Ty And I
By Linda Christian Power

Shirley Temple
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(If ordering name imprint)
OF COURSE he is wandering . . . and he won't be back. The romance was over scarcely before it had begun. And she'll never guess why*.

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Why run this risk? Why take your breath for granted—ever? Or trust to makeshifts only momentarily effective?

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the extra-careful precaution against Bad Breath

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We have begged and pleaded. We have reasoned and explained. We have put up display signs in stores. We have quoted doctor and nurse. And still there are some women (perhaps you?) who haven’t adopted the Tampax method for monthly protection. . . . What else can we do to win you over?

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Tampax reduces the mental strain during “that time of month” because you are secure in the knowledge that it can cause no bulge or wrinkle to show through your dress. You can tub or shower without removing the Tampax!

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We want to win you over!
Beautiful Maria...
the four lives
that touched
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WALTER PIDGEON
ETHEL BARRYMORE
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ANGELA LANSBURY
JANET LEIGH

with LOUIS CALHERN • FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

Screen Play By GINA KAUS AND ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Based on a Novel by BRUCE MARSHALL
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • CAREY WILSON
Produced by GEORGE SIDNEY • CAREY WILSON
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
easy to sleep with

WHEN Hollywood turns all-out to entertain Florida that’s party news!
My friend, the Governor of Florida, Fuller Warren, paid a flying visit to California to marry the attractive young Southland beauty, Barbara Manning, and left in his wake the wealthy and all-powerful Louis Wolfson and his charming wife from Tallahassee. Since they had expressed a desire to meet their favorite stars I decided to give them an all-star party in my home and fortunately everything turned out beautifully.

* * *

Joan Crawford showed up wearing a fascinating printed organdy tier gown and Cesar Romero on her arm. Together they staged one of their fascinating Latin rhythm routines and I must say Joan is one of the smoothest dancers in this town. In fact, she had such a good time, she didn’t seem at all to regret that she had finally called it a day with her steady escort, Greg Bautzer, who has recently been everywhere with Paulette Goddard and with Arlene Dahl.

(Please turn to next page)

Here’s your fast, easy, comfortable way to lovelier curls—Tip-Top Dream Curlers. Made of soft-as-rubber vinylite—comfortable to sleep on, not affected by hair preparations. Gives you soft, smooth, natural-looking curls—no frizzy ends! Can’t catch or snag hair. Last longer. The only curler of its kind. Try Dream Curlers tonight! In 4 sizes—at 5 & 10’s everywhere.

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Tip-Top
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John Ford and Merian C. Cooper present

JOHN WAYNE
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BEN JOHNSON
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in

JOHN WAYNE
in his most heroic role as
Captain Britles of the
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She Wore a Yellow Ribbon

with VICTOR McLAGLEN
MILDRED NATWICK • GEORGE O'BRIEN
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Directed by JOHN FORD

Story by JAMES WARNER BELLAH
Screen Play by FRANK NUGENT and LAURENCE STALLINGS

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Recently Wed

Clark Gable and Marilyn Maxwell, a new Hollywood twosome, at Ciro's.

Bruce Cabot and Ann Sheridan enjoying the entertainment at Mocambo.

some flagstone "rugs." It wasn't until later that Joan confided to me that she was leaving for Europe without Bill Dozier and that their marriage, which had been such fun, had reached an unhappy ending.

* * *
I chatted a long time with Lana Turner and Bob Topping, who made their first formal Hollywood appearance at my party and I was delighted to learn how happy these newlyweds are. Lana told me that Bob had taught her how to ride, shoot and fish, things she had never dreamed she could do before, and that she was willing to trade the outdoor life any day for the nights in smoky clubs and late parties. Lana looks wonderful and I'm convinced from the way she talks that she's finally found the real thing. At least, she couldn't find a more devoted husband than Bob.

Sonja Henie joined us for coffee and a brief chat, but she wouldn't tell either Lana or me about whether she intends to marry her Eastern admirer, Winthrop Gardiner, or not.

"You don't have a chance to make up your mind," the lovely Sonja said. "The

Beverly Simmons, lovely Chicago bride, uses famous Italian Balm daily to keep her hands honeymoon-soft and chap-free.

Soft, lovely hands need Italian Balm's sure protection against winter weather. This rich, concentrated lotion protects where thin, watery lotions fail. Prevents chapping—softens roughest, driest skin overnight. So economical, because only one drop serves both hands! Try it—see the amazing difference! 25c, 50c, $1 per bottle.

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NOW THE CURTAIN IS SWEPT ASIDE!
THE INGRID BERGMAN PICTURE YOU'VE BEEN READING ABOUT!

INGRID BERGMAN  JOSPEH COTTON  MICHAEL WILDING

IT'S NEW HEIGHTS FOR ALFRED HITCHCOCK ... so expect the unexpected!

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S UNDER CAPRICORN
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. & TRANSATLANTIC PICTURE

THE BIGGEST WARNER HITS OF ALL ARE COMING TO YOU THIS FALL!
DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Screen Play by James Bridie
Adaptation by Hume Cronyn • Based on the Play by John Cotton and Margaret Linden • From the Novel by Helen Simpson
Ava Gardner stepping out at Ciro's with handsome young Peter Lawford.

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

The only other one I can think of is Susan Hayward, who was recently given the title of "The Most Beautiful Girl In The World" by the American Beauticians Congress.

Said Susan—"Fashion designers drive us crazy by changing the styles every year so that we walk out and buy completely new wardrobes. Now the hairdressers want us to go to the beauty shops every week and change either the color or the length of our hair. I just won't do it. My hair looks best when I wear it long."

Later on in the evening I was amused by a story which Producer Preston Sturges told to Lana Turner, pretty Frances Ramsden. Bob Topping and particularly, famous Wall Street financier, Ralce Cutten. Preston's story is that when he was fifteen years old he was a lowly "runner" for a Wall Street brokerage firm, that paid him all of seven dollars a week. "I persuaded a friend of my father's to telephone me an order for $50,000 worth of bonds. The firm thought it was a joke until I took the call and proved the order was a genuine one. They were so surprised they raised my salary to ten dollars a week!"

It was a wonderful evening and I'm so grateful to all my Hollywood friends for helping to make it such a success. But the topper came when, just as I was hiding the last of my guests goodbye and waiting to turn out the lights, who should arrive but Beatrice Kay. "The Oceana Roll" girl, who had gotten lost after her late show at Ciro's and couldn't find my house. So the gang all trekked back in and we finished the night with coffee, scrambled eggs and Gay Ninety ballads!

Shirley Temple dancing with Robert Lowrey during a party at Mocambo

The Keenan Wynn's are another couple enjoying a gay evening at Ciro's

Alan Ladd, currently in "Chicago Deadline," with his wife at Ciro's
Nothing Ever Like It!
Nothing You Ever Liked More!

Now TASK FORCE sails into your heart!

Starring Gary Cooper as "the big guy"—the big performance of his lifetime!

from Warner Bros.

with Jane Wyatt • Wayne Morris • Walter Brennan

written and directed by Delmer Daves • Jerry Wald

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Original Music by Franz Waxman

Gary gets the girl with the Baltimore smile!
By
Helen Hendricks

Larry Parks, in "Jolson Sings Again," entertains American troops overseas.

Madame Bovary
MGM

For centuries, women have realized the power of feminine charms and also the fact that luxury and romance nourish these possessions. Having once arrived at that conclusion, there's little doubt that their lives will be interesting if not completely self-satisfying. The woman concerned in this instance is Jennifer Jones, who never really steps out of her dream world which has become highly developed through reading romantic novels. A farmer's daughter with ambitions, Jennifer marries Van Heflin, an unassuming but sincere country doctor, and leaves farm life behind. But all her adolescent notions and aspirations follow her. Eventually, every one of her dreams is brutally shattered.

Overpowering boredom follows, and instead of resigning herself to fate, or accepting realism, Madame Bovary counters life's disappointments by having two love affairs: one with a law clerk, and the other with Louis Jourdan, the 19th Century version of the modern playboy. Her complete ruins and tragic end is inevitable as is the effect her brief life had on those who loved her.

In novel form, the story of Madame Bovary shocked the citizenry of France, and author Gustave Flaubert was put on trial and charged with corruption of morals and defamation of womanhood.

It is with this trial that the picture begins. Through the eyes and mind of Flaubert, played by James Mason, you come to understand that Madame Bovary is not the fictitious story of one woman, but the history of thousands of women who never outgrow adolescent daydreams. All the performances are superb and Jennifer Jones was never better.

Thieves' Highway
20th Century-Fox

Aside from a buyer's interest, it's very probable nobody gives much thought to the bins of apples, tomatoes and other perishable produce stacked up at the corner grocer's. After seeing the action-packed story about a truck owner, Richard Conte, and the difficulties he has breaking into the produce trucking business, you'll develop a new respect for all the effort that goes into keeping the refrigerator stocked.

Even though food might be perishable, the characters involved most certainly aren't. They and the situations they get into are so rough that sandpaper feels like velvet in comparison. Hauling produce to the San Francisco market cost Conte's father both his legs when the truck he was driving went out of control. Conte almost dies when the jack gives way while he's changing the tire on his second-hand truck. Millard Mitchell, Jennifer Jones' marriage to Van Heflin is ill-fated in "Madame Bovary."
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A SIDNEY BUCHMAN PRODUCTION

starring LARRY PARKS and BARBARA HALE

with William Demarest, Ludwig Donath, Bill Goodwin, Myron McCormick, Tamara Shayne

Directed by Henry Levin, Written and Produced by Sidney Buchman, A COLUMBIA PICTURE
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Paramount presents

Olivia de Havilland • Montgomery Clift
Ralph Richardson
in WILIAM WYLER'S
"The Heiress"

MIRIAM HOPKINS
MONA FREEMAN • VANESSA BROWN • SELENA ROYLE

Produced and Directed by WILIAM WYLER • Screenplay by Ruth and Augustus Goetz
Based upon their stage play
GUIDE To Glamour

This pretty pink plastic holder shows how easy it is to apply the very new Lorr Cream Make-up Stick. Designed for carrying, that lovely look is yours any time, anywhere. You merely touch to skin, smooth it on.

With the Holiday parties coming on apace, it's time to think of a truly lovely skin and grooming aids that make for personal perfection.

The new Lorr Cream Make-up Stick, 849*, means "portable prettiness," for the stick form is so easy to carry. Easy, too, to apply any time, anywhere. A fine texture lends a velvet quality to skin, conceals minor flaws. Four skin tones.

Those wonderfully strong, soft, absorbent Venida Rainbow Facial Tissues now come in a new window box to look so pretty on dressing-table or bath shelf. In soft peach, green, maize and blue, 40¢ single sheets cost $1.

For more thorough removal of heavy make-up, especially tinted bases, Woodbury presents its new Liquefying Cleansing Cream with Penaten. Penaten is for deeper pore cleansing. From $2* to $6.99*.

DuBarry Special Cleansing Preparation is a fragrant, powdery meal to be used as a wash for scrupulously clean skin and is a great aid for blackheads and related surface blemishes. $1.

Very new is Heed, a gentle, effective deodorant which also stops perspiration. A single squeeze of the plastic bottle and you, your sweaters, your woolens are perspiration proof. Six months' supply costs 849*.

If Summer left you with a bathing pool hang-over of athlete's foot, Edal ointment for this nuisance has hearty endorsement. 84, from The Edal Laboratories, Chelsea, Mass. C. M.

*Plus 20% Federal Tax.

DuBarry Special Cleansing Preparation is one way to combat embarrassing blackheads and similar troubles. It's a rousing good wash for dull skin, too. Here it is in a nice, new package, so very easy to use.

Heed is a new answer to perspiration problems. A squeeze of the green plastic bottle places the liquid exactly where you need it. Here is an ideal form for the travel bag, too.

Venida has a new peek-a-boo box for its flower-toned Facial Tissues. A nice thought to lend a style to your dressing-table as well as to your beauty ritual. Here is an excellent quality of tissue with a big beauty plus.

Woodbury saw a need for an extra effective cleansing cream for heavy make-up and deep tinted bases. So you now have Woodbury Liquefying Cleansing Cream with Penaten, an ingredient to assure thorough pore cleansing.

tugal and Spain, he finally convinces Queen Isabella, played by Florence Eldridge, that sponsoring his wild scheme might be profitable for Spain. Bucking court politics and intrigue and later mutiny in his little flotilla were just some of the difficulties which beset him before he landed on San Salvador in the Bahamas. After discovering the Western Hemisphere, Columbus spent several triumphant years as high admiral and viceroy over all the lands he discovered. In 1498, politics again intervened and Columbus was returned to Spain in chains.

Faithfully following facts, this is still a super production in every possible way which shows that history and entertainment can mix.

Under Capricorn
(Technicolor)
Warner Brothers

With a constant barrage of emotion, drama and suspense, in addition to names like Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten, this costume picture set in Australia will easily prove to be the type film moviegoers will enjoy. Ingrid plays a member of the Irish gentry who marries the stable groom, Joseph Cotten, and follows him to Australia where he is imprisoned after the murder of his brother. Ingrid can't take the change nor can she forget all the unhappiness she's been through and escapes via the brandy route. Even though Cotten has served his term and has become one of the wealthiest landowners in Australia, Ingrid can't stop wandering around the house like Ophelia.

It isn't until a family friend in the person of Michael Wilding—sure and a foine broth of a lad he is—enters the unhappy menage that Ingrid is transformed back into a gentlewoman. Unfortunately, he falls in love with her, and as there will be in times of crisis strange and hidden facts are dusted off and put on display. One of the reasons for Ingrid's tippling is revealed in such a way that you'll be hanging from the theatre chandelier—it's heady stuff, believe me.

I Was A Male War Bride
20th Century-Fox

Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong, but according to French Major Cary Grant, assigned to clearing up certain matters in Germany, it looks as though those fifty million Frenchmen might be slightly off the beam. The girl responsible for the reversal in statistics is WAC Lieutenant Ann Sheridan who knows a wolf when she sees one, and having seen one in the form of Cary-called him. Because of orders, Ann is forced to accompany the major on a second trip, and the only means of transportation is a side-car motorcycle. Since Ann can drive, Cary is at her mercy throughout the assignment. Eventually, she has him screaming UNCLE, then darling and then for the preacher. Far from ending there, Cary's troubles just begin. On their wedding night, Ann gets orders to return with her company to

(Please turn to page 74)
That "Kiss and Tell" girl, Corliss Archer is up to her neck in trouble... head over heels in love.

From the fun-tipped pen of F. HUGH HERBERT, who gave to the screen "Kiss and Tell," "Margie," and "Sitting Pretty" comes his greatest rock-and-roar story!

That "Kiss and Tell" girl, Corliss Archer is up to her neck in trouble... head over heels in love.

From the fun-tipped pen of F. HUGH HERBERT, who gave to the screen "Kiss and Tell," "Margie," and "Sitting Pretty" comes his greatest rock-and-roar story!
There's a new girl on Thieves' Highway...
VALENTINA CORTESA
— wait 'till you meet her!

THIEVES' HIGHWAY
WHERE DANGER ALWAYS HAS THE RIGHT OF WAY!

RICHARD CONTE • VALENTINA CORTESA
LEE J. COBB • BARBARA LAWRENCE • JACK OAKIE
MILLARD MITCHELL

20th CENTURY-FOX

Joseph Pevney • Morris Carnovsky • Tamara Shayne • Kasia Orzazewski • Norbert Schiller • Hope Emerson
Directed by JULES DASSIN • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER

"Scored by A. J. Boucher"
Based on his novel "Thieves' Highway"
Jim Stewart's bride, Gloria, visits him and Director Delmer Daves on Arizona location of 20th's "Broken Arrow."

Nancy Gates and Gregory Peck at a "Hollywood Star Theatre" rehearsal. Greg's now in "12 O'Clock High."


Veronica Lake and her husband, Director Andre De Toth, dining at Ciro's on one of their infrequent trips in from their ranch.

Valli and Glenn Ford sail for Europe to co-star in "The White Tower."
Chaos begins when Ann and Cary discard mutual "sex antagonism" in favor of marriage.

THE mutual dislike shared by Cary Grant, a French officer, and Ann Sheridan, a WAC Lt., in "I Was A Male War Bride," vanishes after they land in a hayloft. Cary proposes (marriage, that is) which starts a nightmare of red tape and misunderstanding. Before he finally gets to the U. S. as a bride, Cary's shaken to discover, "they think I'm the wife and she's the husband," and Ann finds the trouble with the Army is there's no place to be alone.

I Was A Male War Bride
Hollywood stars rave about Deltah's PARIS-INSPIRED

Three-in-One Couturier Necklace

The magic word in fashion is elegance, so Majeska designed this glamorous, high styled simulated pearl necklace with an elaborate centerpiece set with sparkling diamond-like rhinestones. Wear it as an ensemble, or wear the centerpiece separately as a pin. Exclusive Deltah Couturier Necklaces, in luxurious presentation cases, $5.00 to $27.00, Fed. tax included. Bracelets to match, moderately priced.

L. HELLER & SON, INC. FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
What Hollywood Itself Is

The stars themselves are just as interested as you are in what’s going on in the most discussed place in the world

By Lynn Bowers

MOVIETOWN is definitely on the upbeat again. Studios are busier than they have been for months, which means more pictures being made, more jobs for players and workers—people look happier and there’s an optimistic scent to the air, a kind of hustle and bustle that was lacking in the thin times when box-office was off and production chiefs didn’t know where their next million dollar budget was coming from. This here new upswing has touched off a lot of activity among the stars—off the lot as well as on, some of it good, some bad.

Judy Garland's back in town and all better—her first picture will be one called "Summer Stock." Bette Davis and Warner Brothers have pfft after an 18-year association. Bette wants more say about her pictures than Warners are prepared to give her. Guy Madison and Gail Russell finally made up their minds to get married and did so—at the Santa Barbara Biltmore. Theirs is one of the longest courtships on record here. They've been goin' steady, more or less, for three years.

Ann Blyth, currently in "Once More, My Darling," climbed the ladder to stardom quickly.

Desi Arnaz, with the Bob Huttons, at Judy Canova's Mocambo party for her new boy friend.

Time out for refreshments for Dorothy Lamour and Jimmy Stewart at radio rehearsal.
Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs called off their marriage after trying to save it for a year and a half. We hope they're back together—two really nice guys who were victims of career trouble. Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin had a near-miss when they separated briefly, but got back together, which is good news. Wanda Hen-

Ann Sheridan samples the snacks at Judy Canova's party at Bob Hutton does the serving.

The new, brunette Bette Davis as she appears in "Beyond The Forest" for Warners.
Cobina Entertains

Right: Ann Miller with her favorite escort, William O'Connor, at Hollywood home of Cobina Wright for another of the gay and colorful parties Cobina loves to give.

Below: Elizabeth Taylor with Johnnie Johnston and his wife, Kathryn Grayson, at Cobina's festive gathering. Kathryn's got her best role in "That Midnight Kiss."

Above: Joan Fontaine and her partner, Zachary Scott, amusing Cobina's guests with their zany antics as ballroom dancers.

Right: Joan was in a delightfully frivolous mood and had Lana Turner and Bob Topping in stitches.
Left: Hostess Cobina, Sonja Henie, Lana Turner and her husband, Bob Topping. Lana is returning to screen soon.

Above: Joan Crawford enjoying her dance with Cesar Romero, who has few equals in all of Hollywood as a dancing partner.

Left: Sonja Henie with Lana and her husband, Bob Topping. Sonja may soon marry Winnie Gardiner, wealthy socialite.
Tyrone Power and his wife, Linda, look over hand-woven caps made by extras on the "Black Rose" location in French Morocco.

Linda's great pride is when people say to her, "Tyrone has never looked better"

I CALL Tyrone my "pigeon." But let me hasten to add that this is not used as one would say "dear" or "darling." It is only because I can and almost always do beat him at cards. Otherwise, Tyrone definitely is not the "pigeon" type. We usually play Canasta or Canfield and I usually win. He keeps on trying, but I am luckier. I tell him that I am also better, but that isn't strictly true. It is just that the cards are better to me than they are to him.

As I look back over the two years I have known Tyrone, little bright scenes march across the screen of my memory. For example, a day we spent together in Mexico when Tyrone was there visiting my family and me before we were married. We all were spending a holiday at Acapulco and on this day, Tyrone and I flew to a little place not far away called Zihuatenejo. I think if you could go there you would say, as we did, that there cannot be another place like it on the face of the world. It is a story-book village even though it is sufficiently modern to boast of an air strip. But cows graze on this air strip, and landing a plane is a business of waiting until they have been driven off. There are no paved streets, no carriages, no automobiles. Scores of little boys meet you at the airfield, brown, smiling, eager. They carry into the village for you everything you will allow them to carry. I think if you had a trunk weighing 200 pounds, they would—and could—carry that, too.

You walk into the village (Please turn to page 60)
Ty And I

By Linda Christian Power

Says Linda, "I have decided definitely and finally to forego whatever screen career I might have had."
Jane Russell, now being seen in Howard Hughes' "The Outlaw," RKO film
Jane Takes A Look Back

"I was a can of tomatoes and a label had to be put on that can," reminisces Jane Russell

By Jon Bruce

"If ever anybody learned how to act by trial and error, I'm the gal!"

It was the very vibrant and personable Jane Russell, star of RKO's "The Outlaw," "It's Only Money" and "Montana Belle," talking. It had been some time since I had seen Jane and I couldn't get over the change that had taken place. Where once she had been confused and a little shy, she now was completely self-assured and taking everything smoothly in stride.

"I'm very pleased with my career the way it's going now," Jane remarked, "but, at the same time, I'm not in the least sorry for the way it began. Certainly the publicity campaign marking my screen debut lasted too long and stayed too long in one vein, but I guess it had its purpose. It was at least a smart campaign—in the beginning. I was a can of tomatoes and a label had to be put on that can.

"Don't get the idea that I regret the experiences of those earlier days. Not in the least. Nor have they left any deep scars on me—and I'm certainly not bleeding to death. I do admit, though, that I'm glad there's been a change of late.

"As I look back on all that happened to me, I think I was like an ostrich about the whole thing. It was as though it was all happening to someone else. It wasn't a matter of my having to live up to anything when I started out in the business. I didn't have a thing to live up to. I didn't even have any acting experience. But that didn't bother me because I had never thought of having any kind of a career to begin with anyway.

"It might have been a different story if I'd had to work. But I didn't. A career wasn't the big thing in my life. It still isn't, for that matter. I have no great urge to (Please turn to page 56)

"Don't get the idea that I regret the experiences of those earlier days," declares Jane.

"As I look back, I think I was like an ostrich about the whole thing," admits Jane.
IT'S fun just to think about the wonderful eight weeks I spent playing opposite Bing Crosby in "Riding High!" And to tell about those happy days is, in a way, to re-live them.

I never had an experience like that before; it's the high spot, so far, in my career. The good luck of that magic combination of Bing Crosby and Director Frank Capra doesn't happen every day, you know.

Between shots on other pictures I've gone to my dressing-room to study my script, to write letters or to read. I'd come to work in the morning with the thought that here was a job to be done.

But not on "Riding High!" There I'd be—perhaps the first to arrive ever.
morning—perched on the edge of my chair waiting for things to start. Even if I weren't in the scene I never left the set. I hung on every word for fear I'd miss something!

And when I remember how nervous I was on the first day, how frightened of the two Big Names, I could pinch myself for being so silly. Why, those Big Names were the kindest, the most considerate, the gentlest men I've ever known.

My getting the part in the first place was completely unexpected. After finishing "Sand" for 20th Century-Fox, where I've been under contract for five years, I went to New York to appear on the stage in "Leaf And Bough." Unfortunately, the play bowed and left after one of the shortest runs on record.

After the strain of rehearsals and production, I was in the midst of a wonderful whirl doing the town with a lot of friends when my agent phoned long-distance at three o'clock one Wednesday morning. He told me to take the plane that night for the Coast.

I really didn't want to. I was having so much fun! But obediently I packed—and caught not only the plane but a terrible cold. Didn't get a wink of sleep and arrived more dead than alive. They told me I was to make the test that afternoon, but I begged them to wait until I felt a little better.

So they thrust six pages of script in my hand and I tottered home and to bed, where I slept for forty-eight hours. Now and then I'd open an eye and try to memorize my lines. By Saturday afternoon I was ready.

I knew I was keeping Bing from his golf game—and that didn't help. I wasn't too sure of the lines—and that didn't help either. I knew, too, that many other girls had been tested before me.

But the minute I came on the set, the tension eased. Bing, who knew I'd gone to Hamline University in St. Paul, began by telling me what a great basketball team Hamline had and said he was

Coleen states that Bing may love golf and horses, but underneath it all, is a scholar.

Cooke going to see them play that very night at the Pan-Pacific Auditorium. Imagine that! Bing knowing all about my basketball team!

After that he talked about my singing with the college A Capella Choir. One subject lead to another—and before I knew it, I was chattering along to an old friend.

That's the secret of Crosby and Capra: they're so easy, so calm. They get an enormous amount of work done—"Riding High" was brought in two weeks under schedule—yet they never seem to hurry or to force anything.

As an example, even in this test we finished in a little over an hour scenes which ordinarily would have taken half a day. They started out by saying, "If

Right: Appearing opposite Bing Crosby in "Riding High" is Coleen's biggest break.

"Bing's ad libs are often cleverer than the script and he enjoys them as much as anyone."

Bing takes his work very seriously, declares Coleen. Is always on time, knows his lines.

something goes wrong, don't worry. It doesn't matter. We'll do it again." So how could a person fail to do well with that attitude?

The end of the test was a dramatic and tearful scene; when we'd finished Bing turned and looked at me in the strangest way. He said slowly, "You've worked before, haven't you?" and that compliment made me glow all over.

After that there was a five days' wait. The choice had (Please turn to page 61)

Another scene from "Riding High." Coleen not only sings, but dances with Bing, too.
Virginia Mayo, currently appearing in "Red Light," a United Artists release
If your telephone rings some Sunday night between 6:30 and 7:30 EST, and a man who sounds just like George Murphy announces "Hollywood Calling," don't hang up. Not only will you talk to two of Hollywood's biggest stars, you'll also get the chance to win a giant jackpot of prizes. "Hollywood Calling" presents a series of clues describing a star or a picture in which that star appeared. George Murphy, the M.C. of the show, telephones the radio listeners, then introduces them to the stars present each week. If the listeners' wits aren't scattered and they track down the answer via the clues, they win a crack at the jackpot question with its wonderful prizes. So stick around home Sunday nights. It might be "Hollywood Calling" you.

It would be like hitting the jackpot just to have Deborah Kerr call you.
Julie London and Gordon MacRae, starring in "Return Of The Frontiersman," a Warner film
Even in rehearsal James Cagney, with Director Raoul Walsh and Fred Coby, does his scenes like an aggressive hornet.

Virginia Mayo, his wife in “White Heat,” double-crosses Jimmy, but charms him into sparing her when he kills her lover.

The king of the tough boys is back, the killer with the coldest eye and the itchiest trigger finger in the Hollywood homicide racket, James Cagney. In Warners’ “White Heat,” Jimmy’s a ruthless gang leader with a progressive brain disorder, who slaps Virginia Mayo around with relish, and leaves a member of his gang to die as casually as a rubbish man discards his day’s haul. Jimmy’s warped, but slick, and has a plan for evading arrest for murders committed during a train robbery, which goes awry when an equally slick T-man manages to join the gang. He’s the same taut, cocky Cagney, piling up thrill on top of thrill in his return to infamy and leaving fans in the same “White Heat” as the film.

Jimmy’s kids, Katherine and James, Jr., know their father as a tolerant, easy-going guy who’s a farmer boy at heart.
In her beautiful Hollywood home, Joan seemed a perfectly contented wife. She and Bill had so much in common. Despite which, intimates claim, a divorce was inevitable. Both had been married before. Their wedding was the most un-Hollywood in history. There wasn't a soul from the movie industry at the ceremony. Even the best man was a lawyer, not a producer. They got off to a great start. Their marriage seemed so solid.

Right: Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier, in their happier days, attending a formal Hollywood premiere. Both had a grand sense of humor, but it wasn't enough to laugh off their unexpected marital difficulties.

THE most surprising Hollywood separation in years is that of Joan Fontaine and her husband, William Dozier, film executive. They had been married for three years and were generally considered to be one of the happiest couples, successfully combining their careers and marriage. Precisely what happened to this once ideal union is still a matter of speculation, although Dozier insists that love flew out the window and marriage can't exist without it. Joan waited until she had finished "Bed Of Roses," for RKO, before making the announcement. Shortly after that she sailed for Italy to make scenes for "September," a Hal Wallis production. They have a daughter, Deborah, who'll be a year old on November 1st. Joan and Bill were married in Mexico City, May 2, 1946. He proposed to her while she was in St. John's Hospital suffering from overwork and fatigue. They had seen each other but six times when he popped the important question. "You know, you're not really sick at all," he had said. "You just need someone to take care of you."


"That's the strangest proposal I ever heard," Joan answered, "but I'm going to snap you up so fast you'll be dizzy."

Joan Fontaine and Gary Cooper have a rehearsal snack during preparation of "Farewell To Arms" for a CBS Screen Guild presentation.
The Doziers on "You Gotta Stay Happy" set. Produced by Rampart, their own company.

Joan in the arms of Louis Jourdan in "Letter To An Unknown Woman," Dozier production.
WHILE vacationing at the Alisal Ranch, a few miles outside Santa Barbara, John Derek and his wife, Pati Behrs, tried the Stoop Dance, which is literally knocking guests flat. In it, the couples dance under a bar balanced between two poles and are eliminated if they knock the bar off. The bar is lowered after each round until first the dancers have to duck to get under it, then stoop and finally, when the bar is only inches above the floor, squirm and wriggle, frontside or backside. It takes the muscles of an earthworm to slide through a winner, as John and Pati soon found, but win or watch, the Stoop Dance is fun if you don’t mind losing your dignity and wiping up the floor with your clothes.

John Derek and his wife, Pati Behrs, come to the stoop stage while doing the Stoop Dance at the Alisal Ranch outside Santa Barbara.

Pati is so helpless with laughter that she breaks down halfway through and John has to drag her the rest of the way himself.
Pati and John Derek never knew there was so much of them until they tried Stoop Dancing at the Alisal Ranch.
The Eyes Have It!

Ed Sullivan is one of television's pioneers.

Ed Sullivan, emcee of "Toast Of The Town," CBS television show, with guest stars, Kirk Douglas and the Costello Twins, famous precision dancing team.

Ed Sullivan, video's busiest personality, is convinced people enjoy watching and hearing a show far more than just listening.
I T WAS ten in the morning in New York and the city was beginning to move. The low hum which started at eight as the commuters proceeded deeply to their jobs now had reached a crescendo. Taxis honked and screamed for the right of way. People bumped into each other without even a tight-lipped "Excuse me." Everybody was starting his run for the day and they were all running fast!

Park Avenue, noted for its perennial Sunday calm, was crowded. I pushed my way across 59th Street, catching my heel in the tracks for trolley cars long since gone to their noble graves. Panting for breath I tore into the Delmonico Hotel and gasped, "Would you announce me to Mr. Ed Sullivan?"

The desk clerk looked down his long nose in amazement and answered in an adenoid tone, "But, madame, no one ever disturbs Mr. Sullivan until eleven. Don't you realize that he is one of New York's most famous columnists?"

But, I have an appointment to discuss television with Mr. Sullivan," I murmured meekly.

A smile broke through the clerk's austere features. "Oh!" he said, "Television! For that we can disturb Mr. Sullivan. He'll talk about that at any hour."

Rising in the elevator to the eleventh floor I wondered that this genial Irishman could have the pep to talk at ten. I knew he wrote six weekly columns about "Little Old New York," had hours of preparation and rehearsal for his Sunday night show on CBS, "Toast Of The Town," and had just begun a TV dramatization of his weekly column.

When the lights start popping out all over our big town, Ed begins his merry meanderings from Lindy's to the Pavilion, picking up items for his column and talent for his program. Somehow, in between all this, he manages to run the Harvest Moon Ball, put on All-Star charity shows, and play golf at Wingfoot. What a capacity for work.

Needless to say, after I rang the bell outside a dangerously silent apartment, the door opened and there was Ed Sullivan with a tiny, grey poodle prancing around his feet.

"Come in, Florence," he said with a smile. "Would you like a cup of coffee? If you'll give me a minute to collect myself, I'll be right with you."

As he was talking I was ushered through a large living room into the cozy office where Ed Sullivan has his brain waves. He disappeared for a minute, so I began to examine his office. In one corner books rose in colorful, uneven rows to the ceiling. A large desk was covered with portfolios, papers and letters. Above the desk marched pictures of the people Ed writes about in his column and (Please turn to page 64)
REPUBLIC Pictures introduces a new singing Western star to movie audiences in "The Arizona Cowboy." He's Rex Allen and a real honest-to-goodness cowboy from the Arizona rangelands. Although this is his first film, Rex is well-known to radio listeners and record fans. He's a tall (6'1") lad with blond hair and blue eyes.

Having been born to the saddle, Rex skillfully executes a running dismount.

When his high school days were over, Rex joined the rodeo. But singing meant more to him, so he went into radio. He composes, too.

Roy Barcroft and Rex Allen in a rough and tumble scene in "The Arizona Cowboy." Rex's early life reads just like the script of many a Western movie.
PATIENCE PAYS

BILL LUNDIGAN and his wife think they have the secret formula of Hollywood marital happiness. It has nothing to do with twin beds and double beds. It is really quite simple: one couple plus one car equals a happy marriage. One couple plus two cars equals divorce. Rena (Mrs. Lundigan) figured it out last year.

"Everybody we knew who got a divorce had two cars. Usually they got the divorce soon after they bought the second car."

Bill smiles indulgently and says that the little woman is just being superstitious. But I notice he doesn't do a thing about a second car, and right now, with a brand new 20th Century-Fox contract, there's a robust bank account.

Hollywood is almost as famous for its two-car garages as it is for its swimming pools. (The Lundigans haven't a pool either. They are definitely rebels.) One car for a movie family is as unforgivable as a children's party without ice cream.

Inasmuch as everything in the Hollywood-Los Angeles-Beverly Hills circuit is to hell and gone from everything else, that second car is almost a necessity. But not with Bill and his wife, it isn't. When Rena has to shop she takes the car for the day, drives Bill to the studio, and to the golf club if he isn't. Then at an agreed-upon time she drives by and picks him up. You can readily see how it keeps the family intact. I highly recommend it to other Hollywood couples. Also, when they are in the car together, Bill does the driving.

"Too many women drive too many men in Hollywood," says Rena sagely.

Pretty, bud. (Please turn to page 68)

Bill is so good in "Pinky," with Jeanne Crain, he was given a long-term contract.
ON October 14, 1934, the Radio Theatre presented its first broadcast, "Seventh Heaven," starring Miriam Hopkins and John Boles. An unprecedented step in radio, the hour-long program was greeted with dark predictions of a short life by the skeptics. This month, however, the Radio Theatre, now 650 shows old, starring nearly 500 stars, celebrates its 15th anniversary and proves the skeptics wrong. Under the direction of first, Cecil B. DeMille and then, William Keighley, the Radio Theatre has become the finest program on radio today.

Loretta Young, a Radio Theatre veteran, has made over 20 guest appearances on the program and is one of its best performers.

Since Loretta did "The Patsy," on the Radio Theatre in 1935, both she and the program have won awards for dramatic quality.

Fred MacMurray and Claudette have been co-stars five times on the program.

Producer-Director William Keighley discusses a play with James Cagney, who's been an infrequent but favorite star the past few years.
Even back in 1935, when Cary Grant played in the Radio Theatre production of "Adam And Eve," he was the most graphic actor in the whole cast.

At first the Radio Theatre starred stage actors with movie experience; now most performers, like Cary and Shirley Temple, are stars in pictures.

Since co-starring with Errol Flynn in 1937, Olivia de Havilland has been in eleven other Radio Theatre plays.

Joan Blondell meant more to Dick Powell than just a co-star in 1936. Today he's a craftsman who rehearses right up till show time.
Have confidence in hats...realize what they can do toward enhancing your beauty

By Mr. Rex

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Rex and his partner, Mr. Wally, have placed hats upon all the famous heads of Hollywood. Their establishment of Rex, Inc. is the favorite hat center for the fashion conscious women of Southern California, and their designs are also found in forty-five stores across the country.)

When you buy a hat go with confidence to a good shop. Tell the designer, or the sales person, whether you want the hat for a wedding;

How To Buy A Hat

Right: One of the most popular hats in the Rex, Inc. collection is this brown beaver with a band of leopard fur over Kelly green ribbons. Jeanne Crain is wearing it.

Left: Especially designed to complement the off-shoulder gown is this "table hat" of black velvet worn by Anne Baxter, currently starring in 20th's "Ticket To Tomahawk."

Jeanne Crain models the Rex "Rain Drop Hat." It's a gray felt bonnet with a gray veil that looks like showering rain drops. It has a band of gold lace edged with rhinestones.
A hat with a definite femme fatale look is Anne Baxter's dance cap of black velvet, black feathers and black polka dot veil.

you're certain to turn away from hats that might be excellent for you. I have seen women look younger today than they did ten years ago. They don't become depressed over a gray hair, they wear clothes and hats that make them feel gay. As a result, they look younger.

Don't Take Hats Too Seriously. It is a known fact that hats are becoming to women and they should wear them to be feminine. But...don't refuse a beautiful hat because it does this or that to your hair. Don't have a preconceived idea that you simply cannot wear a high crown...or an off-face hat...or a wide brimmed hat. I can give you a fairly safe rule for the size of your hat. If it doesn't extend beyond your shoulder seams, it won't (Please turn to page 69)

Jeanne Crain dresses up this gray sailor with a big white automobile veil. Any girl can wear a wide-brimmed hat, provided it doesn't go beyond her shoulders.

Anne Baxter knows what a hat should do for her and for her costume. Her whole aim is toward the effect of beauty. Here she's wearing a charming breton which Rex calls "Square Dance." It's a patchwork of velvet in blue, red, green, yellow, brown and black.
IT'S unusual when you can exclaim, "He's done it again!" How extraordinary when you can shout, "He's even better than before!" You can do it about Larry Parks in "Jolson Sings Again." He tops his outstanding performance in "The Jolson Story." Naturally, Larry is more at ease this time in his role of Al. The story is simpler and more entertaining. In fact, you'll find yourself wanting more of "Jolson Sings Again," always a sign of perfect enjoyment at the movies.
She'd Love To Say "YES"
To a Man With a MILLION!

It's lighthearted, carefree, gay... in a riotous sort of way... when a lovely husband hunter, with matrimony on her mind, discovers that her heart's not an adding machine!

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How Long?...How Long?

New York and Hollywood speak on the current question, “To what lengths shall I go with my hair?”

By Courtenay Marvin

The biggest beauty problem confronting feminine America today is hair. The question is not color or hairdo, but to cut or not to cut. And if the answer is to cut, then how short, how long. Those who have held onto their moderate length in locks cling to it lovingly. Those who have taken the short cut deplore their longer haired sisters. It is interesting to note that the difference of a few inches in hair has caused and is still causing as much discussion as did the now old New Look.

To try to get a clear picture of the cutting trend, here is a viewpoint from our two fashion centers, New York and Hollywood.

Long the arbiter of all that makes for beauty and good taste, Miss Elizabeth Arden expresses herself as follows:

“Short hair, the actual length depending upon the shape of the face, will continue, but the shingle or boyish cut is definitely out because it is unfeminine.”

Michel, of the Helena Rubinstein salon, and instigator of new trends in hair styling, says:

“Short hair will stay. I am taking my inspiration from the ’20’s, keeping hair sleek, smooth and in proportion to the body to make the head look small.”

Vito Vito put himself out front in hair styling several years ago by going on record for bangs. He is still the last word with the younger set. Mr. Vito says with assurance:

“Short hair will continue. It will be cut to suit the individual face with controlled fullness and diagonal parts to accent good points or minimize poor ones. The shingle is out.”

That’s the Eastern picture, so let’s turn Westward.

Hollywood somewhat goes its own way, regardless of what the rest of the world does. And a Lily Dache hat off to Hollywood, because there is such a very good reason for its being the rugged individual that it is. Milo Anderson, maestro designer with Warner Bros. studios, recently made some meaty comments regarding Hollywood in the fashion field, so far as motion pictures are concerned, which I think also applies to fashions in beauty. Said Mr. Anderson:

“We dress our stars in the best style to suit the individual. If an actress looks better in a short skirt than she does in a long one, well, we put her in a short skirt or vice versa. If we try to be very This Minute today, a few months later there will be a This Minute in Advance and players will be noticeably out of style.”

The fact that motion pictures are not shown nationally until several months after they are made means that most of the top designers and makeup artists strive for a timeless kind of smartness and glamour with emphasis on personality or the player’s role.

Therefore, Hollywood holds onto its

(Please turn to page 70)
“You bet the Ayds Way figures for me,” says Maureen O’Sullivan, motion picture star and wife of famous director John Farrow. “Every woman wants to keep her figure looking lovely. I know that Ayds will help me lose weight the way Nature intended me to. I look better and feel better while I’m taking Ayds.”

