happens when, during a business trip of her husband's, Ann resumes her romance with Trevor, who thinks she'll divorce Rains and marry him. When Rains discovers what has been going on, there's a fierce showdown. Ann swallows her pride and again chooses to keep the more solid investment of Wealth rather than love.

The lovers see each other years later, and though the meeting is innocent, circumstantial evidence causes Rains to name Trevor, now happily married and a father, as correspondent in his divorce action against Ann. To her mind, there is only one way to spare the man she once loved from scandal and the ruination of his happy marriage, but Rains, still in love, makes a much easier conclusion to the story. Definitely much too sophisticated for children.

The Window

RKO

THERE once was a little boy, Bobby Driscoll, whose strong imagination caused him to tell whopping stories. His parents, Arthur Kennedy and Barbara Hale, were plain ordinary people who were distressed by their son's talent—especially when one morning he came out with a nifty having to do with the couple upstairs, Paul Stewart and Ruth Roman. This time Bobby outdid himself by saying he saw the couple kill a man. Had he been a nice truthful young man, maybe his parents would have believed him, but they didn't. Nor did the police, when he told them the story. Word of Bobby's tall tale finally reached the couple upstairs, and surprisingly enough, they believed him. Then one night, when both Bobby's parents were out and he was locked in the apartment, the couple had a chance to talk to him, and the way they decided to end Bobby's story-telling is

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1331 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 464-B Chicago 5, Ill.
not recommended in the Habit-Breaking Manual.

With actual scenes in a New York City tenement district supplying a realistic setting, this is a terrifying yarn based on a Cornell Woolrich thriller.

**Look For The Silver Lining**

*Warner Bros.*

O N E OF the best musicals of the year based on the life story of Marilyn Miller, with June Haver in the leading role. The youngest daughter in a theatrical family, the parents are Charles Ruggles and Rosemary DeCamp, June starts her dancing career through the assistance of Ray Bolger. She is so ter-
rific, by the time she is fifteen, June is the darling of Broadway. During the run of her first big time revue, June meets Gordon MacRae—ummmmnmnnmmmm:—

and later marries him.

Along with excellent songs and dancing by Haver and Bolger, the story is amaz-
gingly good, and loaded with humor. But light and gay as it is, there are some nice

meany dramatic moments here, too. The only thing bad is that the picture has to

end.

**The Fountainhead**

*Warner Brothers*

A STRANGE and contrived story with Gary Cooper as an architect who expresses his soul in the steel and concrete of modernistic buildings. Nor

is it the only driving force. There are other forms of repressed expression in

this, such as Raymond Massey, the publisher, who wants to rule masses

through his newspaper; Robert Douglas, a columnist, who wants to play with

men's souls; and Patricia Neal, haunted by a vision of a brawny hand clutching

a power drill, who destroys that which she loves. All along, there's the constant

reminder that in order to be happy and free, the soul must be truthful to itself

and whatever nourishes the individual soul—be it love, artistic expression, or

just plain decent living—it must not be changed to another diet, no matter how

tempting another concoction might be. Despite the number of faults, there are

enough moments in this which are worth seeing—especially some bits done by

Massey. If you like deep thinking, hidden meanings, plus pure modern architec-
ture, this is something for which you've been waiting a long time.

**C-Man**

*Laurel Films*

I NTERESTING and unique semi-
documentary with Dean Jagger in

the main role as a Customs agent on the trail of a fabulous necklace worth half a mil-

lion smackeroos, which is being smug-
gled into the USA. This latest unveiling of law-in-action brings to the screen two

new personalities: Lottie Elwen, a would-

be war bride and dupe in the smuggler's plan, and Harry Landers, a baby-faced

monster. Eventually, the score of men who died because of the necklace totals

five before the sloughing of Jagger rings

down the curtain. The every day, unpre-
tentious acting by Jagger and the others

plus a high-powered story make this

worth seeing. Filmed entirely in New

York, there are many interesting shots of

the city.

**Lust For Gold**

*Columbia*

A LMOST everybody, at one time or

the other, has dreamed of finding a
gold mine, but I'll wager a gold nugget

or two that this is the first picture that

has actually come out and told you

exactly where to look for that gold mine.
The mine is anyone's for the asking, all

you have to do is find the exact spot and

start digging. The history of the fabulous

mine is told in flashback when William

Prince comes to Arizona to find the mine

which his grandfather, Glenn Ford, owned in the 1860's. Piece by piece,

Prince learns of the heavy toll the mine

has taken in lives of people who coveted

its bounty. His grandfather gained

ownership through the expedient of

murder, and murdered two more people,

Ida Lupino and Gig Young, when

he found they wanted his gold.

As if the past hasn't been gory enough,

Prince finds himself being stalked by a

present-day killer, and the yen for gold

cancels out one more life. In case you're

still interested, the gold is still there—

a little less than $20,000,000.

**Black Magic**

*United Artists Release*

N o lullaby was ever calculated to put

you to sleep quicker than a stare

from Cagliostro (don't pronounce

the "G," please), history's greatest hypnotist.

Nor was Cagliostro, played by Orson

Welles, merely content with putting

people to sleep—Nancy Guild, yes, but

the others, no. Working on the then

unknown quantity of psychology, he knew

his hypnotic power could bring him

wealth and world fame. A Gypsy, who

saw both his parents hung for making a

prediction, Orson gained this uncanny

aptitude from his mother. Everything

would have been fine if he just would

have been content with wealth and mob

adoration, but actually he believed that

he was a supreme being meant to rule

the world. Although his satanic soul is

not released in the end, Nancy finally

snaps out of the trance Orson has

put her in, you are left with the uncom-

fortable mental picture of Orson's eyes

burning, burning, deep, deep into your

very being. . . . Yes, master . . . . this

is the greatest, most spectacular, most

thrilling, most lavish, most exciting

super production ever filmed.

**The Great Dan Patch**

*United Artists Release*

T ROTTING and pacing horses are

lost a great deal of their popularity

with race fans, yet all the color and

excitement of horse racing is still present especially when you tell the story of

Dan Patch, the greatest trotting horse

who ever lived. It's too bad people like

Dennis O'Keefe, Gail Russell and Henry

Hull keep trying to take you away from

the horse track and paddocks just to

let you in on their stereotyped life biog-

raphies. Luckily, none of O'Keefe's trouble

with his domineering wife, or Gail's love
d for Dennis and Dan (the horse), affects

the horse too much and he goes right on

breaking records after record. It takes a

stable fire to make Dennis realize he

doesn't love his wife and that his right-

ful place is with Gail and back on the farm.

Even all these happenings, including his

sale, are just so much hay in the manger
to Dan, and he retires in dignity as the

unbeaten champion.

**Illegal Entry**

*Universal-International*

I MMIGRATION Inspector George

Brent runs into quite a problem when

he tries to break up a gang smuggling

aliens over the Mexican border by plane.

One of his suspects is Marta Toren,

whose husband had been killed in the

War. In an effort to find out what link

she is in the gang, Brent gets one of her

husband's buddies assigned to the task

of getting chummy with her. So, posing

as a pilot out of work, Howard Duff

not only meets Marta, but gets himself

a job with the gang which is operating behind

a phony air freight service. Marta is in

the deal, all right, up to her lovely neck,

but the gang helped get her brother into

this country and she's obligated to them.

Just when things are going fine, and it

looks as if Howard is getting to his

men, they learn he's an immigration

officer and his last flight really gets

rough. The landing is worse—a perfect

all-point crash. A fairly exciting under-

taking is mixed up with all-bloody

killings, and stuff like that there.

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Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, new Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone brings to your lips lasting color-beauty that's almost too attractive!

Makes the Sweetest Kiss
Because It Leaves No Mark on Him
Think of it! Not even a tiny bit of your Liquid Liptone leaves your lips for his—or for a napkin or tea-cup. It stays true to your lips alone and one make-up usually suffices for an entire day or evening.

Swim-proof tips at last!
and they stay delightfully soft and smooth.

PLEASE TRY SEVERAL SHADeS AT MY INVITATION
Once you experience the greater beauty of liquid color and know that your lip make-up will stay on no matter what your lips touch—I'm sure you'll thank me for this offer. Let me send you trial-size Liquid Liptone—one or more shades. Each is at least a week's supply. Enclose 12 cents for each shade to cover postage, etc. You will be thrilled by the startling new beauty that Liquid Liptone instantly brings to your lips.
There he was . . . that wonderful boy she met last night at the hotel dance! Suzanne uncorked her most glamorous smile, batted her most luscious lashes. No recognition. She waved her shapeliest arm, "yoo-hoo-ed" her most musical "yoo-hoo." No response. All of a sudden it dawned on her that he was deliberately giving her the air . . . and was it frigid! She hadn't the foggiest notion why he should snub her so.

Your breath may be beyond suspicion most of the time. And then, when you want to be at your best, you can be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) . . . without realizing it.

You Can't Always Tell
If you're smart, you won't fail to guard against offending this way. You'll use Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution that so many rely on.

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Never Omit It
Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and never, never omit it before any date 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 quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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Don't be Half-safe!
by VALDA SHERMAN

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

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

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to 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. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is in every way the finest cream deodorant you've ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don't be half-safe! Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.
GABLE'S GREAT!

SMITH

Play"
Tampax is discretion itself at swimming time. Because this remarkable monthly sanitary protection has no outside pad... Give this one fact your full consideration—and you'll realize that Tampax can be trusted in the water and out of the water with your bathing suit wet or dry. So get Tampax for the next occasion and enjoy those additional "stolen" swims!

Made of highly absorbent surgical cotton, Tampax is worn internally and comes in efficient easy-to-use applicators. When in place it is not only invisible but unfelt. No chafing is possible. No edge-lines can show under soft summer dresses. No odor can form. Changing quick and disposal no trouble at all.

This Tampax was invented by a doctor and is by no means intended as occasional convenience. It meets the demands of this special hygienic need every month of the year. Millions now use it. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into purse; economy box holds 4 months average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Jimmy Stewart, star of "Stratton Story," with socialite Gloria Hatrick McLean at Stork Club. They'll be man and wife soon.
A love story to match the tension of the times.
Bob Pins
set the smartest
hair-do's
stronger grip—won't slip out

DeLong

Your hair is short and to the point this season.
The new brief styles are easy on the eyes—
easy to set, yourself, with DeLong Bob Pins.
DeLong Bob Pins, with their new rounded
ends, slide in easily, stay in indefinitely.
Get DeLong Bob Pins on the famous blue card.

The Short Halo—
created by Helen Hunt,
famous Hollywood hair stylist.
Make 3 rows of pin curls, Work clockwise from
left part toward face. Pull hair slightly forward as you
pin. Brush out hair upward, away from face. Let ends
fall forward. Brush back hair upward.

You're always "set" with DeLong
Carl Setting Pins • Hair Pins • Safety Pins
Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins
Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

Pamela were at a party the other evening
with the Van Hefins and Betty Hutton
and they brought their new baby, crib, diapers and formula, right
along with them. They never let the
baby out of their sight.

Betty Hutton, who loves babies so much,
couldn't take her eyes off the Mason infant, although we did get her to stop mak-
ing gurgling noises, to tell us how happy she is to get the part of Annie Oakley in
"Annie Get Your Gun," which Judy Gar-
land had to forfeit when the studio sus-
pended her.

BRIAN AHERNE, at the same party,
told us that a producer had asked
him to play the King in the production of "Hamlet" which they're doing in Den-
mark in the original setting of the Castle
of Elsinore where Shakespeare placed it.
Margaret Sullavan and several other
Hollywood film stars are going over, but
Brian politely turned the offer down.
"Why?" I asked him. "Didn't you
want to do the role?"
"Oh, yes, Cobina," Brian suavely re-

Above: Audrey Totter with
Brian Donlevy at formal
Hollywood premiere. It's one
of the surprise twosome of the town. Both
claim it isn't serious.

Right: Gene Tierney with
Betty Lou Gerson on the
Hollywood Star Theatre.
Gene is returning to the
screen in "Whirlpool," a
20th Century-Fox picture.

Below: Jane Wyman, now in England, is making
"Stage Fright" for Alfred Hitchcock. Michael Wild-
ing is her leading man. Jane's lonesome for home.

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ARTHUR MURRAY TEACHERS SAY:

"Feel Summer Sweet all year round"

WITH

LANDER’S

Lilacs and Roses TALC"

Looking like music in motion, charming Ania Paul is one of America’s foremost ballroom dancers. Ania says: “When you teach dancing, you have to be extra-careful about feminine daintiness. That’s why I use Lander’s flower-fresh tals. Those lovely garden fragrances really refresh me. You’ll love them!”

1 lb. economy size only
25c

ALSO AVAILABLE IN
10c Size.

Available at your favorite variety store

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plied. “I simply asked them if they didn’t think that Hamlet was a better part!”

Brian, oddly enough, is only one member of the British colony to take up, of all things, square dancing, and if you were to attend these weekly sessions at the smart Bel-Air Hotel, you’d really get a kick out of seeing Deborah Kerr and her husband, Tony Bartley, Brian and Eleanor, and all the stiff English actors and actresses, decked out in blue jeans and calico bandannas, whirling

Below: Dick Haymes and Nora Eddington Flynn dining at the Stork in Manhattan.

Lola Albright, who’s featured in Warners’ gay comedy, “The Girl From Jones Beach.”

their partners in a circle.

What amused me most is that the “caller” of this typically American dance form—and everyone says he’s the best—is the typically British-voiced Ronald Colman!

THERE’S no party like a wedding party, whether it be in Hollywood or Hoboken and, since so many film colony mergers are done very quietly, in Q. T. Nevada, when there is a formal wedding, with veil, rice and champagne, you can be sure everyone is going to turn out. The most lavish of these recent affairs, in fact, the most elaborate since Diana

(Please turn to page 70)

Left: Ginger Rogers with Vinton Hayworth, radio star, at Sherry-Netherland in N. Y.

Celeste Holm and her son, Daniel Dunning, with his new U.S. Savings Bond Certificate.
Would you let your brother marry an

Anna Lucasta?

The great stage success brought excitingly to the screen

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Anna Lucasta

Starring

PAULETTE GODDARD
William Bishop · John Ireland · Oscar Homolka

and BRODERICK CRAWFORD

Screen Play by Philip Yordan and Arthur Laurents · Based upon the play, "Anna Lucasta", by Philip Yordan

A SECURITY PICTURES PRODUCTION · Directed by IRVING RAPPER · Produced by PHILIP YORDAN
By
Helen Hendricks

Edward, My Son
MGM

WHEN a parent uses money and indulgence instead of love and understanding to win the affection of his only son, not only will father and son suffer, but so will the countless people whose lives they touch. This tragic result, plus the many others which stem from the same selfish principles, are all brought out with vivid performances by Spencer Tracy, as the father, and Deborah Kerr, the mother of the much talked about but never seen Edward.

As an average middle-class couple living in England, the Boults don't seem marked in any particular manner when you first see them. However, when Tracy burns down his store to collect the insurance to pay for an operation his young son needs, you really get the idea that Edward is going to have the best of everything at any cost. Unfortunately, the "cost" not only means a fire-gutted building, but also the jail sentence and subsequent suicide of Boults' business partner, constant double-crossing, the slow but complete disintegration of Deborah, the suicide of Boults' mistress and death of Edward, who is minus any sense of morals.

Excellent acting by Tracy, Deborah and Ian Hunter, as the doctor in love with Deborah, who is able to salvage only one human being out of Tracy's destructive powers: Edward's illegitimate son. Superior entertainment, this is strictly for adults.

The Girl From Jones Beach
Warner Brothers

THE Randolph Girl, as painted by artist Ronald Reagan, is quite a composite dish: the face of one model, the hands of another, the lips from a third, the legs from a fourth, and, well—etc. The finished product is quite a cookie, so much so that a big executive wants to do a television show based around her! But since the Randolph Girl's creator hasn't let anyone in on his nefarious secret, he has a tough time convincing Eddie Bracken that he isn't interested in the offer. Being the persistent guy he is, Bracken finally learns the truth and, completely shattered, decides to commit suicide—but, wait—as he drifts in his leaky rowboat past Jones Beach, he catches a glimpse of a truly wonderful hunk of pulchritude, Virginia Mayo—the Randolph Girl all in one neat package. It would be very easy if Eddie could row up, get her name on the dotted line and make everyone happy, but it isn't that simple. Reagan has to enroll in a night school for foreigners which Virginia teaches (you'll get some mighty good laughs out of his "accent"), and Eddie has to keep the other twelve models from knowing what's going on. Very humorous and very gay, you can't miss by seeing what can happen at Jones Beach.

Stampede
Allied Artists

WESTERNS will always be box-office just as long as they keep turning out fast-moving epics like this. Surprisingly enough, the usual cliches you look for, and find, in a picture of this type, are missing. The gal, Gale Storm, is an independent little miss, but a very believable and cute one. One scene where she roughs up Rod Cameron, is funnier than all git out. The man, Cameron, is one of the most human cattlemen we've seen in a long time. Whatever he does, he does because circumstance motivates his actions and not because he's really a softie underneath all that brawn and muscle. The plot about a cattle baron caught between some land swindlers and a group of settlers who want him to relinquish his control over the only water supply in the territory, is equally well-done. Besides a lot of fast action and gun-fire, this has an added surprise—it brings back Johnny Mack Brown, good-looking as ever, as the soft-spoken sheriff.

Forbidden Street
20th Century-Fox

FASCINATED since childhood by the slummy alley back of her home known as Britannia Mews, Maureen O'Hara eventually finds that her whole life revolves around the street. Grown to young womanhood, Maureen becomes infatuated by her drawing master, Dana Andrews, a no-account opportunist, who takes his young starry-eyed bride to live...
in the alley above a stable. When he has a fatal accident, her last escape from the Mews and its degrading way of life is cut off by a blackmaling old hag who insists she saw Maureen kill her husband. Only when a young man gets tossed out of the pub and almost into her lap, does Maureen come out of her apathy and put aside the gin bottle at which she's been nipping. Probably the fact that the stranger looks exactly like her dead husband accounts for the change—the similarity isn't too odd since Dana Andrews plays the other role, too. Between them both, they change the Mews from a place of dregs to a fashionable street, and this is done when they stage excellent puppet shows. That the young couple run into some difficulties because they are posing as man and wife is mostly comedy relief and not to be taken too seriously.

Neptune's Daughter
(Technicolor)
MGM

WELL, tie my trident, if it isn't Esther Williams cutting through the waters of a blue-tinted pool, again. Esther is the voluptuous but level-headed executive of a bathing suit manufacturing concern, while Keenan Wynn is her good-Joe partner. Esther's wacky sister, Betty Garrett, is the one who gets the hilarity under way when she decides to hook herself a South American polo player. To say that she mistakes Red Skelton for the polo player should be enough, but there's a lot more. Esther finds the polo player Red is impersonating, and tells him in no uncertain terms hands off her little sister. Ricardo Montalban goes along with the gag because he thinks Esther is super, but it isn't until the very end that Esther finds out the truth. Though the picture is excellent right along, some of the funniest scenes arrive with Esther's deep-freeze treatment of Ricardo, Betty's mad passionate chanting of "Baby, It's Cold Outside," which she does while making advances to Red, and Red's romancing in Spanish plus his polo-playing. The only trouble with this is that the laughs come so close together you can miss out on some dialogue.

Roughshod
RKO

EASY-GOING, yet never slack when it comes to suspense, you'll find this a worthwhile saga of the Old West. Bob Sterling, pursued by a trio of killers, and Claude Jarman, as his kid brother, make up a nice team of unsavory young men. Just as soon as they get rid of the killers and a dance hall girl, Gloria Grahame, they intend to start a horse ranch. Bob hates everything Gloria stands for and in spite of the fact that he makes violent love to her, tells her in no uncertain terms that marriage is out because she wouldn't make fitting company for his young brother. Although a boy, Claude is nevertheless a brighter lad in some respects: he likes Gloria and thinks she's just the girl for Bob. This disagreement almost causes a rift between the brothers, but a gun-battle makes Bob turn noble and less lusty.

The Blue Lagoon
(Technicolor)

Universal-International Release

WHAT do you like in the way of adventure? Name it and you got it in this nifty about a couple of children and a sailor who are shipwrecked on a deserted Pacific island. Shortly after landing on this paradise, lush with tropical foliage and bordered by a white sandy beach, the sailor meets an untimely death, leaving the two youngsters on their own. Besides the clothes they are wearing, the only other memento from the civilized world is a book on etiquette. Years pass and the next time you see the tykes, they are perfect specimens of male, Donald Houston, and female, Jean Simmons. He's got more muscles than Atlas and she's sensash in a sarong. Any two other people would be very content with a set-up like they have, but, no, they want to go back to civilization.
Right: Being manhandled by Max and Buddy Baer is only part of Lou Costello's woes in "Africa Screams," his latest comedy with Bud Abbott for Universal-International. Don't miss this one!

Below: Gloria Grahame, Robert Sterling and Claude Jarman, Jr., in "Roughshod," an RKO Western in which Gloria, a dance hall girl, and Bob fall in love, but complications set in immediately.

They almost do when two renegades, looking for pearls, stumble on the island. Taken in by promises at first, the children of nature eventually get the idea that all the strangers are after are the pearls which Houston brings up from the lagoon. One of the strangers is also after Jean. They get neither of the treasures and the couple is left on the island a while longer until they finally put together a boat and a few other things and begin their journey back to England. Oh, well, to each his own...

The Great Gatsby

Paramount

JUST because he never got over loving one woman, Betty Field, Alan Ladd turns bootlegger and racketeer in order to get enough money to be able to live up to her. After many years, during which time Betty has married and become a mother, Alan finally manages to scrape a few millions together and buys a 30 some odd room cottage on Long Island Sound. Right across the bay, Betty is grub-staking in an equally pretentious palace. Through her cousin, Macdonald Carey, Alan gets to meet Betty again, and, zingo, you get proof positive that an old flame never dies. Everyone is all mixed up and very unhappy. Betty's husband is pitching woo with a garage owner's wife, Alan is pitching thousand dollar bills around, Ruth Hussey is pitching foul balls, and Betty,

Above: It's Virginia Mayo again, but this time in a much lighter role in the rollicking "The Girl From Jones Beach." Ronald Reagan, who plays an artist, is on receiving end of the kiss.

Right: Keenan Wynn, Esther Williams and Betty Garrett in "Neptune's Daughters." Red Skelton and Ricardo Montalban are also in this MGM comedy about polo and bathing suits. In color.
THERE'S MORE THAN MONEY ON MITCHUM'S MIND...

When He Tangles With This Gal
With the Million-Dollar Figure!

MITCHUM'S NEWEST PICTURE...
hot off location
down Mexico way!
Heart-pumping action,
super-speed excitement,
when this T-N-Trio
crosses paths on the
danger-filled trail of a
fortune in stolen money!

ROBERT MITCHUM
JANE GREER · WILLIAM BENDIX
in
THE BIG STEAL

with
PATRIC KNOWLES · RAMON NOVARRO · DON ALVARADO · JOHN QUALEN

Executive Producer SID ROGELL
Produced by JACK J. GROSS · Directed by DON SIEGEL
Screen Play by GEOFFREY HOMES and GERALD GUNSON ADAMS

Based on the famous Saturday Evening Post Story "The Road to Carmichael's" by RICHARD WORMSER
because she's so emotionally inhibited, is just in there pitching. The fact that Betty accidentally runs over her husband's amour, and kills her, really fixes Alan fine because he takes the blame for the death, and the garage-owner, grief-striken and crazed, fills the Ladd body with bullets. One thing about this picture is a very strong flavor of the strange emptiness of living which seemed so much a part of the 1920s. It's a difficult thing to catch and film, but it was done.

Sand
(Technicolor)

20th Century-Fox

BASED on a novel by one of the greatest writers on horses, Will James, this is a yarn about a show horse who jumps the train when his box-car catches on fire, and roams the desert. As his devoted owner, Mark Stevens, points out, the fact that he's psychologically unadjusted to cope with the dangers of freedom—we're talking about a horse, remember—might make a great change in his personality. It certainly does—our equine friend who once played with kittens, nuzzled his master and ate sugar from the hands of children, now is a killer who would just as soon stomp a man to death as he would whinny. Although he almost translates Coleen Gray into the good earth, Mark still believes his horse can get over this split-personality business and get back to winning cups again. Mark's search for his maladjusted horse almost ends when Rory Calhoun, a ranch foreman, sets out to shoot the ornery critter. However, he has a change of heart and he, Mark and Coleen finally capture "Jubilee," who, in turn, winds up being a cutie-pie after all. [Please turn to page 73]
In one terrifying moment she realized what she had done... yet it was too late to turn back... TOO LATE FOR TEARS!
A makeup retouch technique that emphasizes skin lustre

THE honey blonde star in the powder room of the Stork Club was repairing her makeup after half an hour or so of the samba. I watched her technique with interest. A long pencil of color carefully replaced her lips and from a tiny vial she brushed on a clear liquid, parting them while it dried. That meant her rich curve of color would remain intact in spite of food, drink, cigarette or kiss. Another stick swept a shadow of mauve across her eyelids. From her bag she took a small linen paper tissue and pressed it lightly over her whole face. This is hot-weather magic, for the tissue absorbs oil and moisture without marring your makeup in the slightest. A small golden perfume flacon then flashed as a mist of perfume greeted hair, neck and arms. With an approving glance in the mirror, she swept from the refuge of the powder room to the lights, the stimulating crowd and music that make the Stork Club.

This retouch technique holds a beauty lesson for everyone. Furthermore, the stick form of modern beauty is admirably adapted to bag or desk drawer without needless weight or clutter. And a little beauty mending in private means that you can long remain in public without frequent recourse to compact, mirror and lipstick. This public putting on of face is blacklisted by the boys. Timely, too, might be a tip for the girls about to take their first step careerward which is, fix up your face in private. Until you have proved your sterling worth, the Big Chief may take your prettling touches in his presence as a sign of giddiness instead of a well-meant but inept effort at grooming. In many years of lunching, and teasing with (Please turn to page 72)
The eyes of the world were turned on the French Riviera town of Vallauris on May 27th when Rita Hayworth, Hollywood's foremost glamour girl, and Aly Khan, son of one of the world's richest men, were united in marriage.

The newlyweds with Aly's father, the Aga Khan, and his wife, Begum Aga Khan. Rita and Aly were wed in a civil ceremony performed by Mayor Paul Andre Derigon. Rita was clad in an ice blue crepe gown with black accessories.
Loretta Young, who was captivated by the grace and beauty of the "Ice Capades," greets a friend during intermission.

Dorothy Lamour congratulates Bucky Stein, one of the dwarfs in "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs," a highlight of the show. While his wife, Esther Williams, looks on, Ben Gage plays Edgar Bergen to an amused performer in the glittering "Ice Capades."
A dramatic act in the "Ice Capades" makes Rhonda Fleming turn to disc jockey Johnny Grant for support.

At the Pan Pacific Auditorium, Eve Arden and Gertrude Nielsen flank Bill Hawes, who's delighted with the arrangement.

None of the star spectators at the Los Angeles opening of the "Ice Capades of 1949" enjoyed the lavish performance more than Mr. and Mrs. Dan Duryea.
The J. Fred Henrys, feted at a Hollywood party, with Louella Parsons, Irene Dunne.

Barbara Bel Geddes greets J. Fred Henry, SCREENLAND'S publisher, at party for him.

By Lynn Bowers

When the Fred Henrys (he's the publisher of SCREENLAND and SILVER SCREEN) paid Hollywood a short and busy visit we couldn't think of a better excuse to give a party. The Henrys obligingly squeezed some time from their crowded schedule to come and meet some of our favorite people—Irene Dunne, Louella Parsons, Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, Barbara Bel Geddes and Carl Schreuer, John and Marie Lund, Gertrude Niesen, Bob and Billie Dove Kenaston, Maggie Ettinger, Jack Briggs, Dorothy Manners and John Haskell, Florence Desmond, the Tex Rodens, Mr. Henry's brother John and his pretty wife, Jill, her niece Zoe Rosnas, and a coupla dozen more. The Henrys must have thought it was the Chamber of Commerce—what with everyone trying to persuade them to move to Hol-

Gertrude Niesen, hostess Harriet Parsons, Billie Dove Kenaston, John Lund and his wife, Marie, at party for the J. Fred Henrys.

At party honoring the J. Fred Henrys during their Hollywood visit, were Gertrude Niesen, Mr. Henry's brother John and his wife.
When Trigger's hoofprints were preserved for posterity in forecourt of the Chinese Theatre, Dale Evans and Roy Rogers were right on hand to see that he made the very best impression.

Wood. Good idea, too, they're very charming people.

Jack Briggs got lonesome for Ginger Rogers, vacationing in New York, so he telephoned her. Betty Hutton and Florence Desmond hadn't seen one another since they appeared at Palladium in London last summer. Everyone was raving about how beautiful Betty looked in a black ankle-length sheer and a picture hat. Marie Lund looked like a very chic, modern Dresden figure in a dreamy pastel gown and bonnet. Everybody, in fact, looked awful purty. Gertrude Niesen was telling us she'd decided to do a Summer tour of "Annie Get Your Gun." We were sorry George Montgomery and Dinah Shore couldn't make it on account of George had a sore throat, and a radio rehearsal kept Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard from coming.

We couldn't have managed without Producer Harriet Parsons, who is as good a hostess as she is a producer, which is saying quite a lot.

in Detroit, where we went to pick up a new automobile. The only movie people we saw for two weeks were (Please turn to page 60)

Looks as if Douglas Fairbanks, not Darryl Zanuck, made the best bet at the polo matches between the U.S. and Argentina.

Ginger Rogers, on vacation in New York, in Playwright Sidney Kingsley's party at the Stork. She wants a comedy for her next picture.
"I Like Everything About Women—Almost"

In "Framed," Janis Carter used all her wiles to lure Glenn Ford.

There comes a time in the life of all women when they must open their big, blue eyes and realize there are many things about them men do not like! Said though this may be, it is still true.

Women are absolutely marvelous about doing tiny, little things that set men to grinding their teeth in their sleep, walking blindly down streets and shouting at their mothers-in-law. How the gentle and feminine sex can create such turbulence in the souls of strong and silent males often remains a mystery.

Not wanting any mysteries to exist in this age of reason and scientific analysis of all problems, I turned to the first strong man I saw and begged him not to be so silent.

Now the man I picked is strong! He won the heart of America's favorite, fast-footed dancer, Eleanor Powell, and he has made many an American girl forget the boy next door. Who else could he be but the cowboy-booted, green-eyed Glenn Ford?

Yes, it was to Glenn I passed on the opportunity most men would fight for—the chance to speak his piece before his teeth are ground to bits.

"Tell us," I pleaded, "what do we do that is wrong? Give us the golden word that we may mend our ways. Please, Glenn, straighten us out!"

"Straighten out women!" he said in amazement. "Gee whiz, Florence, I don't know anything about women!"

"You don't know anything about women?" I gasped. "Why, Glenn, I saw you with my own eyes on Fifth Avenue and you were surrounded by the dainty sex, all screaming and pushing to get nearer. On the screen I've seen you woo many of the fairer lasses of Hollywood, so you must have picked up a bit of vicarious information."

Shyly he shook his head and answered, "Well, all I do know is what I've observed. I can't judge by Eleanor for she is perfect. I'm on the spot because I like everything about women—almost."

"It's a problem," he continued, "to think of anything that irritates me. In Hollywood, women are so entirely different. The big stars of the film capital have not only won their lofty place on the ladder, but they've stayed there because of complete (Please turn to page 65)"

Glenn Ford points out some irritating faults of the fair sex

By Florence Pritchett

Glenn chatting with Kay Medford, who appears in his current film, "Undercover Man."

With Adele Jergens. Says Glenn, "Actually, women in general are wonderful creatures."

Evelyn Keyes gives Glenn's tie the woman's touch between scenes of their latest film.
Eleanor Powell, Glenn Ford's wife, whom he says is perfect.

Glenn Ford and his mother in Chicago's Pump Room. He hates women who do own ordering.

Evelyn Keyes and Glenn Ford in a romantic scene in their new Columbia film, "Mr. Soft Touch." Glenn thinks all men like femininity and sweetness in women.
It Took A Kicking

By Robert Perkins

"FAILURE," said June Havoc, "can often be the greatest success..."

Paradoxical as that appears, it was emphatically true in June's case. Originally lured to Hollywood by RKO as a comic and part-time willowy siren, she was quickly typed as such. Since she had considerably more on the ball than her roles called for, she wasn't ecstatically happy, was dropped as a failure. It took plenty of subsequent dramatic

The failures she's endured have made June Havoc the real person she is today
June Havoc and William Demarest in scene from "Red, Hot And Blue," her latest film.

June Havoc, William Talman, William Demarest and Betty Hutton welcome Adolph Zukor, chairman of the board for Paramount Pictures, on the "Red, Hot And Blue" set.

stage-film work (and beatings) to establish June as a capital-A Actress.

Nowadays, June is handed such piquant movie roles as that of the bigoted secretary in 20th Century-Fox's "Gentleman's Agreement," and, more recently, she played a brittle, likeable (but not laudable) character in Alan Ladd's "Chicago Deadline." Currently she is a worldly New Yorker in "Red, Hot And Blue," a realistic gangster-detective film starring Betty Hutton—the latter two being made for Paramount.

There's quite a story back of June's tooth-and-nail fight to rid herself of the comedienne, sexy hoyden labels—not to forget the hefty placard she's carried on her aching back for lo, these many years, the same reading: "This is Gypsy Rose Lee's kid sister."

"I was extremely bad for RKO," says June, "and vice versa. And when they decided that I was a flop and gave me the boot, it was the best possible thing because, after all, I was headed in the wrong direction. It's true I was making good money working in their comedies, but I wasn't happy. You know something? I've never been happy being funny ...

This interview with June took place in her suite in New York's Sherry-Netherland Hotel on Fifth Avenue. When she opened the door for us, a white streak—a cute toy French Poodle named Suzetta—barked herself at us, bumped nosily against an ankle and (Please turn to page 65)

"All I ask is a chance to create something," says June.

Jane Nigh and June in another scene from the Paramount film. June's determined to get away from hoydenish roles.
Olivia de Havilland, now starring in "The Heiress," a Paramount production
PAULETTE GODDARD manages to make the taking of a bath more exciting than the final game of the World Series whether the ablutions take place in a jungle pool, rain barrel or plain old-fashioned porcelain tub. In Columbia’s “Anna Lucasta,” Paulette injects a bath into a hitherto sudsless script just after she returns to her impoverished mining town home. It’s a long dusty trip from Brooklyn to Pennsylvania so what else could a travel begrimed Paulette do first but frolic in the foam? “Anna Lucasta” is the story of a disillusioned girl who finds happiness in a marriage arranged by her family solely to extort money from her husband.

“Bathing is not a private affair,” declares Paulette, in the midst of her seventh screen bath. Although Anna Lucasta was a negro on Broadway, she’s a Polish girl in the picture.

One of the reasons Paulette Goddard insists on tub scenes, such as this one in “Anna Lucasta,” is because most of her fan mail is from men who enthusiastically endorse them.

Innocent-eyed Paulette is anything but in “Anna Lucasta.”
A couple of million dollars worth of talent went to work in the Shrine Auditorium when the Friars presented one of their famous Frolics for the benefit of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and put on a show that money couldn't buy. The choruses alone were worth the price of the $100 seats. Benny and Hope and Bergen, Durante, Lou Holtz and Danny Thomas were all over the place; Tony Martin, Sinatra and Gordon MacRae sang their heads off. Humphrey Bogart, who teamed with Alan Ladd; Spencer Tracy and Harpo Marx were among the big names who floated around like confetti. From overture to finale, the Friars again proved that they're definitely in a class by themselves when they Frolic.
Van Johnson and Dan Dailey had the audience cheering at their act in the Friars Frolic.

James Cagney, Ronald Reagan discuss the future with Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen.

Chorus men in the "This Is Our Night With Trixie" number are Pete Lawford, Ray Milland, Jim Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, Fred MacMurray, Van Johnson, George Murphy, Bob Taylor.

The James Masons, Van and Frances Heflin were almost mobbed entering the show.

Audrey Totter and Brian Donlevy aroused the most curiosity at the Frolics.
Richard Widmark and Veronica Lake, now starring in the 20th Century Fox film, "Slattery's Hurricane".
Just take a look into Gail Russell’s clear blue eyes and you'll see fun and laughter shining back at you

By Reba and Bonnie Churchill

GAIL RUSSELL is really amazing! Just when you think you’ve buttonholed her as a certain type—she does a complete about-face and reveals a new, sparkling personality.

There’s none of that shy, silent, serious stuff about her. Unlike what you’d think from some of her screen roles, she’s filled to the brim with zip and zest.

Just take a look into her clear blue eyes, and you’ll discover a large helping of fun and laughter shining right back at you.

She’s currently getting settled in her first bachelor girl apartment, located high on a hill overlooking UCLA. It’s also near fraternity row. We discovered this from the whistle barrage that accompanied us up to Gail’s door.

We’d no sooner knocked than Kelly, Gail’s blond Cocker, was jumping up and down at our feet and barking a greeting.

Gail, wearing a cocoa-brown skirt and white cable knit sweater, told us to trip over Kelly and come on in.

Her apartment is colorful and friendly with forest green walls, vividly flowered drapes and comfortable bamboo furniture. It’s a good example of Gail’s artistry—since she decorated it herself.

She’s done wonders with the one room that serves as combined living-dining and bedroom. There’s a bamboo partition at one end. “That’s my kitchen alcove.” Gail explained. “Complete to running water and Bunsen burner.”

“Bunsen burner?” we asked. “You (Please turn to page 51)
Ann Sothern, currently being seen in "The Judge Steps Out," an RKO film
Above: Shelley pleads with Bill Powell to protect her from police.

Shelley Winters' voluptuous charms don't stir Bill one bit.

Take One False Step

Shelley and Bill, stars of "Take One False Step."
Marsha Hunt, Bill Powell, Shelley Winters in film.

The biggest error William Powell makes in "Take One False Step" is his decision to stop in at a bar where Shelley Winters is drinking. A predatory blonde, Shelley can't be brushed off. Because of her, Bill becomes a murder suspect, gets bitten by a rabid dog and embroiled in so much trouble he develops a lifelong hatred for both bars and the blondes in them.
Being funny is a devilishly serious business to a frustrated surgeon like Danny Kaye

By William Lynch Vallee

Funny, but being a comedian is serious.

Especially so for a top-ranking comic like Danny Kaye, who has to be spectacularly funny every time he appears before a movie camera or onstage—or else. Or else, it could be serious for Danny, his wife, Sylvia, and young Miss Dena Kaye.

Dead-serious as he is, though, where professional jery is concerned, Danny personally is a light-hearted guy who's a riot with all and sundry—sunday being anyone from the doorman to (literally) the King Of England.

And—just to make this record pleasantly complicated—leave us tip you off that the guy has a serious personal side, a facet that few who've roared at his screen cavorting will believe exists.

It's a doubt harking back to the universal belief that a screen clown's life is a constant round of gags, day and night—Sundays included. The same theory that pester screen villains like Edward G. Robinson, generally considered a fiendish wife-beater. And Edward G., a patron of the arts, actually toadies to the attractive (and unscored) Mrs. Robinson.

A major deviation from the standard nit-gat-giddle Kaye personality, is the man's frustrated ambition to be a doctor. This Kildare-Kaye h a n t s operating theatres, would rather hang out in one than in the stage kind. And he sits there, open-mouthed, fascinated...

"I'm a fanatic about surgery," Danny says, rolling up his eyes, sighing like a sick horse. "Did you know that a fundamental principle of the theatre also applies to medicine—surgery, in particular? As I diagnose it, there's a parallel in the fact that the theatre is always ready for an emergency. Even when a cast is letter-perfect, someone always goes up in their lines—or else, trips over a rug—opening night. Sooo, quick thinking is called for, to smooth over the slip or the trip, right?

"Now, in the operating theatre," a Walter Mitty, wanted-in-surgery look stole over Danny's puss, his words even sounded muffled as though he were wearing an imaginary mask, "a simple appendectomy may turn out to be a tied-down appendectomy—oh yes, yes, indeed it can—and an emergency exists, calling for supreme surgical (Please turn to page 67)

The most important item in Danny Kaye's life is his daughter, Dena, with him on the "Happy Times" set. Oddly enough, Dena has never seen her poppa in the movies or on the stage.

Danny Wanted To Be

Danny and the Hearn twins, Sam and Lou, play a violin solo together between scenes of "Happy Times." Fun aside, Danny takes his movie work very seriously.

"At last, a part I can sink my teeth into," quipped Danny about this "Happy Times" scene with Elsa Lanchester.
Danny, his wife, Sylvia Pine, who writes his material, and song-writer Johnny Green, confer on "Happy Times" music.

Fans will discover the sentimental side of Danny when he sings his first straight song to Barbara Bates in "Happy Times."

Dr. Kaye!

Barbara Bates and Danny in "Happy Times." He's an honest, illiterate Gypsy who becomes a dishonest, illiterate imposter.
Laraine Day is tortured by Dane Clark's stolen kiss in "Twilight" because she knows they've no right to be lovers.

In "The Girl From Jones Beach," Dona Drake has to make all the advances to Eddie Bracken, who's not only unwilling but scared to death besides.

You Don't Need Spring

"It Happens Every Spring," generally speaking, as well as to Ray Milland and co-star Jean Peters.

Robert Sterling carries his ruggedness in "Roughshod" right into his love scenes with Gloria Grahame.

Joseph Cotten is a sophisticated lover in "Weep No More" who tells Valli he adores her by the eloquence of his eyes.
Dennis O'Keefe uses the lingering approach on Ruth Warrick in "The Great Dan Patch."

Blissful sweethearts are Valentina Cortese and Richard Conte in "Collision."

Elizabeth Scott gloats when she turns strong man Victor Mature weak in "Interference."
The best Calvet wine isn’t half so heady as its provocative namesake, Corinne

By Terri Lee Randall

THANK YOU, Paris, France, for the unexpected lend-lease dividend! Yes, thank you for Mile. Corinne Calvet! Once you sent us Sarah Bernhardt; then you sent us Anna Held. Now, in this generation, you have given us Corinne.

And Corinne has a personality as sparkling, as warm, as “vivant” as the wine from which she chose her last name. It was cute the way she happened to pick the name Calvet. Corinne’s real name is Dibos. She comes from a very fine, a very highly respected family in Paris. When Corinne was first signed for a film role in France, the part she was
given to play was that of an artist's model.

"I was supposed to be a little naughty in a kind of—well, you know, like people think an artist's model is supposed to be," she said. "When my father found out what kind of a role I was playing, he forbade me to use the family name. He didn't mind my being an actress. In fact, that was quite all right with him. But he didn't think I should be an artist's model, even in make-believe. So I had to change my name."

Corinne had gone to Italy at the time to make the picture. One day, while having lunch with the director and some of the publicity men, she told them that she had to find a new name. Since the big publicity about the picture was going into the papers that very night, the new name had to be decided upon in a hurry. Different ones were suggested, but none of them seemed to suit her. She wanted to keep the name Corinne, so they tried to find a last name that blended with it. Then all at once she noticed the bottle of wine on the table. It was Calvet wine.

"Corinne Calvet," she said to herself. Then she said it out loud. Everyone liked it. So, by the time Corinne Dibos had finished her luncheon, she had become Corinne Calvet.

Recently the studios here tried to change the spelling of Calvet. Too many people pronounced it as if it rhymed with "wet." So the spelling was changed to Calvez. But that didn't suit Corinne at all.

"I had too much trouble trying to write it with a 'y' ending. I think 'y' is a depressing letter at the end of a word. It has a down mark, while the 't' swings up. And that is more uplifting. So—I'm back to writing it with 'et'."

This petite French Miss has a way of getting what she wants out of life. "When you want something, you have to go after it," she says. And that is just what she does. She really goes after whatever it is she may want. In fact, that is how.

Paul Henreid is only one of the many vying for Corinne Calvet in "Rope Of Sand."
THOUGH a generation has gone by since he confided through the small end of a cheerleader megaphone that “my time is your time,” Rudy Vallee is still the starry-eyed pioneer.

The 48-year-old armchair idol of yesteryear, as curly-haired and slim and boyish-looking as when he vocally symbolized the “vagabond lover,” expects his time to be more than ever your time, say about 1952.

In three years he will be ready with the host of short subjects he is producing—and stacking away—for the television screen.

Rudy is in no hurry, he said, to bring his material or himself to the collective eyesights and eardrums of the nation’s parlors. He will wait out the short period during which, he believes, TV will emerge completely from its experimental state. Television, the professional grown-up television of 1952, is definitely, unequivocally, the sweetheart of all his dreams. Not that he hasn’t still a fond and discriminating eye for feminine beauty, and a heart that he declares is as responsive, sentimentally, as ever.

But since he dispensed with his band, with his rhythmic dance music, with the crooning of tender words into the microphones of a weekly radio program, Rudy has developed a new career, new ambitions, has sought new worlds to explore. Having the money—“not too much, not anywhere near what people believe”—he is able to finance his ideas and take a gamble they are going to be what the public wants.

He has a complete set-up for the television screen on Hollywood’s Santa Monica Boulevard. Called Vallee-Video, it is equipped with attractive modernistic offices, cutting rooms, projection room, dressing-rooms and a full sound stage of more than 5,000 square feet. On days when he is not working in pictures he may be found there with a technical expert or two adventuring in television. (Please turn to page 71)
Keep An Eye On Rudy!

Though he still sings of love, the sweetheart today of Rudy Vallee's dreams is television. "I am certain that by 1952 television will be next to sensational," says Rudy Vallee, who has made a name for himself in motion pictures as a clever comic character actor.

Vallee, on the set with Betty Crable, nixes marriage because he likes "to look" and benedicts can't.

A comedian in most of his pictures, Rudy's got some interesting ideas on comedy for television.

Rudy Vallee's as curly-haired, slim, boyish-looking as when he symbolized The Vagabond Lover.
Ava Gardner looks so ethereal in "The Great Sinner," it's hard to believe Gregory Peck will remember her most for the trick she played on him during a scene in the film.

It's All In Fun

By Maude Cheatham

He sets at the studios are happy hunting grounds for spontaneous gags by the stars.
The inveterate prankster, Doug Fairbanks, met his match in Betty Grable.

LIKE to laugh? Of course, you do. Laughter is the social gesture that makes the world happier, and it was Mark Twain who once said, “Comedy makes the heart sweet.”

Nonsense is necessary in the art of living and the sets at the film studios where movies, dealing in exaggerated emotions, are being made, are happy hunting grounds for gags and fun. Spontaneous bursts of merriment incited by a gag or an amusing situation, frequently create scenes far funnier than publicized screen comedies. Directors seldom object to these interludes, knowing they clear the emotional atmosphere and result in better work.

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope head the class in clowning. Their escapades keep the film and radio worlds amused. On one of their golf tours they landed at Notre Dame the day of Bob’s broadcast. Bing was not to appear but a few minutes before the end of the program, he came wandering onto the stage carrying a huge birthday cake with a hundred lighted candles. Bob was overwhelmed. He thought he’d kept his birthday a secret. The audience cheered. Bob tried to hand the cake back to Bing so he could complete the broadcast, but Bing refused it. Everyone on the stage declined the honor, so Bob, in feigned desperation, threw it smack into the audience—causing a near riot.

While making “The Princess And The Pirate,” Bob wore a heavy beard in several scenes. One night, scheduled for a guest appearance on Charlie McCarthy’s program and having to return to the studio for more scenes later, he left the beard on. There were a few laughs but no commotion. At the final minutes of the broadcast, Bing appeared dressed up as a barber and carrying huge scissors ready to cut (Please turn to page 58)

Gary Cooper was up in the air in more ways than one over the joke Wayne Morris pulled on him while making “Task Force.”

Howard Duff’s teasing almost caused a radio director to have heart failure.
Don Loper designs clothes only to glamourize women.

Jane Greer's simple Glen Plaid suit in "The Big Steal" sports a sailor collar lined in the same red silk as her jacket.

Graceful and feminine is this Don Loper dress for business girls. The bodice is men's wear check, the skirt is sheer black wool.

Fine black wool with front panel and collar of taffeta makes a chic cocktail gown.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Don Loper is a man of many talents. He is a renowned dancer. He is one of Hollywood's most popular decorators. And his couturier house is a fashion center for stars, socialites and all women who collect fine clothes.)

A CAREER Girl Can Outsmart a star's wardrobe, with much less money, if she has a sense of style and a knowledge of what is right for herself. Many studio girls in Hollywood must dress as well as the stars with whom they work. And any girl who earns a fairly good salary can do it if she uses judgment and good taste in the selection of her clothes.

One Clever Person I know, has a studio job that keeps her in constant association with the stars from nine in the morning until late at night. Many of her personal friends are socially active and she must look as smart as her hostess and the top movie people at the parties she attends. This girl knows how to buy without spending a great deal of money for her clothes. She dresses during the day in very simple things... usually dark colors. She might buy one good dress in my shop for cocktail and dinner parties, then she shops carefully for something less expensive for work. She has a black broadtail jacket that is good...
A Star?

With judgment and good taste, a business girl can dress as smartly as any of the stars

Men's-wear wool goes feminine in Jane Greer's high-waisted gray dress trimmed in black grosgrain.

Don't Be Discouraged by a budget. Every woman has one. The richer the woman, the more definite is the budget. It may be larger, but she is also more positive that she won't exceed it. A rich woman doesn't mind saying, "I can't afford that," and she expects to be completely satisfied with whatever she decides to buy. Mrs. New Money will go out and buy a mink coat, then worry about what will happen the next month when the bills come in. The woman who is accustomed to money knows her budget so well, she will wait until she can afford the mink coat.

Take Your Time. If wealthy women buy with extreme care, the working girl should surely choose meticulously. Women now have the same buying habits they had in the '20s. Then, a lady in New York would step out of her Rolls Royce, enter Bergdorf Goodman and five hours later emerge with one $125.00 dress that would be the best dress in New York. She might have been in a position to pay $500.00 for it, but she wouldn't.

Learn Who You Are. Many girls don't know their own type. Every woman is an individual. What is becoming to one may not be to another. If you don't know what is right for you, go to the shop where you are best known, where the sales personnel will understand your requirements and help you. You don't need a lot of clothes to be well-

for every occasion, even formal evenings. Her only other fur piece is a silver fox stole that is not nearly so costly as a fur coat and yet is equally chic. She knows the trick of good dressing with moderate money. Her clothes are never startling.

In "The Big Steal," Jane Greer wears a timeless sea foam crepe afternoon frock.
dressed. But buy each item as carefully as if you were adding to a collection of jewels. Then, when you have your clothes assembled, choose all your accessories for the next six months. Most of the clothes a working girl wears should be basic, so that when worn with different gloves, shoes and hats, they become different costumes. Utilize your wardrobe as a man does. I have eight suits, every one of which I enjoy wearing. Very few men have an extensive array of suits, regardless of income. A well-dressed man doesn’t think that way ... and a business girl’s mind should operate the same way.

It’s A Wonderful Thing, this basic wardrobe planning, as you’ll find if you try it this Fall. It simplifies everything. For example, a girl who was going to Europe came to me for her wardrobe. She wanted several print dresses which would have made accessories, in her case, not a money problem but a packing problem. Where you have trunks, I talked her into doing her entire wardrobe in gray. She took three gray suits, four gray dresses and one gray coat that blended beautifully with everything. I love prints, and I design my own, but you must be able to afford a lot of clothes to consider that luxury. If you can afford only one $49.50 dress, don’t buy a print.

There’s A Great Difference between faddism and fashion. A fad may not be fashionable. If you don’t know fashion, it’s easy enough to be guided by such magazines as Town And Country, Harper’s Bazaar or Vogue.

Many Wealthy Women in Hollywood who need an extensive wardrobe will buy two suits or dresses from my collection, then, perhaps two things from Irene and two from Adrian. Anything else they need is made by a dressmaker who comes to the house. They pay good money for material and first-rate good dressmaker. All my customers ... women of taste ... do that. They even buy one of my things and then have it copied in other colors. That always delights me. It proves that women consider my clothes an investment, which they are, for they never go out of style.

A Business Woman should never wear exaggerated clothes. Every woman, as a matter of fact, should avoid extremes, and remember that the figure and personality must remain the important part of her appearance. When a woman enters a room, the comment should be, “Doesn’t Mary look pretty?” ... not, “My God, that’s Mary!” Never let any dress overpower your personality.

Good Lines, Good Fabrics, Graceful Movement are the things to look for. Every girl should sit in a dress before she buys it. She should consider how it looks when she walks ... how it looks from the waist up, for that is all anyone will see when she is seated at a table. Unless you have an extensive wardrobe, stay away from clear, hard colors. And don’t forget that you cannot go wrong on black, for Summer or Winter, in California or New York.

Fall Fashions will have no changed silhouettes in my line. The coming seasons will see a great refinement in style. All the garishness of the past year and a half will disappear. Suit lengths will be about twelve inches, pencil slim. But length isn’t too important. Just be sure that it is becoming, whether it is twelve or thirteen inches from the floor. Our cocktail dresses will be eight, ten or twelve inches, depending on the type of gown. There won’t be any short evening dresses in my collection. I like to see the fabric of an evening gown just escape the floor. Most women like that, too. For one thing, it has more elegance than the short dress and it is more practical than the trailing gown. The formal train is beautiful to behold but difficult to care for. There will be a tremendous return to elegant fabrics, and that means we will automatically strive for simplicity of line. Many of my Fall daytime dresses will be made of men’s suitings, with a trim, slim skirt.

Elegance And Simplicity will be the keynote of my Fall fashions. Incidentally, the Duchess of Windsor is a great example of the elegant woman. You can never tell whether she changes her styles, they are all so very simple, and yet you know she spends lots of money on her clothes. In Hollywood, Claudette Colbert approaches that same manner of dressing, since she always wears what is exactly right for her, regardless of changing styles. You can look at Claudette’s pictures taken years ago and, except for length, her clothes were as right for her then as her clothes are today. And, like the Duchess of Windsor, she never changes her hairstyle because she has found it is the best hairdress for her. Marlene Dietrich is another person who knows herself. She is the actress and dresses like an actress. She is marvelous for her type.

I Won’t Let A Woman Buy Anything that isn’t right for her. Not long ago an actress wanted to buy a handsome knitted dress in bright lipstick red. I wouldn’t let her have it because the color wasn’t right for her blonde hair. Nevertheless, the next time I saw her at a cocktail party, she had one like it from I. Magnin’s.

Stars Are Difficult To Please, yet they are a pleasure to work with because they have knowing minds. Once they decide upon something, they won’t compromise. Greer Garson is wonderful. She gets so excited about her clothes. During fittings she makes everybody happy and in return gets the best possible service. Mary Benny can’t be bothered with more than one fitting for the originals she buys.