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet . . . no massage . . . no exercise.

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Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Clinical tests conducted by eminent physicians on over 100 persons proved quick, safe weight losses averaging 14 to 15 pounds.

Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today!
The jumper dress is a must in every young wardrobe. Your editor searched the town and came up with the Pen Jumper model shown on Hollywood starlet Ede Durston. The scoop is its unbelievable price—$4! I don’t think you can beat this, for the fabric is a quality rayon faille, known for its enduring wear and fashion-right at any season, anywhere. Your skeptical editor examined seams, examined all details, such as the gold-tone buttons (it's a button year, you know), the intricately cut-out, simulated leather belt with its bright nailhead trim, another new fashion note. So far you have a wonderful dress—but there's a great big plus—that gold-plated guaranteed ball point pen! The pen holder is permanently attached to the belt, so there is little change of loss or of finding yourself without means when you want to write down that address or make a note in a hurry.

This jumper dress has many uses. For classroom, for office, for home, it's very right. With changes of blouse, you can extend the appearance of your wardrobe indefinitely. It can even be worn without blouse for spinning in warm parts of the country. This Pen Jumper dress comes in two ranges of sizes, juniors from 9 to 15, and misses from 10 to 18.

ANGORA in your sweater means indisputable quality, as you may know. To find one, such as this prize in classics from Mesiing Knitwear for $5, is something. For these sweaters are as soft as a baby’s touch with fine zephyr yarn blending with the misty white Angora hairs to give that pure luxury feel and expensive muted tone in colors.

Here is a rare chance for a whole wardrobe of fine sweaters. The color range is wide, including white, pink, light sky blue, maize, cherry and mint green. Here is a chance, too, to give what most cherished of Christmas gifts, an Angora sweater.

Directions for washing and keeping your sweater forever good looking come with each garment. In good shops, or write to Mesiing Knitwear, Inc., 1450 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y., for shop near you.

OUTSTANDING values in watches featured by Mardo. The women’s model in heavy gold plate with its black silk velour, comes as pretty in design as you could wish, and just as dependable as a timekeeper (it's guaranteed for one year). $15.35 is the price with Federal tax. If you’ve asked Santa for a watch, consider this “find.”
Approved for style, quality and price
by Screenland’s Fashion Editor

The Mardo model for men is my best thought, too, if you’re considering giving Your Hero a watch for Christmas.

CALIFORNIA comes up with a big buy in a blouse from Wonder Shops, at $5.95. It’s made of rayon crepe with unusual use of dainty Alencon-type lace. The distinctive yoke meets at neckline with brilliant stud fastening. The romantic sleeves are elasticized at cuff to push up or down according to whim or bracelets. There is a frothy beauty about this blouse in white; a dramatic quality in black. Just right for your dress suits. Coupled with a satin or velvet skirt, it gives you a charming after-dark date dress. This blouse comes in sizes 32 to 38, and is of the same good value and original designing you will so often find in mail order fashions. With Christmas not too many shopping days away, this blouse is a gift inspiration!

A SMOOTH throat and a firm, slim chinline are always marks of youth and beauty. The finest salons use a beautifying treatment combining throat preparations with the use of a chin strap or similar device. The Model Chin Strap shown can be used with your favorite throat cream, oil or masque at home to help restore these lines of loveliness. In only fifteen minutes a day, you can work new wonders in a short time. Excess weight or extreme thinness, faulty posture and time can work such havoc at the throat-chin area, causing a years-older appearance. The Model Chin Strap with the exercises that come with it and a good preparation can give you the luxury of a costly beauty treatment at your convenience and at a fraction of the usual treatment price, because the cost of the Strap is only 81.30 p.p. In this day when there is a strong accent on youth and good looks, it will pay any woman in many ways to keep herself at the peak of physical well-being.

WITH Christmas just a few leaps ahead, with the budget being strained at every seam, look twice at the splendid values in a Holiday wardrobe from Frederick’s of Hollywood.

For dinners and parties and dates, you might give thought to “Gala Evening” and “Night Club.” The former uses a gleaming rayon satin for flattering neckline drapery and overskid. Without a single adornment, it depends upon fabric and line alone, always a sign of high fashion, to achieve a beautifully sculptured effect. “Night Club” is developed

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Silk Blouse at $3.00 in white, pink and grey

Size Quantity Color

Name
Address
City
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Money back in five days if not satisfied.
in rayon crepe with a plunging neckline, a sequined midriff and a back dipping peplum to show your best figure points.

These dresses are wonderful buys and give just the glamorous effect you want at this time.

A CCURATE time on your hands, dainty, jeweled time, to give an illusion of opulence! The Yorkshire Watch Co. does a gem, with imported Swiss movement, unbreakable crystal circled with sparkling imitation diamonds, the same stones richly encrusting the watch bracelet. I put this watch on my wrist and it gave me the impression of diamonds and platinum, though the back is actually stainless steel. This is because of fine and intricate workmanship, its dainty proportions. Also, you get one year's written guarantee!

I F there's any place where the best put-together girls miss up, it's at the waistline. Skirts turn away, blouses hang out. So welcome the Schrell Blouse Tender, which keeps blouse and skirt, or slacks, in happy unity, trims and slims your waistline and keeps skirt in place. At $1.50, it literally gives you dollars' worth of good grooming, and is a grand gift idea for the girls. School girls, business girls, who wear blouses, here's a treasure to last extra long, one which is quickly adjusted to waist measurement.

LITERALLY a mammoth watch fashion accessory is that two-inch in diameter timepiece from Belle Gurian. Done in high fashion tones of enamel with matching clasp for your belt, or with heavy gilt chain for use on jacket or blouse breast pocket. Grandpa's Turnip is revived in style—fine, high style, as a timepiece, and as a conversation piece. All this watch—and style—with clip, for $8.50! Watch, clip and chain, $9.75!
PRECIUS, luxurious ermine tails—and a whole cluster for $89.95, including Federal tax and postage are a tempting offer from Harold J. Rubin. A perfect blend of natural coffee-toned Summer ermine tails, topped by velvet leaves or you may have them in a richly dyed deep brown. You'll find many uses for the clusters. On hat, on lapel as a fur "corsage," on velvet choker and on and on, your imagination can achieve anything sophisticated ideas. You can also use the tails over and over again for all kinds of trimming.

YOU need at least one pair of good casual shoes. And best in fashion, best in fit and youthful good looks is the mocassin type. So I hurried about for you to find a good shoe plus a welcome price. That style by Friends, in genuine, lasting leather with a comfortable, durable composition sole, gets a high rating at a price of only $8.95. The color is a good, rich brown and the addition of that authentic Texas buckler marks it as very 1949-50.

This type of shoe will go well with your new soft tweeds, with velveteen, even with corduroy. You will like it, too, with slacks or for really roughing it. I wonder how many girls are smart enough to keep this type of shoe on hand for rainy, stormy weather? You can get a wide range of sizes, 4 to 9, also half sizes, in medium width only. These mocassins are a very special value and it will pay you to get yourself well shod with them now.

R. S. V. P.

Any additional information you may want about items, don't hesitate to write to your fashion editor.

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Blouse-Skirt—and Black Tender

As new as anything can be—Keeps your blouse inside your skirt. It won't let the skirt turn or "walk around" and for sport wear ribbons and slacks! It's worth its weight in gold.

Construction is such that it does all these things perfectly. You can reach down—squat by your hands—bend—play golf, etc., and your blouse stays put.

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Washable—as comfortable to wear as any underwear. Off and on in a sniff—so you can wear with all your outfits. Invisible when back worn. Doesn't create heat—immores posture—slenderizes wildlife. Don't worry about size—your cut is to fit you.

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Glamorous SATIN!

Rich shimmering rayon satin is so dressy ... does things for you, too! Both styles copied from originals that cost dollars more.

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New! Exotic satin 2-piece suit-dress! Flattering trapeze-length jacket has choker neckline, flanged yoke, swallow-tail back, slim skirt flutters figures. For day or dates.

SIZES 10 TO 20

SILK BLA.VK COPPER GLOW

Dawn Grey

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"BRIGHT LIGHTS"

Hollywood's new date dress of gleaming rayon satin! Stunning bare midriff style with smart draped skirt... "peek-a-boo" neckline. Gives you a dreamy figure he'll love.

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Grampa's watch in '49-'50 fashions is practical, gay, and sporty.

Guaranteed TIMEKEEPER to wear with gift chain or clip on anything casual. In red, green, blue, yellow, black, white, or cordovan enamel finish; gift trim. Watch, low and postage included.

Send "Stepping Out" $17.98; Size

1st Color Choice

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Bust measure in; wrist measure in

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Now you can wear the most fashionable dresses—the sexiest-fitting sweaters—with the complete assurance that a perfect bust-line is yours! New MAID'N BLOOM Bra gives you the form-fitting lines that are built up of layers and layers of fine silk...slimming curves created instantly. Best of all, this exciting new bra is designed to wear with the new during low neckline. Has the latest front strap plus elastic front and back shoulder straps. Front closure, in sizes 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44-

Black and White, colors. All this only $2.98! It goes with famous blush secret of famous models and movie stars.

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MAID'N BLOOM GIRDLE BRASSIERE CO., Dept. 86-P

803 N. Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 22, Ill.
Janet Leigh is the tragic little ballerina in MGM's drama, "The Red Danube." Janet thinks sewing a modern fine art.


4904—Pretty enough for a party and practical enough for work. A heartwarming apron from just 1 yard plus a little contrast. One piece, this apron has no seams. Quick and easy to make. In one size, small, 14-16.

9499—This princess housecoat makes a wonderful gift for a special friend or yourself. Crisp in cotton, elegant in silk. The back has very dramatic lines. Sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 6 yards of 39-inch material.

4588—A mother and daughter dream. Only two pattern parts to each gown. Both medium in size. Fits a miss 14 to 18; child, 4 to 8. Misses 3½ yards 39-inch; for a child's, use 2½ yards. Both gowns are in pattern.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (in coins) for each pattern to: SCREENLAND, 224. Pattern Dept., 243 W. 17th St., New York 11, N. Y. FIFTEEN CENTS for the Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Free pattern is printed in book.
FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

Hey Pete! Are you ready to eat? Well, the stuff is elite So let’s have at that meat!

M A I S O U T—we mean that big fat domestic fowl of American origin which everyone’s all wrapped around these crisp, disc days. But there’s a big helping of new yelping, too—as well as the drumsticks, cranberry sauce and stuffing—in the shape of those pretty black ten inch cookies. They’re flowing with butter and lotsa jam! So deliver me that white meat and we’ll discourse further and cover you with lotsa gravy, Davey!

HEAVENLY!

Vic Damone—Quick—drop this one by Vittorio Farinola on your Victrola—the golden tone—Vic Damone! And a couple of real workouts, real singers’ songs, in which Vickie’s adenoids get no respite at all—and is that bad! “My Bolero” is a soaring, thrilling thing—a kind of Ravel “Bolero” deal with words—so you can imagine what Vic does with it, as well the flip—the beauty from “Come To The Stable”—“Through A Long And Sleepless Night.”Yep, since he was an usher at N. Y.’s Paramount, Vic has sure moved from the top of the balcony to the front row! And it couldn’t happen to a nicer guy or better usher! (Mercury)

Dinah Shore—When this chick is on, there’s nothing finah than Dinah! And she’s ON on her freshest tallowing—“Through A Long And Sleepless Night” one of the most beauteous of songs, incidentally—and the flip—“I’m Yours”—a great standard by Yip Harburg and Johnny (“Body And Soul”) Green. Mrs. Montgomery feels like warm water egressing you. (Columbia)

Jo Stafford And Gordon MacRae—If you like egg in your beer and don’t mind lotsa tears thrown in for good measure, this is a slab for you just dripping with sentiment from every niche—“A Thought In My Heart” and “Whispering Hope”—rollies of two part harmony, lush Paul Weston accompaniment and bunches of hearts and flowers. Perfect for Mom and Dad—and maybe the youth, tor-sooth! Depends on your taste and past memories and again—whether you like lachrymose beer, dear! (Capitol)

Johnny Desmond—Of all the legendary figures World War II created, the kid underneath the lamppost by the barricade” was one of the most famous—“I’ll Marlene.” She was kinda the memory gal of the War—and lotsa things to lotsa guys. But the story has a happy finis ’cause there’s a new song about Lili, “The Wedding Of Lili Marlene.” And who should introduce it but the guy with the dulcet decibels—now star of the “Breakfast Club”—who himself was as popular with the GIs overseas as a three day pass. Backside has Johnny in a “wine and candlelight” atmosphere on “Let Me Grow Old With You.” Desmo’s voice is just like a kitten’s ear! And he sure is breaking it up on that “Breakfast Club” and his own “Ronson Show.” (MGM)

Arthur Godfrey—Pumpkins of fun on a brace by my man Godfrey on “The Man With The Weird Beard”—eerie stuff (Please turn to page 71)

Fred Robbins gets a big kick out of Bob Crosby’s “Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee,” which he cut for Columbia with Marion Morgan.

Frank Sinatra, whose latest Columbia platters are “It All Depends On You” and “I Only Have Eyes For You,” lunching with Freddie.
surrounded by these laughing, chatter-
ing youngsters. It hugs the shimmer-
ing white beach and beyond is the sea,
coast and satin.

Tyronne and I lunched there on fish,
perhaps fifteen minutes off the fishing
boats, fresh as anything, done in lemon
juice and oil. We had turtle soup, too.
(the best turtle soup we had ever tasted
anywhere) and fried bananas. With it
all we drank beer because that is what
you should drink with fresh fish done in
lemon juice and oil in Zihuatenejo. We
swam and sunned ourselves on the sand
and swam again. I shall never forget
this day at Zihuatenejo. I don’t believe
Tyronne will, either.

There is another thing I remember
about Tyronn’s visit to Mexico. Water
skiing is one of the favorite sports there
at the sea resorts. I love it. But Tyronne
had never tried and he laughed when I
asked him to go water skiing with me.

“The man is not going to make a fool of
myself, I’d spill all over the bay.”

That was like Tyronne. If he cannot
do a thing well, he doesn’t like to do it
at all. Later, when we were in the south
of France, he did try it and learned to
do wonderfully in about half a day. His
—what do you call them—‘reflexes’ are
remarkable. I suppose that is why he is
such a good pilot. They say reflexes
have a lot to do with flying a plane
well. Anyway, I have known how to
water-ski all of my life, practically, but
Tyronne is much better at it than I
am, now.

Another memory, and a delightful one...we dined with the Duke and
Duchess of Windsor at Elsa Maxwell’s
villa one night when we were on the
Riviera. I remember we arrived very
late because we had become lost en route,
in the hills above the Mediterranean.
We were very embarrassed, but it
couldn’t be helped and Elsa and the
Duke and Duchess were charming about
it. Guests included many fascinating
people and we both enjoyed them.
It was a lovely, glamorous evening.

We had a lot of laughs while 20th
Century-Fox’s “Black Rose” company
was shooting in Africa. No, the loca-
tions where “The Black Rose” was filmed
weren’t the most comfortable and elen-
gant places in the world. There were
three-Melies, Ouarzazate (very near
the Sahara) and Marrakech, all in French
Morocco. At Ouarzazate, for instance,
the company’s quarters were an aban-
donned French Foreign Legion barracks.
Our shower was in our living room, be-
lieve it or not, and we were glad to have
it anywhere. Of course, there was no
divergent, except what we made for our
selves. But it wasn’t so bad and, as I
say, we had some laughs—at least I did.

There was, for instance, the day I
fixed Ty an “apple pie” bed. (That is
what we used to call them when I was in
boarding school). Now I know there is
nothing very original about folding the
sheets on a bed so that, when you get
into it, your feet will only go half way
down. I was a little bit original about
this one, however, since I folded them
back about three-quarters of the way
down. The funny thing about it was
that, that night, when Tyronn got ready
to turn in, I had forgotten about fixing
the sheets and, still in the living-
room, reading, was a little startled to
hear him muttering to himself in the next
room about what was the matter with
that blanket-blank bed! Of course,
when I went in and inquired, very inno-
cently, could I help him, he knew right
away what had happened.

“What do you expect at Ouarzazate?”
I told him. “Hick town; hick jokes.”

Of course, as I say, Ouarzazate isn’t a
town at all, just a ghost military outpost,
rehabilitated long enough for the battle
scenes of “The Black Rose” to be filmed
there...

I remember another time, a wonderful
time, too. It was when Tyronne and I
were on our honeymoon in Florence and
several of the teachers from Paggio
Imperiali, the school I had attended just
before the War began, visited us at our
hotel, bringing us some wedding pres-
ents—handmade luncheon sets, hand-
tooleled leather book-covers, some per-
fectly beautiful things. I hadn’t known
what had happened to the school during
the War, or to these, my favorite teach-
ers, and it was so good to see them and
to learn they were all right. Tyronne
was lovely to them. I shall never forget
them. Many a man would have been bored,
listening to reminiscences of his wife’s
school days ten years in the past, but he
wasn’t. Or if he was, none of us ever
knew it. Besides, Tyronne is interested in
everything. I am sure he was as genuine-
ly happy to see my old teachers at Paggio
Imperiali as I was and was just as grate-
ful as I for their kindness. Yes, I think
I didn’t care if I very great deal for
him before that day, I should have from
then on.

He is quite a person, Tyronne.
I remember, too, a very different kind
of a time, also on our honeymoon. We
had been in Innsbruck, Austria, and were
crossing the Brenner Pass to Italy. Petrol
was rationed, as you know, and the climb
into the mountains toward the Pass had
used up a great deal of our measer
supply. And then, when we arrived at
the border, although we hadn’t been told
of it beforehand, the Italian authorities
wouldn’t allow us to enter the country
without a visa, since I was traveling on
my Mexican and not an American pass-
port. It was late on a Saturday night
and the man who dealt with us had a
toothache. I guess he was in a mean
mood, because he simply would NOT
teach us in any way. So we had to drive
clear back to Innsbruck for a visa. And
then, of course, we didn’t have enough
petrol to make the return trip to Italy.

What to do? It turned out to be sim-
ple, because of the kindness of the owner
of a little Austrian gas station.

“No petrol?” he said. “And no cou-
pins? It will be my pleasure to give you
enough of my coupons to allow you to
make the drive. No, please do not thank
me. I should like to tell you something.
The best years of my life were spent in
America. I do this to say ‘thank you.’

You don’t forget things like that, do
you?

I believe this is about all I can say
about Tyronne and myself, just now. We
haven’t been married so very long. In
the years that follow I hope there will be
many, many memories to treasure. But
now, for Tyronne and me, there are many
pages of the future yet to be written up-
on; not so many completed. Of course, I
could mention some other little things.
For example, my great pride when people
say to me, “Tyronne has never looked
better in his life.” Because I do think
that I am a little responsible for this. At
the risk of his saying to this, “Rubbish!”
I do think a woman has to take care of
a man. The only thing she mustn’t do
is allow him to know she is doing it.

I mean take care of him in little ways.
For instance, most men don’t eat proper-
ly. Any woman knows that. So I have
that while he may not appear to pay much attention at the time, Tyrone has followed my advice.

I think, too, it is a good thing for Tyrone—for both of us, for that matter—that I have decided definitely and finally to forego whatever screen career I might have had. I admit that, recently, there have been some very tempting offers. At one time, before I met Tyrone, perhaps I should have been overjoyed to accept some of them. But when they finally came I was just as glad to say no. You see, I really think the happiest marriages in Hollywood are those in which the wife has no career. I believe it is fortunate that I have been in the motion picture business long enough to understand its demands and its obligations. I think I shall be a better wife for this. But how can you build a marriage together when both careers are almost certain to pull you apart? I had an offer to do a picture in Mexico during the time that Tyrone was making "The Black Rose." What kind of a marriage would that have meant?

No, it is better this way and we both want it this way—all the more with our first baby coming early next year. I hope I shall never become the sort of wife who isn't even interested in her husband's work. I love the movies. I like the people I've met in Hollywood. I think my life—our life as a part of the motion picture industry is going to be wonderful. But Linda Christian Power a screen actress? No, thank you.

Mrs. Tyrone Power, wife and mother, is much better.
or order about it, but there just wasn't any hammering or shouting. And for another thing, Bing put himself completely in Capra's hands; they worked together in complete accord.

I'd heard that Bing appeared on the set when he felt like it and left when he wanted to—but he didn't on this picture. He was on time every morning, knew his lines perfectly, and was soon the last to leave at night. I'd heard, too, that there were lots of gags and jokes on a Crosby picture—but there weren't too many on "Riding High." Everything was strictly business, with a good picture the main goal.

Somebody told me that Ann Blyth had brought her 'edged and baked' that he'd been very pleased. I wanted to do something, too, so twice a week I brought a big jar—shaped like a cat—full of my mother's marvellous Danish cookies. Bing was a little doubtful about the first one I offered, took one tentative nibble—then ate six in rapid succession! After it was, "Where are the cookies?" and we soon started having four o'clock teas just so he could eat some more of them!

Bing is a most surprising man. You think of him as a sportsman, interested only in golf, baseball, race-horses—but there's another side you'd never suspect. One day reading T. S. Eliot's "Notes Toward The Definition Of Culture," a deep, non-fiction book. Another time it would be a biography, another a work on world affairs.

Bing's ad libs are often cleverer than the script and he seems to enjoy them as much as everyone else. He transacts a lot of his business on the set, and phone calls and dictating letters to a secretary in his trailer between takes. He is always surrounded by his radio-writers, gag-men and business associates. Often he would go off to the side of the set to discuss business deals with men who came to the studio to see him.

All in all, I found Bing to be a happy, well-adjusted man. He's completely relaxed and simply will not be worried by anything.

For instance, in the musical number we had to do together there was some confusion because the dance director gave us too many instructions at once. These instructions would probably have been simple for professional dancers, which Bing and I aren't. I was getting rattled and unhappy and could see that Bing was bothered, too. But did he allow it to upset him? Certainly not. He just said, "Hold on a minute. I can learn just one thing at a time!" and we proceeded on that basis.

Incidentally, this dance sequence was the only uncomfortable and could see that Bing was bothered, too. But did he allow it to upset him? Certainly not. He just said, "Hold on a minute. I can learn just one thing at a time!" and we proceeded on that basis.

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Diana Lynn caused Columbia no end of complications when she went to work with the handsome John Derek in "Swords Of Sherwood Forest." Di and John Lindsay had just moved into their new home and hadn't been able to get a telephone connected. Messages were sent by modern pony express—or in simple words, motorcycle messenger.

John and his wife, Pati Behrs, had just also moved into their new home in the Valley. They loved the beach place where they used to live, but Annie, the German shepherd, was about to have pups and the Dereks decided she needed a yard to raise the young 'uns. John's had a rugged routine, prepping for this swashbuckler. He fetched for two hours daily, took drama lessons two hours, then waited for the Friars Club gym for another two.

The big health program practically wrecked him—he got a cold, never had time for lunch and lost beaucoup pounds during training.

A pal of Pati's rushes over to the house at all hours to get her to translate the book of instructions that came with his French Renault. Seems the guy never could get the darn car started, but thanks to Pati's translations, he found out he should have kept his foot off the accelerator until the motor turned over. Pati's had a little trouble trying to turn some of the technical French words into unfamiliar English ones.

Elizabeth Taylor had all the boys gaping at RKO when she visited her chum, Janet Leigh, borrowed by Howard Hughes for Christmas. But she wasn't able to get it. She not only gave Janet two real hot leading men, Bob Mitchum and Wendell Corey, but he also lured Designer Howard Greer from his very profitable commercial dress designing establishment to whip up Janet's gowns. Cost Tycoon Hughes a pretty penny to get Mr. Greer, who doesn't especially fancy dressing the stars for movies.

Cornel Wilde, back from Switzerland where he did "Winter Comedy" (strictly a tentative title), showed some of his pals a flock of film which he proudly announced he took himself. When his pals called attention to the fact that Cornel's camera had cut off heads and shot out of focus he explained it was a gag he dreamed up to show how a movie star operates a strictly amateur camera. Opinion is that the gag was a success.

Paul Douglas reluctantly gave up his house when he left for Berlin to make "Two Corridors East." Says he's been away from home so much that he'll get a hotel room when he returns—more permanent.

Those two Ferrers—Mel and Jose—are not related, but their careers in Hollywood are running an amazing parallel. Mel, who would much rather direct pictures than act in them, is a very hot guy these days. After his great success in "Lost Boundaries," he was immediately ticketed for an RKO contract and put

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You must notice results in 14 Days or MONEY BACK!

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**Reduces 46 lbs. in 35 days!**

Here's what Mrs. M. K. Orndorff of Wis-consin says of Dr. Parrish's Tablets: "Within 40 days, I lost 40 lbs. with a weight of 121 lbs. I now wear a size 12 Western and my pants fit. My entire household, candles, kitchen, dinner table and every member of this 52.49. Dr. Parrish's Tablets are the answer to the question.

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Maybe it was his faults—that quartel. Maybe. But next time take care! Don't let those "Monthly Blues" make you nervous and irritable. Instead, take these Improved Chi-Ches-Ters Pills! Packaged in three convenient sizes. Get Chi-Ches-Ters Pills at your drugstore.

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into "Bed Of Roses." His next after that will probably be "Carriage Entrance," to be called "The Dauphin in Joan Of Arc," was asked how come he broke down and did another movie when his real love is the stage. He claims he didn't—that Hollywood broke down, offered to let him make his own terms. He'll be the best "hee" since Dick Widmark hit Hollywood, in "Whirlpool," in which he plays a hypnotist with murder on his mind.

* * *

Annie Baxter went to Gallup, New Mexico, to visit John Hodiak, on location for MGM's "Ambush," because she wanted to celebrate their third anniversary together. John and Annie gave each other T.O.U.'s for presents, but when they got home found each had bought the other identical presents—Alexander Calder mobiles which, to you art lovers, are very beautiful pieces of sculpture.

* * *

Gloria McLean flew to the "Broken Arrow" location in Arizona to see Jimmy Stewart a few weeks before they were married. As she was leaving, the crew asked her didn't she want to stay and watch the honeymoon scene between Jim and Debra Paget. Gloria got a big yuk out of the fellas by saying no thanks—at a time like that she felt two people should be left alone. This gal Debra Paget, I hear, is terrific. Plays an Indian gal in the pic (which has been called "Arrow" and "War Paint" up to now). Seems Indians absolutely never have blue eyes, which Debra has, so she was fitted with brown contact lenses.

* * *

New combination around town—Ann Sheridan and Bruce Cabot, took in the Tommy Farrell-Gene McCarthy opening at Ciro's, which was boffola. These are awfully clever kids.

* * *

Your footloose reporter—meaning me—has really been on a merry-go-round lately. We had a beautiful time at John van Druten's ranch, our favorite desert spot. Little Mary Hatcher was down there, raving about how nice Mickey Rooney had been to her while she was working in his independent picture, "The Big Wheel." Next weekend we went to La Jolla to see "Blithe Spirit" at Greg Peck's Playhouse. Stayed at the lovely Summer House, just outside La Jolla. Evie Arden was staying there—she was rehearsing the next week's show, "Here Today." After the Saturday night performance of "Blithe Spirit" we joined the cast—Millie Natwick, John Emery and Tamara Geva, Ellen Corby and some of the guys and gals who'd come to La Jolla to see the performance, Zack and Elaine Scott, Harriet Parsons and the Douglas Morrows. We had lots of laughs and stayed up much too late.

On the way to La Jolla we saw the location site of Republic's "Sands Of Iwo Jima." Except for Adele Mara, this picture has an all-male cast—John Wayne, John Agar, Dick Jaeckel, Jimmy Brown, Richard Webb. They aren't playing with water pistols on this one—explosives, bombs, guns—yip! The location is so terrific the Marine officers from nearby Camp Pendleton asked Republic to leave everything just as is when they move out. Quite a deal.

* * *

Back in town—went to the opening of "Annie Get Your Gun," starring Gertrude Niesen and afterward to her house to help her and hubby Al Greenfield celebrate their sixth wedding anniversary. Much excitement when press agent Henry Rogers, all slicked up in a new suit, reached out to shake hands with Wendell Corey and fell smack in the swimming pool. He mucked himself up considerably, not to mention several hundred red dahlias which were floating on the surface of the pool. Bob and Dorothy Mitchum created another sensation with their anniversary gift—on account of you're supposed to give iron for sixth anniversary presents, they bought Gertie and Al a real manhole cover. Gordon MacRae was there with his purty wife, Sheila Stephens, who makes her debut in "The Cage." Gertrude was swamped with congratulations on her performance of "Annie," which was really great, to put it mildly. Paul Douglas brought Jerry Jordan, and Jay Flippin brought his cute wife and a five-day growth of beard—the latter for a picture role. Few days later we spent a quiet afternoon with Gertie and Al. The manhole cover was still there—nobody could lift the darn thing!

The Eyes Have It!

Continued from page 43
Ed also took Jolson over the coals in that column for his statement about television's "making it impossible for people to watch a show far more than just hearing it alone. The best refutation of Allen's sneer against television, "How can the camera show the glint in a comic's eyes?" was the Life magazine article on Fred with accompanying photographs. Each picture, "clearly trapped the glint in his eyes, the spirit of buffoonery, the exaggerated facial expression," said Ed, and went on to state that the television camera, too, would have no problem presenting Fred at his best.

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program when I introduce anyone from Hollywood, even unknown people with a studio tie-up, the audience crane their necks and applaud like mad. Hollywood names are bound to be a huge success for the studios have spent millions making them world known.”

Ed Sullivan walked over to the window looking down on Park Avenue. He was wearing a red silk dressing gown, a navy shirt and the night and deeper red slippers. “Color in television,” he said in answer to my question about it. “Color in television was seen for the first time twenty years ago today in the laboratories of the Bell Telephone Co. Seems impossible to imagine, doesn’t it? Well, you can be sure, we won’t see it on our sets until the FCC is ready to let all the networks come forth with it. Each network will have its own individual process, but the FCC is trying to protect all the pioneers in the field and not let any one network get ahead of the other.”

“Are there any more predictions or opinions you’d like to pass on to all my television readers, Ed?” I inquired.

“Not really,” he said after a moment’s thought. “We are at the same stage in TV as radio was when people had crystal sets. Now it’s really nothing, but it will be very soon. In the meantime we are all the victims of TV fadism. From the people buying sets, to the people putting on the shows, they all feel that they are being pioneers. They are all fans and they love it.”

You can be certain of one thing, however. Ed Sullivan, who passed up radio, even though he held a front row seat at its birth, is right in there punching for TV. He obviously loves it and is unique in his attitude that there is still room for all the other media, such as movies, radio, theatre and newspapers. To my mind it is a most logical opinion and one that will soon prove itself to be correct. Let the extroverts scream that all others will die if TV survives. Ed Sullivan’s ideas on the subject make sense.

Van Heflin, now in “Madame Bovary,” at Waldorf-Astoria on trip to Manhattan.

Jane Takes A Look Back

Continued from page 29

be a star. I do enjoy my work more and I might be disappointed now if someone told me I could never be in pictures again, but I’d pull through it. It’s just that after making ‘The Pride’ they said ‘It’s Only Money’ I began to see that the work could be fun.”

It was mainly Bob Hope and, to an extent, Groucho Marx, who helped to show Jane that being a movie actress had its compensations. They brought humor into a job that had been eratic.

“Those two had given me a refreshing approach to my work. I know now that my career has been like coming in the back door all of the time. Everything was done backwards from the beginning. I had to do a job—and then prepare for it afterwards. And it seems that whatever I did was the wrong thing to do.

“I don’t think I’ll ever forget my first personal appearance stint,” Jane laughed.

“What a fright that was! I spent nine weeks playing straight man to a comedian, without having the faintest idea what I was doing up on that stage. The opening night of the ‘act’ was really something. I was supposed to go to a press party afterwards, but when the show was over and it was obvious I had laid an egg, I was quietly told to go to my hotel room and stay there. I must have looked really forlorn getting on that trolley to go to my room.

“With this appearance tour wound up I decided to get married. I went to Georgia and Robert and took the Big Step. That put my feet firmly on the ground and I forgot about a career for fifteen months while I stayed with my husband at an Army camp.”

Jane’s marriage to Bob Waterfield—whom she refers to as Robert—has been a highly successful one. It’s been one marriage that has definitely confounded the seers. And it’s worked because Jane has placed her role as wife ahead of her screen roles and because Bob makes no attempt to enter into her career at all.

“All of the time I was getting my initiation by trial and error.” Jane went on, “Robert said nothing. He has a way of being my own adviser. In his indifferent approach he’s like an agent. While he has no objection to my career, he stays out of the business because he says he knows nothing about it. After all, I wouldn’t try to tell him how to play football, and he feels the same about my job as an actress. He never does any television; and he never goes on pictures. If I’m unhappy about a picture, for instance, his only solution is to say quietly, ‘Okay, let’s go to a movie tonight.’”

It is fortunate for Jane that she has never been overly-ambitious. Her life with Bob is so complete that she doesn’t have to concern herself with the camera unnecessarily.

“Robert is a very good husband,” Jane said with real pride. “He’s very patient and tolerant. When I’m working and he’s not on tour with his team, he usually goes hunting or fishing or else he’s out on the golf course. He’s a great sportsman, as you know.

“Robert and I are, in a way, a funny combination. We’re opposites in everything. Everything I can’t do, he can—and vice versa. For instance, Robert does all the cooking. I detest cooking, but since he gets a big bang out of tossing off a meal he makes no complaints. He’s very expert on meats, sauces and salads—all typical he-man meals.

“On the other hand, I like to make artistic things, such as pottery and the like. I recently made the moulds for a pottery dinnerware set in a Chinese motif. The set, service for nine, turned out beautifully. Robert hates anything in the artistic line. However, he’s good at finances—and I’m lousy at figures. He handles all of the business details and is extremely meticulous on such matters.

“Considering such contrasts, it’s surprising that Robert and I didn’t have any big disagreements when we built our very modern house. He offered no suggestions at all, but he knew what he wanted a den so the architect and I had a good-sized one built in the house for him. As for the place itself, it’s the kind of a house we had in mind for five years. It will probably take us another five years to get it furnished.

“We don’t give any fancy parties at all—the kind where you send out invitations,” Jane continued. “We have a few friends in for spaghetti dinners most of the time or for a trout or venison steak feast when Robert and his friends come back from a hunting or fishing trip. The men do the cooking then and we wives do the dishes—which is as it should be.”

It’s been the impression in town that Jane and Bob don’t have much of a chance to be together, what with his playing so many out of town games. But actually, his tours only last two or three weeks and then just during the football season. The Waterfields have had only one long separation—and that was for eight weeks once when Jane was in Chicago on a personal appearance tour. And even then, Bob flew to Chicago to join her after about four of the eight weeks had passed. They called each other almost every day, too, so the separation wasn’t so bad. Many times, too, Jane has accompanied Bob on his tours.

Right now, the two are involved in a church they and their friends are planning to build.

“It all began when I was living at home with my mother and father,” Jane said. “’Fairer was a Bible student and since we could find no church or denomination that interested us, we relied solely on the Bible for our religious training. We used to have family worship on Saturday mornings. Soon our friends began to join us at these sessions. Before long, there were twenty-five people at our house on Saturdays.

“We only recently decided to build a little chapel of our own where we could hold our own services. Mother had some property in back of her house and when we told her of our plans, she gave us the land. She was only too glad we had made this decision because we had

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been meeting in her little living room and the furniture was beginning to show the wear and tear. Now, all of us are chipping in to build the chapel. We'll not have pews in the building, though, just davenports and chairs.

This Jane Russell, as you can see, is indeed an unusual combination of many personality facets. But that's what makes her interesting. She's heading for a stable career now, but she's not holding on to any high hopes. Her philosophy is, "Let things come as they come. I'm in no hurry to be a big star."

It may be that very quality which at last will put her on a solid footing.

Let Me Tell You About Gloria

Continued from page 40

"Remember when Dick Thorpe was directing us in 'Two Girls And A Sailor?'" Gloria asked me one day between scenes in our last picture. "He told me something which I couldn't quite understand at the time but now I realize it's the best advice anyone ever gave me. I had been fussing with my hair when he was ready to do a scene and finally with more patience than I probably deserved he told me, 'Gloria, it doesn't matter what you look like on the screen, it's what comes through of the inner you that is important'"

She is completely serious about her acting, not merely her appearance. She's a natural worrier—more about that later—but now she worries about her work. Result? She works much harder than she used to and has become a much more versatile actress.

Six years ago she certainly could not have portrayed the little tart who turned stool-pigeon in "Scene Of The Crime." She also has much greater maturity and authority in her singing. She's so talented: I wish she'd do a New York show. I know she could have great success on Broadway. But meantime, watch for her in "The Man And The Girl," in which she has a death scene which proves absolutely that Gloria is an actress.

Gloria hasn't made many pictures since she married John Payne in 1941. She's been rather busy having her two children, Kathy, who's nearly 4, and Tommy, who will be 2 in February. Our recent headquarters have been the MGM home set since "Summer Holiday" with Mickey Rooney in 1946. Meantime she made "Yes Sir, That's My Baby" with Donald O'Connor at U-I, but she really went to work at the home grounds to prove she was a better actress than she had been before.

"Gloria wanted a chance to show herself what she's capable of doing," is the way Donald O'Connor's wife, Gwen, who is Gloria's best friend, explains it. "She doesn't try to impress people, but she has to prove things to herself. She has terrific power and when she really puts her mind to something, she accomplishes it."

Her marriage and subsequent separations have had a sobering, settling influence on Gloria. The Paynes' last separation occurred while we were making "Scene Of The Crime" and I saw first hand how upset Gloria was by it. Fortunately the John have since reconciled and I truly hope this time it will be permanent. Certainly they've tried.

"I don't care whether we are a laughing stock," Gloria told me after she and John decided to try once again for a happy marriage and reconciled. "We've made every effort and are completely sincere in trying to work this out. The people who laugh are the ones who don't make much of an effort."

According to June Allyson and Gwen, both of whom certainly know more about such things than I—a mere father—Gloria is a marvelous mother. I can say that she certainly seems to be a devoted one.

"Gloria was born with the instinct for handling children and has a lot of sense in training them," June told me recently. "John's daughter by his previous marriage, 8-year-old Julie, adores her and it was not precisely an easy assignment for Gloria, only 19 when she married John, to step into the mother role with a child of Julie's formative years.

"Gloria has a wonderful quality of never 'talking down' to a child," June went on. "She's also very wise in not breaking promises, which is so important to youngsters. Even before she had her own babies and wasn't feeling well she never broke her word if she had said she would take Julie to a party or the park. On the other hand she has definite firmness, demands good behavior and respect and gets them—from all the children—without ever raising her voice. In other words, she tempers loving understanding with discipline."

Gloria always loved a home, but had lived in apartments most of her life. When she married John she inherited her own home with John, she deliberately set to work to become thoroughly efficient not only as a homemaker but as a hostess.

Her first big party was a surprise for John's birthday after they had been married only a short time. It was a formal dinner, not just a drop-by, casual affair, and not exactly simple for an inexperienced hostess. I wasn't there but Mickey Rooney, who has been a friend of Gloria's since they were kids together, told me the next day:

"In such a short time Gloria has become a really gracious hostess! She's sure of herself, at ease, not nervous or flighty like many hostesses with years more experience."

There was some surprise and considerable admiration in his voice. Not long after that I went to a party at Gloria's and I got the same impression; I made a point later of telling Mickey how thoroughly I agreed with him.

With that same will power and determination which Gwen mentioned, Gloria has tried to adapt herself to the things that her husband likes. If ever there was a girl who, before her marriage, was
unathletic, that was Gloria. Not that I think it matters whether a girl is or isn't, but I do think it's wise for her to try if her husband is. Dancing was the only thing remotely resembling exercise that Gloria used to like, but John likes all sorts of sports so Gloria decided to bestir herself.

She had never learned to swim; now she's learning and likes it. She took golf lessons for a while; now she's trying tennis and is terrifically enthusiastic about it. She used to loathe fishing, but John likes to fish. So Gloria, who six years ago wouldn't get any closer to a fishing boat than one she saw in a newsreel, now finds fun in getting into old blue jeans; a loud cotton shirt and beat-up sneakers and going deep sea fishing with John.

Gwen O'Connell, who has known Gloria for seven years, agrees with me that Gloria has changed, matured, settled down, but adds, "She's still a little girl at heart, though."

"We love to do silly things—like going on rides at the beach amusement park and playing bingo. Going shopping with her is a mad experience," Gwen says. "She'll say she's going 'just over to that counter to buy a pair of nylons,' and an hour later, after searching frantically through four floors of a store you'll find her loaded down with bundles. Then all the way home she'll fret and worry about whether she bought the right sizes in the things she has purchased for the children. They always turn out to be correct, but she fusses every time until they are tried on.

"Gloria seems to me to be the perfect example of a real vaudeville trouper. There's something about people with a background of the old five-a-day; they seem to live in a world of their own. They're gayer, more adaptable, than people who didn't have the experience of constantly moving from town to town, maybe because they learned to make the best of everything. They stick together and won't let go of friendships."

"Gloria worries about everybody's problems. Sometimes I tell her she's foolish to get herself so upset for others and besides it's none of her business. 'I know, but it's such a shame and I feel so sorry for them,' she'll answer, and go right on worrying," Gwen reports.

As long as I've known Gloria she has always seemed to be worrying about her family. She has a great family loyalty and makes no problems of any of them her responsibility.

She's also always worrying about her weight, always determining to go on a diet. She surprised us though. She did go on one recently and lost six pounds. She wouldn't have stuck to it six years ago.

When I first knew Gloria, one of our mutual friends described her as "giddy." I wouldn't go that far, but I would say she was frivolous then and sometimes inconsiderate; I don't have much patience with a girl who has an hour late for a date without a good excuse—and Gloria sometimes was guilty of that, back then. But how that De Haven has changed! All I can add is—the changes are all for the good!

Patience Pays Off

Continued from page 45

nette, smallish (5 feet 2) Rena is the perfect wife for tall (6 feet 2) good-looking, easy-going, time-is-of-no-importance Bill Lundigan. Rena was never one to sit in the background smiling sweetly, indeed no; she never fails to speak her piece, and it's a sensible piece. But the master of the house is Bill Lundigan, and she wants it known. He can have center stage whenever he desires. Of course, she isn't going to let him get away with murder, however. It was the time when Bill was telling me about the first time he met Rena, twelve years ago when he first came to Hollywood on a Universal contract. She was a kid then, loaded down with schoolbooks, and she used to stop by Schwab's drugstore with other kids for ice cream sodas after school. Bill used to drop in to strut a bit. Schwab's being sort of a village drugstore for the movie people.

"Rena," said Bill, "had a crush on me."

"I did not," Rena interrupted. "I thought you were a conceited character."

"Well, this comes as news to me," said Bill, pretending to be deeply hurt. "Here I've been telling everyone for the last four years that you had a crush on me."

"On the contrary," continued Rena, "I hated actors. I didn't drool over them like the other girls in my class. I just said, 'Really, how dull.'"

As soon as Darryl Zanuck's powerful film on racial discrimination, "Pinky," in which Bill is co-starred with Jeanne Crain, is released this fall, the studio scuttlebutt is that Bill Lundigan is going to be a top-flight boxoffice personality.

John Ford, Elia Kazan and Darryl Zanuck may not see it that way, however. Zanuck has already signed Bill on a long-term contract. It's a cinch that from now on most of that studio's juicy roles will be tossed in his direction. It took him twelve years to arrive in this enviable spot. But he isn't bitter, nor Bill.

"He just says, 'Think of all the capable actors who don't make it even after twelve years.'"

Here's a refresher course on Bill: He was born in Syracuse, New York, of parents who had Ireland in their blood and Killarney in their souls. Bill is a chip right off of that old Blarney Stone. He attended high school in Syracuse, and majored in law at Syracuse University.

His father, who was in the shoe business, had a store in the building that housed WFBF, a CBS affiliate, and from the time Bill was big enough to pedal a bike, he had been hanging around the radio station. At ten, he was playing roles in kid shows. At sixteen, he was producing three shows of his own—a minstrel, a dramatic and a musical broadcast. One of his emcees was Gordon MacRae, then all of eleven years old.

When Bill finished his university studies he decided that the law could wait while he served a stretch in radio. He signed up as an announcer, and within two years was production manager of the station.

On a hunch one day he took a train to New York, wangled a screen test from Universal, and a short time later was sent to the Coast under contract to them. That was in 1937.

Bill spent two years at Universal, then went to Warners, where he was for two more years until he hied himself to MGM for another two-year stretch. Because of his good nature, his kindness and consideration, not to mention his good looks (there were quite a few secret crushes), he was always the favorite of the publicity departments. But the role never came his way. Somehow he never became a part of the Gables, the Farrens, and the Trays always snatched it.

In 1943, he enlisted in the Marines, took his training at Quantico, Virginia, and served with the First Marine Division in the Pacific, taking part in operations at Peleliu and Okinawa. He was honorably discharged in November, 1945.

It was while he was in Washington taking his training at Quantico, Virginia, nearby, that he was officially introduced to Rena Morgan, the little girl with the schoolbooks who sipped sodas at Schwab's. He says Rena wasn't impressed and she says Bill wasn't impressed. But later she ran into him at El Morocco in New York. He looked mighty handsome in the Marine uniform. Rena said to herself: now this is all right. They romanced for two weeks, Bill was shipped out, and two weeks after he returned from the wars they were married. That was in August, 1945.

Bill took his bride to a Hollywood apartment.

"It's only temporary," he assured her.

"In a couple of months we'll get a house."

"Lundigan has no sense of time," Rena told me. "That apartment was temporary for three and a half years."

"It was a nice apartment," Bill said...
“The only trouble with it was that it had only one door, the front door, and always as the garbage went out the guests came in. That made Rena sore.”

Since May, the Lundigans have a house, rented, right off Coldwater Canyon, and glory be, it has three doors, a back, a front, and a side. No more colliding with orange peels.

Bill’s big break came about this way: He was freelancing here and there and just doing so-so. Then last January Hollywood’s top director, John Ford, organized a company to play “What Price Glory” under the auspices of the Military Order of the Purple Heart. It needs to go to veteran relief. They played Los Angeles and several other cities. Bill had had a deep devotion for John Ford for years. He calls him “Pappy,” Ford’s daughter, Barbara, and Rena are best friends. His great ambition is to have Ford direct him in a picture. He volunteered for a small part in “What Price Glory” and got it.

A fast wipe, as they say in the cinema, and we have Bill at MGM. One of his best pals is Billy Gordon in the casting department. Billy thinks Lundigan is the best actor on the Coast. Billy switched from a department in 20th Century-Fox, and when Ben Lyon resigns and goes to England, Billy becomes casting director.

Now a fast wipe to 20th Century-Fox John Ford and Darryl Zanuck decide to make a picture about racial discrimination called “Pinkys.” They’ve got to have a guy who’s a combination of Tyrone Power, Gregory Peck and Dana Andrews. Billy Gordon says, “Bill Lundigan.” And John Ford says, “Bill Lundigan.”

From “Pinkys,” which is highly dramatic, they rushed him into a Claude Binyon written and directed comedy, “Oh Doctor,” in which he is co-starred with Dorothy McGuire. He’s hoping that he will get a Western next.

The Lundigan is a cottage, and it is in the process of being furnished. Rena herself has made the curtains and valances on her sewing machine. The walls in the living room and den are lined with books. The furniture is the kind that you can put your feet on if you are so inclined. Bill wouldn’t have it any other way.

“This house is a most unusual California house,” Bill explained to me as he doubled up his long legs in an oversize chair. “It has a cellar. Not that it does us any good. Rena won’t go near it because of the black widow spiders. Some day I am going to whitewash it. Rena turned to me.

“Ten years from now Lundigan will still be on the verge of whitewashing that cellar. He has no talent for doing anything in a house.” And then she quickly added, for fear I might think her beloved spouse lazy, and, confidentially, I think she’s right—Lundigan means well. But he’s all thumbs.

Well, I thought to myself, I better get down to this interview and see what delayed success has done to William Lundigan, called Bill.

“And what are your dislikes?” I began conservatively.

“Lundigan likes everything,” his wife answered. That, I think, very compactly, describes Lundigan.

How To Buy A Hat

Continued from page 49

cut your height. If the hat goes beyond that, it will make you look shorter and should be worn only by a tall girl.

Think Of A Hat in the same way that you think of perfume or jewelry... to make you alluring. A dress without a hat loses its whole effect. It’s an unfinished symphony... a costly picture without a frame. Your hat is the thing that will make you beautiful... just as a bouquet of flowers enhances a table.

Anne Baxter Knows How To Buy A Hat. In the first place, she is conscious of them... she enjoys them. She buys a hat when she has an immediate need of one. And that is right. It may be for a personal appearance, or it may be to complement a new costume. If her dress is simple she wants an elaborate hat. If her dress is elaborate, she asks for a simple hat. She has no limiting, definite ideas about her hats, and she accepts a new trend with enthusiasm if she can wear it. Miss Baxter knows what a hat should do for her and for her costume.

Not All Players Are So Hat-Wise. When a young girl begins her picture career, she knows she needs the help of the dress designer, the hat designer, the hairdresser and the makeup man. So she follows their suggestions. Then, comes a second phase when she begins to believe her publicity and she grows very opinionated. The smartest players move quickly on to the third stage and, as stars, they concentrate on their acting, and realize the value of help from experts in other fields... the designers and all. That is when she begins to dress well.

The Stars Who Like To Wear Hats are usually the best dressed stars in Hollywood. Rosalind Russell is one... and you’ll see her wearing our hats in “Tell It To The Judge,” one of the biggest fashion pictures that has come out in many years. Loretta Young is another well dressed stars’ first house is hat and always finds time for fittings. We designed her hats for “Key To The City.” We did Betty Hutton’s for “Let’s Dance,” and Diana Lynn’s for “My Friend Irma.”

Winter Hats will have their usual variety. I would never say any one thing was best. If you choose any season, it would be wrong to insist that you must wear a small hat or a large hat at any time... because you must always consider the silhouette of your costume. There is a trend, however, toward the small hat.
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Continued from page 52

An interesting exception, thinks Pere, to short hair is Bette Davis. She wanted to cut her hair for her stellar role in “Beyond The Forest.” But she was persuaded to keep it shoulder length.

In the last few months, thousands of wives have been torn between allegiance to fashion and love of happiness. They ask their Mr. Westminster if they should cut their hair in spite of husbandly objection. He comments that he is not a family counselor and can advise only on whether or not the cut is becoming.

“Af-her,” says Pere, “it’s natural for men to prefer beauty and therefore they cut their hair in order to have more beauty.”

But there is a feeling that women are becoming too dominating and the hair cutting business is just another evidence of it.

Pere says that his father was the inventor of the shingle cut, famous in the days of Barbara Lamarr and Theda Bara, while Pere takes credit for the page boy vogue. Our editorial comment is that the shingle had little in its favor. One girl in a hundred can wear this cut without looking hard and devoid of charm. The page boy, however, was and still is on certain types a flattering and natural arrangement. For with the latter type.

Are you constantly embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped figure? Bellis Brite Liniment will give you more poise and glamour to give you that smart look? It’s Easy! Now, for Science has discovered the means of using the substance that gives you that NEW, NEW well rounded bust line. It is available now in GLAMOUR-X which can be bought at the drug store. A full jar containing 30,000 units of Estrogen Hormone can be bought for only $2.50, tax included. We can unconditionally guarantee that if you are dissatisfied, we will immediately refund your purchase price. You be the sole judge. Complete instructions come with your jar of GLAMOUR-X. Rush your order and $2.00 now to

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Right Off The Record

Continued from page 59

with the Too Fat Trio along for laughs on this opus about a peculiar shaggy individual. (Columbia)

Nat Cole—Talking about yah-tah-tah, the head of the wardsome foursome has a squidy novelty, "Your Voice," with a character coming in on the first and last grooves with what sounds like someone out of Donald Duck. But if you follow the record down, you'll hear it makes sense and is a complete sentence made up of Nat's hits. Back check is one of Nathaniel's own—"I Get Sentimental Over Nothing"—with voices behind him.

Soft sustenance for your ample aural cavity! (Capitol)

Gordon MacRae—Come and be driven "Macazy" by Gordie boy on a brace of standards that are brimming with virility and vigor. The kid we used to work with on the "Teen-timers" show bangs these right down the fairway—"A Kiss In The Dark"—which he does in "Look For The Silver Lining"—and "Body And Soul." (Capitol)

Vaughn Monroe—The guy who's the greatest thing that ever happened to the clothespin industry will probably make enuf to buy himself another plane with this fresh muscling of "Someday" (which Dean Martin made popular in his routine with Jerry Lewis) and "It Still Goes." (Victor)

Betty Garrett—Mrs. Larry Parks, in all her tidy zaniness that makes her the top comedienne she is, bakes a brace of rompin' novelties that usurp all those wide talents—"Why Won't Ya"—sharp satire on vocal duets that'll rock ya— and "Holdin' Music"—pseudo mountain music that'll squeeze gallons of mint juice from you. And her mating with Larry, star of "Jolson Sings Again," on "Side By Side" and "Reckon I'm In Love" are like that turkey leg! Yummy! (MGM)

Perry Como—The barber from Manhasset and our good neighbor drives one right up on the long green with "Give Me Your Hand" and "I Wish I Had A Record"—which is a pretty complaining title for a guy who's had more hit records than almost anyone whom you can shake a clean car at. These'll buy a few golf balls for P. C. (Victor regular and 45 rpm)

Mary Martin—The gal with the cleanest town—brilliant star of "South Terrific"—infuses a fresh album with all her charm and way with a lyric in turning it into an aural joyride. Just dig the titles in this wonderful new shelf called "Mary Martin Sings For You"—songs, compositions, and artist—all from top Broadway musicals. A boon for that turntable, Mabel. (Columbia MM 843)

ALSO EARNWORTHY

BETTY HUTTON's "That's Loyalty" and "Hamlet"—two superb novelties from "Red, Hot And Blue"—which shows why Frank Loesser's the songwriter of the year. (Capitol) ... XAVIER CU-GAT's "Minsan" and "Rumbasia"—nice noughts by Cugate that'll provide exercise for that saverolite. (Columbia) ... MARJORIE HUGHES "I Never Knew"—her second solo disc and as good as the first. (Columbia) ... NELLIE LUTHER'S "Fine And Mellow"—quite different from the gem by Billie Holiday but very fine and m. . . . (Capitol) ... BILL FARRELL'S "Through A Long And Sleepless Night"—much promise by the guy who purrèd on the Bob Hope show, but the "You're Mine" (Columbia) . . .

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Fact is there's a bobbin's mess of
Capitol jazz cookies: MILES DAVIS'
"Boplicity" and "Israel," LENNIE TRIS-
TANO'S "Marionette," and "Sax Of A
King; BENNY GOODMAN'S "There's A
Small Hotel" and "Blue Lu"—first with
quarter, flip with full band—both
hugin' Ethel, DAVE LAMBERT'S
"When The Red, Red Robin Comes Bob,
Bob Bobbin' Along," BABS GONZALEZ'
"Prelude To A Nightmare" and CHAR-
LEY BARNETT's two great faced "Por-
trait Of Edward Kennedy Ellington.

BEST IN THE NEST

GEORGE SHEARING—"September
In The Rain" and "Bop, Look And List-
en" (MGM)
VIC DAMONE—"My Bolero" and
"Through A Long And Sleepless Night"
(Mercury)
DINAH SHORE—"I'm Yours" and
"Through A Long And Sleepless Night"
(Columbia)
JOHNNY DESMOND—"Wedding Of
Lili Marlene" (MGM)
NAT "NECK" COLVIN, "Your Voice" and
"I Get Sentimental Over Nothing" (Cap-
itol)
HERB JEFFRIES and TONI HAR-
PER—"You're So Tall" (Columbia)
MARY MARTIN—"Mary Martin
Sings For You" (Columbia)
BETTY HUTTON—"That's Loyalty" and
"Hamlet" (Capitol)
VAUGHN MONROE—"Someday"
(Victor)
PEARL BAILEY—"Ma" (Columbia)

Cobina Wright's Party Gossip

Continued from page 10

mazed those exciting all-star matches,
where your favorite screen players turned
into tennis players for sweet charity.
There was stiff competition among
Walter Pidgeon, Mickey Rooney, (whose
bride, Martha Vickers, was cheering
from the sidelines) Bill Powell, Gilbert
Roland, George Murphy and Lee Bow-
man, just to mention a few of them.
Afterward Jimmy Ritz played a gag game
with his brother, Harry, who was dressed
up in lace panties and made up to look
like a caricature of "Gorgeous Gusse"
Moran, whose frilly tennis shorts shocked
staid Wimbledon.

Then stars and spectators all adjourned
to the supper room in the hotel for
refreshments and post-mortems. In fact, it
was one of these post-mortems which gave
to that story that about Phil Harris getting
Betty Grable and his wife, Alice Faye,
mixed up. It seems Jack Benny was kid-
ning George Perlberg about being
off his game following the match.
"But I'm worried," Bill alibied. "Here
I've got a movie starting with Betty Gra-
ble, Victor Mature and Paul Douglas. But
Douglas is tied up for another picture, so
where can I find another Douglas?"
"I've just the man for you," replied
Jack. "What about Phil Harris?"
Reluctantly the next day, Perlberg test-
ed the orchestra leader and to his surprise
Harris proved a sensation. So now Phil
is making love to Betty Grable, but only
on the screen. His real love is and will
always be Alice Faye.

* * *

One leading star tennis enthusiast was
missing from the throng—Katherine
Hepburn—but that was because she had
left for the East.

At the close of her latest picture,
"Adam's Rib," Katie, Spencer Tracy
and George Cukor joined forces to give a
lively party at Katie's hilltop home.
Cocktails and a smorgasbord on the
outdoor patio preceded the dinner with
dancing and mumming for a follow-up.
The guests were Cole Porter, Irene Sel-
nick, Judy Holliday and the entire cast
and crew of the picture they had just
finished and which again co-stars Hep-
burn with Tracy.
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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 UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT with the amazing new adjustable 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!

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[ ] Send on Approval
It was a beautiful night for a party, but the highlight of the evening came when Katie, who was wearing a stunning white gown of Grecian cut, with a crimson overdrape, disappeared.

Presently, the star who upset a whole studio by flatly refusing to pose for any bathing suit "art" ever and denouncing every actress who did, reappeared in a very scanty swim suit and then stole the spotlight with her very fancy high dives right in her own pool!

Your Guide To
Current Films

[Continued from page 16]

America and because it's the only solution, Cary gets himself classified as a war bride so he can get to the U.S.A., too. His struggle with questionnaires intended for females, his struggles with subdued his male instincts and his struggle with impersonating an Army nurse are Grant at his best and shouldn't be missed. . . .

White Heat
Warner Brothers

BRUTAL melodrama starring James Cagney as a homicidal psychopath with a mother fixation. A gang leader and murderer of long standing, Cagney's only decent feelings are for his mother, Margaret Wycherly, who has aided and abetted his crime career. After Cagney and his gang hold up a train and make off with $300,000 in currency, their perfect crime starts falling apart when the Treasury men find a dead man and tie him to the robbery and Cagney's mob. If caught, Cagney faces a murder charge, so he confesses to a small crime committed hundreds of miles away and at the same time the train hold-up was pulled. Wise to his game, the T-Men plant agent Edmond O'Brien in Cagney's cell as a brother convict. The death of his mother causes Cagney to go berserk. He escapes and takes O'Brien with him. O'Brien amasses all the necessary evidence but when Cagney learns that he's a T-Man, you start wondering how nerve-wrecking can situations be. Cagney is terrifically chilling, Virginia Mayo, as his mercenary spouse is perfect, and Margaret Wycherly as the mother is great.

Jolson Sings Again
(Technicolor)
Columbia

SPARKLING with songs that Al Jolson made famous and sung as only Jolson can sing them, the sequel to "The Jolson Story" picks up where the other left off. Jolson, played by Larry Parks again, goes through a series of ups and downs starting with his divorce. Not very happy and dissatisfied with his life, Jolson retires as a singer and goes gallivanting around the world looking for the elusive bluebird. After the death of his mother, during the early part of the war, Jolson signs up with the USO Camp Shows and while performing for the armed forces overseas, becomes stricken with a tropical fever. Recovering in a hospital, he meets nurse Barbara Hale. In time, they marry and settle down in California. In the theatre where Jolson makes a benefit appearance is a movie producer who admired him very much from way back—result, "The Jolson Story," and the rocket climb back to the top. Good entertainment and some very funny business when Larry Parks as Jolson teaches Larry Parks as Parks playing Jolson how to act and sing like Jolson. . . . do I make myself clear?

The Gal Who Took The West
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

AN amusing variation on the theme of Western pictures—strictly tongue-in-cheek from the opening scene. Two cousins, Scott Brady and John Russell, are the fightiest grandsons ever a Western tycoon had, and Charles Coburn is no match for them. They, like all the other male O'Haras, starting from great-great-great-grandpaw, fought each other before they could walk. Reaching manhood, their intense dislike for each other increases ten-fold when opera singer, Yvonne DeCarlo, arrives in town. Because only one can win her hand, it seems as though a joint call for a minister and undertaker will issue in the same day. Happily, Yvonne not only has beauty but her brain is well-stacked, too.

Battleground
MGM

DEALS with the 101st Airborne Division, which, as the picture's preface says, was fondly known as "The Battered Bastards of Bastogne." Starring Van Johnson, John Hodiak, George Murphy, Ricardo Montalban and Marshall Thompson, this is a fine convincing tribute to the men who gallantly fought back with everything they had even though the Germans had them hopelessly surrounded and under constant heavy artillery fire. Yet nowhere in the entire picture can you find the hero. Every man is a plain ordinary G.I. who devotes most of his time to gripes, self-preservation, and his own particular problems.

Song Of Surrender
Paramount

HAS to do with New England bleakness which is suddenly shattered by a phonograph machine. Wanda Hendrix, a sweet young thing, is dominated by her elderly husband, Claude Rains, curator of a small museum devoted to the preservation of New England history. Wanda buys the phonograph at an auction. Then, later, listening to the new invention, she becomes enchanted by the beauty of music. Rains, like everyone else in the town, thinks this sort of thing is downright immoral, and forbids Wanda to keep the phonograph. Rather than give it away, she hides it in a cave and whenever Rains is away plays her record. The music attracts wealthy Macdonald Carey who is also attracted by Wanda. From this point on it's up to such an extent that Wanda has to leave town although the romance with Carey is one-sided. Very emotional.

Slattery's Hurricane
20th Century-Fox

IN CASE you didn't know it, there are a group of Navy pilots whose job it is to fly smack-dab into the heart—technically called eye—of a hurricane and plot the course of the big wind so that warnings may be sent out by the U.S. Naval Aerological Service. Excellent documentary films released by the Navy for the first time are devoted to this form of air-raising reconnaissance. In order to hang these films together, there's also a story running along about a pilot, Richard Widmark, who has a strong yen for Linda Darnell, the wife of his best friend. Veronica Lake plays a dope addict taking the cure and wondering will she ever get Widmark for her very own.
DOES IT—

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EYE SHADOW, smooth, creamy, in shades: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Green, Violet and Gray.


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EC MASCARA, beautiful, gold-tone netting, 25c. Velvet Black, Salde Brown, Midnight Blue. (Also in 2c and 1c sizes.)

Compare these two natural color photographs of the same girl. Everything alike, except the eyes. It's easy to see what Maybelline eye make-up means — plain faces become pretty, and pretty faces beautiful.

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A shower of spring flowers!

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Caresome hands in just seconds!

Cashmere Bouquet
Face Powder
IN 6 "FLOWER-FRESH" SHADES
Only 25¢
A darling goes to her doom. Coming down the stairs she looks and feels like a femme fatale. Ha-ha-ha! Before the party’s half begun her new boy friend will have her back on her own doorstep, and she’ll spend many a day wondering why.

What’s she got that I haven’t got? Janie just couldn’t get it through her pretty little head why Bob preferred to let her sit by herself while he danced half the night away with that little snip of a Gray girl. Bob had plenty of reason... but, obviously, he couldn’t mention it* to Janie.

Tonight her charm isn’t working. The wonderful new boy she hoped to hypnotize isn’t hypnotized at all. In fact, he wants out... and out for keeps! Too bad for Harriet that she had to be careless* on this night-of-nights.

Lucy wondered and wondered why, with superior qualifications, she lost the job to the other girl. That kind of thing happens day after day in business if a girl isn’t careful*.

* A girl may have any number of little faults which others gladly overlook, but there’s one that’s hard to forgive... halitosis (unpleasant breath). Why risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is an extra-careful precaution against simple bad breath? When you want to be at your best, don’t trust to makeshifts, trust to Listerine Antiseptic. It refreshes and sweetens the breath... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours usually!

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.

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Use Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse after every shampoo for color that glows...highlights that glisten! Flattering shades for every hair color. Safe, easy to use, this beauty rinse removes dulling soap film...blends in tell-tale gray hairs, leaves hair easier to arrange. Marchand color is not a permanent dye...washes out after each shampoo.

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ON THE COVER, ANN BLYTH, STARRING IN "FREE FOR ALL," A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL FILM

Calling for Practical Nurses!

EASY TO LEARN AT HOME

Help fill the need for trained practical nurses in your community or travel. Wayne Training School, welcomes you to earn by teaching, preparing you for experience-at home in spare time. May save travel and living expenses. No high school needed. Ages 18 to 60 accepted. Courses include Drawing, Stenography, Bookkeeping, and much more.

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Spencer Tracy

Katharine Hepburn

hands you the biggest laugh in 10 years!
It's the hilarious answer to WHO WEARS THE PANTS!

Adam's Rib

JUDY HOLLIDAY
TOM EWELL
DAVID WAYNE • JEAN HAGEN

Screen Play by RUTH GORDON and GARSON KANIN • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Hollywood certainly has some enchanted evenings even if they are not as far in the “South Pacific” as those in the Broadway show, but few can measure up to the gay nights which Sonja Henie provides when she decides to give a party.

Sonja’s latest—and her last before her honeymoon—took place the evening she decided to let a few of her Hollywood friends in on her secret—that she was going to marry wealthy Eastern socialite Winthrop Gardiner.

The “few friends” turned out to be almost a hundred, and the small barbecue she planned took on all the proportions of a Roman feast, because Sonja can’t turn down a friend and when you have as many friends as Sonja, you just have to play host to them.

Because both Sonja and her fiancé have had their romances figure so prominently in the headlines heretofore, they both wanted to keep this engagement as quiet as possible. However, the news did leak out and before the first guests had arrived, Sonja had to take out two glass partitions in her Bel-Air home and extend the tables under a Cellophane canopy to accommodate a Hawaiian orchestra and forty extra guests.

Sonja’s “Winnie”—(he’s now her husband)—is one of the most charming gentlemen Hollywood has met in some time. Besides being handsome and rich, he has great charm and all of Sonja’s star guests agreed that they would surely make a happy as well as a delightful looking couple.

First to greet Winthrop were another pair of newlyweds, Lana Turner and Bob Topping. Lana looked radiant and had just come from the set of the first film she has made in almost two years. Then Ava Sothern showed up on the arm of Cesar “Butch” Romero—starting those rumors all over again. Evie and Van Johnson made their first social appearance in some time, since they had been home taking care of a sick child, while Irene Wrightman McEvoy was clinging adoringly to the arm of Bobbie Stack. These two still won’t tell when those wedding bells are going to ring!

Most enthusiastic dancers after the tables had been cleared away were David Niven and his beautiful Norwegian wife, Bjordis, whose name everyone has trouble with, and popular Johnny Meyer with his lovely Patsy Lydon.

Lady Sylvia Stanley, the former Lady Ashley, who was Douglas Fairbanks stepmother, got lost trying to find Sonja’s hilltop home and arrived without her escort, Count Dorelis, but made up for lost party time later in the evening.

Nadia Gardiner, just out of the hospital following the birth of her baby, was asking husband Reggie, if he didn’t think it would be nice to name their infant son after the guest of honor—“Winnie,” while Paul Brinkman was pointing proudly to the stunning blue dress which his wife was wearing. It seems Jeannie Crain made it herself.

Highlight of the evening took place when Joan Crawford, who came with her Virginia Welles, of “A Kiss For Corliss,” shares her crack-erjack with her Cocker, Baby.

Scribe of the Hawaiian mood, Dorothy Lamour gave an afternoon “luau” in the gardens of her Beverly Hills home on Palm Drive. Dottie wouldn’t tell us what it was for until we got there and then she explained that this was to inaugurate her going into the dress-designing business. It seems that in a final gesture of escape from the sarong which has haunted her since the days of “Hurricane,” she has had a yen for clothes that fully clothe a girl. Also she realized the need of smart clothes that would fit the figure and the budget of the working girl. For, since the time when Dottie was having her ups and downs as an elevator girl in a Chicago department store she has considered herself a working girl and never a movie queen, even when her name was in twelve foot lighted letters.

So she asked Lucille Ball, Betty Hutton, Ava Gardner, Lana Turner, Joan Crawford and a few of her glamour pals over to see her first designs. I must say they are beautiful; stunning colors and clever designs—BUT—as Dottie’s best friend, Betty Hutton, brought to our attention, ironically, every costume has a version of a sarong drape.

We were all talking about a new game that had just been introduced by two Washington visitors at Joan Crawford’s party two nights before. While the country has become Canasta crazy, Holly-
Those letters—
written in a reckless moment, exploding
in a chain of
VIOLENCE...

I wasn't alive until I
met you. I don't know
if I can make
up my mind
to do what
you asked.

It could happen
to so many married
women...

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

JAMES MASON
JOAN BENNETT

The Reckless Moment

with
GERALDINE BROOKS

Screen Play by Henry Gerson
and Robert W. Sodderberg

Based upon a Ladies' Home Journal
story by Elizabeth Sanway Walbing

Directed by MAX Opuls

Produced by WALTER WANGER
After a three-week vacation, Roy Rogers has become a little tired of it and is looking for more "party games" in which a number of guests can participate and which will prove ice-breakers in case there is someone new in the crowd.

So it was a welcome relief when Senator MacDonald and his wife introduced a new after-dinner divesture called "Lobby." It's literally a "Capitol" game and is played like Backgammon on a larger scale. What fun Ava Gardner and Howard Duff, Ronnie Reagan and Arlene Dahl, Ann Sothern and Cesar Romero had passing "bills" through Congress, the Senate and even over the President's "veto" all with the shake of the dice.

It's all very simple, you simply divide your teams into members of the House of Representatives and the Upper House, each member taking turns with a roll of the dice to put your team's 'bill' across. You can do your "lobbying" on side wagers and, in case of a "filibuster" or deadlock, leave it up to the President's throw.

Among some of the amusing bills introduced that night was one for putting blinders on sparrows that wake you up in the morning; another for letting Eskimos make their own pies, and still another, for which Georgie Jussel seconded the motion, to let

all the stars sleep until ten in the morning and start shooting on the set at noon.

It's really great fun and as the Senator himself told Joan, "In Washington for years we've been playing 'politics,' but this is the first time we've ever been able to do it in the open and laugh about it!"

* * *

ALTHOUGH night life has been fairly quiet, because of so many of the film favorites being abroad, Herman Hover hosted a wonderful opening night party for Mindy Carson, the Cinderella girl who left a candy factory two years ago to sing with Paul Whiteman's band and wound up with a nice movie contract.

(Please turn to next page)
Are you in the know?

What Has A
Free Country Got To Do
With A New Dress?

THE BIG DANCE is only a few weeks away. How to wangle that dream dress you've set your heart on? Dad wouldn't understand that a girl's got to blossom out in something "special." So? You decide to earn it. In an after-school or Saturday job.

And right here's something that may never have occurred to you: Except for getting the family's permission, you don't have to ask anyone else. Certainly not Uncle Sam. (That's one big "plus" in our Free Choice System!)

Now... which job? Baby sitting? Clerking at the corner drug, or at your town's department store? You figure. And you make your choice. Whichever job you choose, you find you can snag your heart's desire in time for the shindig.

It Only Happens Here

But—if you lived overseas, you'd learn things just don't happen that way. Because in one country across the Atlantic, it would take twice as long to earn the price of that dress... while in other countries abroad it would take up to 10 times as long.

Only one example of how much it can mean to you to live in this free country. Whether it's a matter of earning some little special luxury—or your daily bread—you know you have a free choice. A chance to "take it or leave it." A chance to earn more in less time than any other people on earth. And that's how it can always be, as long as you do your part to keep our American way of living the very best way.

At a large party, how should you introduce a late guest?

Would you like being tossed to a sea of unfamiliar faces? Or run the gauntlet, mumbling "how-d'you-do's"? Be a considerate hostess. Guide newcomers to the nearest group. Let them get to know your guests by easy stages. And at calendar time

Shall you bear him the gantlet routine or lead him to the nearest group?

—ever think how considerate Kotex is, of you? Yes, because with those flat pressed ends, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. And because that special safety center gives you extra protection, all the evening's an "easy stage" for you!

Should a present for her
Sigh Man be—

Expensive
Personalized
Strictly for loughs

Come any "what to give him" occasion—your beau will welcome some little remembrance that says you. Maybe a wallet equipped with your picture. Or mittens you've knitted to match your own, in your school colors. Or a box of your chocolate chip cookies. It's the personal angle, not price, that counts. You know... at certain times, with Kotex you can have really "personalized" sanitary protection. For one of the 3 absorbencies is sure to meet your own personal needs. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex!

To keep your formal frock
outstanding—

Wear a willless petticoat
Dance more waltzes
Avoid sitting down

Dig up an old bed sheet you can presto-change to a petticoat. Make it in three tiers, ruffle edged. Starched to a stand-alone stiffness—voila!—this petticoat holds its shape. For comfort (on "those" days) you'll want softness that holds its shape. Choose the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And don't forget the new Kotex Wonderform Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic. Won't twist, won't curl, won't cut! Light weight: dries in a flash. Keeps your confidence will-proof!

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
Mindy certainly lives up to her billing as a girl who "looks like Ingrid Bergman and sings like Lena Horne." Among those applauding her in the star-filled cafe were Danny Kaye, the Frank Sinatras—Mindy was Frank’s guest the night before—Ann Miller with Jack Briggs, Ginger Roger’s "ex," and Ann Rutherford with Bill Dozier, Joan Fontaine’s estranged husband.

Incidentally, I had tea with Joan in Paris last month, during a quick flying trip abroad, and she said that while she and Bill had definitely come to the parting of the ways, no divorce action had been taken and that she had no new romance in mind.

I also happened to run into Rita Hayworth and her Aly Khan lunching quietly alone in a little cafe in the Bois de Boulogne and they both were apparently enjoying the fact that they were attracting no attention at all.

The Paris honeymoon of Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw will live forever in their hearts. Confided the radiant and lovely Angela: "We are the most excited tourists this beautiful city has ever seen. Today we went to the Eiffel Tower. Tomorrow we start on the galleries and the museums. Those Parisian gowns I was going to buy have now turned into antiques. There's only one flaw in our happiness. My husband is a little annoyed because he can't buy me—Buckingham Palace!"

But back to Hollywood. I'll be telling next month all about the late Fall activities, the opera opening, the movie stars in Palm Springs and all the latest gossip. Goodbye till then.
LADD pays off for a wronged girl who was a 'right guy'!

Paramount Presents
ALAN LADD
DONNA REED
in "Chicago Deadline"

with JUNE IRENE
HAVOC HERVEY
ARThUR KENNEDY

Produced by ROBERT FELLOWS Directed by LEWIS ALLEN Screenplay by Warren Duff Based on a Story by TIFFANY THAYER
Borgia (Orson Welles) was striving to conquer all of Italy, this shows the extents to which Borgia will go to accomplish his ends. Through one of his aides, Tyrone Power, he hopes to capture a peaceful, yet almost impregnable key stronghold ruled by a seventy-year-old duke and his beautiful young wife, Wanda Hendrix. The strategy Cesare employs is not statesmanship but seduction, not warfare but cut-throat murder. An opportunist, who was a peasant until assuming a phoney title. Power changes his plans after serving as Borgia’s ambassador in the aged duke’s court. In realizing the evil in Borgia, Ty decides to go all out in helping the duke and his subjects stave off Borgia’s subsequent attack on the small city. Beautifully photographed in Italy, nothing is spared in making this an authentic period production based on the Samuel Shellabarger novel. For excitement and thrills galore, it’s one of the year’s best!

The Doctor And The Girl

MGM

To err is human, to forgive divine is a lesson which Doctor Charles Coburn learns the hard way. An eminent surgeon, Coburn not only wields the scalpel at the operating table but also cuts family ties when two of his children, Glenn Ford and Gloria DeHaven, decide to lead their own lives for a change. For Glenn, the switch from Park Avenue room. Obviously dead of natural causes, Ladd nevertheless becomes interested in what caused her to die alone and friendless. With the help of her address book, which he secretly takes from the room, Ladd starts his search into the past. Through flashback, the girl, Donna Reed, is brought back to life along with the incidents which ultimately lead to the present. The address book, three quarters of which lists masculine names, also becomes the answer to the murder of Donna’s true love. Ladd was never better in his characterization of a reporter in love with a human interest story, and the supporting cast, including June Havoc, matches his pace. Filmed in Chicago, you also get a nice amount of local color.

Sweethearts of “That Midnight Kiss” are Kathryn Grayson and Mario Lanza.

Chicago Deadline

Paramount

Has everything to recommend it to mystery fans. A taut drama dealing with the personality study of a dead woman, the action begins when reporter Alan Ladd is at hand when the body of a girl is found in a shoddy Chicago hotel...
THE NATION'S NO.1 FUNNY-MAN!

WARNER BROS. FILL THE SCREEN WITH ALL THE ROARS AND GUFFAWS HE'S FAMOUS FOR!

MILTON BERLE GETS VERY FUNNY WITH VIRGINIA MAYO

"Always Leave Them Laughing"

Oh what a story! EVERYONE FALLS FOR HIS GAGS—HE FALLS FOR EVERYONE'S GAL!

WITH RUTH ROMAN · BERT LAHR

DIRECTED BY ROY DEL RUTH PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

SCREEN PLAY BY MELVILLE SHAVELSON AND JACK ROSE
FROM A STORY BY MAX SHULMAN AND RICHARD MEALAND
MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF
and a lucrative neuro-surgical practice to being just a general practitioner on Third Avenue has a few difficulties but being married to ex-patient Janet Leigh helps matters a great deal. However, Glenn's kid sister, Gloria, finds her affair with a married man has its consequences. Frightened and afraid to tell her father, Gloria takes matters into her own hands. Suspenseful melodrama, this seldom gives a breather from emotional strain although there are several flashes of bright humor. The acting is excellent, and every now and then, you'll find yourself reaching for a hanky.

**The Fighting Kentuckian**

*Republic*

IT DOESN'T take long to establish the fact that this is one of those robust John Wayne thrillers. Returning from doing battle for General Andrew Jackson, in the war of 1812, Wayne and his buddy, Oliver Hardy—the rotund member of the Laurel and Hardy team—get demobilized from their Kentucky rifle company so that Wayne can pursue a chic French lass, Vera Ralston. Vera's father, along with a large group of French settlers, don't know it, but they are about to be hoodwinked out of their homes and land grants by the local politicos. John knows about as much of the plan as the settlers do, but he winds up smack-dab in the middle of one tough situation after the other. Most of the time he's bewildered by events, but when his mind doesn't come up with an answer, his fists do. A lot of comedy relief, many romantic episodes, and, of course, loads of lusty fights are just what Wayne fans ordered from Santa.

**Father Was A Fullback**

*20th Century-Fox*

PAPAS come and papas go, but as a college football coach, papa Fred MacMurray is a father who just stands still. In fact, he's been standing still so long, he's up to his neck in a losing team. Naturally, Fred's losing streak doesn't help his teen-aged daughter, Betty Lynn, over her adolescent emotions either. Betty has as much trouble getting a "dreamboat" as Fred has getting a winning score. Both are so wrapped up in their own problems, they haven't time to worry about each other's difficulties. However, Mrs. Football Coach, Maureen O'Hara, convinces Fred their daughter needs help, and because Fred now sees his duty, a young man is hired to woo beauteous Betty. After she learns her teen-aged admirer is just a gigolo, she throws herself into a writing career. Happily for Fred, Betty, and dear old Siwash, the story is published, and what looks like a catastrophe at first, changes into a neon-lighted signpost indicating a happy future for all. Rudy Vallee, as the worry-wart business manager of the team, and Natalie Wood, as Fred's youngest daughter, also lend a hand in the whoopla.

**I Married A Communist**

*RKO*

SUSPENSEFUL story of an ex-Communist, Robert Ryan, who since leaving the party has 1) become vice-president of a shipping concern and 2) married Laraine Day. Though he has shut the door on past connection with the Communist Party, one reminder slinks back into his life—and what a reminder she is! Janis Carter plays Ryan's ex-lover who refuses to forget the old days

Laraine Day stands by Robert Ryan thru the gruelling "I Married A Communist." Bing Crosby, pert Virginia Dale and Fred Astaire go into their dance in "Holiday Inn," re-release of the Paramount musical which features Irving Berlin's music.
when she and Ryan stirred up riots and handed out subversive literature for romantic kicks. So, when Ryan weds Laraine, Janis, still a Communist, goes all out to ruin him. To start with, she sics the Commies back on his trail, then starts operating on John Agar, Laraine's young brother. One horrible mess of lives is the result—with Janis becoming #1 victim since she actually does fall for Agar. The methods of the Communists, you'll learn from this, can be awfully grueling, and so is the way Ryan metes out justice to Party Leader Thomas Gomez, who's a fiend for odd methods of liquidation, himself.