They Are All Different. I dress June Allyson as I see her ... a young girl who is almost a small boy type. Her day things must be very tailored and her evening gowns very simple. She must dress to her youth. If she were sophisticated clothes she would look like a little girl parading in grown-up clothes. Judy Garland should wear things that are whimsical and piquant. Ava Gardner is the typical American beauty. In the daytime she is best in tailored or sports suits. From five o’clock on, and most certainly in the evening, she must wear very feminine things ... as decollete as possible.

Every Girl Has Two Personalities in clothes ... daytime and evening. She

(Please turn to page 51)
Starlet Janet Leigh, now appearing in MGM's "Forsyte Saga," arriving at Carthay Circle Theatre with Arthur Loew, Jr. for press preview of "Home Of The Brave."

"HOME OF THE BRAVE"
Opens

Gary Cooper and his wife were among those invited to the press preview.

The Sonny Tufts came to see the much-discussed film on racial intolerance.

Robert Stack brought Irene Wrightsman to "Home Of The Brave" opening.

John Lindsay accepts a program as he and his wife, Diana Lynn, step into the lobby.

The Paul Henreids were among the scores of Hollywoodites at the unique showing.
In "Edward, My Son," Spencer Tracy has an unsympathetic but powerful role and he makes the most of it. His transition from a respectable, happily married middle-class Londoner to a wealthy and feared man obsessed with only one desire—to provide his son with the riches that life has to offer—is Tracy at his very best. Deborah Kerr co-stars with Spencer in this MGM British picture. Deborah Kerr, playing Evelyn, the tragic wife in "Edward, My Son," and Ian Hunter and Spencer Tracy in a dramatic moment in the MGM British film."Edward, My Son." Deborah Kerr and Spencer Tracy right up on top again. Spencer only shrugs off his wife's grief and her addiction to drink over his indescribable and devastating loneliness for their son.
mean like in chemistry?"

"Believe me, what I cook over that hotplate is pure experimental chemistry.

Across the room, blaneting an entire wall, is Gail's photograph gallery. Here she keeps rows of star autographed pictures.

"I've hammered them in so securely," she confessed, "that if I ever move I'll probably have to take the wall with me."

Moving day is still a vivid memory to Gail. Film assignments had kept her busy all week. So of necessity, unpacking had to be left until late Saturday night.

"I didn't know it at the time, but this particular Saturday happened to be initiation night at the fraternities."

Through the grapevine, "the row" had learned that someone new and glamorous had been added to the neighborhood, and decided to come calling immediately.

"Their timing was perfect. There was on all fours hunting for a lost thumbtack, with my jeans rolled up, shirt tail out and hair gracefully hanging over my nose.

"Seeing the reception committee, I simply swallowed my embarrassment and introduced myself as 'Gravel Gertie.'"

This is one thing that the new Gail has learned. A laugh will minimize any situation. Guy Madison has helped her develop this mop looks, Guy's a firm believer in "Don't worry—keep busy." And that's just what Gail's done.

During the past two months she's traveled more than at any time since her arrival in Hollywood 12 years ago. So far, she's visited Arizona, Florida and Cuba.

Guy still kids her about what happened just as the Cuban-bound boat was about to leave shore. "A new bride and groom ran up the gangplank with their friends showered with rice and a small band serenaded them from the dock with loud, gay tunes. Right in the midst of all this merry-making—with people congratulating the happy couple like mad—there I stood. Elbows perched on the railing and big, fat tears rolling down my cheeks!

"When we landed in Cuba, a guide, named Joe Tour, sashayed up to the gangplank and promptly latched on to us. He drove us down Havana's narrow cobblestone streets in a long, sleek limousine which had been 'the thing' about 20 years ago.

"We spent the whole day sightseeing and attended the big fiesta that night. The next morning at seven, I was startled out of my peaceful slumber by the phone. It was Joe."

And then Gail, lapsing into one of her many accents, mimicked, "Miss Razzell, I have my brother's car. I take you sightseeing for free—I think."

So we were all dressed and in the car ready to see the beautiful countryside. "Just as we were sailing along enjoying the scenery, the engine suddenly gave a grunt which simmered down to a wheeze and then stopped with a bucking cough."

"The next forty-five minutes they spent pushing 'the antique' up a hill. Then, they all jumped in and coasted the rest of the way down.

Like most tourists, Gail returned home loaded with maracas, Cuban drums, paintings and a hundred and one gifts for her friends. For there's one thing about Gail when she's pegged you as a pal, the sky's the limit.

She has a swell habit of sending presents—not for some special occasion—but just to let you know she likes you. Recently, Gail overheard her friend, Marylou Van Ness (Paramount secretary), say that she was interested in hunting.

That was all Gail needed. In nothing flat, she'd called Guy, learned he was going to appear in a play at Phoenix, and talked him into a wse hunting expedition before opening night.

Right now, Gail's starting her second starring role with John Payne in Paramount's "Captain China," a Pine-Thomas production.

When we asked her if her schedule was still dotted with studio lessons, she shrugged, "No, guess they've given up teaching me. Probably figure I'm beyond help."

Just a look at her busy record proves this isn't the case. Gail's happy with the variety of films she's appeared in. They've all required her to master something new.

She's been called upon to do everything from feeding baby lambs, to learning to ride a bucking horse, to shooting from the hip without flinching.

"One of the items I haven't mastered in my movie education is how to swim."

Guy, however, is trying to remedy this situation with regular sessions at the beach. So far, Gail can just "dog paddle" about.

"I'm afraid the only swimming form I'll ever acquire is the one I put in my suit," punned Gail.

Aside from her new interest in sports, Gail has again taken up painting. She's quite handy with the brush and palette. Her current project is an oil of Betty Hutton's two youngsters.

But her painting isn't restricted to portraits. Once she gets a bang in her hand, nothing is safe. She has painted her kitchen chairs twice and even adorned her bath with cartoon figures.

Humor, we learned, runs rampant in the Russell family. Whenever Gail and her brother, George, get together things begin to pop—they have wonderful funny bones. He's a member of "The Bachelors" singing trio, and always tries the group's new novelty tunes out on Gail. Their latest two are "A-peekin' and a-paintin'" and "Shut My Mouth With Kisses"—which Gail proudly explained they've just waxed for MGM Records.

Gail's favorite type of entertainment is a record party—"and they're not all my brother's," she quickly added. The size of her apartment limits the number of guests.

Gail's usual, casual greeting goes something like this, "Take off your shoes, sit down on the floor, and don any contributions you might have into the piggy bank."

She's saving money in the king-sized porky for a trip to Honolulu. "If film commitments shelve this idea," shrugged Gail, "then I'll think of something else."

Here's an example of Gail's new philosophy. "Play it light. Don't make productions out of disappointments. Worry about it tomorrow—if you can remember it."

If Gail isn't Honolulu-bound, she'll settle for a hunting trip with Guy.

So if one of these Summer days you glimpse two young people travelling down the highway in a bright yellow jeep, loaded to the bumpers with hunting paraphernalia, take another look.

If the girl's wearing rolled up jeans, a plaid shirt several sizes too big and a sunny contented smile—then, you can be sure it's Gail Russell.

Clark Gable poses for amateur photographer Frank Morgan during a lull in the making of MGM's "Any Number Can Play." Clark's a gambler in the film.
their products. We'll assume you're completely hep about LP and 45RM and want to know what's what in that department as well as regular 78RPM. Pass me that jewel tone needle, Mirandy!

HEAVENLY!

South Pacific!! Last month we ranted and raved about the songs by everyone and his brother and sister! Now comes the parents themselves—Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza and the whole original cast—in an album, both regular and LP, that'll leave you gassed! Composer Richard Rodgers watched lovingly over the recording sessions and the album, exactly as done on stage, bubbles forth the World War II background story based on James Michener's Pulitzer Prize winning "Tales Of The South Pacific." Tis terrific to be specific! All the great songs you've been saturated with from every side by now plus all the others you only hear when you see the show—probably 6 years from now. And "if you'll excuse an expression I use," I'm in love with Mary Martin!! Whatta darling, edible angel! Grab this album—t's a treasure! (Columbia Set MM 850-7 10-inch records; or one 12-inch LP-ML4160)

Mel Torme—The climate's delicate, the air most sweet, for the "Velvet Fog" straddles your lucky ears with a couple of gorgeous sides. One is his own composition, "There Isn't Any Special Reason," just one of the many thrilling things young Melvin Howard gives you Torme poisoning with. We've been at many parties with Candy's boy—and the things he's written stamp him as one of our foremost future composers. Watch and see! On the flip—Mel uses that uncanny ear to uncover a beauty that's years old. From the Warner Bros. flicker, "Forty Second Street"—"You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me"—and watch everyone else record it now. What sustenance

FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

HYA Chum!
Where'd ya from?
Well don't be so glum
'Cause we're just starting to hum!

AND when we say hum we don't mean at any special revolutionary speed either! 'Cause the biscuits come in all speeds and sizes these days; as you well know if you're keeping up with the wax world. Just like hydro-matic, dynaflow, turbojet, supershift—so do the cookies go round and round, with the whole deal in your own lap to clasp to your ear or not as you will. The companies have gone all out to bare all about

"The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend's" Cesar Romero visits Fred's own jazz joint.

Freddie Robbins invites his radio show guest, Mel Torme, to "Velvet Fog" for the audience.

Bob Sterling and Mary Malone drop in for a visit at Freddie Robbins' Clique Club while in New York recently. Bob's currently starring in RKO's "Roughshod" with Gloria Grahame.

this is for your hearing! Just beautiful! (Capitol)

"Baby It's Cold Outside"—Another placement, hole in one or home run as you will—for Frank Loesser, who did pretty well with those little black notes this year. One of the best novelties of the year by the kid who only wrote "Once In Love With Amy," "My Darlin' My Darlin'" and "Slow Boat To China," none of which were cream cheese. This clever cutie's from "Neptune's Daughter" (Frank and his wife used to sing it for friends at parties) and we have it in several different labels, madam. You may choose Esther Williams and Ricardo Montalban on MGM—right from the sound track; or Margaret Whiting and Johnny Mercer on Capitol; or Louis Jordan and Ella Fitzgerald on Decca; or Buddy Clark and Dinah Shore on Columbia. Interesting to compare the various performances, but we like Dinah's
WIN $6000* and SONGWRITER FAME IN CAPITOL RECORDS CONTEST!

WRITE ORIGINAL WORDS TO NEW MELODIES BY THESE TOP COMPOSERS

THINK OF IT!

YOU...writing the words to the melodies of internationally famous composers who have made many thousands of dollars with their music. Here's what you may win: For each winning lyric, you will be offered a regular songwriter contract (SPA form)—and $1000 cash advance against contract royalties. (Winning songs will be recorded by famed Capitol artists and sold nationally!) You stand to make many times more than $1000, if the songs become hits. (Remember, it's possible for you to win more than one prize...even all six!) PLUS the fact that as a co-writer with one of America's greatest popular composers you'll have made a big step to fame and fortune in a business where the rewards are great.

DO THIS...NOW!

- Capitol's new "Songs Without Words" album and Official Entry Blanks are available July 1, 1949, at your nearest record dealer.
- Write your own original lyrics to the melodies. All six are simple, singable tunes composed especially for this contest by the famous songwriters listed.
- Write lyrics for only one, or for all six songs. Each lyric will be judged on its individual merits.
- Be sure to submit each song-entry on a separate official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blank.
- All entries will be judged by the Contest Division of Reuben H. Donnelly Corp. in cooperation with the composers of the six melodies and two top lyric writers.

DON'T PUT IT OFF. GET STARTED TODAY. You have as good a chance as anyone to win this contest with a future! For full details get your Official Entry Blank!

Never Before A Contest Like This!

Here's your big chance to "team up" with Hollywood's top tunesmiths...become a recognized songwriter. Hear the music...get your official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blanks today, at your favorite record store. NO FEE TO PAY!

ATTENTION!

This contest—sponsored by CAPITOL, one of America's largest record producers—should not be confused with the dozens of "school offers" to make you a songwriter overnight. Capitol expects to uncover new talent. Remember, it costs you nothing to enter!
and Buddy's best, so there! Try this with your boy friend or girl friend!

Frank Sinatra—Nancy's Daddy's in with the tile deal from "It Happens Every Spring," in most engaging fashion. All about all the weird and wonderful things that happen when the sun crosses the verbal equinox. Back is where you get a true sense of motion in your sacraliae—"The Hucklebuck"—groovy novelty that T. D., B.G., Paul Williams—originally—and Roy Milton also cut. "Not now—I'll tell you when" (Columbia)

Bing Crosby and Evelyn Knight—These rascals go together like French fries and ketchup on "Everywhere You Go" and "How It Lies"—powerful team that may be able to sell a few records together. Incident, Evie's done a "A Wonderful Guy" and "Cock-Eyed Optimist" from guess where? And the owner of those Pittsburgh Pirates has a brace of fine slabs in "Rider, In The Sky" and "Careless Hands"—"Riders" being a real hunk of unhackneyed Americana, Anna. Bing at his most! (Decca)

King Cole Trio—"A ride on the axis of the wheel of life to get the feel of life!" Just one great line from Billy Strayhorn's (Duke Ellington's arranger) smartly sophisticated slab of "Lush Life," which Nat does in his best Noel Coward fashion, with strings and staff behind him. A wonderful thing—highly sophisticated but very effective and listenable. Different for Nathaniel but another example of versatile artistry. Flip is about the same. Woofers who want their Lillians—and is yelped, "Lillian." Chorus behind Nat another new thing. (Capitol)

Billy Eckstine—The savage sweetness of "Mr. B" oozes forth from his freshest slab, "A New Shade Of Blues" and "Night After Night"—just another hunk of fuel in the fire that's seething all around the Robert Doctors newest rave. Billy fractured everyone in his recent date at N. Y.'s Paramount—and this new cookie shows why. Just deserts to a great guy who's been around for years! (MGM)

Claude Thornhill—Nab the slabs in this fresh album of bewitching sound by "The Cloud," Mr. Thornhill—who's been dispensing nothing but for eras. There's "Autumn Nocturne," "I Don't Know Why," "Lullaby Of The Rain," "Sleepy Serenade," There's A Small Hotel," and "Somewhere Or When," all in the Thornhill coterie, etheeral Thornhill tradition. Like pistachio ice cream! (Victor album P 243)

Harry James—More of those precious etchings of Jessie James' Daddy in one fresh album. Things you never could get till now—"Ain't Misbehavin'," "I'll Get By," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "I'm Beginning To See The Light," "My Silent Love," "Strictly Instrumental," "Trumpet Rhapsody." Tonals included are those of Dick Haymes, Kitty Kallen and Buddy DiVito, An other welcome reissue by Columbia—go grab it! (C 182)

ALSO EARNWORTHY!!

MAGGIE WHITING's shellacking that's blended and splendid of "Every Time I Meet You," from "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend," and "It Happens Every Spring," from the flicker of the same handle—both by Joseph Myrow and Mack Gordon. Dreamy and creamy! (Capitol) . . . ELLA FITZGERALD's "Lover's Gold"—first time for Miss Fitz with strings behind and it's so-o-o u-ter! Wondrous, too! Sorta like "Nature Boy." Gordie Jenkins is behind her. Ella's like a body by Fleetwood on a symphony by Brahms! (Decca) . . . HARRY JAMES' tale of the kid who lost his head in "Hatsville, U.S.A." at the corner of "69th and Main"—purred by Willie Smith and sparked by a leap- ing band! (Columbia) . . . GORDIE MACRAE AND JO STAFFORD'S "My One And Only Highland Fling" from "The Barkleys Of you-know-where"—with Mac's scotsish brogue just peril! They're great together! (Capitol) . . . RED ASTAIR'S "They Can't Take That Away From Me" and "You'd Be Hard To Replace" from the same celluloid and right off the sound track, Jack. That Astaire doesn't have to stir his insteps for this kid's dough! (MGM) . . . DORIS DAY'S "If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight"—exquisite anguish—but till then these three minutes will help. (Columbia) . . . JOHNNY MERGER'S "Island Queen"—in the "Atcheson, Topeka And Sante Fe" trade—only sahouto a Mississippi River boat on a trip down the big creek. (Capitol) . . . And for smooth music don't miss a brace of Capitol albums: "Noel Coward"—with Georges Tzipine dispensing the bubbling wit and romance of the gifted English kid on "I'll Follow My Secret Heart," I'll See You Again," "We Were Dancing," "Mad About The Boy," "Some day I'll Find You" and "Zigeuner." Tother is "A Symphonic Portrait Of Cole Porter"—with a fifty-piece gang under Guy Lyneart's stick weaving thru "Night And Day," "I Get A Kick Out Of You" and other fine portions of the "Kiss Me Kate" guy. These are 12-inch cookies and delicious! . . .

HERB JEFFRIES' dynaflowish reissue of "Basin Street Blues" and "These Foolish Things" (Exclusive) . . . BILL LAWRENCE'S "A Million Miles Away" and "If I Could Be With You"—with more warmth creeping into young Wm's. work, and that's what he needs. (Victor) . . . HILDEGARDE'S "It's A Big Wide Wonderful World"—perfect material for HILL (Decca). . . . BING AND PATSY ANDREW'S tress cute on "Be Bop Spoken Here"—satire on the flatted 5th inspired by a New Yorker cartoon (Deca). . . . BILLY ECKSTINE'S "In The Still Of The Night," "Gloomy Sunday," "The Love Of My Life," and "Time On My Hands"—on the National label—made before Mr. B. crashed thru on MGM. More of that same sweetness that will ignite you! (National) . . . IN THE LONGHAIR DEAN'S "Salome," the final scene from Richard Strauss' great music-drama, one of the most exciting and controversial episodes in dramatic literature—with the triumphant Ljuba Welich—Fritz Reiner combination! Either two 12-inch cookies or a 10-inch LP record (LP 1908) . . . A GRIEG CONCERTO with Morton Gould conducting the Rob-in Hood Dell gang in a nicely spiced smogarbed—stuff from "Peer Gynt Suite," "Lyric Suite," etc. Comes on 14-inch biscuit or one 10-inch LP (Col-umbia MM 822) or ML 2092-. MOZART CONCERTO #1 in B flat—Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony on both regular Victor Red Seal and the new 45 RPM . . . MOZART'S elegant and elaborate "Serenade #10" with the Boston Symphony and George Koussovetsky—also in regular or 45 RPM . . . and don't miss dropping that needle on SHOSTAKOVICH: Symphony 9—with EFREM KURTZ AND THE N. Y. Symphony. On Columbia LP—one 18-incher; also JOSEPH SZGETI and MIECZYSZAW HORSZOWSKI on violin and piano respectively (dare you to write that 100 times) on BEETHOVEN'S SONATA No. 1 in D Major for Violin and Piano—also on LP. (ML 435) . . . MIESZKO LEBOWSKI—conducted by Andre Kostelanetz on ML 4131—one fat LP cookie of the great Russian's lush stuff . . .

HOT!!

DUKE ELLINGTON'S "Singing In The Rain" and "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," with Al Hibbler vibrating those tremendous membranes—and lotsa fine solos (Columbia) . . . CHARLEY VENTURA'S "Bop For The People"—took the Boston boys and some sax with marshmallow tope; and Roy Kral and Jackie Cain raising nice nay on "Whatta Ya Say We Go"—spilling catchy bop-vowels that'll make you howl! (Victor) . . . BENNY GOOD- MAN'S "Shickabop"—on 12-inch B. G.'s hop series—full of fertile ferocity. (Capitol) . . . JO STAFFORD'S on a bop kick with DAVE LAMBERT and a 12 voice choir behind her with the lollipops that makes for a muted mor-sel indeed! Some Mor's that did all the hillbilly stuff has learned her ooo-ooo-oos and ah-ah-ahs well on "Smiles" and "Jolly Jo"—and everything is very bop-
Py and as tasty as a bopside! (Capitol) ... CHARLEY BARNETT's got an airy new cause in his cage—Trudy Richards—who emits beautifully on her first two tallows—"Gloomy Sunday" and "Easy Livin,'" and it's no mere coincidence these are Billie Holiday's babies—'cause Trudy's on that kick—and is that bad! "Be Bop Spoken Here"—with Davie Lambert and Buddy Stewart—is on back of one and "O'Henry" covers the other—with Bunny Briggs transfixing you like Ulysses was by the siren! (Capitol) ...

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY!

FLORENCE EDWARDS, Grand Ledge, Michigan—Dennis Morgan doesn't make records but Bob Mitchum did—the songs from "Rachel And The Stranger." He sings very well, too, has a rich, baritone larynx something like Bing's. It's in Decca album A 695 ... LUCILLE GRANET, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Jane Powell did some canaries for MGM records. Try your local jump dump ... LOUISE CARTER, Paducah, Texas—Artie Shaw's doing concert work and writing books. Has no plans for another dance band—but may be looking for another wife. Are you interested? ... DON ALEXANDER, ST. LOUIS, MO.—The opening music in "Cry Of The City" was probably original music especially for the film and like so much wonderful original material never gets recorded and dies with the film ... TEDDY DAMBROWSKI, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Betty Grable made a record with hubby Harry under the name of Ruth Hang—"You'll Never Know" ... JOANNE MARQUETTE, PORTLAND, OREGON—Same deal. Whatever Margaret Lockwood played in "A Woman Surrenders" has gone with the film. Tragic—but we agree movie music should be recorded for permanent pleasure, as some scores are, of course, but not enough ... ROSALIE NAVONE, GALLUP, NEW MEXICO—Bob Hannon made some records for Apollo ...

BEST IN THE NEST

SOUTH PACIFIC—Columbia album with original cast. (Columbia—regular and LP)

MEL TORME—"You're Getting To Be A Habit" and "There Isn't Any Special Reason" (Capitol)

BUDDY CLARK AND DINAH SHORE; MARGARET WHITING AND JOHNNY MERCER—"Baby It's Cold Outside" (Columbia and Capitol)

FRANK SINATRA—"It Happens Every Spring" (Columbia)

NAT COLE—"Lush Life" (Capitol)

BILLY RIVERS—"A New Shade Of Blues" (MGM)

GORDON MACKAYE AND JO STAFFORD—"My One And Only Highland Fling" (Capitol)

FRED ASTAIRE—"You'd Be Hard To Replace" (MGM)

JO STAFFORD AND DAVE LAMBERT—"Jolly Jo" and "Smiles" (Capitol)

ELLA FITZGERALD—"Lover's Gold" (Decca)
4790—Adorable house-and-go-to-market dress. Gay with scallops, tulip pocket. Tiny waistline. Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16 will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material.

9027—Smart casual spiced with buttons, stitching combines back interest with shoulder and hip detail. Sizes 12-20; 40. For size 16, $\frac{31}{2}$ yards of 39-inch fabric.

9044—Dress of many moods. Interchange collar, sash. No shoulder or side-skirt seams! Sizes 12-20; 30-40. Size 16 takes $\frac{3}{4}$ yards; sash $\frac{3}{4}$ yard; collar $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 35-inch fabric.

9224—Slenderizing lines in a slanting panel dress. Applique transfer included! Sizes 12-20. Size 16 will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch fabric and 1 yard for contrast.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (in coins) for each pattern to: SCREENLAND, 224, Pattern Department, 243 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y. FIFTEEN CENTS more for the Summer Pattern Book. A free pattern is printed right in this book.
HAVE A SLIMMER, YOUTHFUL, FEMININE APPEARANCE INSTANTLY!

REDUCE

YOUR APPEARANCE! LOOK AND FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!

Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable, new and improved front panel controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and PRESTO your mid section is reshaped, your back is braced and you look and feel younger!

MORE UP-LIFT AND HOLD-IN POWER!
The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the right places, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to nothingness no matter what shape you may now have. It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!

TEST THE ADJUST-O-BELT UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!
Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently, but firmly. You feel better don't you? That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!

APPEAR SLIMMER, AND FEEL BETTER!
The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortable, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant slenderizing figure control. It fashionably shapes your figure to it's slimmest lines. Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmer down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order girdle costing 2 to 3 times the price. It washes like a dream. Style: Panty and regular. Colors nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight but powerfully strong. It won't roll up, bulge or curl at the top. It gives extra-double support where you need it most. No other girdle at any price can give you better support, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer. Sizes 24 to 44 waist.

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If the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT isn't better than any supporter you ever had, if you don't feel more comfortable, if you don't look and feel younger, if your shape isn't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be refunded in full.

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Send C.O.D. I will pay postage plus handling.
I enclose $3.98. You pay postage plus handling.

CHECK SIZE: [] Sm. (23-24); [] Med. (25-26); [] Lg. (27-28); [] XL (31-32); [] XXL (34-36); [] XXXL (38-40); [] XXXXL (42-44).

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ADDRESS
CITY ....... ZONE ...... STATE
I understand if not delighted with the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT I can return it in 10 days for full purchase price refund.
COOL, refreshing Summer pick-me-ups are the order now. From your head to your toes, time-saving, beauty-giving treats await your trial.

Spray-A-Wave contains a protein element for setting lasting waves while it hastens drying time. In about twenty minutes you can have new curls, worth remembering when you want to swim then get all dressed for a big date. You’ll love the new plastic spray bottle, $1.50*.

Lentheric’s Eau de Cologne Iceberg is a divinely cooling potion. Splashed on body after bath, dabbed on temples, forehead, arms, wrists or on a handkerchief for refreshing sniffling, it has a wonderfully exhilarating effect. Two sizes, $1.25* and $2.25.*

For that enviable, transparent skin beauty, we say soap, water and a complexion brush! Here is the new Hughes face brush, with gentle nylon bristles and shaped to fit your hand, at $1.50. In burgundy, sea green, clear lucite. There’re bath and hand brushes, too.

Lady Esther’s very new Complete Creme Make-Up does beautiful things for your face. Brush it on with fingertips, that’s all. The result is a soft, young radiance in tone and finish. Impervious to swim or dip, too. Five glowing colors, $3.50*. Matching colors in lipsticks, $3.50*.

A cooling, relaxing tub, scented and softened with Coty Bath Salts, $1* and $1.50*, followed by a mist of Coty Dusting Powder, $1.50*, and sizzling heat is of small importance. These intimate luxuries come in L’Aimant, L’Origane, “Paris” and Emeraude. Courtney Marvin

*Plus 20% Federal Tax.

Bob’s beard. There was a comedy crouse that was worth a special film, with Bob screaming, “Stay away, I don’t want to look like you.”

Joan Crawford and Director Michael Curtiz admire and like each other tremendously, but that doesn’t keep them from having heated arguments. One morning while making “Flamingo Road,” they clashed again and again, and just before noon, there was an especially hot scene with the exasperated Joan throwing a glass of water at Curtiz. She missed her aim, dousing one of the stand-ins which instead embarrassed her terribly, then still angry she marched to the Green Room for luncheon. In a few minutes a messenger brought her a festive package. Ribbons untied, there was a big white target with a picture of Curtiz in the middle. A note said, “Joan darling, this is sent with my love so you can practice ‘shooting’ me.”

Director Jack Conway was showing Clark Gable and Lana Turner just how he wanted a certain scene played, acting it out himself as just as quick as when he was on the stage years ago. Clark disappeared for a few moments, then returned to ask the company to come over to the moviola—a little projection machine used for film editing.) The machine started to grip and on the screen came “Her Indian Love,” a wild and woolly classic of 25 years ago—Conway’s first picture in which he played the hero. “I give up,” yelled Conway. “Just stop that thing.” Clark insists the director was subdued for the remainder of the day.

The long-time friendship of Ann Sothern and Ida Lupino has been punctuated with gags. One day, Ida was in the gallery at Warners being photographed as a ballerina and going through strenuous poses. Ann dropped by to say hello, but found her friend too engrossed to even notice she had entered. Looking around, Ann saw one of Ida’s ballet costumes on the rack and quickly slipping out of her slacks she stepped into it. Being much larger than Ida, there were wide spaces of Ann where the costume should be, so she grabbed a bunch of huge safety pins and used them in conspicuous spots. To complete her ludicrous picture, Ann rolled her stockings below her knees. Then still wearing the slack shoes, she stepped beside Ida and struck a burlesque of Ida’s ethereal pose. When the photographers caught sight of what was before them they shrieked with laughter. Annoyed by the interruption, Ida turned to see Annie still posing with mock seriousness, and she joined in the fun. But the girls forgot the picture was in the camera. It was developed and blown up, becoming the prize comic sensation of the studio.

During a pivotal scene in “Leave Her To Heaven,” Cornel Wilde was told that after Gene Tierney’s line of dialogue there would be a pause, followed later with a kiss. But instead of stopping

**After a swim, put up your hair in pin curls. Spray on Spray-A-Wave from its plastic bottle. Twenty minutes or so later you can brush out soft, shining, lasting waves.**

**The Hughes complexion brush helps awaken a fresh, child-like quality by “scrubbing.”**

**Even hot weather skin takes a new beauty with Lady Esther Complete Creme Makeup.**

**Coty Bath Salts freshens a room as it does your bath; is a modern thought for perfuming finger bowl water, your lingerie and hand bath. In four beloved Coty fragrances.**

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**It’s All In Fun**

Continued from page 45
when she said, "Darling, will you marry me?" Gene suddenly threw her arms around Cornel's neck and gave him an ardent, lingering kiss that nearly knocked him over. Everybody laughed, then the director explained, "We wanted you to register or complete surprise. Believe me, you did!"

It took Joan Crawford to unseat Spencer Tracy who's proud of his ability as a horseman. The studio set was equipped to represent a rich man's gym and Joan was admiring the mechanical horse in one corner. "You know all about horses," said Joan, naively. "Tell me, Spence, how does this thing work?" Tracy strode over to the horse and mounted with a flourish, motioning Joan to turn the switch. One sudden jolt and Spence was sprawling on the floor, amid laughter from crewmen and technicians. Joan had turned the highly-powered machine on full force, making it impossible for anyone not suspecting, to stay on.

While filming "The Hucksters," Adolphe Menjou spent two days doing a scene sitting at a conference table with his back to the cameras. The next day, Clark Gable brought him a handsomely wrapped gift. It was a suit made of exceptionally fine material and well-tailored—but without a front. Only a perfectly fitted back, nothing else.

A terrific gagster, Claudette Colbert is always thinking up something to add to the merriment. During filming of "Family Honeymoon," she did a lot of horseback riding while on location at Grand Canyon. With the help of the makeup man and photographer, she made a dozen still pictures doing everything contrary to the best equestrienne technique. She wore the wrong clothes, had stirrups at bad length, mounted on the wrong side. In fact, Claudette broke all rules of form and position, with as many awkward stunts as she could invent. It was a prize exhibition of poor horsemanship. Returning to Hollywood, she sent the pictures to John Wayne, begging him to give her a role in his next western. You could have heard John laugh a block away and he shows the pictures to everyone he meets.

Rosalind Russell's kidding with the assistant director during the filming of "The Velvet Touch" kept the cast in high spirits. Came a beautiful day and Rosalind wheeled the director into giving her the afternoon off, promising to be on the set bright and early next day. Reluctantly he changed his schedule but cautioned her to stay near a phone in case he needed her. As the director reached the set next morning he received a telegram from St. Louis, signed Rosalind, saying, "Having a wonderful time. We hope you will have a fine time in Europe." He blew up higher than a kite and just when he reached his most picturesque climax, she stepped on the stage, innocently asking, "Why all the excitement?"

In the Warner film, "Task Force," Gary Cooper has an accident, hurts his leg and lands in a hospital. Here the leg is put in a cast and hoisted high in the air. Now Gary kept complaining how hungry he was the day the scene was shot, because he had been late that morning and had skipped breakfast.
After the scene was made, Wayne Morris whispered to the director and luncheon was called. Nonchalantly, everyone quit the set leaving Gary still tied up in the east. How this so-called silent star turned and fussed and yelled for help! Fifteen minutes dragged by, then the company returned, gave him a laugh and let him down, all the time mimicking his fussing.

Before becoming engaged, Jeanette MacDonald invited Gene Raymond to dinner at her home and served a glorified version of eggplant. Now this is one thing Gene hates and never eats. But, learning to make an impression, he held his breath and swallowed it, then praised it to the skies. Thereafter, it was always included in the dinner menus until after he and Jeanette became engaged when he confessed to loathing it. But Jeanette, catering on the joke, sent Gene a case of choice eggplants all dolled up in fancy wrappings for his birthday. Gene scored a point, however, for he discovered all his friends shared his opinion of this delicacy and he couldn't give it away. So he gaily returned it to Jeanette—with his compliments.

Dorothy Lamour and Tyrone Power were making “Johnny Apollo” at 20th Century-Fox. The scene was a ballroom, festive with streamers and multicolored balloons. Late in the afternoon, Dottie suddenly remembered she was due for a radio rehearsal. Hollywood and has hastily changed her sequined gown to a street dress. She was late but hoped to take some shortcuts, but she hadn't reckoned on Ty's love of pranks. Her car was covered inside and out with balloons, dozens of them, tied to every possible spot. Dottie didn't have time to remove them so jumped in and headed for town. "I must have been a sight," laughs Dorothy, "with colored balloons escaping all along Sunset Boulevard. But I got even with Tyrone the next day. I nailed his picture to the dressing room floor and it took him nearly an hour to pry them loose without ruining them.

There's a scene in "The Great Sinner" where Gregory Peck is unconscious while the others move around him. It took an entire day to shoot the scene and while lying with closed eyes beneath hot lights, Greg had a hard time keeping his head down. His co-star, Ava Gardner, discovering this, motioned to everyone to tip-toe outside and put out all the lights on the set. A moment later a painter with pail and brush aroused Greg saying, "Please, Mr. Peck, won't you move over like that? It's the shop hours—night and I have work to do." Chagrined, Gregory scrambled to his feet as the jokers appeared with a big laugh.

Gene Tierney, for a scene with Tyrone Power in "That Wonderful Urge," had to hit Tyrone smack in the face with an ice cream cone. The first one was chocolate and Ty complained, "I don't like chocolate, can't we use vanilla?" Director Robert Sinclair patiently explained that chocolate showed up better on film.

So Gene took the mound again and pitched five cones at five different angles and each one blobbed in Power's face. It was a no-run, one-side hit game. "Nobody thought I could throw an ice cream cone," explained Gene, "but I practiced on a bucket that stood in for Ty. Guess the Dodgers overlooked a good bet in me." Ty has another version, saying, "Gene should have been born 30 years earlier. What a sensation she would have been having custard pies in the Mack Sennett comedies."

Douglas Fairbanks always has a wired chair to tease the unsuspecting visitor. "While making "The Lady in Ermine," he invited Betty Grable to his dressing room and courteously asked her to sit in a big chair while he took the one opposite. He touched a spring and Betty went whirling toward the ceiling at a frightening speed. But Betty is a gagger on her own and bided her time. Meeting Doug one day as he left the seat she pointed out a new victim for his trick. Enthusiastic, he quickly invited the fellow to his dressing room, with Betty tagging along. But when the two men sat down, it was Doug who flew through the air as if on a flying trapeze. Betty had waited for a day when Doug was busy on the set and with two electricians had changed the springs from one chair to the other. This was once when Doug's famous wired chair gave him a dose of his own medicine.

Ronald Reagan carefully kept it a secret from his pals, Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan, that he was to wear kilts when he went to London to make "The Hasty Heart." But these invertebrate pranksters ferreted it out. They had the props department make a pair of short kilts, which they presented as a going away gift, with the hope that they'd keep him warm under the giddy kilts.

Gloria Grahame had never met Robert Sterling until they started "Roughshod" at RKO studio. On the first day of shooting, Director Mark Robson introduced them and then promptly hustled them into their first scene. Now Gloria had some nice things she had planned to say to Bob but instead, the next minute she was berating him like a fishwife and finally, slapped his face. "I was so disturbed that I hit harder than necessary and raised a red mark on his face," bemoaned Gloria. "Bob never really forgave me until I explained what was wrong with me. Then we became good friends."

Then there is Howard Duff who almost caused a director to have heart failure during a radio rehearsal. The program, "The Phantom Pirate," opened up with the sound of air planes winging through the air, then landing safely. So Howard had a new record made with the plane landing in a horrible crash, with all the fearful noises attending such mishaps. As the director was taking his seat in the booth just before the show went on, Howard had this record run. It proved as sensational as the famous Orson Welles Mars Invasion.

Yes, it's all for fun. Perhaps the movies develop a keener edge to one's humor and comedy sense. Also, to an appreciation of their beneficial influence on life and living.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 23

Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston, who took the same TWA Constellation we did to Chicago, They were on the first leg of their trip to London. They were either awful tired or had very clear consciences because both slept the way to Chicago. —

Coming back we stopped off at author John van Druten's desert ranch and heard the good news that he was writing the next Bing Crosby picture, "Famous," which Charles Brackett will produce. It's the Stephen Vincent Benet novel about a Broadway composer. I suspect it took all the considerable persuasiveness of Mr. Brackett to sell Mr. van Druten on scripting another MGM off-wrting pictures for some time.

Not since Rita Hayworth took off on her European jaunt has there been so much speculation and rumor as that stirred up by Ingrid Bergman's Italian junket to make a picture for the romantic director, Roberto Rossellini. Europe shore is attractive to those in—and out—of love. Jennifer Jones fled to the continent to make up her mind about whether or not she was going to marry David Selznick and 20th has had its headaches trying to get Ty Power back to the Hollywoods to make a picture here. —

We had a nice family afternoon when Betty Hutton and Ted Brikman brought their cute little daughters over for a visit. Lindsay and Candy were dressed alike in navy blue and white embroidered frocks their fond father brought from New York. Very high-fashion dresses, trimmed at the belts with single, fat strawberries. Betty was raving about what a great guy Fred Astaire is. She'd been rehearsing with him eight hours a day for the dance numbers they'll do in
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“Let’s Dance.” This picture follows hot on the heels of “Red, Hot And Blue,” which Miss H. just finished.

CASTING AROUND: Come about now, August, Joan Fontaine starts her picture for Hal Wallis called “September,” which will no doubt finish in October. And Van Johnson will go Western in his new MGMer “Outriders.” Joan Evans and Farley Granger will be teamed again at Goldwyn’s in “Beloved Over All.” Joan’s all recovered from that shooting accident on the picture, “Roseanne McCoy.” Cary Grant, over his long spell of jaundice, and back to his natural color, so “I Was A Male War Bride” finally got finished. Dana Andrews was another casualty—had some mysterious virus that sent his temperature up to 104. Caught it while he was making Universal-International’s “Sword In The Desert.” Bette Davis, back from New York where her Sherry had quite a success with his art show, reported to Warners’ for her first picture in over a year, “Beyond The Forest.” The star had been long delayed “Mrs. Mike” finally got going with Evelyn Keyes in the top female star spot opposite Dick Powell. The competition Evelyn had to buck to get the role was something.

Kirk Douglas, a very exhausted but happy young man, headed for a rest at Palm Springs when he returned from a jaunt around the country in connection with his big success picture, “Champion.”

AROUND THE TOWN: Shopping in Westwood Village, we ran into Barbara Bel Geddes, her cute little sprout, Susan, and their miniature dachshund, Debbie. Susie soberey showed me all the loot she and her mom had bought—mostly for the young fry. Later we saw the handsome guy, Madison, touring around in his yellow convertible. Mark and Annelle Stev- ens were here—alas, he was burned out at Scandia—he looks well and happy and is busy in his new picture, “Bandwagon.” Irene Dunne and her Dr. Francis Griffin entertaining at Romanoff’s, and at an- other table Louis Calhern with his bride made up a fine foursome with Paul, Margo and a new gal. Another attractive couple—Award winner Johnny Green and his wife, Bunny Waters. And it was generally assumed that Bob Stack and Irene Wrightsman was going steady until he appeared at Moscavon with Joan Caulfield.

At this pernt, things are pretty much up in the air with Rex Harrison. He’s sort of indicated that he and Hollywood are through, yet there’s talk he’ll come back and make a picture. His wife, Lilli, made a short trip here to sell their Mandeville Canyon home, so probably if he does condescend to accept all that Hollywood picture money he’ll stay here only for the duration of the picture.

Very impressive star turnout for the big Carthay Circle showing of that excellent picture, “The Brave.” There was so much favorable talk about the picture that the town was scrambling to get ducats to the show. Around us were the Dick Widmarks, the Zack Kates, Ann Sothern, the Bob Wiegert, Claire Trevor with her husband, Milton Baren, and the Bill Seitzers. Mr. B. and Mrs. S. are producer and director of the movie, “Borderline,” which will star Claire and Fred MacMurray. After the picture we ran into Don and Marion Dickerman and had to call Mr. Kome about 18, in spite of the fact that she’s the mother of three kids. Apparently her family doesn’t keep her busy enough, so she’s gone into a dress manufacturing enterprise.

We went to the prevue for Loren- desps, when that movie in role with Claudette Colbert in “Three Came Home.” Desi raved and raved about what a swell trouper Claudette is in the picture, which is about life in a Jap prison camp. Desi was pleased that Director Jean Negulesco had sent her a large bouquet of flowers on her first day at work. This film, incidentally, brings Alan Marshall back to the screen, after an absence of several years. He’s a swell actor and we’ll be glad to see him plying his trade again.

We were sorry to miss the party given by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Ray- mond for Mme. Lotte Lehmann; also the one Paramount tossed for Gloria Swanson, both given while were were on our cross- country tour. But my spies tell me the fabulous Miss Swanson was the undis- posable belle of the ball and that several hundred stars and press turned up for the big occasion, which was to welcome Gloria back to her home lot for the Brackett-Wilder picture, “Sunset Boule- vard.”

When the Bob O’Dellens (he’s vice- prez of Texas’ Interstate Theatre chain) breezed into town recently we had fun with them at the Beverly Hills Hotel. We all met for cocktails in one of the hotel’s beautiful bungalows, where Max and Anne Cohn were living during their stay here. (He’s the owner of about a zillion New York theadges W. G.) They were surrounded by producers—Brynie Foy, Paul Short, who produced “Bad Boy,” and Harriet Parsons. Red and Georgia Skelton were also in the gang. Red is mad about his new Polaroid Camera and was snapping everybody and handing them prints of the picture seconds later. This camera is really amazing—take the picture, allow sixty seconds, and zingo, there’s your print. Red counts off the seconds with his right foot instead of a stop watch. Very clever, these redheads.

Much good-natured kidding goes on between George Jessel and veteran showman Sid Grauman, who is appearing in Mr. J.’s new picture, “Bandwagon.” Seems Mr. Grauman and Mr. Jessel spent some of their younger years in Alaska trying to make their fortunes. Mr. G. had accumulated a couple of thousand bucks which Mr. J. took away from him in a poker game that went on while the boat was bringing them back to the States. Mr. Grauman, who works hard at running the Chinese Theatre, usually gets up at four p.m. and goes
to bed at four a. m. His life has been turned entirely around while he's playing himself in the picture.

Brian Donlevy, who swore off women when he and his wife, Marge, were divorced, held out for quite a spell but finally broke down when he met Audrey Totter. They've been doing the town and the rugged Brian has even hauled out his dinner clothes. Their first date was at the Friars' Frolic.

When Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bering and Mrs. James Hart, who play host to film and stage celebrities at Chicago's Ambassador East, were in Hollywood, Margaret Ettinger returned some of their hospitality by giving them a large and very beautiful party. Mr. Bering's plane was grounded and he didn't make it until late. Betty Hutton, whose Ted had just flown to Chicago for a minor operation, was so lonesome without him that she went home early. Rosalind Courtwright, pretty wife of the Bevills Hotel's manager, Hernando Courtwright, also had to bow out early—she was playing a singing engagement at Mocambo and a very successful one, we might add.

Sally Cobb, wife of the Brown Derby owner, Bob Cobb, had us fascinated with her original ideas about staging a fashion show on the Hollywood Stars' home baseball diamond (Bob also owns a healthy chunk of this ball team). Dorothy Lamour was listening to everybody telling her that her expected infant would be a girl this time. In the crowd were Van and Frances Heflin and she gets pretty every day, fashion designer Charles LeMaire and his chic wife, those amusing people Mike and Bess Curtis, Lonella and Harriet Parsons. It was fun to see Stu and June Erevin and Skeets and Pauline Gallagher and hear them talking about their teen-age kids.

It was a wonderful evening—maybe that's why we're a little beat at this point.

"I Like Everything About Women—Almost"

Continued from page 94

simplicity. It's the little beginners, trying to act as if they're stars, who display all the temperament. These embryonic Crawfords and Davies always arrive late on the set. Their mannerisms are cloaked in folderol and generally they are not amusing. Most of these little ones never learn and it's sad to see their mistakes.

"Is there anything you don't like about Hollywood women?" I asked.

"Nope," Glenn sighed, "but there is something about the town that annoys me. Namely the position men are relegated to in Hollywood. Men out there are merely nameless escorts. For example: Suzie Doakes is a famous screen personality. If she has a date to go to Ciro's, the table is reserved in her name, not the man's. Hollywood caters only to names and they have to be Hollywood names beside."

Glenn continued eating his eggs in silence so I pursued the subject of women further. "Glenn, how do you react to career women?" was my question.

"Fine," he answered, "unless they are super-ambitious. Driving ambition in most career women spoils everything. Those women are very aggressive and, as a result, are not feminine."

"Oh, then you like feminine women?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "Doesn't everybody? I think all men like sweetness and women in women if they are honest. I hate tough gals if they are obvious in their hardness.

"One thing I notice a great deal, Frances, is the way people act with movie stars. For some unknown reason, a stranger who has absolutely no conception of what makes me tick, will decide that I follow the Hollywood pattern. Sometimes I get the idea that they don't think the pattern is worth very much for most of the time their department and conduct leaves a lot to be desired. I hate rudeness in both men and women.

"Here we are today having lunch in one of the better hotels in town. The people who patronize this place are supposed to be ladies and gentlemen, but did you hear the woman next to us? She raised Cain with the waiter over nothing. That to my mind is an unfor-givable sin. Her point could have been won in gentle, softly spoken words just as efficiently. Maybe she feels she is impressing someone. My motto has always been, be nice to the little guy."

Glenn went even further. "While we're on the subject of women in restaurants, let me say once and for all that there is nothing worse than the woman who orders her meal when a man is present. Talk about irritating gestures. That's the height of bad manners."

While Glenn was talking his dual personality leaped into focus once again. On screen he is the epitome of sophisticated, male virility, yet off screen he is boyish to the nth degree. His face which turns up in all corners like a happy child is thrown off by his strange eyes. Maybe it's the weird, unearthly green color, but the eyes don't fit the face when you talk to him. Granted his personality goes hand in glove with his boyish look, for he seems to bubble with enthusiasm. Glenn admits to a moody, stewing type of nature despite his apparent interest about everyone.

The intangible difference in his personality and character, this touch of Jekyll and Hyde, is confusing. You never quite know just who he is. Once someone said, "We are all three people. The person we think we are, the person the world thinks we are, and the person we really are." In Glenn the division is noticeably present, but not so you can put your finger on it. But to get back to women and Glenn.

CAREER WOMAN Of the Month
by Selene Holzman

"How often have you wondered what it'd be like to consult a social introduction agency, seriously, or out of sheer curiosity? The latter prompted me to visit the Friendship Center...and not only did I succeed in satisfying my editorial curiosity, but discovered a woman who well earns the title "Career Woman of the Month." She's Clara Lane, director of Friendship Centers throughout the country.

"The course of our conversation with Miss Lane, I thought of my many unattached young and middle aged friends who somehow don't manage to meet enough people for the law of averages to bring about marriage...and yet they favor loneliness to what they consider the "embarrassment" of consulting an introduction center. I found Miss Lane the answer: dating a man one meets at a bus stop is passed off as "romantic" and the intelligent approach to meeting men via an agency in human relations is often called "undignified."

"In meeting Miss Lane, I shed some of my deep-rooted ideas about introduction services, convinced that: cupid is not a plump little boy with an arrow, but a charming, intelligent woman with deep understanding of human relations—Clare Lane."

"The Clara Lane Friendship Center is not a "Lonely Hearts" Club. Clara Lane now has Friendship Centers in New York, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Washinglon, Miami, San Francisco, and Seattle."

"Every large city in the United States has thousands of men and women who want companionship, but try as they will, they cannot find friends. Society as a whole is doing nothing for these lonely people. It is only a person like Miss Lane who has grappled with this problem and succeeded in bringing happiness to these people."

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FREE: The above is an excerpt from an article about Clara Lane appearing in MAYFAIR MAGAZINE. Write for a free reprint of the full length article, Miss Lane will be happy to send it to you, together with a sample of "CUPID IS MY BUSINESS" which appeared in a foremost national magazine.

You may write Clara Lane for further information: Clara Lane Friendship Center, Inc., Hotel Wentworth, 58 West 47th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
"Women often argue as to whom they dress for, men or women. What do women wear that makes you wish you wore blouses?" asked about rolled stockings. "Glen? Most men edge on violence about them," I inquired.

"I don't object to them," he said, "if girls feel like rolling their own. Frankly, I haven't seen many."

"How about peek-a-boo blouses, Glenn?"

"What on earth is one?" he asked in utter consternation.

"A sheer blouse you can see through," I explained.

"Oh! Oh! Why, I think they're fascinating," he laughed. "Truthfully, on the subject of women's clothes I think the most disagreeable point is a lack of fastidiousness or cleanliness. Over-dressing is another point not so pleasing to the eye, at least to my eye. Too many women cover themselves from head to hand with jewelry when a simple rock will do. They end up looking like Mrs. Astor's plush horse."

"New York women are a fine example of how to dress correctly and smartly. Hollywood, whose inhabitants over-dress at all times, could learn a lot from New York. Only that, how much can be worn at one time."

Glenn paused and looked at me with an expression that seemed to beg, "you don't want to know anything more do you?" but I showed him no mercy. "Tell us some more of our provoking habits," I cried.

Looking more like the reluctant dragon than a movie actor he said, "Actually women in general are wonderful creatures. No man can criticize them. When he does he is in a tough spot and he deserves to be there for having dared to raise a critical voice. The irritants I have mentioned are the kind you just might think back over to remember. None of them. Florence, are an obsession with me and I hope all the lovely creatures reading this article understand that. I don't live by these peeces of mine, nor do I grind my teeth and wriggle as they occur. I just wish they weren't in evidence for they are disadvantages to the attractive woman."

"I'll admit though, that I hate intolerant women—women who won't accept a situation for what it is. Women who whine are enough to drive a man to desperate deeds."

"Would you admire a woman who is the life of the party?" I asked.

"If she is having fun and is happy," Glenn said. "I like to see anyone having a good time but I disapprove of women gaining the center of the stage by telling off-color stories or drinking too much. Nobody really admires this type of woman though they may laugh at her. Personally, I hate loudness of any kind in a woman.""

"As you know," Glenn continued, "I have a reputation of being very quiet. It's not so much that I am quiet, but I sit and watch and don't have much to say. I get more fun out of watching and it's a sure way to size up people."

The dining room emptied out as the hours slipped by whilst I tried to give Glenn the third degree concerning the weaker sex. I asked, "Anything more, Glenn?"

"Absolutely nothing," he stated very conclusively, "You have my complete list. Everything else that woman does fills my heart with joy," he added with a smile.

"Good," I nodded. "Then we can talk about you for a minute. Do you like being a movie star?"

"Like?" was his incredulous answer. "Of course I do! It's fun! It's interesting! Where else could you meet all the people and do the variety of things I have done? In the last ten years I have done more than most men accomplish in two life times only because I am a movie star."

Gently pounding the table with his hand he lifted his head in wonderment, Glenn whispered, "Do you realize how lucky someone like me is? Let's be really honest, Florence. Actors are usually trying to impress people with their cynical attitudes, but I won't even pretend to do so."

"At first I hated actors because I got my start being a stage manager. That's being like a house mother, guardian angel and a shepherd to dozens of things known as actors and actresses. Every day I had to tear up four long flights of stairs because some boob forgot his coat five minutes before curtain. They drove me nuts! I used to stand in the wings watching these actors guy and say to myself, 'The money you all get while I work like a nursemaid for half the salary! So what happened? One day I got wise to myself and decided to do it, too. Ever since I have been acting."

"Of course, I am a terrific pessimist about my work. I'm what you might call a chronic worrier and I have yet to come home from the studio and not want to go back and do a day's work all over again."

"That's why you are a star and not a bit player," I remarked.

"Well, you have to work at it every minute," Glenn insisted. "I love to hear the extras saying, 'Oh, Glenn, he can take it easy, smoke a pipe, read a book, or take a nap.' I laugh to myself when I hear them say that and think, 'Boy! If they only knew.'"

Glenn sat musing in his chair, unconsciously building a perfect mound in the sugar bowl with his spoon. "If you had two wishes, what would they be?" I questioned.

"The obvious thing," he replied. "The obvious wish for a man with a son is to have health and happiness. My other wish would be for peace indirectly for my family so we could have a little world all our own. In a way I would be afraid to wish for the latter because I have been so lucky that I have everything a man could wish for in life. Wishing for material things such as a new car or a mink coat is a bad wish I think. Health is so much more important. Put your wishes in order and you'll find health heading the list with wealth way down at the bottom."

"Wish for those you love," Glenn remarked, "and you cannot help getting
the wishes youselves. You remember the old joke with the wishbone of the chicken and how all the children would fight to get it? Well, even as a child, I figured out that if you wished the other person got his wish, you couldn’t lose.

With such a philosophy, I thought to myself, you can’t help but win, Glenn Ford.

\[Continued from page 27\]

then sat back, beaming with feminine (canine) charm.

One of the dreamy things about June is the simple fact that she’s an actress. Not a society girl trying to play normal girl finding expression via the arts. Not a housewife stealing time from the baking of a pie to do a scene from “Camille.” This one, pals, is an actress—it’s her whole-time job . . .

June acts all over the year—she can no more help it than she can help breathing. Yet withal, she’s completely natural and thoroughly honest. The Havoc voice is well trained and is soothing to the ear. She made it good drama even when she said nothing more important than: “This old umbrella came from the Aeors’ Thrift Shop, and the poppy ‘The Belasco Theatre, My pet theatre, incidentally, with its chandeliers studded with glass that looks like jewels—every theatre should look like the Belasco. That Suzetta?” June said, suddenly, “is absolutely unpredictable, I warn you. Right now she’s in your lap loo-kooing in my eye, and I can’t see unless I have ten minutes she may say horrible things to you. Where was I? Oh yes, the priest places a great deal of good. If an actor needs clothes for an audition and he can prove his story, broke, they give him the duds for free.”

The queen of food came up, a menu was sent for and roast pork with red cabbage (in mid-afternoon) won.

“I have always suspected,” June said, eyeing a forkful of leathery red cabbage with deep suspicion, “that RKO—who I love—considered my face sad but funny. Me, who isn’t really a ha-ha actress.

“Let me go back a bit,” she continued, “along the lines of failure turning into success. At one time I was a model but I was always clowning, never amounted to anything as a mannequin. I desperately wanted to make the chorus line in several shows but no soap. It wasn’t good enough. Now I realize that if I made the grade this way, I’d never have become an actress. Certainly I can sing and dance, but if I stop a show (and she usually does), it’s not because of my high C or time-step, it’s simply that I’ve shot them that I can act. I’m a very shy person and I make jokes as part of a defense mechanism. Which, naturally, makes most people think I’m all ha-ha girl.