That Midnight Kiss
(Technicolor)
MGM

THE recipe is a well-known favorite: take a girl singer, Kathryn Grayson, a handsome unknown boy singer, Mario Lanza, a blueblooded grandmother, Ethel Barrymore—then sprinkle liberally with mucho music of the popular and operatic varieties and finally garnish heavily with Jose Iturbi. The plot, too, is pretty much like a gelatine whip: Mario Lanza, the new singing sensation, is a truck driver with musical tendencies. When Kathryn discovers him, she decides he'd be the ideal leading man for an opera series her grandmother is sponsoring. Eventually their business relationship blossoms into young love, then a lovers' quarrel, separation, and between Jose and Miss Barrymore, a reconciliation is fixed up so that everyone, including Keenan Wynn, who's Mario's manager, can wind up in the civic auditorium warbling gleefully. (Lanza's voice is so terrific sometimes you wonder if some recording engineer didn't lean an elbow on the "louder" switch.) Two performances which will have you cheering are those of Thomas Gomez, the temperamental opera tenor, and Jules Munshin as Jules Munshin.

Abandoned
Universal-International

IT'S TOUGH looking for a missing sister only to have the search end in the morgue. When Gale Storm decides to inquire into her sister's mysterious death more thoroughly, reporter Dennis O'Keefe not only assists but almost gets himself beaten to death for his efforts. From what Gale tells him about her sister, in addition to going through newspaper files, Dennis gets the hunch that the dead girl was victimized by a black-market which dealt in the buying and selling of illegitimate babies. Furthermore, he suspects a society dowager, Marjorie Rambeau, of being the head of the ring. Getting proof so that District Attorney Jeff Chandler can prosecute is when Dennis and Gale really run into more than they anticipated. Centered around a different type of racket, this has plenty of fast-moving moments for them that likes action.

Everybody Does It
20th Century-Fox

SPARKLING humor and slapstick comedy prevail in this tidy bit about a young matron, Celeste Holm, who finds it difficult to stifle the yen to become a concert singer. Husband Paul Douglas, a wrecking contractor, would like nothing more.

Fred MacMurray, Maureen O'Hara in the football story, "Father Was A Fullback."
Say It With Perfume!

Few presents express Christmas so eloquently as perfume. It's the stars' favorite gift

By Courtenay Marvin

One wonderful feature of some of the original packaging this Christmas is the re-use value of the container. My frank advice on the perfume gift situation is to begin to look early, because I do not believe there is a feminine gift problem from the age of six to sixty that cannot be happily—and economically—solved with fragrance. Perfume for the little girl of six, you may ask. Yes, little girl bottles of toilet water or eau de Cologne, sweet and fresh, and packaged in a youthful style. An idea—for her favorite doll, a little bottle of fragrance, too. Now that our leading home permanent boys have contrived a small home curling set for dolls' hair, why not her own perfume, too?

For some straight Hollywood personal perfume ideas, I called in my West Coast scouts, and here is what I learned.

At MGM, Kathryn Grayson is an ardent devotee of muguet or lily-of-the-valley and the brand she uses is remarkably true to the flower. Light, lilting, wholly lovely, many of us forget that this is a delight the year-around and is almost mandatory for the first whisper of Spring. Irene, the renowned designer, uses an old favorite named after this Winter's most fashionable wool fabric. Three guesses! Fabric names now designate some wonderful perfumes.

Janet Leigh expresses a preference for floral scents, and follows through for evening dress by using the perfume to match the fresh flowers she is wearing.

From RKO, I quote perfume slants from a rather wide age group, because, as I said, fragrance is not for the grown-ups, alone. It actually belongs to any age that wears a skirt.

Exciting Jane Russell likes extremes in fragrance, because she suits it to the setting. With a (Please turn to page 74)

SOME TIME ago I began checking the gift preferences of Hollywood from both the angles of giving and receiving. Barring ranch houses, mink coats, jewels and luxury cars, perfume was tops on the preferred list.

If this fact makes you think only of Lalique flacons containing precious drops costing more than your week's salary, come down off your stepladder and listen. Never have I witnessed a Christmas more budget-conscious in fine fragrance than the one we are about to know. The answer is that the perfume creators have retained their masterpieces that sell for $25, 50 and up, but they have also added junior sizes. Indeed, there are few fine houses who have not put their imagination to work in conceiving charming smaller sizes both for dressing-table and for carrying purposes. This year, you will find perfume presented in utterly new ways. The heavy gold-like link bracelets recently captured my eye. From one is suspended a miniature perfume with simulated pearls. Inside is dry perfume in cake form, with a tiny puff for brushing onto skin whenever you like. The other bracelet dangles a miniature metal jug of liquid perfume. Each is well under $4. Then you will find beautiful lipped flacons to be pinned or clipped onto jacket, blouse or dress. In fact, perfume has persuasively entered the costume jewelry field.

A movie producer once told me he could read the character of any girl by looking in her hand bag, and he didn't mean her address book, either. Since most of the boys pride themselves on this clairvoyant sense, you will do well both for exterior charm and for peeping-purse purposes to give to yourself as well as your gift list the purse perfume carrier or dispenser. For there is a whole new world of beauty in these personal appeal accents, and you can still remain very budget-minded and find both fine perfume and attractive containers. Even in your five-and-tens you will find reputable brands, while your drug and department stores will be lavish with them. It is surprising what beauty you can find along this line from $1 up or down.

Perfume alone is a complete and perfect gift, no matter how small the size. It is also the utterly charming extra to add with your present of lingerie, hosiery, gloves and other feminine frills.

In giving perfume, my thought is that the lovely little combinations are more gify than the single larger bottle. For the limited editions offer a choice of a number of scents, giving the receiver a perfume wardrobe. This is a famous little hatbox package with a choice in miniature bottles plus a pair of good-looking hat pins adorning the box. There is a Cinderella clear plastic slipper holding a world-wide favorite. You will love the little slipper when the bottle is removed.

Warner star Patricia Neal, finds perfume a definite boon to femininity.

Alexis Smith, an ardent perfume devotee, finds it also makes the perfect gift.

Beautiful Ava Gardner is always enveloped in an aura of enchanting perfume.
Sonja Henie says

"I do"

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want... all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet... no massage... no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories... works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Clinical tests conducted by eminent physicians on over 100 persons proved quick, safe weight losses averaging 14 to 15 pounds.

Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box or your money will be refunded. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today!

"I do recommend Ayds to any woman who has a problem with her figure," says Sonja Henie, Star of the Sonja Henie Hollywood Ice Review. "I keep myself in trim all the time with the help of Ayds. I can't think of a better way to reduce."

The Loveliest Women in the World take Ayds
A SAGA OF SCOUNDRELS IN A CENTURY OF INFAMY!

Three Years in the Making! Filmed Amid the Splendor of its Original Locale! A Spectacular Cast of 50,000!

SEE!
The Seven Cinematic Wonders of the World!

King of Romantic Epics...From the pen of the Greatest Romance writer of our time!

Samuel Shellabarger's

PRINCE of FOXES

TYRONE POWER • WELLES • HENDRIX

Marina Berti • Everett Sloane • Katina Paxinou • Felix Aylmer

Screen Play by Milton Krims • From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger

Directed by HENRY KING
Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL

20th Century-Fox
Bill Bendix, feeling pleasantly ill at ease, poses with one of the models at Illustrator Tom Kelly's festive party which was attended by a host of movie personalities.

"Jolson Sings Again" stars, Barbara Hale and Al, at supper party at Stork Club.

Jane Russell and Bob Sterling, among many stars at Tom Kelly's gay party.

Morton Downey with Hedy Lamarr in New York following her return from Europe.
Roy Rogers at meeting in Beverly Hills Hotel at which he put up Roy Rogers Trophy for safety in elementary schools in United States.

ROY ROGERS, next to be seen in Republic's "The Golden Stallion," has long been an advocate of safety for school children. So much so that he has embodied his feelings in the form of a trophy which he will award each year to the school in the nation which has had fewer accidents within its confines than any other. Roy hopes, that with the cooperation of the National Safety Council, his trophy will be the means of further safeguarding the lives of the millions of children now attending elementary school.

Right: Dr. Wayne Hughes, Jeanette MacDonald, Gabby Hayes, Margaret O'Brien, Lloyd Nolan, Maureen O'Sullivan and Roy with the Roy Rogers Trophy for safety.
Virginia Mayo,

starring in

"WAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING"

Warner Bros. Production
Bob Stack and Irene McEvoy at Mocambo Champion dance team opening.

The Zachary Scotts and daughter, Waverly, registering at the Algonquin in New York.
By Lynn Bowers

The Zach Scotts' teenage daughter, Waverly, is making her debut in a Broadway musical. And her old man will be in the chorus-boy lineup for opening night, just for laughs. Waverly's mom, Elaine, will be able to give her checkered some pointers—she used to be one of Broadway's most competent stage managers before Zach batted his long lashes at her and took her out of circulation. The Scott kid is pullent stage struck, as we well know from watching her wide-eyed fascination backstage at the La Jolla Playhouse last Summer.

Lana Turner and Bob Topping are all settled down in their tres expensive new home in Holmby Hills—they must have looked at every large house for sale in the fashionable districts of town before finally picking this one.

Her former boyfriend, Ty Power, and his wife, Linda Christian, also went house shopping on their return from Europe. Ty's two-bedroom job was a little on the small side for the new babe and for Linda's fabulous wardrobe which Queen Elizabeth's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell, whipped up.

Ty's new leading lady, the chic French Cecile Aubrey, will be welcomed with open arms by the boys in the publicity department at 20th Century-Fox. When photographs of her in "The Black Rose" started coming through, the guys were gasping and drooling by turns. She has blonde hair (natural) and brown eyes, and from their animated descriptions of her we'd say she's quite a dish, quite a dish.

June Allyson had to dye that purty blonde hair of hers red—for the first time in her career—when she stepped into "The Reformer And The Redhead," one of the many pictures originally announced for Lana Turner. If Lana'd done all the ones earmarked for her, she'd have had to be at least triplets.

When Paul Douglas left for Europe to be in the airlift picture, "Two Corridors" (Please turn to page 64)
Mario Vitale and Ingrid Bergman in a tense scene from "Stromboli."

Ingrid is as tormented by her troubles in "Stromboli" as she is off screen.

In the picture, Ingrid, a D.P., is married to Mario, a fisherman.

Ingrid Bergman at a Hollywood premiere and her husband, Dr. Lindstrom. One of

By Elizabeth MacDonald
What's Ahead For Ingrid?

Someday Ingrid Bergman has to return to the world and the three problems awaiting her.

Probably no one was more amazed than Ingrid Bergman herself when she fell so helplessly in love with Rossellini that she was incapable of counting anything but that love.

Such a short time ago Ingrid Bergman was looked upon as probably the most predictable star in Hollywood. Writers assigned to interview her found her notoriously poor copy. For what was there to say about a woman whose private life was centered completely on her home and husband and child, an actress whose flair for the dramatic was confined entirely to her acting, a woman so deeply reserved that off the screen she appeared almost colorless? The only thing to say, and everyone said it, was that Bergman was the one Hollywood personality who could be depended on never to commit even the slightest indiscretion.

Then overnight, everything changed. In practically every newspaper in the country appeared the Stromboli pictures and Hollywood was as amazed as everyone else. No one had to read the captions to realize what had happened. The story was there in the radiant faces of the man and woman walking hand in hand, it was there in that electric awareness of each other as they sat on the rocks jutting into the (Please turn to page 54)
Maureen O'Hara and her husband, Director Will Price, at the "Ice Follies" opening.

The David Nivens entering the Pan Pacific Auditorium to see the musical "Ice Follies."

Mr. and Mrs. Van Johnson receive a personal greeting from an "Ice Follies" skater at the Pan Pacific Auditorium. Van's now winning plaudits for his performance in "Battleground."

The Stars Step Out

John Garfield tests the ice for Evelyn Keyes. Dane Clark is sitting beside them.

Ginger Rogers enjoys her conversation with one of the stars in the "Ice Follies" show for 1950, but Greg Bautzer and Elizabeth Taylor are both too busy looking around to talk.
Cesar Romero, Dick Powell and June Allyson chatting with an "Ice Follies" star during intermission. This debut began the troupe's 1950 tour of U.S.

Jeanne Crain, who's starred now in "Pinky," with her husband, Paul Brinkman, at the Pan Pacific Auditorium for the opening. Celeste Holm's behind them.

The acrobatic numbers in the show made John Agar and Shirley Temple gasp. Joe Kirkwood, Jr., is behind John.

Margaret O'Brien takes a bow with a pair of "Ice Follies" twin skating stars to escort her around the rink.

Ann Blyth was kept so busy signing autographs at the "Ice Follies," that she almost missed seeing part of the performance.
June Haver, currently in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Oh, You Beautiful Doll"
MY BIRTHDAY is December 25th. Always has been. Always will be. I hit it right on the nose.

And what's bad about that, sex I?

A lot of people have brought me sympathy on this "unfortunate occurrence."

"Gee, Bogey," these characters say, "you don't really have a birthday, do you? It's a shame!"

Shame, my foot!

Personally, I think my birth date is a good thing. I think actually that it's an honor. Someone Else was born on that day, too, you know. And there is a certain distinction in having arrived the same day He did.

And there's the business of birthdays in general. I think that they're pretty ego-making. Why go out of your way to celebrate the day you were born? To me, it is just as if you were telling the people, "Isn't it wonderful that I appeared on the earth? Aren't you the lucky ones, though!"

My bride of several Summers, Betty, doesn't feel this way. I hasten to add. Betty is the biggest holiday-hustler in town. She has three hundred and sixty-five of 'em a year—Mother's Day, Valentine's Day, Washington's Birthday, Hallowe'en, The Day We Got Married, The Day We Started Our First Picture Together, The Day We Bought The House, and so on and on and on.

With this attitude, Betty naturally beats her lovely brains out on the occasion of my natal anniversary. To her, (Please turn to page 65)
YOU may have heard a rumor that Hollywood wives, especially if they are in pictures, rule their roosts. Cyd Charisse and I would like you to know that this is a little off the beam.

We both have most attractive husbands. Mine is Ted Briskin, a tall, dark and handsome character. Cyd's is Tony Martin, also a t., d., and h. character. Cyd and I are extremely fond of said males. But there are also times when we consider a bit of mayhem on their persons.

Ted and Tony have been friends for years. They first knew each other in Chicago over a decade ago. A few years back, they renewed their friendship on the links of Hilcrest Country Club. If Cyd and I had only known it, we should have been there with shillalahs—to keep them from saying a word to each other.

You see, they are very much alike, these two. They enjoy the same things. And the things they enjoy are absolutely the opposite of what Cyd and I enjoy. Thus: a big evening when the Martins and the Briskins get together consists of Father Martin and Father Briskin slapping each other on the back, pouring each other a drink, and settling down to
Betty chatting with Asst. Director Eddie Solven between scenes of "Let's Dance."

We Wives Have Our Troubles
Alan Ladd, now starring in "Chicago Deadline," a Paramount production.
In their quest for news, reporters are ofttimes akin to detectives, especially when there's a baffling murder to be solved. That's the kind of newspaperman Alan Ladd is in "Chicago Deadline." While in a hotel Alan hears a scream and, investigating, finds a maid gazing in horror at the body of Donna Reed. There's no sign of violence and he assumes death is due to natural causes. Alan looks for a clue to her identity and finds an address book with fifty-four names. He takes it and leaves before the police arrive. Then he starts calling the people in the book. Their varied and mysterious answers so fascinate him he becomes determined to piece together the jigsaw puzzle. It turns out to be the most exciting and adventurous story of his newspaper career.

As he pieces together her story, Alan imagines he's in love with the dead Donna.

Their affection for Donna is the tie that binds June Havoc and Alan Ladd.

Alan Ladd, as the adventurous reporter in the Paramount film, "Chicago Deadline."

Alan Ladd is forever asking questions, hoping to learn more about the mystery girl.

Below: Donna Reed waits for the "El" in this on-the-spot scene in "Chicago Deadline." All the outdoor sequences in the film are authentic as they were shot in the midwest metropolis.
Jasit Carter, appearing in the AKO production, "I Married A Communist."
Lana Gives A Party

The party Lana Turner gave her daughter, Cheryl, on her seventh birthday was one Cheryl will still be dreaming about when she’s seven times seven. At the Riviera Club, on the outskirts of Santa Monica, Lana and her husband, Bob Topping, staged a Wild West celebration for Cheryl and her wide-eyed young guests, complete with cowboys and Indians, and, of course, ice cream and cake. Everybody, including Bob and Lana, who’s back at MGM in “A Life Of Her Own,” wore ten gallon hats, hobbled around in cowboy boots and yelled for glee when the big rodeo was staged.

Below: Cowgirls Steffi Wanger, Pamela Lawrence, Lana and Cheryl line up along the corral fence to watch the rodeo.

Lana Turner and Bob Topping admire Cheryl’s birthday gift from a cowboy friend, Michael Germain.

To Cheryl and guest, Steffi Wanger, the pony from Lana and Bob was the most wonderful present of all.

Right: After a long absence from the screen, Lana Turner is going to hypnotize fans again in “A Life Of Her Own.”
Ryan Goes Romantic

By Reba and Bonnie Churchill

Every time Bob Ryan meets Joan Fontaine in "Bed Of Roses," a love scene ensues.

"You've no idea," complains Bob Ryan. "This love-making is really hard work."

"I wasn't anti-Romeo," says Bob Ryan, "it's just that every film has a villain and most of the time I've been it."
ROBERT RYAN held Joan Fontaine firmly in his arms, searched her face for a brief moment, bent low, and planted a long, lingering kiss squarely on her mouth.

For one complete second the set of RKO's "Bed Of Roses" was stone silent. A cat wading through a bale of cotton wearing sneakers would have sounded like an invading army.

The script girl had a glazed, wilted look. The cameraman was tense and earnest, and one female visitor clutched her blue satin blouse as if to calm her palpitating heart.

"Cut," yelled Director Nick Ray. "That was a lilly" (which is movie jargon for plenty good). As Robert Ryan walked out from in front of the camera, the crew gave out with a long, low whistle. It was just their way of saying it was "plenty good" too.

Bob gave a sigh of relief. "After all," he explained dabbing at the perspiration trickling down the back of his neck, "this is my first romantic role in seven years."

A little research on our part revealed that in 1942 Bob did his one and only hero part opposite Ginger Rogers in "Tender Comrade." In the meantime, he's murdered, been shot, gone insane, imitated a canvas-happy prize fighter, and been electrocuted—all in the line of film duty.

But how come no hero roles for seven years? This we couldn't understand. We decided to investigate.

A few days later we drove down a tree-shaded street in the San Fernando Valley to Bob's house. The Ryans live in a one-story rambling ranch home.

We opened the rustic rail gate and walked up the brick path, careful not to disturb the tiny black and white kitten that lay sleeping by the steps.

Bob answered the door himself. He was wearing a pair of canary yellow sun shorts. His face was lost under a foam of shaving lather. He hurriedly wiped the lather off and led us through the modern Chinese-style living room to the patio.

The brick patio was dotted with gaily colored lawn furniture. Bob picked out an extra-long chaise-longue and stretched out upon it.

Well, we noted, it certainly wasn't his physique that kept him from romantic roles. His muscular six-foot-four frame would cause even Superman to gnash his teeth.

We didn't waste any time. We put it to him bluntly. "Why haven't you been playing more romantic roles? Are you agin 'em?"

"That's just (Please turn to page 67)"

Bob, with Joan Fontaine in "Bed Of Roses," says, "Secretly, I prefer meanies to mush."

"You have to invent your own technique," declares Bob. "I just use the direct approach."
One of Ann Sheridan’s new steady beaux admits that he never knows what will happen next when out with Ann.
"LUCKY GUY"—everyone tells me these days. And certainly no one is more appreciative for being the extremely fortunate fellow who is "pals" with Ann Sheridan. For two years now I've known Annie, as we call her, and I've been taking her to parties and places. Recently, when she was "maid of honor" and I was "head usher" at a wedding, some of the press mistook us and thought we were to be the bride and groom. I should be so fortunate! And, as I write this article, I've just confirmed my date with Ann for a table for two tonight at Ciro's! Lucky me!!!

I first met Ann on the set of "Good Sam," the Leo McCarey picture. I am a set decorator, and I was arranging the house that Ann and Gary Cooper used in the picture. I recall it was a modest two-bedroom bungalow. I had to get a nice wifely looking picture of Ann to put in Mr. Cooper's bedroom. I went over to her and introducing myself asked her for a picture suitable for framing.

"Do you want a one-piece or two-piece bathing suit photo?" she replied without blinking an eyelash.

I showed my surprise. Certainly she knew the script.

"I think, Miss Sheridan, something more simple—" I began to explain. And then I looked at Ann and she began to laugh. (Please turn to page 66)
Behind Arlene Dahl’s dreamy eyes and lush beauty lies a driving ambition that’s kept her edging toward Hollywood since she was 11 years old.

A FEW years ago a wide-eyed little girl from Minneapolis named Arlene Dahl made her first trip to Hollywood. She was eleven, looked about eight, and was crazy about the movies—those she’d seen. She was crazier about ‘em when the Dahl family visited movie sets and she absorbed the atmosphere of the magic town named Hollywood.

During this visit an equally wide-eyed talent scout spotted her casing the movies so he approached the little missy’s parents and explained that he could get her tested at 20th Century-Fox and from where he stood, Arlene could easily be another Shirley Temple. This sounded great to young Miss Dahl, who was a pretty precocious youngster—in a nice sort of a way. It didn’t sound so great to the family but they knew what a thrill she’d get out of telling her school chums back in Minneapolis, so they let her go ahead, thinking nothing would ever come of it.

Without any hesitation Arlene got up before a mike, did her dance, sang her song, bowed off and waited.

It didn’t surprise her when the studio wanted to sign her, but it did her mother and father. Before Mr. Dahl had a chance to veto the career, Mrs. Dahl uttered a very audible No, packed up and headed back to Minneapolis with the disappointed young lady. Hollywood had rubbed off on her in that short stay. Her mother’s assurance that Arlene could be an actress when she grew up, provided she was still in the mood, was no consolation. Life was just spinning itself away—here she was, eleven years old and nothing done. Opportunity had knocked and nobody would let her answer the door. She was a never-has-been.

Back in the frozen North—Minneapolis, that is—she sought forgetfulness in roller skating—until she’d broken both arms. Then she took up skiing—until she cracked an ankle. Nobody could understand how come the brittle bones on account of Arlene drank milk by the gallons. Anyway, she found horseback riding fun because she could sit down when she wanted to. Also, water was softer than cement sidewalks and hard-packed ski trails, so she got along fine in swimming. Other sports she let severely alone and concentrated on her dream—Hollywood.

Arlene’s glad she didn’t get to be a kid actor after all. She had a nice, normal childhood, got voted most likely to succeed as a high school graduate, and, after a few months of the University of Minnesota, started carrying out the prediction. She tried a number of fields but with always a large, beautiful blue eye on her ultimate goal—that unfinished business out West.

Every year Arlene edged a little closer. She’d gone in for high school drama and had (Please turn to page 63)
Arlene's future plans include a dress shop to sell her designs, marriage and a family.

Arlene Dahl, now starred in "Scene Of The Crime," is a Svenska flicka from Minnesota.

By Linda Carter
By Dorothy O'Leary

"NOW there goes the happiest girl in Hollywood," said Mac, the veteran studio cop who knows all the greats, near-greats and young hopefuls of 20th Century-Fox's vast village out on Pico Boulevard. "It's the darndest thing: Colleen Townsend has had more disappointments and slapdowns than any nice girl deserves, but she takes 'em in stride, stays happy and brings happiness to everyone around her. She's quite a girl."

Mac, bless his warm old heart, wasn't exaggerating one bit. Brown-haired, blue-eyed Colleen is one of the happiest girls you'll ever meet anywhere, but hers is an inner happiness as difficult to capture in words as it is to catch sunbeams on a bright morning. It isn't based on her success, although naturally she is happy that her career now seems to be set, after long waits and several set-backs. Nor does she have the slap-happy "Hello Joe" type of camaraderie of some young players. Hers is the warm, friendly, radiating happiness of a girl who has great faith, genuine interest in other people and a deep-rooted philosophy which brings happiness to those people.

The ideal which Colleen sets for herself every day is: "Be twice as happy, be twice as helpful, be twice as easy to get along with as you were yesterday."

You think that sounds phony? Maybe like a press agent's dream? You don't believe that any such pretty, luscious young gal in Hollywood, not yet 21, can have such a mature, kindly, truly happy attitude?

Well, we have news for you! Hollywood isn't all divorces and nightclubs and selfish, unhappy, psychotic people! Colleen isn't by any means the only young actress in town who is deeply religious, kind, considerate and with high ideals. But she is one of the best examples!

And don't get the idea that she's a prissy-pants. She isn't. She loves to dance and has lots of beau. She adores horseback riding and swimming and is expert at that very tricky sport of water skiing. She's as excited as any girl about
her twenty-first birthday, which will come along on December 21. She's as thrilled as you would expect—although quiet about it—that after long, patient work and waiting she was awarded the leading role opposite Dan Dailey in "Front And Center," and that in this comedy she sings, dances and has her first really romantic role complete with screen kisses.

Fortunately, Colleen has been able to do a lot of clear thinking through early adversities or she might be a bitter, disillusioned girl, instead of the sunny one she is. Philosophically reviewing her life she says, "Maybe we need disappointments more than we need success."

Her first major kick in the face from fate came when she was only 16, when she was told she was a "has been" in movies! So she gritted her pretty, even teeth, decided to go to college, took a job in an orphanage and in six months had saved enough for her first term's tuition.

Later, when opportunity knocked again and she had started her second career in pictures, things seemed rosy—indeed—for a time. After only one small introductory role she was assigned to a lead, trained for it for five weeks, then—whap!—it was taken away from her. Once again she managed to bear disappointment in good grace, buckled down to work and more work, and now after two years her perseverance is paying off.

Even her young life was no bed of roses. Colleen was born in Glendale, just over the hill from Hollywood. She was a mere tot when her parents were divorced and her mother went to work in an insurance office to (Please turn to page 69)
A GIRL as busy as Marion Marshall simply has to play hookey now and then to relax. Currently playing Ann Sheridan's hardboiled pal in "I Was A Male War Bride," Marion also has been given important parts in "Wabash Avenue," "Ticket To Tomahawk" and "Turned Up Toes." But because she believes that "all work and no play makes Marion a grouch and a lousy actress," she spent a whole day recently playing in Los Angeles' MacArthur Park, where there are no sets, no scripts and no directors to tell her what to do. Marion's a vivacious blonde, who's practically made leads out of bit parts and is one of the most promising newcomers at 20th Century-Fox.

Playing Hookey!

Right: By the time she finished feeding all the ducks, Marion had no popcorn left for herself. She went from "I Was A Male War Bride" into "Wabash Avenue."

Above: Jogging around the lake in MacArthur Park in a motor launch was the high spot of Marion Marshall's vacation from the studio.

Right: Marion discovered that the pigeons in the park are so fussy they sniff if you don't offer them the brand of corn they prefer to eat.
Mel Ferrer, to his pal, is a pair of big eyes, matching appetite and superb actor

By

Gregory Peck

Greg's friendship with Mel began when both worked for Selznick.

Greatest Thing Since 7 Up!

While I was still living in New York, I became aware—along with every other hopeful young theatrical aspirant—of the unique talents of Mel Ferrer, then making his mark both as actor and director. Naturally there was some confusion between Ferrer, Mel (known to his friends as Lanky Bones and also called by a number of highly affectionate but non-social terms), and Ferrer, Jose. Both were dark, both gifted, and both alumni of Princeton University. I finally straightened them out in my own mind when some pundit, who sadly must pass unmarked into history, explained: "Mel is the long one with the big eyes, and Jose is the big one with the long eyes."

When I came to Hollywood, I brought this definition with me, and made friends with the long one with the big eyes. At the time I was under contract to David O. Selznick, for whom Mel was serving brilliantly as test director. As is customary during the budding of fine friendships, I regarded Mr. Ferrer with profound suspicion.

For one thing, I considered him the snappiest dresser south of Lucius Beebe. Reticent as I am to make the ensuing statement, I am driven to it by my determination to be a reporter of starkly honest stature: Mel Ferrer has been seen occasionally wearing a pink shirt. A blue and white checkered job is, to him, sheer austerity.

Furthermore, he is a man whose preoccupation with shoes is intense. Usually he affects the bluchers which are almost a part of the uniform of the Princeton campus, but I have seen him wear paratrooper's boots, huaraches, and even Congress specials, those smooth-toed slip-ins with an elastic side insert and back pullons.

Because I am an ardent supporter of the slacks and sport jacket school, I could not avoid a slightly jaundiced eye when viewing Mel's haberdashery.

His manner of dressing was not all that put me off. This Ferrer is, without doubt, the smoothest article on the dance floor since Johnson invented wax. Think of the most celebrated ballroom dancer who (Please turn to page 70)
Hunting with a bow and arrow is far more difficult than using a gun.

Rory patiently teaches his prize-winning stallion, Rex, the trick of "taking a bow" on his Ojai Valley ranch.

B EFORE he became an actor, Rory Calhoun had a lot of different jobs and saw a lot of different places, but he was always faithful to one dream: He wanted to own a ranch big enough to raise both cattle and sheep as well as farm. Now with enough pictures behind him to establish him as a solid Hollywood citizen, Rory and his wife, Lita Baron, have bought land in California's beautiful Ojai Valley and made that dream come true. There among the magnificent mountains he loves, Rory works like a Trojan, but has never been happier. He has plenty of room for his horses and dogs, enjoys an abundance of the rugged outdoor life so necessary to him, and has the satisfaction of seeing the ranch become more and more self-supporting under his management. Watch Rory closely in his latest picture, "Return Of The Frontiersman," and see if his happy personal life isn't reflected in a better performance on the screen.

Weight-lifting, Rory finds, is a good way to keep trim for roles like his in "Return Of The Frontiersman."
Rory The Rancher

Rory points out improvements he'll make, to his wife, Lita.

Rory loves his wife, his ranch, his role in "Return Of The Frontiersman."

Rory's petite Lita loves ranch life just as much as he does.
Jean Louis' evening ensemble for Rosalind Russell is composed of a trailing black satin gown and a circular pink satin coat trimmed with baum martin.

ByJean Louis

As A Matter

Without its sable trim, Rosalind Russell's stunning black velvet coat dress would be within the means of the average girl. Rosalind wears it in "Tell It To The Judge."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Jean Louis, born in France, started his career in the fashionable dress salons of Paris. After further experience in Hattie Carnegie's New York establishment, he went to Columbia Pictures where he recently completed a sensational wardrobe for Rosalind Russell in "Tell It To The Judge." All the designers in Hollywood are talking about these clothes and if you want to see a truly chic wardrobe . . . this is it.)

Some Call It Elegance, the quality that makes a woman and a dress a composite thing of beauty. Often the dress makes the woman, but the woman of chic, makes the dress. It isn't the velvet, the satin and the mink that gives Rosalind Russell such allure in "Tell It To The Judge." It's her own ability to wear clothes well. I designed eighteen costumes for her and I couldn't help making her distinctive because she, herself, is a woman of distinction.

Some Call It Style in clothes and in women. Whatever it is, that enviable quality makes all eyes turn toward the

A beaver cape and beaver muff dramatize the rust wool dress Rosalind wears in the picture, but an inexpensive, chic adaptation would be to use plaid wool instead of fur.

Ideal for a tall girl is Jean Louis' topcoat in two shades of gray to match the suit beneath.
Panel pockets add distinction to Rosalind Russell’s simple beige suit designed by Jean Louis.

Rosalind’s elegant hostess gown is of fuchsia ribbon on plum taffeta and has a crepe scarf.

door when they enter a room. Perhaps it’s the ease and poise that goes with meticulous grooming. Perhaps it’s assurance and confidence of self regardless of the clothes that are worn. It all amounts to chic. Some women are born with it . . . some women have acquired it. It’s well worth studying for if you have it you don’t need to depend upon costly furs and fabrics to make you the “best dressed” of your group.

* * *

Rosalind Russell, or Gertrude Lawrence or Marlene Dietrich could give more style to a $10.00 dress than some women could give to a very expensive suit of velvet and ermine. The quality of the woman shines through the clothes. A dress is merely the background that reflects the attraction of the woman. In other words, if a woman doesn’t have a sense of style, even a $300 dress will not look chic on her.

* * *

There Isn’t A Woman In The World who could wear [Continued on page 71]
Kathryn Grayson and Mario Lanza in MGM’s musical, “That Midnight Kiss.”

Kathryn has an extraordinary voice, the looks and grace to go with it.

Kathryn and Keenan Wynn in “That Midnight Kiss,” in which she’s again outstanding.

Below: Kathryn Grayson and Mario Lanza in MGM’s musical, “That Midnight Kiss.”

There isn’t a singer in movies with the brilliance of Kathryn Grayson. Whether it’s an operatic aria or popular song, no one on the screen does it as thrillingly or so beautifully as MGM’s beguiling young star now appearing in “That Midnight Kiss,” a Technicolor musical delight. In the film she’s the granddaughter of Ethel Barrymore, who’s one of Philadelphia’s leading music lovers. She sponsors a civic opera company so that Kathryn’s voice may be generally appreciated. Yet Kathryn feels it’s Mario Lanza’s voice which should be heard, and not only because she loves him, either. The story is all wonderfully gay and romantic, enhanced, of course, by Kathryn’s golden tone and exquisite loveliness. Listening to Kathryn, as you admire her graceful beauty, is sufficient in itself for complete enjoyment.
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Photographs by Muky in home of Mrs. "Bernie" Miranda

Fashion Selection #101
Jean and Joan Corbett, sensational and lovely twins featured in Ken Murray's "Blackouts," enjoy Perry Como, popular star of the Chesterfield Supper Club, on their Motorola television set. Their pullover and cardigan sweater sets are of 100% virgin wool by Tish-U-Knit in new Como Blue and copper rust combination. In a dozen different color combinations in sizes 34 to 40 (sizes 10 to 16). Short-sleeved pullover less than $4. Long-sleeved cardigan is under $6.

Fashion Selection #102
The Corbett twins' skirts are of soft Donegal tweed by Koret of California. They zip up the back and are precision-designed to flare gracefully. They come in soft beige or grey tweed mixtures in sizes 10 to 18. Priced under $8.

Fashion Selection #103
The Motorola television set is the new design that does not require an antenna or aerial in good reception areas. The handsomely designed case is of mahogany. It sells for less than $190 and can be purchased on easy monthly terms.

Fashion Selection #104
Jean Corbett's watch by Belle Curian is a new accessory. Two inches in diameter, it's a replica of Grandpa's pocket watch and keeps perfect time. Can be clipped to waistband or belt. Both watch and clip come in red, green, blue, yellow, black, white or cordovan enamel finish. Under $7.

FOR INFORMATION where you can purchase your fashion selection in or near your city, write to Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor, Screenland, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
Fashion Selection #105
Pat Williams, the lovely leading lady of Ken Murray’s “Blackouts,” entertains in a Patty Jay Formal gown of coral satin that features a tightly fitted bodice and softly gathered skirt with fashionable bustle. This charming fashion for evening is also available in exciting pastel tones and in black or white, with matching satin gauntlets. Comes in sizes 8 to 20, 9 to 17. Under $20, including gauntlets.

Fashion Selection #106
Carol Vanderman, European film star, shown below with playful scotty Mr. MacTavish, is wearing a sheer Nylon blouse by Textron. The flattering double collar shows the Paris fashion influence. Sewn with Nylon thread, trimmed with Nylon lace, it is a wonderful mate for your dressiest skirt or your most trimly tailored suit. And laundering it is so easy—you can drip-dry this little blouse. Comes in white only. Sizes 32 to 38. Under $6.

Fashion Selection #107
Miss Vanderman’s skirt carries the Jamie label. Made of taffeta with velvet dots, it features two large cuffed pockets and is highlighted by a narrow gold simulated leather belt. It zips in back. Black dots on black, brown or Hunter’s green taffeta. Sizes 24 to 30 waist. Under $5.

SEND THIS COUPON
for the name of the store near you selling your fashion selections to
Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor, Screenland
444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

• #101 Pullover □ Cardigan □
• #102 □ #103 □ #104 □
• #105 □ #106 □ #107 □

Name .......................................................... Age ..............
Street Address ..................................................
City and State ...............................................
What's Ahead For Ingrid?
Continued from page 25

Mediterranean. They left no doubt in anyone's mind that Ingrid Bergman and her director, Roberto Rossellini, were seriously in love.

There had been rumors before of their growing attachment, but no one had taken them too seriously. There had been a little, not much, speculation in Hollywood when Rossellini was there arranging the financing of the picture. There had been newspaper stories from Rome where Rossellini's former love, Anna Magnani, the Neapolitan screen star, gave explosive interviews to the press. But the gossip was desultory at best. Hollywood, which has a way of grading personalities as it does productions, decided simply that Bergman wasn't the type. She was too cold, they said. And after all, they said, everyone knew how much Bergman had admired Rossellini the director long before she met Rossellini the man. It was business, they insisted, nothing else. It was just too preposterous to think that the aloof, reserved Bergman would allow herself to be involved in an extra-marital love affair.

It was probably because she upset all those preconceived ideas that Bergman was given such scorching publicity when the story broke. People find it hard to forgive those who destroy the images others have set for them. Other stars who go through love affairs as easily as they do their most casual social engagements haven't aroused as bitter comment either from the press or the public. Instead their escapades only built up their reputations as charming, gay personalities. They didn't make the mistake of stepping out of character, as Bergman did.

And yet the very qualities which made people feel as they did about her, were the ones that made the Stromboli story inevitable. For Ingrid, who has always been reserved, even with her friends, who never calls people "darling" and only a very few by their first names, has shown herself to be incapable of vitiating her emotions in the light affections which make extroverts seem so warm and human. And there was always the other Bergman, the screen Bergman—dynamic and compelling—to disprove the theory of her inherent coldness.

Life is never easy for people who bury their emotions too deeply, who give of them sparingly. Flirtations can serve as safety valves for the emotions and no one is as vulnerable as the single-hearted. Often such men and women feel themselves incapable of the violent rapture others feel and are entirely unprepared when it comes to them. So probably no one was more amazed than Bergman herself when she fell so helplessly in love that she was incapable of counting anything but that love.

At best, love is an accident. No one can guide its course, or decide in which direction his heart will turn. Sometimes an irresistible attraction can cause it, sometimes circumstance or chance can...
bring a man and woman together who under other conditions would have remained impervious to each other. And contrary to poets who sing of love in rose filled gardens, of starlight and moonlight, love can spring as easily out of desolation as it can from beauty.

Certainly Stromboli, despite the romance of its name, is no earthly Paradise. A bare volcanic island, whose roads are littered with lava, whose sand is in reality only the black dust left from continual volcanic eruptions, it is as bleak as it is inaccessible. Sparsely populated, its few houses would be considered unbearably primitive even to Europeans unaccustomed to the luxuries Americans regard as necessities. There are no bathrooms, no running water or other conveniences, and Ingrid lived in one of those dreary stone huts for months. They saw each other, she and Rossellini, under the most adverse conditions, and yet they fell in love. Maybe it wouldn't have happened in more urban surroundings where habitual observance of minor obligations and restrictions makes it easier for individuals to accept the greater limitations society has set on them.

But Ingrid can't stay on her island forever. Someday she has to return to the world and to the problems waiting for her. Someday she has to decide her future.

All Hollywood is wondering what lies ahead for Ingrid Bergman. Will she retire as she has announced? Will she marry Rossellini? And most important of all, can she find lasting happiness away from her child and the husband she has shown is still so important in her affections?

Only Ingrid and her business manager know if, hurt and puzzled by the criticism directed against her, she really intends to retire, or if, as some claim, the announcement was a clever business move intended to forestall the threatened boycott of her pictures. For how can anyone, even the most determined of bluenoses, demand the ostracism of someone who has gone into voluntary exile? And what is there to prevent her returning, once the hue and cry is over, and the Stromboli incident forgotten?

But no one can answer the other questions, least of all Ingrid herself.

Conjecture as to whether Ingrid will marry Rossellini is pretty well divided. There are those who point out that the fascinating Roman has a way of falling in love with his stars and that he is incapable of loyalty to any one woman for any length of time, so that even if they marry the chances for their enduring happiness are very slender. Even those who insist that Roberto is as madly in love with Ingrid as she is with him wonder if two such widely divergent personalities can possibly achieve lasting harmony together. And the fact that she has to sacrifice so much will prove another count against it.

For no one doubts that she has already paid a tremendous emotional price for the love that has come to her. There are few people who can bring hurt to others.

(Please turn to page 68)
MAIL ORDER is fast be-
coming the new-fash-
tioned shopping trend.
It's the modern way to shop—
easy, time-saving and, above all, thrifty. Today you can get un-
usual value, unusual style and the luxuries of which you dream
through mail order. Whether you order directly from the
manufacturer or through a store, the fashions and related acces-
sories on these shopping pages are all specials in value.
We bring them to you with confi-
dence of personal service, for they have all been approved by
your Screenland Fashion Editor for style, quality and price.