“Anyway, after RKO bounced me, Mike Todd brought me back to New York and into Bobbi Clark’s in ‘Mexican Hayride.’ It was a hit—so were we all. I didn’t sing or dance too well but I used to stand in the wings and listen to the applause when I’d stopped the show and wonder why—why? I was usually in a mood to take poison but instead I had to make a little curtain speech, saying thanks.”

One day during the run of “Mexican Hayride,” June broke her leg and was popped into a plaster cast—it was a very hot August. “The doctors said I’d be laid up for six months,” she says, “but I was out in four weeks and on my way to Hollywood to make a movie.”

Lawrence Langer and Director Rouben Mamoulian of the Theatre Guild had written a new play called “Miss Marian” which was still in the hospital. They had just dropped by for a social call but Mamoulian was later to wire June when Ethel Merman left the Broadway “Sadie Thompson,” asking Suzetta’s chum to rush East to replace Miss Merman.

“Well, let’s learn the role,” June says, “almost on my way to the airport—80 sides, seven songs and three ballets! And I got good notices, notices! I lugged around to show everyone I met. True, I’d broken with the Sadie tradition of fancy shoes with white tops (June wore red ones) but I could see the critics approved of me. And though I did some dancing and singing, it was mainly acting that they liked, so I was quite happy.”

When the play closed, June suffered a nervous breakdown. She recuperated in Florida, a hospital, and was thrilled when screenwriter Edmund Goulding called, said he’d heard on reliable authority that she was an able dramatic actress. He was writing a play, would she care to star in it? When the play was ready (in six months), she said she’d hear from him. This was precisely what the doctor had ordered . . .

While she was waiting, and after she’d regained her health, June found that she still had the eating habit. So she whipped up a vaudeville act (she’d been raised back stage—did you know?) and booked it into the Capitol Theatre on Broadway. She told me. I interviewed her actor, and pronounced her the greatest dramatic actress in the world—said so in print.

“I bought 12 copies of his column,” June admits, “and finally pasted one on a card so it wouldn’t wear out in my bag. He predicted a big future for me as a serious actress and lamed the fact that I was a slave to eating and, because of that, had to do vaudeville.”

Goulding’s play went into rehearsal, opened, and June fulfilled Runyon’s predictions. It was an overwhelming artistic and financial failure—a gratifying state of affairs but starvation for eating actresses.

“My next was ‘Dunnigan’s Daughter,’ with Dick Widmark, for the Theatre
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June played a small role in 20th Century-Fox's 'The Iron Curtain' and did Broadway comedy in 'Gentlemen's Agreement,' so she put it squarely up to producer Gadget Kazan—what would he do about accepting-not accepting the big kissing role? June said, 'I looked out of the window,' she says, 'and I didn't like it.' I'd take it.' And I did the two days' work paid me $10,000. I told you, didn't I, that I was rich now?
that 'Pal Joey' was one of the greatest shows of all time and one of the best for me—though at the time I didn’t realize it. Which merely proves how little I knew about what was going on.

"In looking back, as I did, I discovered—alas along the way—the failures I’d endured had always resulted in eventual success. They built whatever character I have and they steered me in the right direction—even when it seemed certain that that direction was a one-way street to the junk heap.

"Now," June said, partly to Suzetta, comfortably sprawled in her lap, and partly to this envious reporter, "now all I ask is a chance to create something. Not to replace someone in a role they’ve built from the ground up, but to carve it out myself and to make it honestly good."

Perhaps—even if she doesn’t realize it—June carved out something extremely good when she made June Havoc the real person that she is...

Danny Wanted To Be Dr. Kaye!

Continued from page 36

skill."

Another example of the more-sober side our correspondent is the successful recording he made of a number turned out by his wife, Sylvia. Titled "Eileen," it’s a sentimental ballad about an Irish girl whose lover is lost at sea. Danny sings it straight, sincerely, and with an astonishingly good voice—the net effect ringing tears out of countless stone hearts and a soft spot in my heart for 'Molly Malone,'" Danny said, lounging in his chair. "Really prefer it to some of the crazy songs. I’ve also done an album of Gilbert & Sullivan that’s on sale—ahem—at most good music shops. One of the sweetest numbers I know is called "Danny’s Lullaby," written when our Dena was three days old—the same who’s now 25 months old. As it so happens, I have a picture of her here, somewhere..." The picture turned out to be a leather folder that unfolded some 10 pictures of Miss Dena.

"Xantus was among the first to talk to this good humor man, four years ago, right after he’d finished his first movie—it was for a Mr. Goldwyn—which had even been released at the time. Danny was worried, we reported, fearful of his next move. "I’ve never had a cut before," he moaned, look no more like Zasu Pitts than the Toujours-gai Kaye. "And I worry for fear that one’s due me."

In the four years that have since clicked off, that bad break has, considerably, kept discreetly out of sight. Even so, the above gent still frets over the many tears.

Which is wasted effort because Danny should be as happy as a clam. After five good Goldwyn pictures (his movies have always been in Technicolor), Danny has signed with Warner Bros, and has just finished his first super-colossal Technicolor motion picture, "Barark Banner Factory."

"Happy Times" is the film’s name, made under the expert direction of Henry Koster and with Barbara Bates (of "June Bride") playing opposite Daniel, herein an honest but highly illiterate young Gypsy who becomes a dishonest but highly illiterate young impostor.

Sylvia, wrote the musical material he uses in the picture, including a ballad, "Happy Times," which he sings to Miss Bates, a scullery maid in the mayor’s home. Danny’s first straight movie song, movie audiences will be treated to the (engaging) sentimental side of this clown.

"Four years ago," Danny said, "I was terribly impatient. I suppose it was the newness of the medium: anyway, once I accepted movie work as a fact, I settled down. As I see it, the technical side of the movies is great, really terrible, but every once in a while I yearn for the stage—the answer lying in the big audience. That, to me, is the stage’s enormous asset."

Fun aside, Danny takes his movie work seriously, proof lying in the direction of the two tailors who had to work all night making trousers for him. All because, for a sequence in "Happy Times" in which his pants were only supposed to be singed, the comic insisted that they really burn because the effect would be better.

Told to indicate hunger by chewing on Elsa Lancaster’s arm, Danny took a realistic bite, quipped: "At least, a part I can sink my teeth into!" Four cameras, at all times, covered the whirlwind slapstick scenes from every angle. Since they were never twice the same, due to Danny, the four cameras made sure that never-repeated stuff wasn’t lost.

The new RCA unidirectional microphone helped by recording Danny’s musical numbers as they were shot, instead of pre-recording by the comic and then shooting to a playback.

Highly important, that, in his case, since he’s at his best in an ad-lib routine aided by a howling grip-audience which would be missing from a bare recording studio. Because this new-type mike easily cuts out all extraneous noise. Danny was able to work with Sylvia at a background piano, have the orchestra dubbed onto the sound track, later on. This way, every impromptu bit was picked up and used, the studio audience’s cackling ignored by the mike but vastly appreciated by the performer...

Danny likes to test things out at rehearsal, shoot them pronto, if they’re good. He clowns as much behind a camera as in front of one—climbing up with the juicers to throw a spotlight into someone’s face or breaking up Director Koster with a whispered gag in the middle of a take. Generally speaking, Danny’s a washout at rehearsals—merely walking through business while pondering like mad, saving his punches for the takes. He was nearly pulled out of the stage "Lady In The Dark" because the backers
In the September issue of
SCREENLAND

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saw him at a rehearsal and were certain that he was absolutely colorless. But when the show opened, it was Danny who stole it. . . .

"I’m not a gag comic," he says, "What I need are situations and character, and the search for such is tough—the seriousness of being funny keeps comedians sad. Writing first-class humor is hard labor. It’s a science, a dash of this, a dash of that—like chemistry. I've never told a joke, never played a part, never tried to create a situation that has a laugh in it."

Apropos that apparently paradoxical quote, Danny means that he’s never told one about Pat and Mike, or used the too-familiar, "On my way to the theatre, a very funny thing happened to me" routine.

He relies on a basic, written routine in the movies and whenever he makes a stage appearance, at $25,000 and up to $40,000 a week, but he’s mainly an ad-lib comic who says: "It’s handy to have written stuff up your sleeve in case you lay an egg—but it’s only through good ad-libs that new material is invented."

One of his best routines results from an off-the-cuff remark at a London stage appearance, "What, no tea, old boy?" Danny asked, kidding the orchestra leader in the pit. The leader unexpectedly handed up a cup; Danny had been pulling the gag right along. "All I need now," said Danny, not in the least stumped, "is a sandwich." A stagehand rushed out with one. "A chair!" the comedian demanded, asked the orchestra for dinner music and did a pantomime of two girls enjoying a cozy tea. It brought down the house and became part of the act.

"I have to change my routine," Danny says, "for variety’s sake, otherwise I’d run into a mental fog and go stale. A fresh show is more fun, insures a better performance. To that end, I study people and little human weaknesses, try to fit them into my material."

"For years," he says, "I’ve been getting laughs at home with a satire on The Busy Eater. You’ve seen the type—they concentrate like a hog on four different dishes simultaneously, stuffing away and not listening to table talk. I had trouble, evolved a monologue of this, then talked it over for Happy Times." But I finally talked them into shooting me doing it through a meal—and now it’s in the picture.

He also apes you and me in the picture, when we sing the “Star Spangled Banner,” muttering, pretending that we know the words beyond the third line. He does the same thing with the fake anthem of the imaginary country in the movie. "When it’s based on real life," he says, "it’s merely a matter of becoming easy and hitting the material.

"The first show," Danny said, "excites me. I try everything. When I do a routine for the first time, I overboard, to see just how far I should go. After that I relax, fall into a pattern, I have to, I couldn’t continue as I do in the opening show, the pace would burn you. You have to love making people laugh, as I do, or four-day-a-week would be too tough a job."

The ex-Brooklynite who took London by storm and made the Royal Family howl, along with everyone else, went back there again. Six weeks at the Palladium and then the provinces, with every seat sold and sharpers hawking black market tickets—according to a letter from London. Being funny is such devilishly serious business that Danny has to be physically tough, too. Slim as he is, Danny owns a solid chest, good arm and leg muscles. He plays golf, bats a ball and runs a good mile to keep tabs on his breathing, that which makes possible those fast double-talk numbers for which he’s notorious.

He’s pro-California. “Lived there for the last 3½ years, he says. "At first I wasn’t too crazy about it but now I’m sold on the place—mostly because I play golf, and New York in Winter time means no golfing.”

Golf or no golf, the most important item in Danny’s life is his daughter, Dena. His face even takes on that operation look when he mentions her.

"If Dena wants to go on the stage someday," he says, "I’ll have no objection, I think she’d love it. But if it should be that she hasn’t enough, it would mean real heartbreak. And being related to me certainly won’t help her anyway, but maybe she could change her name."

"Even at the tender age of 25 months," he went on, "her talent has developed. She has the same ear for accents that I have and she can repeat anything in exactly the same dialect in which she heard it. Dena has a colored nurse whom she can imitate to perfection. When I got back from overseas I met a woman kind of suh, Misstah Danny was met at th’ air po’t. Her bon soir would do credit to Boyer and she sings on perfect pitch—she sings Buttons And Bows—which is remarkable for a two-year-old.”

Danny is smart enough to realize that booking himself would be too much for them, and only about one in every five is of the right stuff to make it. "You're about as likely just trying to properly appraise his material. ‘I can never tell,’ he says, "how good it is until I’ve fooled around with it. Unless I can get my hands, mouth and face into it—all over it, yet—I can’t be entirely sure. I do know, however, that minute I set foot on the stage, how an audience is reacting—instinct, probably.

"Incidentally," he went on, "I’d like to do away with the myth about the unemotional British. I’ve found that they’re warm, friendly and even enthusiastic. They’re also show-wise and very quick to get a joke. And they do understand American brand humor— as is. I haven’t had to change any of my regular U. S. material for English audiences.”

Kaye’s answer for everything is simple—simply that he likes to make people laugh. A trade about which, as one of the truly great comedians of all time, he has succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. Probably because he’s wholly serious about the ancient profession of jester.

Every comedian allegedly wants to play serious roles in the theatre, but Danny isn’t jesting when he says: "I don’t want to play Hamlet…”
she happens to be a motion picture actress today.

As a young girl in Paris, Corinne had a very close friend who liked to do everything Corinne did. The only trouble was that whatever the girl did, she did better than Corinne. Together they studied sculpturing and interior decorating. And the other girl turned out work just a little better than Corinne's.

"I must find something which I can do better than she," Corinne decided. She was sure that she could be the better actress of the two, so Corinne joined a little theatre group. And it was true; her friend could not compete with her in dramatics.

At first Corinne was given just one-line roles. By diligently applying herself, it was not too long before she was capable of becoming the understudy to the star. In France, the role of an understudy is far brighter than it is in America; for in her contract, the star must agree to allow the understudy to perform in the role on at least two nights during the run of the show. Still, the activity of a repertoire group requires great physical strength. It is extremely hard work.

"I was young then, only sixteen or seventeen," says Corinne who is all of twenty-two now, "and I could take it. But I wouldn't even try to do it now. I finally quit the repertoire theatre and went to a school screen.

In the screen school, which is very much like our dramatic schools except that it prepares you for the motion picture field only, Corinne worked very hard. But again nothing happened. And Corinne is not one to sit back and just let nothing happen. She firmly believes, I repeat, in going after what she wants. So in the small hours of the dawn one morning Corinne decided what she was going to do. She jumped out of her bed, where she had lain sleepless for the night, and ran to the telephone. From the directory she began to look for the names of Motion Picture Producers and Directors. Under the A's she found the first one, Director Marc Allegrat. Good! Even his name denoted optimism, speed, a bright outlook! So she dialed his number. Not later in the day when he might have been awake and possibly even had time for coffee. Oh no! Corinne called him right then—at daybreak. True, she didn't know him, and he certainly knew nothing of her. But she had made up her mind that he would know something about her.

Roused from a sound sleep by the jangle of the telephone, M. Allegret woke in a not too receptive frame of mind. Then he listened to the pleading voice of the little French girl from the other end of the connection. She was pouring out her heart to him. She told him how hard she had worked, how everyone praised her work so highly. She was very much ready for pictures—she knew it. And she must, she MUST become a movie actress. Allegret was intrigued.

"I know I can get me of phone that hire man at such an early hour," she admits. "Perhaps he thought that I was a simple country girl with whom he could flirt. At that hour I must have sounded pretty simple. Poor man. I think he was surprised when he met me."

M. Allegret had asked her to come to see him the following afternoon to discuss the matter. His office was on the third floor, and rather than take the elevator and arrive so suddenly, Corinne decided to walk slowly up the stairs, taking deep breaths at every step to try to regain her calm. Between the second and third floors five men were holding an animated conference, blocking the way. Corinne waited for a moment. Then seeing that they didn't even realize they were in her path, she spoke to them—a little more sharply, perhaps, than was necessary, for she was still upset. They let her pass, and just as she was a few steps away she heard one of the men say excitedly:

"That is the girl we want!" What nerve! Corinne turned around and told them in no uncertain terms what she thought of such men who tried to make acquaintances with strange girls. Then she hurried into Allegret's office. While she was talking to him, the door suddenly opened and one of the men looked in.

"Yes, she's in there," he heard him say. Then a few minutes later the five men from the stairway sent in word that they would like very much to meet Corinne and explain to her about the incident. To her great surprise, the five men turned out to be a producer, a director, a cameraman, a lighting director, and a banker who was financing a film for the other four. They had just come from seeing the film tests of eight actresses. Each of the tests had been disappointing. The girls had not shown enough fire. Then along came Corinne, blazing mad. No wonder they had exclaimed, "That is the girl we want!" Corinne signed with them and went at once to Italy to make her first film.

RKO was the first American film company to show interest in Miss Calvet. Then a talent scout from Paramount spotted her. He asked her to come into the Paramount offices where she was given a long questionnaire to fill out. Corinne felt insulted at what she thought were extremely personal things they asked, and she gave some rather unexpected answers.

"What do you think I am?" she wondered. "Just an extrovert?"

Corinne was in the South of France doing a Technicolor picture when she was told that Paramount had sent a man from New York to Paris to see her. This was different! Corinne took the first train back to Paris. The only accommodation she could get on such short notice was in a chair car. When
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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

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she arrived in Paris she was completely disheveled.

"I could not have looked worse," she confessed. "I had run in my stocking and my hair was terrible. I hadn't had time to get it done. The poor man who was my father who met me was amazed at the way I looked. But I must have made some sort of an impression with my queer appearance, for he signed me to a contract with Paramount within a week. And three weeks later I was brought, headed for America and Hollywood.

"Because I did not understand the language very well, my first year in America was very sad for me. It was full of so many misunderstandings. Then to complete my year, I crashed my car. I got a very bad cut on my chin and had to have eighteen stitches taken in it. My face looked awful. My mouth was pulled way down to the right and was left hanging open for a long time. The doctors said I had to have two plastic operations before I could get my face back again. Even then I couldn't be sure how I would look after they took off the bandages.

"And that is how I looked when my Johnny. Her voice lingered over the name, as if she were trying to keep the atmosphere as long as possible. She was speaking, of course, about John Bromfield, that wonderfully handsome young actor who has been her husband since late last fall.

A friend had been kind enough to take her out quite frequently. On one of their trips he picked up his friend John Bromfield at the Santa Monica Pier.

"He looked so big and handsome standing there in his swimming trunks. I thought, 'How terrible that I should meet anyone so wonderful as this man when I look so awful.' Then he got into the car with us. It was just a little coupé and we had to sit very close together. And I felt so very wonderful all of a sudden. I looked up at him and he was looking at me. He smiled at me and I felt so warm and wonderful all over. It was as if I had never felt that way before. I just couldn't understand it.

Then three days later Corinne was ill. She had developed a bad cold. John came over and took care of her. For several months after that Corinne and John saw each other nearly daily. Then in October Johnny went on a personal tour that took him out of town for ten days. For the first time they were separated.

"And that did it?" Corinne declares. As soon as Johnny returned to Holly- wood, he and Corinne made a quick trip to Nevada, and were married.

"Here in America," Corinne says, "children are raised with stories of cowboys and detectives. In France we are brought up hearing the mystic stories about the fairies. All my life I dreamed that one day my Prince Charming would come along. In dreams I could find me poor and shivering in rags. But he would love me regardless of the way I looked and he would carry me off on his white steed to his palace where we would be married and live happily ever after. With John my dream came true. When I found him, my face was scarred and torn. I looked so ugly. But just the same he fell in love with me. We did not know how my face might look after it healed. But when my Prince Charming didn’t mind. It was he fell in love with. That is a great test of love. But he passed it. Now I do not care what age might do to me, because I am sure of my husband’s love.

This, then, is Corinne Calvet, the adorable Parisienne who will soon be capturing the hearts of the movie-goers of America. Her first American picture will be released this Fall—then look out!

In a Wallis production for Paramount, the saucy French miss will be introduced in a new Eartha Joan. The picture is "Rope Of Sand," a story of diamond mining in South Africa. For her co-star, Corinne has none other than Burt Lancaster, another Hal Wallis find.

As the only woman in the picture, Corinne has all of the male cast vying for her love (pictorially speaking). Ironically enough, one of the men who makes a play for her—then loses out to Lancaster—is her own husband, John Bromfield.

"But I don’t mind," he laughs. "You see, at five o’clock, Corinne leaves Burt and comes home with me!"

Party Gossip

Continued from page 10

Lynn spoke her vows to John Lindsay, was the one which made Iris Bynum the wife of Col. David Allred, Dixie Lee.

While Iris may have been publicized as the only starlet never to have made a picture, her fame grew from the fact that she had the most glamorous dates in the film colony.

SCREENLAND readers will recall seeing her pictured at premieres and parties with John Payne, Keenan Wynn, Orson Welles, Van Johnson and her steadiest beau—Clark Gable.

But she bade them all goodbye, just when everyone thought that the Duram-Gable combination was as serious as the Jimmy Stewart-Gloria McLean deal, to marry an Air Force colonel on comparatively scant notice.

Of course, Iris is so easy-going that it is no wonder that the dashy young colonel was able to sweep her off her feet, but I couldn’t help asking before she folded her fabulous date book and put it away with her memories, just how she did it.

I NCHING around, as she was being fitted for her stunning Don Loper trousseau, Iris said, “Cobina, a so-called glamour boy is no different from any other man. I’ve never chased a man. I’ve never suggested his doing anything I didn’t think he wanted to do. And I’ve always let my dates take the lead!”

This Texas beauty may be slow, but that’s how she kept her men in the running and how, like a glamorous to-rtle, she out-stripped the movie queens who led their beaux the pace that kills
This "San Antonio Rose" was discovered on a golf course by Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, who evidently had their eyes as much on the gallery as they did on their brassie shots. She came to Hollywood with her mother and was promptly signed by Howard Hughes. Howard, as is his wont, kept her under contract and out of sight until Iris, tired of never seeing a camera, started into radio writing. From then on she blossomed into publicity, but achieved none of it for herself, by the company she kept.

While other girls ogled enviously, Iris would step out with Tony Martin or dance across the Mocambo floor with Van Johnson. The most sought-after men in America all loved her because she never seemed to care about who they were.

The proof of it is that she tossed away her date book and her list of marriage proposals to marry the comparatively unknown colonel. At least, he was comparatively unknown to Iris until he showed up at Ocean House last New Year's Eve.

IT WAS a very formal party and Iris had been appointed its formal hostess. As such she had to turn on the charm to everyone who entered and everyone who entered either gazed the gorgeous Iris with a kiss or a "How ARE you, darling?"

Now, Iris, inured to the habits of Hollywood, had the stamina to take hours of this sticky greeting—but not the man who happened to be standing next to her.

"How can you take it?" the voice asked and Iris glanced up to see a handsome Air Force colonel grinning down at her.

Before she had a chance to answer, the clock struck twelve and the lights went out.

"Well, it looks as if I'll have to kiss you!" the voice of the colonel said.

With onrush he made contact. But before he released her—and it must have been some kiss—he added, "I'm going to marry you!"

Neveit think a colonel doesn't know his word, because Col. David Allerdice, war hero and former Princeton football star, did and their wedding seven months later brought a flock of socialites and celebrities.

Iris chose Ocean House, the magnificent former beach home of Marion Davies, where she first met David, as the scene for her wedding. There in the panelled library overlooking the moonlit Pacific Ocean, Iris spoke her vows before an altar banked high with lilies, gardenias and white roses.

NONE of Iris' famous beaux showed up, although Clark Gable sent a beautifully worded wire to congratulate the bride, saying that if he hadn't been in the East he would have been there.

He is firm in the belief short film television subjects will be among the most important ingredients of TV programs in the near future.

"Among other things, I'm making short song subjects in which I sing the songs," he explained when he was in New York recently. "The films are in color, illustrated by drawings and sketches in India ink. The technique is not unlike the former movie song slides except that it is much more modern and imaginative. These shorts, obviously, employ the still picture for eye appeal.

"I tell the story of the songs—such songs as 'These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You,' 'Pinto Ben,' 'Holy Night,' 'Vagabond Lover,' 'Maine Stein Song,' and the 'Whiffenpoof Song.' I have other people beside myself in many of the subjects, and I have hundreds of subjects. The films can be turned out for $500 each. Such a sum will be a boon for the color labs and all television studios.

Valle is also producing short films of famed vaudeville acts, Westerns, sports and health subjects, dramatized short stories.

"Live television, unless it is news or sports or special events, is unsatisfactory because it lacks spontaneity and naturalness," he asserted. "That's why it will have to be on film."

He feels that video is still embryonic, that its color work in general is poor, that its production is occasionally inexpert. But he is sanguine that the necessary equipment to correct the television color glara's current limitations will be shortly forthcoming. Because of this confidence he is experimenting with film as it will be made by the video camera within, he predicts, three years.

"I am absolutely certain," he said, his eyes lighting up with enthusiasm, "that by 1952, television will be something new to sensation.

"Right now it has the amusement world wheeling giddily, as baffled as it is bewildered. For so many years people had been producing films and radio shows with complete serenity. But essentials in all normal business are ever-changing. New ideas, new techniques come along, and the smart producers are the ones who adapt themselves readily and intelligently to the changes.

Rudy already can be credited with a couple of innovations in video film production. One of them is the turning out of titles that not only are shown on the screen but are voiced. Thus, a television set owner who is watching a program can be addressed by "Hey ear" to the film's title and to the names of those who are about to appear on the television.

Secondly, he is dubbing in sound applause and laughter so that when a
comedian says something funny it will not be projected into complete silence. Hearing other people laugh, Rudy thinks, will be a stimulant to join in the laughter.

Meanwhile, the radio glamour boy of the '30s made the pleasant, though not wholly unexpected discovery, while in New York that he is television material himself. He was on the first Ed Sullivan video show last January, scored such a hit just being Rudy Vallee that he received offers of $1,500 and $2,000 a week for a 40-week season.

"Why should I bat my brains out for $1,500 or $2,000 a week now when you have him earning $15,000 a week?" he asked with a hint of impatience. "Why wear out my welcome at this stage of television?"

"I can afford to be independent. I can afford to wait until the engineers find a way to meet the needs of camera and programs so that a show on which I appear can be televised with maximum effectiveness. To achieve the desired intimacy, naturalness, spontaneity and showmanship, all artfully, blended, programming has to be expanded."

Rudy believes there is a certain close relationship between motion picture and television camera work.

"If you can't do it in pictures, then don't do it in television," he declared. "Eventually, maybe, the larger shows will have as many as a dozen cameras shooting to capture the show from all angles. Just because the camera can only focus on, perhaps, two or three performers at a time, or just part of a setting, is no reason why the show should be planned within those limitations. Otherwise, a show would lose much of its value, its "feel."

Anyway, Rudy Vallee, in common with others in the television field, is seeking the true pattern of presentation. To him TV is the most demanding of the entertainment fields because one is expected to do what most producers in other forms do in a month.

"Television is constantly improving," he said. "The screens are getting larger, the camera work is becoming more expert. The announcers are better than they were in the early days of radio. Some day television will be shown in color and will be even more a copy of life."

Rudy frankly admitted that his recent engagements in movie theatres and night clubs were arranged solely to obtain money to finance more films for television. He would be the first to warn anyone contemplating making video films that not only solid financial backing is necessary, but that operation at a loss is bound to be the result for a time during the present television experimental period.

The Vallee of the '30s, whose dulcet toned serenades used to increase the palpitation of feminine hearts, merely did as a "single" in his recent shows what he did in the old days with a band surrounding him. Broadway, he believes, erroneously called his return "a comeback," for he has never been away from the entertainment world. At any event, he stepped out on the stage in a midnight blue tuxedo and sang again in intimate tones the old serenades, supplementing them as of old, by sentimental tributes to the college campus as the Maine Stein Song and the Whiffenpoof Song.

Time has made no noticeable change in Rudy. His voice, his face and figure, his geniality, his curious and likeable blend of naiveté and sophistication are the same as when he had the country by the ears. What some of his fellow-alumni of Yale think about him: no longer disturbs him as it once did. Being a son of Yale, he will continue to whiffenpoof her whenever the spirit moves him.

He would never undertake band leadership again, for it would "tie him down fifty weeks of every year" and thus prevent screen engagements, producing films for television and living the comparatively independent life he now enjoys. He likes being settled in one place—the Southern California. He owns and lives in Ann Harding's old home in the Hollywood hills. He owns another home in Palm Springs which he rents for brief periods to fellow screen stars.

Would Rudy marry again—for the fourth time? No, he didn't think he would. He "likes to look," he said, "and a married man has no business looking."

"Though he still sings of love, Rudy seems to care less and less about it. His absorbing interest today is television and the short film which is taking for the nation's receptive armchairs."

His faith in the new medium is strong and abiding.
If you are using the combination
base and powder preparation, try this:
where your preparation is the cream
type, apply a tiny bit of cream rouge
puff.

after the

makeup

is

on your

are using the combination
is

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skin.

compressed powder, then a

a dry rouge puff after the

If

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on

seems best.

So far, so good. Get this much of your
face really set by blotting gently with
tissue or clean puff any spot that may

seem a little too creamy. Now, if you do
not handle it roughly, your complexion
should look fresh and lovely for a long
time. If you like eye shadow, its day use
should be only a faint suspicion of depth
for your eyes. For evening, you may like
the whisper of jade, amethyst, brown or
blue-gray that a new eye shadow stick
gives to your eyes. Or, there is a very
new eyebrow pencil that is designed for
lightly lining your lashline, also. Its own
concealed sharpener is encased in the
pencil to assure a fine, soft point at all
times.

Whether you choose the conventional
lipstick or the longer pencil types, you
should now put on your lips, finishing
either with the thin edge of your lipstick
or a lipbrush, so that a clear outline will

remain

until

you remove

it.

For dates,

the protection that you apply over lipstick to keep it from rubbing,
smearing or "eating" off.

you

will like

Now

the business of preserving that
a busy day or a long
evening requires only a little care and a
gentle touch. Though this department
stands for at least three thorough skin
cleansings a day, it is sometimes quite
impossible to work in the mid-day or

makeup through

end-of-working ritual. Then, we must do
the best we can with our face as is. When
there is shine, due to oil, moisture or perspiration, the usual tendency is to put on

some powder

to correct this. This is the
step that often gives your face a heavy
look. Either the special little tissues I
mentioned earlier or the usual tissues, or
even a fresh handkerchief, pressed firmly
against your skin, especially nose, chin
and forehead, will absorb the skin secretion, and then your powder or makeupcombination touchup will look prettier
and fresher on your skin. If the outline
of your lips is still clear, simply wipe off
old lipstick from the center of the lips
and apply fresh. No matter how fine a
lipstick you use, you cannot fairly expect
it
to go all day in perfect condition.
When you apply lipstick on lipstick, do
not use a heavy touch. The light touch

applies plenty of color
truly fresh look.

and

will

LOVELY GIRLS EVERYWHERE

DEPEND UPON

give a

two.

Every girl should carry perfume in her
purse. When you become fully aware of
the great boost to morale and the loveliness it adds to you, you will realize that
you miss a great source of charm when
you are without fragrance. Contrary to
the general opinion that it is bad taste to
use perfume in business, a recent survey
brought forth the reassuring fact that
men executives prefer their assistant to
use it, with taste and discretion, of
course. For your purse, so that there
shall be perfume wherever you go, there
are many type of carriers, from leakproof, evaporation-proof tiny flat flasks
to lipstick-like vials
the sticks are here
again!
Keeping that fresh, crisp look in hot
weather is an art, and gentle touches to
your skin and with your makeup are the
elementary lessons to be learned and
practiced.

What does

a popular girl have that
draws others to her? An exquisitely
lovely skin and perfect grooming
the two create self-assurance so necessary to personality and popularity.
more
You can be more charming
popular by caring for your skin. The
.

.

Cream can help you

Freckle

drama about a
obsessed with the
gambling urge- it brings her nothing
but grief and general degradation. Barbara Stanwyck, as the young wife, who
suddenly discovers the lure of gambling
while she and her reporter husband,
Robert Preston, are in Reno, goes
through the tortures of the damned. The
lure of the dice tables, poker, and slot
machines also brings something else into
her life:
a gambling casino owner,

woman who

is

—

Stephen McNally. He finds romancing
her doesn't work, but when she returns
to Reno after Preston leaves her, and
asks for McNally's help, he puts her to
work as the front for a crooked racing
scheme. She bets on the horse which
throws the racket for a loop. McNally
saves her from getting roughed up by
his colleagues, but gives her a fast dustoff.
From then on, she sinks lower and

.

to

have a

clearer, smoother, softer looking skin,

with charming appeal. On sale wherever toiletries are sold
inexpensive. Write today for "The Joy of New
Personal Charm."
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at work and play! Keep informed with
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in Hollywood where the actors and actresses live and work. Follow the timely
tips on beauty and fashion every month

your

lower until Preston finds her in a jailhospital and with the help of the doctor
makes her see something in her past
that caused her gambling mania. After
seeing this, you'd be reluctant to even
take a chance on a hospital-charity

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JOEL McCREA

is
an outlaw and
sentenced to serve twenty years for
an assortment of robberies, but before
the authorities can get him to a Federal
prison, the boss of his ex-gang helps
him escape. En route to the hideout, he
meets a girl who reminds him of his dead
fiancee. Because she's the sweet homebody type, he decides to give up his
criminal ways and settle down on a
ranch with her beside him. His boss has
other ideas: he wants McCrea to pull off
one more robbery so all of them can be

solvent

and

retire.

Joel

likes

the

old

.

gentle bleaching action of Stillman's

today.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL

.

.

by the editors of SCREENLAND. Don't
miss the personal interviews about your
favorite stars. Send in your subscription

Continued from page 16

V niversal-International

for the skin

that suggests that well-groomed look.

—

Your Guide To Current Films

The Lady Gambles

Cream

Stillman's Freckle

you have been busy at a typewriter
or figures all day, a good stretch or two,
in the powder room, or out of sight of
fellow workers, has an amazingly reviving effect, as does a good deep breath or
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guy and being beholden to him, agrees.

At the hideout, which is in a ghost-
town, he runs into Virginia Mayo, the
sweetie of one of the bandits. She falls
in love with McGee only to find it’s a
one-sided romance—Joel has eyes only
for Dorothy Malone. It isn’t until they
rob the train and Joel is wounded, that
he learns how very much mistaken he
was. Though you get the idea that he
and Virginia are a doomed couple—at
least there’s the satisfaction that they’re
happy even for a short time. Good
melodrama and suspense.

Africa Screams
United Artists

A ND moviegoers will howl at this
latest, and perhaps funniest, Abbott
and Costello potpourri of gags, situ-
tions and mayhem. Abbott palms book
salesman Costello off as a big-game
hunter and intrepid adventurer who
knows the inner Africa better than his
watch pocket. On the strength of this
information, Hillary Brooke hires
them to lead her and a safari of hench-
men; namely, Max Baer and Buddy
Baer, to where a native tribe is supposed
to have a vast fortune in uncut dia-
monds. Abbott and Costello naturally
manage to run into a procession of wild
animals, a huge ape and a gang of
cannibals, all of the same ferocity. To
add more color, Frank Buck and Clyde
Beatty offer their special talents to this
jungle jest fest. If it’s a sensible plot
you go for, this isn’t recommended, but
if nonsense with no holds barred is your
speed, then the green light’s on.

Calamity Jane And Sam Bass
(1948) Republic

THERE are some women who are
just no durn good for a man—and
Calamity Jane, Yvonne De Carlo, seems
to be the jinx for young Sam, Howard
Duff. She means well enough, but be-
cause she shoots off her big mouth about
Sam’s wonder horse, who can outrun
anything on four legs, a pair of rotten
characters poison the Wild West version
of Ponder. With that, not only is the
horse gone, but also $16,000 which Sam
and his friends were supposed to bring
back to the cattle owners after the
drive. So sure of his horse winning the
race, Sam has talked the fellows into
 betting on his horse. When they learn
the horse was poisoned, they decide to
rob the men who did the deed and get
back the $16,000. That done, they
return home only to find the sheriff,
Willard Parker, has a warrant for their
arrest. Knowing they were in the right,
Sam talks his friends into surrendering,
since no jury, he reasons, would convict
them once the facts are told. There’s a
double-cross and De Carlo has to come
to the rescue. She breaks them out of
jail and joins them in a slight crime
wave which ends by Sam dying in Yvonne’s
arms while he talks of another
girl he loves.

Until the men break out of jail, the
picture is fine; after that, it goes the
way of all hoss-opera flesh. Why does
the hero, when something goes wrong,
always have to turn renegade?

It Happens Every Spring
20th Century-Fox

EVEN college professors aren’t im-
mune to that undermining fever—
baseball, and it strikes with
devastating results at chemistry prof
Ray Milland. By accident, he discovers
a solution which repels wood, and need-
ing money to wed the daughter of the
dean, Jean Peters, he decides to use
his discovery to the best advantage, and
sets out to join a baseball team greatly
in need of a pitcher. Just by rubbing
a baseball with the solution, it is im-
possible that the ball be hit. In no
time flat, that stranger who came out
of nowhere is a national star. Nobody
can understand it—his form is terrible,
but he obviously has had no baseball train-
ning, but still he can pitch a no-hit, no-
run game. Even his buddy, Paul Doug-
las, can’t understand the guy. The
solution, incidentally, is in a very limited
quantity, and since Milland doesn’t know
the formula, when the supply is gone,
he’s finished. Enough said about that,
there’s no use spoiling your fun. This
is certainly different—Ray Milland, a base-
ball player—and a good comedy. No
doubt baseball club owners will start
hiring chemists in the hope that they
can duplicate Milland’s formula.

Susanna Pass
(Trucolor) Republic

IS NOT too good even with Roy Rogers
and Dale Evans. Roy is a game
waggon who goes a-ridin’ when the fish
hatchery is mysteriously dynamited. A
pair of crooks are trying to force the
owner of the hatchery into selling out
so they can drill for oil under the lake.
When the owner fails to go along with
them, he’s murdered and Roy resorts to
some pretty unbelievable tricks to bring
them to their just deserts. Every now
and then, when things get slack, Roy
breaks into song, which is fine—only
instead of singing four numbers, he
should have done about fourteen. Roy
and Dale do as well as they can with the
weak material, but even that isn’t enough
to save the picture.

Interference
RKO

PERHAPS a little early in the season,
this is nevertheless a good account of
what a spoiled woman can do to louse
up her husband’s life. As the glamour-
starved wife of a glamourous professional
football player, Lizbeth Scott not only
causes him to lose a coaching job, but
nearly causes his death to boot. Victor
Mature is the adoring and indulgent
husband who allows his wife her very
whim—including her playing up to a
man who can put her interior decorat-
ing shop on a paying basis.

The Big Cat
(1948) Eagle Lion

ACTION and a mountain lion are
the keynotes in this along with Lon
McCallister, Peggy Garner and Preston
Foster. Set in the Utah mountains,
during the depression years, Lon comes
to the locality from the city hoping to
find work. He isn’t equipped to handle
the rough life, but when Foster is killed
by the lion, it is Lon who tracks down
the animal and in a fierce encounter
kills it. Outstanding in the picture is
the fight between Foster and Forrest
Tucker—it’s murderous brutality.

Why Not Look Like a Star?

Continued from page 48

48

Why Not Look Like a Star?

Continued from page 48

simply dressed woman of all time.

Stars Used To Set The Style but now the
designers are doing it. Joan Crawford
has always been a fashion star. She made
the Adrian shoulder famous. But there is
no one like that now. Today, instead of
rubbing in a star’s fashion personality,
starffects want the public to believe
she stays home cooking. Lana Turner
could be a great fashion star. Arlene
Dahl could do it, too. She is so beauti-
ful and with her dignity and charm, she
wears clothes like a dream.

It Isn’t Money, it’s good taste and care
in the selection of clothes that makes
every girl’s appearance outstanding. If she
knows herself, buys better, if fewer,
things and wears them with personal
assurance, she can dress as well as any
star.
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**SHANNON’S WAY,** by A. J. Cronin—Younger De Shannon hated everything to find a cure that meant life to millions. But the only cure for the disease in one of his own heart was the love of a woman he was forbidden to marry! By author of “The Citadel” and “Keys of the Kingdom.”

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**THE CLEFT ROCK,** by Alice Tisdale Hobart—Kathy’s husband cruelly denied her his love—but she found romance and passion in the arms of her black-feathered lover-in-law.

**TALES FROM THE DECAMERON—** Boccaccio’s lusty tales—about “amorous knights of shining, saintly ‘sinners’—stories that are unexcelled for sheer verve and gusto.

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Compare the two sides of this revealing picture. First, cover the right side... then cover only the left. What a thrilling difference! Soft, lovely Maybelline Eye Make-up can do the same for you. It's amazing to see how much larger and more expressive your eyes appear when lashes are darkened to their very tips with Maybelline Mascara—and brows are gracefully defined with the smooth, soft Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Insist on Maybelline—the Eye Make-up in good taste.


Maybelline Cream Mascara (applied without water) comes in handy leatherette case, $1. Shades: Black, Brown.

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No, Annie doesn’t love here any more. Time was, when on this very bench, she and Harry, hovering vaguely on the fringe of an engagement, kissed and kissed again. Then suddenly it looked as though the orange blossoms and the wedding march were just around the corner. Now the romance was all over. Somehow Harry had simply eased himself out of her

Annie doesn’t LOVE here any more

life . . . and she didn’t know why*. Furthermore, she never would know.

You may go week-in and week-out without halitosis* (unpleasant breath) and then, some day, when you want to be at your best, it catches up with you . . . to put you in the worst possible light.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you, yourself, may not know when you are guilty of it . . . and even your best friend won’t tell you. Moreover, it is so prevalent that anyone is likely to have it at some time or other.

Smart people, popular people, won’t run such a risk. They never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic night or morning, or between times before any date.

*Freshens for Hours
You see, Listerine Antiseptic is no makeshift measure of momentary effectiveness. Its effects are far more lasting. It freshens and sweetens the breath . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Once again, if you want others to like you, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against offending.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

VACATIONING? Take Listerine Antiseptic along—Because of safe germicidal action, it is an efficient first-aid in cases of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. By the way, it helps take the sting out of mosquito bites.
At the first blush of womanhood, many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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

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

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. They say girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream. Awarded American Laundering Institute Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Safe for skin—can be used right after shaving. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Cremeag, will not dry out.

Your satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back! If you are not completely convinced that Arrid is in every way the finest cream deodorant you’ve ever used, return the jar with unused portion to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N.Y.C., for refund of full purchase price.

Don’t be half-safe. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Lynne Bowery

Don’t think the stars themselves aren’t interested in what’s going on.

What Now?

Linda Carter

So much lies ahead, Rita and Aly Khan will continue to hold public interest.

“We Three”

Jon Bruce

Robert Young steps a light eye at the official warning before a star in Hollywood.

You Must Be Cautious

Jon Bruce

This isn’t right.

How To Attract YOUR Prince Charming

Reba and Bonnie Churchill

Arm Southern tells how to keep your date book full and your telephone jingling.

No More Kidding Around

Jack Holland

Vera Ellen’s career in Hollywood is now hit-or-miss, but now it’s all hit.

Pet Economies

Paul Marsh

Even as you and I, the stars have their own ways of stretching nickel and dimes.

“A Man Would Be A Fool To Marry Me”

Ruth Roman

Obstacles prevent Ruth from becoming an object of someone’s affection.

Right Off The Record

Fred Robbins

Latest list of records reviewed by popular disk jockey.

Joan Bennett, starring in “The Blank Wall”...

James Stewart, starring in “The Stratton Story”...

Valli, starring in “Weep No More”...

Gossip In The Lobby

Weston East

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ON THE COVER, GARY COOPER AND PATRICIA SEAL, STARRING IN “THE FOUNTAINHEAD,” FOR WARNER.

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Whatever it is that French women have... "Madame Bovary had more of it!"

M-G-M presents

JENNIFER JONES
VAN HEFLIN
LOUIS JOURDAN

MADAME BOVARY

...CHRISTOPHER KENT • GENE LOCKHART • FRANK ALLENBY • GLADYS COOPER
and JAMES MASON

The "Madame Bovary Waltz
and Themes from "Madame Bovary" available on M-G-M Records

Screen Play by ROBERT ARDEY • Based on the Novel by GUSTAVE FLAUBERT
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
stands for the Terrible Time that most women have every month in their struggle with belts, pins and external pads. Sanitary protection has been called women's oldest problem and until recently little progress has been made toward its solution.

Another Way stands for to deal with this problem—by means of "Tampax," a doctor-invented device which absorbs while being worn internally instead of externally. Made of highly absorbent cotton, it is inserted with patented applicator.

is for the Millions of Women (yes, actually millions) who have already adopted this miracle Tampax—college students, secretaries, trained nurses, housewives, sales girls, athletes, actresses—all kinds of women all over the world!

indicates the new Poise and Confidence resulting on those days from the use of Tampax. No odor can form, No chafing. You can't even feel it. Wear it in tub or shower bath if you like. Easy disposal.

represents the Absolute Certainty that no single bulge or ridge under your dress or skirt will be caused by Tampax. It simply can't, because Tampax is worn internally. It's only one-ninth the size of the other kind!

stands for all the Ex-Users of external pads who now march up to their drug or notion counters each month and buy Tampax—3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Producer-Director Alfred Hitchcock and Sir Kenneth Barnes, of the Royal Academy Of Dramatic Art, greet Jane Wyman after arrival in London to make "Stage Fright."

GOSSIP IN THE LOBBY

By Weston East

JUST how ridiculous can a rumor be! The current one involves Elizabeth Taylor and Joan Evans, who is Sam Goldwyn's sensational young star of "Roseanna McCoy." Elizabeth's mother is supposed to have complained, because Joan is getting so much publicity. The girls are at different studios; so far they haven't been up for the same part. So why would Elizabeth fear competition that hasn't presented itself—yet?

Some girls have everything and Lauren Bacall Bogart is one of them. One morning at the breakfast table, her famous husband casually asked what she wanted for a fourth anniversary present. "A toothbrush," was the answer. And she wasn't kidding! Speaking of Bogey, he's just framed a cancelled $20 check that bears the signature of Harry S. Truman.

Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Mrs. David Niven at auction for St. Anne's Hospital.

It's the one he sent the President, who bet the Bogart baby would be a boy.

This is the kind of story we like to print about any actor. Dan Dailey in

Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw at Mocambo before they returned to England to wed.
How You Can
LOSE WEIGHT
Without Dieting

Yes, you can eat what
you want and lose weight
at the same time. All you
do is eat delicious-tasting
AYDS Vitamin and
Mineral Candy
before meals
as directed.
AYDS au-
tomatically
curb your
appetite. You eat less—\and you lose weight
naturally, without risking health. No
pills, laxatives, or dangerous drugs.
AYDS are pure and wholesome and con-
tain essential vitamins and minerals to
give you added benefits when reducing.

Ayds Are Proved! On the market for over
ten years. Clinically tested by doctors on
over 100 persons; the average weight loss
was 14 pounds.

Ayds Are Guaranteed! You must lose
weight with your first box or money
(2.89) is refunded.

Don't be fat. Reducing with the AYDS
Plan is quick, easy, and absolutely safe. Get
AYDS from your drug or department
store, or send $2.89 for full month's sup-
ply to: THE CARLAY COMPANY, Dept.
R, Batavia, Illinois.

How You Can
LOSE WEIGHT
Without Dieting

Dreamy Arlene Dahl brightening up a date
at Mocambo for her escort, Philip Reed.

particular. He heard that Colleen Town-
send was to be tested for "Front And
Center." Dan also heard that Colleen
could sing, but was afraid she'd lose the
job when they saw her dancing. On a
Sunday when no one was around, he met
her at the studio. Dan spent the entire
day teaching Colleen how to do tricks
with her tooties. And that's how she
became his very grateful leading lady.

At this point the Bob Hopes are a bit
bewildered by "John Law." Being number
one citizens, they donated their beautiful
gardens for a charity bazaar. The public
turned out en masse. But just when the
future for the needy looked brightest, in
walked the police and stopped the show.
It seems they were selling chances on
things and had innocently violated an or-
dinance! For what we're thinking, we
could be arrested—too!

Fortunately Ida Lupino and Collier
Young can laugh at this story. They had
just returned from New York, after
showing "Not Wanted" (their person-
ally-produced picture) to the press. "I

Vera-Elle, now in "On The Town," keeps
Rock Hudson so engrossed at the Mocambo.

wonder which Hollywood couple they'll
try to separate this week," cracked Ida,
as she snapped on the radio. And at that
moment, the announcement came through
about the—Collier Young! "Serves us
right for being so happy!" is their only
(printable) comment.

Our favorite story of the month con-
cerns our favorite actress every day in
the year, Claire Trevor! Currently she's
being co-starred with Fred MacMurray in
"Borderline." Now her husband, Milton
Bren, is one of the producers of the pic-
ture. At night he rushes her off to bed,

Kathleen Hughes gets in trim for the foot-
ball season on the 20th Century-Fox lot.

Pat O'Brien and his wife are all set to en-
joy the "Brigadoon" opening in Los Ange-
les.
Despite record heat-wave world premiere at Radio City Music Hall brought out all New York!
Deborah Kerr and Anne Baxter peer into a showcase to see which star donated what to the auction for the benefit of St. Anne's Hospital. Loretta Young was the chairman.

Signe Hasso approves of the changes Dick Powell makes in the script of "To The Ends Of The Earth," for the Radio Theatre. They re-created their roles in the picture.

that he only owned one suit of clothes—the one on his back! So a clothing manufacturer offered him a complete wardrobe, without cost. All the bobby soxers' lean lover-boy had to do was appear publicly in a well-known brand of clothing. It would happen to Monty, who doesn't want his life possessed by possessions! The offer was gratefully—refused.

No wonder they didn't particularly welcome visitors on the "Copper Canyon" set. It seems some of Hedy Lamarr's idiosyncrasies didn't exactly warm the heart of Director John Farrow. (See page 73)

to get lots of rest, to look well on the screen. In the morning he rushes her to the studio, to be on time on the set. "It's just like being married to an assistant director!" Claire teases him.

What's so special about a gold "Oscar"—Jack Carson's young son would like to know? Now his dad brought home a real "Oscar." It stood three feet high, it was moulded out of solid strawberry ice cream and was presented to the famous comedian by the Good Humor Ice Cream Co. Right here is as good a time as any to say that Jack Carson's next picture is titled "The Good Humor Man." Need we go on?

Recently Montgomery Clift stated

Now appearing in one of Broadway's all-time hits, dark-haired Rosemary Williams has won nation-wide acclaim for her loveliness. Charming Rosemary says: "One thing I know. It's more important to be feminine and dainty than it is to be beautiful. That's why I use Lander's flower-fresh talcs. Those garden fragrances are really captivating. You'll love them!"

Doug Fairbanks and wife en route to England where Doug will make a film and be formally knighted as a Knight Commander by Britain for his diplomatic and charitable work.

The rehearsals for the Radio Theatre broadcast of "The Paradise Case" were lots of fun for Louis Jourdan and Alida Valli (who were co-stars in the film) and Joseph Cotten.
Yes Sir, It's Tuneful!
(Oh! Those Songs!)

Yes Sir, It's Terrific!
(Oh! Those Co-eds!)

"Yes Sir, That's My Baby."

You'll ROAR for more—when the whole family goes to college on Daddy's GI BILL OF RIOTS!

Color by Technicolor!

Starring Donald O'Connor, Charles Coburn, Gloria DeHaven

...and Introducing Boopkins
...Baby of the Year!

"Look at me... "They've never figured out a woman!"
"Men are little children... "Yes Sir, that's my baby!"

Story and Screenplay by OSCAR BRODNEY • Produced by LEONARD GOLDSTEIN • Directed by GEORGE SHERMAN • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
By Helen Hendricks

In The Good Old Summertime (Technicolor) MGM

HOW good can a picture be? The answer can be found watching Judy Garland and Van Johnson skip through this delightful romance that began with an ad in the Personal Column: "Wanted—to correspond on an intellectual plane..."

Van is the young music store clerk who answers the ad, and Judy is the girl who bumps into him in the post-office, then later gets herself employed in the same music store which is owned by S. Z. Sakall. It doesn't take long before Judy and Van realize they can live happily without each other—a perfect case of hate at second sight. All

whips you out of the easy-going charm of life in old Chicago, is Judy's show-stopping rendition of "I Don't Care." Spring Byington, Buster Keaton and Clinton Sundberg add their special talents to make this an all round top flight musical.

The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend (Technicolor) 20th Century-Fox

WHERE sex women are the weaker sex? After you see this latest Preston Sturges comedy, you'll know for a fact there's no truth in the rumor. Ever since she was a liddle biddy girl, Betty Grable's grandpaw taught her how to

Judy Garland, with quartet, in MGM's Technicolor gem, "In The Good Old Summertime."

shoot bottles at 40 paces. As Betty grew up to become a dance-hall chanteuse, she switched from shooting bottles to shooting men. Here's how it happened: Betty's boss, Cesar Romero, started coeing up to a belle from Paree. Being in love with the guy, Betty grabbed a .44 and let him have it. Only she mis-calculated and instead of Romero, the county judge got it in the county seat. Facing a jail sentence, Betty and her pal, Olga San Juan, grab the first fast train out of town. By way of disguising

Burt Lancaster, Corinne Calvet and Paul Henreid in the thrill-packed "Rope Of Sand."

Celeste Holm, Loretta Young and Elsa Lanchester in delightful "Come To The Stable."
themselves. Olga takes the personal effects of a deceased schoolmarm, who, until death struck, had been travelling with her Indian maid. With Betty as the schoolmarm and Olga as the Indian, the two fugitives arrive in Bashful Bend where Betty teaches school even though she never got beyond the fourth grade herself, and copes with two half-witted pupils who have spent the happiest years of their lives in the third grade. Along with these chores, Betty also finds a new romance—Rudy Vallee, goldmine owner and town's leading citizen. When Cesar arrives on the scene looking for Betty, her problems really start and end with one of the goofiest gun-battles you've ever seen. Until the last shot is fired, this is a typical Sturges production—wacky and unpredictable.

The Adventures Of Ichabod And Mr. Toad
(Technicolor-cartoon)
RKO

OUT of sight, out of mind might be a good adage, but it doesn't apply to this latest Walt Disney full-length cartoon. Even though you never see either Bing Crosby or Basil Rathbone, you're very much aware of them throughout the film since they narrate the two short stories. As a matter of fact, their voices sometimes outstep the visual material, especially in the case of Mr. Toad (whose voice is that of Eric Bloire). Basil Rathbone, as the storyteller, is excellent, but unfortunately, Mr. Toad's mad adventures fall short of expectations—perhaps it's because toads, any toad, don't appeal to some folks. On the other hand, the sad plight of poor, conniving Ichabod Crane, is more what one expects of Disney. It's cute and has the mellow Crosby voice breaking out into song. Based on the "Legend Of Sleepy Hollow," which has to do with a headless horseman, there are quite a few chuckles as the lanky muteless schoolteacher, Ichabod, brings the wrath of the headless horseman upon himself. Perhaps this isn't Disney at his best, but there certainly are many bright spots in Mr. Toad and Ichabod.

Clark Gable and Alexis Smith in "Any Number Can Play," the story of an honest gambler.

The nuns take lodging with a dithery painter, Elsa Lanchester, who is living in a stable and just a few feet away from the stable is a wonderful hill. In fact, the hill on which Loretta wants to build the hospital. The only drawback is the hill is owned by Thomas Gomez, a tough big-city racketeer. Loretta and Celeste head for New York in a jeep—their ignorance and complete naivete about traffic laws is a joy to behold—and soon conquer the Gomez difficulty. However, a new menace presents itself. Hugh Marlowe, a successful songwriter (echo, by the way, is quite a lad) begins to get temperamental about having a children's hospital near his swank home. In a way you can't blame Marlowe too much because, in their own sweet, do-or-die way, Loretta and Celeste upset Marlowe's entire life. They dig for a shrine and strike a "miraculous" well, cause his Great Dane—an ex-fire station dog—to go crazy every time they ring the chapel bell, and last but not least cause his conscience to start kicking up. However, things stop being funny when Marlowe's patience is so tried that he arranges to have the plans for the hospital destroyed. If it's entertainment you want, then see this by all means, because in addition, you'll leave the theatre feeling darn good.

Tito Vuolo, Luther Adler and Edward G. Robinson in "House Of Strangers," which also boasts of Susan Hayward and Richard Conte. Robinson is outstandingly good.

Come To The Stable
20th Century-Fox

As different as its title, this is about two nuns, Loretta Young and Celeste Holm. The Sisters have promised St. Jude that one day they will build a children's hospital because the French hospital in which they were ministering during the war, was the only structure spared from bombs for miles around. Minus the necessary funds and land, they arrive in a small town in Connecticut, appropriately called Bethlehem.

Betty Grable with Olga San Juan, Rudy Vallee, Sterling Holloway and Danny Jackson in "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend," loaded with laughs and shooting.
House Of Strangers
20th Century-Fox

IT PROBABLY isn't the question of how well a father means, it's more a question of what the final results are in bringing up a family of four boys. Unfortunately, Edward G. Robinson believes in the former much to the net unhappiness of his family. An Italian immigrant, he takes his children out of the slums into banking and a private town house. The boys eventually will inherit the business and money but are treated like so many beggars waiting for a hand-out. All except one son, Richard Conte, a sharp lawyer who doesn't take anything from anybody. True, Conte's trouble is not so much with his father, at first, but his problems stem from falling for playgirl Susan Hayward.

Strangely enough, for all her faults, Susan points out what Robinson is doing to his sons—which is plenty. But Conte doesn't listen, and tries to buy off a juror who is determining his father's fate as an illegal banker. Conte is caught and sent to jail for seven years, during which time the remaining sons take over the business and send papa Robinson packing. This, plus his father's subsequent death, leaves Conte bitter and revengeful when he gets out of jail. He sets out to even the score with his three brothers but just as he has a change of heart, the tables are turned in one of the most chilling and suspenseful climaxes to any picture. It all adds up to powerful drama with superb performances by all—and special laurels to Robinson, Conte and Hayward.

Rope Of Sand
Paramount

SO YOU like diamonds, huh? So you'd like to be alone in a diamond field with nothing around you except a big, empty Mack truck? Okay, but after you see this latest adventure-thriller, which introduces new star Corinne Calvet, perhaps you'll change your mind. If you don't, maybe Paul Henreid, commandant of the police of a huge diamond field in South Africa, can "persuade" you. (For doing just that little thing, he has a [Continued on page 12]
Are you in the know?

If he's talkative, what's your cue?

☐ Lend both ears
☐ Keep one eye on the field
☐ Plot tomorrow's schedule

What if he is chatter-happy? The fact remains, he's talking to you. So listen... without a roving eye. Or daydreams. Or tapping tattoos on the table. Boys are people... they like to be appreciated. And the best-rated fillies never forget it. They're also the gals who (on difficult days) never forget to choose Kotex sanitary napkins. They've found the exclusive safety center of Kotex gives extra protection... and what girl wouldn't appreciate that?

When your suntan starts fading—

☐ Get back in the swim
☐ Get in the pink
☐ Get a sun lamp

As your fancy turns to fall fashions—don't let your waning suntan give you a last-rose-of-summer look. Use a pink-tinted makeup base and powder. (Fall-minded lipstick and "paw paint" too). Then you'll blend better with autumn toes. You know, you can wear any smooth new outfit, any day, without misgivings... once you've learned to trust to Kotex. The special, flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. So... fade "those" fears with Kotex!

To judge what you should weigh—

☐ Compare your pal's poundage
☐ See on "average weight" chart
☐ Measure your wrist

You and your gal pal may be the same height—but a large-boned femme should weigh more, and vice versa. For instance, are you over 5'4" tall? Measure your wrist. If it's less than 6'3" you're small boned. More than 6'5"—large boned. Consider your frame when you read an average-weight chart. In sanitary needs, too, all girls aren't "average." Find just the right Kotex absorbency for you by trying all 3... Regular, Junior, Super!

How to get to the dance floor smoothly?

☐ You walk ahead
☐ He leads the way
☐ You go arm-in-arm

It's a l-o-n-g trek from your table if you aren't sure who follows whom. When you rise to rhumba, your date won't expect an "after you" routine. Walk ahead! Knowing what to do is such a comfort. As to calendar-time poise and comfort, you can be 'way ahead of the sad-eyed sisters who haven't discovered new Kotex. For naturally, you'd choose this napkin: this new, downy softness that holds its shape! So naturally, you'd stay more comfortable. Just as Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Which deodorant would you decide on?

☐ A cream
☐ A powder
☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins... what about deodorants for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a powder deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing Quest Powder is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest destroys them. Safely. Positively. To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!

Quest Deodorant Powder
Ask for it by name
By Courtenay Marvin

**Fourteen Day Reducing Diet**

Now in "Colorado Territory," Warners' radiant Virginia Mayo has one of the best Hollywood figures, plus beauty, vivacity.

Manya Kahn, renowned authority on glamour and glowing good health, charts a pleasant way to a new you

S**imply** talking with Manya Kahn, progressively a dancer, teacher, student of physiotherapy and hospital technician, is a relaxing, inspiring experience. Working with her is one of those modern miracles. You never dreamed you could look so glamorous and be so vital until you have turned your over-weight or under-weight problem and sagging spirits over to her care. If you were here in New York, you could find out for yourself, but for the benefit of the girls from Maine to Texas, I now turn the page over to Miss Kahn, whose first dictum for beauty of face and figure is glowing good health. Heed her wise words, for here is helpful knowledge for now and the years to come.

"True beauty and glamour can come only as a result of radiant health," says Miss Kahn, "and there is no haphazard way of acquiring it. It means study and understanding of what constitutes balanced diets, correct exercises, deep breathing, and benefits of fresh air and sunshine, rest and relaxation.

"The food you eat becomes you. Quality, not quantity, counts in the right direction. Many people eat much yet starve their bodies of essential elements. With an intelligent choice of foods, a smaller quantity will be sufficient. Though few of us like to hear it, the unpleasant fact remains that over-weight is most often caused by eating too much. The body takes the nourishment it needs for fuel and energy and what is not used is stored, often in abdomen, diaphragm, hips and thighs. A decrease in quantity of intake and an increase in output of energy is the way to sensible reducing—and new beauty, too. This can be pleasantly achieved by diet and exercise. However, always have a thorough physical check-up by a competent physician before you start any diet or exercise program.

"Your individual food needs are naturally colored by your habits of work and recreation, and so your physician is the proper guide to insure that you do not starve yourself or lose weight too rapidly. I do not believe in charting ideal weights for everyone of a certain height and age. Each one's tempo of living and working makes for inevitable differences. Well-proportioned, well-distributed weight, good health, good spirits are the correct barometer.

"Water is an invaluable aid to good looks and health. Seventy per cent of the weight of our bodies is made up of water. More water is excreted by the body than is taken into it. Therefore, we must make up that difference. A little more than two pints, equivalent to six glasses of water, should be taken daily. Plain water is not retained in the tissues and is quickly assimilated so that while it does aid elimination it cannot add weight. However, water should not be taken during meals. Drink your water when you get up in the morning, between meals and bedtime.

"Though I give you a diet that will reduce your weight, it will not necessarily give you a perfect figure because loss of weight alone cannot reshape. Though your muscles and skin have a certain amount of elasticity they cannot adjust to too quick changes. So the answer to a good figure is the slow loss of weight coupled with exercises that keep your body toned and firm. Remember that actual muscle structure is more than half the weight of your body, and you can see what happens when muscles become an inert, sagging mass.

"Too often the busy young girls and (Please turn to page 18)
BIGGEST PICTURE IN TEN YEARS!

BLACK MAGIC

From a story by
ALEXANDRE DUMAS
author of 'THE THREE MUSKETEERS' and 'THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'

EDWARD SMALL
'BLACK MAGIC'
STARRING
ORSON WELLES
NANCY GUILD

with AKILAH TAMBOFF • FRANK LATIMORE
VALENTINE COFFEY • MARGOT GRAHAME

BASED ON ALEXANDRE DUMAS' 'CAGLIOSTRO' from "Memoirs of a Physician"

Produced and Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • Screenplay by CHARLES BENNETT
Additional Source and Dialogue by Robert Schuyler • Released thru United Artists
the homemakers believe they use all their muscles. However, it is absolutely impossible to put all muscles into action in the usual upright position. It is only by lying flat on your back, the ideal position from which to begin exercises, that you can be assured of movement of all muscles, with a resultant stirring of circulation. Exercise, correctly performed, is a rhythmic movement based on proper breathing in a coordinated series of steps that produces a feeling of well-being. Healthy muscles create good posture, pep up the digestive system and improve elimination. Bad posture distorts the body appearance by causing a sway back, a protruding abdomen, a concave chest, a double chin, and can cause the backbone itself to contract against nerves and give aches and pains.

In my experience, it is the girls and women with bad posture who complain of tiring easily, who have sluggish digestion, poor elimination, bad nerves. When posture is corrected, many of these worries vanish in thin air. So the exercises I give you concern the muscles that largely control and create good posture by reshaping and strengthening the muscles of the diaphragm, waist, hips and thighs.

"The ideal place for exercises is outdoors. Indoors, the windows should be wide open, the room free from dust. To begin, use a foam rubber mat on the floor or a thin cotton mattress without springs. As you advance, your backbone will become more pliable and strong and you can exercise freely on a hard floor. Wear a bathing suit or sweat shirt and shorts. Exercise slowly, rhythmically, to music if possible, and coordinate each movement with deep breathing in as you start, slow breathing out as you finish. Stop exercising if you become tired. Never exercise at the expense of your energy."

FOR RESHAPING AND STRENGTHENING THE ABDOMEN, DIAPHRAGM AND SPINAL COLUMN

1. Lie flat on floor, flattening abdomen by trying to touch floor with each verte-
bra of spine, especially in lumbar (small of back) region. From this position, raise arms overhead, pushing out with heels. Slowly return to original position. Breathe in as you start each of these exercises, out as you relax.

2. Lie flat on floor, clasping hands behind neck, keeping arms in close to cheeks. Simultaneously lift head, stretching as far as possible toward chest and lift and bend knees, keeping feet flat on floor. Slowly return to original position.

3. Lie flat on your back, as in exercise 1. Bend both knees, placing both feet on floor, close to your thighs. Then bring knees up, as close to your chest as possible. Hold. Stretch legs slowly upward, keeping knees straight. Lower slowly, pointing toes, keeping knees as straight as possible.

4. From a straight lying position on floor, keeping arms above head, try to come up to a half-sitting position by bringing body and legs up at the same moment, resting on buttocks. Try to make fingers and toes touch.

TO RESHAPE THIGHS AND HIPS

1. Sit on floor with torso in half-reclining, half-sitting position, supporting yourself with palms of hands, diaphragm and abdomen contracted.

2. From position 1, raise knees slowly up to your chest, toes pointing out, head hanging back.

3. From position 2, stretch legs up and out slowly, returning to position 1.

4. Sit on floor in a side position, resting weight of body on one thigh and one hip. Place both hands in front of you on floor and raise torso to a half-lying, half-sitting position. Contract abdomen and diaphragm.

5. From position 4, bend knee of upper leg and bring slowly toward shoulder, toes pointing out.

6. From position 5, stretch leg forward and up, toes pointed, head tossed back. Lower legs slowly to starting position as in exercise 4. Roll over on the other side and follow through with the same exercises as 5 and 6.

Perform these exercises about five times each, working up to ten. Remember to coordinate deep breathing in as you start, slow breathing out as you finish.

QUICK REDUCING DIET

FOLLOW this diet faithfully for two weeks, not only abstaining from food not included in it but eating what is assigned rather than doing without it. Eat your vegetables without butter, salads without oil, grapefruit without sugar, coffee and tea without cream or sugar. Eat only lean parts of steaks and chops, no fatty fish such as tuna, salmon or mackerel. At no times during diet are liquors, Cokes, sodas or other carbonated drinks permitted.

MONDAY

Breakfast: ½ grapefruit
2 eggs—boiled or poached
black coffee or tea
Melba toast—rye or whole-wheat

Lunch: vegetable plate (consisting of beans, string beans, spinach or broccoli)
baked potato
grapefruit
black coffee, skimmed milk or buttermilk

Dinner: hamburger steak
combination vegetable salad
1 piece dry toast—whole-
wheat or rye

TUESDAY

Breakfast: ½ grapefruit
2 eggs—boiled or poached
black coffee or tea
Melba toast—rye or whole-wheat

Lunch: calves' liver—boiled
lettuce and tomato salad
grapefruit
black coffee
steak
tomatoes, lettuce, celery, green olives, cucumbers
black coffee
fresh fruit cup

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast: ½ grapefruit
2 eggs—boiled or poached
black coffee or tea
Melba toast—rye or whole-wheat

Lunch: vegetable plate (consisting of beets, string beans, spinach or broccoli)
baked potato
Melba toast—rye or whole-wheat
buttermilk or skimmed milk

Dinner: 2 lamb chops—broiled
celery, tomatoes, cucumbers
black coffee
grapefruit

THURSDAY

Breakfast: ½ grapefruit
2 eggs—boiled or poached
black coffee or tea
Melba toast—rye or whole-wheat

Lunch: fresh fruit salad with cot-
Shirley Temple and her husband, John Agar, arriving at Philharmonic Theatre for gala opening of "Brigadoon."

Bob Hope and his wife have a night out together at Mocambo prior to his leaving for Celebrities Golf Tournament.

A very earnest Bing Crosby talks things over with Merton Downey while awaiting his phone connection at Stork Club.

Newlyweds Martha Vickers and Mickey Rooney celebrate their wedding by whooping it up on the dance floor at the reception held at the Beverly Hills Club.


NEWSREEL
**What Hollywood Itself Is**

When last heard from, she was trying to persuade Greg to let her name the baby Gregory, Jr., if a boy. It’s evident that he doesn’t go for that Junior stuff—the two little Peck boys are monickered Jonathan and Stephen.

Another sad marital bustup was the one of Dan Dailey and his Liz. They’ve tried pretty hard to hang onto their marriage, but actually it hadn’t been all peaches and cream since he returned from the War.

Via a letter from Ty Power’s secretary.

Betty Grable with her daughters, Victoria and Jessica. Betty’s in “Wabash Avenue.”

**SINCE** you heard from us last through these pages Hollywood went into high gear—never has so much happened to so many, both romantically and career-wise. What’s more, we can prove it.

Take, for instance, the fact that the wily bachelor, Jimmy Stewart, finally decided to give up his freedom for the beautiful Gloria McLean after successfully resisting the lures of more than a score of top glammer gals. The romance took a serious turn when Jimmy followed her to New York to break up the string of dates Gloria was having with Petey Lawford. 20th Century-Fox evidently supplied the final push that sent Jimmy over the fence notifying him he’d be on an Arizona location five weeks for his new picture “Arrow.” No doubt Jimmy figured he’d have to take drastic measures to freeze out competition which would be heavy during the five-weeks absence. Day or so after the big news was announced we saw them dining cozily at a table for two in Romanoff’s and looking extremely happy. Quite a change in Jaz., who used to pradl around the local bistro’s looking, if not glum, at least solemn.

Judy Garland was a very unhappy little gal when she left Hollywood for a rest and a checkup in Boston. At that time she’d left her husband, Vincente Minnelli, and, of course, had lost out on the plum role of the year in “Annie Get Your Gun.” Last year she cooked out on another box-office smash, “The Barkleys Of Broadway,” leaving the field open for the reuniting of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. This time Betty Hutton steps into the breach and, for my dough, is absolutely perfect for the ebullient gun-totin’ Annie.

The John Huston-Evelyn Keyes bust-up came as quite a surprise because there’d been less than the usual amount of rumors circulated about them than the average Hollywood couple—happy or unhappy—have to contend with in this town. Even so, this marriage lasted much longer (three years) than some of the smarties figured it would. Mr. H’s life is far from dull—2 Oscars for “Treasure Of The Sierra Madre,” the Wendell Willkie One World Award, followed by adverse criticism for his picture, “We Were Strangers,” and the postponement of the epic, “Quo Vadis,” which he was to direct in Italy. All this happening in such a short time could shake the foundations of the most stable marriage.

Gregory Peck, who was to have starred in “Quo Vadis,” wasn’t too unhappy about the picture being delayed. He spent the Summer working with his pet project, the La Jolla Playhouse, after winding up “Twelve O’Clock High” at 20th. But Mrs. P. was a little unhappy about it. She had expected to follow Greg to Europe after the birth of their third child and take him to visit her relatives in Finland who have never met her handsome husband. Greta just recently became an American citizen. Also.


Betty Grable with her daughters, Victoria and Jessica. Betty’s in “Wabash Avenue.”

Wanda (Mrs. Audie Murphy) Hendrix with John Lund at a Radio Theatre rehearsal.

Left: Sonja Henie and socialite Winthrop Gardiner, constant twosome in Manhattan.
Bill Gallagher, Ty and Linda had a more rugged experience than reports indicated when they were marooned on the French Moroccan desert. They were driving to a location site for "The Black Rose" across the Atlas Mountain range when a flash flood cut all the bridges. The mountain stream they had to cross was way out of its banks and they couldn’t make it. They hit ice and snow and had no warm clothes with them. When they tried to get back to their base they found all the bridges out on that side, too. So there they were, cold, wet, but not hungry thanks to canned food and chocolate bars. Also marooned, but across the mountain stream from them, was the young French star, Cecile Aubry. Ty tried shouting across to reassure her, but couldn’t make himself heard. Know what happened? Native archers in the caravan whipped out bows and shot notes tied to arrows across to her. Someone oughta put that in a picture.

That charming guy about town, Kirk

Talking About!

Douglas, shore gets around. He was dating Gloria De Haven fairly steadily, suddenly transferred his attentions to Patricia Neal, then was seen around the spots with Ava Gardner, who had a but big blowup with that other heart crush-er, Howard Duff. Howard went off to New York and when he returned bought a boat, moved all his possessions onto it, and had himself a time cruising down the ocean.

Two sizzling screen teams have been announced: Glenn (Please turn to page 52)

Don’t think that the stars themselves aren’t interested in what’s going on here

By Lynn Bowers

Dan Dailey and Anne Baxter have fun with their flapper-age dance number which they do in "You’re My Everything" for 20th.
IF YOU saw it at the movies or read it as slick fiction, odds are you'd have rejected it as the most improbable guff, something that simply couldn't happen in real life. But it did—on May 27, 1949, in the small village, Vallauris, near the high-walled Mediterranean Chateau de L'Horizon at Cannes on the Riviera. Marguerita Carmen Cansino Hayworth Judson Welles became the bride of Aly Khan and at the same moment a Moslem princess, albeit an honorary one if you care to quibble about fine points and petty details.

Newspapers made a very slight transposition in their headlines—
from: “Rita To Wed Aly Khan”
to: “Rita Wed To Aly Khan”
thus adding a chapter to romantic history unequalled since Edward VIII abdicated his English throne to marry another American, Wallis Simpson. Not since that memorable event has there been stirred up such an international storm of approving and disapproving interest.

The wisenbeimers and the fast-guessers

Townspeople of Vallauris, France, shouting their best wishes to the happy newlyweds.
thought this global affaire d'amour would blow higher than a wildcat oil well gone plumb crazy. Others tsk-tsk'd and shook their heads in disapproval as they gobbled up the newspaper accounts. Still others said it was great, with unreserved enthusiasm.

Yes, definitely this is the love story of the decade, if not the century. Not, mind you, the kind of courtship recommended for the likes of you and me, but only for those glittering figures who are so popular or powerful that they can be impervious to the printed jibe, the hidebound conventions; whose romantic antics capture the interest, the imagination, and the heart of the world, thereby receiving implicit approval—for the most part.

We've all followed affairs of the heart before. We've had Lana Turner, Ty Power and Linda Christian, Nelson Rockefeller and Bobo Sears, but the Hayworth-Khan clamabke takes the jewel encrusted cake for the best sustained interest—right from that day last Summer, when Rita was introduced to the prince by Elsa Maxwell on the French Riviera. Seldom did a day pass that a fresh tidbit didn't hit the headlines of papers here and abroad.

The story, as we say in the motion picture business, had everything—a terrific gimmick, all the angles, plenty of plot, a chase, a crisis, and suspense. It's a startling, intriguing story. A good many of our glamour queens have married important, attractive men. None of our girls has done so spectacularly well.

The way everybody thirstily drank in the details of the courtship and wedding proved how truly great it all was. New developments in the status of the ultra-glamourous pair were a never-ending treat, chapter after chapter unrolling like an exciting serial, each episode better than the last. The most gifted press agent would never have dared to dream it up, as fancy, the ablest yarn-spinner to imagine it as fiction, the bravest producer to put it on film—all fearing to stretch the limits of credibility beyond tolerance.

Leave us, then, synopsize the background of this main event on the international scene and analyze all its elements.

First we establish our characters. A year ago few Americans had ever heard of Aly Khan. Now only an utter recluse would look blank at the mention of his name. Today he's a symbol, a living example of the dream prince who dwells in the imagination of shopgirls, waitresses, career women, housewives—all types of women who go about their chores and conjure up thoughts of romance far beyond their lot. No doubt many boyfriends (Please turn to page 58)
"WE THREE"

June Haver, Lon McCallister and Jeanne Crain met as hopeful, eager adolescents when cast in 20th's "Home in Indiana." "We were idealists, planners and became good friends."
Lon McCallister looks wistfully down the stardust road to the days when he, June Haver and Jeanne Crain dreamed together

Six years ago, when film success was a long delayed dream, I met Jeanne Crain and June Haver. In those days we were three kids . . . two college students and a high school senior. Not too dumb, not too wise in the ways of Hollywood. We were idealists. And being idealists, we were planners. Together we discussed our futures: June hoped to become a musical comedy star on the screen; Jeanne wanted success, too, but even then domestic happiness seemed more important. I wanted too much. A motion picture career, world travel, security for my family, and a knowledge of myself which I believed a college degree might give me. Since those beginning days and the first flush of success the three of us have drifted apart, returned, and drifted apart again. Through it all I have retained a great admiration for June and Jeanne. I respect them, I wonder at them, and I note their changes (and my own) which the War and four years of publicized peace have given us.

Jeanne and I became immediate friends. She has a great sincerity and simplicity which came through to me in every gesture. We met one Summer day in 1943 in the hall of the Executive Building at 20th Century-Fox. She was standing with her mother when we were introduced. Jeanne, an outwardly shy, quietly composed Walt Disney fawn . . . wide-eyed, graceful, beautiful, shook my hand and said she was hurrying to see about her first part in a picture. That picture was "Home In Indiana." And we became young lovers on the screen.

Later in the month, Henry Hathaway, the wonderful director of "Indiana," gave me tickets to a Hollywood revue called "The New Meet The People." Dancing in the revue's chorus of high-school students, he said, was the other girl for our film. June Haver was her name. It wasn't in lights then. She was tiny, vivacious, smiling, filled with irrepressible youthful talent. Even then she was a star, not allowed to shine too brightly by the show's producers, but still a shining personality. We met a few days later in Mr. Hathaway's office. June was almost too friendly, I thought. I found it difficult to believe in her sincerity. I thought she was trying too hard. But I was. (Please turn to page 54)

"I wanted too much," says Lon, in "The Big Cat" with Skippy Homier. "A career, security for my family, a knowledge of myself."
Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper at the West Coast premiere of MGM's "The Stratton Story" at the Egyptian Theatre.

Glenn Ford at the debut of "The Stratton Story" with his wife, Eleanor Powell. She's going to give up her dancing.

25th Anniversary Premiere

Among the stars attending the debut of "The Stratton Story" were handsome James Craig and his pretty wife.

Hollywood's most off-again on-again couple, Ava Gardner and Howard Duff, entering the Egyptian Theatre for the opening.

Janet Leigh, currently brightening "Forsyte Saga," with a favorite escort, Danny Scholl, at the "Stratton" premiere.
Van Johnson, who's hiding behind that beard for "Scene Of The Crime," at the Anniversary show with his wife, Evie.

Gloria McLean, Jimmy Stewart's fiancee, and June Allyson watch Jimmy take an official lick of MGM's 25th birthday cake in the lobby of the Egyptian Theatre. The premiere of "The Stratton Story," co-starring Jimmy and June, coincided with the studio's Silver Anniversary, so MCM decided to celebrate them both at once with a party at the theatre.

Betty Garrett, now shining in "On The Town," and Larry Parks at screening of MGM's dramatic baseball story.

Jimmy Stewart, who has the title role in "The Stratton Story," with Gloria McLean. They plan to be married soon.

Jimmy's big inspiration in the film, June Allyson, waves a greeting beneath Dick Powell's nose to friends in the lobby.
Joan Bennett, starring in "The Blank Wall," a Columbia production
In Mama's Footsteps

Judy sings for her daughter, Liza, between scenes of "In The Good Old Summertime."

"Like mother, like daughter," so the saying goes, and it looks as if Judy Garland's Liza is stepping carefully in mama's footsteps. Just as Judy herself made her theatrical debut at the age of 3, so Liza is appearing before a camera for the first time at two and a half. The role of Judy's daughter in the MGM comedy, "In The Good Old Summertime," seemed heaven sent to launch Liza as an actress and she took to emoting like a bee to a rose. She was punctual for her wardrobe fittings, behaved like a big girl of 12 on the set and was perfect in her lines. Does she like her work? Well, there isn't a better ham in the cast of "In The Good Old Summertime" than Liza, unless it's her very close relative, Judy.

Van Johnson, Liza's papa in the picture, gives her a memento of his love.

Below: Every star gets flowers opening day. Liza's daddy, Vincente Minnelli, sent roses.

Every inch a star is Liza with Judy's parasol in "In The Good Old Summertime."

Judy is as proud as punch of her little actress and makes no effort to hide it.
There's nothing like New York, not even on an expensive Hollywood set, which is why the cast packed their bags and headed East to film MGM's "On The Town." It's a musical story of three sailors, Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Jules Munshin, who arrive in New York to celebrate a 24-hour leave. "On The Town" will prove why studios are utilizing on-the-spot locations more and more. When you see Gene romancing Vera-Ellen, Frank falling for the charms of Betty Garrett and Jules mooning over Ann Miller in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, along the piers at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and on Fifth Avenue, you can bet your last dollar that the scenery is the real New York.
Brand New Mickey

LITTLE did Mickey Rooney dream what he was walking into when he exchanged comedy for the lead in Sam H. Stiefel's "Quicksand," his first straight drama. To keep a date with trampish Jeanne Cagney, Mickey "borrows" money from his employer's till. That one shady step mires him in a series of crimes, each committed to offset the former, which are just like "Quicksand." The more he struggles, the more involved he becomes until murder seems his only out. Fortunately, Mickey has Barbara Bates and a lawyer on his side. Together they extend the helping hands that mean his salvation.

A thug Mickey Rooney meets through Jeanne Cagney in "Quicksand" is evil Peter Lorre.

Mickey is trapped by his network of crimes when the police close in on him in the film.

Jeanne Cagney, the cause of Mickey's downfall in "Quicksand," leaves him when he stumbles.

Barbara Bates and Taylor Holmes aid Mickey Rooney when he needs help most.

Mickey can't forget his wrong-doing, despite Jeanne Cagney, because he's really a good boy at heart.
James Stewart, now appearing in MGM's "The Stratton Story"
YOU MUST BE CAUTIONOUS

Robert Young casts a wary eye at the pitfalls yawning before a star in Hollywood

By Jon Bruce

"My home life has kept me on solid ground that I know," says Bob with his wife, Betty

"IT'S amazing to me that so many stars in Hollywood keep their heads as well as they do!"

That was Robert Young's provocative answer when I asked him whether or not a star could really stay on level ground in Hollywood. Certainly few stars are as well equipped to go into such a debatable topic as Bob. The very likable guy has been in pictures eighteen years, he's had no fair amount of success, and he's still wearing the same size hat.

"There are so many things here that can trip a fellow up," Bob said to me shortly after he had wound up a starring role in RKO's "Love Is Big Business." "There are pitfalls scattered all over the place. Bad ones that are constantly waiting to gobble you up. Probably the most difficult one to avoid is the sudden way fame hits you. One day you're walking up and down in front of a studio hoping for any kind of a job, just an ordinary Joe, and then Fate steps in and you're a star overnight. That's a pretty overwhelming situation and can easily send a guy topsy-turvy. Such sudden success doesn't give you a chance to mature in your new state gradually. Bang! You're (Please turn to page 57)

"Maybe I escaped the pitfalls because I was never an overnight sensation or a big star."
Valli, currently starring in "Weep No More," for RKO
As her husband, Joseph Cotten becomes insanely jealous of Ingrid's regard for Michael Wilding.

*ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S* "Under Capricorn," Transatlantic Picture for Warners' release, stars Ingrid Bergman, with Joseph Cotten and Michael Wilding, currently the rage of England, as her leading men. Joseph is her husband; Michael, an aristocrat like herself, who tries to help Ingrid overcome her craving for alcohol brought on by the difficult life with her husband. In trying to help her, Michael falls in love with Ingrid. But it is never returned.

The men quarrel over Ingrid. Michael is wounded. Because of Ingrid, he presses no charges.

Although it is Michael who brings Ingrid out of her alcoholic despair, she still loves Joseph.

Ingrid and Michael were more than friends in Ireland. Yet she eloped to Australia with Joseph.

Michael's role engenders as much sympathy as Ingrid's pitiful dyssomaniac.
"Be a GOOD listener," advises Ann with her ex-husband, Bob Sterling.

ANN SOTHERN would easily win a Ph. D. rating on any popularity poll. She holds the enviable position of being described as "ideal date" by such Hollywood eligibles as Clark Gable, Kirk Douglas and radio-movie producer, Cy Howard.

On behalf of America's date-hungry females, we decided to discover the secret of her date-filled calendar and ever-jingling telephone. Just how does a girl get that way?

So we trotted over to MGM, where Ann is starring in "Death In The Doll House," to get instruction from an expert.

Ann greeted us with that bubbling laugh and smile of hers. She was wearing a beige suit with cocoa brown stitching on the collar and pockets, not at all the garb of a professor.

But when she started advising on how to attract a Prince Charming—school was in session! The soundstage was converted into a hall of learning, and we feverishly started taking notes as if we were cramming for a final.

"Visual impact," began Ann, "is all-important. Before a fellow asks you to go out he's got to be impressed with what he sees.

"You don't have to be the most beautiful girl in the world, but you should try to be the best groomed, which brings up the point of clothes.

"Most gals make the fatal error of dressing to please other women, instead

How To Attract YOUR Prince

Ann Sothern knows, and tells, how to keep your date-book full and your telephone jingling
of men. A male doesn't want to escort a startling fashion plate—that draws nods from the females and no's from the males. He'd much prefer someone who is neatly and attractively dressed, someone he can feel comfortable with.

"I've found that most men like to see women in large feminine hats. Not those huge ones with flowers falling all over the crown, but a medium-sized chapeau that softens and frames the face."

Second point of interest, according to Ann, is "to always look your level best."

"It doesn't matter if you're just going for a spin in the car or for a swim at the beach, you should always try to look as good as possible.

"Although your date wouldn't comment if your appearance was untidy, he would make a mental note of the fact. You must never get to the point where you take a fellow for granted or for granite. Either is a mistake. Many people claim it's old hat to flatter or compliment your escort—that you shouldn't stoop to such things. But remembering the prominent male ego, I say go ahead and stoop.

"If he's wearing a particularly nice tie or if he has a haircut—or some such thing—I feel it's perfectly legitimate to make mention (Please turn to page 64)

"Everyone will testify a sense of humor can enliven a date." Ann's with Don Russ.

Left: "Men are only human. They're still attracted by a girl who's completely feminine."

Right: "You must never take a fellow for granted or for granite. Either is a mistake."


Charming

By Reba and Bonnie Churchill
Dona Drake waves to the cameraman from her perch on Ronnie's manly shoulders.

Virginia tries her skill at an old beach game and finds the big leap hard to make.

“Hands off,” says Eddie to Ronnie who tries to stop Dona from going for a sail with Eddie. Dona is Eddie’s girl friend in the film.

Just like kids, Ronnie, Virginia, Eddie and Dona join hands and make a wild dash into the water—last one in is a bum, you know. The lively foursome were at Balboa making “The Girl From Jones Beach” for Warners.

“Over she goes,” says Ronnie. But Dona’s not worried because to her it’s all in fun.
THERE'S one thing about making a film that calls for a beach location, the cast can have a swell time during lulls in the shooting schedule. And don't think Virginia Mayo, Dona Drake, Ronald Reagan, Eddie Bracken didn't make the most of their sojourn at Balboa where "The Girl From Jones Beach" was filmed. They swam, sailed and romped on the beach. Not that their chores in the Warner picture were unpleasant, for there were many beach scenes which came about as the result of Eddie Bracken's suicidal decision to go to the famous Long Island seaside resort to end it all. While waiting for Dona Drake, his girl friend, to come and save him, he spies beautiful Virginia lying on the beach and immediately recognizes her as the in-the-flesh version of artist Ronnie Reagan's composite Randolph Girl. That's when the fun in the film begins.

Eddie demonstrates his brute strength by whisking the 95 pound Dona right off her feet.

Virginia checks on Eddie's luck with rod 'n' reel, but he's up to his trunks in trouble.
Dona her Vero-Ellen's career in Hollywood used to be just hit-or-miss, but now it's all hit.

By Jack Holland

It TOOK the town long enough, but at last it happened.

Somebody woke up and discovered that Vera-Ellen was no mere gingham-draped lassie but a cutie with sex appeal. And it took MGM to make this not-so-startling discovery.

Vera has been around for a few years portraying girlish charm and naive innocence in such pictures as "Wonder Man," "Kid From Brooklyn," "Carnival In Costa Rica," "Love Happy" and others. But it wasn't until she signed a contract with MGM and was put into "On The Town," which Gene Kelly is directing, that the town began to take a second look. Up to this time, her career has been a hit-or-miss sort of thing. Now "Slaughter On Fifth Avenue," Vera's number in "Words And Music," cinched her in films.

The dances Vera-Ellen does with Paul Valente in "Love Happy" were tricky to shoot. "On The Town" proves Vera-Ellen's no gingham-draped lass, but a cutie with sex appeal.

it is definitely all hit.

I was certainly aware of the "new" Vera when she walked into the MGM commissary for our interview. Decked out in a fetching costume with a bra that was as big as a gasp, a charming bare midriff, and a pair of pants covered from hips to floor by transparent silk.
A self-confessed homebody, Vera likes pets and the rural life and shopping for groceries.

drapings which afforded an ample view of her shapely legs, she was quite a delectable sight. Not that this was her customary costume for interviews. It happened to be the outfit she was working in that day for a hootchy-kootchy number. Let it suffice to say that I didn't get up and walk out!

After awhile when I had pulled myself together enough to get down to the business at hand, Vera and I went into a bit of yakking about her career.

"I was so busy in New York doing shows," she said in answer to my question about her career. (Please turn to page 65)

Vera's swept off her feet for a number, but her personal romances are not like that.

"A girl's best security is to keep a good figure," Vera keeps hers.

Vera-Ellen's the love interest in "On The Town," besides having four dance numbers and a chance to act.
Eve Arden's antiques are always good for a profit when resold.

A "saving sentimentalist," Ray Milland keeps shoes for years.

Barbara Bel Geddes can't bear to pass up a stray rubber band.

**Pet Economies**

The other day James Mason was at a Hollywood party, when several guests happened to notice that he was carefully undoing the cellophane from discarded cigarette packages, and neatly folding the transparent squares into his wallet.

"What's this?" asked one of the onlookers. "Does he think we use that for money in this country?"

"The answer's very simple," came the retort. "He saves used cellophane and takes it home for his cats to play with. Why should he go out and buy the stuff when he can get it for free from old cigarette packages?"

And, we ask, why not? Hollywood, like the rest of the nation, is in the pangs of what might be considered an economy wave. There's nothing dire
By Paul Marsh

have their own little economies, and they're religious in the way they stick to them. String-saving, for instance, is just as popular in Hollywood as it is in Peoria!

"First of all, let us hasten to explain that the major economies which the stars practice are done with the aid of their business managers. If Ingrid Bergman decides that she's tired of her last year's mink and would like to have a spanking brand new one, she doesn't skin over to (Please turn to page 67)

Right: Jennifer Jones' favorite economy is to collect material to use in rag rugs.

Even as you and I, the stars have their own ways of stretching their nickels and dimes

about it, and the pattern of filmland life and movie-making hasn't undergone drastic changes. It simply means that the lush years are over, and everyone is just a bit more careful about where he tosses his nickels and dimes.

And yet it's interesting to note that the stars, even as you and I, have their own little ways of stretching the value of those same nickels and dimes. They

James Mason saves the cellophane wrappers on cigarettes for his pet cats to play with.

Thrifty Montgomery Clift buys his socks all in the same color.

Left: The most avid light tuner-outer in films is Joan Bennett.

Jane Wyman hoards old scripts and uses them for scratch pads.
HILARITY reigns supreme in MGM's Technicolor musical, "Neptune's Daughter," thanks to the antics of Red Skelton and Betty Garrett. Red is a masseur who knows from nothing about girls, and Betty's a man-crazy female who mistakes him for a famous South American polo player, and ardently pursues him, much to Esther Williams' annoyance, because she'd like to make a play for him, too. When Red, who's scared to death of horses, is forced to play in a polo game, he runs away and hides out (as only he can hide out) with the models in Esther's bathing suit company.

Much to his horror, Red finds that Betty's a gal who doesn't take no for an answer.

If seals can do it, so can Red, as he ably proves on the set of "Neptune's Daughter."

Red in a riotous scene in the film in which he cavorts with a group of bathing girls rehearsing for a water ballet.
Virginia Mayo, who's helped Joel McCrea escape after a holdup, goes after Dorothy Malone in a slam-bang fashion when she reveals her plan to tip off the sheriff.

Virginia makes a desperate effort to keep Dorothy away from the door and the lawmen.

The Gals Go To It!

ONE of the high points of "Colorado Territory" is the rough and tumble battle waged by Virginia Mayo and Dorothy Malone. When women engage in such encounters it's always because of a man and in the film the man is Joel McCrea. The fight starts when Dorothy decides to turn Joel, whom Virginia loves, over to a posse.

Virginia and Dorothy have a lot of fun during rehearsals of their fight scene in the film.

Fighting is so foreign to their real natures it took the girls a while to get into the mood.

Virginia with Director Raoul Walsh on the set at Warners.
By Kay Nelson

(EDITOR’S NOTE: Kay Nelson, designer for 20th Century-Fox, knows the value of color to enhance the beauty of the stars she dresses. Let her help you coordinate the fall colors that are best for you.)

COLOR Can Make You. A dress of the right color will give your skin a lovely tone. It will make people notice the color of your eyes. It will make your hair more attractive. I’ve seen sallow skin, dull eyes and drab hair actually come to life when the right colors are brought into a wardrobe.

Color Can Also Ruin You. Fifteen years ago I thought my life was complete ... I owned a mink coat. With great care I selected a brown dress, hat and shoes to match the brown of the mink. Then, one evening in a softly lighted restaurant, I saw myself in a mirror. I looked sixty years old. An all-brown costume is difficult for anyone to wear, and it was certainly too much for me.

* * *

Linda Darnell Is The Type who can wear the vivid colors. She looks magnificent in them. I discovered that when I made her clothes for “Everybody Does It.” One heavenly negligee that she wears in the picture, is maroon bagheera velvet. The material looks like suede cloth but it’s so fine that five yards of it can be pulled through a ring. Another at-home costume is a pair of silk jersey house pajamas in soft bottle-green. Her most elaborate gown in the picture, designed for the concert stage, is sapphire blue velvet trimmed with ostrich feathers in many shades of blue. Linda has some special plans for her personal wardrobe this Winter. She recently had an exquisite necklace made. The chain is composed of sapphires, diamonds and platinum, and the pendant is a big black star sapphire. She wants her whole wardrobe designed around this unusual piece of jewelry.

If You Have Very Dark Hair like Linda Darnell, you might plan a color wardrobe for Fall. You could start with a suit in bold purple, and a cocktail dress of deep red, electric blue or green. A plum colored coat would be beautiful with certain shades of that suit and dress. An inexpensive fur coat could be dyed in a rich plum shade, but be certain of the furrier’s guarantee that it won’t fade. Sheared muskrat in silvery gray...
Celeste Holm knows what a bright blue satin housecoat with flesh net ruffles at neck and sleeves does for blue-eyed blondes.

Her navy blue wool suit trimmed with white silk pique is perfect for a blonde like Celeste Holm.

Any Type Of Blonde looks best in neutral shades. When she wear colors that are too bright, she distracts the eye from the lovely coloring of her hair. Vivid colors are dangerous for her. They may give her a cheap look. And some pastels can (Please turn to page 68)

Celeste Holm would also be stunning with a purple suit. I'd suggest black accessories for all the above. Your wool dress could be warm beige and with that you could wear a colored hat and accessories. Or have the dress in black with touches of white at the neck. Then a Winter white hat, and white gloves would be most flattering.

Celeste Holm, A Natural Blonde with light blue eyes and fair skin, has a cameo look about her. Her home is decorated in pale gray and white. Off the screen she likes to wear very simple tailored suits. She has one especially attractive in gray, and another in oyster white. She also likes to wear navy blue or black which are very effective because they accentuate her light hair and complexion.

The elegance of a mink coat puts a sparkle in Celeste Holm's eyes, roses in her cheeks and completely enhances her natural beauty.
I yearn to be fragile and to grow limpid-eyed over the compliments paid me by some baritone in tweeds... or do I?

Now and then, in a furtive sort of way, I wish that I were one of those organdy curtain, blue mixing bowl types who smile in complacent cheerfulness from the pages of homemaking magazines.

Now and then, with wistful envy, I listen to the chatter of girls who can whip up their own embroidered net evening gowns, or who can serve a cheese souffle to twelve guests, all the while looking as dewy as an apple blossom.

I yearn to be fragile and feminine, and to grow limpid-eyed over the compliments paid me by some baritone in tweeds. Or do I?

Let's be honest about this.

Let's contrast what I think marriage should be with what I could, under present circumstance, give to marriage.

I regard marriage as a full-time job, and I think a man has the right to be head of his own household. I believe that a man has a right to expect his home to be managed efficiently, and that he should come home at night to a welcoming wife and a delicious, hot dinner, served with charm.

I am sincerely convinced that a man has the right to expect his wife to drop everything and join him on impromptu steel springs in blue denim," warns Ruth Roman, in "The Window" with Bobby Driscoll, Paul Stewart.

The obstacles preventing one from becoming an object of someone's affections," confesses Ruth wryly, "are not unsurmountable.

By Ruth Roman
In her driving ambition, Ruth Roman, personally, is quite unlike the gentle child she played in "Champion," who wanted only to be Kirk Douglas' wife.

One look at Ruth Roman, of "Beyond The Forest," and any man would forget she ever warned him precisely why she'd be a bad risk for marriage.

trips out of town, or last-minute dinner parties.

A man should be able to drive his car as he pleases without suggestions from the right, and he should be able to get his wife on the telephone without having to wait thirty minutes to an hour. He should be able to play the radio when he wishes without disturbing a frantic woman memorizing a script, and if he should find it necessary to pound the typewriter on a bit of office work in the evening, it should not drive his wife into the howling hoolies.

If a man takes it into his head to explain that two and two is four, or how an airplane flies, or what the distance is from Dallas to Boston, he should be able to display his learning without having his wife think, "I know that, you dope, perhaps better than you do."

In short, I am happy to concede that a man should be lord of his domain and titan of his trailer court.

Cross my heart, I am.

But... take a look at MY life (Please turn to page 70)

Since "Belle Starr's Daughter," her first film, Ruth has made four other pictures, is currently doing "Beyond The Forest."
IN HIS long career, Paramount star Ray Milland has played just about everything from a castaway on a desert isle to a dipsomaniac on a lost weekend, but it took a loanout to 20th Century-Fox, his first, incidentally, in ten years, to get him cast as a baseball player—a part which Ray relished and played to the grandstands. To top it off, he even developed a sore arm from throwing too hard, just like real pitchers do, and twisted a knee sliding into first base. As Vernon Simpson, a chemistry teacher who suddenly finds himself an ace pitcher in big league baseball as a result of his invention of a magic sponge that enables him to control a baseball, Ray Milland makes "It Happens Every Spring," a gay and delightful piece of entertainment.
Fred Robbins of the spectacular vernacular, on "Adventures In Jazz," his CBS-TV show.

FRED ROBBINS
Right off the Record

Marilyn Maxwell obliges her host, Freddie Robbins, with a rhythmic rendition of "Chopsticks" on a typewriter prior to the airing of his radio program.

HYA Snooks!
The stuff is de luxe—
So let's sample what cooks—
Before you outrez those books!

Mais Oui—'tis quite a spell from May to December but the days grow short when you reach September. And when the Autumn weather turns the leaves to flame, there's no more time for that vacuuming game. It's back to French 3, and Biology 2, and la livre and la plume and that new English teacher. But there's always time for that wax and needle game—cause all work and no records makes you know what! So what's what in the new grooves . . .

HEAVENLY!

Miss Liberty!!—Move over those cookies from "Kiss Me Kate" and "South Pacific" for the melange that are gushing forth from the new Irving Berlin musical. Whenever a hit show comes along all the artists rush to wax the sharps and flats—specially when they're by Berlin, Rodgers and Hammerstein or Cole Porter. It's like a new Buick or Cadillac, everyone wants to get in on the deal! And you can take your pick; pick of all the fine slabs of a fine score. There's "I Love You" by Frank Sinatra, Perry Como, Al Jolson, Jo Stafford; "Let's Take An Old Fashioned Walk" by Perry, Frank and Doris Day, Dick Haymes, and Maggie Whiting—all on their respective labels, of course. "Little Fish In A Big Pond" was cut by Dick Haymes and Bill Lawrence, and Buddy Clark and Dinah; "Paris Wakes Up And Smiles" by Buddy Clark, Jean Sablon, Al Jolson, and Maggie Whiting; AND our big favorite, "Homework," ecstatically etched by Fran Warren, and Dinah, and the Andrews Kids. "You Can Have Him," our other fave, was tailored by Dinah and Doris Day sharing tonsils, and the "Voice With The Bedroom Look"—who's coming up like Citation—Fran Warren. Everyone's in choice voice. You pays your dough and voices your choice Vic Damone—"You're Breaking My Heart," "Four Winds And Seven Seas"—"The Golden Tone" has another hit on his tonsils, a sequel to "I Have But One Heart"—in "You're Breaking My Heart," a dual language deal for the price of one. Flip side caresses you like the winds in the title—delicious vibrations from Vickie boy. He's being screen-tested, you know and is that bad? (Mercury.)

Evelyn Knight—"The Bird" is winning high again tweet-tweeting on 4 fresh sides that'll buy lotsa new Fall clothes. "You're So Understanding," "It's Too Late Now," "Be Goody Good Good To Me"—which sparkles like "Powder Your Face," and "A Little Bird" and "Don't Ever Marry For Money." What's fair Eevie has for bright rhythmical stuff. Bite as a butterfly! (Decca)

Mel Torme—The "Velvet Fog" did a wonderful shot on our television show on CBS recently—sitting at the piano and playing and singing some of his own . . .

Fred Robbins, of the spectacular vernacular, on "Adventures In Jazz," his CBS-TV show.

beauties. Mel's way up top on the college poll of favorite singers, too. Pretty good for Capitol's newest male employee. His freshest, "Four Winds And Seven Seas" and "It's Too Late Now" finds Len (Mel backwards) in the pop vein—and what could be nicer or more velvety after, "Again" and "Careless Hands." Proving Candy's boy can sell pop tunes as well as anyone, given a good label that gets around like Capitol. The production effects around "Four Winds" is most effective . . .

Rosemary Clooney—One of the Clooney sisters in the Tony Pastor band is on her own, and how! 'Cause Rosemary leaves you molten with her first Columbia cookie of "Bargain Day" and "Cabaret"—nothing less than molten! Chick sings with her left auricle and ventricle, shows oodles of promise and takes a rightful place in the same league with the Shores, Days, Staffords, Lees, etc. 'Course she did some things with Tony— "Sidewalk Penny Arcade" and "Grievin' For You," for example—but on her first solo, wow! (Columbia)

Jean Sablon—Ah, ma petite chou, voici le voix de Jean Sablon sur deux disques that are just perf: "Dites Moi"—the tres adorable nursery rhyme from "South Pacific" and "Paris Wakes Up And Smiles" from "Miss Liberty." Biscuits like these are one of the things that make la vie so belle. (Victor)

Frank Sinatra—Well, happy day! Another full fat album by Nancy's Daddy to go along with the first two he's etched. This one yelpt "Frankly Sentimental" could have been called "Frankly Pretty" (Please turn to page 62).
first came to California she got a job at La Jolla's swank resort hotel, Casa de Manana, as a waitress. She wondered at the time what life would be like on the other, or guest, side. So when the Coelen finished her starring role opposite Bing Crosby in "Riding High," she hied herself down the coast to La Jolla, engaged one of the Casa's plumiest suites and found it just as she thought it would be—wonderful.

Bill Lundigan's off to a fine, fat new career at 20th, where he was signed to do the picture "Pinky" with Jeanne Crain. The big bosses liked him so well he's got a fancy contract and another signed with Dotty McGuire in "Oh, Doctor." Since he has to make like a doctor, Bill's been taking a Red Cross course. One of the greatest satisfactions he and Mrs. L. are having from this upturn in their fortunes is the small house they've rented. Up to now the Lundigans had been living in a small apartment with only one entrance. Bill got awful tired of lugging the garbage pail through the living room and out the front door. The new house has two back doors and he can take his pick when he exits with el garbage.

The 25-year-old gal composer who is doing the music for U-I's picture, "Once More, My Darling," starring Bob Montgomery and Ann Blyth, is Elizabeth Firestone, daughter of the tire tycoon, Harvey Firestone. She has 40 musical compositions to her credit, also a pop tune, "Why Try," which is being released by Columbia Records. This is her first motion picture stint and she was quite overawed and shy on her first day at work. Her pal, June Allyson, came with her to the set, but when she left the gal composer was on her own. One of the set electricians broke the ice by introducing himself and kiddingly asking if Elizabeth could talk her father out of a couple of tires for him!

Maureen O'Hara has crossed the ocean by plane and boat many times since she left her native Ireland and never once had the slightest touch of seasickness. So what happens? She's out in the middle of the desert, on location for U-I's big Technicolor opus, "Bagdad," riding on the back of a camel. The swaying motion makes her violently ill and the doctor gives her some of these terrific new seasickness pills, which fix her right up. This is the picture that introduces two of U-I's new stars—Paul Christian, who's Swiss, and Ann Pearce, who's American.

The Dick Widmarks finally bought themselves a house in Mandeville Canyon. Dick was all set to pursue his favorite hobby, puttering, when 20th notified him he was going to England to make "Night And The City." He also learned about moving the hard way. Trying to economize, he got paper cartons and painfully packed his entire library of 2,000 books. The baggage then shattered his illusions by saying he'd have saved dough if he'd hired a professional packer, who could have crammed the books into half the space.

Jeanne Crain, who worked every single day of the six-weeks shooting schedule on "Pinky," was hopefully eying travel folders describing boat trips to Alaska and thinking maybe she could talk the studio out of three weeks o't for the trip.

This and That: Shelley Winters sings a torchy song in "Java" tagged "Tm The Lonesomest Gal In Town," which is the exact opposite of what Shelley really is . . . Cornel Wilde's learning Swiss-German for the comedy he's making over there, tentatively titled "Swiss Tour DX-5," where Pat and daughter, Wendy, are learning French on accounta the help no savvy Inglis . . . Stick around, kids, we'll be seeing Montgomery Clift back in the Hollywoods yet. He's signed up for Director George Stevens' remake of that folly story, "An American Tragedy" . . . Barbara Hale, tired of rummaging through boxes to find the right pair of shoes, got out her paint brush and painted a replica of the contents of each box on the outside. Me, I just use plain ole labels.

Fashion Notes: Before Roz Russell took off on a jaunt to New York she did a gigantic fashion sitting, wearing all the handsome clothes Jean Louis designed for her Columbia picture, "Tell It To Judge." I hear they're sensational. And that tall gal, Dorothy Hart, picked up her agent's hat, went to looking around with it, mashed it into several shapes on her head—like what she saw, had a department store copy it. Now they've asked her permission to put out a line of hats modeled on her creation. It's tagged "The Agent."
around, the man with the horn was home to celebrate with his little woman, marking the first time during the marriage they spent the big day together. He's always been out on tour before. Betty always tried to make pictures while Harry was on the road, but this time "Wabash Avenue" got off to a late start, so while Mr. J. is loafing, she's hoofing. Vic Mature and Betty are re-teamed in "Wabash"—remember away back when 20th wouldn't dream of making a tolerable picture without Vic and vice versa?

Maybe you didn't know this—Ann Blyth's the honorary mayor of her town, Toluca Lake. It's the custom out here in these parts to elect a picture or radio personality to this spot in each of the San Fernando Valley communities which actually belong within the city limits of Los Angeles. What ain't customary, though, is for these honorary hizzoners to take the job seriously. Missy Blyth has pulled a switch, however, and is participating in civic affairs like crazy. First day in office a small boy pounced on her door and asked her, as mayor, to help him find a home for the three small puppies he was clutching to his chest. She got busy and helped. Few days later she officiated at the laying of a church cornerstone. Her new job keeps her busy outside working hours and she loves it.

Jean Peters has a 14-year-old sister named Shirley. When the gal's mother was away, Shirley told her actress sister she should come to an open house at Emerson High to meet her teachers and represent the Peters family in the absence of their mother. So Jean got all dressed up dignified in high heels, hat, and a conservative suit. Much to her chagrin, Jean was mistaken by teachers and students for just another little high school gal.

We've been to a raft of parties lately, some of them outstanding in the fun department. One of the best ones came about because Zachary Scott was dying to meet Florence Desmond, the British impressionist. So Jean and Keogh Gleason tossed a real whizzer. We had fun watching Zack watching Desi go through her terrific act. He looked like a small boy seeing the circus for the first time. We also enjoyed watching John Emery's reactions to Desi's takeoff on Tallullah Bankhead. (John used to be married to the fabulous Tallullah.) In fact, he had the whole party spellbound—John Hodiak in a bush beard for "Ambush!" Cesar Romero, Will Price and Maureen O'Hara; Evelyn Keyes with Cy Howard (It was the night before the news of her separation from John Huston); that very pretty Jayne Meadows with her husband, Milton Krims; Frank Lovejoy, who was so terrific in "Home Of The Brave" and who is one of the most enthusiastic of the square dance cult; Dennis and Steffi O'Keefe. Lou Busch, who is Janet Blair's composer-arranger husband, accompanied Desi and did a wonderful job.