IN TIME for the holiday sea-
son Blackton's, who enjoy a
beautiful reputation for their in-
timate things, come home with
their new strapless bra for the
girl with the small bust. Bonded
for security and with an elas-
tic back, this bra has natural
underwire pads that stay put in unseen pockets. In black or white rayon satin,
trimmed with lace, and only $4.
For $8 you can have one with
straps in white, black, nude or
blue. Or you may take advan-
tage of their special offer to our
Screenland readers. Write to
Blackton, 398 Fifth Avenue,
New York 18, New York. In-
clude 15 cents for postage ch-
arges. Ask them to send you
their free booklet "Underneath Fash-
ions." It is definitely worth seeing.

SOMETHING new has been
invented that will prove to
be a boon to all who type.
It's a pencil-type mecha-
nical typewriter eraser that evap-
orates all eraser problems. It
will not smudge, stain or tear—
even flimsy second sheets. For
this we give our thanks to the
inventor, handsome John Stud-
well, who modestly told me that
he came on the idea from the
mechanical pencil. As I'm typ-
ing this, my gratitude for the
new eraser pops up rather
shamefully. Made of aluminum
and a handy five inches in
length, it's a thing of beauty in
gulf blue. The push-button con-

catrol makes it a neat and easy
thing to use. It is extremely
economical, too, as it costs only
$1 postpaid, and refills, which
come in a tube of four, are only
25 cents. For the Christmas
season they are selling it in a
beautiful gold gift box with a
set of four eraser refills for a
small 82. If you want to be real
fancy about it, you may have it
engraved with three initials—
only on the Christmas set, how-
ever, but you'll have a 10-day
wait. The only place you can
purchase one is from the Stud-
well Products Company, De-
partment 8, 70 East 45th Street,
New York 17, New York.
THE IMPORTED Insignias come from the Far East, and
I, your fashion editor, met the
charming importer (spruce and
trim in an American business
suit, wearing a colorful turban)
when he first came to this coun-
try with these exquisite designs.
Of gold and silver bullion, hand-
made, and mounted on black
grosgrain, they virtually sparkle
with splendor and beauty and
will compliment any fashion on
which you wear them. They will
make over hats or sweaters,
add a touch of chic to your dullest
or fanciest frock. There are
many ways to use these darling
insignias. Don't know how they
do it, but they're only 82 each,
postpaid. Write to Just So
Fashions, 165 Broadway, New
York, New York. Ask for the
catalogue showing the large
choice of lovely designs.

IF YOU WANT any additional
information about any of
these advertised items, don't
hesitate to write to your fashion
editor. Kay Brunell
(please turn to page 59)
Versatile Geraldine Brooks can handle a sewing needle as expertly as she does her screen roles.


4653—Two-button front on a different shirtfrock fashioned with bloused bodice, slantaway pockets. Sizes 12-20; 30-42. For size 16, 4 1/4 yards 39-inch.


9093—Anyone on your gift list will love to receive this bowed blouse beauty. Comes in sizes 12-20. Size 16 will use 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch fabric.

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 Winter Pattern Book. A free pattern is printed in this book.
SOME extra good news has come your way if you will just glance across the page. Yes, I mean the 14-Day "Lovely To Look At" Course by Manya Kahn. It's brand new, a wonderfully happy, quick sure way to a new face and figure.

For many years, I've known Miss Kahn's truly wonder method which consists largely of "body rhythms," entirely different from the usual body contortions that we generally think of as exercise, and delightfully satisfying diets whether you're reducing, building up, fighting fatigue or merely staying lovely. Whatever your status, Miss Kahn feeds you and feeds you well. Another thing I like is that her diets contain so many of the good things we like. Furthermore, you need never disturb the usual meal preparation of the family if you are on one of her diets—in fact, you can be and no one would even know.

Here in New York big, fat girls go into her salon and come out slim, radiant and far healthier than before. Little, undeveloped girls come out with exciting curves, yes, even with bosoms! Some who are all right on the weight question have poor posture; they simply can't wear clothes with style. All these problems and many more come under the wise guidance of this glamour genius.

Miss Kahn's New York salon is a grand place, and it is fine if you live around this part of the country. But her clients come from everywhere and after a time they began to ask for directions to follow when they returned home. The result is this brand new 14-Day "Lovely To Look At" Course at the welcome cost of $14, or $1 a day for a very special kind of beauty and glamour—based on glowing good health. That is why your new good looks will stay with you when you have followed the course for even fourteen days. Not only does it truly redo you, but it gives you that bursting-with-life radiance which people simply cannot resist.

Another wonderful thing about this course is the difference it makes in your whole face. When you feel well and are well, you know that your eyes shine; you know that regardless of the color of your hair it takes on a gloss; that your face is smiling and lovely, whether or not you have perfect features. Best of all, you feel full of energy and make an ideal companion with Romans, husband, family and daily associates. You become the Popularity Girl Plus!

With the holidays practically upon you, why not prepare yourself—or your best friend—for them? Why not really take yourself in hand with this grand new plan, every day of which is individually charted and illustrated for you, easier, simpler and quicker than anything you can imagine.

[Advertisement for Manya Kahn's 14-Day "Lovely to Look At" Course]

Here, at last, is a revolutionary, new wonder method for use in your home, at your own time and convenience. . . . the priceless Manya Kahn secrets that women have been waiting for.

Here is a new approach to glamour of face and beauty of figure—loveliness to last you a lifetime—based on the Manya Kahn wonder method for glamour and beauty through glowing good health. You learn to look and live beautifully through a day-by-day program. An individual graphic chart for each day illustrates exactly what you are to do and how to do it, plus a fascinating manual packed with valuable information. Easy, simple, quick, you have never seen anything like it before!

You are never too young or too old for this new, thrilling "Lovely To Look At" Course. In fact, no matter what your age or your walk in life, here is the open door to a new and wonderful you, attractive, radiant, feminine, desirable.

Manya Kahn is a nationally recognized authority on beauty and glamour. Her wonder methods are heartily endorsed by Health and Beauty Editors everywhere. Her unique "body rhythms" reshape as they leave you refreshed, never tired or aching. Her truly "good to eat" diet is ample and energizing. Her method explains fully exactly why you do what you do . . . to take off pounds and inches . . . to put on lovely curves . . . to develop good posture, new poise and feminine charm.

Here is the much-talked-of Manya Kahn wonder method that salon clients pay hundreds of dollars for—yours for only $14—one dollar a day!

What more precious gift for yourself or loved ones? Don't wait. Simply clip the coupon and mail it now. If possible, enclose a full length snapshot, so that Manya Kahn can advise you personally on your face and figure problems.

[Ad for postpaid coupon to receive course]

"Lovely to look at" In only 14 short days!
H Y A, Rose!  How's the mistletoe?  Better sew up those toes  Or St. Nick'll have voes!

AND you'll be crying in your eggnog that the old cat with the whiskers forgot about you.  Cause it's that month again—and the guy with the red drape and big saddlebag on his port shoulder is flying home on Donner and Blitzen once more.  And there's scads of fetching etchings therein—aside from all the regular goodies like that mink coat, diamond ring, Cadillac car and new television set you've been hurting for all thru the year, dear.  Hope you latch on to a new record player—be it 78, 33 1/3 or 45 RPM—'cause there's so much nice merchandise to go with it. Dig!

HEAVENLY!

Bing!—Robin Hope's caddy is in with half a dozen newies—4 from "Top O' The Morning;" "You're In Love With Someone"—the lush ballad from the show, the title deal—very free and easy—and with ANN BLYTH, who's with him in the flicker, "Oh, 'Tis Sweet To Think" and "The Donovans," complete with brogue and all.  Great quality about Bing—always seems to be having a ball when he sings.  'Tother two are from Walt Disney's "Ichabod And Mr. Toad"—"Katrina" and "The Headless Horseman," but the "Top O' The Morning" stuff is better, and Crosby at his most Crosbyish—which isn't jello!  (Decca)

Doris Day—M-m-m-m . . . how incredibly close to one's shoulder can you get!  If you run out of mistletoe, kid, Dodo's fresh album will get the romance flowing

Fred Robbins, Victor thrush, Kitty Kallen, at N.Y. opening of "Sword In The Desert."

Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, comedy team who are currently winning plaudits in "My Friend Irma," are Freddie Robbins' guests on his WOV radio program, "Robbins Nest."

like eggnog! If he or she's as hard to land as the Queen Mary and if there's no pinches in the clinches—hold this album—"You're My Thrill"—over his or her ear.  Then look out! All of the husky grace and delicacy that've made Sparkle Plenty (our pet name for Dodo) so sparkling on that screen do the same thing on wax on eight gorgeous slabs—"You're My Thrill," "That Old Feeling," "Bewitched," "When Your Lover Has Gone," "I'm Confessin'," "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and "You Go To My Head."  Supernova singing—with Dodo distilling gallons of intimate feeling.  She's 3 parts angel and one part woman!  (Columbia regular C-189 and LP 6071).  And don't miss her single cookie of "Land Of Love" and "The Last Mile Home."  John Raring conducts the band behind her on everything.

Frank Sinatra—Wow! What good things happen at chime time!  For F.S. is out with 6 new sides—"Let Her Go"—a beauty written by Joe Marsala, himself a fine musician—"The Wedding Of Lili Marlene," "I Only Have Eyes For You"—warm as a hug—"It All Depends On You"—another oldie with a beat that leaps like Santa from his sleigh, with a few bop licks thrown in for good measure—"If I Ever Love Again"—with "The Double Daters" making like the Pied Pipers used to for a real hunk of caramel, and "Every Man Should Marry," which you'll wear to just as much of a frazzle.  Yeah, Frankie's singing again—the way only he can.  (Columbia)

Tommy Dorsey—"And The Band Sings Too"—A nifty sheafful of T.D.'s old cookies on which the band works out behind breaths by Frankie and Jack Leonard on stuff like "Sweet Sue," "I'll See You In My Dreams," "East Of The Sun," "How Am I To Know," "Blue Moon" and "Yearning."  This'll have you pounding those pines till the shoesies are worn out!  (Victor)

Frankie Laine—Nothing lucky about  "That Lucky Old Sun," Frankie's biggest selling waffle!  Just that supercharged heart and a great performance on another "Old Man River."  And if you got a new record pressing machine for chime time you can make extra dough knocking out those sorely needed biscuits for Mercury records.  They can't keep up with the clamor.  Only other one that comes near Frankie's is LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S on Decca with Gordon Jenkins, VAUGHN MONROE'S AND SARAH VAUGHN'S miss fire.  Flip is Nat Cole's composition, "I Get Sentimental Over Nothing"—also real squidy!  And every drop of this success is so deserved!  (Mercury)

Perry Como—The Manhasset barber has you climbing aboard a butterfly and taking off on the breeze on his fresh pancake which'll curl your toes.  Perry's so-o-o relaxed on "Dreamer's Holiday"—a hunk of ear satisfying save that I'll have you real a la mode.  "Meadows Of Heaven" is the back—nice aussi—but that's "Dreamer's Holiday"—so fluffy.  (Victor)

Yvonne De Carlo stops to chat with Fred before premiere of "Sword In The Desert."
Margaret Whiting—Just as fine as that special slice of home turkey is Maggie's cut of "St. Louis Blues"—milking everything from the great standard that's been heard so much—yet it's a whole new thing it seems with Maggie at the breath controls. "It's A Most Unusual Day" underneath is from "Date With Judy"—so lilting it leaves you withlín. (Capitol)

Johnny Desmond—The star of Don McNeill's "Breakfast Club" gushes forth with such delicious gravy, Davy! There's "Don't Cry, Joe" and "The Last Mile Home"—with Russ Case behind him, smooth as eggnog and twice as yummy! Johnny's constantly improving, if that's possible—and all the rascals who dig that "Breakfast Club" are sure lucky to be able to stow away the morning fuel and absorb Desmond at the same time! (MGM)

Louis Armstrong—If you think this should be listed under HOT—you're wrong—"cause "Pops" has long been one of our favorite balladeers—and how he proves it with Gordon Jenkins behind him on "Lucky Old Sun," "On Blueberry Hill," "Maybe It's Because" and "I'll Keep The Lovelight Burning." And ears off to Decca for signing Louie again and pairing him with Jenkins for great commercial appeal. But we hope they don't pass up those wonderful All-Stars of Armstrong's—"cause that's the greatest group since the "Four Horsemen" of Notre Dame! (Decca)


Dinah Shore—While on the subject of albums bulging with pleasure, treasure—don't miss Mrs. George Montgomery's called "Reminiscing With Dinah Shore"—and featuring therein, "I Get Along Without You Very Well," "I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan," "I May Be Wrong," "I'll Be Seeing You," "Little White Lies," "Ma Curly Headed Baby," "Now That You're Gone," "They Can't Take That Away From Me." And they never will be able to once you drop the needle in the first niche of any of these beauties! (Columbia regular and LP)

ALSO EARWORTHY!

GORDIE MACRAE'S "I Want You To Want Me" and "Wonderful One"—Gordie singing his head off—maybe he got a new set of golf clubs for Xmas! (Capitol) ... BING'S recent gems include "Imagination," "The Last Mile Home," "Meadows Of Heaven" and "I'll See You In My Dreams." (Decca) ... BUDDY CLARK'S "Nothing Less Than Beautiful," which is. (Columbia) ... TEX BENEKE'S "Blues In The Night March"—exciting sequel to the same tempo deal on "St. Louis Blues"—tho there could be no end to march take-offs (Victor) ... ZIGGY TALENT'S "My Hot Tamale Went Chilly On Me" and "Gee, It's Tough To Be A Skunk"—real zany, Janie. (Victor) ... BILLY ECKSTINE'S "Solitude" and "I Do, Do You?" on National and "If Love Is Trouble" and "Body And Soul" on MGM, tho the latter is a bit overcooked and ah-h-hed. Gee, how this kid makes you dissolve! ... BILL FARRELL'S "You've Changed" and so has the kid's performance on this one, for the better. Fine voice—still wild with affectations but lots of promise. (MGM) ... RAY ANTHONY'S "The Slider"—COUNT BASIE'S too—both bulging with bounce that counts. (Capitol and Victor) ... THE LONGHAIR DEPARTMENT—ENESCO's "Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1" and LIZST'S "Mephisto Waltz" are loaded for bear by ARTHUR RODZINSKI AND THE N.Y. PHILHARMONIC—dynamic stuff is the Rhapsody and brilliant and lush the Waltz. (Columbia LP ML 1507) ... If you're a Bach fan or even Bop fan, you'll dig some of Johann's shorter deals by EUGENE ORMANDY AND THE PHILLY ORK—There's the "Passacaglia" and "Fugue In C Minor," "Toccata" and "Fugue In D Minor;" "Jesu, Joy Of Men's Desiring;" "Chorale—Prelude;" "Sleepers, Awake. (Columbia LP ML 1508)

HOT!

More great hearing by SHEARING—GEORGE SHEARING, that is, or as we call him—King George, the flattened fifth —on "East Of The Sun"—great sequel to "September In The Rain"—and "Conception." Not only is the sound of this great quintet unique—but Marjorie Hayams on vibes, Chuck Wayne, guitar, Denzil Best, drums, and John Levy are individually plummy! No one is doing for BOP commercially what George Shearing is! (MGM) ... COUNT BASIE'S got a biting do on "The Slider"—based on an old riff and arranged by Boyd Raeburn, who's concentrating on that end these days. Could be another "Hucklebuck" with words. (Victor) ... HARRY JAMES "Ultra"—another variation of "How High The Moon" is quite that indeed—ultra, that is. And Betty's boy sure horns in when he cares to. (Columbia)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

ROBERT ROSTERMAN, Blair, Nebraska—Sure, Judy Garland would do a fine job with the songs from "Annie Get Your Gun," but why should MGM make cookies by her if she's not in the show? Don't you think people want to hear them by whoever is in the picture? MGM does! ... Pitiful letter from JIM CHOW in Chungking, China, a guitar player in a ballroom, about the absence of music news and new songs. He's playing stuff like "I Wish I Didn't Love You So," "For Sentimental Reasons" and "Lights Out." Had to go to Shanghai 250 miles away to get SCREENLAND. Jim would love to get some sheet music
of anything even half new—or if you have some oldies kicking around the piano bench—send 'em wingin' to JIM CHOW, CHINA EDUCATIONAL SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, LTD., 155 PAO AN ROAD, CHUNGKING, CHINA. MARY FRANKLAND, St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada—Suggest you contact Main Stem Record Shop, New York, for any missing biscuits you may want. MAUREEN LIZAR, Toronto, Canada—Glad you catch "Robins' Nest" our transcribed record shown—it's all over the U.S. and maybe the rest of you rascals will ask your station to carry it if they don't. GEE MCARDON, Vancouver, British Columbia—Gosh, so much linen from Canada. You'll be gassed to know, Gee, that Charley Barnett has already rehashed "Charlemain Alley" some time ago on Apollo. And it's as good as you want it to be. Which is plenty!... CARLOS PALANCA, Barcelona, Spain—Glad you like "Riders In The Sky" so much on the Armed Forces Network from Munich. So does Vaughn Monroe. Listen closely a couple times—you'll get the words. But what are you gonna do when you know them—singing it to your senorita?... CHRISTINE COURNEY, Shawinigan Falls, Quebec—If you think being razzed 'cause you want to play drums is something, what do you think all the gals who play with Phil Spitalny must have gone thru?... Ted and Tony are generally sports-mad. Need we say more?

The four of us went to Palm Springs together last Winter. It was to be a big, gay, joyous vacation for all us. And what happened?

Well, Ted and Tony would kiss Cyd and me goodbye at dawn, muttering something about "a little golf."

At five in the evening, they would return, dragging their weary bones through the hotel where we were staying.

"How did you do?" Cyd and I would ask, just like all the rule books told us to.

Groans would greet us.

As we had spent the entire day by ourselves, sunning, or dunking our frames in a swimming pool, paying for our own lunches, and so on, this reaction miffed us slightly. But we were in for more.

After ten minutes by our sides—during which neither man did anything but shake his head mournfully and occasion-

ally utter a deep sigh—they rose. It was as if they had a secret signal. They did it with the precision of the Rockettes.

"Um—going to play a little gin," they said in unison.

"Fine!" we beamed.

Looks of horror crossed their faces.

We gathered, somehow, that we weren't wanted.

Finally, one of them managed to say,

"Stakes too high for women!"

That moment they were standing in front of us. The next we were in solitary glory again.

Even when Ted and Tony are not together, this sort of thing goes on. They seem to react via radio waves on each other, or something.

They did meet us for dinner. Yes, actually! But we still played second fiddle. They master-minded eating, too.

Tony thinks, you see, that Cyd should gain weight.

Ted thinks that I should lose it.

So—well, first, they ordered a large repast for themselves, everything on the menu. Then they seemed to realize that they were, for the first time in hours, not alone.

Tony thereupon ordered two of everything on the menu for Cyd.

Ted ordered me the equivalent of a glass of water.

And, of course, I was starving and Cyd wasn't.

Let's draw a curtain over the next hour. I nearly ate the leg off the table.

Then there's the business of DEALS. For breakfast. For lunch. Far into the night.

Ted and Tony are, of course, good businessmen. Both of them. And, more than actually becoming involved in business, they love to talk about it.

When Tony and Cyd come to dinner at our house, they start muttering about oil leases or something with the salad. By the steak they are revolutionizing the stock market. By coffee time, they have just made the killing of the century.

Cyd and I plot to see if we can get in a word edgewise. We do, too, think, know something about business. We are also professionals. Do we have a chance to expand? We do not. Our ideas are brushed off after the first five words, with male looks which tell us plainly that the female is the weaker vessel—particularly in the region of the brain.

Sometimes, too, we four go to a night-club. That is where Cyd and I really have the boys.

For we girls absolutely refuse to dance together! Why don't we hit the pair on the head once in a while? Well, first, because we love them. If they're happy, then—most of the time—we are.

Besides, the rule books tell you that a wife should keep rampant in her spouse the idea that he runs things, that he is mentally all-powerful. We do.

Sometimes, of course, we feel as if we were living in the days of the covered wagon. Or, as if we were members of a tribe of Indians. Tony and Ted don't make us walk ten paces behind them yet, but we feel the moment may arrive at any time.

The way out of this is not good, either:

The boys have to be split up for a long time, as they were when Tony went across the country on a theatre tour. But that means that Cyd and I are split, too, and she's really fun to have around. When she's out of town, I miss her.

Do you suppose the answer to it all is that Cyd and I enjoy each other as much as Ted and Tony, that we don't really want our husbands in our hair all the time, much as we love them?

Hey, Mr. Anthony! Come quick!
Looks Deceive!

Continued from page 40

been on a weekly kid adventure serial over NBC which the Better Drama League of Minneapolis sponsored. She took art at the U. of M. and got herself a department store job in Minneapolis while displaying fashions and also displaying her fabulous figure modeling gowns she couldn't afford but looked better in than the women who could.

Later, Arlene joined a sportsman's show and modeled bathing suits. She went to Chicago with the show. She was a fashion consultant at Charles Stevens and modeled for Marshall Field and Saks. After work she took dramatic lessons and did radio work. Definitely the lazy type, yeah? Nobody could say Arlene was dilly-dallying, or getting off her course.

Her next well-placed step took her to New York—a long distance in miles from Arlene's destination but not so far in other ways. She became a Walter Thornton model—for plenty of moos—and she cut her pro acting teeth on two legitimate plays, "Mr. Strauss Goes To Boston" and "Questionable Ladies." Neither ever gave "Oklahoma" any worries about which would run the longest but it gave the talent scouts a chance to gander her.

When several studio contracts were waved under Arlene's pretty nose she hoped MGM's would be the one she'd sign. Being a Leo and believing a little bit—but not much—in astrology, she thought it'd be nice to have the MGM lion for a mascot. But it didn't work that way—not at first anyway. Warners offered more money. Arlene wasn't behind the door when the brains were passed around; she took their offer and got along without the mascot—temporarily.

Later, Arlene signed up with MGM and things have been getting better and better ever since. She's very partial toward the month of June because nearly everything that's happened to her career-wise has occurred in June. She hasn't lost sight of the fact that June's also brides' month.

Like most gals who spend a normal amount of time at the movies, Arlene had one particular dream man who, to her, was very special. She always thought he was simply divine when she saw him in pictures. So it wasn't with unmitigated repulsion that she learned she was to play opposite Bob Taylor in "Ambush." He, in fact, turned out even nicer than she'd thought he'd be.

In her next picture, "The Outriders," she'll be photographed in Technicolor for the second time. There should be a federal law passed that prohibits photographing her in any other medium. Nothing else—except the naked eye—could possibly do justice to the Dahl beauty—the coppery Auburn hair, eyes blue and wide as a lake, skin like peach ice cream, a long-limbed, fine-boned five foot six and a half figure of 118 fantastically well-distributed pounds.

Arlene looks the other way and pretends to be hard of hearing when remarks (frequent) are made about her natural endowments (considerable) and changes the subject with skill born of long practice. She'd heard all the beautiful Dahl, Dahl-face. Dahling puns she wants to, thanks. Nevertheless, she does take excellent care of herself. You may be lucky enough to be born beautiful but you don't stay that way by breathing nightclub air seven nights a week, eating gooey fattening food, and sleeping only when there's absolutely nothing else to do.

When she's working Arlene eats simple food like dairy products, fruit, broiled steaks. She's in bed by eight p.m. The best party or the most attractive man couldn't lure her away from her Beverly Hills apartment, which Arlene shares with her cousin, Elna Dahl. Elna's ten years older than Arlene and was recently widowed. She runs the house, does the shopping, plans the meals, drives Arlene to and from work.

On location, and Arlene doesn't particularly enjoy the rugged life of the wilds, she takes her own lunch. Box lunches give her horrible things like prune juice or just a bad case of revulsion. To her, the best part of the "Ambush" location was the back and forth. She, Bob Taylor, Don Taylor and whoever else rode with them sang all the way there and back, except when they'd stop to kid Don about singing off-key.

Nothing really bothers Arlene about acting but the unavoidable fussing over her just before a take.

She's neat about the house, digs in the corners, takes care of her clothes and always hangs them up. She plans her wardrobe right down to the last accessory and buys them all at once. She doesn't believe in buying a pair of shoes today, a purse next week, and a hat some Tuesday. This kind of buying ends up in a melange according to her. From head to toe her clothes are engineered—and look it.

She's a quick study on lines—script lines, that is, and can learn her dialogue for a scene by going over it once. Dramatic and singing lessons are still very much a regular part of her daily routine. Although she's well launched in Hollywood, she's a long way from her goal. Irene Dunne has always been her ideal actress and she'd like eventually to do the kind of comedies that made Irene so famous.

She wants a dress shop that sells Arlene Dahl designed clothes. She wants to get married and have a family. She wants to be a recognized artist. These are about the only plans she has for the moment, about all she can handle.

All anyone really needs to fulfill ambitions of this magnitude is to have a combination of beauty, brains, wit, talent, personality, luck, consuming ambition—all of which this elegantly attractive gal who set her sights on Hollywood when she was eleven years old has in the right amounts.
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 23

East,” Jean Peters’ parting remark to him was, “Stay out of the Russian zone. Paul. We don’t want to go to war with them—yet.”

We ran into—or at least sat down with—Frankie Sinatra for a short yak at La Rue, where he was dining with his cute Nancy, Henry Ginsberg (Paramount’s big boss), that nice gal Coleen Gray, and some other chums. Frankie looks healthy, happy, and relaxed. Said he’d been loafing mostly and getting re-acquainted with his three kids. And enjoying it a lot. Well, I say he earned his vacation—first real one he’s had for several years.

You can believe this or not—but we actually saw Clark Gable lounging alone in the MGM commissary and all around him pretty gals who would have been delighted to keep him company. There was quite a glamour gang scattered around at the various tables—the three Taylors, Elizabeth, Bob, and Don, handsome Barry Sullivan, Mark Stevens, Petey Lawford, Marilyn Maxwell, Bob Walker looking fit as a fiddle—and the most beautiful gal in the room. Arlene Dahl, all excited about getting the lead in the Western, “Outriders.” We hardly recognized that cute guy Claude Jarman—gorry, has he grown! He’s at least six feet tall, maybe a shade over. Seems to us it was only a few months ago that he was just a little kid, playing his first part in “The Yearling.”

Seems to be quite the thing to have private quarters for stars who are family guys and gals. Bob Ryan’s got a brand new hideaway clear on the back of his several acres in the Valley so when the kids get too noisy or the phone keeps ringing he can retreat to rest, loaf, rehearse—or whatever. And Paul Brinkman’s Christmas present to Jeanne Crain was a studio, built up on a hill above their house, so she could make with her painting and drawing undisturbed. But Paul’s motive wasn’t entirely unselfish love for the little woman. Seems she’s invaded his workroom in the house, storing paraphernalia, magazines, and all the other stuff she loves to hoard. When Paul finally couldn’t even get in the door he built her the studio in self-defense.

Lassie, how about this? At the same time that other canine female impersonator, Daisy, was supposed to be the mother of six pups in a “Blondie” picture, “she” became the father of six pups in real life.

And on the night of John Derek’s birthday, his pooch gave him a present of eight pups. Oh, yeah, and the hot water heater broke too.

Another happy birthday item—Arthur Loew, Jr., who is Janet Leigh’s favorite

boy friend and the son of the famous motion picture theatre family, celebrated his natal day with Janet and his family at Scandia Restaurant. Right in the middle of dinner an Indian maiden walked into the place, flung her arms around Junior and said “Ugh” or whatever “happy birthday” is in Indian. Arthur, who is learning the movie business the hard way—meaning from the ground up—had just returned from location on MGM’s “Ambush” and Janet had hired the Indian gal from Central Casting to pull the gag.

Vacations ‘n things: Roz Russell got off to a Bermuda holiday after winding up “Woman Of Distinction” at Columbia, and Ray Milland, of the same picture, went first to New York to pick up the final adoption papers for his young daughter, then to Sun Valley for skiing with his son, Danny. Betty Grable got back from her annual session with the ponies at Del Mar and went right to work. One of my spies at the Del Mar track reported that Betty’s two youngsters, Vickie and Jessie, amused themselves at the track by playing with n.g. mutuel tickets. Judging from the size of their stacks of pastebotes, Betty and Harry James hadn’t done so well in the bets department. Jimmie Stewart and his bride, Gloria, spent some time with his family in Indiana, Pa., before taking that three-month wedding trip to Hawaii. Clifton Webb returned from a long European trip, ready, willing and able to start work in another comedy at 20th. Goody!

Debra Paget, the amazing 16-year-old gal you’ll see in 20th’s “Broken Arrow,” has been deluged with circulars and phone calls from swimming instructors ever since she almost drowned while swimming in a cold mountain lake on the “Arrow” location. This gal has quite a family—her mother used to be an actress, still plays character parts, and her three brothers and sisters all work in pictures under different names, so each one will stand up or fall down on his or her own ability.

Linda Darnell was just real pleased that 20th canceled her out of “Night And The City” on account of she would have had to leave her young adopted daughter, Lola, behind. The babe was too young to have the shots necessary for the trip to England. Besides, Linda had just completed all the formalities of the adoption and was happy to stay home with her younger.

Maureen O’Hara and Macdonald Carey, back from Sedona, Arizona, where U-I filmed most of “The Bowie Knife,” were all excited about a new shampoo they’d discovered while talking to the Injuns around there. Seems it’s made from a secret bark soaked in water and is just real sudsy and dreamy. They want to put it on the market and are keeping the formula secret.

Everybody wants to be in the beauty business! Ida Lupino’s invented a flat-top hairdress for gals—she swiped the idea from seeing junior misters running around with a crew cut on top of the head and the rest of the hair long. Ida’s idea uses short bangs instead of the crew cut. On her it looks good, but this isn’t an invitation to try it on your best girl friend. Ya might be sorry.

That young gal, Joan Evans, is moving right along in her career over at Mr. Goldwyn’s studio. Had a new contract, with salary raise, approved by the courts and now she’ll get her first big starring part in “Edge Of Doom,” with Farley Granger and Dana Andrews. That’s nice going for a 15-year-old.

Next Bing Crosby picture, “Mr. Music,” will start those two clever dancing youngsters, Marge and Gower Champion, on
shape for resuming her acting career. French just in case Dick gets time off for a trip abroad. The Contes' chums, Gene and Betsy Kelly, have been raving about their trip and the Contes have the bug.

Dorothy Lamour has called back to her former studio, Paramount, after an absence of a year—for a baby shower. Guys and gals from office front and back lot flocked to the commissary and heaped presents on their favorite gal. Betty Hutton and Alan Ladd were in the bunch, but Bob Hope was absent because of that back injury. He explained it by saying he was "laid up with a bad case of overacting."

**I'm A Christmas Kid**

Continued from page 29

nothing could be more dreadful than the fact that I really don't have a day of my own. So she devises productions. They're supposed to assure me that I am here in the first place.

At two minutes past twelve on Christmas Eve, she gives me a birthday present. This is followed by six or seven more of the same as long as I can stay awake. The next morning, by some miracle, the celebration has changed to Christmas, and she hands out presents in that league for a few hours. It's all very dear in her mind. I'm not so sure about mine.

I can remember when I was a kid in New York City that my two sisters invariably wanted to shatter the Christmas spirit by bashing me on the scence for the simple fact that I got exactly twice as many gifts as they did. They didn't realize that they were on the receiving end of the deluge on two different days in the year, and that if they added rapidly they would wind up with as much loot as I. Instead, they could only see a mountain of stuff which I attacked every December 25th, half of which was labeled "Happy Birthday, Humphrey," and the other half labeled "Merry Christmas". It took years for them to get over this.

My mother and father reacted differently. Mother, as you may know, was a business woman, a hard-working artist who never in her life had enough time for all she wanted to do. Thus, I think she rather enjoyed the idea that she could wrap me up in one fell swoop, that she could take care of all my personal celebrations at once.

Oh, she did get a little fancier for me than for my sisters on the day, of course. I remember that once she drew me a portrait of myself to mark the milestone. I was about ten or twelve at the time, and knew what the score was on the Saint Nick department. So Mother drew me in a Santa Claus suit, complete with beard, trying to blow out the candles on a large cake. It was one of the few humorous sketches she ever did, so I've never forgotten it.

My father took the whole idea more to heart. He was in the same division as Betty as far as holidays are concerned. And he was personally much more full of fun than my mother. I remember one year he suggested that we move my birthday up to June first or some such thing, the way the King of England does. We were to send out announcements to all the friends and relatives who just might be inveigled into giving me a present.

We tried it just once. But no one could remember what the new day was. They'd never had any trouble with the old one, you see.

And, after all, I wasn't George, Rex! After that, Father did little special things for me on that day. He always made sure, to begin with, that I had some completely impractical but much-needed-for present for my birthday.

Then, too, he tried to do something for me that my sisters weren't in on. He'd take me to a legitimate show, just the two of us. Or, as I grew older, we'd stop at his club and have a drink together, man to man.

Actually, though I'm grateful to him for thinking of it, this wasn't needed. For, after all, the whole of New York was decorated for my birthday—and who, born on June first, could say that?

Another recent birthday which I recall with both joy and a certain awe occurred during the War.

I was in Italy, entertaining the troops, as Christmas drew near. And Christmas Day itself we were to do a show for a bunch of guys who had just come out of the lines. They were exhausted, homesick, and knew that their break in duty was only temporary. It had to be a good show, then, the best show we had ever done.

I don't know about "good," but I know that I, for one, will never forget it.

The USO men, you see, told the boys that Christmas also was my birthday, and that they were going to have a cake for me.

Anyway, in the middle of my act, a gent walked out onto the stage and the stage was a platform in the middle of nowhere, in front of which about two thousand soldiers sat on the ground—and made the big announcement. A roar went up. I smiled in a peculiarly foolish manner, and tried not to simper.
Then, a huge cake, a cake about three feet across, was wheeled out on the stage. Another roar went up. And this one, believe me, was not for me. It was for the cake. Not one of those guys had seen one in months.

I turned, pretended to be most surprised, and then made what was almost my last speech. I asked if some of the boys would like to come up and help me eat the cake.

Instantly—and I mean instantly—I was surrounded by about three hundred of the biggest and toughest characters I have ever seen. In the first second of play, I was shoved back to the fringes of a circle about eight men deep. In the second and third seconds, three hundred hands reached down for the cake and came up with huge gob of icing-dripping stuff. And, by the fourth second, the entire cake had completely disappeared!

Talk about locusts!

I remember another thing about that particular birthday, something which touched me then and does now much more than a lot of the high-powered expressions of Christmas I have seen.

I went into a hospital to see some of the boys who couldn't get to the show.

And there I saw a young Nisei soldier, one of the magnificent 442th who performed so brilliantly in Italy, decorating a tree in his own fashion.

He had gathered up the cylinders that "Life Savers" come in, had gathered them, I suppose, for weeks, as he had dozens of them. And, with a razor blade, he had carefully sliced them and strung them on string, they were all different colors, of course, and they hung in garlands on that beat-up little tree, as bravely as any decorations I had ever seen.

That boy, to me, had Christmas in his heart. And, these days, that is rare.

We seem to feel that we must out-do our friends and relatives, make a big, expensive production out of something which was meant to be celebrated simply, was originally a humble and heart-warming event. We have forgotten the humbleness and the sweetness of the first Christmas of them all. It's time we remembered it again.

It is for this that I am proud to have been born when I was. I am not as far from That Man personally as you can get, but I consider it an honor to share His day.

What It's Like Dating Ann

Continued from page 39

"Why not come out to my house tonight and select a picture?" she invited.

"I have a whole closet full of them."

The funny part is that I didn't take her invitation literally—so I had no thought of going out to Miss Sheridan's house. I thought she was just kidding. But the next morning on the set, she yelled across to me, "Hey, Mr. Mapes! I sit at home two hours in my closet waiting for you to come and get that picture. Wot happened?"

Several nights later, after we had become acquainted during the making of the picture, Ann invited me out to her house. This time I was there promptly on the appointed hour. Ann likes to hold informal open house evenings. There was a delicious buffet dinner, followed with the running of a movie, "My Man Godfrey," starring Carole Lombard. Ann has great admiration for Carole.

"I was only a stock girl at Paramount when she was a big star," Ann recalled.

"But she would always stop and speak to me on the lot—as though I were important, too."

Ann was wearing a simple blue cotton dress, but she made it look like a Hattie Carnegie creation. She has that flare in everything she wears. She is equally at home in slacks, her favorite informal apparel, or an exciting evening dress.

The keynote of Ann's home is comfort. I was surprised that there was not a single painting or portrait or even so much as a snapshot of her anywhere in the house—just a few scenic landscapes. This readily revealed her complete lack of ego—for most stars have their portraits and pictures in every room in the house.

Notwithstanding the excitement of squiring Ann Sheridan to Mocambo or Ciro's, and therefore certainly becoming the most envied man in town, I find Ann's sense of humor, alone, one of her most remarkable qualities. That, and her complete honest sincerity about people and everything she does.

I have never seen Ann more radiant than she looked in a pearl gray faille suit to be maid-of-honor at her secretary's daughter's wedding. It might have been just a little girl across the street having a wedding, but Ann glamourized it as a major event by inviting the Zachary Scotts and several movie names. A newspaper photographer was permitted to take pictures for the seven local papers. He had everyone posing before the reception, and then just as he snapped the last picture, his face suddenly turned white, a chalky, sickly white. "I forgot to pull the shutter," he explained. "I have no pictures."

"Well," Ann said, "that's Sheridan every time! Come on, you!" She began helping him line up the people again for the pictures, as though it were nothing at all. And everyone, instead of being disgusted, played along with Ann's sense of humor.

After the reception we drove into Hollywood, where Mickey Finn was holding a benefit party for his Boys' Foundation. Mickey is a twenty-eight-year-old Los Angeles policeman who has a regular Father Flanagan spirit for boys with prison and police records. He has some 300 boys enrolled, and they meet once a
Ryan Goes Romantic

Continued from page 37

what my boss, Howard Hughes, asked me," said Bob. "When he took over RKO studio, he called me in for a conference to discuss future plans.

"I explained that I wasn't anti-Romeo roles, it was just that every RKO film has had a villain and most of the time I've been it." After that meeting things started popping. Bob was awarded the romantic lead opposite Joan Fontaine in "Bed of Roses." Every sequence between Bob and Joan is a love scene.

"The film was really worth waiting for," gloated Bob, "for I not only win the girl, but SHE pursues me, and finally I jilt her.

"My entire studio schedule has been influenced by this build-up. For the first time in my career, I have to wear makeup. Seems, minus the face goo, my beard darn near scratched the skin off Joan Fontaine's face.

"Also, now a wardrobe man shadowed me around the set to make sure I look dapper and dashing. The other day he got all excited because the crease in my trousers wasn't too straight. First time that's ever happened to me," grinned Bob.

"I spend a lot more time now posing for romantic stills. All the photos the studio had on file were shots of me snarling at the camera. By golly, it was kinda enjoyable to break out in a smile for a change."

Although this is only Ryan's second "lover boy" role in films (he played strictly hero roles on Broadway), he has already developed definite ideas on the
Practical

I believe there's too much dialogue in most love scenes. "They give you two pages of script to remember and by the time you're ready for the clinch—you feel more exhausted than romantic."

At Bob's suggestion, some of his dialogue was omitted to make the scene more effective. There is one sequence in the film where Joan and Bob are walking across a bridge. She's talking a mile a minute, but Bob's not in the least listening to what she's saying. He doesn't say a word; just spends the entire scene maneuvering to get his arm around her waist.

"This love stuff is a pretty difficult thing," he continued. "They tell you to play it like an average American guy would. But after all, who has ever been in a fellas' home and watched him make love?"

"You just have to invent your own technique. Personally, I think most women would go for the smooth, Continental style of Charles Boyer, although, my wife Jessica goes for the hit-me-now — kiss-you-later technique of Humphrey Bogart.

"I'm not the type to do either, so I just use the direct approach. If the public likes it—I'm in. If not, I'll be back snarling at the heroine."

Already the fans have written Bob their enthusiastic approval of his new status. Even the names of his fan clubs are taking on a Cupid flavor. The latest one is "Ryan's Julets."

"Secretly, I really prefer playing meanies to mush. If you're tagged as a great lover, you've got to carry it over into your home life. Besides watching your waist and chin lines, you've got to frequent nightclubs."

"Jess and I wouldn't go for that. We enjoy our home life too much. Our two sons, Timmy, 9½, and Chuey, 1½, don't even know what actors are. They just know that's the name of my profession."

"We try to keep our home life and studio work separate. Jess only visits RKO once a year. Of course, she knows he's the only person who makes me self-conscious."

"If I know she's watching me on a set, I just freeze up. It's foolish I know, especially since we've played love scenes together for two years on the stage. But she knows that's how I feel, and she respects it."

"It's interesting to note the close harmony in the Ryan household. Bob's new romantic career seems to have influenced his wife's book writing. For seven years, she has authored best selling murder mysteries. Now, with hubby making like a hero, Jess has switched to penning a romantic novel.