Few nights later some of the same crowd did a return engagement at Desi's to help celebrate her birthday—her two great admirers, Zack and John, the Nunnally Johnsons and the Jean Negulescos (these two gentlemen are her producer and director on "Three Came Home"). Columnist Harry Crocker, Harriet Parsons, Dick Cromwell, Patric Knowles, Mrs. Negulesco, who is Dusty Anderson, has given up acting for painting. Had her first art show and we understand Greta Garbo has bought one she did of a whole flock of cats. Garbo, by the way, is returning to the screen before long.

We always have a wonderful time at Gertrude Niesen's parties. Last one she gave was tres gat with fun people like John and Marie Land, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, Wendell Corey, that very amusing gal, Eve Arden, Greta Peck, and Earl Blackwell. Gertie's guests always get up and entertain—at least those who can, and the others sit around relaxing and enjoying themselves.

What Now?

Continued from page 23

Director Lloyd Bacon and Jimmy Gleason congratulate Lucille Ball upon her fine performance in "Miss Grant Takes Richmond," Columbia picture.
scene, Rita's boss, wanted her to make pictures. He lost the decision. The little gal who had formerly been most tractable about working—enjoyed it in fact—let work fly out the window when love came in the door. Moreover, there wasn't anything her boss could do except funnel press agents to tell her she shouldn't alienate the press. She, in turn, told the harried press agents what they could do which, boiled down, was to leave her strictly alone. She left no doubt in the mind of anyone that she was just plain fed up with being chased by the press. And, proving shown she was capable of giving a legitimate off-screen performance when it was worth the effort, she settled down to enjoy herself amid her Prince's family, along with her own little daughter, Rebecca. She wore blue jeans and turtleneck sweaters. She played golf, she got acquainted with Aly's two sons, Everybody liked her just fine. There were no scripts to read, no morning calls, no business conferences.

Before our story had time to roost comfortably there on Cloud 8, a new impetus gave it a further lift. Finally all avenues were cleared and the electrifying announcement came that the actress and the Moslem prince would, at last, be married. Suspense immediately followed on the heels of relief. Reliefs of the people who had heard this news to their booms, Would when the wedding come off was the burning question. Interest held up because daily press bulletins were amply provided on newspaper front pages for eager eyes to devour. The trousseau would be designed by the famous Parisian couturier, Jacques Fath. The dresses were to be all black, or blue, or purple—nobody could keep track. For several days the newspapers carried stories about her gowns, about her pretty deliberation over which of these negligees she would wear on her wedding night.

The marriage would be solemnized at Chateau L'Horizon, it was announced. The Moslem ceremony would come later. Monsieur le maire, Paul Derigon, slight Communist functionary of the little town, Vallauris, would officiate.

Invitations were issued—to potentates, counts, generals—and a few people from Hollywood, among them only one important columnist, Louella Parsons, a long time close friend of Rita's. Another lady columnist was most bitter about not getting invited and sniped at all concerned through her column.

Rita's business manager, her agent, partner, her producer-director, and two close girl friends were hidden. Harry Cohn was invited, but declined. Rita's pet pooch was flown over, although this was stoutly denied. This episode spotlighted the canine world once again—unpublicized since Elliot Roosevelt's dog, Blaze, reportedly usurped an airplane priority during the War for a trip to Hollywood. Rita's family stated with simple dignity that none of its members would be able to attend.

Finally the date was announced. World events were virtually swept off newspaper front pages. Every colorful detail was ballroom into magnified importance. There was a definite note of hysteria in the air. People who had never been closer to Rita than a general admission ticket to one of her films hopefully angled for invitations, some of them tried to crash the spotlight by having their press agents announce they had, in fact, been invited to the glittering affair.

News of Aly's wedding presents to his future Princess an on a fantastic quality, such as a hopeful contestant in a super-giant colossal giveaway show might dream in a happy nightmare. Of course, no really good story can get along without a crisis of one sort or another. Which is precisely what we're coming to now. Up to this point everything has been going more or less beautifully. For the purposes of keeping interest and suspense way up to the top, somebody has to throw a monkey-wrench in the works. In this story there is one—and it's a beauty.

The little Communist mayor pays a call on his capitalist friends and shamelessly says he can't marry them at the Chateau after all. Official red tape, or just plain red tape, has muscled in and they must come to the city hall, just like any other foreigners being married in France. This, definitely, is a crisis of the first water. What to do about keeping the mobs of well-wishing fans from swarming all over the guests and themselves? How about the inconvenience? No amount of pleading or pressure alters the situation and, at last, Rita and Aly bow their heads in defeat to the inevitable.

One of the best and most amazing angles to this melodramatic love story is the fact that the people who were able to get to this little town of Vallauris for the big doings remembered their manners and poured their best wishes out in an orderly access of good-will. The mayor conducted himself with dignity and aplomb. The bride and groom were radiant and smiling. It was indeed a happy occasion.

Then came the kicker, the real punch line to bring the thrilling love story to its ultimate height in climax. The solemn Moslem ceremony was performed the following day and was the one time the bride and groom were able to keep their plans secret.

Which brings us, more or less, to the end of our saga. Will this romance continue to hold public interest? Certainly there's material for a sequel. There's Rita's movie career, which can't go anywhere but up—if millions of newly acquainted with Aly are as faithful as she'll have many things to learn about her husband's religion and customs to prepare for the time when he steps into his father's high position. They can travel virtually all over the world with never a worry on their reservations because they are master and mistress of beautiful estates in many countries. There's always the prospect, too, that they'll settle down and raise a family and the love story of the age will slowly subside into an "and they were happily ever after." In any case, you'd better keep tuned in for future developments.

"We Three"

Continued from page 25

very wrong. I soon discovered June was too intelligent to falsify friendships. We three... Jeanne, June and I... were on location together for ten weeks in the East. We worked, we played. We relaxed, we enjoyed life together. And we became good friends. At 80th they still speak almost reverently of the pictures location and the studio's most pleasant. And it was.

Most of June's free hours were spent in a make-shift schoolroom. Her teacher, who had also been one of mine during my extra days in films, was very kind: and as strict as ever! Jeanne and I were irresistable. We talked constantly and mostly about the War, which was then in such confusion, but also about our futures as individuals after the War's end. Jeanne, with that seriousness and subjectivity of hers, would converse brilliantly for an eighteen-year-old, I thought, on philosophy, literature, religion and marriage.

Every night, coming home to the hotel from the farm outside Lexington, Kentucky, we would ride on the top platform of the camera car, letting the wind whip around us, until we reached the late afternoon sun, and learning to understand each other's adolescent problems. Jeanne has a strength of purpose which few recognize. She often said she would work hard to become a star, but that she would work equally hard to become a good wife. Her career, a new experience for Jeanne, was exciting and wonderful, but within herself marriage and a home
were her primary ambitions. Today the studio heads would never allow Jeannie Crain, their money-making property, to sit on top of a speeding truck; she now must ride in long, black limousines. Yet I know her thoughts are still up there in the wind. Today Jeannie has established herself as a potentially great screen actress. She has also found a good husband in Paul Brinkman, built a home together with him, and begun her long-dreamed-of family in the form of young Paul, Jr. and baby Michael Anthony.

June's another story. We are very much alike, in many ways. We grew up with one ambition... success. A career. As children we danced and sang at the Elks and the Masonic lodges and Legion programs. Sometimes we practiced instead of playing, and many times we visited casting offices rather than the circus. June became a band vocalist at 14. I was a motion picture extra at 18. We believed in ourselves then. We had to. Few others did.

The last night on the train which brought us home from location, June and I sat up and talked until past midnight. We both felt, providing audiences approved, that "Home in Indiana" would be our chance at stardom. We tried to chart our courses. I was going into the Army within two months, so my immediate future was decided. June's, however, was within our grasp, and we tried to reach out and touch it. And, in looking back, we were fairly accurate: Technicolor musicals with an occasional light comedy, pure escapist entertainment... that was our design for June's professional pattern.

Even then we were alike in many of our private ambitions, too. June repeated over and over again how much she wanted to remain single. No romance, only success. I agreed. I didn't want a wife, because I didn't have enough money to support one; and I was too young in my outlook; I was going off to War; and I wasn't in love. June's main reason was her career. She was completely married to her career in 1943, when she was seventeen. And she was a happy, very young girl.

On one of the last days of "Home in Indiana," Jeannie and I met in one of our old green canvas lean-to dressing rooms. They were ugly, impractical, cold and dirty, but someone had drawn a star in chalk on each door and they were our only visible fame. In those days we wanted nothing more. I was leaving almost immediately for Fort MacArthur and my induction. Jeannie had already begun a second film, and June was buried in tests for another. Those last few days we saw very little of each other. Suddenly the picture was ending, and so much with it; and this final meeting was our vain attempt to push back the days of uncertainty before us. We planned youthfully that day... another film together some day, regular correspondence, reunions. They never materialized, for suddenly our lives fanned out in opposite directions. For two years, except for the filming of "Winged Victory," I was away from Hollywood... the midwest, the eastern seaboard, Canada, Alaska. In the interim, Jeannie and June went on to unbelievable success. They were accepted immediately by the public and pushed from one film into another without time for rest or relaxation or even thought.

June, I believe, was wonderfully happy during that period—almost constantly on the set, practising, recording, rehearsing, making personal appearances. All the things she had been waiting to do for over half her life. But Jeannie was beginning to realize how unimportant success was to someone whose honest happiness comes of sharing success with another. And Jeannie needed someone to share her life with, even then. Some people, when they haven't trained many years for the experience of sudden fame, revolt against it and turn within themselves. But June knew almost exactly what to expect. She understood the demands of a motion picture career and accepted the strained, unnatural existence. Long ago she told me she expected unhappiness in her life, but was willing to accept it if it meant professional recognition. June and I both felt that way in 1943.

When I returned to the United States at Christmas, 1945, I saw the change at once in Jeannie and June. Both girls had found much in fame, but not enough. Each of them wanted a normal home life, a husband. They had become famous in my absence, pyramiding one screen hit upon another, while I advanced in 28 months to the exalted rank of corporal in the AAF. They were sophisticated, social, and perfectly adjusted career women outwardly. But it was only on the surface. They were still the young, inexperienced girls I had left at home during the War. We had one common problem—the need for understanding companionship. Our families were good and kind to us, but there comes a time in life when every child must break free of his parents to live a successful and full life. The three of us had (in nearing the crossroads of individuality) reached the coming of age. Here were our three decisions.

Jeannie, within two weeks of my return from Alaska, married Paul Brinkman. And always, the unkind people in Hollywood, the same as the unkind people in all the world, criticized her action. They said the marriage wouldn't last, that it was a mistake. But they were so wrong, as is usually the case. In Paul, Jeannie has found everything she needed. A provider, a mate, a mother. Also a good husband and an understanding father for young Paul and Michael Anthony. Jeannie, like most progressive young women, has made her home her career, not just an accepted pedestal of the female of the species. In it she has found success, remuneration, recognition and the perfect basis for a sound future. Her work is secondary, yet she treats it with great respect. I can imagine her studio sees in Jeannie's quiet nature the intense strength which has given her a balanced marriage and career. She has definite
Among the world's great perfumes are the Lanvin creations. Not shown, but new is Lanvinnette, a charming purse carrier in an ½ ounce size to augment the lighter Eau de Lanvin Toilet water opening model is using as a fragrance accent for Autumn.

Best gift in the world for the budding campus or career girl is a good looking, good performing brush and comb set. Here is a beauty, all gift boxed, by Mohawk.

There is really no excuse for leaving your lipstick signature on glasses, napkins, cigarettes or those you kiss—not if you know Lip Magic by Duret. This clear, odorless liquid is brushed over lipstick to seal it and keep it where it belongs. Lip Magic is gentle and does not sting or dry. In 8.30* bottles or purse carrier at 81*.

A trio of new Max Factor lipsticks make their debut, Pink Secret, Pink Velvet and Coral Glow. Vibrant, lifting shades, here's new Hollywood harmony intimately keyed to Autumn fashion colors. Wonderful base in hombail case. 81* each.

The De Long people have always been artists at pins for your hair. The new De Long Curl Setting Pins, 8.10 and 8.95 a card, are examples. A tricky bend, a strong hold, flat for sleeping. Real art! *Plus 20% Federal Tax C.M.

New lipsticks by Max Factor, Pink Secret, Pink Velvet, Coral Glow. Pinks were inspired by Rita Hayworth's fabulous trousseau.

De Long Curl Setting Pins slide easily over curls and need no nail or tooth opening. Real blessings for the night pin curl set.

GUIDE
To Glamour

SEPTEMBER kisses Summertime goodbye and bids us take ourselves in hand for Fall.

In the world of perfume, Lanvin's Arpege is "a shining star in the magical kingdom of fragrance." Here you see this scent in Eau de Lanvin, a wonderful toilet water which helps extend the life of the true perfume, at 81* up. All the Lanvin perfumes, including Arpege, Rumeur, Prêttexte, My Sin and Scandal now come in the Lanvinette, an ½ ounce container for carrying throughout the day, 8.25* to 83*. Exquisite perfume in a "budget" size.

A good comb and brush are the first steps to shining hair. This attractive pair by Mohawk are new and come in pink, blue or clear lucite at 84.

Etiquette authorities condemn marking glasses, cups, linen or a man with your lipstick. So, Lip Magic to seal your lipstick on your lips! It's lovely to use, is an aid to your social pose.

ideas. She seldom compromises. She is still an idealist but also a practising realist.

June, at the beginning of 1945, was bursting with success and a reasonable amount of unshared happiness. Her mother was very close to June. They were great friends. But parental love is not enough. June needed the experience of marriage. It would give her greater understanding, a comprehensive life. She found it (or an unsuccessful substitute) in her brief marriage. The failure of that experiment is not the important fact to remember, it is the success and courage with which June dealt with her momentary mistake. She has come out of a very dishartening period with invaluable knowledge. Perhaps it took a tremendous upheaval to clear June's future.

More than ever she now knows what to expect from life. In the very tragedy of misfortune, men and women often disclose their true identity. June, at this very moment, may be presenting her true self to you.

For myself, I have been both failure and a success. The two years after the War were a confused period of re-adjustment, mainly in bowing to the Hollywood pattern. I tried to be a part of the so-called younger social set of the film capital, but it was an awful failure. Nightclubs, cocktail parties, special events! I really tried. But it was a false life to someone like me, and so I pushed it aside. I am a hick at heart. Being alone, playing bridge with good friends, seeing the world, visiting neighborhood theatres... these are the things I like and want... at least, in part. My career these past three years has been only moderately successful. Both "The Red House" and "Thunder In The Valley" were interesting pictures, but neither very commercial. "Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!" at 20th Century-Fox, "The Big Cat" at Eagle Lion, the latter of which was produced by William Moss, and "Always Sweethearts" will perhaps win back the following I had before my Army days. That public interest has never completely returned, and it leads me to believe perhaps I lost some intangible quality during the War.

During my enforced long vacation, before "The Big Cat" started shooting, I travelled across the country, drove to Mexico, began a correspondence course at the University of California at Los Angeles (in second year psychology and the history of philosophy) took an active interest in real estate, and tried to become a better person. Later, I would like to visit a foreign country, possibly France or Italy, providing no producer wants me for a picture and I can book passage on a freighter. It will be interesting to see what happens during the next few years to Jeanne and June and myself. At least I am interested. And maybe in another six years, if the three of us are still magazine copy, I will be asked to write a follow-up story on June Haven, Jeanne Crain and Lon McCallister. Perhaps by then we three will have made that long-dreamed-of, often-planned sequel to "Home In Indiana," the film we will never forget.
You Must Be Cautious
Continued from page 33

there! You’re famous! How can you help being impressed?
“Yeah, I’ve been able to meet this fairly well, because after eighteen years I’ve
noticed from watching many cases that while fame can come suddenly so can the
decline. That has a decidedly sobering effect, believe me!
“For another point, there’s a star’s merchandising value. He discovers he
wasn’t a Duk, and tickets for his studio. This impresses the studio and naturally the
actor. Big publicity campaign gets started to cash in on the hot property.
So what’s more natural than for the actor to think he’s as good as his publicity
says he is? How can he help saying, ‘Hoo—look at what I did all by
myself with my little hatchet’?
“Fan interest is another exciting and dangerous thing. It’s always been a
never-ending source of bewilderment to me that people can get so excited about
a star. You’d have to be inhuman not to be touched and impressed by it. Once
I was in Paris with my wife when a man came up to me and began chattering
away in French. I only understood one word—autograph—and since I saw
him waving a pencil and paper at me I assumed he wanted just that. But I have
never forgotten the incident. I wouldn’t say such fan interest isn’t enjoyable.
That would be unduly cynical—and it
would also be a lie. My attitude about
it all, however, still remains, ‘I just
can’t believe it.’

Then there’s the matter of the financial
income we in pictures acquire. It’s incredible. Money is the bank can make
you feel like pretty hot stuff unless
you’re careful. Fortunately, I’ve looked
upon the money I’ve made simply as
financial security which has enabled me
to live comfortably. I’ve never used it
as a gauge to my so-called importance—
or unimportant—

These are only a few of the stiff tests
a person is put to who becomes a star
in Hollywood—and only a few of the reasons why it’s not surprising some go
off half-cooked. I’ve kept my head be
cause I’ve never been able to forget the fantasy way in which I got my break.
Talk about Fate and her whims! Talk
about luck!
“My brother used to get extra work
in pictures years ago,” Bob continued,
“and once in awhile he’d get me a bit
here and there. I got just enough work
that way to whet my appetite. I was
also attending the Pasadena Community
Playhouse at the time and the smell of
greasepaint only strengthened my desire
to be an actor. I was doing odd jobs, too,
during the day, one of my occupations
being a bank clerk. But every spare
moment I had I was toting around
to casting offices and trying to get to
see an agent. I had plenty of luck—all
of it bad. Nobody would see me.
“I decided to clear out and go to
Carmel and get a job. I knew there was
a little theatre in the town and I thought
I might be discovered if I pulled up

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**FASHION SHOW**

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**At** a smart ski club in the Adiron-dacks last Winter I saw something resembling these adorable California “Care-frees” but what a price! Now, Knit-Togs of Hollywood has done them in pure virgin wool with a bright hand embroidered pattern at but $2.95 a pair. “Care-frees” combine your woolly socks and slippers and they are about the coziest things you can imagine—and so comfortable. All ages love them, but the college crowd somehow needs them to keep in step.

**The** “Shorty” gown, like this pretty one from Betty Co-Ed, probably is a development of the usual pajama top. Anyway, it is a popular young trend in bedtime attire and for good reason. You can sleep free and unencumbered by entangling alliances with long gown or pajama pants. Also, you are going to pay very little for this last word in night fashion, but $2.39, or two for $4.50 if you like an extra bargain. Lovely colors in a fine rayon jersey, and nicely finished.

**Soft** tweeds, textured woolens, corduroy, velveteen—these are part of the young fabric picture for Fall. So right in step comes “Moc” talk, a highly styled mocassin trend by Vicki of Boston. The regular heel or platform sole are current fashion. Notice, too, the adroit handling of straps and the bright accent of buckles. Plus the style, Vicki gives you quality leather, in this case elk, known for its resistance to wear. You get the well-known Vicki workmanship and comfort. Whether you belong to the mocassin crowd and make the shoe your standby, or whether you want a pair to round out your wardrobe, Vicki is your answer. But don’t stop with the moacsins. The new 1950 catalogue is ready for you and it contains a shoe world to delight your pure—high style but in a budget bracket. Send for it and double your shoe wardrobe and so sensibly and smartly keep in step with fashion.

*R.S.V.P.*

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**WESTERNER**

Brown, Red elk leather.

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staves and left Hollywood behind. A friend of mine got me a job in a bank up there and my brother and I started on our way. We got as far as Kings City when the car broke down. During our five hour wait while it was being repaired, my brother spent the time telling me I was silly to leave Hollywood, that he'd try to get me more work as an extra, and that I should keep trying for a break. Well, I said I didn't need much of a nudge and the first thing I knew I was heading back to Hollywood.

"Without my knowing it, an agent, Nat Goldstone, had been trying to locate me while I was on my way to Carmel. He had called my house and my mother had told him where I'd gone but she didn't know where I'd be staying. So he sent a wire to the Western Union office up there for me, telling me to come back. The wire was returned since I couldn't be located. I'd been back home five days before Nat thought of calling the house to check on me further. When he did call I answered the phone and he told me to come to his office at once.

"I couldn't understand why he should be so interested in me. He finally told me the whole story. He'd taken Morris Ankrum, who was a character actor, to a studio on an interview. On the way back he asked Morry if he knew of a likely young juvenile at the Playhouse who might be picture material. Morry told me later that my name just suddenly came to his mind and he really gave the old pitch to Nat about me. Hence Nat's interest.

"The first thing Nat asked me to do was to sign a contract. Well, I'd been trying for months just to get into an agent's office and to have one asking me to sign up was too much. I'd have signed anything. I am still with him, by the way.

"Nat took me to Fox first where I was given a silent photographic test, one of those things where you're wheeled about on a stool while the camera catches your profile and what have you. They are abominable things that are not fair to the hopeful young person at all and I think they ought to be abolished. Then Nat took me to Paramount and with the help of Felix Young, who was a producer there, rushed me down at five o'clock in the afternoon for a test. It was obvious the test director didn't relish my coming in at that late hour and I got the brush-off treatment. I requested a speech from the play. Young Sinatra—oh, how I sounded like 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck.' It was election at its deadlock.

"My next stop was at MGM where Nat introduced me to Benny Thau, who was casting director at the time. I certainly couldn't have been an impressive sight when Benny met me. I was all neck and about as much at ease as a giraffe in a nursery. Benny told us he'd like to give me a test but he couldn't authorize one. However he did have an idea. A couple of girls—Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley—were being tested for a contract and no one could be found to play the scene with them, so test director Felix Feist had reluctantly agreed to make the test with them. Benny told me to go down to the stage and see if Felix would let me to the test with the girls instead. This was also at five in the afternoon, by the way. Felix was more than glad to be relieved of the job. Well, he had to shoot Ann and Karen so about all you could see of me was a good-sized view of my ears and the back of my neck. Felix apologized for having to do the test that way and then asked me if I'd remain and do a test later in the evening with a Santa Barbara socialite who was coming to town. I told him I'd be glad to see all I had was time. She was due at eight and arrived at Felix was really boiling by then, so he threw the whole test, all good angles, at me.

"By now I was on Cloud 19. Here I was in a movie studio actually getting a real test. When the thing was shown in a projection room, someone in the director's room said quietly, 'Who's that kid? A little ripple of interest began to stir faintly. Benny Thau then had his chance to ask for a more extensive test of me. I made two, the latter being the Tiffany treatment with lights, full sets, and what not.

"It was here that Nat went to work. At the time, he was handling Frank Albertson, who was supposed to go into a good part in the first of the Charlie Chan pictures at Fox. The company was to leave for location in a few months. Nat knew I couldn't finish his current commitment at another studio in time to leave for location, so he called Fox and told them that MGM had a young actor under contract who would be perfect for the part. I was under no contract at all then, of course. Nat then called Benny and asked him to tell Fox that I was an MGM player. This Benny did. Nat, thereupon, went to work on MGM. He told them they should sign me to a year's contract with two six-months' options. It was a good deal, he pointed out. If they didn't want me after Fox had used me in the picture, at least the loan-out salary Fox would pay MGM for me would pay off my contract. MGM agreed.

"That's the story of my break in pictures. You can see how Fate played a big role. Whenever I recall that story, I don't do often. I can't get unduly impressed by any luck I may have had in pictures. The element of chance was too strong then.

"One of the big things that has helped Bob to keep on an even keel has been his reaction to his career. He has never regarded it purely as a means of gaining attention and importance.

"I've always been so awed and impressed by pictures that I never went off the beam," Bob said sincerely. "I felt in the beginning that I had a long way to go and that I had no time to get any illusions of grandeur. For that matter I still think I have a lot to learn. My whole career has seemed too much like a piece of freak luck for me to go off into a tizzy about it. I keep seeing, in my mind's eye, a picture of a man walking
up and down in front of the studio gates, and I can't help saying to myself, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.'

"I've had a good career but not a spectacular one. I've lost many big parts I had tried hard to get. I was disappointed when I wasn't able to land them. But I wasn't defeated by such disappointments. In a sense I guess I was a fatalist. At any rate, my thinking has always been colored by the way I got into pictures. All I can say about my work on the screen is that I never consciously dogged a performance."

Bob's very happy home life has done much to keep him contented in Hollywood, satisfied enough with his lot for him not to want to go sailing overboard.

"My wife and I had an idyllic romance," Bob went on. "We were childhood sweethearts and were always in love although we didn't realize it. In fact, it wasn't until she became engaged to someone else that I knew I wanted to marry her.

"Before all this happened, I had my contract at MGM and I was told to squire several young starlets—for publicity purposes. This could have made me feel I was really quite a guy, but I was only bored stiff with the routine. As a gay night clubber I proved to be a wet firecracker. But when I got married, the reaction was tempestuous. I was told by the studio that I had ruined my career, and naturally I was really scared. There was an earthquake the same week and I wasn't at all sure I hadn't caused the quake.

"However, I managed to pass through this crisis. And soon I was involved in raising a family, so involved that I wasn't able to have time to think of my career in grand terms. Our first child was born nine months and six days after my wife and I were married. Now we have four girls. The responsibilities and problems of raising a family were so great that I could think of nothing else.

"My happy home life has kept me on some kind of a string, that I know. My wife is not the least impressed with the fact that I'm in pictures. She's very level-headed and has no warped sense of importance at all. As far as I know, my daughters are equally unimpressed. They just accept me for what I am.

"Our manner of living has been simple, too. We never have given big parties. We've been content at home and have not felt the need to lean on such a superficial thing as a social whirl. We just never sought it out and so were never caught up in it. Once in awhile we do go to a night club just to see how the other half lives. Actually, it's pretty hard to find a shoppers and firecracker like I am and turn him into an actor with illusions of greatness. If I ever should get such illusions, my wife would puncture them in a hurry anyway.

"Because we've been happy we haven't become involved with phony people. The fight to ward off phonies is a tough one for some people in town because if they're lonely they're easily taken in by the moochers who flatter them and make them feel important. I've never needed that outside assistance, that bolstering.
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JOHNNY LONGS "Gossip"—from the little novelty (Hi-Tone) ... BOB CROSBY and MARION MORGAN—a new combo of songs on "Maybe It's Because" and "Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee." Bob and Marion go together like cheese and crackers (Columbia). HIS ERS GOLD by either GORDIE MACRAE or DINAH SHORE—right in the "Golden Earrings" groove ... FRAN
KIE LANE'S torrid merry-go-round with "Georgiana" will have her on your mind, too. SUE (Mercury) and PAUL WESTON'S judicious "Some Enchanted Evening" and "Bali Hai"—strictly instrumental and lovely! (Capitol) ... JOHNNY DESMOND'S "Four Winds And Seven Seas," another dose of dulcet-don't-scare-the-great-singer! (MGM) ... GENE KRUPA has a solid sequel to "Sabre Dance." Also by a Russian composer, Kabalevsky, "The Galloping Comedian," is adapted from the Polka of his bullet, "The Comedians." Lively as a bag of tugs—Genuflex shows that puts man on hand can dance! (Columbia) ... PERRY COMO'S in warm form on "Every Time I Meet You" as is BUDDY CLARK. Beauty is from "Beautiful Blonde From-You-Know-Where" by Mac Gordon and Joe Myrow. Loveliness! (Victor and Co.

BILLIE HOLIDAYS "My Man" and "Porgy"—bristling all the tortured anguish of Lady Day's great style (Decca) ... MARJORIE HUGHES first solo away from her Dad's band (Frankie Carle) and a noble grooving, too—"You're Mine." Makes two fresh canaries on Columbia—Margie and Rosemary Clooney—both fine! LIONEL HAMPTON'S "Lavender Coffin"—with more than an ounce of bounce and one of Hump's most commercial (Decca) ... RAY ANTHONY'S "Darkroom," extra swinging! (Capitol) ... "Veloa," nice instep stropping stuff (Capitol) ... PATTI PAGE on "Whispering"—with strings, and both rhythm behind her—puts nice yelling in your dwelling! (Mercury) ... DORIS DREW, a fine new voice on a wonderful torcher, "Bargain Day," and a welcome addition to the MGM gang. She's a Texas doll! BILLY ECKSTINE dispenses more ekstatic stuff on "Tempta-
tion" and "Crying." How the savage sweetness of Mr. B.'s voice has boosted the biggest (Decca) ... KAY STARR'S "I'm So Lonesome To-night" and "This Is The First Time"—she comes on like fissionable uranium! (Capitol) ... JANE POWELL doing "Alice In Wonderland" is perf for you or anyone younger or older on Columbia MM613 also LP. ... "OSCAR LEVANT PLAYS CHOPIN" as only he can, too, in this fresh sheaf on both regular Columbia MM613 and LP 4147. ... Some of Bach's gayest glee is under SERGE KOUSEVITSKY'S vigorous baton! (Suite No. 1 and No. 4 in D, 78 rpm, four inch records; MM 817, MM 819, MM 820; 45 rpm, DM 1307; Capitol records are out with their Telefunen masters: There's the BERLIN PHILHARMONIC on "Haydn's Surprise Symphony," "Sibelius Symphony No. 1" by the RADIO SYMPHONY OF STOCKHOLM and some excerpts from Strauss operas by ERNA SACK with the German Opera House Orch.—all on either 12 inch shell-

oula or 45 rpm ... ANDRE KOSTAL-
-NETZ has a fresh sound in "Browns" on Columbia 78s or MM 818 or ML 2656. Just so you'll be up on your classics ...
HOT!!

"For Dancers Only—Jimmy Lunceford Orch."—Wow and triple wow! Here’s that precious album by one of the most exciting bands of my time and your time at last! Listen to Lou Levy on piano, Stan Getz and Zoot Sims on tenor, Terry Gibbs on vibes, Bill Harris on trombone and Ernie Royal on trumpet. There’s an excitement about Woody’s gang that has you eating with your fingers. And if you want another example of Ralph Burns’ genius as a composer just dig the flip, “Early Autumn.” Slow, moving and beautiful. What a talent—that Burns! (Capitol)

Stan Kenton—“Ecuador” and “Journey To Brazil”—an exciting brace of Latin influenced deals with the Afro-Cuban feeling that prevails on most of the long Leanser’s slabs. Laurindo Almeida’s guitar is spotlighted on “Journey” and Kai Winling’s trombone and Vido Musso’s tenor get workouts on “Ecuador.” Hope Stan’s reorganized by the time you read this. How can he be happy out of music we don’t dig. (Capitol)

George Shearing—“September In The Rain” and “Bop, Look And Listen”—Yeah, this is Shearing you’ll be hearing more and more of—a blind English boy who’s been turning the concrete jungle upside down. Tho’ he’s never seen the instrument, his elegance and flowing excitement and beautiful taste just leave you breathless. It’s saving his record—

they’ll be collector’s items some day. Margie Hyams is on vibes, Chuck Wayne, guitar, Denzil Best, drums, and John Levy, bass. A brilliant artist! (MGM)

ALSO GROOVY!

FLIP PHILLIPS’ amalgamation of that torrid tenor with the amazing rhythm, MACHITO, and his Afro-Cuban gang, on “Caravan” and “Flying Home.” A warm storm! (Mercury) GENE KRUPE’S “Dear Old Southland”—smart jumperoo with fine trombone and all. (Columbia) CHARLEY WILSON’S “Barney Google”—in C.V.’s catchy bop style with Charley himself boppin’ on tondails. Also his matchless tenor on “Smoke Gets In Your Eyes” on the back with oddles of artistic variations and a modern flavor you’ll savor. (Telarc) ELLIOTT LAURENCE’s “Elevation”—great, swinging big band deal of Gerry Mulligan’s bop classic. Bop as it should be bopped! (Columbia)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY!

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"After all, you have to consider he is just as anxious to know how he's going over with you as you are to know of his rating of you. A compliment at least shows you have noticed his appearance and also proves you have an interest in him."

Right here, Ann brought up the problems that accompany a first date. What to do... what to say... how to act?

"The initial step on your date debut with a new fellow doesn't begin at the beauty parlor or dress salon. First, you must begin within yourself—and I do mean build up your self-confidence.

"Disarm those shy, shrinking violet thoughts. He asked you for a date, and you've accepted. He asked you because he was attracted to you and because he likes you. Be positive and you immediately relax.

"Once you have yourself under control, everything else falls into a pattern. You make an effort to find out some of your escort's interests. You help to explode the 'what to talk about' bugaboo by simply getting him to talk about himself. From his viewpoint, you then have picked a more interesting topic.

"If you have tried out what I've said up until now, you have already graduated to my next suggestion—be a good listener.

"Have you ever noticed how people will greet you with a big 'how are you?'—and then never wait to hear your reply?

"I once heard a woman ask, 'How are you?' and the man reply, 'Not so well.' That's just fine,' came back her reply. She hadn't even been listening to what he said.

"Many people don't pay any attention to their companion's conversation. On a date—and for that matter at all times—you should be courteous and alert to what's being said.

"Listening, like anything else, has to be cultivated. The girl who is an attentive audience for her date is the girl you'll see him with most often.

"A woman should also heed George Washington's lead and be truthul and honest.

"If you can't do something, don't be afraid to admit you don't know how. But quickly add that you are eager to learn."

We happen to know Ann has followed this advice herself. One Winter she and the Ray Millands went to Sun Valley for a vacation. While there, she received invitations to spend a day skiing. She frankly confessed she had never been on skis, but would like to try it. She has since mastered the sport and also added many new friends, who are skiers.

Ann is now not only a terrific skier, but she (along with Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer and other noted sports folks) is on the Sun Valley Ski School's Board of Directors.

Ann firmly believes you should make an effort to expand your interests. Not only do you have more fun that way, but you meet a host of new people.

You can't be an Alice-at-by-the-fire and expect your Prince Charming to find you.

You should get out and circulate with people. Meeting others helps develop your values of judging. Maybe you think you've found your one and only, but you've got to have a basis of comparison.

"If you've developed a variety of interests—be it in sports, books, records, etc.—it often provides you with a springboard to dive into a date. It gives you something to talk about."

"Here, I would like to be sure one point is clear. You shall let the man do most of the talking, but don't be afraid to add your part.

"If he asks your ideas or suggestions on something, don't just sit there. After all a man could spend an evening talking to a wall. Go ahead and offer your advice in an entertaining and intelligent fashion."

"You should always try to be considerate and helpful. Of course," Ann cautioned, "don't get to be such a counselor that you try to remake the fellow."

"One of the greatest fallacies is this recurring mistake. Whatever attracted you to him is still there. So why try to change him? You should stick to what attracted you in the first place and leave the re-modeling job alone.

"I hope I haven't given the impression that a girl should think her escort is Superman and just sit and agree with everything he says and does.

"Don't get him wrong, a willy-nilly without any definition in her head shouldn't be any girl's standard. You've got to have definite opinions, and a certain amount of self-reliance to win your date's respect."

Ann's self-guided movie career offers proof positive that you should have definite standards.

When Ann first started in films, she debuted in a series of light comedies. But Ann is a born rebel, she doesn't just accept the easy way out, but stands up for what she feels are her best interests.

She bowed out of the comedies and waited one year for a dramatic role. It offered her. This was the film, "Thaw," in which she drew critics' raves for her portrayal of a lady drunk.

Her Maise roles made a mint for MGM. Ann believes that Maisie was accepted by everyone, since beneath her flirty, flamboyant exterior, she had a heart of gold.

Ann played in the series on film and in radio, but stopped when the movies were enjoying their greatest success. She had a theory that when audiences grew tired of Maisie, it would be difficult for them to accept her in other type roles.

So Ann launched forth on a variety..."
schedule. She was a song and dance girl in "April Showers" and in "Words And Music," the third member of a sophisticated triangle in "The Judge Steps Out," a career-wife in "Letter To Three Wives" and a murderess in "Death In The Dail House." She soon begins "Nancy Goes To Rio" in which she will be teamed with Jane Powell and then goes to RKO for a song-writer characterization.

All of which gives fuel to Ann's ideas to be positive and have definite opinions of "Do I go overboard on a self-reliant attitude," Ann continued. "Let him admire you for your intelligence—but first let him admire you because you're a woman.

"A little competition is stimulating, but to top your escort in any field is disastrous. Always let him win. Never be better than he is. No matter what you're doing—if it's only a game of tennis—let him win.

"Men feel they're stronger (which they are), more intelligent (which is a point for debate) than women, so they conclude they should definitely assume the leadership.

"A woman's viewpoint is best explained through a saying: 'He—Man is the tree; from the root.' Behind every successful male is a female.

"But men are only human. They probably since the time of Adam, are still attracted first, last and always by a girl who dresses, acts and IS completely feminine.

And that completes the Sothern course on how to attract your Prince Charm-

There's only one thing that remains to be done. An American general put it quite concisely when he signaled his re-
cruits to: "Go get 'em!"

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No More Kidding Around

Continued from page 41

desire for a Hollywood career, "that I didn't give Hollywood too much thought. When I wasn't in a show I'd be dashing over to Radio City Music Hall to work as a Reellette. I wasn't unaware that Hollywood existed before because each show I did I'd get letters from studios asking me to come out for a test. But I decided I'd wait until I could come here without having to make one. I guess I have had pictures in mind, though; because I was always aiming for something higher.

"It was 'Connecticut Yankee' that brought me to the coast. Previous to this production, Richard Rodgers had told me when I was doing a part in his show, 'By Jupiter,' that some day he would produce a show and give me a choice spot in it. Well, he gave me that chance in 'Connecticut Yankee.' I was quite happy that a picture that really got me started on a solid career in Hollywood was 'Words And Music,' based on the lives of Rodgers and Hart, and in which Gene Kelly and I did the dance, 'Slaugh-
ter On Tenth Avenue.'

"I got to be good to 'Yankee.' When the show opened on the road in Phila-
delphia, several scouts there wanted to sign me up—but again on the condition that I take a screen test. Dick Rodgers advised me to wait until I got to New York. The same thing happened there. And again I refused to come to the coast without having to take a test. I wanted a studio to have enough confi-
dence in me to want me without that requirement. It was Samuel Goldwyn who was the first to agree to my terms. Incidentally, I still haven't made a test—so I've done seven pictures.

"The credits are long as far as pictures were concerned." Vera went on, "was to be as versatile an actress as I could and to do as much dancing as possible. I didn't have any illusions that I'd leap to stardom overnight. My whole career had been run too gradu-
ally to set me off on that tangent. After all, I'd never really been trained for a spectacular career. When I was a little girl I liked to dance, but my parents wouldn't let me accept any money for dancing. I went to New York from my home in Cincinnati because I liked the work and hoped to get a break. My first job was a three line bit in a chorus. From that I was lucky enough to go into such plays as 'Very Warm For May,' 'Higher And Higher,' 'Panama Hattie,' and the other two just mentioned. In between I did night club shows.

"So the only plan I had when I came to Hollywood was to stay on long enough to get the best treatment some day; to have my own makeup man and hairdresser, to get out of the second lead class—and to do good work. 'On The Town' is some progress anyway. I finally have the love song—"Many things surprised me about Hollywood, mainly the detailed prepara-
tion spent on a scene that goes by in a flash on the screen. And I was amazed by the way a dance is set. First the routine is rehearsed in a hall, the music is arranged, the number is recorded, and then you shoot the whole thing—in short sequences—without taps on your shoes while the music is played to you on a playback via earphones. It was very hard for me to get used to this system, especially when it came to the performance of it. I found it difficult to sustain the tempo of a dance in this way.

"Life in Hollywood wasn't without its problems, too. I had brought Mother with me and we'd taken everything we owned along with us. First of all, we didn't want to buy a house because I was afraid my name might not be taken up. Apartments were hard to find, so our early days were spent searching for a place to live and then having to move for various reasons. We never seemed to be able to settle down. We also had no place for our belongings so we had

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Callouses

to store them at the studio. To make matters worse, I had no car—which was all right because I couldn't drive anyway. I thought the studio would send a car for me in the morning and take me to class, but they wanted to charge me some fabulous price, so I told them I'd take a bus—and I did. Finally got a car—and then I had to learn to drive.

We moved about five times before we finally got the place we have now. This is the first time I've had a room of my own since I left Cincinnati. Everything is perfect these days. My father has joined us and he spends his time taking care of the garden while Mother does the work in the house. The house is small but she wants a big place because I don't want anything to tie me down. I like to be able to pick up and leave when I want to.

“But for the time being, I'm quite the homebody. I intend to have a swimming pool and I love to swim. There is even a rural touch to my life now since I was given a white rabbit for Easter. The rabbit is very cute, even though it did proceed to eat up my garden. I've always liked pets. When I came here I had a Pomeranian dog and a white canary that had traveled with me on the road all the time. They stood the rigors of that kind of life but couldn't take Hollywood. They died shortly after I came here.”

While things are looking up for Vera now, such was not the case. She was idle long after she made "Carnival In Costa Rica." In fact, she did nothing until she made "Words And Music." It was no easy job to be patient and not pack up and go to New York.

"During that long dry spell, I spent my time going to UCLA in the summer where I studied public speaking, typing and shorthand. I did have offers for pictures but I turned them down because I didn't think they were right for me. I had set a precedent of appearing in authentic and not always the cute up to date and I didn't want to settle for second best."

"To help fill the time, too, I took trips. I think I've covered Southern California from top to bottom. And I also appeared in The Highland Fling in Laguna during the Summer stock season there—just to show that I could act as well as dance."

"There was one time when I almost returned to Broadway. I'd been offered the lead in the revival of 'Sally.' It was a great part and a fine chance to dance and sing and do some acting, but I couldn't make up my mind. I carried the script around with me for three weeks. I was afraid to leave Hollywood, though, because I thought if I were away from pictures too long I'd lose out entirely by myself. I was more than well enough to take such a chance. But rather than do anything mediocere here I would have gone back. Just after I turned down 'Sally,' I was offered the MGM contract and 'Words And Music.'"

Vera's debut at MGM wasn't entirely an accident. Arthur Freed, prominent producer, had wanted her, but was not in the lot for some time and so had Gene Kelly. They knew they had been right about her when they saw her work in "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue."

"Now, in 'On The Town,' I have four numbers to do and play a real acting role," Vera commented, "and there's a good chance that my next picture will be with Fred Astaire. That will be a real challenge."

Vera doesn't regard Hollywood as a hard place to live in—but she does think it takes the most one has to keep on top.

"There's more pressure on you in Hollywood than in New York," she said. "On Broadway you do your performance every night and that's it. Here you have to get up at five in the morning—which is tough on me—in order to get ready in time at the studio. Then you have to rehearse, do your scenes, and get home late where you have a relaxing dinner and start studying until bedtime. There's no let-up. There's so much furniture, rugs, and makeup and hair all day on the set. That's plausible, I guess, since the camera is on you—if you're lucky enough to get a close-up. On the stage your audience is at least twenty-five feet and above.

"You do get a chance to live more here, although life itself is as uncertain in Hollywood as in New York. You can really enjoy yourself between pictures. But this town is not noted for the security it offers. There's nothing too secure, however, in show business any place. I've discovered that an actress has to make her own security. My motto is to do the best I know how—and then I believe there'll be a place for me. And I still maintain that in addition to a courageous effort, a girl's best security is to keep a good figure and to watch her appearance."

This may sound as though Vera is just a career girl—period. Well, that's about the story for now. Romance has entered her life but not in any terrific state. She simply hasn't had the time for love dates. She does rendezvous with her ex-boy friends, though, and she has even rented her present house from Rory Calliou whom she used to date.

"Gene Kelly has kept me so busy in 'On The Town' that I've been too tired to go out," Vera confessed. "Sometimes I make dates for almost every other night in the week, but I usually cancel them because by the time I get home I'm too exhausted to get dressed to go out. I was going rather steadily with a few fellows but was finding it hard to keep up with my engagements. They settled the problem for me. One had to go out of town for awhile and the other was sent to Japan."

I can state categorically, however, that there is no chance of my finding my life now. But that doesn't mean I don't like men. I do. They're very much all right. I'm just in no hurry to fall in love.

"While marriage isn't in my immediate plans for the future, I do have things I want to do. I want to learn to play the piano since my father is a
good pianist, I want to take up foreign languages, and I want to drive across the country in a car. That I must do. Nothing shatteringly different, I admit, but all important to me. One thing sure—I'll never let myself become bored."

That's Vera-Ellen today. Look for her to rise to the top in a hurry. The false starts, the delays, the frustrations are a thing of the past. Vera is on her way!

Pet Economies

Continued from page 43

Maggie's or Ticlaubon's and select a garment from the racks.

It's not as easy as that. First, she has to chat with her business agent and tell him what she had in mind. If the gentleman feels that it's rank extravagance to purchase a new coat, he tells her so, and in well chosen words backed with money-figures to prove what he's talking about. And, in most cases, the star has those words.

Business management firms, such as the Business Administration Company and the Beverly Management Company, have a staff of expert auditors and accountants who guard the star's money. They make out the best lease, obtain the fairest rental, calculate contracts to see there are no loopholes, deposit salary checks and take care of taxes and insurance.

Most stars, by the way, live on a budget. They couldn't get along if they didn't, especially when Uncle Sam takes that huge tax bite out of them. It isn't true that big-salaried film players rarely know the value of money; it's simply that in the long run they save money when their experts handle their finances for them.

Some agents go to extremes with arrangements whereby their clients are allowed to implement of spending money each week. Naturally, this sum is theirs to use as they please, since it is over and above any household, clothing, photographic, or entertainment costs. Jack Carson gets $35 a week, for example, while Marilyn Maxwell is permitted to squander the tidy sum of $80!

So it's only human nature for the film personalities to have their own little economies, which have gotten to be established habits. Clark Gable never throws away a shirt with a frayed collar, because he can tell a lot of rags when he works on his two cars. He's an inveterate tinkerer, and it's not unusual for him to take the motors wide-apart twice a month.

Bette Davis and Irene Dunne are soap-savers; Bette takes the slivers, moistens them, and presses them together into a huge cake for use in the shower. Irene, on the other hand, cuts up the slivers into soap-flakes, which she uses when she washes stockings or lingerie. Doris Day saves her pin-money by washing her own hair and doing her nails. Then, she saves some from the telephone bill, because she abhors making calls.

Ray Milland is what you might call a "saving sentimentalist," because he keeps pairs of shoes for as long as 15 to 20 years, and has them repaired constantly. In addition to the saving, he can't part with his brogans because each pair recalls a pleasant memory for him.

Joan Bennett is an avid light turner-out and even has been known to call the maid after she has gone out for the evening to be sure that she has turned off the lights in her dressing and bathroom. Greer Garson saves cuttings from the plants in her garden, and carefully places them in earth-filled flats in a small greenhouse hidden under a huge chimp tree. When they're ready for transplanting, she gets out her travel and goes to work.

Montgomery Clift always buys a dozen pairs of the same color socks and throws them into a drawer without regard to pairs. Then, as one develops a hole, he discards it, and matches the remaining good sock with a new one. He even admits that now and then he gets out a needle and darns the hole that usually develops in the toe!

Jane Wyman takes her old scripts and cuts them up into pads approximately 4x6 inches. Then she turns them over for use on the blank side. She says they're wonderful for scribbling telephone messages, also for laundry lists.

The fact that Susan Hayward recently won the title of 'The Most Beautiful Girl In The World' from the American Beauticians' Congress proves that her economy has paid off, since she does all her own cosmetic chores. She even applies one of the home permanents when she isn't working on a picture.

Gail Russell always balks at putting out her money for stockings, so she takes elaborate precautions to tan her legs so she won't have to wear any. Guy Madison combines comfort with economy, because his favorite clothes are some left-over Navy tee-shirts and faded jeans. He dresses up only when he absolutely must!

The economy of comedy Barbara Bel Geddes is a hangover from childhood days. She says she has always been fascinated with rubber bands and saves all time money; she can put her hands on. She even switched her newspaper subscription from a daily which was tied with a string to one which came neatly folded and held together with a rubber band.

Ida Lupino is a bear for bathing suit and playsuit combinations, and she always buys these with an eye to possible combinations with items she already possesses. Often she wears a 1941 halter with a 1949 pair of shorts, or vice versa. And, she says she wouldn't think of getting out of the low-price range when she makes her purchases.

Robert Taylor dotes on cigarette lighters, and always shops for the cheapest possible buys. When they go haywire, he repairs them himself. Barbara Stanwyck can't discard nylons which have runs, and sends them down to have them repaired regularly. She thinks this is a throwback to her chorus girl days when her most precious possession was two pairs of hard-to-get stockings.
Zachary Scott is one of the legion of string savers, and his pretty wife says he has a stock big enough to start a store. Jane Powell stores away empty gift boxes, ribbons and pretty wrapping paper to use the following Yuletide season. She irons out all the wrinkles. Jane Greer saves all her old clothes and tries to remodel them herself. Recently she bought an old sewing machine, and has been sewing down evening gowns into cocktail skirts. Once she tried to do things with an ermine wrap that was beginning to show its age, but the result was disastrous.

Jimmy Stewart combines two economies in one. His schedule is usually so heavy that he finds little space-time for a haircut, so he discovered that thinning shears are fine for those stray edges of hair that give one what the writers call the "fuzzy-wuzzy" coiffure.

Jennifer Jones saves material for rag rugs, and Virginia Mayo is a candy-box preserver. She refills them with goodies, and distributes them to children on her frequent visits to local orphanages. Marilyn Maxwell is dutiful about the way she matches odds and ends of stationery, and it's not unusual for her friends to get letters written on blank paper but inserted in a brown envelope.

Among the newcomers, pet economies are a practical necessity. Patricia Neal, who'll soon be seen in "The Hasty Heart" with Ronald Reagan, saves buttons and costume accessories. She's still in the throes of getting topper for her first complete wardrobe, and these acquisitions come in very handy.

Joan Crawford saves all the cast-off toys and books which belonged to her two older youngsters, Christopher and Christina, for use by the two babies, Cynthia and Cathy. Christopher repairs the toys if they need it and Cathy is an expert with the paste pot when it comes to putting together torn pages. Furthermore, Joan doesn't believe in spoiling children and they receive the same sort of gifts and allowances as children in average American homes.

Gary Cooper likes to think that he saves gasoline by coasting down long hills or mountain trails, and Jean Hersholt follows his Dr. Christian characteristics by saving pencil stubs and inserting them into one of those brass holders we've all had in our pencil boxes at school. Brian Donlevy remodels old furniture, and builds chairs and tables out of barrels. They shape up right handsomely, too.

Bette Davis is a perfume-bottle saver, and keeps them on shelves in her dressing room. She's also a bug about hobby-pins and once even got up from a formal dinner party at her home to pick up a pin she saw lying on the floor across the room! Dorothy Lamour saves lipstick tubes, compresses them in a jar, and then uses the colorful paste as a rouge-pot.

Eve Arden redecorates her house periodically, but always saves discarded draperies, spreads, and what have you for the time when she will want those same things for a new color scheme. She collects antiques, which she considers an economy because they're a good investment. Eventually she puts them on sale at an excellent profit.

Jeanette MacDonald and Dale Evans are both economists in the hat department. They redecorate their own chapeaux, and Jeanette admits that her favorite has just undergone its seventh rejuvenation. Roy Rogers keeps an eagle eye on anything that might come in handy in his stables, and Vera Ralston is an expert for new coupons after the evening's meal. She's tops in revamping meat dishes.

One of the other economies, as you can see, results in a saving that leaves a few extra coins to jingle now and then. Some, of course, provide substantial revenue, while others offer mainly mental satisfaction. If you feel you're cutting corners by saving strings and rubber bands, the lift you get is worth the extra time it may take.

However, if you should happen to see Katharine Hepburn driving around town in a battered 1941 convertible, don't feel sorry for her because you think her business agent is a stingy man. If you've ever driven in Los Angeles traffic you'll know just exactly how wise she is because if you have dented fenders on an old car you don't particularly care.

But if you're wheeling around town in a shiny new dream and some jerk neatly severs the radiator grill from the car body you feel impelled to rush right down to the garage and have it repaired. When it's a jally, you don't give it a second thought, and that kind of thinking saves you—and Hepburn—a neat chunk of dough!

**Give A Thought To Color**

Continued from page 47

make a blonde look like a marshmallow. For the blonde girl's suit this Fall, I'd suggest a combination of medium and oxford gray, or two tones of gray men's-wear flannel. If she can afford good red alligator or kid shoes, she would be smart with the gray suit. If she can't she should wear black shoes, a bright red bag and gloves... and a gray hat with rugged trimming... The Fair Haired One looks smartest in a black cocktail dress. It could have a touch of jet beading, or she could wear ropes of pearls with it. She should keep the dress very simple and for material, consider bengaline, or jacquad slipper satin. Any girl who is tall and thin can also wear draped silk jersey. Sheer wool
is another good material for cocktail dresses this Fall and Winter. They can't be detected from silk and they don't wrinkle. Now for a coat to go with these things. In cloth, I'd like to see her wear black, Oxford gray or huckleberry. In fur, gray Krimmer or black American broadtail would be good.

**Don't Be Monotonous**, so for some spice in the blonde girl's wardrobe, I'd have a wool dress in a snappy black and white shepherd check and a colored suede jacket. Or, I'd wear a wool dress with a matching hat, and black or brown accessories.

*The Girl With The Light Brown Hair* should use a different color scheme in her Fall wardrobe. A suit in a metallic looking copper tone would be wonderful. That color runs in a wide range, from burnt orange down to bronze. With it she should wear a hat of the same color, or a lighter tone, and black accessories. Her cloth topcoat would be the same color as the suit, or black. Unless a girl is taller she shouldn't wear a belted coat over a suit. Let it have a little swing, but less flair than last season. Beaver is a beautiful fur for a girl with light brown hair. However it's rather expensive, and sheared raccoon looks much like it, for much less money. Sheared lamb, dyed brown, is another effective and inexpensive fur.

**Her Cocktail Dress** could be dull green satin with bronze undertones. Select one with a full skirt and wear it about twelve inches from the floor. Pushed up, three-quarter sleeves are also good for Fall. With that dress I'd wear good jewelry and either black or brown accessories. I don't think it's wise to have shoes dyed to match one dress, if the budget is limited. There are more important ways to spend that money. A draped jersey or felt hat in the same shade of green would be Smart. But the felt hat with cut gold beads for sparkle.

**Her Winter Wool** could be Skipper blue, a warm color that is lighter than navy. Let it have a moderately full skirt. I don't go for the pencil skim skirt. It's very impractical, especially for business. And have you ever noticed how awkwardly women walk in them? With that blue wool dress, I'd wear a darker blue hat, navy shoes and bag, and white gloves. The copper-colored coat or the brown fur would be stunning with this blue wool dress.