"My wife's really the business person in our family," Ryan revealed. "She's the one who thought I should switch to hero parts. As she explained, 'You've got to have variety or you'll be typed forever as a permanent heel.'"

"That's my big goal, to play every type at roles in the book. I just want to keep right on acting as long as the public will let me."

Ryan, we learned, doesn't harbor any desire to put his acting in mothballs someday and turn director. He's already had experience as one on the New York stage. As he puts it, "Directing a bunch of actors and keeping them all happy isn't easy."

In all Ryan is a pretty contented fellow. He has a nice home with an acre of backyard for his youngsters to roughhouse in. His wife has furnished the place for family comfort.

"And," reminisced Bob, "this house isn't like our former place. It was right on the route of the airliners. Every time a plane would zoom past, the place would start rocking and bucking like a bronco."

The Ryan home isn't in the Hollywood tradition. There's no swimming pool or sliding walls turning the den into a projection room.

He never views the daily rushes of his pictures. He prefers to wait until the movie is completed and then sees it in a theatre right along with the audience.

"It's going to be kind of rugged," said Bob thoughtfully, "to sit there and see how the public reacts to me as a Romeo.

"Frankly, I'm beginning to think playing the menace is a cinch. It takes a few seconds to rub out a guy in a movie, but several days to film rubbing noses with the heroine.

"When I'm doing a love scene, there's a million and one things to remember. There are 65 guys telling you ... not to muss her hair ... to stay in camera range ... to keep your collar pulled down ... your nose is hiding her face ... her chin is hiding your nose ... and so it goes.

"Honestly, girls," concluded Ryan, "being a hero has its headaches. You've got no idea. This love-making is REALLY hard work!"

"Sure, sure," we agreed, but what a wonderful way to develop callouses!"

What's Ahead For Ingrid? Continued from page 55

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better, not only for her husband, but for her child as well that Ingrid has decided to take the happiness that comes to her. They feel that if she had returned to her husband and child from a sense of duty, as so many insist that she should, that none of them would have gained anything by it, since martyrs never make anyone happy.

And yet Ingrid might very well return to her husband, not from a sense of duty, but because she wants to. She has shown herself to be a woman who follows her heart. And a heart doesn't follow a single path. It runs and it stumbles, it can follow a straight course for years and then take an unpredictable detour as Ingrid's has already done. So what is there to prevent its taking another detour back to the safe, straight course it followed so long?

Of course, that doesn't seem likely at this present time, this time of bitterness, of mutual reproaches and reported bargaining for the divorce she seems so determined to avoid. She is not going back, emotionally, with Ingrid's lawyers making charges and Dr. Lindstrom's attorneys answering with counter-charges. It isn't at all like the casual, "We'll always be friends" that have become practically the standard procedure in modern divorces.

Yet the very violence of the Lindstrom's pre-divorce tempest suggests that they still have feeling for each other. It's so easy to be poised, to be completely fair when people are indifferent to each other, but when an emotional attachment still exists it's a different matter. No quarrels are as intensely bitter as lovers' quarrels and there is just a chance that this public airing of their differences might result in a better understanding between them.

Until she met Rossellini, Ingrid's life had been free of serious complications. Any struggles she has known are the usual ones that precede any successful career. But emotional conflicts are different and the way they take them determines their stature as human beings. Some people are overwhelmed by them, others grow stronger. Yet a person who hasn't experienced emotional disturbances loses more than is gained by an uncomplicated existence. There isn't any doubt that whatever happens to Ingrid she will come out of this experience a warmer, more responsive human being.

Happiest Girl In Hollywood

Continued from page 43

support her only child, Colleen, nicknamed "Coke" for what reason she can't remember, went to school in her home town, laments, and finally settled in Hollywood High where she first became interested in dramatics and had roles in several plays. Meanwhile, she worked in a bakery, a greeting card factory and as a baby sitter to help with family finances.

She was 15, waiting on a corner of Sixth and Broadway in downtown Los Angeles for a girl friend, when she was offered a television tryout. It was a subsequent video rehearsal that a Warner Brothers talent scout saw her and offered her a screen test. After minor roles in "Janie" and other pictures her option was dropped with the explanation that she was too old for kid roles and too young for adult ones. Colleen can laugh about it now, but at the time the situation was extremely unfunny. Resolutely she pushed the idea of a film career right out of her mind and determined to get a college education, with the ambition of teaching. She chose Brigham Young University in Utah because she had met several boys and girls in high school who were Mormons and whose ideals she admired.

It was during her sophomore year that a 20th Century-Fox talent scout, Ivan Kahn, saw a cover girl picture of her, wrote and asked if she would like a screen test. She refused! She told herself she had had quite enough of movies. Came another letter saying that if she ever changed her mind, would she write? She ignored the second communication until just before Christmas vacation when her funds were running low; then she wrote and asked for the test.

Her first assignment at 20th, after signing her contract in January 1947, was to go to the Actors Laboratory Theatre for a who-should she? She was discovered, that would lead to "sitting around," but within two weeks was given an introductory role in "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay!"

Her performance, though brief, so impressed her bosses that Colleen was promptly announced for the leading role in "Green Grass Of Wyoming." She was, quite understandably, ecstatic. She studied, trained, worked her heart out. But fate dealt her another slapdown. Because of the need for a box-office "name," the lead was taken from Colleen, before the picture was started, and given to Peggy Cummins—who, incidentally, not long before had lost the role of Amber to Linda Darnell.

"Disappointed? Of course I was! Who wouldn't be?" Colleen now recalls. "But I knew that there's a plan for each of our lives and I had faith in the law of compensation. Not much later had I mine with a very dramatic role in 'Walls Of Jericho.'"

Last year Colleen was cast in "Chicken Every Sunday," continued her studies with studio dramatic coaches, and then a few months ago came her Big Break. "Front And Center" with Dan Dailey.

Her first day's work on "Front And Center" was a dilly, for it brought her first screen kiss with it.

"I think there must be a bunch of pixies in production departments who so often set up big love scenes between stars who so seldom know each other for the first day they work together," giggles Colleen. "Or else they do it for the benefit of the publicity boys. Anyway, there..."
were Dan and I, supposedly in a very tender, touching scene, kissing each other goodbye.

“Our director, John Ford, and Dan knew it was my first screen kiss and I should have suspected a rib, but didn’t. Mr. Ford had told Dan, ‘Give her the works.’ So we had a big clinch. Finally Mr. Ford said, ‘Cut,’ but Dan didn’t stop—nor did the camera. Finally I started hammering on Dan’s shoulders with my fists. It was quite a scene!”

Much of her spare time is spent in religious work. She is an active member of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church, but her greatest efforts go into a Deputation Team of forty members, all between the ages of 19 and 29, who speak at colleges, junior colleges and before any other groups in California who invite them, to tell what religion means to them.

Colleen’s ideas about marriage are what she calls “old fashioned.” She feels that a wife should certainly have ideas of her own, but that they should be made secondary to those of her husband, if she loves and respects him—as Colleen feels she should.

Rather than having a preconceived “pattern” for her ideal man, she thinks she should fit into his pattern of the ideal girl! Her only requirements are that he be intelligent without being too intellectual; that he be fun and a good sport; that he share her interest in religion, not that he be of the same faith, but that he have spiritual faith. Most important, she wants to be in love that she would put that Ideal Man far ahead of herself in every thought.

Colleen lives in a modest apartment with her mother and stepfather. There she can indulge in her pet hobby—cooking. She likes to cook anything, but says her specialties are pies and pastries. Good, too, said her close friends Betty Lynn and Coleen Gray. The Townsend girl with the tip-tilted nose is also still expert at slicing sausages.

As Colleen looks back over her not-too-distant past are her love of children and addiction to greeting cards. From her child training courses and work at the orphanage, both of which she says she adored, she knows lots about mopets and hopes someday to have a large family of her own. As for greeting cards, she sends them to all her friends and acquaintances every possible pretext. Naturally, they’re in the happy vein.

They have to be, coming from Colleen. Everyone who knows her agrees with Mac, the studio cop, who says she’s “the happiest girl in Hollywood.”

comes to your mind, then stop thinking. Mel is better. Tango, rumba, samba, jitterbug—he does them, dynaflow.

Mel is one of the few persons I have ever known who is always what theatrical people call “up.” He is a praise artist. A man of great critical ability, he modifies this characteristic with enormous charity. The worst picture in the world will still get a word of praise from Ferrer.

It was across the luncheon table in the Selznick commissary that I learned about Ferrer, the trencherman. I was in his class of people and he was in mine.

Mel will sit before you, a lean, checked, clean-boned lad, slim as a pole used in vaulting, and he will stow away a bowl of vichyssoise, a serving of shrimp salad topped by thousand island dressing, half a dozen orange rolls taking refuge under a mountain of butter, an extra cut of roast beef, a serving of lima beans, spinach and creamed lima beans, and a couple of puffs. This will power him for three or four hours of intensive work, then he will need to be stoked again. If Mel is deprived of food for a long period of time, his eyes seem to swallow the rest of his face so that he de-materializes into a pair of tragic orbs surrounded by an atmosphere of acute starvation.

I remember one occasion when he and I were first setting up our plans to establish the La Jolla Playhouse group. We had talked about it over the Selznick luncheon table, then he had been loaned to Howard Hughes to take over the directorship of "Vendetta," and I had gone into a picture, so our plans had been postponed.

Eventually, however, he went to New York to direct some tests, and when I found myself between pictures, I telephoned him to say, "Let's have me fly to New York and discuss this thing."

He was living at the Plaza, the longtime beloved of gourmets throughout the world. Not only are the Plaza’s restaurants superb, but their room service—on a twenty-four hour basis—is something to make even Nero drool. For several days Mel and I took full advantage of it. We would settle into our two otherholdings of which we had so many, during which we agreed that, for picture people, the constantly renewed experience of performing for a live audience is both a tonic and a curative that is essential.

Room service would arrive with two platters of bouillabaisse.

We would agree that, in Hollywood, a playwright, or any other technician who works entirely in the motion picture setup, is likely to fall victim to “Greatitis,” a disease which allows a person to hear nothing except that everything is great. The audience may not concur, but between an audience and performers on a screen there is a vast void.

Room service would arrive with two servings of pheasant under glass, plus broccoli drowning in Hollandaise sauce.

Mel and I would go over the series of photographs which I had asked a La Jolla photographer to take of the high school auditorium in my home town. He had also taken pictures of the backstage from many angles, so that the potential would be plain to Mel.
Room service would arrive with two servings of cherries jubilee and cafe diabo.

The next time room service arrived, Mel had to devour my portion as well as his. He was charitable; he did not fix me with those great big eyes and ask what was wrong—had I lost my appetite?

In the early spring of 1949, Mel telephoned me one day to say that he had been offered a job in a picture, "just a B," he said. He didn't even mention the title. Because of the dismantling of the Selznick studio, Mel was "at liberty" and because he had a family, he felt that he should take the first thing that came along, he said. He grumbled about it quite a bit—a fact that should have warned me. If a thing is borderline or downright bad, Mel talks it up. If it is good to colossal, Mel lowers it into the cellar. He said that he didn't want to act . . . but he had to act in this particular picture. He would much rather direct, but no one had asked him to direct. Oh, well, might as well act.

I went to Florida on location for "Twelve O'Clock High" and Mel went to New England on location for this picture for which he held such reservations. He telephoned me several times (we were planning, even at that time, for our 1949 summer season in La Jolla) and each of our conversations ended on a typically morose Ferrer note. He didn't see how this picture, this "Lost Boundaries," could do much for anyone in the cast. He was blue. And hungry.

When each of us returned to California, we busied ourselves with the myriad details of the La Jolla Playhouse. We felt that we had one of the finest possible schedules lined up. Whenever I asked Mel about his picture, I got little except a suggestion that a double chocolate malt might not be bad about now.

And then, one night, Mel asked Greta and me to come over, if we had nothing more exciting to do, of course, to see this "little' picture he had worked in while telephoning me from the depths of New England.

We saw what hundreds of thousands of you have seen: a magnificent picture in which Mel Ferrer gives one of the most convincing, most dramatically unharmless performances I have ever seen.

When we tried to congratulate him on his performance, he wouldn't let us get a word in. He had to tell about how good Beatrice Pearson was, how ingenious the director, Louis de Rochemont, was, how excellent the script, how cooperative the townspeople. As nearly as I could tell from my talk with Ferrer, my host, he wasn't even in the picture.

Perhaps we should have done what Mel's eight-year-old daughter, Peppe, did. She was visiting her grandparents in Maryland when the picture was released in the East, so of course she saw it—repeatedly. She also read the newspaper reviews. On a postal to her father she wrote, "We saw 'Lost Boundaries.' Everyone is saying you are hotter than the 4th of July. We are very proud of you."

There are two additional facts which should be mentioned about this multifaceted guy. He knows music. He is crazy about jazz, and he is well-acquainted with all the small, obscure restaurants both in New York and California where the music is authentic.

Because of his intense interest in jazz, he speaks a language which, at first, would have reached me faster through a translator. When someone goes into a monologue on any subject, Mel describes the forebodies as "taking off on a terrific riff."

When he sees a picture in which a new, and slightly unorthodox, technique is used, he compares it to bebop.

He also hits upon phrases which appeal to him and uses them until everyone in his circle has made them their own. At present, when Mel likes a thing, he says, "That's the greatest since 7 Up." It is a pat description of the man himself.

For my money, Mel Ferrer is absolutely the greatest thing since 7 Up.

As A Matter Of Chic

Continued from page 49

these clothes as Rosalind Russell does, simply because they were made expressly for her. Many can wear this type of thing if they have a flair for fashion. But put them on a girl who doesn't know how to wear clothes and they would look ridiculous.

* * *

Without Great Wealth I would never advise anyone to dress as Miss Russell does in "Tell It To The Judge." Some of her gowns could not have been frequently seen. They are so unusual. The woman who desires more than anything else to look different can do it without too much difficulty. She must, however, either have a quantity of clothes in her wardrobe, or her basic suits and dresses must lend themselves to change of removable trimming . . . or change of accessories.

* * *

Clever Adaptations could make this a lovely wardrobe for the girl of moderate means. In the first place, without the fur, the clothes would cost about half. The rust wool dress is simple enough, and instead of a beaver cape, it could have a cape of plaid wool lined with the fabric of the dress. The gray suit, with the coat that combines another shade of gray, is practical for anyone who has the height for it. The black velvet coat dress could be made without the mink trimming and still be very distinctive because of the material and the lines. The coachman's greatcoat, red wool with sealskin, would be very smart and wearable in black, without the fur.

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It Would Be Better to ask the saleslady for a good, well-cut black dress. Spend as much as you can on this one simple dress. Then you can add to it the touches of drama and distinction you want. They should be detachable so you can do different things with the dress. You don't have to design to do it. Use your own ideas. If you like the rich feel of fur, make a pocket or belt of ocelot, or leopard, or molekin dyed bright red. One other touch of the same color on your costume will make it look as if the belt came with the dress. Or take a piece of satin of any color and make a little separate cape edged with fur.

If You Want Compliments on your clothes, if you crave a little flattery. your clothes must flatter you. That, of course, is a composite matter of fabric, color and line. But we do know the guaranteed success of certain fabrics. Velvet, for example, is an inch flatterer. A plain black velvet suit, with a little cluster of white ermine tails at the throat, or a tiny detachable collar of beige fur, is always good. Velvet has a dainty, "occasion" quality. You can even put a black velvet collar on your gray Spring suit and it will move with style into the Winter months. A well cut satin cocktail dress, for instance, has a luxurious look that is flattering. chiffon is always feminine and graceful for evening.

This Winter there isn't any change in the trend of good fashion. The best things are both elegant and practical. You see velvet and satin for cocktail dresses and suits. Metal cloth is good for very dressy cocktail suits. The dress and suit silhouette follows the straight and narrow line, while the formal evening gowns are usually very full. As for dress length, I think about 18 inches from the floor is most becoming for daytime.

A Woman Of Style is completely at ease in her clothes. They seem so much a part of her that she is never conscious of them. And strangely enough, that's when people are conscious of her. They say, "she knows how to wear clothes," When she has that quality and money, too, she becomes one of the truly chic women of our day. You read her name on the newest dress list in the fashion critics. Incidentally, Rosalind Russell is one of the few motion picture stars whose name has appeared on that list.

It Can Also Be Acquired, and I would say that any woman who wants to be attractive should certainly study it. To have manner, a girl must first learn how to walk and sit and stand correctly. When she accomplishes that, she has poise. The girl who wants to be called chic must also learn that there is to know about grooming. That pertains to her hair, her skin, her makeup, her hands ... everything.

It can also be acquired, and I would say that any woman who wants to be attractive should certainly study it. To have manner, a girl must first learn how to walk and sit and stand correctly. When she accomplishes that, she has poise. The girl who wants to be called "chic" must also learn that there is to know about grooming. That pertains to her hair, her skin, her makeup, her hands ... everything.

High Fashion is Right for someone who lives as Rosalind Russell does in "Tell Me To The Judge" ... in an active social life amid surroundings of wealth. If that isn't your way of life, adapt and modify high fashion so that it is becoming to you and your life. Simplify your clothes so you can wear a good suit or dress from one season to the next. It won't be plain or dull; it can be extremely distinctive if you add your own personal touches to it.
ing better than to do a wrecking job on the little woman's ambitions. As luck would have it, Paul meets opera star Linda Darnell, who accidentally discovers Paul's voice is magnificent, and besides, she likes his virile looks. So while Celeste is practicing scales at home, Paul is secretly matching her cadenza for cadenza in Linda's apartment. After a successful concert tour, Paul's second career is discovered and Celeste storms out of his life. Although he swears not to sing another note, Linda talks him into being her leading man in grand opera. Needing the money, he consents—even the thought of Paul Douglas singing grand opera is riotous, but Douglas actually in opera will have you hanging on the ropes.

Carles Coburn, Lucille Watson and George Tobias aid in the hilarity with special mention going to Millard Mitchell, Douglas' cynical, down-to-earth business partner.

**Sword in the Desert**

*Universal-International*

**Deal**ing with the Palestine war, this is a well-done account of the fight the Jews waged for their homeland. However, there is surprisingly little shown of the Arabs. Instead, the action revolves around the British and their attempts to keep displaced European Jews from entering Palestine.

Dana Andrews, the hard-bitten captain of a freighter, lands a group of these illegal entrants on the forbidden soil. In it strictly for the money, Andrews becomes further involved when he's forced to escape with the refugees from a British patrol. At the underground camp, Andrews brings the British on the scene when he uses the short-wave radio to contact his ship. Patriot Marta Toren is captured, though Dana and two underground fighters, McNally and Jeff Chandler, manage to get out in time. From there on, Andrews has a ringside seat in the battle between the British and the Jews, but it's touch and go as to whether or not he'll tell all he has learned to the British. A spectacular escape scene finishes this off in such a way that 4th of July fireworks look positively sick.

**They Live By Night**

*RKO*

**T**hree prisoners sentenced to life terms break out of jail. Two, Howard Da Silva and Jay C. Flippen, are hardened criminals who plan to resume their crime careers. The third, Farley Granger, wants to pull just one robbery so he can get enough money to hire a lawyer and clear himself of a murder he accidentally committed when he was 17. While hideout with his two confederates, he meets Cathy O'Donnell but romance has to play second fiddle to the impending bank robbery. True, the hold-up goes off without a hitch, but Granger has an automobile accident. To rescue the injured bandit, trigger-happy Da Silva kills a policeman. In the wrecked car, the authorities find a gun with Granger's fingerprints. Being wanted for murder, however, doesn't stop Farley and Cathy from getting married. From the moment the preacher ties the knot to the tragic end, the couple are being hounded by both the police and Granger's convict pals. All in all, this is a strange but excellently done combination of sweet and sordid, thrills and tears.

**Strange Bargain**

*RKO*

Cleverly-done mystery with a bizarre twist and which stars Jeffrey Lynn and Martha Scott, as Jeff's wife. An underpaid, shy-guy accountant in a firm where the partners are constantly at odds, Lynn is catapulted into a weird situation when one of his bosses forces him to become an accomplice in a "murder." Facing bankruptcy, the boss plans to commit suicide and with Lynn's aid, wants it to appear as though it was murder—in that way, his wife and son will collect the insurance. The only trouble is, after the plan is carried out. Lynn begins to look like a chief suspect with several other people in the running too. About to confess the whole plot, Lynn is confronted by some startling aspects to the case. If you're smart, you'll be able to see what they are before Lynn does. If not, well! have you got a surprise coming?

**Arctic Fury**

*RKO*

**Un**usual semi-documentary about an Alaskan doctor, Del Cambre, who because of the rugged terrain makes his rounds via airplane. On one mission to a desolate village where most of the residents are victims of a deadly epidemic, Cambre's plane crashes and though he manages to save himself from the icy sea, he has nothing to protect himself from the dangers of the wild arctic region. He finds refuge in a cave but soon is joined by two slap-happy bear cubs and their enraged mama. The hazards the three go through are numerous and existence is a struggle. Wild life in the raw, and unknown features of little known Alaska play important roles which turn this into the exciting outdoor picture as you'd care to see.

**The Gay Lady**

*(Technicolor)*

**Eagle Lion Release**

Br**ight** and vivacious is the description best fitting this British musical about the trials and tribulations of Trottie True, a music hall entertainer in the early 1900's. Trottie (Jean Kent), a "good girl" at all times, manages to skip from a balloon pilot to a manufacturing tycoon to a stinking rich duke, James Donald

**Holiday Inn**

*(Re-release)*

**Paramount**

In **Time** for the Yuletide season, this Bing Crosby—Fred Astaire starrer was the film that brought "I'm Dreaming Of A White Christmas" to a very receptive public. In addition to the song, the stars do themselves right proud as the song-and-dance combo who split up when Crosby gets fed up with the theatre and yearns for the peace and quiet of country life. Farming has a heap of drawbacks for a city slicker so Bing turns his farm into an inn which is open on holidays only. One of the entertainers is pert Marjorie Reynolds, with whom Bing falls promptly in love. Fred, in need of a dancing partner since his current one eloped with a millionaire, moves right in on the set-up and before you can yodel the first two bars of "I'm D. O. A. W. C." Marjorie is out in Hollywood with Fred—foolish, foolish Bing, he would have to start acting smart! Everything ends happily for everybody, though, so don't start feeling sorry for Bing.

**Say It With Perfume!**

Continued from page 16

**Strapless evening gown, with a coiffure, not just hair, Jane uses rich, luscious scents with notes of sandalwood, exotic and Oriental. For sports and outdoor activities, Jane changes to breezy, zesty perfumes.**

Joan Evans, the new young star of "Rosesa McCoy," about fifteen, uses light, flowery scents, always right for the definitely teenagers.

Lovely Jane Greer, who should have her baby by the time you read this, has some new slants on perfume for the mother-to-be. She says that during her pregnancy, her perfume tastes changed entirely, with her preference changing to the fastidiously dainty, happy scents. This type of fragrance is an especially welcome thought, I believe, for your friends now awaiting baby events. At a time when both dress and activities are somewhat limited, perfume is a marvelous morale builder.

Gigi Perreau winds up the RKO perfume research at the tender age of eight. Gigi's preferences are not yet developed but she is trying hard. She raids her mother's dressing table and on occasion is a kind of medley in perfume, mixing a number of scents well together. Recently, someone said to her younger brother, "How is Gigi doing as an actress?" He pointedly replied, "She stinks," thinking only of her attacks on mama's perfume rather than her public's heart.

Of this you may be sure, perfume is here to stay. It is here to stay because it is one of the oldest symbols of beauty, magic and adoration. It figured in the Nativity. The gifts to the Baby were gold, frankincense and myrrh; new, like the first words of love. In fact, the modern viewpoint is you are never quite dressed nor quite your fullest self without perfume.
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ALL-PURPOSE CREAM
For radiant, "date-time" loveliness—a bedtime beauty "must"!

TALCUM POWDER
A shower of spring flowers!
Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders"... the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.

This prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely... at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

Fewer Colds in Tests
Actual tests conducted on all types of people in several industrial plants over a 12 year period revealed this astonishing truth: That those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds.

Kills "Secondary Invaders"
This impressive record is explained by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action... its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that breed in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

When you gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, it reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any mass invasion of the membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Reductions up to 96.7%
Even 15 minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

Let's be frank... Is your breath on the agreeable side? Don't run risks. Before every date use Listerine Antiseptic. It sweetens the breath instantly.
Hair

The touch of your hand, LANA TURNER, starring in "A Life of Her Own," an MGM production.

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ON THE COVER: LANA TURNER, STARRING IN "A LIFE OF HER OWN," AN MGM PRODUCTION

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Three gay gobs go on a 24-hour shore leave...and it's a musical fracas from the Bronx to the Battery! They get taken in tow by a female taxi-driver...make havoc with a dinosaur in the museum...rock Radio City with laughs...raise the roof of the Empire State with song...and steal kisses in Central Park! They land back in Brooklyn Navy Yard...busted, exhausted but happy! It's wonderful fun, so come along...EVERYONE!

MGM presents in color by TECHNICOLOR

GENE KELLY • FRANK SINATRA
BETTY GARRETT • ANN MILLER

ON THE TOWN

JULES MUNSHIN • VERA-ELLEN

HEAR THESE TOP-HIT TUNES!

"New York, New York" • "Miss Turnstiles" • "Prehistoric Man" • "Come Up To My Place" • "Main Street" • "You're Awful" • "On The Town" • "Count On Me"

Song Hits from "On The Town" available on M-G-M Records

Screen Play by Adolph Green and Betty Comden • Based Upon The Musical Play • Directed by GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWIN-MAYER PICTURE
IF TELEVISION is supposed to be any threat to the movie industry, the film colony certainly isn't showing any signs of it.

Not only do most of the stars have sets of their own, but many of them plan their parties around certain video programs that are their favorites.

One of the most gala evenings this Fall was the "premiere" of comedian Ed Wynn's television show from the West Coast followed by a private party at the Sunset Strip's smart Chanteclair, a p-o-t which drew a record crowd of celebrities and film favorites.

Of course, we all went to the Wynn show first and were delighted by the antics of the funny man who has been in show business for 47 years, but who still describes himself as "Keenan Wynn's father!"

* * *

It was all done in typically movie premiere style, the first Hollywood has had for TV, with crowds filling the bleachers and lining Sunset Boulevard to watch the "guest stars" make their entrance from their cars.

Appraising in the audience were such old time friends of Ed Wynn's as Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Jack Holt, Hattie McDaniel and Jerry Colonna, all of whom had appeared in vaudeville in the early days with Wynn.

As George Burns put it, "No wonder, Ed, we never used to pack them in like this in the old days. We never invited them for free!"

And Gracie added, "Yeah! Gee, just think of the business we missed!"

But these laughs were nothing compared to the ones which shook the rafters of the Chanteclair where the 200 guests gathered following the broadcast.

Red Skelton got into one of Wynn's silly costumes and did an impersonation of the "Fire Chief," Gertrude Neisen sang some sultry Calypso songs and Reginald Gardiner did his famous impressions of railroad trains.

Son Keenan Wynn invited a lot of the younger set and I must say they had as good a time as the older ones. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz introduced a new tropical dance, which was immediately taken up by Diana Lynn, who looked so sophisticated in a low cut black velvet gown with black velvet gloves. Diana and her husband, architect John Lindsay, in turn, persuaded Ann Rutherford and Producer Bill Dozier, Marilyn Maxwell and her escort, restaurant owner Andy McIntyre (whom she confessed to me she is going to marry), Van and Fran Heflin and a host of others to join in.

When the anniversary cake for Ed was brought in, Keenan Wynn rose to propose a toast, but was all choked up with emotion and started a preamble about how not only his father, but his grandfather had been in show business since the 1870's. Then he paused to swallow hard and said, "So I'd like to introduce—" Whereupon Jack Benny piped up in horror—"Not your grandfather!"

* * *

It was an hilarious evening, the only accident occurring when a waiter dropped a huge tray of dishes on Desi Arnaz' head, covering it with salad.

(Please turn to page 8)
FUN

BOB HOPE, LOVER OF THE YEAR
The Profile...Women At His Feet...Men At His Heels...Laughs Everywhere!

"The Great Lover"

with Roland Young, Roland Culver, Richard Lyon, Gary Gray

Produced by Edmund Beloin • Directed by Alexander Hall
Written by Edmund Beloin, Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose
Desi seemed very angry and the frightened waiter tried to apologize until Desi roared, "I'm not mad at you—but make Luville stop laughing at me!"

Luville did stop laughing when she saw that Desi was badly cut and took him to a doctor who took five stitches in the handsome Cuban's head.

Incidentally, about the Marilyn Maxwell-Andy McIntyre romance there is a cute twist. She told me that she was first introduced to Andy, who owns the smart Encore restaurant in Hollywood, by Dan Dailey, who was only turnabout and fair play, for it was Andy who first introduced Dan to his wife, the former Liz Hofert.

I only hope that Marilyn, who was quite upset when she broke up with Michael North, will be as happy with Andy as she deserves to be.

One of the happiest young couples I know of is Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman. Of course, Jeanne has such a sweet and wonderful disposition and Paul is so devoted to her, that I don't see how they could miss happiness.

The Brinkmans celebrated their fifth anniversary the other evening with a perfectly beautiful buffet dinner and dance right in their Hollywood hilltop home.

The house, which is extremely modern in design, is right on the ridge which separates San Fernando Valley from Beverly Hills, so that, from the terrace over which Jeanne had a canopy spread for dancing, one can see the ocean on one side and the myriad twinkling lights of the valley from the other.

In this star-studded setting there was an enormous buffet spread with every delicacy imaginable—caviar, lobster, roast al-

Dick Richards and Ruth Roman, now in "Always Leave Them Laughing," congratulate Della and Andy Russell on their debut at the Mocambo.

Jane Wyman at the Stork with Manny Sachs, with whom she's being dated often.
That's what Robert Mitchum and Wendell Corey want for Christmas...but Janet Leigh hands them a shock that lasts right through New Year's Eve!
Cobina Wright's
PARTY Gossip

mond duck, turkey salad, etc. arranged in
equal portions at either end of the tables.
so that you could start at each end and
work towards the desserts in the center,
thus dividing one long dinner line into
four shorter ones. It was an ingenious
arrangement, but the "piece de resistance"
was the venison which host Paul, who is
quite a hunter, had bagged last year and
had carefully aged and packed in deep
freeze for this event. It proved a great
treat—"as Farley Granger declared—
"This is one time when I enjoy having
somebody pass the buck!"

Hostess Jeanne looked lovely in a bur-
gundy colored velvet—dark velvets seem
to be all in favor with the stars this Win-
ter—while Deborah Kerr's simple green
Grecian drape set her aristocratic beauty
off in perfect style.

Beauteous Hedy Lamarr made a sur-
prise entrance escorted by the handsome
English actor Stewart Granger, a sur-
prise, mostly because she has been seen
constantly with Franchot Tone since her
return from Europe. However, Hedy's
most startling announcement was that
she intended to give up her home in
California and live in New York, com-
ing out to the West Coast only for pic-
ture assignments. She said that she hadn't
made up her mind to give up all the
comforts of California until she could at
least get a Gotham apartment with a
swimming pool. Well, believe it or not,
she did find a Manhattan midtown apart-
ment with a pool and a garden and every-
thing she has here except a palm tree

To celebrate the end of the fine success
the La Jolla Beach Players enjoyed this
season, songstress Gertrude Niesen,
whose "Annie Get Your Gun," was one of
the outdoor hits of the year in Cali-
ifornia, gave a party for Gregory Peck
and his gang. Greg, as you probably
know, is one of the prime motivators of

the La Jolla group, which was founded
originally by several of the David Selz-
nick contract players to give film folk a
chance to tread the boards without hav-
ing to go all the way East every Summer
for the "straw hat" circuit. Besides
Gregory, such famous stars as Jennifer
Jones, Joseph Cotten, Fred MacMurray
and Maureen O'Hara have turned "legit-
imate" for the La Jolla series.

Although Gertrude started her celebra-
tion with a "small dinner party" headed by
the Pecks, she found that word had gotten
out that it was going to be a gala end to the
Fall season.

Before she knew it, the blonde torch

singer was greeting such illustrious
friends as Bob and Dorothy Mitchum, Audrey
Totter with Freddie de Cordova, instead of
Brian Donlevy, to whom she had just re-
turned her engagement ring; the Johnny
Swoopes—she's the fascinating Dorothy Mc-
Guire, Mel Ferrer and his wife and Cesar
Romero, "baiting this time." They all
explained that they heard it was to be a
surprise party, but not one of them
dreamed it was going to be a surprise
party on the hostess and not on the guest
of honor!

The most formal ball of the season so
far was that which the "Fashionettes"
gave in the newly Don Loper-decorated
ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel.

Every year these "Fashionettes," as they
have dubbed themselves, give a style party and a dance to which every
top star is invited. The feminine favor-
ites are invited to appear as models be-
cause all the proceeds go to a definite
charity. This year the charity was for
under-privileged children and the "mod-
els"—or mannequins—including such stars
as Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Esther
Williams and Diana Lynn.

Joe Morgan, Joan Evans, Farley Granger and Patricia Neal entering theatre for
the "Roseanna McCoy" premiere. Joan and Farley co-star in the Goldwyn picture.

Joseph Cotten, with his wife, at the Stork
after making "The Third Man" in Vienna.

Adolphe Mara's currently gracing the
Republic picture, "Rock Island Trail."

"Suspense" star Ray Milland during a
broadcast of the CBS thriller-program.

The party's hostess, Mrs. Paul Granger,
showed off her new neck scarf, a gift from
her mother, Mrs. Joseph Cotten.
Actually filmed at the famous Indianapolis 500-mile race classic and the nation's top speedways!
By Helen Hendricks

Pinky
20th Century-Fox

WITHOUT a doubt, the best Hollywood has offered on a No. 1 topic: racial equality to pursue the four freedoms. Not once throughout the picture can you forget the tremendous problem faced by Jeanne Crain, a young negro whose coloring allows her to pass for white. While in nurses' training in Boston, she meets Intern William Lundigan. Friendship leads to a marriage proposal, and afraid to tell him the truth, Jeanne runs back home. There she faces a bleak future in life with her own people and living in a ramshackle cabin with her grandmother Ethel Waters. It doesn't take long for Jeanne to rebel even more against being a negro. As much as Jeanne wants to leave, her grandmother begs her to stay a while and nurse Ethel Barrymore through a heart attack. Hating the old aristocrat, Jeanne nevertheless gets to realize that good sometimes springs from hidden wells. The character studies, both white and negro, are magnificent and under the excellent direction of master Elia Kazan, this is Academy Award material.

The Third Man
Selznick Releasing Organization

FASCINATING, a mystery-suspense yarn directed by Carol Reed. Plus the action and overpowering effects achieved, there's the incongruous musical score gaily played by a zither—wait till you hear it as the background theme in a burial scene! The action starts immediately with Joseph Cotten arriving in occupied Vienna having been summoned by his boyhood chum, Harry. Unfortunately, Harry isn't on hand to greet Cotten because a short time before he was killed when a truck ran over him. Not satisfied with the explanation he gets for the death and further interested by the attention the accident is getting from British Army Intelligence Officer Trevor Howard, Cotten, though warned to the contrary, starts investigating. In doing so, he meets Harry's mistress, Valli, and some of Harry's friends—strange evasive characters. He also learns many things about his dead chum which he refuses to believe, but which Howard proves. Then, because he's the only one Harry liked and trusted, the dirty work is handed over to him. The acting and mystery is superb—with a wonderful surprise performance by Orson Welles.

My Foolish Heart
Samuel Goldwyn

NOT a comedy as the title would imply, instead the touchingly poignant story of heartbreak between two young lovers who never were permitted to balance their lives against World War II's furious pace. The romance that flares up between Dana Andrews and Susan Hayward is the usual college girl emotional spree. However, the Pearl Harbor announcement makes Andrews certain he'll be sent overseas almost immediately. Susan seeing him off on the train, decides at the last minute to remain with him for the little time they have left. The price she pays for loving Andrews is high and before he can marry her, he's killed in a plane crash. Frightened and alone, Susan high-pressures Kent Smith, whom she doesn't love, into marrying her. From
WHAT MANEUVERS!
JANE'S GOT THE NAVY ALL AT SEA OVER THE MAN SHE WANTS TO LAND...

IT'S THE LAUGHIEST LOVIN' EVER FROM WARNER BROS!

Dear Admiral, please send the whole fleet!

The Lady Takes A Sailor

WITH EVELYN ARDEN

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ • PRODUCED BY HARRY KURNITZ

SCREEN PLAY BY EVERETT FREEMAN
FROM A STORY BY JERRY GRUSKIN
MUSIC BY MAX STEINER
then on, her life is an empty vacuum, and even the child, Gigi Perreau, is a victim of her mother's unhappiness.

The situation "which could have happened to any girl" is handled inoffensively and the early courting of Susan and Andrews is delightfully human. Incidentally, watch Robert Keith as Susan's understanding father—he's terrific. If you enjoy an occasional emotional binge, and what woman doesn't, don't miss this.

**Oh, You Beautiful Doll**

*20th Century-Fox*

A HAPPY musical with June Haver, Mark Stevens and "Cuddles" Sakall. This time, Sakall is a composer—opera, don'tcha know! June, his darling daughter, wants like crazy for Mark, a song pluggor, to want her, so she takes some of papa's music and gives it to Mark. He changes the tempo of the long-hair stuff and tags the name, "Come, Josephine, In My Flying Machine," to the results. Papa Sakall is so mad he could stomp an obligatto to death... but for money and because June likes Mark, he goes along with the "gag," but insists the songs be published under a name other than his. And that is how the fabulous songwriter, Fred Fisher, was born. The picture, it says here, is based on the real Fisher's life, but if the plot deviates from true biography, no harm's done.

**The Red Danube**

*MGM*

MILITARY protocol versus human instincts is the battle Walter Pidgeon wages with himself when assigned a post in the British Zone of Austria. In compliance with International Law of the allied occupied country, Col. Pidgeon carries out the Russian edict to return all Russian "citizens" hiding in British territory to Russian authorities headed by Louis Calhern. Bivouacked with his two aides, Major Peter Lawford and Captain Angela Lansbury, in a Viennese convent—the Mother Superior of which is Ethel Barrymore—atheist Pidgeon sees Lawford fall for ballet dancer Janet Leigh, who visits the convent. But even the power of love can't stop tragedy from taking its toll since Janet is one of the "citizens" Pidgeon is hunting for. An old military man, the Colonel begins to learn a lot from both Miss Barrymore and Calhern—some good, and some pretty grim. Engrossing, exciting and worthwhile seeing.

**Samson And Delilah**

*Paramount*

A SPECTACULAR production with a number of equally spectacular occurrences, such as star Victor Mature rassling a lion bare-handed and killing the brute; Vic leaning against two massive stone columns and shattering them; and Vic wearing his hair shoulder-length. That last is the crux of the picture since with his long hair Vic is the strongest man alive—minus it, he's powerless. Of course, it's a woman, Hedy Lamarr, who brings about Vic's downfall. Her motive? Revenge because Vic chooses to marry her sister, Angela Lansbury, then inad-

(Please turn to page 72)

In "The Red Danube," Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford are tragic lovers in post-war Vienna.
Man with a past...meets woman with no future...in the last port of call for adventurer, renegade, and outcast!

"I could be a one man woman...if I could find the right man!"

(It's Shelley, that wonderful bad girl at her...best!)

UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL presents

South Sea Sinner

Starring

SHELLEY WINTERS • MACDONALD CAREY

HELENA CARTER

with LUTHER ADLER • FRANK LOVEJOY and LIBERACE

Screenplay by JOEL MALONE and OSCAR BRODHEY • Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • Produced by MICHEL KRAIKE
“I know the devil that is in you
— you love as you live, without mercy
...without regret!”

Samuel Shellabarger’s

Prince of Foxes

A Saga of Scoundrels
in a Century of Infamy!...
Three Years in
the Making!...
A Magnificent
Cast of 50,000!

Tyrone Power • Orson Welles • Wanda Hendrix •

It’s a gala holiday of entertainment! Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will play it!
Celeste Holm and Oliver Thorndike in gay party at Waldorf-Astoria in N. Y.

Lizabeth Scott, vacationing in Gotham, enjoys an evening at the Stork Club with Mortimer Hall.

**NEWSREEL**

It'd be fun taking medicine if you had a nurse as cute as Virginia Mayo in "Backfire."

Right: June Allyson and daughter, Pamela. June's now in "The Reformer And The Red Head."

Buddy Rogers, Sonja Henie and her bridegroom, Winthrop Gardiner, at Waldorf party.
Above: Tennessee Williams, famed playwright, with Clifton Webb, at gay party in his honor.

Left: Producer Mervyn LeRoy dancing with Loretta Young at the Tennessee Williams party.

What Hollywood Itself Is

Just about every important star in town turned out for the formal party for Playwright Tennessee Williams

Was Jane Wyman ever glad to get back to the good ole U. S. from that long, long stay in London where she made the Alfred Hitchcock picture, "Stage Fright!" Although pals here sent her large quantities of food to supplement her austere diet, Janie still lost pounds—couldn't stand to stuff herself with goodies while her fellow actors weren't doing so well. It was more chance than intent that Ronnie Reagan, still on crutches from that accident, met Janie in New York when her boat docked. Ronnie was back there for a Screen Actors Guild meeting and quite naturally was on hand to greet her, since they're still good friends. Janie had very little time on her arrival in Hollywood. Warner Brothers were panting to start "Glass Menagerie" with Jane, Gertrude Lawrence and Kirk Douglas.

Scarcely a day goes by in this fabulous town that a bit of irony doesn't crop up. When actor Arthur Kennedy was under contract to Warners his fate was to inherit most of the left-over, warmed-up picture parts that no one else wanted. Then he became a great success in New York in "Death Of A Salesman" and, when last heard from, his ex-studio was trying like mad to get him out of the play for the "gentleman caller" role in "Glass Menagerie."

Olivia de Havilland, we think, deserves an Oscar for the way she took care of herself before the arrival of her son, Benjamin Briggs Goodrich. No gal ever wanted to become a mother any more than Olivia and she certainly proved it by staying in bed for seven months before the little feller was born. Her determination should be an example to the many expectant mothers who have been disappointed and unhappy over the loss of their babies—in many cases because they failed to take proper care of themselves.

Petey Lawford, who is a big boy now, had to be driven to his birthday party by his mother. But the reason wasn't what you think—whatever that is. Petey had loaned his convertible to a chum of his and the car got wrecked. So he had to talk his mother into the taxi service while Janet Leigh, Liz Taylor, Shelley Winters, Van and Evie Johnson, Ava Gardner and Howard Duff waited to
Happiest couple in Hollywood, by their own admission, are Larry Parks and Betty Garrett over the prospect of becoming parents after five years of marriage. Betty had to give up the lead in "The Skipper Surprised His Wife"—but what's an ole picture compared with an event of this magnitude? Larry and Betty also have big plans about doing pictures together—they're clever kids so they'll do all right.

Clifton Webb, with his customary aplomb, was absolutely impervious to the stares and titters that followed him across the 20th Century-Fox lot as he practised driving a vintage Pierce-Arrow automobile around for his new picture, "Cheaper By The Dozen," and accorded this dignified old lady all the respect that was due her advanced years.

(Please turn to page 51)
1949 opened with the Wanda Hendrix-Audie Murphy marriage, which didn't last the year.

Humphrey Bogart will never forget 1949 for Lauren Bacall presented him with a baby boy.

Shy, sedate Ingrid Bergman astonished the world with her determined announcements.

Diana Lynn and John Lindsay took the fatal step and their marriage goes merrily along.

Vigorous Frank Morgan's sudden death saddened the entire Hollywood film colony.

Another beloved film character who answered the final curtain call was Wallace Beery.

The year of 1949 was one of the most eventful in the annals of movieland

By Marcia Howard

NOW that the final score is in for the annual match between Cupid and the Divorce Court, it is clear that 1949 was Cupid's year. It is true that the cute kid in the French bathing suit took some hard blows but he also landed some lovely haymakers of his own.

Leading the January triumph of Cupid were Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy (who later took the count on this one), Keenan Wynn and Betty Jane Butler, Barbara Long and Marshall Thompson, and Linda Christian and Tyrone Power.

Thereafter the wedding march was joined by Candy Toxton and Mel Torme, Glory Dolores Wilson and Lawrence Tibbett, Jr., M'liss McClure and Marvin Finch (who were separated a few months later), Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, Sari Gabor and George Sanders, Hilo Hattie and Carlyle Nelson, and, in London, Ann Todd and David Lean, the producer.

One of the most photographed and
reported weddings in the world took place on May 27, when Rita Hayworth married Prince Aly Khan.

June lived up to its reputation by uniting Martha Vickers and Mickey Rooney, Phil Terry and Helen Meyers, Nancy (Slim) Hawks and Leland Hayward, Hattie McDaniel and Larry C. Williams, Peggy Knudsen and James C. Jordan (son of Fibber McGee and Molly), Richard Ney and Pauline Settle McMartin, Milton Berle and Joyce Matthews (this was a relapse as they had been divorced in 1947), and Adrian Booth and David Brian. This latter marriage, a happy one for two months, faced serious difficulties. David's American divorce decree (interlocutory) was set aside by court ruling when his wife testified that she was to have a child. David's defense (and Hollywood sympathy was intensely with him) was that his wife had deserted him and had associated with other men. David's attorney stated that David's first wife would not have returned to court if David had not attained film success. A complicating factor was the fact that David had obtained a Mexican divorce as well as an American divorce, and that he and Adrian had also been married in Mexico. Customarily the U.S. recognizes a marriage legally contracted in another country. This entire thing is a heart-breaker for David and Adrian.

Wedding bells (Please turn to page 63)
By Lizabeth Scott

individualists" of the isolationist school or the "superman" individualists of the totalitarian ideology; I am thumping for the real individualist.

So you raise a doubting eyebrow and say, "Get that Scott! A movie actress who lives like everyone else in Hollywood telling us not to be sheep!" I'll accept your challenge and disprove it.

I live the way I like, the way I enjoy life, according to my standards, which I feel are conservative and constructive. They are not Hollywood's standards! I'm lucky that I can live the way I want, but on the other hand I believe I would be living almost exactly the same—with the exception of a few luxuries—if I were still back in Scranton, Pa.

To use an old adage, "The grass always seems greener in someone else's yard"—to most people. That's human nature at work. But why should Mr. and Mrs. Jones believe that the things which seem

When I was away a few months ago I had a startling experience. I was surrounded by a group of girls and as I was chatting with them I suddenly had the impression that I was in the midst of a herd of sheep! All those girls dressed alike, had the same hairdos, the same makeup—too much, in fact—and all used the identical expressions in their conversation. There wasn't an individualist in the crowd!

I have no objection to sheep of the four-legged variety but people who behave like sheep, who act, dress and speak as they do merely because someone else does, to me are the dullest in the world!

Why imitate someone else? Everyone has his or her own particular talents, tastes, capabilities and potentialities. Why not develop them and be an individual instead of a carbon copy? Naturally, I don't approve of the "rugged

Lizabeth finds it stimulating to learn about new things, like Paramount's gun collection.

It's a giant task to avoid being a sheep, to be the person you WANT to be," says Lizabeth.

to make Mr. and Mrs. Smith happy will automatically make the Joneses happy? So many people go through life deluding themselves on this score and all it leads to, usually, is frustration and debts.

If they would face things squarely and honestly and be themselves, enjoy things to their own taste, develop their own talents and live their own lives instead of sheepishly following an established pattern, they would be so much happier! And content! What fun or stimulation is there in always following? Why not be a leader? And I do mean a leader, a sane individualist, not an eccentric.

My basis of proof for my arguments in favor of individualism and against being a sheep must of course be personal, reflecting my own experiences and those of people around me. I cannot prove it according to scientific formula. But here are things I know:

I don't like "elegance" and do not subscribe to it because I don't feel I am the elegant type. I live in a small house which I rented furnished. I've changed some of the furniture, draperies and lamps—to my taste, not to any Hollywood or other standards of elegance. These changes have been, without exception, bargains for which I searched and searched—and enjoyed the searching. My drapery material was $2.25 a yard. In second-hand stores—not fancy antique shops—I found a commode for $12 and a chair for $9 which I had refinished; I feel they are charming. I've done all the interior dec—

(Please turn to page 53)
The Way I Like

"I enjoy life, according to my own standards, not Hollywood's."

Says Elizabeth Scott: "There's joy in dreams, hopes, imagination; experience those joys and you can't be a sheep."
Macdonald Carey can't keep his mind on his game of Solitaire when Shelley Winters is around to divert his attention in Universal-International's "South Sea Sinner."

Shelley falls for Mac when he's put ashore from a ship for medical care.

In "South Sea Sinner," Shelley Winters is a heady example why theatres are fireproofed, for as a bad girl with a heart of gold, she'd make an Eskimo sizzle. Shelley's a so-called singer, provocatively named Coral, in a dive on a tropical island. Her language is salty, her walk sexy and her curves so full-blown and lethal that she's forever driving men crazy. Of course, there's always one man who can drive a girl like Shelley crazy in turn, and in this instance it's Macdonald Carey, who's suspected of playing Ping-Pong with the Japs during the War. Mac's never out of trouble in the picture and Shelley is always in there fighting like a tiger for him. It's torrid while it lasts, but eventually both agree that what Shelley's got is fine in the tropics, but how would she go over at a strawberry festival back home?
Shelley not only loves Mac but protects him when he's in danger.

After one kiss from Shelley, Mac forgets he ever had another love in "South Sea Sinner."

Stronger men than Mac weaken when Shelley sings in "South Sea Sinner."
Shirley Temple, starring in "A Kiss For Corliss," a United Artists release
Katie quietly waits as Dir. Geo. Cukor instructs Spence.

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in one of their rare congenial moments in the MGM film, "Adam's Rib."

Katie Gets Her Man

Spencer Tracy never has been much of a romantic hero in his films so when he had to play a love scene with Katharine Hepburn in "Adam's Rib," he found it hard to get started. And the fact that he and Katie play a couple who are forever battling didn’t help any. Of course, Spencer isn’t averse to kissing gals, he’s just camera shy. However, when he agreed to do it, the scene was hurriedly shot before the reluctant star had a chance to change his mind.

Katie tries to convince Spence a bit of kissing is fun now and then.

Katie breaks into a smile as Spence kisses her on the cheek.

Spencer goes for a good one, but misses by an inch. However, Katie doesn’t mind.
It has taken Ray Milland a long time to shake off his fears, but at last he's won

By Ray Milland

LIKE you and you—like everyone, I, too, have searched for something most of my life. Today I have found it. Today I am a peaceful man. I even like my kind of self better than I have ever liked myself before. Why? Because I am no longer afraid of the world. Coming from an adult, this sounds sort of silly, doesn't it? May I assure you, it isn't. People who were born sensitive and shy will especially understand this admission.

When I say I am no longer afraid of the world, I actually mean—I have learned how to live with myself. And when a man learns how to live with himself, he knows how to live with others. Therein lies his salvation. What is the recipe? The key to the secret? The magic word? I'm afraid each individual has to seek out his own solution.

Of one thing I am definitely sure. We are what we are—because. People think

The World Is My Mistress

Ray Milland enjoying a brief vacation at Balboa with his wife, Mai, and nine-year-old son, Danny.

When Ray first arrived in Hollywood swank parties made him more shy, but now he takes them in stride.
and feel the way they do because of luck, fate, background, breeding, environment, or call it what you may. There is still a reason why each of us fits into his own particular pattern. And because of this reason, we are either loved or loathed, tolerated or tormented, circumstances depending.

There's my own personal experience, for example. As far back as I can remember, I was always ridden by a terrific nostalgia for Europe: not because Hollywood is the place it is, but because of the people you oftentimes meet here, many who feel just as out of place as you do. It took me years to overcome that sudden longing to escape from it.

Nostalgia can be the most harrowing experience of all. Maybe you go to a party, a woman walks by. Suddenly her perfume catches you, or it may be a man smoking a Turkish cigarette. Sights, sounds, odors, sudden memory of a face or place—all come sweeping back. In a split second you can be rendered physically ill, or transported into near ecstasy. As a result, may I hastily add, you are often regarded as being quite an odd fellow!

Speaking of Hollywood parties, I vividly recall my first one. I was new, unknown, of friends and dollars I had precious few. So naturally when a chance acquaintance invited me to this party, I was eager to go. I found myself surrounded by the most famous faces in the world. I listened to their conversation and watched their behavior.

Here I was at last—in Hollywood! Here I was, actually mingling with the great stars, living the moment I had thought about and dreamed about. And then, for the first time in my life, I became aware that salaries and people's standing at the box-office actually had something to do with people—and nothing to do with human qualities. I wasn't a part of Hollywood then, as I am now. So it made me more shy than I was to begin with. At (Please turn to page 65)
Samson And Delilah

IN THE title roles of Cecil B. DeMille's lavish "Samson And Delilah," Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr have their most important roles. Neither has ever been in so costly a production or one that will be seen by so many moviegoers. Despite the overwhelming pageantry and color, Vic's performance as Samson is brilliantly outstanding. And Hedy's beauty is never once overshadowed by the spectacular magnificence of "Samson And Delilah." DeMille has triumphed once again.

Hedy Lamarr is also starring in "Copper Canyon" with Ray Milland for Paramount.

Below: Vic, with Casey, arrives for work at the studio. He's soon to be seen in 20th's "Wabash Avenue," with Betty Grable.
Montgomery Clift, currently being seen in the Paramount production, "The Heiress"
"Wabash Avenue" has a dients Betty Grable's

Betty and Cameraman Arthe with sample footage from

Vic Maturre makes Betty

Betty and Billy Darv "Wabash Avenue" dance
I was on a personal tour at a number of the studios in the country, and when I was asked most of Hollywood's apparently untoward attitude about romance with people out of work? What kind of stars have, and why "getting in trouble?" When you're away from the studio, that's exactly how the week unfolds; you're there, every day moving along on an unusually occasional changes in your profession and your friends, still not believing what you read, but then you can't be sure until you get the first-hand information for yourself. You remember that too often in the past you felt it hard to believe a thing was so, only to find that you were wrong.

I'm constantly puzzled at a somewhat antagonistic view non-Hollywood people take of filmland, especially among the "Most of filmland's personal troubles are based on the same ingredient which holds with people everywhere," says Marilyn.
more intelligent who should know better. They still visualize Hollywood as it was in the roaring 20's, when suave male stars and sleek sirens whipped around in imported roadsters, attended a parade of parties, and apparently never went to bed. This certainly isn't the true picture today!

I'm also often embarrassed when I'm asked about an item which appeared in a movie column, and it turns out that I don't know either the man or woman mentioned. Fans seem to think that everyone knows everyone else in Hollywood, and that life is one big happy family, with all the stars waving gaily to each other in the Brown Derby during the luncheon and dinner sessions.

My acquaintances are as limited as yours are in your own home town, and my date book doesn't have any more names than yours does. And, like you, I don't care to go to night clubs regularly, or wear a gown that is designed to put every male within miles into a deep swoon. I like to wear jeans, go on a picnic, and every Saturday I usually wash my own car. Does this make me, or any other younger star, a femme fatale about whom you read in the gossip sheets?

Since the newspapers have been carrying so many stories about what's wrong with romance in Hollywood, I'd like to have my say in this article, and explain a few things on this subject as I see them both in Hollywood and on the road. I also would like you to understand that I'm no expert on the subject, and that my observations are strictly personal and limited to my own sphere. I'm not out to condone or prove anything—rather, let's just have a little written chat on this ever-popular, if transient, subject.

By Marilyn Maxwell

It may be a surprise to you when I start out by saying that I don't think Hollywood is any different from any other city of its size in the country. As you walk down the boulevard on a shopping trip, you'll observe the same sort of people you have in your own home town. There are good-looking men and women, the usual matrons swathed in mink, the busy housewives shopping for bargains, the hurried businessmen, and the woeful looking little man who carefully scans the gutter for a discarded cigarette. Contrary to publicity about this so-called glamour town, not every second person is a famous screen star!

As for the old belief that film personalities hang around the corner of Hollywood and Vine, I think I've seen only one there, and (Please turn to page 67)
Milton Berle and a bovine beauty in a scene from "Always Leave Them Laughing."

Ruth Roman is one half of a sister act with Iris Adrian when she meets Milton Berle.

After Milton and the boys watch Arabella Andre dance at gay party he imitates her.

Merry Mixup For Milton
The menace in Milton Berle's life in "Always Leave Them Laughing," is Virginia Mayo, who's hardboiled, beautiful and another man's wife.

It's Milton Berle from start to finish in "Always Leave Them Laughing," the story of a comedian's struggle up the insult-strewn, poverty-paved path to success. As a performer in a second-rate resort hotel, Berle is a second-rate flop. He continues being a flop for a long, long time, with no one to believe in him except Ruth Roman. However, he gets his break when a big time comic falls ill shortly before opening in a new musical, and he replaces him. But if his professional life is set, his personal life isn't. He forgets the faithful Ruth for the more enticing, and calculating, Virginia Mayo, but comes to his senses just before the curtain falls on "Always Leave Them Laughing."

No stunt is too zany for Berle in his climb to stardom as a comic on television.

In "Always Leave Them Laughing," Bert Lahr plays a big time comedian whose illness and death give Milton Berle his first chance, while Virginia Mayo's his two-timing wife.
TAKE a young kid who's always dreamed of acting, toss him a couple of breaks, and then continue throwing luck his way, and you've got a very fortunate fellow.

That fortunate fellow is me!

In fact, I've been so lucky that I can't help wondering how it all happened—and I can't stop thinking of this career I have and what Hollywood has done to me. Has this town been really good for me? Or has it given me too much?

After a lot of thinking, I've found that the answers to those questions take in a lot of territory. For one thing, I've often wondered if I was lucky to get into pictures the way I did. After all, I was a green kid with no experience who suddenly found himself playing the lead role in a picture. I didn't know from nothin'. But the more I think of my big break the more I'm convinced I'm glad I got my chance when and how I did.

Sure I could have used a lot more experience in those early days. For that matter, I still can. But I think I got into the business at just the right time. I was the right age, I wanted so much to act, and I had enough enthusiasm to help overcome the shortcomings as an actor that I had. It wasn't until I made more pictures that I really began to realize that I had just begun to learn to act—that I had to learn to act—that I had to have more than mere inspir-
"I go on the premise that not only must I love the girl . . . I must also like her."

Action or feeling to get by. A knowledge of the technique of acting was pretty darned essential, too.

I'm learning something of technique now, and I'm grateful to Hollywood for giving me the chance to act. I disagree heartily with those who yip, "You can't learn to act in pictures." I believe you can. How can you help learning when you're constantly acting? I'm certainly not as wet behind the ears now as I was a short time ago.

There's another point to this business of learning to act in pictures. Certainly stage experience is a valuable asset and I hope to do some plays. But supposing you land a part in a hit play and it runs for two years. You're playing the same role all that time. On the screen, however, in two years—if you're lucky—you may make eight pictures, playing different parts. The experience gained there can't be overlooked. You certainly become more ver- (Please turn to page 38)
Refusing ever to feel sorry for himself, David Niven is always in passionate pursuit of all that's gay and merry

By Ben Maddox

IF YOU want an unfailing formula for enjoying life, smarten up and operate like David Niven. He smilingly refuses to waste time in any rut. He kicks up his heels happily at every single chance he can maneuver. Nothing fascinates him faster than a challenge. To him it's the open door to more fun. He deliberately developed this attitude when extremely young, and it is the true secret of the exciting joy he feels and spreads, in person. What he dares do as a star, as a man in love, as a father, and as just a human being in passionate pursuit of all that's merry, is an exhilarating lesson in good living.

David is the one Hollywood figure I know who purposely maintains a perpetually amazed look at the odd way this world behaves. As a result, he's rarely depressed. Constantly choosing to be astonished once again leaves him no dragging hours in which to feel sorry for himself. A particularly virile fellow, he's ever raring to top the absurdities he sees with some outrageous prank of his own. Wrapping his wit in a wonderfully light subtlety, he bounces so buoyantly he's automatically out of a dead end and soon sampling a new thrill.

Today he has a new phase awash.

A morning's visit with David at his home is unforgettable, for he's as bright as the California sunshine flooding it. He has a fabulously attractive two-story pink house, elegantly comfortable from the moment you step into its marble foyer. The fine paintings on his dark green walls have competition from the contrasting dazzling panoramic views of the Will...
With his pet rabbit, Jimmy, David is now in "A Kiss For Corliss" with Shirley Temple.

Rogers ranch stretching outside his windows down ranges of hills to the Pacific Ocean. Lush flowers of every color border the soft green lawn sweeping to a hedge of blazing geraniums and his private swimming pool and bathhouse beyond it. We wandered there. In his sun shorts David has an impressive physique, perhaps unguessed from those costumes and tailor-made suits he wears so well.

First, we polished off the daring career chapter he's starting. At the peak of his popularity, David has boldly decided to select his own pictures from here on. Few stars are ever in a position to do this, and in these days a guaranteed income seems awfully alluring. David, however, has eagerly thrown over the security of a long-term contract. Reasons? He has worked steadily for the same producer (except six years out for the War) ever since he entered the movies fourteen years ago. Demobilized one midnight in 1945, David was ordered to report on a film set the following four a.m., loaned out immediately by his shrewd boss. And since the War, eight of the ten Niven pictures have been loan-outs away from his own lot.

David decided to freelance a few months ago. Contrary to rumors to the contrary, he is devoted to Samuel Goldwyn, now his ex-boss, and always refers to him as the man who gave him his break. He has told Goldwyn that if he ever wants Niven for a picture all he has to do is pick up the telephone.

Letting such a gold-mine go was crazy talk until David moved into action himself. Effecting this release called for all the agile Niven cleverness, so he appeared casually at the great man's desk to discuss an improbable departure from the fold. He brought up his sure-fire reserve, a ton of charm as a distraction. In brief, David was so gay, so amusing, so skillfully implied an alternative was such stuffiness, that he enchanted a very astute bargainer into gifting him with his desired freedom.

"So here I am at thirty-nine," David said to me, with his beguiling honesty turned on full (Please turn to page 69)
When a young Scotsman, Richard Todd, is hospitalized in "The Hasty Heart," his gay-hearted wardmates in the base hospital, among them Ronald Reagan, learn he has only months to live. They join the ward nurse, Pat Neal, in trying to make his last days happy; a difficult task since he is so dour and suspicious of friendship. But their gruff kindness finally wins him over and he takes all of them into the lonely recesses of his "Hasty Heart."


Ralph Michael comforts Pat Neal in the picture.

When Pat Neal consents to marry him, Richard Todd's happiness is complete.

Richard Todd's wonder at his new-found friendships in "The Hasty Heart" is almost more than Pat Neal can bear.
Gordon MacRae knows the importance of recognizing your own limits and staying within those bounds

By Terri Lee Randall

OK! ACTION!” yelled the director, and from over the hill came the sound of several horses running. In a moment they were clearing the ridge and pounding down the mountainside toward the camera.

“Cut!” the director suddenly shouted frantically as he spied one riderless stallion. As the dust cleared away, the figure of a man was seen rolled up in the dirt. From all directions people ran toward him. Just as they reached his side, the thrown rider sat up slowly, shaking his head in an effort to stop that infernal ringing of bells.

“Are you hurt, Mr. MacRae?” someone asked.

“No, I guess not,” Gordon replied as hands lifted him to his feet.

“Well, take some time off and rest a bit,” the director said to him. “We'll let your double take this scene for you. You needn't hurt yourself, you know. We need you for a few more scenes.”

Gordon MacRae walked away, slapping the dust from his clothes. He sat down on a small boulder out of camera range and lighted a cigarette. For a few minutes he just sat there in silence, tapping the toe of his boot with a small twig. He felt crestfallen and ashamed. He had failed. And after four long days of riding lessons, too! What if he had never been on a horse prior to those four days of lessons. With that much practice he should have been really ready at least to ride a nag down a little old hill! He was filled with self-reprimandations.

“That was a pretty mean spill you had back there, son,” a kindly voice said.

The disheartened, un-horsed rider looked up to see the friendly face of Jack Holt looking down at him.

“I want to tell you something, my boy,” Holt went on. “You know that fellow Joel McCrea? He's a pretty good horseman, isn't he? But you know what? He doesn't take chances doing scenes like that. He lets a stunt man who has been trained for those dangerous rides do the job for him. I'm a fair rider myself, even if I am sixty. (Please turn to page 71)

Don't Overdo It!

Gordon's role in "The Return Of The Frontiersman" is a tough one in which he has some rugged fight scenes with Rory Calhoun.

Gordon, with Julie London in "The Return Of The Frontiersman," proves he's as good an actor and romancer as balladeer.
BARBARA IS AT IT AGAIN!

Barbara Stanwyck cries out in protest as Richard Rober is about to club Wendell Corey in a scene from "The File On Thelma Jordan."

When they are together in the picture, Wendell Corey almost forgets Barbara is a murderer whom he's morally and duty bound to punish.

"The File On Thelma Jordan" stars Barbara Stanwyck and Wendell Corey.

Barbara begins the picture so enamoured of Richard Rober she becomes a willing henchman in all his larcenous plans.

Wendell Corey wins Barbara away from Rober though their love has no future . . . she's a killer; he's the District Attorney and married.
and I even had a chance to leave my baby for a visit with Grandmother Lane in Rockford. But the most important thing for my husband, Billy, and me is that we’re trying to lead normal lives and become responsible citizens of Our Town, which in this case happens to be North Hollywood.

“There’s a lot more to life than just today,” Barbara went on. “I have a wonderful husband and baby and we are trying to build foundations for living that are secure and sensible. We save a substantial portion of our salaries, we budget ourselves, we avoid silly extravagances. Oh, there have been times lately when it hasn’t been easy to escape the vacuum of Hollywood night life, the partying and riotous spending, but Billy and I have been pretty successful because we’re serious. Looking after a husband, who’s also an actor, and little Jody, who’s barely two, takes all the time I can spare from the studio and this new thing called stardom.”

Stardom came swift and sweet to this Scotch-Irish colleen when it came. Born and brought up in Illinois, she quit art school and modeling in Chicago to take advantage of an RKO audition. She did bit parts in such unawakened “sleepers” as “Heavenly Days,” “Lady Luck” and “The Falcon Out West.” She gained a brief, well-publicized notice by giving Frank Sinatra his first screen kiss in “Higher And Higher.” But to the average fan, Barbara Hale was an unknown until Columbia executives chose her over 100 other beauties for the coveted role of Mrs. Al Jolson. Since that ecstatic moment, life has been a high-key kaleidoscope of new people, new horizons, new thrills.

Yet her pretty head hasn’t been turned. To be successful as Mrs. Bill Williams (himself an actor making Westerns for Producer Nat Holt) obviously means as much to Barbara as becoming the Technicolor toast of the Columbia lot. Right now she is more than happy making a success of both roles. But if she ever had to choose between home and Hollywood, this sunkissed sweetheart of the midwest wouldn’t hesitate for long. She would put first things (Please turn to page 68)
Gregory Peck, who's earned three Academy Award nominations, puts his bid in again.

Gary Merrill, Gregory Peck and Dean Jagger in a scene in "Twelve O'Clock High."

EVER since he played the priest in "The Keys To The Kingdom," Gregory Peck has been noted for his sensitive characterizations. That's what makes his expert handling of the tough commander of the 918th Bomb Group in "Twelve O'Clock High" so amazing. When General Frank Savage was assigned to the group, morale among the men was at its lowest. By iron discipline, grit and disregard for human life, he leads them in the first successful bombings of German targets. The General accomplishes the almost impossible, but the strain is so great he suffers a nervous collapse. This film is Greg's last on his four-picture deal for 20th Century-Fox and he, like the General he portrays, can leave the studio with the feeling of a job well done.

Gregory, Larry Dobkin, Paul Stewart, Dean Jagger, Gary Merrill in another scene.
Gene Autry celebrated his birthday by playing to capacity crowds in Madison Square Garden. His rodeo was the most successful so far and Mrs. A. broke her rule about traveling with Gene this time on account of it was her famous husband's natal day.

When U-I's newest heartthrob, blue-eyed, black-haired Tony Curtis, was still an eager-beaver movie fan back in New York he used to hang around watching 'em make movies. One of the movies was "Naked City" and the prop man on the picture, Danny Fish, used to show Tony away when he got too close. Now Danny Fish is taking care of Tony Curtis' props in U-I's picture, "Sierra."

As though getting up at the crack of dawn for locations on the same picture, "Sierra," wasn't enough, Audie Murphy and his petite bride, Wanda Hendrix, cracked the pre-dawn hours, pursuing bear and deer around Cedar Mountain, Utah. These two kids were trying hard to save their marriage but it didn't work, even though they'd promised there'd be no break-up until after "Sierra" had been released.

When Barbara Lawrence's mother got married again, the young actress moved into the family home in Bel Air. She'd done the re-decorating of her bedroom by long-distance phone from New York, the phone bill being the biggest item of the job. Barbara had herself a time in New York and one of her dates was Murray Hamilton who replaced David Wayne in the cast of "Mister Roberts." Back in Hollywood, David Wayne replaced Mr. Hamilton in the date department with Barbara.

It could only happen in Hollywood. Ava Gardner spent hours daily fitting the 1890 costumes for "Carriage Entrance."

The costumes were voluminous and voluptuous. When Ava left RKO after the wardrobe tests she was garbed in pedal pushers and a tuxedo shirt—which isn't news. But what made the costume startling was that Ava was barefoot! And wait till you get a load of Bob Mitchum in real, old-fashioned long sideburns which he raised for this picture. Mitch and Ava should make a very sizzling screen combo, no?

Betsy Drake's reward for being a good gal and passing all her driving lessons and tests is a good one—a beautiful new Cadillac convertible. And, what's more, Betsy bought it herself.

The song Humphrey Bogart sings in "Chain Lightning" is "Bless 'Em All"—quite different from the one he sang in that nightclub fracas in New York. Bogey's fans there came to the fore for him in that hassle—but, confidentially, we hear he caught you-know-what from the little woman.

Dan Dailey, all smiles and happy over the reconciliation with his Liz, phoned his business manager from Durango, Colorado—where he was working in "Ticket To Tomahawk"—to start looking for a house to buy. His main concern was that the house have three bedrooms, for the family, and six stalls, for the horses. Up to now, Dan and Liz have boarded their horses at a riding stable. We understand if you look real fast you'll see both Liz and Dan III in a crowd scene in this picture, "Ticket To Tomahawk."

20th-Century-Fox is going all out to develop new female talent. Here's a rundown of the new gals you'll see featured with movietown's top glamour boys—Helen Westcott with Gregory Peck in "The Gun Fighter;" Cecile Aubry with Ty Power in "The Black Rose;" Debra Paget with Jim Stewart in "Broken Arrow;" Colleen Townsend with Dan Dailey in "Ticket To Tomahawk;" and lastly, Joyce McKinzie, who worked in five pictures in the first five weeks of her brand-new contract. You'll see her in "12 O'Clock High;" "Oh, Doctor," "Ticket To Tomahawk;" "Whirlpool," and "Front And Center." If that isn't unique enough we'll tell you how she was discovered, which will be. Unique, that is. Joyce was a model who studied the drama at Pasadena Playhouse. But she wasn't discovered working at either of these two jobs. She was cashing in the box-office of a Pasadena theatre where 20th sneakied a preview one night. 20th also sneakied the theatre's pretty cashier away from them pronto and put her to work fast. Remind us to check in about a year to see how these five gals are faring.

Month or so before Jane Powell and Gary Stevens were married, Jane's father gifted her with a hope chest with a history. It's solid rosewood, belonged to her great grandmother, and came around the Horn—in a boat—84 years ago to Portland, Oregon. Jane's awful proud of the heirloom, the first piece of furniture she acquired for her new home.

Warners' grim story of a women's prison, called "Caged," has plenty of interesting, colorful characters in it to counteract the sordid atmosphere. Three actresses, Alice White, Gertrude Michael, and Gertrude Astor used to be stars. Then there's Gertrude Hoffman, in her 70's, and a famous actress on her day. We also have the 6' 2" Hope Emerson, who is the sadistic prison matron. Hope was nearly in tears when her part called for her to give Eleanor Parker a brutal kicking around and, following that, cut all her hair off. Eleanor plays a gal who was framed into prison, has a baby while she's in there. She didn't announce until after the picture finished that she's really expecting a baby herself.

Before starting the picture, "A Life Of Her Own," Lana Turner really had one of the same. The new house she and Bob Topping bought was up to there in carpenters, painters, and plumbers and Missy T. was on hand to supervise the work. By the time she'd finished with that she was more than ready to get back to the MGM lot and start emoting on the screen.

When young Pamela Powell visited her mom and pop, June Allyson and Dick Powell, on the set of their picture, "The Redhead And The Rebound," she paid them not one bit of mind. Pam, who's nearly 18 months old now, was fascinated by the four lions which perform in the picture and had no time for anything or anybody else.

Shelly Winters got over her attack of virus and ulcer just in time to get into "A Place In The Sun" with Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor. This is a remake of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Paramount decided to change the title because it sounded too grim or something. It's gonna be interesting to...
watch who happens when Clift and Winters get to voicing for position while this pie's being made. * * *

That charming young British actor, Philip Friend, whom you'll see opposite Yvonne De Carlo in "Buccaneer's Girl," has a fan who's persistent, to put it mildly. She wrote asking for a picture of him in bathing trunks and when he replied politely that he didn't own a pair, she just up and sent him some nifty swimming shorts. Yep, she got the picture and U-I invented a new word for male pulchritude in abbreviated costume. The word—"beefcake." * * *

After the death of his stepfather, architect Walter Wurdeman, Jerome Courtland gave up his bachelor apartment in Westwood and moved back in with his mother and eleven-year-old stepbrother. Now that the young actor is assuming the responsibility for his family, he's giving up those daredevil trick hobbies of his, parachute jumping and stunt flying. Good boy! * * *

Virginia Mayo, on location with her husband, Michael O'Shea, couldn't resist sending postcards to her pals in Hollywood, the reason being that the location was Luke's Hot Pots Resort (honest!) in Midland, Utah. Virginia snagged the female lead opposite Burt Lancaster in "The Hawk And The Arrow," Burt's first indie production for Warner Brothers. * * *

Kirk Douglas moved into the family home to take care of the kids while Diana, from whom he is still separated, went to New York. Kirk, taking the kids to the beach one morning, stopped in a gas station and while the car was being filled up headed for the drug store, clad only in swimming trunks. There was a near-riot on account of a group of teenage gals spotted him and swooned over his gorgeous torso. * * *

Greg Peck's pair of White Alsatian dogs presented him with thirteen pups in their recent litter. Last time they delivered eight. When friends of the Pecks heard about the new batch they started standing in line, hoping to snag the new arrivals. But it was too late—they'd all been promised long ago. * * *

We got a look at Greg's mustache, which he sprouted for "The Guv'ner," at Gertrude Niesen's party celebrating her initial bow on television. Greg looks just real different behind that there brush—we like him better cleanshaven. Gertie's party was gay, as usual. Cesar Romero and she did a small duet, impromptu fashion. We had a lot of gals with Audrey Totter and her fella, Freddie de Cordova, the handsome young director. Audrey was leaving next morning on a long hospital tour. Dorothy McGuire came with her husband, John Sucose. Dottie looked awful pretty—but quite thin. Also had a small talk with Mel Ferrer, who finally gets a chance to direct with the new Claudette Colbert picture, before he goes back to his acting chores. * * *

Linda Darnell had the kind of vacation we'd like to take—a month in a beach cottage at Malibu—without a telephone. Most any day now she'll be moving into that keen new house in Bel Air. * * *

Jean Peters turned glammer gal in "Love That Brute"—and likes it. In the pic she wears a gown made of bugle beads, very much off-the-shoulder style. So now she's taking dancing lessons, on account of she never did learn how on the farm back in East Canton, Ohio. She's also buying some zippy gowns and before long she'll be well equipped to get around the night-club belt like the other purty dolls of Hollywood. * * *

At Gertrude Niesen's party we heard a hair-raising tale from Dick Van Hessen, RKO sound man, who had just returned from Switzerland, where "The White Tower" was photographed. According to Dick, Glenn Ford, Vali, Oscar Homolka, Claude Rains, and Cedric Hardwicke were working at a spot several hundred feet down the mountain when they heard a terrific roar from above, where an avalanche buried 20 people in tons of snow. The hair-raising part came when Dick said they were scheduled to work at the exact spot where the avalanche occurred, but the illness of one of the cast brought about the change in plans. Yipe! * * *

Ginger Rogers and her new heart, Greg Bautzer, looked but divinely happy dining at LaRue with a big gang. This romance seems quite serious, but you never can tell. A surprise duo at the same restaurant—Annie Sheridan and Steve Hannagan. He's supposed to be her ex-boy friend, but they still remain pals and close-mouthed about the status of their romance. We went on from dinner at LaRue, with Louella Parsons, Sid Grauman, Harriet Parsons, Dorothy Manners and John Haskell, to Mocambo to catch the new act of Andy and Della Russell. At the next table were Alice Faye and Phil Harris. Alice is one of the few Hollywood gals to cling to the long, shoulder bob. * * *

While the aforementioned romance of Ginger and Greg goes on, Ginger's ex, Jack Briggs, gets off to a good start on an acting career with a small part in "Carriage Entrance" at RKO. He's a cute guy and we hope he does well. * * *

Wendell Corey almost caught the mumps from his young son, Jonathan, but by staying in bed and taking some shots he escaped this horrible fate. * * *

The wig Roman wore to test for "Serenade" at Warners is one that had been reserved specially for Davis whenever she needed a black wig. Ruth felt it was a good-luck omen. * * *

Bob Cummings does an unusual stunt in "Petty Girl." Does a quick-change act right in front of the camera. Makeup man Clay Campbell had to train three actors in the mysteries of makeup so they could change Bob's pizz while he was changing clothes. Oughtta be fun to see. * * *

Had a lotta laughs at Connie Moore's house when she gave Dorothy Lamour a baby shower. And what loot that gal got! Some awful pretty gals there—Pat O'Brien's Eloise, Kay Williams Spreckles, Sally Cobb, Connie's mother, who looks more like Connie's sister.

We'd been wondering where Glenn Langan had been keeping himself—hadn't seen him around town. Found out when we had dinner with him at Cashen—he's been in France making pictures. And he's still hoping to iron out the troubles that caused him and his wife to separate. Also at Chasen's: Barbara Bel Geddes, Keenan Wynn in a set of sideburns that made him look like a dagoerotype of himself, and big tall Jim Davis, whose career is on the up-grade again.

I Live The Way I Like
Continued from page 24

orating myself without aid from a professional. I've made mistakes, but it has been stimulating and interesting to find out.

I don't turn in my automobile for a new one every year. I have one which pleases me, in the medium price bracket, and I intend to keep it five years. I didn't cut my hair short when everyone else did; I experimented and had two inches cut from my long bob, but it was still far from the new short cuts. I didn't like even that much off, however, and now I'm letting it grow again to its original length.

I've never worn my skirts extremely long or short just because "everyone" was wearing them a certain length. I found that a medium length is most flattering to me and wore skirts at that length even when the fashion was much shorter. If you doubt my word I refer you to my first picture, "You Came Along," in which I wore skirts longer than was fashionable then. I've also discovered that skirts and blouses are flattering for me, so most of my wardrobe is devoted to them, even for evening wear.

I've always hated cliches or pat phrases in speech and I see no reason for subscribing to any given patios. Why should the same adjectives be used again and again?

I would not presume to suggest that anyone else follow my ideas; that would be sheep-like, against which I am arguing. I merely point out the things I have done which do not follow a pattern and which I have found satisfying and stimulating.

I have no patience with a woman who has nothing but criticism for her own sex but I must confess my feeling that women are more sheep-like than men in their slavish attitude towards fashion—not just for themselves but for their homes. A new style is set and they must follow.

Be discriminating and buy or imitate things which are suitable to you—not just because they are new style.

I know there are small towns where movies are virtually the sole entertainment: it's easy to understand that girls would strive to imitate what they see in those movies. And in big cities, movies are often the primary entertainment for many people, despite concerts, plays, museums. Again there is imitation of what is seen in movies.

I think at some time in her life every girl has wanted to be an actress—and what's wrong with that? Even if she abandons the ambition she may still want to look like some actress whom she admires. That can be an inspiration for good grooming and chic, if she doesn't try to pattern herself exactly after that actress. That leads to frustration.

Remember that a movie star whose likeness you see on the screen, has the advantage of makeup men, costumers, cameramen and hairdressers who give (Please turn to page 58)
Paramount Presents

"Dear Wife"

Fashion Selections

by

Kay Brunell

Helen Seamon, above, pert ingenue of hit "Goodbye, My Fancy," wears Janie Sportswear interpretation of the box jacket worn by Joan Caulfield in Paramount's soon-to-be-released "Dear Wife." Made of fine Beltex fabric that looks and feels like wool but is a wool-type spun rayon and acetate material, it is a perfect light-weight topper or versatile mate for your skirt and blouse ensembles. It is available in black and white, brown and white, navy and white. Sizes 10 to 16, 9 to 15. Priced at $7.

Fashion Selection #109

The hat Helen Seamon is wearing is a Douglas of California creation. It is a coiffure-hugging helmet that gently clamps to the head, made of genuine sheared ermine lapin and lined with rayon faille. It can be worn with just about any hair style and is appropriate with casual or dress-up outfits. Comes beautifully packaged in a transparent hat box. Available in white only. Adjustable head size, designed to fit right, and priced at a low $4. Helen's white shorty gloves are American-knit.