*Sometimes It's Sensational* to wear an evening gown that matches the color of your hair. In "Everybody Does It," Celeste Holm has a gold lame gown that brings out the gold of her hair. Champagne is another striking color for the blonde girl. White, however, is just about the loveliest thing she can wear for evening. The girl with very dark hair looks best in a bright colored evening dress, or one of metal cloth with a silver tone. And if yours is the light brown hair, I'd suggest a Fall and Winter evening gown of dark print sprinkled with sequins.

In A Class By Herself is the girl with red or auburn hair. She should stay with the subdued, rather than the vibrant colors. She looks best in beige, light gray or black. If she yearns for some color, she can wear a mossy green or a gray blue.

**Do You Want To Look Different** from everyone else at the cocktail parties this Winter? Find yourself a pastel wool dress and wear it with a tiny feather hat of the same color. Any dark fur coat with orange and yellow accents with a light color dressed. And if you seek a different look in an every day way this Winter, try a heavy white topcoat. It's good for any color worn beneath it. Don't overlook the effectiveness of white in the Winter. A white felt hat and gloves are stunning with black, brown or navy blue wool dresses or suits.

**And Did You Know** there's much more to color than meets the eye? Learned scientists have written books on its psychological value. They agree that people with vivid personalities should go all out for gay, bright colors. They also claim that people who think they can't wear anything but gray, beige or black, have a certain shyness, a withdrawal, a bit of a fear complex.

**There's No Doubt About It**, red is exciting. Yellow is gay, seen and blue are relaxing for the spirit. White can be as stimulating as red, and turquoise blue is dazzling with black. Everyone reacts to color, especially the person who wears it. Some people feel light hearted in white or yellow. Others may find that only red brings them a light color gay young souls find they need black to give them a dignified feeling for business.

**There's A World Of Pleasure** in color. Learn to enjoy it by wearing it. If you're the cautious type and want to experiment first... start with touches of bright color on your neutrals or black. Pin a big yellow flower on a dark green dress. Try a pink satin blouse with a deep red suit... a light blue scarf with a royal blue wool dress.

**Make A Note Of It** when someone says sincerely, "You look wonderful." You're most likely to hear those pleasant words when you come home from a vacation, or after you've had four good nights of sleep in a row. But vacations come once a year and few people seem to find enough time for enough sleep. The odds are against your chances of bearing that compliment, if you work too hard or play too hard. That's when you need color... the right color... to help you. A touch of pink or white at your neck will make your skin look fresher. If a dusty rose is the only color that puts a glow in your face, wear it, even if the weather looks blue. If you find your face is blue, you're missing a bet if you don't find the exact shade of blue that will make them bluer and brighter. All color is for pleasure and for beauty... so why not take the time to test new colors and take them into your life?
as it really is... without embroidered organza or cheesy souffle.

If I were to go to the altar under present circumstances, I'd arrive forty minutes tardy because of a last-minute studio call, my hair in a hассel, my quivering frame encased in a T-shirt, blue jeans, and casual oxfords and I'd be clenching Sean under my arm.

Sean is my dog, half Kerry Blue and half Hungarian Puli, and his personality is as complex as his genealogy. Although he looks like something left over after a cyclone had maltreated a shag rug, I love him with a profound passion. My first rule for a husband would be: Love me, love my dog.

Knowing Sean as I do, I must admit that this would be very tough for a husband to take.

Our honeymoon would be over the instant the studio called me back for retakes. I simply wouldn't be impossible for me to make marriage a full-time job, because my motion picture job is currently taking up about twenty-eight hours per day. (My watch runs fast or I'd never make it.)

Even if actresses work hard—no actress lets anyone forget it, and I certainly don't intend to fracture custom—but few people realize how jam-packed every waking hour can be.

I roll out at six, struggle to the kitchen in curlers (a sight no defenseless man should see) and brew myself a cup of coffee, as an univilized tribe until I have had my coffee.

Having acquired what is laughingly known as my customary morning good humor, I roar to the studio and present myself, disheveled in T-shirt and jeans, to the makeup department. No one knows how I do it (me, least of all) but I always turn up on time. I'm, in theory, a stickler for punctuality. Who steals my time steals a bit of my life, so I refuse to steal even a second of another person's life... unless the delay is unavoidable. You can imagine how this insistence upon a schedule would affect a husband who never knew precisely when he would be able to reach home. Particularly since I might not be able to adhere to my timely intentions.

Nearly every girl I know is a good cook; this, I consider a positive pre-requisite to marriage. As for me, I have three specialties: I produce a terrific French fried potato. I can break an egg and mangle it in a skillet so that it passes as a scrambled item, and I can brew excellent coffee from an old Roman recipe.

Every sensible person knows that it requires time to study cook books, patience to experiment, and leisure to practice in order to become a good cook. By my own rule that a man has a right to expect delicious food, attractively served, I'm eliminated from being anybody's darling unless his home comes equipped with a built-in cook. How would it sound to answer a tender proposal thus:

"Yes, John, I adore you and I will marry you if you can afford a full-time maid."

Even at this distance I can hear the lad running for the nearest exit.

It is just as well that he left in such a hurry, because—had he stayed—there would have come a night about six weeks later when domestic malice would have broken out, rampant. I would have come home from the studio, exhausted. He would have greeted me at the door with the cheery announcement, "Mother has invited us over for dinner on the spur of the moment. She wants you to meet her dearest friend, Mrs. What'sis from Mercury Falls."

When I broke into tears and cried, "Tonight I couldn't even answer the telephone if Stop The Music called," John would have taken the next plane to Reno... with Mrs. What'sis, no doubt.

As for prettying up to impress my husband's friends and family with my feminine desirability, it wouldn't work. I'm the tweed kid. My current wardrobe consists entirely of suits. Suits for street wear, suits for dress wear, and suits (satins) for evening wear. I don't like lace and furbelows; I do like the trim-as-a-sail appearance which puts men on their guard. An appearance of sleek competence is a quarantin sign against romance.

As if I haven't mentioned handicaps enough, I might as well drag out several other anti-romance facts about myself. I'm impulsive. When I'm not working I like to arise at six, as usual, and drive to the beach; there I like to sit for hours and stare at the sea dancing a gavotte. Or I like to hike to the top of one of Hollywood's hills. Sean at my heels, and muse for hours at the misty panorama stretched out below.

I have telephonitis. I have been known to yakkity for an hour, or until someone has had the operator interrupt the conversation on an emergency basis. I'm ashamed to admit that on a party line, so you can imagine how eager my fine-mates are to send me a little A-bomb.

I can't endure the sound of a typewriter, it grates on my nerves like fingernails over blackboard. I don't like mechanical people who live their lives in pigeon holes and ledgers. I am resentful of being questioned by anyone about where I have been, where I am going, or with whom I have had luncheon.

I don't believe in love at first sight, and I am suspicious of a man who hands me a heavy line. I'm also leery of lavish gifts. I understand the gift of a single rose, but like a suspicious deer at sight of a diamond bracelet. (This is a joke, of course. Who would be afraid of a diamond bracelet? Answer: me.)

I play pretty fair tennis; during my high-school days I won the prettiest woman's singles at Forest Hills. I realize that, according to experts, one sure way to appeal to a man is to let him
conquer you on the tennis court, on the golf green, or at the bridge table—particularly if he views himself as an authority.

I've never been able to throw a game. I have quite as much will to win as the average man has, so it will never be possible for me to slough a match. I'll win if I can, male ego be hanged.

However, I think I'm good enough sport so that if I met a man who could trim me honestly, I would ask him to give me lessons and I'd admire him to the point of losing a love set to him.

But I am anything but anxious to learn to learn, learn, learn. So far I have made four pictures, and I am working in my fifth. "Cedarpines" was followed by "Champion," then "The Window" and "Barriecade." At present I'm delighted to be working in "Beyond the Forest" with Bette Davis, because she is master of her medium. She has forgotten more than many actresses have ever known, and I feel that she can teach me a great deal.

I have heard it said that men are frightened away by ambitious women. That's too bad, but it would be worse for me to pretend, for the sake of romance, that I'm a chignon magnolia of a girl when I'm steel springs in blue denim. What am I saying! I am scaring me to death. I must have some love-attracting attributes. Let me think.

Well, no man would have to worry about my budget-balancing ability. When I was a drama student in New York, I lived on twenty-five dollars a week, and saved a bit now and then. Naturally, I crashed no best-dressed lists, but no one passed me a handout either.

I like to think that my enormous liking for people is an admirable quality, but a husband might not agree. I like all sorts of people, all sizes, shapes, ages, colors, creeds, and states of grace. I talk to everyone, and I learn from everyone. It would be almost impossible for me to be bored because as long as I am with human beings I am interested, and when I am alone I read; reading is merely being in the verbal, rather than the physical, presence of another person.

I come to think of it, I do have two intensely feminine traits: I love perfume of all kinds, carry a vial in my purse, dab it on all during the day, feel luxurious when I catch the ghost of an exquisite scent. Item two: When I go out on a date, I like to have the man decide where we are going. I admire the lad who is acquainted with a number of quaint restaurants where food and atmosphere are both unique.

And so, moving in an aura of my favorite fragrance of the moment, I glory in that clinging-vine experience of entering a candle-light club on the arm of a stalwart escort.

Yet, all things considered, I must admit the obstacles preventing me from becoming an object of someone's affections are almost unsurmountable. I have to face it: a man would be a fool to marry me.

Gee, I hope a fool, an ambitious, understanding, companionable, humorous fool, comes along before too many years go by!

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**Fourteen Day Reducing Diet**

Continued from page 18

| Tag cheese | 1 piece dry toast—whole-wheat or rye buttermilk |
| White bread, rolled | cauliflower lettuce and tomato salad tea with lemon |
| Fresh fruit cup |

**FRIDAY**

**Breakfast:** ½ grapefruit 2 eggs—boiled or poached black coffee or tea Melba toast—rye or whole-wheat Lunch: fresh fruit salad Melba toast—rye or whole-wheat buttermilk Dinner: plenty of steak celery, tomatoes, cucumber black coffee or tea fresh fruit cup

**SUNDAY**

**Breakfast:** ½ grapefruit 2 eggs—boiled or poached black coffee or tea Melba toast—rye or whole-wheat Lunch: 2 hamburger patties tomatoes grapefruit black coffee or tea Dinner: tomato juice chicken—broiled or roasted raw cabbage, green pepper, celery vegetable salad black coffee or tea grapefruit

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**Your Guide To Current Films**

Continued from page 14

Burt Lancaster has seen the jacket on a few occasions and still bears the grain. All this abuse began when Burt accidentally stumbles onto a natural rest of rough diamonds just a few inches underground. Burt doesn’t want them, but after Henreid tortures him to disclose the cache, Lancaster is determined to get them both even though they rightfully belong to the owner of the field, Claude Rains. Rains, unlike Henreid, tries a subtler form of finding out where the diamonds are. He hires Corinne to get the information from Burt. Everyone gets what they want—with certain interesting variations, and Henreid hangs up his blue jacket permanently.

Corn is prevalent and the impossible is always happening but if you resign yourself and relax, it can be lots of fun.

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**Johnny Allegro**

Columbia

GEORGE MACREADY is one of those peculiar intellectuals who turns his genius toward crime. Though he resides on an island off the coast of Florida, with only a few henchmen to keep him company, the T-men are hell that something’s going on which isn’t quite cricket. To find out just what this is, they latch onto George Raft, an ex-racketeer and escaped convict, currently engaged as a bookshop proprietor courting Nina Foch, who is their Number One lead. A phony killing is rigged up and Nina, thinking George killed to save her, takes him to the mainland. Macready is a cagy cooler, but Raft is easier and the traps they set for one another aren’t recommended as parlor tricks. Another twist is Macready’s penchant for hunting game with a bow and arrow—for, it’s enough to make one’s hair stand on end. As it happens, they hadn’t enough on his hands, he discovered that Nina’s connection with Macready is quite a bit more than merely a nodding acquaintance. How Raft deals with Macready and saves the USA from going bankrupt makes up the remainder of the picture. You might—if you’re given to such comments—say this is full of arrow escapes.

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**Red, Hot and Blue**

Paramount

NO ONE stands a chance against Betty Hutton, not even a gang of hefty gunmen and it’s a good thing she can take care of herself. A budding actress who will stop at nothing to get on the stage, Betty certainly gets herself deep in self-water. Her beau, Victor Mature, a serious-minded director of a little theatre group, has a rugged time of it trying to keep her out of harm’s way and on the straight and narrow. Even he is helpless, however, when she witnesses the bumping off of a racketeer and gets kidnapped by the
dead mobster’s gang who wanna know who kilt da boss? Incidentally, Frank Loesser, the composer, as Hair-Do Lempke, is terrific playing a music-loving gangster and Betty was never more violent and unrestrained—that final scene is a dilly. Full of Broadway talk and characters, the atmosphere and action have a habit of getting out of hand which confuses matters, but since it’s all in fun—why be picky?

Any Number Can Play

MGM

Because his father, Clark Gable, operates a gambling casino, young Darryl Hickman has an idea that Clark isn’t worth a good gosh-darn. He doesn’t bother to hide his feelings leaving Alexis Smith and Clark a miserable pair of parents. With a son like that, it’s no wonder Clark develops a heart condition and is ordered by his doctor to fade out of business if he doesn’t want Death moving in as crouper. Clark doesn’t tell his family and continues to work in order to take his mind off Darryl. Then, Alexis gets the bright idea that maybe if the bad boy Clark runs the casino, perhaps he’d understand his father better. Darryl is duly impressed when he watches Clark win a poker game honest and above board—aw, c’mon, kid, it happens lots of times. All that money piled up on the table in front of Clark is a natural temptation for a pair of gamblers and they heist the joint, but before they make a getaway the team of Clark and Darryl put an end to that nonsense. After the gamblers are dispatched, Clark proves himself in still another way to his son which only goes to show that sometimes dishonesty is the best policy. The cast, in addition to the stars, is excellent: Audrey Totter, Mary Astor, Frank Morgan, Wendell Corey and Lewis Stone.

The Big Steal

RKO

With authentic Mexican background, set in and around Tehuancan, Robert Mitchum should be very content taking in the scenery with a lovely couple, Jane Greer and Bob Steele. Instead, he’s hot on the trail of a $800,000 Army payroll. An Army lieutenant, Mitchum is robed of the payroll and Captain William Bendix accuses him of absconding with the funds. Before Bendix can snap the handcuffs on Mitchum, Bob has the captain flat on his back and while opportunity is with him, escapes. On the loose, he traces the missing payroll to Patric Knowles and the chase through Mexico starts with Knowles leading. The trail eventually ends at an isolated mountain ranch where Bob and Jane are captured which gives them a ringside seat at some veddy interesting happenings—They see the money turned over to an international crook, and the sudden appearance of the “brain” behind the robbery. Everything gets quite frantic because the “brain” is bent on wiping out the whole kit and kaboodle of witnesses, but Jane, stout girl, shows that she’s more than worthy of Bob’s affections. A well done mystery with plenty of action and suspense.

Gossip In The Lobby

Continued from page 10

Party Of The Month: When Adrian, the famous dress designer, and Janet Gaynor entertain, the unexpected is always—expected. Like the time their guest of honor was a snake charmer and her partner was a monkey. The night before, the Advanced Returned from an African Safari. They had gifts of native jewelry for some of those who were invited for dinner. But for very special friends, Adrian magnanimously presented shrunken human heads—about the size of a small orange! It seems it’s an old African custom.

"Watch what happens when we do the next scene," Bill Lundigan warned us, when we visited him on the set of “Pinkie.” "They don’t pay any attention to Jeanne Crain and me, because Fanny gets the star treatment!" Sure enough, they combed out Fanny’s silken locks. They sprayed her all over with perfume and practically carried her on the set. To relieve your suspense, gentle reader, Fanny is the most glamorous goat in Hollywood. She can laugh and cry and her eyelashes are longer than Marie Wilson’s!—

Long before you read this, Angela Lansbury will be Mrs. Peter Shaw. They’ll be married in the Bowe’s Church in London, where Angela’s father and grandfather worshipped as children. Upon their return to Hollywood, Peter automatically becomes a landlord. He designed and built a housing unit, which is traditionally married couples trying to get a start in life. The rent is reasonable, that is.

So help us, the cast and crew were close to tears the day they wound up production on “Come Be My Love.” Ann Blyth says that working for and with Robert Montgomery (he directed the picture, too) was the happiest experience of her career. When everyone got together and threw a farewell party, they presented Bob with a plastic egg on which each person had signed his name. Because he was such a “good egg”—in case you don’t catch on!

Yes, the Hollywood world is changing, too. There was a time when any star would have rebelled against a role like Claudette Colbert’s in “Three Came Home.” Missy C., however, was wise enough to realize that to be convincing, she must look like a prisoner in a Japanese concentration camp. Not only does she appear minus makeup, chic clothes and smart hairdo, that “best side” was also sacrificed for the camera. As a result, Claudette has never been better.

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It’s the simply delightful way of guarding against infectious dandruff which troubles so many women and raises hob with the scalp and the appearance of the hair. It’s the treatment that has helped so many.

At any moment the germs associated with this infection, particularly the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale), may be on your scalp threatening real trouble.

Don’t expect too much help from soap and water, or other hair washing preparations. They are not designed to be germicides... and germicidal action is called for when you have dandruff of the infectious type. So, it’s Listerine Antiseptic and massage for you, every time you wash your hair.

As it spreads over scalp and hair, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale) which so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

If Infectious Dandruff has Started.
If you have any evidence of persistent flakes, scales and itching get busy with Listerine Antiseptic and massage every day... twice a day is better.

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

Such prompt early treatment may head off a real case of trouble. Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatments brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

For more than 60 years the chief use of Listerine Antiseptic has been as an antiseptic mouthwash and gargle.

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Before any date always rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Against simple cases of bad breath of non-systemic origin it instantly sweetens and freshens the breath.
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You insert Tampax by means of individual patented applicators; your hands need not touch the Tampax.

You will find great daintiness in Tampax. No odor, no chafing—and it's only one-ninth the bulk of the external kind.

You can forget any fear of bulges or ridges under your clothing, for Tampax cannot show through. (Also, disposal is easy.)

You will welcome the downright comfort of Tampax—the sense of physical and mental relaxation it brings on "those discouraging days."

You will like the scientific character of Tampax—invented by a doctor and made of pure surgical absorbent cotton throughout.

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WITH
ETHEL BARRYMORE
KEENAN WYNN

J. CARROL NAISH • JULES MUNSHIN
THOMAS GOMEZ • MARJORIE REYNOLDS

and introducing
MARIO LANZA

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Here's how WARNER BROS. head yo

**THE ALL-HAPPINESS MUSICAL!**

**DENNIS MORGAN**

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**JACK CARSON**

NEW HIT! NEW HEIGHTS!

NEW HIT! NEW HEIGHTS!

JAMES CAGNEY IS RED HOT IN

**WHITE HEAT**

**VIRGINIA MAYO** with **EDMOND O'BRIEN**

**FRED CLARK** • Screen Play by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS
Suggested by a Story by Virginia Kellogg • Music by Max Steiner
DIRECTED BY RAOUl WALSH • LOUIS F. EDELMAN

And a Studioful of Guest Stars!

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**JOAN CRAWFORD**

**ERROL FLYNN**

**SYDNEY GREENSTREET**

**PATRICIA NEAL**

**ELEANOR PARKER**

**RONALD REAGAN**

**EDW. G. ROBINSON**

**JANE WYMAN**

**17 NEW SONG HITS!**

- "It's a Great Feeling"
- "Give Me a Song with a Beautiful Melody"
- "Fiddle Dee Dee"
- "At the Cafe Renard's"
- "That Was a Big Fat Lie"
- "There's Nothing Rougher Than Life"
- "Blame My Absent-Minded Heart"

**DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER**

**PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB**

Screen Play by JACK ROSE and MEL SHAVELSON
From a Story by J. A. L. Diamond • Music by JULE STYNE
Lyrics by SAMMY CAHN • Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf

**PRODUCED BY RAOUl WALSH • LOUIS F. EDELMAN**
ur theatre's parade of New Fall Hits!

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD WILL HAIL ITS GREATNESS!

GARY COOPER

Strange things keep happening to

INGRID BERGMAN
JOSEPH COTTON
MICHAEL WILDING

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
Under Capricorn
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

with
JANE WYATT - WAYNE MORRIS - WALTER BRENNAN

SCREEN PLAY by JAMES BRIDIE • Adaptation by Mame Corman • Based on the play by John Collier and Margaret Linden • From the novel by Helen Simpson

Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURE
Cobina Wright chatting with Ann Sheridan and her escort, Cesar Romero, at the Chinese Theatre opening of "You're My Everything," a 20th Century-Fox picture.

**WHILE** many Hollywood parties are given simply as show cases for stars and their satellites or for some superficial reason, it is really a treat to attend one which is given for a genuine heart-warming reason.

Of all the recent gala events I think the most pleasant and sincere was that which MGM's head, Louis B. Mayer, gave for his daughter, Irene Selznick.

Irene, of course, was formerly married to David O. Selznick, and the occasion for the party was the opening of her stage play, "Street Car Named Desire," in Los Angeles. This daughter of a famous producer and former wife of an equally well-known producer has become a producer herself and the success of her first venture is a matter of Broadway history.

Naturally, all the stars who knew Irene when she was just Mrs. Selznick wanted to see her and offer congratulations for her stage hit, so both at the theatre and party afterward, there was a brilliant attendance.

Irene's escort for the evening was Cary Grant, but the wagging tongues were all wrong, Cary's chief interest is still Betsy Drake, although he tells me that there are no matrimonial plans in the offing.

Another surprise couple was John Dall and Peggy Cummins, who seemed to be forgetting all about that handsome young business man she met in Italy. She only had eyes for John.

Clark Gable had the fans outside of the theatre cheering when he showed up with Ann Sothern and later I saw them dancing together very much cheek to cheek.

**DEBORAH KERR** and her husband. Tony Bartley, very much in love, were at the party and talking about their plans to return to England for a brief vacation and asking Eve Arden to come along with them. Barbara Bel Geddes was telling me that she was trying to persuade her father, the noted stage designer, Norman Bel Geddes, to stage "Hamlet" and let her play the melancholy Dane in tights!

Adrian and Janet Gaynor, just back from Africa, were filled with tales of their safari and experiences in the wild. I didn't believe it when Cesar Romero told me that the tiny Janet had shot a lion—until I found out that she had used a camera instead of a gun!

Irene, the guest of honor, looked radiant in a white bouffant gown and happier than I've seen her in a long time. However, it's the hit her play has made, and not romance. She says she has no time for any-
opened, there was Paulette, bewitching in a pearl grey brocade, with a handkerchief tied over her eyes just to prove that she was a "blind date!"

* * *

Paulette, incidentally, is going back to Mexico where she will make a picture for RKO's former president, Peter Rathvon, who is doing his first independent. I asked Paulette about writer John Steinbeck and she said it was all nonsense. However, I hear that there is a very important government official, in Mexico City, who has an eye for movie stars and who is paying La Goddard constant attention when she is south of the border.

**THE most unusual party of the month**

**ANN MILLER** gave a birthday celebration for her new romance, Bill Connor, and lots of the younger movie set arrived in the swank Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel to sing "Happy Birthday" to Bill.

In the crowd were Bobby Stack and Irene Wrightsman, who may take that bridal path any day now, Cleatus Caldwell, and her husband, Bob Hutton. Florence Marly with George Fisher, Vera-Ellen with Agent A. C. Lyles and Phil Reed, who was one of Ann's constant escorts, with a new French importation, Denise Darcel.

* * *

Ann was busy showing us a letter which she had just received from Linda Dower in Morocco. In it was a lock of hair, which Linda sent to show her Hollywood friends how the African desert sun had bleached it. She said that she and Ty were so happy over the prospect of the baby due to arrive in January, and that they were having a wonderful time, despite the early upsets of food and sandstorms which beset them when they first landed on the coast of North Africa.

* * *

"We are the guests of the Pasha here" (in Morocco), she wrote, "but I don't know how much longer we can take it. There are fifteen to eighteen courses with every meal and each one is more delicious than the preceding one. Ty and I are gorging

* * *

A NOTHER lavish opening was at Morcambe, when Desi Arnaz opened, and, of course, everyone who loves Lucille Ball and Desi turned out. Surprise of the evening was Clark Gable’s first date with Paulette Goddard and I think the story of how this combination came about is most amusing.

A mutual friend had asked Gable to come to the opening, but Clark said he wasn’t too fond of night clubs and besides, he didn’t have a date.

* * *

The friend told Clark that he knew just the girl. She was attractive, but new to Hollywood and didn’t know anyone. If Clark didn’t mind he was sure he could fix it up. So Clark called at the Shoreham Apartments and when the door opened, there was Paulette, bewitching in a pearl grey brocade, with a handkerchief tied over her eyes just to prove that she was a "blind date!"

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The Only Organization of its Kind

Little Albert Lasker is an enchanting playmate for his pretty mother, Jane Greer.

By the time you read this, Mark Stevens and 20th Century-Fox may have kissed each other a fond and fat farewell. There are those who will insist it’s because of Bill Lundigan. This is ridiculous. Mark just happened to ask for his release when Bill was given two top roles in “Pinky” and “Twelve O’Clock High.” Fabulous offers from other studios is the reason why Mark would like to be free to cash in on them. And we do mean—“cash!”

According to local scuttlebutt, the John Lunds are “expecting”—expecting to adopt a baby boy and girl. And now that he’s playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in “I Married A Dead Man,” John feels much better about his future. He just wants to forget about “Brute Of Vengeance,” the picture Ray Milland so wisely traded for a suspension. John, who has a wonderful sense of humor, refers to it as a “four-Airwick picture!”

Twice in his life Cesar Romero has been deeply in love. Both girls, according to “Butch,” “were very much like Ann Sheridan.” Now (how ironic can it be?) it’s Ann Sheridan whom he’s actually dating. They’ve been friends for years, but always before each was romancing someone else. Their paths crossed again when Ann went to work on the 20th Century-Fox lot in “I Was A Male War Bride.” Wouldn’t it be wonderful if they made it a permanent package deal?

Why Producers Have Ulcers Dept.: Five times they shot Maureen O’Hara’s dance in the harem scene for “Bagdad.” And every time the sound man complained about a buzzing noise that spoiled each “take.” They searched everywhere, they checked everything. Then suddenly Maureen leaped into the air. “It’s ME!” she squealed. And so it was. She had a bee in her angle-length bloomers!

Cobina Wright’s
PARTY GOSSIP

Camerman Milton Krasner and Claudette Colbert confer on “Three Came Home” set.

Even at the Terrace Court of the Waldorf Astoria, Clark Gable can’t duck phone calls.

Dan Duryea and his wife dress for dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria’s Starlight Roof.
To be kissed...tonight... 
as you've never been kissed before...Tangee

Lips aching to be kissed ...in a heart-stirring love scene 
starring
ANN DORAN 
AND
MILBURN STONE 
APPEARING IN 
"CALAMITY JANE 
AND SAM BASS" 
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR 
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Tangee KISSABLE TEXTURE
1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly,
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

Tangee KISS COLORS
TANGEE PINK QUEEN—A bright new pink...to make him think ...of kissing.
TANGEE RED-RED—Makes your lips redder than red...and ready to love. For brunettes especially.
TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—America's most dramatic shade—transforms your lips into a “feature attraction.”
TANGEE GAY-RED—Cold men turn into bold men—when a blonde wears this daring shade.
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Cut wave setting time 33 1/3%! Get a bottle of Nestle Superset with the new Shaker top today! Superset produces beautiful waves and curls—dries quickly—never flakes—contains Lanolin. At all beauty counters. 8 big ozs. 25c.

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By Helen Hendricks

The Heiress
Paramount

EMOTIONALLY rich in drama, this is the successful adaptation of the hit Broadway play of the same name. The story concerns a not-too-attractive, shy and unworldly girl, Olivia de Havilland, brought up by her father, Ralph Richardson, who never misses an opportunity to point out how she lacks the charm her dead mother had. The constant reminder of her deficiency in grace and other social attributes makes dowdy Olivia the perfect target for fortune-hunting Montgomery Clift. He merely pays attention to the unloved girl and sweeps her off her feet. Since this is the first time in her drab life someone wants and needs her, Clift doesn't have to be too convincing. Richardson, on the other hand, is certain the young gallant is infatuated with Olivia's $30,000 yearly inheritance. In a bitter scene Richardson tells her his suspicions. To Olivia, sensitive as she is, this comes as quite a shock, but the impact is lessened by her firm belief that Clift loves her for herself. How this love fares once it becomes known that Richardson disinherits his only daughter from the major portion of her income is one of the most poignant, heart-touching scenes in the picture. Soon after this, Richardson dies leaving his will unchanged, but a daughter who has changed

Olivia de Havilland doesn't respond to Miriam Hopkins' sympathy in "The Heiress."

Paulette Goddard cringes in fear as her father, Oscar Homolka, punishes her for her wayward mode of living in Columbia's "Anna Lucasta."

Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby are hot on the trail of the missing Blarney Stone and its thief in "Top O' The Morning," a merry mystery.
Top O' The Morning

A RATHER happy mystery—if there can be such a thing—about the disappearance of the Blarney Stone, and an American insurance investigator, Bing Crosby, on the trail of the Stone and its thief. The local constabulary of Cork, Ireland, consists of Barry Fitzgerald and Hume Cronyn, two eager sons of Erin who haven't the know-how in modern criminal investigation. Nevertheless, their enthusiasm makes up for the fault, but only after Bing promises them a $5,000 reward, do Fitzgerald and his aide allow him to lend his talents on the case. Coupled with this mystery is another concerning a traditional legend describing the conditions under which the local belle, Ann Blyth, will meet and wed her own true love. She's Barry's daughter, too, which makes things even cozier. Every now and then when they're in the mood, Ann and Bing do some fine Irish balladizing—in Gaelic, if you please. The mystery behind the missing Blarney Stone remains unsolved until murder is committed—and two more possible killings are in the offing. Easy-going and good fun, the entire family should enjoy this picture.

(Continued on next page)
Bob Montgomery takes a sock at Charles McGraw for interrupting his motel rendezvous with Ann Blyth in "Once More, My Darling."

In "Task Force," Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan are Naval officers who get into a peck of trouble for their views on Air versus Sea.

Bob Pins set the smartest hair-do's stronger grip—won't slip out

Your hair is short and to the point this season.
The new brief styles are easy on the eyes—easy to set, yourself, with DeLong Bob Pins.
DeLong Bob Pins, with their new rounded ends, slide in easily, stay in indefinitely.
Get DeLong Bob Pins on the famous blue card.

The Short Halo—created by Helen Hunt, famous Hollywood hair stylist. Make 3 rows of pin curls. Work clockwise from left part toward face. Pull hair slightly forward as you pin. Brush out hair upward, away from face. Let ends fall forward. Brush back hair upward.

Disappointing potpourri of nonsense starring the Marx Brothers. Groucho is a "private eye" who solves the mystery of the lost Romanoff necklace. Sought after by a sultry international jewel thief, Ilona Massey, the necklace is smuggled into this country in a sardine tin. Before she can latch onto the sardine tin, Harpo, a kleptomaniac, klepting for a troupe of hungry young actors and actresses, gets it first and the chase is on. The succeeding mix-ups and hair-brained folderol have not sufficient strength to warrant the Marx Brothers being wasted in a picture of this type. However, their efforts are bound to get plenty of laughter because (1) people like the Marx Brothers no matter what, and (2) others will laugh out of sheer habit, and (3) this group will laugh because they are being influenced by the other two groups...

Anna Lucasta
Columbia

Adapted from the stage success of the same name, Paulette Goddard is the girl who turned "bad" after running away from home. Her eventual return to the impoverished home in a Pennsylvania mining town is not so much love for her family, but rather that her brother-in-law, Broderick Crawford, has a scheme to marry her off to a young farmer with $5,000 in cold, hard cash. Using Anna as bait, he and the rest of the conniving members of the family hope to fall heirs to the money. The plan works only in that the young man, William Bishop, falls in love with Anna despite the fact that her father, Oscar Homolka, tells him in no uncertain terms the kind of girl she is. With her father always bringing up a dark "lurid" past—his reasons are strictly Freudian—Anna decides a decent life is not for her. On her wedding day, she leaves Pennsylvania for a return engagement on the Brooklyn waterfront. Only this time, when she tries to take up where she left off, Anna fails because of her husband whom she really loves. A stark drama from start to finish, there is much to recommend here including performances by John Ireland, William Geer and everyone else concerned with the repercussions of an unstable mind.

It's A Great Feeling
Warner Brothers
(Technicolor)

You can say that again, and probably will after you take in this nifty music comedy starring Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan and Doris Day. Of course, there's a plot—something to do with a waitress, Doris, who's dead set on getting into pictures, and two screwballs, Carson and Morgan, who play themselves and are already in movies—Warner Brothers that is. In fact, you might say Warner Brothers stars in its own picture. There's a lot of clever spoofing about Diana Lynn and Jerry Lewis are caught in an embarrassing moment in "My Friend Irma."
the company, its executives and almost every Warner player, such as Gary Cooper, Edward G. Robinson, Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman and many others, pop in and out of the picture in some really hilarious bits. Frank Morgan and Morgan are romancing Doris like everything, but after she can't stand any more of them and/or their wacky attempts to get her "discovered" and signed to a contract, she returns home to Gerkins Corner, Wisconsin, to marry ... uh-uh, no fair switching. Go see it yourself and find out who Jeffrey Bushfinkle is .

Johnny Stool Pigeon
Universal-International

FAST-MOVING, exciting thriller about convict Dan Duryea who is released from prison with the proviso that he aid Narcotics Agent Howard Duff break up a nationwide dope ring. Against his code, Duryea buys the proposition and manages to get Duff and himself in with the Vancouver, B. C., branch of the ring. While posing as dealers in narcotics, the two all involved with a confused Shelley Winters, an unknown but nevertheless interesting quantity. Duff shies away from her, but with equal intensity, Duryea takes a shine to the gal. When she follows them to Phoenix, Ariz., where they hope to meet the boss of the ring, Duff gets a sneaking suspicion that something is being cooked up, but what and by whom? By now, Duryea is unmistakably mooing over Shelley. Cupid couldn't have chosen a worse time: the boss of the narcotics ring makes his presence known and one of his henchmen recognizes Duff as a Fed. It begins to look as if Duryea, hating Duff for having sent him to Alcatraz, is finally in a position to get revenge. From then on, it's anybody's guess as to who is capable of how much double-crossing. Since it's time Duryea started getting different roles, the ending couldn't have been better.

She Wore A Yellow Ribbon
(RKO)

THE cavalry rides again! Bugles blaring, pennants flying, horses champing at the bit and a troop of dauntless men headed by John Wayne, the aging major; John Agar, the bright-eyed young second lieutenant; and Victor McLaglen, the major's aide-de-camp. With a line-up like that, you know darn well an Indian uprising hasn't got a chance. However, there are numerous occasions when you sincerely wonder if there mightn't be the possibility that one of the troops will be dangling from some brave's tent pole. Joanne Dru is the fair miss who has Agar seeing orange blossoms instead of war feathers, but who prefers the ease of city life to that of rugged Army existence.

Once More, My Darling
Universal-International

DELIGHTFULLY gay can best describe Ann Blyth's whirlwind courtship of Robert Montgomery, a ham actor called back to the U.S. Army after some German jewels are seen draped around Ann's lily-white throat. In trying to learn the whereabouts of the suitor who presented Ann with the stolen gems, Robert gets thrown for a loop and almost loses his sanity when Ann decides FATE meant them for one another. Strictly in the line of duty, he goes along with the gag (?), takes her to meet his mother, Jane Cowl, and even accepts Ann's subsequent proposal. All Ann wears are two outfits: tea-shirt plus tennis shorts and a pair of Chinese pyjamas which should give you a fair idea this is definitely out of the ordinary class. Bright dialogue and a constant barrage of hilarious situations add up to brisk comedy.

Yes Sir, That's My Baby
Universal-International

LIFE on a college campus isn't what you might call-carefree when most of the students like Donald O'Connor and his cutie-pie wife, Gloria De Haven, are trying to bring up Boopkins and go to school at the same time. Naturally, something has to be sacrificed with a curriculum like that—and it's Donald's football prowess. Instead of doing and dying for dear old Swash, Donald and all the rest of the team's star players have to keep house-sit while their wives are sopping up book-larnin'. Coach Charles Coburn coaxes the lads into a revolt, but the women, bless their lil' biddy hearts, counter-revolt and in doing so all but cost Charlie his job and the team's chances to win. As far as pictures go, this doesn't—very likely due to most of the downright silly, weak humor.

The Great Sinner
MGM

THE film companies have been working hard to prove gambling doesn't pay and better you should keep your money in the sugar bowl. Unfortunately, with Ava Gardner floating around as the bejeweled, beautiful aristocrat with a yen for the games of chance, and Gregory Peck, as the Russian novelist who breaks the bank in Melvyn Douglas' gambling casino, you get the idea that (Please turn to page 72)
Solving The Thin Girl's Problem

Manya Kahn, authority on beauty via health, helps the thin to new curves and zest

By Courtenay Marvin

According to Manya Kahn, whose career is devoted to developing new beauty through health methods, we have today almost twice as many underweight people as we have overweight. There is great emphasis on reducing weight, but there is not too much of an issue on weighing too little.

These stars work to retain a normal weight. Jane Wyman, now in "The Lady Takes A Sailor."

Paramount's 20-year-old Wanda Hendrix, in "Song Of Surrender," is gracefully slender.

Perhaps the point is that it is more dangerous to weigh too much. Insurance companies say that fat people shorten their life span by at least ten years, if not more.

However, the thin girl is very conscious of the lack of an attractively curved figure; she is well aware of general lassitude, which in essence is the inability to enjoy life to its fullest. So if you belong in the underweight group, let Miss Kahn tell you why you are like that and what to do about it.

"The underweight problem is more difficult to cope with than the overweight because of the common errors that are made in trying to correct the condition," says Miss Kahn. "People are often told to eat more and concentrate on starches and sweets. They are told to eat between meals, in general, to load up on food. They are also advised to rest. On the surface, this seems sensible. People who gain easily would certainly increase poundage on this program. But it doesn't work that way with the thin, because underweight people often suffer from nervous tension, poor muscle tone, sluggish circulation and a generally rundown condition. Thus, the body is neither able to digest nor assimilate food properly. Too much rest never develops muscle tissue on thin people. Inactivity never helps a sluggish circulation, never relieves nervous tension.

"In order to gain weight, thin people must adopt a sensible program for living. They must realize that beauty and the ability to enjoy life, can stem only from good health. So before venturing on any weight-gaining program, you must have a thorough physical check-up at the hands of a competent doctor. Often chronic underweight is due to some organic condition. When you find that you are physically normal, then your solution to a prettier figure—and face—and new energy lies in mastering the art of relaxation. Three factors are of almost equal importance. The first is heat. The second is scientifically directed exercise and the third, a healthful, energizing diet."
"Heat quickens circulation reduces tension in muscles, nerves. We all know how muscles tighten up when we become chilled, but gentle warmth has the opposite effect. It eases and soothes. Heat in its best form, of course, is natural sunshine. So on warm days revel in it whenever you can and as much as you can. Next best to natural sunshine is a therapeutic lamp, a gentle indoor sun. Lacking that, a heating pad or old-fashioned hot water bottle is useful."

"Now, don't recoil at the word, exercise. My system is a series of muscular movements, performed slowly, rhythmically and to music, if possible. Deep breathing must be coordinated with each exercise. In turn, your reward is better circulation, strong responsive muscles and a firm, elastic body. So here I give you exercises that will develop the right kind of curves, strong legs and arms. Expand your chest and beautify your bust line. If practiced faithfully day by day, they are safe and scientific and once mastered are a joy to do."

**EXERCISES FOR GOOD POSTURE AND COORDINATION:**

1. From an upright position bring arms above head. Right foot forward twelve inches. Lift left heel off floor and slowly bring torso down from waist, touching floor with palms. Keep head down.

2. Slowly raise torso from first position and gradually come back to upright stance. Keep arm's above head with straight elbows. Then sway back from waist as far as possible. Keep chin high and back.


**EXERCISES TO ACHIEVE WELL-SHAPED THIGHS, ARMS AND LEGS**

1. Kneel on right knee. Stretch left leg backward with toes pointed. Stretch arms overhead with palms out and head held high. Then stretch body back from waist. Gradually come back to upright position.

2. Be sure toes are still pointed. Bring arms way back and clasps hands together. Sway body way back and keep chin high. Unclasp hands and relax torso.

3. Sway body sideways and try to reach for toes with left arm. Slowly bring head to side, curving right arm over left shoulder. Return to normal position. Repeat exercise kneeling on left knee.

**EXERCISES FOR FIRMLY OUTLINED BUST AND FLAT ABDOMEN**

1. Lie face down on floor. Put head in palms. Don't bring elbows sideways. Breathe in and lift both legs a few inches from floor. Lower legs and exhale. Keep toes pointed, knees as straight as possible.

2. Move elbows back and rest palms of hands and forehead on floor. Bend both knees and slowly bring them to...
THE STORY BEHIND THE BIGGEST PICK-UP IN ENTERTAINMENT HISTORY!

"With 50,000,000 Frenchmen, she has to pick me!"

"She took me for a hayride in Heidelberg!"

"I was the best thing in a skirt in Bremerhaven!"

CARY GRANT
ANN SHERIDAN

I was a MALE WAR BRIDE

HARRY HAWK'S

Marion Marshall • Randy Stuart • William Neff
Directed by Howard Hawks • Produced by Sol C. Siegel
Screen Play by Charles Lederer, Leonard Spigelgass
and Hagar Wilde • From a Story by Henri Rochard

THE MOST HILARIOUS HIT IN MANY A HONEYMOON!
newest favorite of the stars—Deltah's

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L. Heller & Son, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York
Nora Eddington Flynn, former wife of Errol Flynn, and Dick Haymes cut the wedding cake at the reception following their marriage in Beverly Hills.

**NEWSREEL**

Nora and Dick drink to their happiness. They were united in a quiet double ring civil ceremony. A few days later they left for a honeymoon in Hawaii.

Dick Haymes kisses his bride after the wedding ceremony which took place in the garden of his home.

The new Mrs. Haymes gaily tosses her bouquet to the eagerly awaiting hands of the single girls at her wedding.
Every star knows the secret of that well-dressed look—Paris Fashions provide it with beautifully designed shoes for every work and play hour of your day. The soft, pliable leathers—the fine craftsmanship make them the most talked-about values everywhere at

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The story Gene Tierney's illustrating has Johnny Maschio and Connie Moore spellbound at Romanoff's after Chinese Theatre premiere of "You're My Everything."

Premiere Party

A gay party at a gay party are Bill Moss, his wife, Jane Withers, Diana Lynn and her John Lindsay.

Macdonald Carey and the Reginald Gardiners liked the premiere and Lew Schreiber's shindig after it.
"Never before a slip that does so much for your clothes and you!"

You look lovelier in a patented Lady Love 8-Gore slip because every line is cut to follow your figure with smooth fashion-fit perfection. Made of luxurious Multifilament rayon crepe with deep borders of finest lace. Sizes 32 to 44. Pink or white. A rare value at this tiny price.

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Martha Maid Mfg. Co., 367 West Adams Street, Chicago 6, Illinois
Her babies and Paul Brinkman have taught Jeanne that "A woman's whole fulfillment lies in husband, children and home. Even if she has nothing else, she'd have more than enough."

TWENTY-FOUR'S a wonderful age!
A growing-up age—an age when the gates of maturity, experience and appreciation are just opening on rich vistas ahead.

The three years that have passed since Jeanne Crain was twenty-one have been so full that—all of a sudden—she's burst from girlhood to womanhood.

When the new Jeanne walked on the set for the first day's shooting on "Pinky," the entire 20th Century-Fox crew buzzed. The dreamy, rather reluctant girl was gone and in her place stood a poised woman, sure of herself and aware of her position in the scheme of things. What had happened?

Jeanne, however, takes her new poise calmly.

"After all, it's time I grew up," she pointed out with gentle insistence. "I had to some time, you know. Everything that's happened in the last three years has been a part of this growing up. I've been married, have had two babies and we've planned and built a house. And, hand in hand, along with all that has gone the very, very important part of my life—my work."

"There have been problems, of course, but when I happen to mention anything that bothers me, people just laugh and say they'd change their troubles for mine any day! So I've learned not to say much about my private or business difficulties."

"I've found out the more responsibilities you're able to meet, the more you're given to solve. And I've learned the fuller one's life is the better. I discovered that when I was at home waiting for Michael Anthony, the baby, to arrive. There was time then to think a lot, to weigh circumstances that you don't see clearly when everything's happening so fast around you."

"For one big example, I realized then how much I missed my work at the

"You just don't know what it's all about in your teens and you're afraid to find out," declares Jeanne Crain
My mother has always told me how lucky I was to have both my home-life and a career, too; I knew then how right she is.

"Why, I was so anxious to get back to work that I was making tests for 'Pinky' and having wardrobe fittings three weeks after Michael was born! The studio didn't ask me to do it—I asked them.

"A woman's whole fulfillment lies in husband, children and home. That's natural. Her life couldn't possibly be complete without them; even if she had nothing else, she'd have more than enough. And in that waiting-time that gave me perspective, I realized how very, very fortunate I am to have all this happiness and a career, too!

"I try not to cheat on either one. By that I mean that I try not to allow the responsibilities of my home and family to interfere with my work. And, on the other hand, I absolutely do not let my work encroach on my duties and happiness as a wife and mother."

Astonishingly enough for a star of Jeanne's lustre, she cooks dinner even after a hard day at the studio! Except for a competent nurse for the children, she has no servants, not even a once-a-week cleaning-woman. Jeanne and her husband, Paul Brinkman, do all the housework themselves.

"Oh, it's easy!" Jeanne laughed. "You see, we planned the house that way. It's small, very modern, much of the furniture's built-in. There aren't any knick-knacks around to gather dust, so we just vacuum.

"And there's an electric barbecue and spit in the kitchen that's lots of fun to use. Paul's a wonderful cook as far as steaks go so he gets things started before I come home from the studio. And an electric dish-washer does the rest of it for us afterwards!"

When she's working, Jeanne leaves the house at 6:45 in the morning before the children are awake. Little Paul is kept up until Jeanne gets home at seven in the evening so that she can visit with him for a half-hour. Then she has dinner, takes off her makeup, showers, studies her script for the next day and is in bed at nine-fifteen. Sunday is the only full time she has with the children and she feels a little regret that she's missing some of the hour-by-hour wonder of their development.

She tried hard to assume at once the role of matron (Please turn to page 33)
By Lynn Bowers

**Instead** of wandering a bit more about Europe, Ty Power and his wife, Linda Christian, headed back to Hollywood after “Black Rose” finished up. Ty had bought a small plane and the romantic pair had planned a flying tour of the Scandinavian countries until they were grounded by the stork. What with a beautiful bride, prospective fatherhood, and the hit he’s gonna make in “Prince Of Foxes,” Ty should be a very happy man.

Lana Turner was another homing pigeon, who returned to Hollywood with Bob Topping after more than a year’s absence. Lana looks wonderful, is more than anxious to get back to work. MGM has three pictures lined up for the luscious Lana, which oughtta make her fans happy.

Direct from that island of romantic and volcanic eruptions, Stromboli, we heard from a chum who’s working on the picture.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

The stars themselves like to discuss what’s going on in their town just as much as you do.

Producer William Dozier and Joan Fontaine were among the guests who enjoyed Ann Miller’s cocktail party, held at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Jeanne Crain and her husband, Paul Brinkman, with their party hostess, Ann Miller.
Bob Hutton, Anita Louise, Mrs. Hutton, Buddy Adler, Ann Rutherford at Miller fete.

that Ingrid Bergman helped lug the camera equipment up the rocky sides of the steep volcano just as if she were the hired help instead of the star. Incidentally, this picture will be billed like this: Ingrid Bergman in "Stromboli."

* * *

That 57-year-old glamour boy, Ezio Pinza, who couldn't get a break in movies and rose overnight to popular fame with his role in "South Pacific," has been signed for four pictures at MGM by that astute fella, Dore Schary. And we'll bet you any amount (in Confederate money) that Janet Blair, signed for the Mary Martin role in the road company version of "South Pacific," will have all the studios bidding for her again. Janet was none too happy when she left Hollywood and movies, where her considerable talents were never properly used.

* * *

Vic Mature invited the "Wabash

In earnest discussion at Ann Miller's cocktail party are Director Fred De Cordova, Diana Powell, A. C. Lyles and Vera-Ellen.

Columnist Brandy Brent quizzes MGM's French find, Denise Darcel, to Mocambo.

she says she'll quit movies if people don't stop rumorin' that she and Harry James are on the eve of a cleave. Nuttin', she says, is going to break up her happy home, career included. Incidentally, that'll be Harry James you'll hear tooting the trumpet for Kirk Douglas in "Young Man With A Horn," story of Bix Beiderbecke.

That free ice cream dished out on "The Good Humor Man" set at Columbia didn't put an ounce on cast or crew—they all worked too hard. Jack Carson broke a chunk of cartilage out of a rib doing a fall and Lola Albright suffered numerous highly Technicolored bruises sliding (Please turn to page 69)

Bonita Granville introduces song writer Jimmy McHugh and his fiancée, Anita Lhoest, to her husband, Jack Wrather, at Ann Miller party at Beverly Hills Hotel.

Avenue company to a housewarming on the 20th Century-Fox lot. The house that was warmed was the new dressing room he built for his dog, Genius II. Vic's co-star, Betty Grable, sent flowers for the occasion, but it turned out Genius II is allergic to flowers, so the prop department rushed to the rescue with a large bunch of artificial posies. Vic's mother, visiting him on the set, wore a hat her son frowned on. Finally Vic told his mom if she didn't quit wearing the chapeau he would drag that famous fright wig of his out of mothballs and wear it when he took her out socially. Vic hasn't seen the hat since.

Betty, by the way, ain't kiddin' when
Linda Darnell and Paul Douglas, starring in the 20th Century-Fox film "Everybody Does It"
Don't Mope Thru Life

Rosalind Russell has a word or two for those who let despondency floor them

Observation: A self-sufficient person is never depressed and never mopes at any time. Conclusion: Since Rosalind Russell is self-sufficient, she, therefore, doesn't get depressed and doesn't mope.

P.S.: That's what I thought! But when I told Roz, here's what she said:

"That's what's been getting me for years. No one ever worries about me," she declared. "Everybody expects me to have the answer for everything. I make a decision and no one says, 'Hold on, Russell, you're off the beam.' Instead, I just get nods of approval. Take me around the house. A fuse blows out. Who fixes it? Me! Lance, my youngster, bangs up his toy truck. And what happens? He comes running and it's 'Mama, will you fix this for me?' I'm not supposed to be the helpless type—the Cinderella girl. But—and here's what irks me—I am NOT self-sufficient. If only I could get someone to believe that!

"Sure I've had discouragements," Roz continued. "Who hasn't? But I just haven't the time to mope my life away about them. When I get into one of these 'The world is all wrong' moods, I just stop and look at others and realize how lucky I am. I look at people with talent who are failures—and I can't help wondering why they failed.

"I remember a picture I made several years ago in which I was doing a wedding scene. I was playing the bride, incidentally. Holding my train in the scene were four women—all of whom had been top (Please turn to page 54)

Her close friend, Loretta Young, visits the set. "Defeat is a disease" states Roz.

By Jon Bruce

Stifling Bob's sneeze. Roz believes you're lost if you haven't got a sense of humor.
George Montgomery, Dinah Shore, Marie McDonald and her husband, Harry Karl, in the lobby of the Hollywood Theatre where "The Fountainhead" was presented.

Screen newcomer David Brian, now in the Bette Davis film, "Beyond The Forest," and bride, Adrian Booth.

George Fisher introduces Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea to the radio audience at the gala "Fountainhead" premiere.

Zachary Scott and his wife were among the scores of celebrities at the brilliant opening. They had just returned from a brief holiday in Mexico.

Songbird Kathryn Grayson and her hubby, Johnnie Johnston, in a gay mood, saunter happily through the lobby with their arms around each other.
Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens at the star-studded presentation of the Warner drama.

Gary Cooper, star of "The Fountainhead," with Mrs. Cooper. They flew in from Colorado, where they were vacationing, for the opening. Gary received tremendous ovation from the fans.

**Turnout For Gary's Latest**

Kirk Douglas arrived with Patricia Neal on his arm. Pat is Gary's co-star in film.

The recently re-married Milton Berles, looking radiant and happy, also attended.
Gloria De Haven, next to be seen in MGM's "Scene Of The Crime"
From Dimples To Wrinkles

IT TOOK five hours of deliberate, premeditated torture to age Yvonne De Carlo fifty years for her role of a 75-year-old in "The Gal Who Took The West." Yvonne hits the wide open spaces a young and comely opera singer who soon has two handsome cowpokes spinning like lariets over her charms. By the picture's roundup, she's permanently branded the suitor she likes best and has become a grandma to boot. It looks easy on paper, but Yvonne's transition from dimples to wrinkles was the result of a delicate job by the makeup department. A rubber mask, painstakingly blended over her face and neck, supplied the sagging leather of old skin. Her hands were comparatively easy to age, but by the time the gruelling job was finished, "The Gal Who Took The West," was almost sorry that she ever got the role.

Makeup men took four hours to blend mask at eyes, nose, mouth and hairline. Yvonne's fine, black hair was hidden beneath a wig of coarse, grey hair.
Celeste Holm, Tom D'Andrea, Johnnie Johnston, Sonny Tufts, Bill Demarest enjoy the header Eddie Bracken took into Bob Hope's birthday cake.

WATCHING the recent "Movie Star World Series" at Los Angeles' Wrigley Field, was like trying to keep track of every clown in a circus. A fan could hardly beg an autograph without missing a gag by the stars who played to benefit the City Of Hope Hospital and Motion Picture Relief Fund. Laughwise, it was the ball game of the year . . . . all hits, and each team a winner.

Hollywood's Own "World Series"

Ava Gardner roots lustily while Vic Mature and Bob Hope vie for first at bat as the Comedians vs. the Leading Men charity game is about to get under way.

Kathryn Grayson, Johnnie Johnston, Ed Bracken, Sonny Tufts, Don O'Connor are losers.

Bob Hope almost slid thru his pants going into home.

Kirk "Superman" Allyn doesn't look like any pitcher Bob Hope ever saw before.
The Man From Beaver Dam

Claire Trevor became an ardent Fred MacMurray fan while they were co-starring in "Borderline."

Co-star Claire soon discovered Fred MacMurray wastes no words in talking about himself

By Claire Trevor

To spare his delicate wife, Lilian, Fred refuses to use his home for any kind of publicity purpose.
A S AN actress, I am honor bound to admit that one of the favorite conversational topics among actors and actresses is the behavior, both personal and professional, of other actors and actresses. We talk about each other for the same reason that hardware merchants hold conventions, or Boy Scouts collect at camporees; we are members of a fraternity which fascinates us.

However, I realized—the first day Fred MacMurray and I worked together on "Borderline"—that he was one of the few Hollywood citizens about whom I had heard practically nothing. In an ocean of talk, Mr. MacMurray seemed to live high and dry on an island of silence.

What, I pondered, could be the reason for this?

After a week on the same set, I began to understand. There is little talk about Mr. MacMurray because he makes little talk about himself.

Here is one example: (There are others to follow.) The "Borderline" company was made up of people of a few words. A few million, that is. Bill Seiter, the director, is articulate enough to paint a word picture of a Japanese sunset and make it real in the midst of a flash flood.
My husband, Milton Bren, our picture's producer, also has produced such fantasies as "Topper" and "Merrily We Live," which are indicative of his technique with flights of fancy. Add to this group, an exceptionally clever and resourceful crew of technicians, and you understand why our set was gay with talk, talk, talk. Everyone was enthusiastic over the script of "Borderline" and everyone wanted to turn it into one of the most entertaining comedy-dramas of the season. When we had a conference, everyone interrupted everyone else in a frenzy of creation. In the din, some excellent ideas were lost, so we made a rule: everyone who interrupted a speaker at any time had to drop a dime in a piggy bank which we borrowed from Republic's prop department.

At the end of the picture, the only person who had never been forced to pay a fine because of over-garrulity, was Fred MacMurray! However, several of his soft-spoken, non-interruptive suggestions had been promptly adopted.

Here is another example of his caution with words: some time ago he was approached by a newspaper columnist to give an interview about Irene Dunne, an actress with whom Fred has worked in several pictures. Fred, a fan of Irene's, said he would be glad to give the interview. About two thousand words? Fred blinked, but nodded. He wanted a week in which to organize his material, he said.

At the end of the week, Fred met the interviewer. Drawing a deep breath, he delivered his story: "Irene is beautiful. And she worries."

End of story.

I find this delightful because it can be turned into an excellent capsule comment on Fred himself. He is handsome. And he worries.

He is handsome, not because of classic features or a sculptured profile, but because the essential goodness, kindness, and integrity of the man's spirit shine from his eyes and face. I know this is a large order, but before I have finished "telling on" Fred, I believe you will agree.

He worries because he has ideals so high that he despairs of living up to them. And he is plagued by a perfect monster of modesty. He said to me one day, "Honestly, I can't figure out how I can be in show business, I don't belong in it at all. My career just happened. I shook my head in front of an orchestra a (Please turn to page 57)
When Jane Wyman's sailboat capsizes in "The Lady Takes A Sailor," naturally she's frightened, but when she's rescued by a man who says he's Davey Jones and that his old undersea tank is his locker, well, she's plumb scared to death. To make matters worse, Davey (Dennis Morgan) explains the only way he can run the tank is to submerge. What Jane does not know, of course, is that Dennis is making secret tests for the Navy. She insists on taking pictures of the craft, and to stop her Dennis gives her knockout drops. Jane comes to, alone and dazed, on a beach. From then on, it's a merry chase with Jane trying to get possession of Jane's film.
Mrs. Mike

There have been many films built around the exploits of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, but "Mrs. Mike," a Regal Film, is the first one to tell the story of the rigorous and lonely lives led by the wives of these brave men. The title role in the film is played by Evelyn Keyes. As a city girl, unaccustomed to the wilderness of the Northwest, her life's just that much more complex and difficult. The extreme hardships she endures as a bride while her husband, Mountie Dick Powell, is away, form the basis of the story. United Artists is releasing the film.

Evelyn Keyes is unaware of the adversities confronting her when she becomes the bride of Dick Powell.
"I kill four people with my bare hands," brags James Craig, roughing up Farley Granger in "Side Street."

In "Side Street," James Craig dabbles in blood for the first time as a homicidal thug.

"Just call me Craig, the Killer," laughs Jim, who's happy to discard virtue for villainy

By Gladys Hall

James Craig sat at lunch in New York's "21" and purred with pleasure as he rubbed his blood-stained hands. James had just killed a girl. "Before I kill her," said he, in a hoarse undertone, "I play a love scene with her—play it on the level, too. Then I slip my hands around her neck and—" James made a gesture of liquidation.

Explaining the motive for the murder he said curtly, "She's in my way, see?"

Explaining the "murder" itself, James said, laughing, "It's a scene I did this morning for the MGM film, 'Side Street,' in which, believe it or not, I'm the heavy! I'm the boy! I have a hell of

A Holiday For Virtue
Family-man Craig has two children and is still married to his one and only wife. "You can safely say of Mary and me," he says, "that we are not, not ever, going to get a divorce."

a time," said James, joyfully. "I kill four people, two girls and two men—with my bare hands, too! Just call me Craig, the Killer," he counselled us, "and say for me that this is the kind of part I've been wanting to do for years!"

Big Jim Craig's happiness in the homicidal gangster role he plays in "Side Street" stems from his unhappiness over the nice guys, the good guys he has played in practically every one of the thirty-old pictures in which he has appeared since he bowed in, in 1938, in "The Buccaneers."

"I've played such awful nice guys," James lamented, "that I don't even like to remember them. In fact, I CAN'T remember them. Can you?" James shot it at us, "can anybody? I doubt it. The shock treatment is, let's face it, the success treatment. For instance, you know very well that if you were to advertise that at four this afternoon, a happy couple accompanied by their five happy children would be standing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 37th Street, they would be standing there, albeit happily, alone. Whereas if you were to advertise that at four this afternoon, a person would be bumped off at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 37th Street, you wouldn't be able to get near the place for the crowd. We're a blood-thirsty lot, us 'mans," said James, "we're not head-hunters as are certain tribes in Darkest Africa, or wherever—but we are headline hunters!

"It was not, you will recall," Jim reflected aloud, "until after Gable played a gangster that his brilliant star rose. In one of his early films, James Cagney pushed a grapefruit in a girl's face and he was made. Humphrey Bogart never portrays what he'd call a Man's Boy. Bob Montgomery's laurels were greenest after the foul murder he committed in 'Night Must Fall.' Take Richard Wilmack, Dan Duryea, the saturnine George Sanders, Richard Basehart; then," said James morosely, "take me—a good guy, just a nice good guy. In 'Kitty Foyle,' in 'Lost Angel,' 'The Human Comedy,' 'Our Vines Have Tender Grapes,' 'Little Mr. Jim,' I never kicked a girl's teeth in." James deplored, "or slapped her around. Why, even in 'The Devil And Daniel Webster,' in which I played a character who sells his soul to the devil, I repented in the end. But not this time," said Craig, the Killer, fondling his horns, "not in this picture and not. I hope and pray, in many a chiller-diller to come!

James really has a mad on the para-gons of virtue, the "Worthy Willis" that have been his film fare. He has as much of a mad as so easy-going and amiable a guy can have, on the studios which have been responsible for keeping actor Craig to the path of virtue. He describes himself, with a wry smile, as "one of MGM's stepsons." He added, "Mind you, I get along all right. Actually, I'm a very fortunate person. Born outside the theatre, with no burning ambition to be an actor—having intended to be a doctor—and no experience, I work steadily. In fact no one in the town of Hollywood works harder than I do. I must also admit," he added, grinning, "that my one big ambition on the screen is to make money, honey. At the same time, no one enjoys making a good scene more than I do. It's like standing off and looking at a painting. But you don't want to look, year after year, at a canvas on which you see yourself depicted in, unvaryingly, the pastel colors called Sweetness and Light!

We sympathize with Jim in his laudable desire to sin on the screen. We also sympathize with MGM and the other studios which, in casting Jim as a healthy, wholesome, nice good guy do so because, we feel sure, they feel sure it is perfect type casting. And so (don't shoot, Jim, until you see the whites of our eyes) it is. And we can prove it.

True, there is The Woman in his life. The Woman is two years old. Her name is Diane. She is Jim's daughter. She is also his "femme fatale." Every other sentence Jim (Please turn to page 59)
ANN MARIE BLYTH has been 21 almost a month ...

August 16 was the big day and while there weren’t many rockets lighting up the Los Angeles sky, Ann was nevertheless no longer a minor, legally speaking. She was able to vote, sign contracts, call herself grown-up.

Not that she had previously been living in a barrel, waiting for August 16 to roll around—it’s common knowledge that Ann’s been a full movie star for lo these many years and earning a nice four-figure sum every week;

Oddly enough, the one factor that won’t be the least bit changed by the coming-of-age is her film setup. Because—and for the last four years, or since she was 17—Ann, as a minor, has been a major movie item playing the screen-sweetheart, or ditto-wife, of a galaxy of older men—such mature lads, for example, as William Powell and Charles Boyer.

As a matter of record—except for some unsatisfactory early films she made with a young crowd—Ann has always been paired off on the silver screen with men approximately 40 years of age. A situation that has rarely resulted in lifted eyebrows and has been entirely happy-making at the box-office.

“It wasn’t the result of any conscious plan of action,” Ann said as we sat over tea in the Sherry-Netherland grill. “It just so happened that I was usually cast opposite mature men. Outside of a few wondering letters, people feel it’s perfectly natural for me to be the object of, say, Bob Montgomery’s cinematic-attention.”

Documentary proof of Ann’s screen liaisons with men of maturity (and distinction) follows. There was “Mildred Pierce,” in 1945, with Zachary Scott. “Swell Guy,” with a guy named Sonny Tufts. Burt Lancaster in “Brute Force” and “A Woman’s Vengeance,” opposite Charles Boyer. In “Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid,” she was a triple-cute mermaid who caught a fisherman named William Powell. “Once More, My Darling,” is a brand new one opposite Robert Montgomery and then there’s “Top O’ The Morning,” another newie, with Bing Crosby. Howard Duff and Mickey Rooney have pursued her through movies, but they’re mere babes compared to the above full-grown gents.

How, we wondered, did Ann feel about these older-than-she swains? And what happened at the studio—were they wheeled in, propped up in position, photographed, wheeled out again, to rest up
"Hardly," she repeated, "like that. There isn't a wheelchair in a carload of the actors I've worked with. They're all crazy about sports—and that includes Barry Fitzgerald, who plays a better game of golf than I do. Zachary Scott rides a lot. Bing's a great golfer as everyone knows and there's no better athlete in the country than Burt Lancaster—

you doubtless read about his professional circus work when the movie gang took over the circus a while back.

"When we were making 'Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid,'" she went on, "William Powell wasn't feeling too well but he never once mentioned it and certainly no one noticed anything out of the ordinary. He has (Please turn to page 61)
Above and Right: Jerry Lewis, of the sensational comedy team of Martin and Lewis, strikes up a few of his characteristic poses used in film.

Marie Wilson, queen of the dumb blondes, brings her talent and classy chassis back to the screen in Hal Wallis' film, "My Friend Irma."

Diana Lynn earnestly studies her lines in "My Friend Irma," while waiting for the crew to prepare the set for the next scene to be shot.

There are laughs galore in Hal Wallis' new film, "My Friend Irma," what with Marie Wilson, who specializes in cute but oh-so-dumb blondes, making her screen comeback, and those zany comics of the night clubs, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, making their movie debut. The picture's about two working girls, Marie and Diana Lynn, and the difficulties they encounter in their pursuit of happiness—meaning John Lund and Don DeFore respectively. In the end, of course, it's Marie who, in her dumb way, manages to straighten things out.
At cui Taw Fof Jamid his wife, Pamela, had just purchased. A large out-of-this-world home with rooms that seemed to go on forever.

I waited only a few moments and then the popular British star appeared. I was struck first by the fact that he looked rather a small man, although he is six feet tall. But it wasn't long before I stopped noticing such things as physical stature and became impressed only with a sincere, friendly person. Perhaps he was a trifle reserved at first. I hear most Britishers are. But there was no snobbery, no phony elegance. He was very much okay.

Naturally, we began to talk about the diatribes he had blasted at Hollywood—before his arrival. He played no coy act in discussing the particular article he had written for a magazine on why he shuddered at the prospects of coming to Hollywood.

"Very frankly, I don't remember exactly what I said in that article," he commented (Please turn to page 65)

James Mason and Barbara Bel Geddes in a scene in "Caught," his first American film.

Now that he's living and working in Hollywood James Mason has an entirely different feeling toward the town he once blasted, and readily admits it

By Jack Holland

FEW people ever arrived in Hollywood with so much controversy surrounding them as did James Mason. So when it came time for me to talk to this gentleman I didn't know what to expect. I didn't know if I'd get the aloof, indifferent approach or a friendly greeting. But I did know I was interested enough in meeting the man himself to take the chance.

A beautiful white cat, only one of many residing here at the Mason home, greeted me at the door and meowed a warm "Hello," so things looked up a bit. I was then ushered inside the very spacious home that James Mason and

Chatting with Bill Holden. James says he found it easy to make friends in Hollywood.

James and Joan Bennett, his co-star in "The Blank Wall." He likes working with her.

Chatting with Bill Holden. James says he found it easy to make friends in Hollywood.
Left: Doing their uproarious “escape from the handcuffs” routine for tele audience. Chic and Ole working on script of forthcoming program. They’ve teamed together for 35 years.

Their “bedroom skit,” with strange characters walking in and out as if it were Grand Central Station on July 4th, is one of their funniest scenes.

Olsen and Johnson, famous zany comedy team of stage and screen, in bringing their hilarious brand of madhouse to television, have given it the action-packed lift it needed. There isn’t a dull split-second during their weekly one-hour program on NBC’s TV network. Aside from the huge cast which they use, Ole and Chic also have the audience join in on their slam-bang antics. Ole’s son, J. C., and Chic’s daughter, June, are prominent members of the cast.

“Fireball Fun-For-All” takes place all over the tele theatre with leopard men, midgets, beautiful girls, explosions, fire engines and animals galore!
Above: A typical Olsen and Johnson quartet.

Below: Ole and Chic accompany midget singer with piano and violin. Goose in piano seat keeps "goosing" Chic.

Above: A comedy bit finds June Johnson removing her fur evening wrap and, to Chic's amazement, standing there bedecked in long, woolen undies.

Left: A big production number with Ole and Chic featured members of the cast and chorus. Yet emphasis is always on comedy rather than song and dance.

Right: Mother Olsen, a spry 87, is the oldest member of the Olsen and Johnson troupe. She bowled like a champion in a bowling number for the "Fireball Fun-For-All" television show.
By Travilla

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Travilla, talented young designer for the stars at 20th Century-Fox, talks about the girl who looks best in simple, easy-to-wear clothes.)

Casual Clothes are comfortable clothes. They are for the girl who likes the out-of-doors, short haircuts and very little makeup. They are for the girl who is active, who likes low-heeled shoes, who takes big steps.

* * *

They Are Young, these wearable clothes...not in the obvious way of pinafores and pin curls, but young in simplicity and ease. Betsy Drake is exactly this type of girl. As soon as she finished "Dancing In The Dark," she cut her hair shorter and acquired a sun tan. Betsy is so active she's uncomfortable in very narrow skirts and extremely high heels.

* * *

It Would Be Wrong to dress Betsy Drake as I might dress Ann Sheridan or Joan Crawford. Her role in this picture didn’t demand this type of wardrobe, but her personality demanded it. She plays the part of an actress who is hired by a studio and dropped because she has no talent. She goes to New York for stage experience and is spotted by a talent scout from the studio that let her go. There's a great to-do when this new "discovery" is sent back to the studio, but the executives are furious when they learn she is the same girl they had fired. In the end, however, she convinces them she has acquired acting skill and she goes on to screen stardom. The wardrobe for the girl in the picture might have been quite fashionably sophisticated but I think it is more important to dress a player's personality whenever the role permits it.

* * *

What You Wear should be determined by what you are. How many times have you heard the

Betsy's gown in "Dancing In The Dark," is green blue taffeta. The bodice is trimmed with folds forming a shawl collar in back. Long gloves match the gown.
Let's Be Casual

Casual clothes are your best bet if you've the type of personality that demands them of height. One evening at a party, Dona and Shirley Temple compared their height and Shirley was astonished to see that Dona was two inches shorter. When I design Dona's clothes I never think of her as a small person. She wears picture hats, large collars, anything a tall girl wears . . . but they are always in proportion. That's the important thing.

Elegance, High Style or the casual way . . . I personally have no preference in designing. I like to see a girl dress the way she looks best. And that way is different with every girl. A woman designer might be guided by her personal taste. She is sometimes inclined to give a star the kind of clothes she herself would like to wear. If she hates purple, it's difficult for her to select purple for anyone, even though that might be a gorgeous color for someone else.

What Kind of a Person Is She? That's the first thing I must know when I design clothes for a star. I like to meet her and talk with her until I know a little about her personality. I like to know what she does and doesn't like in clothes and colors. If she is honest I have no trouble. I can catch her way of thinking. Then I study her role in the picture and design clothes that are (Please turn to page 67)
Joan Evans and Farley Granger are young lovers in “Roseanna McCoy.”

After testing many of Hollywood's stars and starlets without success, Producer Samuel Goldwyn decided on a nationwide search for an unknown to play the title role in his “Roseanna McCoy,” romantic story of the famous Hatfield-McCoy feud. Although the part is that of a girl born and bred in the hills of Kentucky, it was a teenager from New York City, oddly enough, finally selected by Goldwyn. She's Joan Evans and when you see her in “Roseanna McCoy” she's so thoroughly convincing and appealing you'll never believe she even saw the great metropolis. Joan's so good, Goldwyn immediately gave her a long-term contract.

Screenland Salutes

Joan Evans

Joan Evans is the most promising new young actress to appear during 1949.

Joan and Aline MacMahon, as her mother, in the new Goldwyn classic.
HYA chum! Whereya from?  
Well don't be so glum!  
We're just starting to hum! . . .

AND so is Mommy Nature! Oodles of sustained low whistles for what the old gal hath wrought! Colors enough to make you as frisky as a puppy in a butterfly cage. And don't try and count 'em—cause it's as tough as keeping track of all the new shellac bubbles in the cauldron. But be you on a 45, 33 and 1/2 or 78 kick, there's stuff to satisfy the inner man or even woman in that audio department. So if you'll just step this way, we'll drag out some nice Fall fashions that'll perk up those passions! This way, please. . . .

HEAVENLY!

King Cole Trio!—Volume 4—Oh, how solid gold, how sterling silver, how creme de la creme, how rare avis and how nonpareil is that Nat Cole group. It's no longer the gruesome threesome but the warsome foursome since Jack Costanza's been added on bongo, and these are the first augmented cookies by the gang! They're the end! Not only some matchless vocals by Nat on "I Used To Love You," "Yes Sir, That's My Baby," "Tis Autumn," and "For All We Know," but thrilling, chilling instrumental work by Nat, Irv Ashby on guitar, Joe Comfort on bass and Jack on bongo—all wound around "Bop Kick" and "Laugh Cool Clown." And if you seem intrigued at the idea of a bongo with the trio—one listen will make you fairly glisten! Opens a whole fat new scope for my man, Nat! (Capitol CC 189)

Carmen Cavallaro—Baby it's old outside! Old songs, that is, like "Yes, Yes In Your Eyes" and new ones that sound like they're old—"Twenty-Four Hours Of Sunshine." But we must say this slab by Carmen is perf for stroppin' those 6B—if you feel like stroppin'—but for just listening, wow! It's right off the cob! (Decca)

Fran Warren—"The Voice With The Bedroom Look" is going round and round with another beautiful, soulful side—"There's No Getting Away From You," which she does in the show, "As The Girls Go," and "Where Are You," Frank Loes-sen's baby from "Red, Hot And Blue." Oohh-h-h, how this chick chirps! Just leaves you gaga with all the feeling in her squailing. Sounds like a young Judy Garland, but very distinuievly her own sweet self. A great singer, this Warren doll, watch her smoke! (Victor)

Jack Carson—Yeah! That's the right name. Capitol doesn't pass up anything and why should they when Jack has imprinted so much personality on his debut disc. And with the wax works being pretty nowhere these days—what the heck! Why not give up and coming movie stars a break. Jack does "Give Me A Song With A Beautiful Melody" from his pix, "It's A Great Feeling," and "That Was A Big Fat Lie"—complete with Chevalier imitation—both sides very pleasant, pleasant. (Capitol)

Mindy Carson—No relation to Jack, except in the respect of a most auspicious debut on her first biscuit for Victor. A young rascal from the Bronx, Mindy's been around a good while now, has sung in clubs all over the country but really crashed thru in her Copa date recently and this new record deal. And she's fine as wine! Fresh, utterly feminine and with an Ingrid Bergmanish quality about her appearance, she has the throat to back it up. Whatta smooth ride is "One More Time" and "Twelve O'Clock." And if you thought the dishes were stacked—wow! (Victor) Please turn to next page
Doris Day—What audio frequency impulses emanate from this darling's larynx? She's like my Buick convertible on "It's A Great Feeling," from her freshest strip of 35mm celluloid and there'll be more singers using this as an opening number—watch and hear! Dodo is too much! Flip oozes with more mellow homeliness flavored with one accent Francaise. "At The Cafe Rendezvous"—also from the pix. And don't miss her "Where Are You" and "Blame My Absent-Minded Heart." Sparkle Plenty can be ma petite chou anytime! (Columbia)

Duke Ellington—Back in 1946, Duke knocked off the score of a musical called " Beggar's Holiday" whence emanated this infectious "Take Love Easy" with Do- lors Parker spilling what she learned as a beginner—a junior executive singer. Back is bluesy stuff—again with a chorus by Dolenes (that rhymes). Top face is the best, though, with Duke's piano and Johnny Hodges' horn comin' across nice- ly. (Columbia)

Tony Pastor—No one does noveltyies like the Pastor guy—especially on "Yes, Yes In Your Eyes"—and if this song hits, this is the cookie that'll do it. Band chirps behind Tony boy in rhythm that'll get you with'm. Backside is "Baby Talk"—all about T.P., liking noddling better than hearing his baby talk baby talk to him. Had enough? (Columbia)

Tommy Dorsey—Here's the kid who put down bob so much on a mite bob kick himself—"Pussy Willow"—a most fetching etching in the great Dorsey tradition of "Opus 1", "Old Black Joe", "Swannee River", etc. Arranged by Bill Finegan it's as catchy as eating peanuts and this may be the answer to whither hop? Waffles like this—easily assimilated and dugin' Flip is polite bounce but more than just an ounce! Tis "Dream Of You," once cut by the old Lunford band, with a vocal here by Jack Duffy and oh, so squidy! (Victor)

Jerry Wayne—Wow! How this kid milks everything out of anything he breathes! Like "Room Full Of Roses," and "I'll Keep The Lovelight Burning" on Colum- bia. Then he puts his arm around deli- cious Julie Wilson on the lower priced Columbia label, Harmony, to purr "I Love You," and "Let's Take An Old-Fashioned Walk." There's lots of great stuff on Harmony, incidentally, and only 98¢ too. PEARL BAILEY and HOT LIPS PAGE on absolutely the best cookie of "Baby It's You-Know-What-Where"—bulging with humor and spontaniety: BENNY GOODMAN'S "If I Had You" and "Limehouse Blues"—by the sextet— and "Bewitched" with Helen Forrest yell- in' and "Blues In The Night" avec Peggy Lee. Bunch of others, too. And Victor'll be putting stuff out on Bluebird again as will Decca on Brunswick and Coral, all subsidiary labels and all for less loot. Wow! (MGM)

Billy Eckstine—The kid with the throat-ful of savage sweetness, hottest item in the 48, shows why in this one of "I Love You" from "Miss Liberty," and "Goodbye," Benny Goodman's closing theme with words. Yeah once B's vibrato gets under you—you're cooked along with mil- lions of others. A plate of estacy! (MGM)

You Know In Heaven?" (Columbia) ... SY OLIVER'S free and easy "When My Sugar Walks Down The Street"—so remin- iscent of Sy's wonderful platters with T.D. and Jimmy Lunceford, (Decca) ... GORDIE MACRAE'S "Two Little New Little Blue Little Eyes"—put any baby to sleep. (Capitol) ... HARVEY'S "GI, Give Me Your Armament"—with which he's broken hundreds of ribs in clubs and theatres all over—now embossed on wax permanently. A comedy classic! (MGM) ... PEE WEE HUNT'S "The Charle- ston," a possible follow-up to "Twelfth Street Rag," heaven forbid! (Capitol) ... TOSCANINI'S "Love Is A Beautiful Thing" and "Rue De Romance"— with "Love" another possible "Cruising Down The Crownline"—again—heaven forbid! (Columbia) ... DOROTHY CARLESS' "All Year Round"—a sure standard by David Saxon and Sammy Gallop. She's an English chick and flows like the Thames. (Decca) ... LOUIS JORDAN'S "Beans And Corn Bread," typical tongue twisting leaping novelty by a great personality and showman. (Decca) ... VAUGHN MONROE'S "Swingtime"—what Dean Martin has used in his act for some time now he would have liked to wrap his toustils around. Victor ... "Circus," by TONY MARTIN, which is simply one of the most thrilling records of this or any other year! Every singer should be chained to the sound box and made to listen! A lyric should be projected here, so in fact, a song should be sung! Wow! Cyd's how is just the end! As glorious as those Octo- ber colors! Superb performance—that's "Circus" by Tony Martin on Victor. Grab it! ... NAT COLE'S "Who Do You Know In Heaven"—such vocal group —like whipped cream. (Capitol) ... GENE KRUPA'S "Swiss Lullaby" with Bill Black, Dolores Hawkins and Roy Eldridge on a wonderful side with Roy heckling Bill and Dolores, then joining the fun with some rosin horn. Like the old days with Anita O'Day. (Columbia) ... RAY STARR'S zestful chestful of "I Wish I Had A Wishbone" and "Yes, Yes In Your Eyes." (Capitol) ... BETTY HUTTON'S brace from "Red, Hot And Blue": "Where Are You" and "I Wake Up Every Morning" (Capitol) ... SAMMY DAVIS' vocal imitations of everyone from Vaughn to Mel on "Can't You See I've Got The Blues"—and without a clothespin either. (Capitol) ... JOE GRAYDON—new voice on a light, gay, frothy Alec Wilder's, "In The Summertime Of The Year" when the brahman are numerar and the bees are honeyer. (Coral) ... IN THE LONG HAIR DEPT.—Mozart's "Symphony No. 25 In D Major"—the "Haffner" Symphony has FRITZ REINER lifting the Pitts- bull Symphony to new heights of beauty! (Columbia regular—Set MM-336 and LP-ML 4156) ... And the same kid's "Concerto In B Flat For Bassoon And Orchestra," with TOSCANINNI AND THE NBC gang, is light and joy- ous—showing the tongue in cheek buffoon- ery of the bassoon, which is Carl Shar- van's bassoon (Victor, DL 1204). ... The Four Intermezzi Album" with DIMITRI MITROPoulos conducting

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., with wife and daughters at Buckingham Palace, after receiving insignia of Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire from the King.
the ROBIN HOOD DELL ORCH OF PHILLY is a gem for opera bugs containing Puccini's "Intermezzo" from "Manon Lescaut," Wolf-Ferrari's "Intermezzo Nos. 1 And 2" from "Jewels Of The Madonna," and Mascagni's "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana." (Columbia MX 317 and LP-MI2153.)

Other fine stuff on LP are Defall's "Suite Populaire Espagnole" and Sarasate's "Caprice Basque" with ISAAC STEIN on violin . . . VAUGHN WILLIAMS' "Symphony No. 6" and Fantasia On Greensleeves, with Gloria's boy'll do... POLO conducting the PHILHARMONIC OF N.Y. . . . on 45 RPM, JASCHA HEIFETZ does Beethoven's "Sonata In D And A," and "Sonata No. 3 In F" . . . ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN—Chopin's Concerto No. 2 In F MINOR, and Liszt's "Concerto No. 1 In E Flat." Swarth having both machines, believe me!

HOT!!

BOBBY HACKETT—Every ill wind blows some good, and the poor state of the record biz is no exception. Makes possible such albums as this jewel-filled show of the swing trumpet solos of show tunes. Douse the lights or even leave 'em on for "Soft Lights And Sweet Music," "Soon," "With A Song In My Heart," "Easy To Love," "What Is There To Say," "If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You," "Ex Of the Glen Miller band, and in company of most respected guys, (Brunswick album B 1096).

JACK TEAGARDEN—Same thing applies to the Big Gate—another great jazzman—and his album of welcome reissues that come on like money from home. Big hunks of Big T's tonsils and T bone on "St. James Infirmary," "Black And Blue," "Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen," "Lonely Blues," "Blues Have Got Me," and "Blue River." Wow! How that lazy style grabs ya. He's got a single out on the Regent label—"My Melancholy Baby" and "If I Could Be With You Jack," his looks like Jack Teagarden month, And what's wrong with that? (Brunswick album 101).

MILDRED BILLY—Hey, thank you, Mr. Brunswick, for one of the greatest jazz slabs of all time—"Lover Come Back To Me" and "It's So Peaceful In The Country." Even after all these years it's strictly non-perishable, but more like champagne! Dave Barbour is on guitar on the first face. How Mildred comes on! (Brunswick)

ALSO A WORTHY—BENNY GOODMAN's "Bedlam"—with the sextet spouting the leaping tenor of Wardell Gray loaded with each of the odd six and shades of "Seven Come Eleven"—but swings like a trapese! (Capitol) . . . WINGY MANONE's golden slab of "Isle Of Capri" and "Memphis Blues"—the hombre from San Antone and his most famous slab! (Brunswick) . . . DIZZY GILLESPIE's "No Me" the last hop on "Jump Did-Le-Ba" with Joe CARROLL nimbly on the same bopstyle. Try this in your barber shop sometime. (Victor) . . . My Man LOUIS ARMSTRONG has a brace of reissues, too—"You Are My Lucky Star" and "I'm In The Mood For Love." (Brunswick) . . . As has JAN SAVITT in "720 In The Books" and "Alla En El Rancho Grande." (Brunswick) . . . BENNY GOODMAN's "Don't Be That Way," "My Melancholy Baby," "Alexander's Ragtime Band." and "Tiger Rag" is now out on 45 RPM thanks to Victor . . . JOHNNY BOTHWELL will have you calling "Hopscotch" with his pressing of "Scotch Plaid"—a bop massage on the "Kerry Dances." ILENE MARTIN mixes her larynx with John's alto. (National) . . . And SIDNEY BECHET'S fresh albumful of delirious two beat is the living end—with Bill Davison on trumpet and Art Hodes on piano. Great two beat and whatta followup to his first book of Blue Note cookies. (Blue Note) . . .

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

ANNAMARIE ALTAMANNs and BAR- BELL HAMMER, BREMERHAVEN, GERMANY—Guess eventually you'll be seeing "The Pirate" and "Easter Parade" in Germany—but who knows when. Same applies to American records—MARI- LYN HALL, SEATTLE, WASH.—Gosh, honey. I don't know who the good-}

Why Jeanne Is Happier At 24

Continued from page 25

when she and Paul were married on the last day of December, 1945. But this didn't work out well because she was playing the title role of "Margie" then. Of course, you remember that Margie was only a high-school girl, with pigtails, short skirts and bobbysox.

"Paul would call to take me to lunch in Beverly Hills and I—still in the mood of Margie—would go skipping along, pigtails flapping! It really looked terrible!" Her eyes danced with mischief. "He was so embarrassed! And when we had dinner in our tiny apartment, I tried to cook—but the only thing I knew how to make was a kind of omelet. After months of omelets, poor Paul confessed he never wanted to see another egg in his life!"

Those were the days, too of Shah-Shah, the lion-cub, so no story about Jeanne would be complete without a follow-up on her pet's fate. Because, on a diet of love, cod liver oil and vitamins, Shah-Shah waxed so exceedingly strong that the neighbors got worried.

"Oh, Shah-Shah's fine!" Jeanne assured me. "We visited her just yesterday
at the Griffith Park Zoo. Of course she knew us. She's so beautiful! She has such a big ruff that people think she's a male. They've given her a mate—a gorgeous big lion with a black mane—and she's as happy as can be!

Jeanne, for all her new poise and efficiency, admits she's a born procrastinator. Though she's trying to overcome this fault that exasperates her, putting things off still comes naturally. It's Paul, the business-man, who operates on a brisk Do It Now basis.

It's Paul, too, who phones when the water-heater won't work or if an unsatisfactory purchase must be returned. Jeanne hates to phone anyway—and to phone a complaint is more than she can bear.

Jeanne and Paul plan spectacular long trips sometime in the future. One is an African safari and another an Alaskan cruise. For the latter they and another couple would rent a boat with hired crew and wander in and out the lovely Northern waterways for several weeks.

"Paul and I haven't been able to take any real trips at all this year," Jeanne said. "Our building and picture schedules came first, of course. But even when we've gone on long vacations—as we did to Palm Springs last week—once we were headed back we could hardly wait to get home.

"When we mention the long trips we want to take, people tell us we should go while the children are little, that they won't miss us as much as they will when they're older. I don't know, though. Personally, I'd rather take them along. What's the fun of going without them?"

Jeanne is honestly happy that she's growing up. She's savoring every new day to its fullest.

"It's true that adolescents have no responsibilities, that they're provided for and supported by their parents. But those years are full of doubts and fears and uncertainties," Jeanne earnestly. "The 'teens are supposed to be the happiest time of your life, but they're not. You just don't know what it's all about, and you're afraid to find out. Sometimes you put on a big brave front of well, but that's only a cover-up."

"But as you grow, you learn to judge, to appreciate, to evaluate. The more you learn the less you know, you know. One's such a little speck in this great big universe!"

"In being an actress—no, I don't mean that!" Jeanne corrected herself with modesty. "I mean in learning to act—and I hope to keep on learning and improving every day and every year—some directors tell you to lose yourself in the character you're playing. But that's impossible! You're you and I'm me and each of us will always be an individual, distinct from anybody else in the world."

"Elia Kazan's method is different—and so much better, I'm sure. He says start with yourself, with all of your own particular background of experience; follow this with study of the person you're to portray—then think and act as that person would."

"For instance, take the scene where Pinky sends her lover out of her life forever. First, Mr. Kazan suggested I imagine I was saying goodbye to my own Paul for the last time. But I said very frankly I couldn't imagine such a thing. I'm happily married and we're not going to part. I just couldn't conceive of such a thing happening!"

"Then Mr Kazan told me to imagine that I realized, in this goodbye, that I could never have a little boy. The scene is a very long one, playing for at least five minutes straight through without cuts. I start out laughing and gay, then right in the middle when I realize the parting is final—I burst into tears.

"So that's what I mean by the experience of growing up. Three years ago I couldn't have done that scene, nor could I have played Pinky at all. But the thought of never being able to have a little son is something that I, personally, couldn't face. Three years ago the power of the overwhelming grief would have been simply inconceivable to me. I wouldn't have understood what it was all about!"

No, three years ago Jeanne Crain couldn't have plumbed the depth of that emotion—nor could she have reached the heights of honest joy in simple pleasures that she knows today. Ever gentle, unspoiled and sensitive, she has more real fun than she ever knew before.

Indeed, twenty-four's a wonderful age! You don't have to fight the battles of a grown person. I have been thinking about this in my work lately. You wouldn't want to go through the scenes where someone has to overcome personal difficulties. You'd like to see the good and the pretty and the happy."

"It's a good sign when a moody, brooding person begins to show gratitude and thinks more of others instead of himself."

I couldn't help wondering what effect the roles Roz has played had on her
philosophy. Any sensitive actress is bound to be influenced by parts. Roz, in this way, is no exception. And that's one reason why she's glad to return to comedy for Columbus in "Tell It To The Judge."

"Every dramatic role I've played has depressed me," Roz stated candidly. "Probably because I've never found a way to simulate emotion. I'm depressed before a picture begins. The only way I can fight this is by not bringing depression into my home. When I'm doing a comedy, I go on for hours at the house about what happened on the set. In a drama, I drop the whole thing somewhere along Sunset Boulevard. I've decided it's kind of silly to continually wear the crepe, so I'm out for laughs now."

While certain roles have their effect on her, Roz went on, "I got very upset about such matters as window screen and steel casements. Then, one day, the whole thing became very funny to me. Two workmen arrived to start work on the room. They put up a ladder and two boards—and that was their day's work. At first I was annoyed and then I couldn't help laughing. A sense of humor is a great help at a time like this—and how it helps your blood pressure!

"I have a maid who used to make me want to commit sheer mayhem. She was always so cheerful it got me down. Sweetness and light oozed out of her like honey. I remember how she used to carry a towel around the house for three or four hours without putting it down. I couldn't help wondering what she was going to do with it. And when she began to tell me what clothes to wear—well!

"That was some time ago. Through the careful application of humor, I've found her to be very interesting and we get along beautifully. As for the maid, some how I had on a pink dress once and I couldn't imagine what I could wear that would match it. I was just getting into a terrific lather when the maid said, 'Why, Mrs. Brissol, you have a nice stole that would go with that dress.' And up she went into my room, dragged down a lot of boxes, found the stole, and sure enough it did work!"

"Little upsets? Sure I have them. But if you work at humor enough, you won't be seriously affected by them."

Roz has very little patience with people who moan. She grants you depression can come from a very good cause and be sincere in itself, but moaning to get sympathy, which is not too rare a human trait, is apt to make Roz forget her composure.

"Those who parade around with long faces aren't impressing anyone," Roz remarked. "Such people claim they want friends. Well, who's going to be friends with an off-tune elegy? These people are just dopers—to waste no words. And I get just as impatient with the helpless girl who, in her fake despondency, can't do anything for herself. There's a way out, and I'd like to go about things. And it isn't too bright."

"All right—so you have a problem. That doesn't make you unusual. Everyone has problems. And I'm a great believer that all of that is taken care of by The One Upstairs. I don't think any of us is given a burden that is actually too heavy for us to carry. And each burden is given to us for a reason, as Pollyannaish as that may sound. Therefore, I can't help thinking that it's wiser to stop letting such problems rule you and to try to rule them instead. It all comes down, really, to living a full life—or rather to wanting to live a full life. I can never forget what Sister Kenny once told me: 'I want to live every minute of my life, but not one second longer than God wants me to.' That is the remark of a woman who has found the key to great, purposeful living. And don't tell me she hasn't had her problems!"

"Sister Kenny is a person who has many interests, whose mind is constantly receptive to new things. Nothing helps to cure depression more than the development of new interests. When I went through a difficult period in my life a while back, I took up painting. And yet I had no more interest in painting than the man in the moon. I didn't even want to go take any lessons, but since I had paid $50 in advance for them I was determined to get my money's worth. I wasn't going to throw away any $50. I must admit, however, that by concentrating as I did on my painting there was enough diversion to keep me from dwelling on my troubles."

"Some people take up sports in hours of crisis. That's fine for the daytime, but I don't waste any time with those who mope just because they want to don the martyr's cloak, but I'd resent it if any friend of mine felt he shouldn't come to me for help."

"It's not really hard to tell the professional moopers from those who genuinely need aid. You get as many signals as you do anywhere, but those who mope for purely selfish purposes are easy to deal with. Shuffle along to go to a quick movie is a good exit line for them.

"Those who play on your sympathy aren't really sensitive. They're merely self-indulgent. And yet one way of making ourselves be natural, are sensitive. It's a good thing so many have that quality, for then we're better able to help others. I grant you that getting hurt and having spells of despondency are prices you pay for being sensitive—but would you rather be wise or foolish?"

"I think it's wrong to try to fight a sensitive nature. I used to think I had to have my own way. But I found that in many instances I had to have help, that I couldn't settle things alone. Once I realized this, I stopped burying my sensitivities and was much happier."

"Okay, I know what most sensitive people think. They believe that very quality makes them easy for them to be hurt. Well, my philosophy is to know that sooner or later you're going to be hurt—and if you accept that fact, the blow won't be so tough. Be prepared for it. Get ready, but don't seek it out and don't be selfish. In short, I guess it's a matter of building up your own self-sufficiency so well that you're not too vulnerable. There goes that self-sufficient business again! But I do know that the depth of the scar that is left is entirely up to you."

We asked Roz about young kids getting over a love affair and those who are fighting loneliness.

"I have the naive idea that young kids who are depressed over an unfortunate love affair wouldn't be in such a mess if they had enough closeness toward their parents," Roz stated frankly. "Parents just aren't the ones to go to then because they haven't tried to help or be understanding before. If parents
Sew A Smart Wardrobe

Ann Blyth, appearing in "Once More, My Darling," is a sewing enthusiast.

4766—Add spice with accessories to this adaptable classic shown here in tissue wool for dress. The accessory patterns included. Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 3 1/2 yards 39 inch fabric.

9345—Fashion bows to this striking new casual with squared-off armholes. Sketched here in tweed. Has a second version with mandarin collar. Sizes 12-20 and 30-42. Fabric requirement a size 16 dress, 4 1/2 yards 39 inch. Size 20 takes 1 1/2 yards 54 inch fabric.

4572—A blouse beauty with good details to fit into a wonderful skirt and shirt wardrobe. Sizes 12-20. A size 16 takes 2 yards 39 inch fabric.

9029—Slim, smooth skirt. Tabs at hip-line add interest to an easy-to-make style. Waist sizes 24-32. Size 20 takes 1 1/2 yards 54 inch fabric.

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see to it that their sons and daughters do not set themselves apart, but share their confidences with them, such unhappy incidents usually can be adjusted. It's when the boy or girl feels alone and lost that everything heads for the depths.

“As for loneliness, there's not a sensitive person alive who doesn't know moments of loneliness. Again, the way out is up to the individual. It may sound trite, but if you should feel there's no point in anything, walk down the Skid Row in your town and see how lucky you really are. It's not wrong to be lonely, but I wouldn't advise making a habit of it because then people will stay away from you as if you had the plague and you'll really know loneliness!

“There's one interesting thing about all this: being lonely gives you a greater appreciation of the fullness of life. It may take a long time for that to sink in, but when it does you won't forget it. It makes you a much stronger, more un- sellish person.

“A full life, however, one devoid of excess despondency and moping, takes work and lots of it. But isn't real happiness worth all the work it requires?"

Rosalind Russell herself supplies the affirmative answer to that one.

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The Man From Beaver Dam

Continued from page 37

couple of times, and the next thing I knew, there I was, standing in front of a movie camera. I was scared stiff. It's been scared ever since.

It seems that as a high school student, Fred organized a marathon for the sole purpose of earning extra money. Not the slightest taint of theatrical ambition marred the pure commercialism of his early public appearances. And, because there was no one else in the band to do it, Fred had to take the vocal choruses.

Musical as he was for this public ordeal was done in a private shower. Under a fine cold spray, he could sing like a nightingale glee club. His high notes were clear and pear-shaped, his low notes vibrated. He never forgot a word or a note.

Yet the instant he arose to sing that well-rehearsed chorus, he could not be sure whether he was going to be able to utter a sound. Sometimes his voice simply suulked behind his tonsils. Poor Fred would nearly drown in nervous perspiration, and afterward he would have nightmares about mighty cars trying to stop him going over Niagara in a saxophone.

To this day, Fred's performances are modified by his intense humility. When he is chatting with someone on a purely personal basis, he never fumbles for words, but if you will notice his screen portrayals, you will become faintly aware of a hesitancy of speech. It isn't quite a stammer, but it conveys the good-guy essence of Fred's nature so well that I sometimes think it has been a great factor in his success.

His shyness has worked to Fred's disadvantage on radio. He has always been besought by radio producers to do various shows, but at first he had mike fright to the point of actual illness. After one particularly strenuous radio show (during which Fred acquitted himself with the dynamism of the trouper he is) he emerged from the studio—mopping his forehead—and assured a friend, "That's the end. No more radio. The words jump up from those pages and thumb their noses at me."

However, he now does four or five shows a year, never thinking he'll make it, and he recently signed a contract to star in a series!

In addition to his deficiency, Fred has a second characteristic which reaches out both to friends and audiences: he has a rare and wonderful sense of humor. Because his own money (together with that of two picture associate(s) was being invested in "Borderline," Fred put up on a great show of sternly practiced economy. Each morning he would be issued one (only) cleansing tissue for blotting excess makeup and for protecting his white collar from his makeup neck between takes. Each evening, Mr. MacMurray returned his used tissue with an air of having affected a monumental saving.

When Doug Spencer, Fred's long-time stand-in, returned jubilantly to the set late one afternoon with the announcement that he had "just gone into over-time for this week," Fred assumed an expression of alarm and suggested that he start standing in for himself.

Fred sent us into gales of laughter on another occasion. "Borderline" is laid in Mexico, so Fred was supposed to be able to speak Spanish with fair fluency. Like most of us, Fred studied Spanish in high school but hasn't used it since, so he had to be coached. He had one line of dialogue which sounded like, "Yo-so, yee-see, tu-yen," and so on.

Repeatedly, Fred tried to make the sentence sound convincing, but at each reading it became more Oriental. Finally, Fred gave it up. Facing the camera, he went through one of the funniest Charlie Chan impersonations, complete with fake Oriental dialogue, that I have ever heard. He was the perfect mandarin: elegant, dignified, serene.

In another scene, Fred was supposed to use me as a shield in order to make a getaway. He didn't care much for this part of the script. "Hiding behind a little gal makes me feel like a great big sissy," he complained.

In a getaway sequence in which the timing was important, we rehearsed the rather complicated business several times, then decided we were ready for the take. The scene occurred in a second-rate Mexican hotel, and Fred was supposed to open the door, admit an accomplice, rush to the window, see our escape car waiting, tell me to get organized (my face was covered with cold cream and my hair was up on curlers, a method that the girl I play used to discourage any amorous advances from Mr. MacMurray), grab a suitcase from under the bed, start emptying dresser drawers, and so forth.

Fred was letter-perfect through the first half of this difficult scene, then forgot what should be done next. Dropping to his knees beside the bed, he remained there for a long time while the camera ground on and Director Bill Seiter tried to figure it out. Slowly the MacMurray head lifted above the bed and the apologetic MacMurray voice sang out, "Cut!" As you know, this word ordinarily belongs strictly to the director for use in ending a scene. It was like a misbehaving student telling the teacher to leave the room. However, on the next take, Fred did nothing.

Fred is a man who never makes the same mistake twice, a fact learned early in our shooting schedule by my husband,

Rosalind Russell, Zachary Scott and Rhoda Williams trying to look serious for photographer during time-out at recent rehearsal for the Radio Theatre.
The proper use of DuBarry Cleansing Cream can be a helpful beauty ritual. Use generously and make little circles with fingertips so skin is well cleansed and soothing properties can do their utmost.

Milton Bren. Milton is very proud of his eighty-four foot schooner, so we spend many of our Summer weekends sailing to and from Catalina Island. Now, Milton invited Fred and his wife, Lillian, to join us for a sail. Fred expressed polite regret because of a previous invitation.

This same routine of invitation and regret continued for several weeks, but finally Fred’s natural candor asserted itself.

“I’d better be on the level with you,” he said, grinning. “When I first came to California, I was persuaded to go on a deep-sea fishing trip on one of those barges operating out of Santa Monica. Early in the morning we rolled out of the harbor, and all day we rolled on a washboard sea. We didn’t roll back into the pier until late that night. I never expected to live; I didn’t want to live. When I set foot on land that night, I swore that I’d never get on anything smaller than the Queen Elizabeth as long as I lived. I still mean it.”

Keen as his memory is of this ghastly experience, Fred’s recollection does not always serve so well. In an absent-minded moment he was juggling a key ring one morning. The keys have been at least two dozen keys in the collection, so I asked Fred what he carried it for—a weapon?

“Pretty heavy,” he agreed, “but I need every item. This is the front door key, this is the side door key, this is the back door key, this is the garage key. Here are my car keys, and here is . . . well, it might be . . . come to think of it, it is . . .”

He could identify less than ten keys out of that massive pile of metal.

Even so, he should have carried one more key; an opener for a food locker which could have been kept on the set for Mr. Hungry MacMurray! I’ve never seen a man with so peristent a yen for a canary ration of food.

Fred would report on the set at nine with the happy report that he had devoured a huge breakfast consisting of orange juice, cereal and coffee. At ten he would be looking for something to eat—perhaps half a doughnut and a cup of coffee. At eleven he would thrust an inquiring face around my dressing room door to ask, “Got anything to eat? Half a chocolate bar, maybe?” At noon he would have salad and coffee, and at two he would again be in hot pursuit of half a chocolate bar.

No wonder he has retained the figure of a college basketball player! He simply starved hungry.

I know that Fred has been misunderstood by the press. He has acquired, in some quarters, a reputation for being difficult, which is a shame. Here is the truth: because Fred is one of the biggest stars in the business, and because fan magazine interest in him is intense, there has been a constant demand for home pictures of the MacMurrays (Fred, Lillian, and their two children). Fred has always refused, laying himself open to a charge of non-cooperation.

He has never defended himself, but I feel that the reason for Fred’s refusal
should be told. It is quite simple. Lillian MacMurray is not a robust person: she
is under doctor's orders to rest a great
deal. As long as she does not over-
extend her strength, she is perfectly
well. Yet she is so conscientious that
she is inclined to over-exert herself when
she thinks that Fred's career will benefit.

In order to spare her, Fred has made
a positive rule that his home cannot be
used for any publicity purpose whatso-
ever. Who can blame him?

Finally, Fred has the one quality
which most endears a man to a woman:
he is a great sentimentalist. And I
should add quickly, a silent, inarticulate
sentimentalist. As nearly everyone knows,
Fred's school days were spent in Beaver
Dam, Wisconsin. He still talks about
Beaver Dam and the outdoor life there
in the tone of Mohomans use for
Meeca. His description of Wisconsin's
lake country and his conversations
about his Mendocino County farm near
Santa Rosa, California, rival anything
that Keats ever wrote.

With Lillian, Fred always plans to
spend as much time as possible on the
farm. "I think it is good for our souls," is his explanation. "Simplicity is what
cures a man of his worries."
It is my opinion that to work opposite
Fred MacMurray is good for anyone's
soul, and a sure cure for picture wor-
ries. He's a breath of fresh air, a hint
of pine woods, a solid citizen—a man
from Beaver Dam.

A Holiday For Virtue
Continued from page 41
speaks, begins or ends with The Woman.
"I buy all The Woman's dresses. 'You
know what The Woman calls me?
'Jimmy.' She wouldn't think of calling me 'Dad'," "The Woman—when I think
of the responsibility of raising that char-
acter, I shudder!" "We do a lot of en-
tertaining on our patio at home. On such
occasions, I am the Spaghetti Man. I
make a sharp spaghetti. Takes me all
day and I throw in everything but The
Woman!"
When The Woman in a handsome
movie star's life is his two-year-old
daughter it strains the brain, let's face
it, to visualize him, even on film, as a
heel in wolf's clothing. Nor is this all...

James Craig's christening name is
James Henry Meador. He took the
name of Craig for the screen, because—
this will break your heart!—he thought
it sounded "sort of sinister." He was
born in Nashville, Tennessee. In his
studio biography, the year of birth is
left blank, but we would place Jim in
the middle thirties. He is six feet two
and a half inches tall, weighs 190 pounds,
has black hair, brown eyes, an all-year-
round suntan and teeth that flash like
a dentist's ad. He has one sister and
one brother who live near him in Cali-
ifornia. His father, Olen W. Meador, an
engineer with the Lackawanna & Ohio
Railroad, became a building contractor
after a coal spot, the result of years

ARE OLD WIVES' TALES
Wrecking your Married Life?

If only every woman would learn these
INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS before she marries...

Too many married women still don’t
have proper, scientific knowledge
they can trust about intimate femi-
nine hygiene.

They follow ignorant misinforma-
tion passed on down through the
years. And all too often this is the
cause of marital unhappiness.

If only women would realize how
important vaginal douching two or
three times weekly often is in intimate
cleanliness, health, married happiness,
and to combat unpardonable vaginal
odor. And certainly once they learn
the truth about zonite, they’ll always
want to use it in the douche.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide
tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

Scientists tested every known germicidal
crude they could find on sale for the
douche. And NO OTHER type proved
SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as
zonite.

So why be old-fashioned and con-
tinue to use weak or dangerous
products?

ZONITE is POSITIVELY non-poison-
ous, non-irritating. You can use zonite
as directed as often as desired without
the slightest risk of injury to the most
delicate tissues.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action
zonite eliminates odor, removes
waste substances and discharge. You
feel so dainty and refreshed after your
zonite douche. Helps guard against
infection. It kills every germ it
touches. It's not always possible to
contact all the germs in the tract,
but you can use zonite and does
kill every reachable germ and keeps
them from multiplying. Buy zonite
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For amazing enlightening new society con-
taining frank discussion of intimate physical
facts, recently published—mail this coupon to
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ton Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

NAME

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59
spent shovelling coal, developed on his lung. "When you are a building contractor," said son James, "you move. We moved. We lived in Florida, in Detroit, in New York City, pretty much all up and down and around the USA."

Jim was educated at public schools in Nashville and points East and West. And at Rice Institute in Texas. Following his graduation from high school, the urge to become a doctor developed and he took two years of pre-med at Rice. He detoured from medicine into movies only because he couldn't make the grade in medicine. He couldn't make the grade in medicine only because he didn't have time to make it. Jim worked his way through college playing football. He says, "All those hours playing football—and I HAD to make the football team in order to stay in school—plus the twenty-four hours a week classroom work, plus the eight hours a week tucked on for Lab, which IS the pre-med course, I couldn't make it."

James still has the "doctoring" urge which he now satisfies by professional "services rendered" to the chickens, turkeys, horses, dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

Before Jim left rice, he switched over from medicine to Business Administration which has come in right handy for actor-rancher and/or businessman Craig.

After he left college, Jim turned to professional football. Failing to see any future in the pigskin, he tried boxing. "But only long enough," he told us, laughing, "to hear that my sparring partner was a former champion!" The oil fields of Huntsville, Texas, beckoned next and, after the oil-fields, which did not push for James, he went to work for General Motors in Houston, Texas. He started with General Motors as a "persuader"—i.e., a collector of delinquent accounts—and his disposition coupled with his powerful frame and, to put it mildly, photogenic face, made him so potent a "persuader" that he was soon promoted to an important post in sales promotion.

This was the first job he'd held that assured James of a vacation every Summer. It took him only one vacation to land in pictures. Driving to Hollywood for a peek at the film city he got the hunch, he knows not where or how or last of all why, that he might have a future as an actor. A believer in hunches, Jim went straightway to one of the only two men he knew in Hollywood, who happened to be a dramatic coach at MGM. The coach advised Jim to "go home; get a good dictation coach, lose that Southern accent of yours (or is it a Southwestern accent?) join a Little Theatre Group for some experience and come back to Hollywood in a year." One year later, to the day, James, minus his accent or most of it, and with or without (he's never said!) some Little Theatre experience, came back to Hollywood and launched his screen career in a series of Westerns. When, two years later, it appeared that he was stuck in the sagebrush, he broke from Hollywood and headed for New York. On Broadway, his initial stage venture in Mr. Guthrie McClintock's "Missouri Legend," was such a success that a talent scout signed him, he returned to Hollywood, checked in again at MGM, was tested and given the contract he still has, in a drawer of his desk at home. For a time James, like so many others before and after him, marked time. Then just as he was considering another fling at Broadway, his impatience was rewarded with an important role, his first big role which, oddly, was that of a doctor, opposite Ginger Rogers in "Kitty Foyle."

And if this isn't the typical saga of the typical Young American, we haven't read the right sagas. True, the point may be raised that the saga of the typical American boy seldom leads him to the motion picture studios of Hollywood. Still, when you consider the quite similar biographies of the early Gable, Jim Cagney, Robert Taylor, Kirk Douglas...

Furthermore, the point we raise is that, despite what may be Jim's unusual, typical-of-the-American-career, our Mr. Craig remains as typical, as normal, as ever he was in the Nashville public schools, on the football field at Rice, in the oil-fields of Texas. James is still married to the one and only wife he ever married. That James and his Mary will celebrate their Golden Wedding anniversary together is, says Jim, "a certainty." He added, "You can safely say of Mary and me that we are NOT, not EVER going to get a divorce. I am in love with Mary. She is in love with me. It's difficult. I know. For a woman to be married to a movie actor unless, that is, she has explicit trust in him. Mary, having no reason to feel otherwise, has, I feel sure, explicit trust in me."

In addition to Mary and The Woman, Jim's family consists of son James (James Jr., known as Buck, aged nine), Sammy Farqua, Jack Rigby, 5600 chickens, 3000 turkeys, four horses, a Great Dane, a Cocker, two English pointers and, we quote, "Uncountable cats!"

When Jim was on location with the company making the film, "Valley Of The Sun," back in 1942, some of the shots were made on an Indian reservation. On the reservation Jim met, and took a great fancy to, young Indian Brave Sammy Farqua, then aged nine. When Jim left the reservation for home, he took Sammy home with him. Sammy is now sixteen. "He's going to be a good guy," says Jim, Jack Rigby, another protege of Jim's, "is all-city tackle on his school football team," says his foster-father, adding proudly, "and he's one of my two hands—the right one!"

Until a little more than a year ago, there was another son in Jim's and Mary's home, in their hearts. The first son. His name was Bobby. Jim doesn't talk about Bobby. He can't. But even in his grief Jim is typical of, is one with other men, the men who must suffer for their lost sons.

As wholeheartedly as Jim loves his family, he loves his home. Craig Ranch consists of ten acres "planted, just about
all of it," Jim laughs, "in buildings. There is the main house, a long thing that goes from way over here to," Jim made an arc-like gesture with his right arm, "way over there," he said. "The main house is actually composed of three houses, the other two being guest-houses, which were attached, but apart from, the main house. An innovation and an extravagance I'm rather proud of is the equipping of the guest-houses with Frigidaires and stoves so that when I get up at seven in the morning, as I do, our guests can sleep until they wish to take and, when they wake up fresh, so disposed, in their 'own' homes. Our patio is likewise equipped for rather better than light housekeeping. We're all great breakfast-outdoors-eaters and, as I've mentioned, do most of our partying in the patio, so it's equipped with a Frigidaire, hot-plate, barbecue, of course, hot and cold running water, pots, pans, china and cutlery.

"There are also barns, garages, a compost house, greenhouses, chicken houses on the space. Our brooder house is built of eight-inch stone and is so large we can start out 5000 chicks at one time. The house has heat control, ultraviolet ray lighting, air conditioning and I must say that I agree," Jim laughed, "with a guest, who upon inspecting the brooder house brooked aloud, 'Oh, to be a chicken now that Spring is here'. In between the livestock and their places of roost, every nook and corner of the ranch is planted," Jim added, "in peach trees, orange trees, lemon, avocado, fig, in rose bushes, gardenia and camellia bushes and all manner of cut flowers.

In cooperation with his brother-in-law and his brother-in-law's wife, Jim started chicken-ranching, he says, about seven years ago. Asked whether he'd had experience or, if not, how he'd learned The Egg And I's business, he said, "We read a book." He added, laughing, "Even now when something baffles us, we say, 'What does The Book say?'

"But it pays off," Jim told us. "We have 5000 chickens now. By the end of the year, we'll have $300 more. We get about 300 dozen eggs a day, sell 'em to the wholesalers and I can only add that if, for some reason, I should be faced with the necessity of choosing between chicken-ranching and acting as a lifework, I would take the more stable of the two, and it would NOT be acting!"

Jim is, of course, a first-rate actor, chicken-rancher and, as owner and proprietor of The Live Oak Inn, restaurateur.

"I have a very cute little place," Jim says, modestly, "out in the Valley. A business property, a corner I'd been intending to do some time finally went up for sale and I bought it. There was a small building, run-down but improbable on the land. So I started remodeling it. Now, it's a good and going little restaurant, a Las Vegas type place. In fact, you could move it, lock, stock and barrel, to Las Vegas and it would be there — with a wonderful bar, a good band and, of course, food that we believe is better than good. In the Summertime, there's dancing outdoors, under the enormous old tree that gives the place its name and in the Las Vegas tradition, we even," Jim laughed, "give away those silver dollars!"

Jim added, "As a restaurateur, however, I am a little zealous actor and chicken-rancher. Not in The Inn, that is, very often. I go in and count the money," he grinned, "see how we're getting along. Now and again, I audition a band but otherwise, I have a manager for the place and he manages it.

On the table at "31" there now arrived for James, together, a plate of vanilla ice-cream and a telephone. The telephone was connected. The call came through. "Side Street's" assistant director was calling. The lunch hour was over. James must report back to work. There was a murder to be done. Two murders, "One-theredame," said the assistant director, succinctly, "and one-therguys.'"

"Two murders," said James, contentedly, "and then two more and then I'm going home to Craig Ranch, pull up all the flowers, uproot and saw down all the trees, kill off every rooster that doesn't lay an egg every day, tear down the buildings including, eight-inch stone by eight-inch stone, the brooder house, move down to Third Avenue, whip my kids and wallow in it," said James, ferociously, "wallow in it!"

And then, but not before finishing to the last innocent spoonful of his vanilla ice-cream, Killer Craig was gone... leaving us to reflect, even with the echo of his massacring last words in our ears, that it's no wonder Leo the Lion roars and shakes his tawny mane at the mere thought of our mild-mannered Craig chicken-rancher Craig, nice, kind, good Mr. Craig as the villain of a penny dreadful, a shilling-shocker.

Still, lie is actor Craig, too, isn't he? And, as an actor, and a good one, he can act, can't he? It's going to take acting for James to swing a menacing gangster convincingly—oh, and how—as in "Side Street" you will soon see for your shrinking selves.

What About Older Men?

Continued from page 48

more pep than most people—he's so easy to work with, is a wonderful talker and has a funny amusing stories.

"Or take Charles Boyer," she said. "He's quiet, as you might imagine, but I understand he's always been reserved and soft-spoken. On the other hand, he has a keen sense of humor, loves to tease people. One of his running gags was built around a Mona Lisa smile he insists I wear. I'm awfully glad I could work with him—"

Zachary Scott, she says, appeared mainly with "Miss Crawford," as she always refers to that lady, in "Mildred Pierce," and she can't report in detail on him. But she laughed off any hint of a wheelchair for the lean, strong Scott, as fit as a dozen fiddles.

"Of course I was obliged to kill Zachary," Ann said, casually. "In the movie,
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The interview was interrupted, momentarily, by Jane Russell, who slid into the seat next to your correspondent, said hello all around and gossiped with Ann for a few moments. Just before she left, Jane turned to her and said, "Take a good look at Ann's handwriting—it's proof that she's a very determined girl." The determined girl took refuge in her best Mona Lisa smile, said not a word...

"It's obvious," said Ann, getting back to us, "that I have learned more acting with experienced men that I would have with people new to the trade—yes?

"It stands to reason that an actor who's had years of stock, Broadway, plays, radio and movies, is going to be much more adept at playing any sort of role than, say, a boy just out of dramatic school. As an example, take Bing Crosby, who's perfectly at home with a microphone, and also has an Oscar to show for his acting. Doesn't it seem logical that I'd get more out of a month's work opposite him than I would with a tyro blissfully unaware of the thousand and one tricks of the trade? The depth of this—and that's a man like Bob Montgomery has done cold? A man capable of both directing and acting and—as he did in 'Once More, My Darling'—doing both in the same picture!

"It's been my fortune that, even as an 18-year-old, I was the eligible girl or wife of any one of the charmers I've been with."

The "Once More, My Darling" Ann spoke of, is a comedy. "It's also a change for me," Ann said. "It was previously before a mixed California audience, who gave it a definite okay—which pleased me very much."

This film is for Universal-International and Neptune Films (latter is Montgomery's own company)—Bob directs, stars opposite Ann, and I realized that Bob gave her a comedy approach that was new to her and the picture still proves it. He also started calling her "Killer" off-screen (it's her nickname in the picture) from the first day of shooting. Ann's called "Killer" because of a killing for-hand drive in tennis and not because of any lefty "Mildred Pierce" rep. The nickname is actually as inappropriately for the petite, quiet Ann as Shorty is for a tall guy. Stills sent out, showing Ann in a yellow tennis outfit with "Killer" on it, have resulted in sacks of fan mail addressed simply to "Killer" at the U-I studios and reaching the right girl. Montgomery is a great kidder anyway, so it was even funnier to him, a lawyer turned actor, thanks to a liking for the trade developed by working in training films made during the War—though his lawyer-mother (Jane Cowl) is greatly annoyed by the switch. The Army recalls Bob to active duty, consisting of finding out who gave the innocent Ann a pendant stolen from a collection in occupied Germany.

First, Bob has to get by Ann's super-careful father (Taylor Holmes), but, after he does, Ann falls madly in love with him. She's for getting married promptly to but things she wants them to, at least until the crook is nabbed and the last reel is reached.

"I'm terribly spoiled in the picture," says Ann, letting that Mona Lisa thing ring into a plain grin. "Also frank, wide-eyed and not too experienced to men, as I prove by my handling of Bob, who continually stalls on the marriage question—he has to, since he must continue seeing me until he discovers who the international thief is. Eventually, Bob realizes that he loves me, but by then I'm hard to get and he has to crawl to win me—and crawl he does!"

This is actually Ann's first "big-girl" romantic-comedy role in what her studio describes as a "gay, bubbling story of the kind that initially made Montgomery a box-office favorite. Ann is called on to play a spunky and charming girl who is merely a half-pint of that last as she did in Peabody when she was a mermaid with her excellent legs covered up with a rubber fish-tail (she also gets fan mail asking for the expensive tail-prop as a gift)."

In this new film, Ann wears slinky, silk pajamas most of the time, or else a revealing play suit which is her costume while pursuing Bob "like a tiger," to quote the studio, again.

"Playing opposite the picture's director was certainly a twist," Ann said. "Bob watched through the camera as his stand-in, Bob rehearsed and I repeat that Bob would take over and play himself, somehow directing as he went along. There is a man with a real feeling for comedy (the critics agree with her), plus a superior sense of timing."

On her way from her home studio, Universal-International, Ann moved her makeup kit over to Paramount to play an Irish colleen with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald in "Top O' The Morning." Living in a small Irish village, Ann is Barry's pet daughter who becomes romantically involved with Bing. (Please turn to page 64)
FASHION SHOW

All fashions on this page have been approved by Screenland's Fashion Editor for price, good quality, style.

I WONDER how many of you use the mail order method of shopping and if you are fully aware of its advantages? It is truly the modern way of stretching your dollars and cents. It's a way to find new and unusual ideas. Also, you will save time and cost of transportation for shopping, and there is always the pleasant surprise when your package arrives. Personally, I think it is wiser to send money order or check with your order. Reputable houses will refund promptly if you are not satisfied, and you do not have to stay at home thinking the mailman may arrive with a C.O.D. any minute.

THE "Chaqueta" jacket opposite is something to start conversation. For all over this imported Mexican 100% wool jacket are gay Mexican scenes, each one hand embroidered in bright wool. They cover the back, extend to front and sleeves. Furthermore, the front is fringed and pocketed, and all details are hand-done. This is the kind of jacket to wear for fun, as well as warmth. The colors are bright and beautiful. Adult sizes are $10.95, and there are also children's sizes, 2-6 for $2.95, and 7-10 for $6.93. Casa-Bernal will also gladly send you a free folder showing many other fascinating Mexican imports.

PAJAMA lovers take note of the new Betty Co-Ed offering this month, the "Snuggly" pajamas with the nighty booties to match, at $4.95 for "Snuggly" and $81 for the cunning boots. For either sleeping or lounging, here is comfort plus, for the fabric is a soft, colorfast flannel. Sanforized against shrinking in washing. In this two-use find, in both junior and regular sizes, you get smart night-time fashion for a song.

THERE is nothing like Honeybugs at a foot, once you're out of daytime shoes. And new in feeling and fabric treatment are the "Tic Tac Toe Jesters" in new shades of rayon satin with the paper and pencil game embroidered over the surface. I still cling to other Honeybugs I've worn for two years! That gives you an idea of their fineness of manufacture and their true comfort. These new ones have a real leather, light and pliable, wedge sole and are elasticized at back for a perfect fit. Sizes in 4 to 10 for all grown-up feet at $2.98, and in little girls sizes to 2. If you do not see Honeybugs in your local shops, write to them for the name of your nearest store. Keep them in mind for Christmas, too.

R.S.V.P.
action generally concerns the adventures of Bing—an American insurance investigator—and Barry—police chief in the village's two-man police force (Hume Cronyn is at least the constable)—and their attempts to solve a mystery.

"And what a mystery!" said Ann. "It's only the Blarney Stone, itself, that's been abducted—what a pity it is, it is."

And who better than little Annie should be an Irisher? She that is the daughter of Nan Lynch who, herself, mind you, came from Dublin that's in Ireland. The Lynches—leave it be known—are a family renowned locally for their fame as story-tellers, and Ann, long ago, learned the legends of Eire—a help with this role.

"The matter of the brogue," said Ann, "was vitally important to the picture. My aunt and uncle (Catherine and Patrick Tobin, who've lived with Ann since her mother died) have a smidgin of brogue and I've cried it up from them. But there's one thing that people forget, Irish girls of today are well educated and don't talk too differently from anyone else. The cutest brogue in the film belongs to Miss Eileen Crowe, a noted Abbey Player, who's cast as the village wise woman. Hers is delightful and minus even a hint of the stage-Mick."

"Miss Crowe is the same who predicts things—in particular, my romantic future. Oddly enough, she says that an American will win my heart, and as sure as fate, Bing Crosby arrives in town from over the sea—to become the light of my life . . ."

When Ann and Bing meet, The Grooer tells The Killer that she's sort of attractive—something in this fashion:

A: "You're a very, very pretty girl.
B: "What are you after doing, talking like that?"
A: "Back home, this is called making a pitch.
B: "Tell me now, back home, is there such a thing as a slow pitcher?"
A: (At Bing) "Back home, you could pitch for the Pirates with those curves!

And thus it goes in the movie business. Ann, who once broke her back in a tobogganing accident, got off easy in "Top O' The Morning," suffering only a banged-up left ankle, the result of accidentally kicking another player during a (too) spirited Irish dance.

Anyway, the Bing film romance progresses and it's wholly credible, despite the fact that Crosby is the real-life father of four boys. Their cinema-love, in fact, progresses to the point of a nice quarrel between them, at which point, Bing is ordered out of the house by Ann, who tells him that his supper is waiting outside. She had previously put a plate of food on the doorstep for the Bing and an Irish-in-spirit, as per the local Irish custom.

Bing walks out of the house at her command, only to find Daisy (the 14-year-old male dog who acts regularly with the Bristam fed gung) noisily eating the food. That being the end of the take and, impressed with Daisy's excellent appetite, Bing turned to a grip

and asked: "He's a regular Henry the VIII—what other pictures has he worked in?" Told that Daisy had recently appeared in a Bob Hope film, Der Bingle chucked, said: "Well, it least it's a switch—the dogs going to Hope."

"I've been a Barry Fitzgerald fan for a long time," Ann said, "so you can imagine how tickled I was to get a chance to work with him—also an opportunity to watch a superb craftsman. Also a matter, Ann, of the picture's technical expert—you know, deciding what Ireland's national color is, the correct account of "Bridge And The Toadstool," the proper furnishings for a poor home and so on.

"I've only been playing golf since last November, so let's leave my score at that, but I can hardly consider spending my time playing golf."

Bing and Ann sing together in the film. "I've been taking singing lessons," she said, "and I hope no one was too disappointed with my voice. I sing 'Oh! 'Tis Sweet To Think,' an Irish tune that goes back to 1810, and Bing does 'You're In Love With Someone.'"

"Bing and I," she went on, "also made a Deca record together and I was so impressed with his easy approach to the (to me) difficult job of cutting a disk! There he was, completely relaxed, while a swarm of butterflies flew in formations around in my stomach. Again, a case of a grand person giving me a genuine assist. He came in in record time (she grinned in apology), and before you could say antidilageptificationaritnism, we'd completed the job and, I do say, a good job.

As for what she thinks of the picture, Ann said it when she said: "I hated to see it on it end . . ."

Off-screen, Ann is courted by a number of young blades such as Roddy McDowall and Lon McCallister (who told us that he was going to marry Ann). Ann insists that she's heart-free—though there was a flurry of excitement on the Paramount lot when she showed up one day wearing a gold ring, with three diamonds, on her third finger, left hand. It was a gift, she explained to several actors, from Ann to Ann—and not from one Terry Brennen, a Notre Dame football player, whose name had been linked with hers.

As she managed to keep the young gentlemen friendly though not affianced to her—as they would have it—Ann said: "I believe in honesty and kindness. Also fairness and not a dazzling display of technique that's only apt to hurt people. Being honest with these young men is probably the reason we're good friends—engagement ring or no."

Which makes Ann a rarity in Hollywood, where technique is rated over an old-fashioned virtue like kindness, any day in the week.

But one of these days, some young swain will sweep Ann off her feet and marry her, as sure as the shamrocks comes from Ireland. Men of all ages—as you've noted—are attracted to her.
Even as we sat drinking tea, the gray-haired, Sherry-Netherland headwaiter came to the table bearing a gift he'd just made for her—a lemon expertly carved to look like a pig, with little clove eyes. A definite tribute to her universal (international) appeal.

That's a tip for any interested, bright young gent. Take up lemon-pig carving—and don't forget cloves for the eyes, either. That's a friendly suggestion if you would please Killer Blyth . . .

About Face For James

Continued from page 45

lightly. "If you really want to know, I guess you'll just have to read it yourself. It was based on comments people had made to me who had come to New York, where my wife and I were staying at the time. They were observations common to all who know Hollywood, even platitudinous remarks. The general reaction to the town, as I understood it, was that it was a suburban community with nothing of the big city about it—as everyone knows. Directors from England had said, too, after they saw pictures here, that they found Hollywood confining because they had none of the freedom that they were used to in England.

"My wife and I spent a year and a half in New York before we came here. A lawsuit kept us from arriving sooner. During that time I had offered every studio in town with the exception of Paramount, who remained cautiously aloof since they were indirectly involved in the lawsuit.

"Actually, we came here before the suit was decided. Few people knew we had wanted to keep things as quiet as possible. The script of 'Caught' was among those that came along as soon as it was known that I had won the case. I've always judged a part by what I felt I could do with it, how honest a performance I thought I could give. By these standards I liked my part in 'Caught.'

"This was also the basis upon which I decided to do 'The Blank Wall,' which I just finished at Columbia. My role in this seems to me to take sense also. I was glad, too, that Max Opus was to direct this, and I had really enjoyed working with him on 'Caught.'

"It may be considered strange that I don't care how small a part is if I like it. In 'Madame Bovary,' for instance, I appear only in the prologue and epilogue, but it is a fine script. I like to do a part I can work on in my career anyway is to make a good film occasionally. I've learned that it's not the number of lines an actor has to say that makes a part good or not. You can be a crashing bore if you're constantly on the screen and yet say nothing interesting. In this respect, I think few Hollywood stars would have done the parts I did in 'The Seventh Veil' or 'Odd Man Out.'"

That pretty well took care of James Mason and his views on acting—which is perhaps one of the reasons why Hollywood has regarded him as quite original. But as for his current impressions of the town, that's something else again. Rumor was supplanted by fact in a hurry when he began on this subject.

"Pam, my wife, and I now realize that Hollywood is a place of real charm and informal beauty," he said. "We have been particularly impressed by the beauty of the residential districts. On the other hand, we can't say much for the night life here, but that doesn't bother us because we're not ones for night clubs anyway. The people out here live an informal type of life at their own and other people's homes.

"We do enjoy our garden tremendously—and we have a swimming pool. Before we got the pool I used to spend my time taking walks in the hills, never met anyone else walking. Does anyone walk in Hollywood?"

"I like gardening. Fortunately, we have a large garden, and I say 'fortunately' because we have no gardener as yet and since I can't do as much work in the garden as I'd like it's so big that the intended sections aren't always noticed. I've been spending the last few days digging up dandelions. As for my artistry as a gardener, I can best describe it as superficial. I mow the lawn and I scratch the surface in a somewhat amateurish way and have to let it go at that.

"As for the people here in Hollywood. I've found it easier to make friends in this town than in any other place I've ever been. The longer Pam and I are here the more we notice that the social life is purely domestic in Hollywood. Most entertaining is done at home instead of at restaurants. That's a far cry from the rather hectic social whirl that some people associate with Hollywood.

"I like the informal way of life here—and I like the people in Hollywood. They don't depend on external excitement for a full life. They are industrious and open-hearted. For many of them I have great respect.

"We have made many real friends here already—people like Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford, the Van Heffins, the Wangers, Jean Renoir, Preston Sturges, Max Opus, Al Lewin and many others. Pam and I do a good deal of entertaining, but only at small dinner parties. One of the previous occupants of this house regularly gave intimate little parties for around 250 people. But that's not our cup of tea. We don't have a large staff, for one thing. Violet, a cat fancier and who was with us in England, came here but returned recently for a short vacation in England. Pam maintains it's easier to take care of a large house than it is a small one anyway, simply because a smaller place is so compact that every part of it is lived in while a big house allows things to pile up in certain sections without their being unduly noticed."
At this point, Mrs. Mason came into the room carrying a very cute young Miss Mason—whose name is Portland. The baby was named after Fred Allen’s wife. Pamela Mason is an extremely vital and attractive woman who is interested in everything her famous husband does, though. She is a successful writer herself and seems to be doing very well as a mother.

“Pam and I never have made any long-range plans. We’ll live anywhere as long as we can work and enjoy ourselves. We kind of dig ourselves in then. We’ll stay here for a while but probably not indefinitely, even though we have bought this house. All I can say now is that we have no compelling urge to move at this particular moment.

“We never seem to run out of things to do. In fact, I can’t catch up. I’ve done some writing since I’ve been here and Pam and I both did the recent book on our cats. We intend to do another of a similar type. And I’d like to do more painting if I could find the time.

“Most of all, I’d like to catch up with my reading which, during our recent house-moving, fell sadly behind schedule. All in all, I hope we can stay settled for a while now.”

As he went on talking, I was impressed by his real sincerity. He spoke quietly and in the accustomed clipped British manner, but he had a way of making you listen to him. What he said was of real interest. Particularly I was prone to notice the most about him, as far as any traits were concerned, was his very charming smile.

James then went into a discussion of the American picture business. I expected him to give out with a few sharp-edged remarks but instead he spoke of the industry with genuine respect.

“I had one big prejudice when I came here,” he went on. “I was convinced all producers were a race of blockheads who couldn’t even read. I’ve found some who can criticize a script more constructively than some of the directors.”

“Pictures, too, are made with more superficial efficiency here than in England. The only real efficiency back home is that one man is often in complete command of a film. There is a bit more pressure here and sometimes, as a result, you find yourself unrehearsed, but that’s better than having to be kept waiting by the technicians which often happens in England.”

“There is one sharp difference in film making here and in England. Even if you’re in the middle of a shot in England and six o’clock rolls around you stop everything. This is very annoying to the actor and director because it takes them so much longer to get back into the mood for the scene the next morning. I must say our efforts have been finished at lunch time.”

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12

Barbara Bates who has romantic lead opposite Mickey Rooney in "Quicksand."
suitable for her, for the role... and that also make her look most attractive.

**There's Quite A Difference** between dressing people for the screen and for real life. A star may have a beautiful face but she may have many figure faults. For the screen, it is of the utmost importance to camouflage those faults, to make her as beautiful as possible. The cameraman, hairdressers and makeup artists must do the same thing. That is why experts in those fields are paid such high salaries. In addition to creating clothes that hide any imperfections in body proportions, a designer must also follow the mood of the story. If a star has a tragic scene, it would be wrong to put her in a fluffy white dress because she looks best in white. That would raise the key of the scene when it should express a dark mood.

**We Have One Screen Trick** that could and should be followed in personal dressing. We keep the face the center of interest. There are three distinctly different types of screen pictures... the long-shot, the two-shot and the close-up The long-shot is what you see when a player enters a door at the far side of a room. It's an overall picture of a person. It is the whole ensemble that you also see when a friend walks toward you on the street. If the star on the screen, or your friend wears a dress with an intricate puff or drape around the hips, you see that first, instead of the face. That's wrong for the screen star and it's wrong for anyone. The two-shot is made by moving the camera nearer so that you see the star from the hips or waist up. That is also what you see as your friend walks nearer. Again, no bow, drape or sparkle at the waist or bodice should detract from the face. Then, the close-up on the screen shows a figure from the shoulders up. Finally what you see when you stand and talk with someone. Now it is most important that the neckline should frame the face.

Never Buy Clothes that are so high styled you cannot change them with accessories. A suit becomes a better investment if it can be worn with or without a hat. If you can sometimes wear it with jewelry or a scarf at the neckline, you won't tire of it so quickly... and neither will your friends. It's also wise, when you are buying several new things, to stay with colors that go together so you can interchange them.

You Don't Have To Worry whether materials do or don't blend. It's new and smart to combine almost any kind of material. You will see much more of that this Fall and Winter. Cotton for some time has been combined with silk. Put sequins on it, or quilting it, and it is the same dress value as silk. This Winter I shall combine suede and wool. The suede will be beaded for earring, belt or cuffs of dressy wool cocktail suits. There is practically no limit to fabric combinations now. Wool jersey will be used with satin... shantung with cotton or Lyons velvet. I have never used knitted or crocheted clothes, alone or combined with anything else. They may be all right for everyday life, but not for the screen. Picture clothes must hold their shape under hot lights three or four days in a row. A knitted suit would droop in two hours.

**The Next Style Change** will do drastic things to sleeves. The manufacturers are planning, quite obviously, to make your clothes look dated, so you'll have to buy new ones. It's strictly a business idea to increase sales. They accomplished a similar thing when they suddenly dropped the skirt lengths. That didn't last too long. Most women prefer a normal skirt length and it was easy enough to shorten the clothes they had. But now watch what the manufacturers will do with sleeves. First, they will introduce the puffed sleeve. This will develop into a super-sleeve with great fullness at the top. They can defy any woman, unless she's an experienced dressmaker, to follow that style by altering the clothes she already has in her wardrobe.

**Your Only Chance** is to refuse to accept extreme styles. You can do it. American women as a whole have refused to accept the extreme styles of the French. They prefer modified adaptations. French designers have magnificent ideas but they forget when to stop, and they also forget all about the beauty of a woman's face or figure. They may as well paint a clay pot for all their disregard of figure proportions. Yet, they are great in that they dare to do it. A French designer will come out with an idea that is atrocious, but because it is new, and French, women will buy it... and look like the devil in it. Some designers never do that. They will take the basic idea and adapt it to a woman's figure. Good American clothes make women beautiful rather than sensational.

Such American Classics as the casual shirtmaker, the simple wool sports suit, can readily be adapted for cocktail and evening occasions if you look best in that type of thing. A long skirt of beautiful tweed material could be worn with an elegant sweater and belt to make a stunning dinner dress. Sheer wool, with a shirtmaker bodice, a long full skirt and a jewel-studded belt would be extremely smart for formal evening wear.

**But Don't Be An Extremist** with casual clothes, even if they are your type. You may crave comfort in clothes, but that gives you the right to buy back dresses or blue jeans on the street. Many girls let themselves become too comfortable in their clothes. The next step is carelessness in grooming and before long they are just plain sloppy. Then they should be kept off the street.

Keep Your Balance and use your own sense of good taste. That can't be learned through books. If you feel you never look as attractive as the people around you... if you doubt whether
you have developed a sense of good taste . . . observe others everywhere. When you dine at a fashionable restaurant, notice the detail of the women’s clothes. You can study people on a street car. Some may look all wrong. Play a mental game of how you would improve their appearances. Some may look inexpensively but beautifully dressed. Analyze their costumes, for the

secrets of their good taste.

And Be Yourself. If you must stride, it’s good taste for you to wear clothes that permit it. Never dress out of character no matter how much you admire another type. The American man . . . in case you’re interested . . . has always preferred to see a girl dressed in a way that seems natural to her.

Solving The Thin Girl’s Problem

Continued from page 17

vertical position. Point toes and press legs toward body. Slowly lower legs to floor.

3. Bring arms backward and bend knees. Raise ankles and grasp them with hands. Lift upper part of body from floor, stretch head back. Rock back and forth three times. Do exercise only once to start.

“When you begin exercises," advises Miss Kahn, "your spine is tense and rigid, use a sponge rubber mat, thin cotton mattress or heavy quilt. When you are well advanced and your backbone is more pliable and covered, you can exercise freely on a hard wooden floor. Wear rompers or anything not confining. Exercise any time except after eating. Outdoors is the ideal place. When indoors, open windows wide and seek a dust-free place. Bathe or shower immediately after exercises to relax and cleanse the skin of impurities thrown off in exercising.

“I cannot stress enough the importance of deep breathing for normal breath development. Inhaling and exhaling rhythmically and deeply will expand and develop the chest and build up the underlying tissues and breast muscles. This breathing with the exercises described will help you gain weight through proper muscle development and normalize your figure into graceful, feminine contours.”

WEIGHT GAINING DIET

Follow this diet faithfully for two weeks, eating what is assigned rather than doing without. Eat your vegetables with butter, salads with oil and lemon juice, coffee, tea with cream and sugar. Liquors and carbonated drinks are best avoided, as well as spicy foods and condiments. Drink plenty of fresh water, six glasses daily, between meals.

MONDAY

Breakfast Juice of 2-3 Oranges freshly squeezed 2 Eggs, boiled or poached Coffee with Cream and Sugar Rye or Wholewheat Toast with Butter

Lunch Vegetable Plate consisting of Beets, String Beans, Spinach or Broccoli Baked Potato with Butter Baked Apple Milk or Buttermilk

Dinner Tomato Juice

Hamburger Steak 2 Steamed Vegetables, Broccoli and String Beans Combination Vegetable Salad 1 piece Rye or Wholewheat Toast Prune Pie, preferably with Wholewheat Flour Crust

TUESDAY

Breakfast Juice of 2-3 Oranges freshly squeezed 2 Eggs, boiled or poached Coffee with Cream and Sugar Wholewheat Muffins with Raisins and Honey

Lunch Calves’ Liver, broiled Lettuce and Tomato Salad Milk or Buttermilk

Dinner Fresh Fruit Cup - Steak 2 Vegetables, Cauliflower and Beets Tomatoes, Lettuce, Celery, Green Olives, Cucumbers Egg Custard

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast Juice of 2-3 Oranges freshly squeezed 2 Eggs, boiled or poached Coffee or Tea with Cream and Sugar Graham Rolls with Honey and Butter

Lunch Vegetable Plate consisting of Beets, String Beans, Spinach or Broccoli Baked Potato with Butter Rye or Wholewheat Bread and Butter Milk or Buttermilk

Dinner Grapefruit with Honey 2 Lamb Chops, broiled 2 Steamed Vegetables, Spinach and Green Peas Celery, Tomatoes, Cucumbers Steamed Fresh Peaches

THURSDAY

Breakfast Juice of 2-3 Oranges freshly squeezed 2 Eggs, boiled or poached Tea with Cream and Sugar Rye or Wholewheat Toast with Honey and Butter

Lunch Fresh Fruit Salad with Cottage Cheese Rye Toast with Butter Milk or Buttermilk

Dinner Fresh Grapefruit Juice
What Hollywood itself is talking about!

Continued from page 27

down a rope. George Reeves suffered a little, too, when Jack sneared him with a chocolate covered ice cream bar—on account of his favorite flavor is butterscotch, which doesn't photograph nearly as well as chocolate.

Joan Crawford, who is an awful nice gal, demonstrated that fact again when she sent Judy Garland a wire of congratulations on her zippy performance in "Good Old Summertime." That picture certainly proves Judy is still one of the brightest stars in the Hollywood constellation.

The Gregory Pecks did some hasty redecorating in the frilly nursery which had been specially done over for the expected baby girl, which turned out to be a boy, their third. Greta lost her heart to name the young'un Greg Jr. His name is Carey, after Greg's idol, the late Harry Carey.

Jeanne Crain and Greg, talking about their respective sons, have practically given up hope on the daughter department and resigned themselves to raising all-boy families. Jeanne spent ten days at Palm Springs with her husband, Paul Brinkman, after finishing "Pinky," missed her kids so much that she's postponing her trip to Alaska until the boys are big enough to go along.

Gene Autry and his Mrs. moved into their new house, atop Laurel Canyon, thus turning into real city folks. Gene's keeping his ranch, of course. Also, for the first time, the flying cowboy has himself a pilot—Gene found out the only way he could get any rest on his trips around the country was to moose in his airplane, Mr. A.'s become one of the most popular square dance callers at the weekly Beverly Hills Hotel sessions.

20th Century-Fox tossed a very snazzy premiere of "You're My Everything" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Anne Baxter rode up in a vintage Ford, followed by her co-star, Dan Dailey, in an ultra-modern convertible job. When Dan spied the small orchestra which was playing in the forecourt of the Chinese, he took over the drums and had a wonderful time beating out the rhythm. Then Jimmy Durante came along and appropriated the piano for a spell. When Dan saw wot was happening, he grabbed the trombone and joined Jimmy in a hot duet. Some fun! Anne Baxter's escort was Macdonald Carey, on account of John Hodiak was on Arizona location for MGM's "Ambush" and Mrs. Carey, an expectant mother, was unable to attend.

David Brian, who became that overnight sensation in "Flamingo Road," should be a happy man. He married the gal he's been in love with for several years, Adrian Booth, a Republic star. He also follows up his bow on the screen with choice roles opposite two top-flight femme stars, Bette Davis (in

FRIDAY
Breakfast
Juice of 2 Oranges
fresly squeezed
2 Eggs, boiled or poached
Coffee with Cream and Sugar
or Glass of Milk
Rye or Wholewheat Toast
with Prune Jelly

Lunch
Fish, broiled - Spinach
Cucumber Salad
Pumpernickel Bread and Butter
Milk or Buttermilk

Dinner
Fresh Vegetable Soup
Caldes' Liver, broiled
Steamed Vegetable, String Beans
Combination Salad
Milk - Steamed Pears

SATURDAY
Breakfast
Juice of 2 Oranges
fresly squeezed
2 Eggs, boiled or poached
Coffee or Tea with
Cream and Sugar
Rye or Wholewheat Toast or
Muffin with Butter and Honey

Lunch
Fresh Fruit Salad
with Cottage Cheese
Rye or Wholewheat Toast
or Buttermilk

Dinner
Fresh Fruit Cup
Pleanty of Steak and Celery,
Tomatoes, Cucumbers
Coffee or Tea with Lemon
Apple Pie, preferably with
Wholewheat Crust

SUNDAY
Breakfast
Juice of 2 Oranges
fresly squeezed
2 Eggs, scrambled
Coffee with Cream and Sugar
Wholewheat Muffins with
Raisins, Butter and Honey

Lunch
2 Hamburger Patties
Tomatoes, Cucumber and Radish Salad
Strawberry Ice Cream with
Fresh Strawberries

Dinner
Tomato Juice
Chicken, broiled or roast
Squash and Broccoli
Raw Cabbage, Green Pepper,
Celery Salad
Coffee or Tea with Cream and
Sugar
Pineapple Pie, preferably with
Wholewheat Crust
“Beyond The Forest”) and Joan Crawford (in “Man Without Friends”). Mighty nice going.

Bette turned saleswoman temporarily when she put her Laguna Beach house up for sale. Escorted prospects through personally. What buyer, with sufficient cash in his jeans, could resist a pitch like that?

Not too many people were aware that Linda Darnell had a sister, Monte, until the pore gal was injured while doing her circus act—riding through a flaming hoop a-straddle two horses. The horses bolted, Monte was thrown and badly burned, but gamely plans to continue her career when she recovers.

When Ronnie Reagan broke his leg in that charity baseball game, U-I had to do a fast re-shuffle on the cast of “Fugitive From Terror,” which was due to start any minute with Ronnie in the lead. Sooohoo, Howard Duff, who’d been cast as the heavy, was moved into the romantic spot and Steve McNally replaced Duffy as the menace. The two will battle over Ida Lupino.

Betty Hutton, who emphatically didn’t like dogs until recently, now looks at people who don’t have poodles as if they were stink, raving nuts. She bought a small black poodle for the kids, but who do you think gives it the most attention? Betty, watch. We wouldn’t be surprised if our own poodle, who is a very charming dog, doesn’t help change Betty's mind about dogs. He puts on his hammiest act for Betty whenever she’s at our house.

Larry Parks had a four-week hassle with a swollen jaw after he had an abscessed tooth removed. We know just how he feels, having gone through the same thing ourselves. Don’t hold your breath until his latest picture, “Jolson Sings Again,” comes to your theatre. Columbia plans to run it for six months in New York before the rest of the country sees it.

And you needn’t expect to see our Princess Marguerita (Rita Hayworth) on the screen for a long spell if those stork rumors are true. Rita and her Prince could be in Hollywood as you read this—and just as likely won’t be, unless she does decide to do a movie. The romantic pair plan to spend most of their time in Europe.

Another pretty gal who may give up the screen in favor of being a housewife is Elizabeth Taylor when she marries the wealthy Mike Todd, Jr. Or perhaps we should say IF she marries him. She was mighty close to the altar with Glenn Davis when she pulled the standard woman’s trick of changing her mind.

Bob Mitchum has bought himself and his family a beautiful ranch house on an acre of ground in Mandeville Canyon. The place sports a swimming pool, Bob’s first one. We saw Bob, looking very much the family man, driving his two sons around in a red convertible on a recent Sunday.

Donald O’Connor got the strongest autograph request yet. A huge package arrived for him on the set of U-I’s “Francis.” It came from South Africa where Don made a personal appearance last year. The package contained a photograph of Don measuring eight feet by ten feet and his fans specified that his signature be three feet by three foot one.

Domestic Stuff: Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall finally got a wedding trip, to British Columbia, after seven years of married life. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were remarried, for sentimental reasons, on their seventh wedding anniversary. Jane Greer’s sure she’ll have twins, due any minute if not already here. The great Garbo, looking at Disney’s “So Dear To My Heart” with Joan Bennett’s children in the Wanger’s private projection room.

Gloria McLean shopped like mad for a new house for her and Jimmy Stewart while he was locating on “War Paint” (which used to be called “Arrow”). When the Arizona Indians said that the lucky Jimmy was to be married they outfitted him with blankets, earthenware dishes—and a papoose carrier—one of the longest, slimmest, and tallest carriers ever to be manufactured. Gloria’s former home was bought by Frankie Sinatra.

Dorothy McGuire made the eyes pop at 20th on her way to lunch at the commissary. Seems like she had to do a Balinese kind of walk for the picture, “Oh, Doctor,” which calls for considerable hip swinging. She chose the trip to lunch for precisings some.

When Jeff Corey (he was the doc in “Home Of The Brave”) had some time off on the location of “Bagdad,” near Vasquez Rocks in Mint Canyon—30 miles north of Hollywood—he was prowling around the country, saw some kinds you wouldn’t usually see and went on a commercial uranium, called caramantine, and decided he’d made a strike. Jeff rented a Geiger counter and returned to his find. The counter clicked and the prospector hurriedly gathered up some of the stuff and rushed to an assay office. Turned out it was limonite, a low grade iron ore, and the assayor explained the reason the counter clicked was because the hot sun was shining on it. Jeff said he got as much thrill out of it as if he’d been an 1895er lookin’ for gold.

Joan Fontaine’s got the shortest haircut yet for “Bed Of Roses.” It’s just an inch long all over her head and verra blonde. Joan and Claudette Colbert may be starting a trend—instead of having some of our more famous Hollywood designers whip up their clothes for “Bed” and “Love Is Big Business,” Joan’s clothes were made by Hattie Carnegie and Claudette’s, for “Love,” by Sophie. Come, come, gals, ain’t the home product just as good?

Hear Shelley Winters practically lived
NOW IT'S FUN TO REDUCE  
CANADA'S NEW, EASIER WAY  
TAKES OFF UGLY FAT

EAT PLENTY
See Pounds, Inches Go
No Strenuous Exercise
No Laxative—No Massage
No Starvation

This ORIGINAL
CANADIAN
Reducing Success
FIRST Time in America

Yes, Now, for the first time, you can try sensational new MYNEX—do as they do in Canada! Lose pounds and inches of bulging fat without strenuous exercise or drastic dieting that leaves you starved and weak. Take the completely safe MYNEX 2-way tablets, not dope or dangerous reducers, but instead actually concentrated food tablets. No matter how difficult you find it to diet, if your excess fat is due to glandular trouble, mail the coupon for your MYNEX trial today.

STARTS REDUCING FAT
VERY FIRST DAY
Yet EAT PLENTY • Feel Refreshed • Have More Pep

Amazing Canadian success. MYNEX, often restores more youthful figure in 7 quick days. Intended for overweight women and men who want to lose fat but who just can't leave the table hungry. If during your trial you should lose 5 to 10 pounds in 7 days without missing a single meal, your results will exceed any results that MYNEX, which has been tried off tired, weak, rundown feeling that often comes with taking off fat too fast. Mail coupon for 7-day trial that convinces or no cost.

SAFE 2-WAY METHOD
MYNEX acts two ways: (1) it helps cut from calories acquired; yet you never feel hungry; (2) it furnishes your system with nourishment and minerals to maintain you while reducing. Mail coupon today.

SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

5-10 Pounds Disappear First 7 Days Eating Concentrated Vitamin Mineral Tablets...

MYNEX Plan Safe ... REDUCES WITHOUT HUNGER

TORONTO, ONTARIO: Up in Canada, you don't see many fat women any more and here's why. A few months ago an amazing new reducer called MYNEX was introduced in Canada. This approved and easy reducing success took Canada by storm. Thousands upon thousands of overweight Canadians lost bulging excess pounds and inches, and they lost this fat without suffering one hungry moment—without taking dangerous drugs, without exercising!

Accepted for Advertising by Appointed Authorities

This sensational reducer called MYNEX is so safe it has been approved by authorities—and is now being offered in the United States on a trial offer to see if it calls for immediate acceptance. With MYNEX comes full dietary directions that say:

MAKES BULGING INCHES SHRINK
Neck
Chin
Arms
Bust
Waist
Abdomen
Hips
Thighs
Legs
Calves
Ankles

Yet Tablets Avoid Weak, Tired, Run-down Feeling

How Small Tablet Brings Amazing Results

Canadian overeaters who found usual reducing methods too hard, too tiring and too nerve-wracking, by the thousands acclaimed new MYNEX as the greatest reducing help they have had in 10 years. MYNEX tablets are tiny. They are not sugar-coated, so they do not taste bad in the stomach. Post action is what you want and low fat is what you get. Yet MYNEX TABLETS are completely safe, containing identical vitamins and minerals that doctors often recommend to fight off tired and weak run-down feeling, to build resistance. Mail the coupon for MYNEX TABLETS in the confidence you are getting only the purest ingredients.

DON'T BE FAT
Your doctor's recommendation and approval of the NEW MYNEX is invited! If you are in good health and want to stop getting fat and take off 5 to 10 pounds in the first 7 days, or if you have lost 20, 40, 50 lbs. or more, mail the coupon. It's a 7 day trial to take pounds off for summer fun!

WEIGHT CHART
Here's What You Should Weigh

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SEND NO MONEY 7 Day Trial Takes Off Fat or Money Back

Just mail coupon. When your package of MYNEX TABLETS arrives, open it and take one G.O. tablet daily. If it is not exactly what you expected, send it back. If it is easy to use, drop just 5 pounds in 7 days, as did 10,000 Canadians. If you lose less, stop. Mail this coupon, and we will refund your $3.00. You have nothing to lose but excess fat, and if in 7 days you haven't lost the $3.00, return it to us and we will refund your $3.00.
by re-writing the text: 

"Ann Sheridan is busy rebuilding her house—all because of some chin..."
rears they're a million laths.

The Screen Writers Guild gave a large party at the Bel Air Hotel for its members and guests, and even allowed some actors to come. Gloria Swanson, Celeste Holm, Bill Holden, Carl Grant, Deborah Kerr, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond mingled in most friendly fashion with the often-maligned writers who put those frequently brilliant words in their mouths.

After the party we went on to that wonderful restaurant, Scandia, with scribblers Dewitt Bodeen, Muriel Bolton and Mel Dinelli. Saw Turhan Bey there with the beautiful Arlene Dahl; Steve McNally deep in conversation with U-T's good-looking publicist, Frank McFadden.

Liberace, the 25-year-old Polish-Italian pianist who caused such a sensation during his engagement at Mocambo, is quick signed for U-T's "East Of Java." He kept careful track of the numbers the stars requested him to play at Mocambo, Ingrid Bergman's favorite, "Intermezzo." Ava Gardner's, Chopin's "Piano Concerto No. 1." Shirley Temple Braden's, "Lullaby." Rosalind Russell, anything of Edward Grieg's; Van Heflin, anything by Chopin; Jimmy Durante, Rachmaninoff's "Piano Concerto No. 2." Gloria Swanson, Strauss Waltzes; Ed Gardner, "Clair de Lune." Diana Lynn and Judy Garland called for "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue," and, believe it or not, Ella Fitzgerald wanted "My Old Kentucky Home." Liberace says the number everybody asks for is "Roll Out The Barrel." He has very few requests for bebop or boogie.

In U-T's "Free For All," which stars Ann Blyth and Bob Cummings, you'll see George Washington's home, Mount Vernon, for the first time on the screen.

Custodians of Mount Vernon, the Daughters of the American Revolution, permitted the exterior to be photographed, but put their feet firmly down on any interior shooting.

Drue Mallory, the very pretty Irish actress, gave an elegant party at the Beverly Hills Hotel in honor of Miriam Hopkins and Florence Desmond. Drue and Desi had just finished their picture, "Three Came Home," at 20th, in which both wear drab Japan prison camp clothes. They were anything but drab that night, I can tell you. In the crowd: pretty Ellen Drew (who missed meeting her just ex, Sy Bartlett, who escorted Cohan Gray, by a hair), the handsome John Emery, the very lusty French import, Denise Darcel, Connie Moore, just back from New York and a successful television appearance with Milton Berle. We met Susie Hayakawa for the first time—a charming and attractive man.

Richard Conte's wife, Ruth, may try for a screen career. A very good stage actress, she has stayed in the background professionally until she could be sure Dick would be happy in Hollywood. He is, now that 20th has decided to build him up as a romantic leading man.

When Paul Douglas was asked what the funniest thing that had happened to him in Hollywood was, he quipped, "Success." Paul was on the verge of buying a house when 20th notified him he'd go to Berlin for "Quartered City" after he finished "Turned Up Toes," in which he plays a chicken-headed gangster.

Celeste Holm returned from a trip abroad, entertaining at American Army outposts. Not one to be easily stopped for a snappy answer, Celeste was struck dumb when an officer said to her, "Tell me something about Hollywood I wouldn't think of asking."

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

gambling is peachy keen fun, only get out while you're ahead. Nobody does, however. Ava, Gregory, Frank Morgan, Ethel Barrymore, Walter Huston, and all the other top names included in the cast pay the piper in one way or the other. About the only things salvaged out of the mess are Ava's soul, which Gregory rescues at the price of being bitten by the raucoined and Gregory's novel, which Ava resues at the price of nearly catching cold in the draughty attic room where penniless Greg lies on the verge of death. There's an overpowering amount of wordy speeches and ponderous thought which also slows up things.

Scene Of The Crime

MGM

IF ANYONE doubts that Van Johnson is one fine actor, they'd do well in seeing his latest showing of versatility. As a detective-lieutenant assigned to finding a cop-killer, Van is unassuming and very believable. The rapid-fire dialogue seems to be a natural for him. Tom Drake and the other law-enforcers, on the other side of the law, you have the killer, a deadly character with a deformed hand and blotched face. Gloria De Haven, the zippy nightclub canopy, is quite a bundle of question-marks, but apparently would like to help Van in more ways than one. That she knows one of the suspects is Van's reason for hanging around—he's very much in love with his wife, Arlene Dahl. When the killer strikes for the second time, Van begins to parlay his clues into a winning ticket. Excitement and suspense are plentiful in this definitely superior murder yarn.

The Red Menace

Republic

WITH a picture as necessary as this, it's a shame that so many slip-ups

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Free Booklet

MARVEL'S, INC., Dept. 29-N, Providence 15, R. I.
Audiences good said theme suspiciously, "hostess," now handsome zee. "laughs hand Lewis big you thinks rockwell, get the used as the one signatory. guy, played a lot of speech across seemingly ordinary everyday people, then maybe the point would have gotten across and stuck in audiences minds. But there is one point where a very good speech is made by an ex-party member who suddenly realizes what a wonderful thing it is to be an American. Some of the people who catch red fever are: Hanna Axman, the girl Communist afraid to break away from the party, Betty Lou Gerson, who is good in a fanatic way as one of the party leaders, and Robert Rockwell, the disillusioned G.I. who thinks maybe Communism can solve a lot of his troubles.

My Friend Irma
Paramount

Based on the radio series, there will be two schools of thought: either you like the rattle-brained character played by marie wilson, or you can’t stand her. another item you should be warned about is John Lund’s characterization of Al, Irma’s fiancé, the fast-talking sharpie always making with the “big deals.” it takes a little getting used to before you can relax and enjoy the role. something you won’t have to get used to is the comedy team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Martin is a handsome crooner (pepino como and Tony Martin combined) and straightfor Lewis who is a fascinating cross between a boy scout and a teen-aged chimpanzee. Martin, incidentally, does an amazing job on sharing romantic honors with Don DeFore as the two vie for the hand of diana Lynn, Irma’s harried roommate. Opening rather slowly, the laughs get louder and louder with the appearance of Martin and Lewis. Then, aided and abetted by Irma, who only means well, complete bedlam starts. just like I said . . . you’ll either laugh like a loon or become one.

Dedee
Eagle-Lion

A very frank and often brutal French film about a “hostess,” Simone Signoret, in a Belgium waterfront cafe who plies her trade to keep her lover in the style in which he’s accustomed. Cynical and hardened, her ideas about life change radically when she meets an Italian seaman, Marcel Paliaro. Through his love, she gains confidence and self-respect. With the help of Marcel and her sympathetic boss, she stops fearing her boyfriend and is all set to sail away leaving her sordid life behind. The boyfriend is now faced with the grim prospect of having to work for a living. The idea repels him so, he goes out gunning for Marcel. Justice is not meted out by the gendarmerie, instead, Dedee and her boss balance the scales in their own way. With a theme of this type, its appeal will be limited to the few who don’t mind hopeless living.

Follow Me Quietly
RKO

It’s been a long time since a good horror-mystery has hit the screen, and this offering guarantees suspense in a melodrama which centers around an insane strangler with the penchant for murder every time it rains—making for nice creepy scenes. like in all murder cases, fact and fiction, where there is no apparent motive, the police, headed by William Lundigan, have to dig and dig deep to find a series of unraveled clues before they can develop one sound clue. Good police work, eerie atmosphere and thrills galore make this a must for mystery fans. The performances, though none of them by star names, are well-done and the final scene which is a chase through a gasworks is a complete chiller. It just goes to show that sometimes B-pictures are “sleepers” in one way, and big-money productions are “sleepers” in another way.

Lost Boundries
Classic Films

Well-documented drama of a young near-white Negro doctor, played by Mel Ferrer, who must choose between a promising future as a “white man” or one which will reduce him to oblivion if he admits his race. After a disappointing attempt at the latter, he decides to “pass” and enters internship as a white. Upon leaving the hospital, he accepts a lucrative practice in a small New England town. There, and his equally fair-skinned wife, Beatrice Pearson, become highly respected and loved by the town’s citizens. In time two children are born—each as light as their parents—and even they are not told they are Negroes.

At the outbreak of World War II, the doctor accepts the rank of Lt. Commander in the medical corps of the Navy, but Naval Intelligence reveals the fact he’s a Negro. Because of this, the townspeople learn the truth. His children are the real victims—brought up as whites they are suddenly thrown into the realization that they are Negroes. The ending, however, is gratifying—and with a minimum of eyewash and phoney propaganda, this film shouldn’t be missed.

Once Upon A Dream
Eagle-Lion

One of those racy British importations which carries sugar and lots of spice, Googie Withers is the wife of an absent Army officer, Guy Middleton, who, realizing his spouse’s inaptitude for handling finances, sends her his efficient orderly, Griffith Jones. As the vedy proper butler, Jones cannot be surpassed. As a man, according to Googie’s mind, he cannot be by-passed, and therefore becomes quite the disturbing employee. It’s bad enough that Googie has to see him most of the day, but when she has a dream about him—well! Luckily, her husband returns home from occupying Germany just about then and Googie can breath easier, even though she regards Jones with a suspicious eye. Sophisticated and loaded with double-entendre, we suggest you send the kiddies to a Western instead of this one.
The Most SURPRISED Bride
in all England!

She Wed Lord Johnnie the Rogue on His Way to the Gallows—and Planned to Forget Him! But No Mere Hangman Could Cheat Johnnie of His Delightful Prize!

What mad purpose drove the ravishing Lady Leanna to Newgate prison one night to marry a man she had never seen? To marry indeed, a notorious outlaw condemned to hang in the morning?

Anyway, Leanna did not suspect how her beauty could fire a man. For in less than twenty-four hours, while hangman and police were searching every corner of London for him, handsome Lord Johnnie was inside her door, breathless but arrogant, to claim at least one night with this woman who had expected him to die.

What happened on Lord Johnnie's wedding night, and the strange pact that was to take him halfway across the world on a mission of pirating and vengeance, make this one of the most exciting novels of the year. And here's our amazing offer: BOTH Lord Johnnie and Frank Yerby's new best-seller, Pride's Castle, are yours for just a 3-cent stamp if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

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2 Books for 3¢ with this offer

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With these books we come to my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and additional bargains offered at $1.00 each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during each year that I remain a member. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection received plus a few cents shipping cost.

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Yes—the first and only lipstick with point actually shaped to curve of your lips. Applies color quicker, easier, more evenly. New, exciting "Dreamy Pink" shade—and six new reds. So creamy smooth—contains Lanolin—stays on so long. Exquisite case. $1.00

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