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Fashion Selection #110
Petite Helen Seamon (at right) wears a magnificently tailored suit by Nan Scott, Jr. It is a charming translation of the one Joan Caulfield wears in the Paramount picture, "Dear Wife," one of the most attractive items in her wardrobe in this delightful film. This Nan Scott, Jr. version is fashioned of Lankenau all-rayon gabardine—sheen—one of the most desirable fabrics fashion-wise because it is crease-resistant and has a fine finish that will last the lifetime of the garment. It features spanking white pique collar and cuffs that can easily be removed for a quick laundering and just as easily replaced. A wear-everywhere suit, it is suitable for all sorts of occasions. You can dress it up or dress it down, for it takes to both sophisticated and casual accessories with equally stylish effect. In definite red, frosted aqua or deep navy. Sizes 9 to 15. Priced at less than $18.

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**Kay Brunell**

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I Live The Way I Like

Continued from page 53

her a concentrated allure no real woman can approach.

It may surprise you to learn that most successful actresses I know scrub their faces with soap and water and wear no makeup except rouge and lipstick off screen. I was reminded of this when I saw those girls wearing artificial masks of makeup. It’s all very well to improve on nature but why disguise it? I wanted to say, “Why don’t you wash your faces”—just as I’ve wanted to say it to other young girls who looked just the same in many other cities. But I didn’t. I’m always full of hope that such kids will grow out of this concentration on physical self alone.

You may think I sound like a dull copy book in saying this, but I really believe more harm has been done to more young girls and young women by mirrors than by any other single item in their lives.

Certainly, look through fashion magazines and follow the best of the new styles, but make sure they are good for you. Certainly, try the new hairdo of your favorite actress, but if it’s wrong for you, don’t keep it. There is stimulation in these things and if you use your mentality in adapting things for you, you won’t be a sheep.

Don’t mimic your favorite actress in everything—in dress, makeup, walk, talk and mannerisms. You then would be a carbon copy and probably a bad one. You would be destroying your own individuality—a sad, sorry step.

It is a giant task to avoid being a sheep, to be the person you want to be, to preserve individuality. But then, life is a struggle. That’s what makes it interesting and exciting. There is great joy in dreams, hope, imagination; joy in reading fine literature and talking about purposeful things; joy in concentrating on mental rather than material things, on one’s fellow man rather than on one’s self. Experience those joys and you cannot become a sheep. I have learned through my own experience that material things alone cannot make one happy. There are many other actors and actresses in Hollywood, contrary to public opinion, who have learned that same lesson and who do not subscribe to standards which call for extravagant houses, pools and tennis courts.

A couple of years ago I felt I wanted a minc coat very, very much, so I saved the money for one and bought it. But now, alas, I’ve found I wear it least of all my coats. I had deluded myself into thinking it was something I wanted.

When I was working as a model in New York—between acting assignments in my struggling days of trying to become established as an actress—I learned the advisability of one good suit rather than two or more cheap ones. That isn’t materialistic; it’s practical. One good suit with a variety of accessories can be transformed into any number of costumes and the wearer never loses confidence because she knows she is well dressed.

In those days sometimes I would have a good week of modeling and earn $300 but usually my salary was nearer $50, which just about covered my living expenses. Nevertheless, I made myself save enough to buy a good suit for $120. I remember it so well. It was brown trimmed with beaver. I had that suit, its accessories and $30 when I arrived in Hollywood. I was very happy.

I never want to be in the position of being able to have everything. Scoff if you will but I am sincere: I always want to want something I don’t have. I don’t like what “having everything” does to people. Having everything takes the struggle, incentive, excitement and zest out of life, I believe. To me the vital things are centered around living with our fellow men.

In my personal opinion being a conversational sheep is even more unforgivable than being a fashion sheep, because the damage is more lasting. I must admit that I’ve always loved to read, have always been fascinated by words, wanted to read books which introduced me to new, beautiful words. I started reading Emerson’s essays at 13 and I am still devoted to them.

Why should everything praiseworthy be described as “cute” or “keen” or whatever the currently popular adjective happens to be? Things may be wondrous, exquisite and yet be described by a conversational sheep as “cute.” The other day I heard a young girl describe a tree as “keen.” A tree isn’t “keen.”

From books—good books—come not just vocabulary but dreams, hopes, ambitions for the purposeful things that prevent your becoming a sheep. With dreams, hopes, ambitions you become an individual, develop a personality which is yours—not that borrowed from someone else. They help you become the person you want to be. Neither I nor anyone else who gives this subject adequate thought will misinterpret that the process is easy. It is difficult. Neither is living easy. Yet making the most of living is a major part of our job on God’s earth.

Stop making compromises and you’ll not be a sheep!

Hollywood, Marriage And Me

Continued from page 41

satile and you gain a lot by the criticisms you receive on the work you’ve done.

I’m also grateful to Hollywood and pictures because they have given me confidence in myself that I never had—and that confidence will enable me to do better work in a play if I ever get the chance to do one. Not that I intend to remain simply a Hollywood product. I do feel the need already to get away from Hollywood for awhile. I don’t necessarily mean only to do a play but to travel and see what other people are like. You can get in a rut here rather easily. You see the same people and you do the same thing. Your viewpoints get warped. Hollywood is confining—and in that respect it’s not entirely a good thing for a young actor.

This desire for a change isn’t something new with me. I sensed that need when I was in the Navy. For the first time I was away from home, away from the little cliques the Navy has. I suddenly met people with new ideas. It was my first glimpse of the life there was “outside.” When I came out of service I was a different person. And I was also a confused, bewildered, insecure fellow. You see, I suddenly discovered I was growing up.

I came back to Hollywood wanting to do many new things. I wanted to meet new people. Those I had known before
I went in the Navy were still doing the same things. I wanted to move on. I wanted to grow up. Consequently, my attitude changed, and some people thought I had become a bit "grand." But it wasn't that I was getting too big for my britches. I was merely trying to find my way, to find the answers to the many problems that were plaguing me. In my mind I tried to land on level ground by making new friends—only I didn't know how. Instead of being myself, I tried to be like the people of thirty I knew, and that was pretty silly for a guy who was only twenty-three. I tried to compete with them on their level instead of my own. I became a carbon copy, and I had to realize that getting ahead in my work took patience and time. I didn't get any pictures when I came out of the Navy and time hung heavily on my hands, so when I "came to" I put this idle time to use by studying and by constantly working on the business of acting. At the same time I became aware for the first time of the demands my career had to make on me. I used to resent being called upon for any kind of publicity, for example. I guess I didn't like being told what I had to do because I had had enough of that in the Navy. But I learned that making pictures was a business and that there were things that had to be done whether I liked them or not. And that is something that all young actors must learn if Hollywood is to be good to them.

Actually, the way things broke for me helped me to side-step one big danger most young actors face in a Hollywood career—the danger of getting over-impressed with yourself. I was just beginning to get ahead when I went in the service. If I'd stayed in Hollywood, I might have been thrown off balance and believed I was hot stuff. Then, too, if "They Live By Night," which, with "Side Street" that I'm making now, is my favorite picture, had been released right after I had gone back into pictures, I might have found my head being turned because of the favorable reviews I got. But its release was held up and I went through the cooling off period. I also had a chance to find out how much I had to learn.

Hollywood is tough for a young actor in that it throws these and other pitfalls at him before he's ready to cope with them. It's a simple matter to go off half-cocked. It's easy to begin to believe your own publicity. People begin calling you a star—and how I resent anyone who calls me that. I don't believe I'm a star yet and I won't be for a long time.

I've known some kids who have managed to win their way through pictures. I've heard some say, "Well, now I'm in demand—I can relax. I've a natural talent." That's an understandable reaction for a young kid who suddenly

finds himself an overnight sensation. But once an actor stops worrying, once he feels pat and perfectly set up, he'd better get ready for the fall, for it's sure to come.

The perfect antidote for this "fever," in my estimation, is to remember one simple little rule: no actor or actress is indispensable in this town. There's always someone else to step in and take over your part. It pays to remember, too, that a career can die as quickly as it's born.

I think I've managed to keep my feet firmly planted on the ground because I have friends who are pretty stable characters, who would pin my ears back if I suddenly went in for any chi-chi business. But I think that even without them I'd not be thrown—because I don't feel secure enough to think I know it all.

Maybe I've given the impression that I believe in being meek and subservient. I do not! I believe in speaking up and saying what I think. I don't believe in doing just what I'm told. I may be advised not to do a certain thing, but before I blindly follow such advice I have to be given good reasons for making a move. I want good, solid answers to my "Whys?" I don't mean that it's necessary to be aggressive or to adopt the "I'll do as I wish" attitude. Rather, it's a matter of being independent, of using good common sense instead of being used as a door-mat. This is not a simple matter, though, when you're under contract and are told what to do, but if a young actor doesn't stick to his ideals and his beliefs the town is going to ride rough-shod over him.

After all, an actor has to be a judge at times because he's the one who's on that screen and he's the one who will be criticized for the job he's doing. How can he do his best when he feels wrong in a role or unhappy making a certain picture?

I've not had to go to battle—yet. Most people who do find it necessary to stick by their guns do so to avoid being typed, which is a very real danger for young actors in Hollywood. It's so easy to be set in a pattern, to be put in a mold and kept there. I've been fortunate in not having to go through this because I've had a variety of roles. That's the way I intend to go on with my career, and I won't let anyone make a type out of me. I don't think anyone with ambition and a respect for his work could take that sort of thing.

I'm very glad, though, to be in pictures—especially at this time. And here's where I'd like to veer towards the profound a little—and only because I believe young actors must take a vital interest in this business. I think audiences today are no longer enthralled by just watching a movie. They want something different. So Hollywood has a great chance to try something new, to experiment. I want to be in on all the changes that will come. But before Hollywood can really change, I believe it must first lick several problems, primarily censorship which is so juvenile it almost prevents studios from making adult pictures. Maybe then Hollywood can sink its teeth into something important.

But to get back to Hollywood and young actors. The town has an influence on kids in another important way—in matters of romance.

I do know that a young actor has a chance to meet many different kinds of people—much more of a chance than a fellow who is working in a store or in a bank. In a way, the broader field for contacts that Hollywood offers isn't good for a young actor. He has a tendency to think that all that matters is dating a lot of different girls. Studios still believe this helps to build a romantic young player. So what happens? The kid gets so convinced that dating helps his career he can't think of love very seriously. He's even afraid of it—for fear of what it might do to his "box office." I haven't been worried about anything as serious as marriage hurting any draw I may have at the ticket windows, but I do know that I've found myself not being interested in getting serious with any girl. I think that unless a young actor falls in love fairly soon after starting a career he just goes on dating. It then becomes harder and harder to think of marriage.

In my case I don't really feel ready

Ann Sothern with Roger Pryor in the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. Ann and Roger, at one time husband and wife, are still very good friends.
for marriage. There's too much I want
to do. I want to make something of my-
self in my career first, to get a firm
foundation under me. And that may be
why I don't feel the need to get married.
Not that I'm going to say, "I'll not marry
until I'm thirty." That's silly. How do
I know what I'll do? I may meet a girl
tomorrow, fall really in love, and get mar-
rried—but I don't expect this to happen.

Some fellows in pictures claim that
they can't tell whether a girl is interested
in them for themselves or because they're
in the movies. I can't quite go along with
this. Oh, I admit there are girls who
merely want to go with a guy to be seen,
but they're easy to spot. They're as ob-
vious as the girl who breaks a date with
one fellow to go to the prom with the
captain of the football team instead. As
a matter of fact, most girls in Holly-
wood aren't the publicity hounds you'd
expect. They're very normal kids who
grow with a fellow simply because they like
him. So any young actor who gets in-
volved with the phon type has only his
own lack of good common sense to blame.

I do say that being an actor makes
you more wary of marriage. You read of
the unhappy experiences some stars have,
and you get over-cautious. But I think a
marriage can be happy here if the fellow
has a good basic understanding of people
and if he has had a good family back-
ground.

Like any other fellow, I look for cer-
tain things in a girl. A sense of humor
is important and so is the sharing of
mutual interests. But I go on the premise
that not only must I love the girl— I
must also like her. There have been times
when I've thought a certain girl was right
for me. Then a few months pass and I
find that suddenly, for no apparent rea-
on, she and I have nothing in common.
A fellow, especially in Hollywood, has to
be sure that the girl he picks is the kind
who can change along with him, who can
make the inevitable character readjust-
ments gracefully.

But to be general, I think the girl I'll
marry will have to be a little unpredictable.
I wouldn't want to know what she
was thinking all of the time or what she
was going to do next. That only makes
a girl dull. I'd also like a girl who
thought more of her home than her career
—and yet who was understanding of my
work. She needn't have any great talents
or accomplishments either, but I'd like
her to appreciate the things I do—like
music, books, art, and travel.

But why all this analyzing? What good
is it? One day you look up and meet
someone who may have none of the quali-
ties you think you want. There she is;
something happens to you, and you don't
know why.

Romance and Hollywood, then, do
have a lot in common. They can both do
unpredictable things to you. To be a suc-
cess in either requires an innate intelli-
genesis and a willingness to learn—plus no
little sacrifice. And both must never be
taken for granted.

So—is Hollywood good for a young
actor? Yes—if he has sense enough to
want it to be. But I'll never believe it
can defeat an ambition or wreck a mar-
rriage. Those are things that only the in-
dividual himself can do—to himself.

FRED ROBBINS

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and bunches of fresh cookies, too.
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as new—and we'll take a ride through
the grooves of each little pancake so
you'll know just which ones to tell the
man in the jump dump to wrap up.
So salud dinero, y amor—(health, wealth
and love) and let's percolate!

HEAVENLY!

Vic Damone—What a way to start the
new one right! Put Vittorio Fardinola on
the victrola! And melt like the snow to
"Why Was I Born" and "Lonely Night,"
both dripping with drama and soul.
"Why Was I Born"—by Jerome Kern
and Oscar Hammerstein from "Show
Boat," is Vic's best yet, and that's typo-
ing a mouthful! Back is from Jarnefel's
"Barceuse" with words by Abe Wilder—
also very super! How this kid is singing!
(Mercury)

Doris Day—"Bluebird On Your Window-
sill" and "The River Seine." Couple of
mediocre tunes by Dodo with perform-
ance much better than the material.
That's the measure of an artist—to rise
above your song—as Dodo does here!
She deserves better stuff, tho! We can
still hear her album of goodies!
(Columbia)

Tony Martin—No matter which turn-
table has the Tony—'tis lucky in sooth!
For the marcelled moaner follows up his
thriller, "Circus," with further arguments
that Cyd's boy doesn't have to bow to
anyone—so great is his work! There's
"Toot Toot Tosits," thundering away
like Jolson never did; "You Call It Mad-
ness," lush and most provoking, and the
other cookie, "There's No Tomorrow,"
based on "O Sole Mio," and "A Thousand
Violins." This stuff goes down like melted
cheese! Maybe Cyd has something to do
with it! (Victor)

Frank Sinatra—Nancy's Daddy's new
slabs are nothing to call home person-to-
person about. "Bye Bye Baby" and "Just
A Kiss Apart" from "Gentlemen Prefer
Blondes," are surprisingly mediocre when
you see the names of the authors on the
label; Julie Styne and Leo Robin. Hope
the show's better than these songs.
Frank's "Lucky Old Sun" was better
left undone. It's embarrassing compared
with the other Frankie's. "Could 'Ja" is
the best of the lot with the Pied Pipers

THE SWEETS CO. OF AMERICA, INC. • HOBOKEN, N. J.

ALSO EARWORTHY

GENE KRUPA’S “Watch Out!” with Dolores Hawkins and Roy Eldridge making like Anita O’Day and Roy used to. Dolly’s fine as light wine and Roy—wow! Flip “By The River St. Marie”—strictly instrumental—another buoyant deal by Genie with the light brown drumsticks! (Columbia)... EVELYN KNIGHTS “If I Ever Love Again”—in which Evie loses the handclapping for a change! She can do slow ones, too, too! (Decca)... TONI ARDEN is soulful and extra warm on her first for Columbia—“I Can Dream Can’t I” and “A Little Love, A Little Kiss.”... PHIL HARRIS churns up a batch of wax on “Row, Row, Row” and “I Ain’t Gonna Give Nobody None Of My Jellyroll,” the old jazz standard. (Victor).... SARAH VAUGHN’S “Food’s Paradise” is quite Shangri-La-ish but the flip, “Lonely Girl,” suffers when compared with Mindy Carson’s. (Columbia).... DANNY KAYE’S in his best Cockney form on “I’ve Got A Lovely Bunch Of Coconuts” and FREDDY MARTIN’S pressed coconut of the same deal will bring in lots of coconuts, you can bet your bottom coconut. (Decca and Victor)...

along on this ounce of bounce. Maybe next month’s delivery’ll be better! (Columbia)

Mindy Carson—The chick who’s a cross between Ingrid in looks and Lena Horne in sound (and that bad!) gushes forth beautifully on “You’re Different” and “Lonely Girl.” Give this the needle and you’ll hear one reason why she’s already signed for pictures. And only 2 years ago she was a stenographer, M-m-m what lush locations, these! (Victor)

Mel Torne—Candy’s boy is flickering in “Duchess Of Idaho” these days with Esther Williams and Van Johnson. And he’s going round and round with 4 fruity new sides that are just eclair. “Meadows Of Heaven,” one of the best slabs on this beauty, “Sonny Boy,” on which Mel shows the old boy some instructive bop vocal arabesques. Theory is that “Sonny Boy” is a big man now and should be in the modern groove. You may have to dig this more than once but it’s a killer. “Oh, You Beautiful Doll” and “There’s A Broken Heart For Every Light On Broadway” are two caramels from the pix of the same handle and most velvety with the “Fog’s” fog! (Capitol)

Sarah Vaughn—MGM deserves a low bow from you for knocking out some of the gems that the defunct Museria company never got around to—stuff like this triple peachy tally by the divine Sarah—“The Man I Love” and “Once In A While”—beautiful breathing that’ll make you want to go south and sit under the hibiscus trees. (MGM)

Buddy Clark—And here’s where the lump in the throat comes’cause one of America’s greatest voices is still—and how shocked we were at this monstrous tragedy. Because of that, Buddy is dead. And the country has suffered deep loss for this beloved star of show business, brought all of us so much pleasure and entertainment and happiness. He was a part of our lives as is any great star and it’s a profound bereavement. Right in the prime of his career, too, with such beautiful things as “Dreamer’s Holiday” (with a iron wire line, “You will feel terrific when you get back down to earth”), and “Envy” just out. Now every time you hear one of his records ‘w’ll be more and more impossible to believe he’s gone. There’ll be a memorial album for Buddy soon and buying it will be your way of showing your appreciation for the glistening listening he’s brought you. (Columbia)

Nat Cole—Big disappointment is Nat’s fresh one—not in performance, cause the guy’s always “the most”—but both songs, “Nalan” an Hawaiian hula of poi, and “You Can’t Lose A Broken Heart,” are completely mediocre and undeserving of a great talent. His “All I Want For Christmas” is also a boner on Capitol’s part. How can anyone be expected to follow Spike Jones’ deal on that? Just as the Jones boy should never cut anything that’s identified with Nat Cole. (Capitol)

Christmas Stuff—There’s oodles and buckets of chime time cookies—to go with your egg nog .... DORIS DAY—“Here Comes Santa Claus” and “Old Saint Nicholas.” .... PEGGY LEE—“The Christmas Spell” and “Song At Midnight.” .... DINAH SHORE—“Star Of Bethlehem” and “Merry Xmas Polka.” .... RUSS MORGAN—“Mistletoe Kiss” and “Blue Xmas.” .... BILLY ECKSTINE—“Oh, Come All Ye Faithful” and “O Holy Night.” .... MAGGIE WHITING—“Have Yourself A Merry Little Xmas” and “Mistletoe Kiss Polka.” .... GORDIE MACRAE—“Merry Christmas Waltz” and “Adeste Fidelis.” .... BUDDY CLARK—“Merry Christmas Waltz” and “Winter Wonderland.” .... JOHNNY DESMOND—“If Every Day Would Be Christmas” and “You’re All I Want For Christmas.” .... JO STAFFORD—“Guilty Bambino” and “I Wonder As I Wander.” .... a whole albumful of chime time favorites by the THREE SUNS .... VAUGHN MONROE—“The Jolly Old Man In The Bright Red Suit” and “Auld Lang Syne” and PERRY COMO’S and BING’S albums of Xmas stuff. All the Victor Stuff is also on 15 RPM and it’s a matter of whom you like cause everyone has etched holiday goodies so go take inventory in any platter palace, Alice.

Kitty Kallen—This talented dreamface has baked her finest biscuit, “A Man Wrote A Song,” and what a song it is! Of young lovers’ dreams and moonlit streams and sentiment that’ll grab you by the ear and never let go. Peggy Lee and Ella Fitzgerald are cutting it, too, and they’ll have to be at their best to top this one. “Mad About You” is the back, another shimmerly ballad and that’s about how we are about Kitty. (Mercury)
WING:

Wingy Manone will have you busting your gut with his satire on Herb Jeffries’ “Bash Street Blues”—using it as a get-off on “Flamingo” in two beats. On some level as his “Riders In The Sky” (Kem)... And typing of two beat, there’s a plethora for you non-bopsters for Decca has reissued two albums—The New Orleans Rhythm Kings’ with Wingy on trumpet and George Brunies on T-bone on such stawl-wart items as “Tin Roof Blues,” “Ostrich Walk,” “Original Dixieland One Step,” “San Antonio Shout,” “Bluin’ The Blues” and “Sensation.” (Brunswick BR 102). Tother is a Bob Crosby envelope, “Swingin’ At The Sugar Bowl”—timeless productions of Brother Bob’s big pre-war band and the smaller Bobcats. Such as, “Swingin’ At The Sugar Bowl,” “Peruna,” “Panama,” “Washington And Lee Swing,” “Little Rock Get-away,” “Wolverine Blues,” What memories here! (Coral CP 502) ... Volume 10 of “Jazz At The Philharmonic” has four more slabs on “Perdido”—this time called “Endido”—and two chapters of “I Surrender, Dear,” with such stellar fellers as Illinois Jacquet, Flip Philips, Bill Harris, Howard McGhee, etc. Lotta honking throughout. But Bill’s “T-bone on “Endido” is really mirable diut! (Mercury) ... Duke Ellington’s “Change My Ways” is lush, meditative Ellingtonia full of bountiful voicings and lush embroidery. Lawrence Brown is spotted on trombone and Ray Nance on fiddle. (Columbia) ... That Ziggy Elman covers the trumpet like white covers snow—and what lovely flageolet he weaves around “Invisible You,” and “Me And My Shadow.” Tis truly a horn of plenty—that of the ex T.D. and B.G. stall-wart now etching these warm things for MGM ... Bad Powell, before whom all the modern jazz pianists do a low bow, shows why on his newie, “You Go To My Head,” and “Ornithology”—which are great with beat and amazing varia- tions. What a fertile mind this kid has! (Blue Note) ... Benny Goodman’s “Egg Head”—is a full band bop opus that comes on like Santa Claus and goes off like the atom bomb—proving it won’t take long for the King of Swing to add bop to his realm! (Capitol)... You'll know why we call Kay Starr, Catherine The Great when the “sweetest little chest- ful” when you get hit with “Them There Eyes” and “What Is This Thing Called Love.” How energetic and peripatetic! (Modern) ... Errol Garner continues on as many different labels as possible, spreading that romantic piano around on the Three Deuces label on “Goodbye,” “Again” and “Long And Lonely Night” and “What Is This Thing Called Love,” and on the Atlantic face for “Twilight” and “Flamingo”—under any name ’twould be just as shimmery as spindrift!

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

MRS. BLANCHE McELROY, Tucson, Ariz.—Sounds like a cute idea—your lyric inspired by the kittens running on...
the Spanish roof of your home—but getting someone to put music to it is another thing. Suggest you contact bandleaders or singers who may be appearing in Tucson. Possibly they would be interested. ... JOSEPHINE O'LAUGHLIN, Prichard, Ala.—Buddy Clark has quite a few unissued records and I imagine they'll be brought out in some kind of Memorabilia album. His latest issued is "Dreamer's Holiday" and "Envy." PENNY ROSENTHAL of N. Y. is a dearie for answering the query by MARILYN HALL of Seattle, Washington. The guy who plays maracas for Xavier Cugat is Angelo Santos. Used to be known as Chino Maracas. The good rascal who asked about HOWARD DULANY, who used to sing for Gene Krupa, should know Howard reads our little do here in Screenland and knocks us liner to say he's in the floor polishing business in Long Beach, Long Island, and sings at night on jobs throughout Long Island. Is married and has 3 kids. So if you need your floors or ears polished, he's the guy!

Hollywood Facts Of Life For 1949!
Continued from page 25

rang for Audrey Young and Billy Wilder in Linden, Nevada, and for Cora Sue Collins and James McKay in Hollywood.

July marked a brilliant series of weddings. In Geneva, Italy, Jennifer Jones married David O. Selznick; in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Greer Garson became the bride of Colonel E. E. (Buddy) Fogelson; in Hollywood, Nora Edlingtohn Flynn became Mrs. Dick Haymes, and in Santa Barbara, Gail Russell and Guy Madison were wed.

Hollywood lost its most determined bachelor when Jimmie Stewart married Gloria Hatrick McLean. Two days earlier, in La Jolla where Gregory Peck served as best man, John Ireland married Joanne Dru.

As Summer moved into Fall, Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw were married in London, Jacqueline Dalya and Robert Hilliard were married in Las Vegas. British star Patricia Roc married Canadian Andre Thomas in Paris, and also in Paris was performed the ceremony of Bruce Taylor and Director Don Segel.

Really getting into the spiritual thing, Chester Conklin married Valda Genessee; Bill Marshall married Michele Frelle in Santa Barbara; Rudy Vallee and Eleanor Katehlin Norris were married in Oakland; Huntington Hartford took as his bride beautiful Marjorie Steele, who had worked her way through dramatic school by serving as a cigarette girl at Ciro's. In Monte Carlo, Stephen Crane (once married to Lorna Turner and the father of little Cheryl Crane) married actress Martha Cotton.

One of the most beautiful weddings of all time was that in which Sonja Henie became the wife of Winthrop Gardiner, Jr. In a week's time, Sonja whipped up the wedding plans and a reception for five hundred of her "most intimate" friends. Her pale blue wedding cake matched her pale blue wedding gown.

The stork wasted no time in 1949. He brought boys to Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman (their second); to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pasternak (their third child); to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen McNally (their fifth child); to Betty Field and Elmer Rice; to Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Gardner; to Vera Zorina and Goddard Lieberson in New York; to Helen Greco and Spike Jones (the lad is being called "Tack"); to Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Hayden (their second boy); to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dmytryk in London (Mrs. Dmytryk is actress Jean Porter); to Beryl Davis and Peter Potter; to Donna Reed and Tony Owen; to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hale, Jr.; to Mr. and Mrs. John Carradine; to Esther Williams and Ben Gage; to Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart; to Kay Williams and Adolph Spreekels; to Mr. and Mrs. Fredric (Amos) Gosden; and to Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck (their third boy).

Girl dolls were delivered to Faith Domergue and Hugo Fregonese in Buenos Aires; to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Robson

BEST IN THE WEST

VIC DAMONE—"Why Was I Born" (Mercury)
TOM MARTIN—"There's No Tomorrow" and "Foot Toot Tootsie" (Victor)
MINDY CARSON—"You're Different" and "Lonely Girl" (Victor)
BUDDY CLARK—"Dreamer's Holiday" (Columbia)
MEL WINTER, "Meadows Of Heaven," "Sonny Boy." "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," "There's A Broken Heart For Every Light On Broadway" (Capitol)
SARAH VAUGHN—"The Man I Love," "Once In A While" (MGM);
"Poof's Paradise" (Columbia)
KITTY KALLEN—"A Man Wrote A Song" (Mercury)
HARRY JAMES—"You Don't Know What Love Is" and "Make Love To Me" (Columbia)
WINGY MANONE—"Flamingo" (Ren)
BUD POWELL—"You Go To My Head" (Blue Note)
Cyd Charisse and her husband, Tony Martin, at supper party at Waldorf-Astoria. Cyd, MGM star, who started as dancer, has dramatic role in "Tension."


And the Gary Cooper's, held fairly close to Hollywood by picture commitments, flew to Aspen, Colorado, at every opportunity to ski and to supervise completion of their mountain lodge.

Stewart Granger, the British star whose real name is James Stewart, reversed procedure by coming to Hollywood and creating the greatest stir since Tabu was invented.

In other ways, 1949 was remarkable in Hollywood. It was the year of the big snow when residents of Palm Springs pelted another with snowballs, when an indignant tourist donned a set of red flannel underwear, a pair of galoshes, and a sun suit and paraded around the snowclogged streets of the desert resort. Also, when everyone in Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Brentwood, or the San Fernando Valley, who owned any description, took more pictures of snow-covered bushes and the backs of Scotty dogs barely visible above the drifts than have ever before been taken of any one specific event.

It was a year of colossal personal successes. Kirk Douglas became the greatest thing since Scotch tape. Barbara Hale, after seven years of hard work and discouragement, became "overnight" heroine in "Jolson Sings Again." Virginia Mayo came into her heritage as a great dramatic actress, opposite Jimmy Cagney in "White Heat." Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle were launched upon splendid careers by Ida Lupino's first production. "Not Wanted," Joan Evans made a spectacular debut in "Roseanna McCoy" and Shari Robinson's career was set by her work with Dan Dailey in "You're MyEverything."

Corinne Calvet was tabbed as the sexiest item since Jean Harlow for her work in "Rope Of Sand;" Vera-Ellen's triumph in the "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue" number in "Take Me Out To The Ball Game" has assured her a series of excellent roles, and charming Jane Wyatt made a brilliant comeback opposite Gary Cooper in "Task Force."

Also slated for great things in 1950 are Debra Paget, who made her debut with Victor Mature and Richard Conte in "Cry Of The City," Mary Jane Saunders, whom you loved in "Snowfall Jones," and David Brian, who was brilliant opposite Joan Crawford in the Warner
The World Is My Mistress
Continued from page 31

that moment my reputation for being "sullen" and "reserved" was born—a reputation that took me many years to live down.

With me at least and I believe with many others, first impressions do influence a way of thinking. I shall never forget that Sunday I arrived in Los Angeles. All I could think of was—how clean everything is! I had never seen so many shining cars, there was no mud in the streets, the air was pure. I stayed at the Ambassador Hotel and promptly fell in love with the barber shop. In Europe we didn't have those steaming hot towels that feel so good on one's face. This is pure luxury, I told myself.

All day long I looked forward to that trip down Hollywood Boulevard. Up to this point everything was like it is in the movie magazines. So about dusk I got off the red car at Hollywood and Vine. I was never so disappointed in my whole life! Looking back, I don't know what I expected but what I saw certainly wasn't glamorous. But as always in life, if one is patient, there are compensations. Standing arm in arm in the foyer of Grauman's Chinese Theatre were—Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They made up for everything!

After seeing Greta Garbo and Gavin Gordon in "Romeo," I decided I could afford to celebrate this memorable occasion. So I hired a taxi and rode out to the Sunset Strip, which was then little more than a narrow dirt road. When we came to the bridle path, I asked the driver to stop. For the first time I saw that magnificent panorama of lights and I just sat there—looking. And to think it all belongs to Ramon Novarro, I mused aloud. The driver said—nothing. He just naturally thought I was—nuts!

From that moment my experiences were varied and many. Time and time continued trying. I guess, have served as a great leveler. Today we live in a pink Mediterranean house on top of a high Bel Air hill. My wonderful wife, Mal, our son, Danny, and our little daughter, Victoria, lead a life that are to lead. At times Hollywood is a part of it; there are other times when it couldn't be more remote.

How we eventually came to own our brothers film, "Flamingo Road."

Some of the veteran celebrated important anniversaries in 1949: Edward Arnold completed his 65th film role; Ralph Morgan completed his 70th part in pictures; Ethel Barrymore nodded regally at her 50th anniversary in show business; James Gleason chalked up his 21st anniversary in pictures; Jack Benny completed his 18th year on the air; ace director (and one of the best loved men, though least publicly known in Hollywood) Henry King observed his 35th cinematic year, and J. Farrell MacDonald observed his 45th year in films, his 49th picture role.

The younger generation did all right.

Vanessa Brown won her degree (A.B.) from U.C.L.A. Rodney McDowall became 29; Elizabeth Taylor became engaged to Glenn Davis, dissolved the engagement, became engaged to William Powell, Jr., became disengaged; Jane Powell and Gregory Stieffen planned to marry in 1950; "most eligible bachelor" status descended upon Farley Granger, Lon McCallister, Douglas Dick, Montgomery Clift, Jerome Courtland, Harold Lloyd, Jr., John Barrymore, Jr. and Claude Jarman, Jr.

Oli yes ... both Daisy and Lassie (female impersonators) became the fathers of fine litters of puppies.

Those are the facts of a great year of life in Hollywood, U.S.A.

Mario Lanza and his wife at Mocambo. Mario was the singing sensation in MGM's musical, "That Midnight Kiss." His next is "Serenade For Suzette."
home further proves my belief that by learning how to live, we can accomplish anything within reason. When we were first married, we lived in a fifty dollar a month apartment and for what it represented to us then, we loved it as much as we love our Bel Air home today. Because we couldn’t afford night clubs, or fancy restaurants, we used to pack a picnic lunch and take long drives for entertainment.

One day we passed the house we now own. How beautiful, how wonderful, we used to exclaim! How would it feel to live in such a place! And that’s how it first sort of became “our” home. As my career progressed, we built two different houses. Then one day we decided we could afford a larger place and started looking again. We looked and looked, and twice we almost put down a deposit. Then one day a real estate man called us and said there was a certain house on top of a certain hill. He never got to finish that sentence!

Contrary to the general impression that movie stars wallow in luxury, after nineteen years in Hollywood we own our first swimming pool! It’s been wonderful for Danny’s and Vicki’s health. When we think of the children who somehow managed to grow up in the hip, crowded cities, believe me we count our blessings.

I have my own projector and take movies of those sentimental occasions that we love to celebrate. My great hobby is astronomy and Danny loves it as much as I do.

When I bought my fifteen foot telescope, something happened that further emphasizes the wonderment of Hollywood. Where but in this fantastic town could a man arrive unknown, practically penniless and through a series of circumstances (and I may add, a little hard work) end up seeing his own name on a theatre marquee, through his own telescope, from his own home on top of a hill! A world that can offer such advantages makes one feel pretty humble.

Up to this point have I given the impression that the Milland manner of living is completely without chaos? May I hastily assure you that there are minor mishaps! Like the occasion of my son Danny’s last birthday, when we thought it would be a novelty for his school chums to see a picture in a studio projection room. My loyal mate, in her slyly way, suggested that the kiddies should see “Daddy” in “It Happens Every Spring.”

Well, the tragic look in Danny’s eyes was mute evidence that I was not the number one favorite with his little buddy-buddies. To get the sad truth out of Danny, it took a lot of coaxing. Finally in a burst of embarrassment, he declared: “Oh, Daddy, why don’t you ever make pictures like John Wayne’s and Gary Cooper’s?” As we say in the cinema, Ray Milland will next be seen in “Copper Canyon,” a Technicolor Western!

Because we feel we have everything the outside world has to offer, we are loathe to leave our hilltop. However, there is a vague plan to take our daughter Vicki to Europe. Last year when we took Danny, it was a wonderful educa-

Fredric March and Basil Rathbone have a pointed discussion over a television scene on CBS as Director Marc Daniels seems to be in the middle.

the rent.

Today I could afford to buy that building. The idea amused me, but how nice it was to have no feeling for revenge, no desire to get even. This same emotion applies to certain friendships, too. A few people were nice to me during those early days but I was snubbed by many. Some of them are my friends today and of course they don’t remember. And of course, I do. But it doesn’t matter. When your world’s all right, things like this lose the importance we are prone to give them.

And so I have come to believe, by hoping for it and working for it—it is possible to find a deep and lasting personal peace. Just one little thing remains that is a hangover from yesterday. Originally, when I was under contract to MGM, I used to stand in front of the commissary every day. Wearing my one good suit, I kept hoping some producer would discover me and exclaim: “You’re just the man I’ve been looking for. I’ll make you the biggest thing since ‘Ben Hur.’”

Needless to say, it never happened. Someday I have to go back there and make one good picture. Believe it or not, even if I drive by that studio I still get such a feeling of inferiority. The best road to Balboa where my boat is docked, runs right by MGM. Rather than pass it, I take a detour! Well, it won’t be long now. I’ve lived to learn that a direct course is the only short cut to any man’s destination—either yours or mine.
that was rather forcible, because I ran into the back of his car when he stopped suddenly for a traffic light. My hometown of Fort Wayne, Indiana, has more excitement for each square inch than Hollywood ever had.

So then, why should the reactions of filmites be any different basically than anywhere else? They feel the same about marriage, about misfortunes, financial matters, and good news. They have their same problems about gophers in the lawn, about naughty children who give their parents headaches, about the next party they’ll be giving. They send cards on Mother’s Day, they chat with the plumbers, they take the market basket and file past the stalls at the Farmer’s Market right along with everyone else.

They have the same personal disagreements which couples in Fort Wayne or Cleveland have, and they go about their own ways, trying to thrash them out. The principal difference between Hollywood couples and those elsewhere is the effect of the newspaper column. Reporters latch on to a family quarrel, and before you know it, a minor difference of opinion becomes something of nationwide importance. The over-rating of the situation just makes it that much harder to be solved easily and quickly, as other couples might and do.

So much for movietown’s married folks. I think the greater problem is that which faces the unmarried men and women in Hollywood. I remember once reading an article about a well-known single film actress, who was quoted as saying that Hollywood was no place in which a single girl should live. She pointed out that she’s at the mercy of opportunists who are always seeking to use her for their own purposes, and that loneliness was often brought on by the men who would presume that her date-book was filled, and therefore wouldn’t bother to call her. She complained, too, that if she had a date with a male star for two or three nights, the gossip writers immediately would be predicting everything from an elopement to Las Vegas to a fashionable wedding in Brentwood.

Some of this, of course, is true. However, don’t think that an attractive girl in Kansas City, for instance, or in New York doesn’t have many of the same dilemmas. She’s also beset by wolves, and there’s many a night when she stays home to wash her hair, primarily because no one has asked her out for fear of a turn-down. A pretty girl understands this anywhere, and accepts it stoically.

I think one of the basic reasons why romance and marriage often take a beating in Hollywood is because of a vast similarity of interests and aspirations. The main subject of conversation at any party is show business, and you must understand show people to realize why this is always a fascinating topic. Actors and actresses not only love their profession; they live and breathe it, and adore it with a blind devotion. And, happily enough, they’re extremely proud of their business.

They’re always striving for good parts in which they can show off their talents to best advantage, and they’re never happier than when they are before the camera for a motion picture which they feel will be a hit. They want to make that film one which will make everyone in Hollywood sit up and take notice because they know if they have accomplished that, the rest of the world will follow along.

There’s nothing more tragic than an actor who isn’t acting. His whole temperament changes. He’s moody, irritable, and he’s a floor-plate. His restlessness. So, if his wife is working daily in a picture and he stays home doing nothing, can’t you see what the home life is like when his wife returns from the studio? It isn’t the fact that she’s earning money that bothers him, nor is he jealous of her accomplishment. It’s just that she’s acting and he isn’t, and there the trouble begins. I don’t think for one minute he’s jealous of her career, because if he too were working, everything would be fine.

Show people are essentially unrealistic people who live in their own little world and don’t pay too much attention to what’s going on around them. Thus, when they find that they’re in the profession but not working at it, it’s murder. I’ve ventured the opinion that a large portion of Hollywood’s divorcées come from the results of frayed tempers and black moods caused by an absence from the cameras.

Another cause of the outsider’s attitude comes from the fact that he believes too often what he reads in the gossip columns. I like press-agents—in fact some of my best friends are press-agents—but every so often they slip in and write what they call “dream-ups.” By this I mean that they haven’t any actual news, so they make it up.

Here’s an example. One week I found myself having dinner with scores of filmland’s leading men, according to what I saw in the newspapers, and the embarrassment of it was that I hadn’t even met several of them. One night I had dinner in four different spots with four different actors, which is what I would call one of the neatest feats of the week.

In tracking down the items, I discovered that a good friend of mine happened to be glancing at my telephone pad at the studio, and had gone back to the beginning of the year for some of the names. To fancy it up a bit, he added the others. When I called him down about it, he shrugged his shoulders and said that it was all part of the business, and that a star should go along with her publicity.

Now, I’m ordinarily not the argumentative type, but I pointed out a few facts which I don’t think occurred to him when he wrote those items. When people elsewhere read them, it was only natural for them to get the impression that I was nothing but a gadabout, and that per-
haps I was slightly man-crazy. It also looked as though I thought nothing of my career, and was always on a search for fun. What annoyed me most about my press-agent friend, I think, was the fact that during the particular week in which he had made the rounds of the tinsel nightspots, I was home every night, hard at work memorizing my lines for "Key To The City."

So, when a fan in Indianapolis asks me when I can possibly find time to make a picture and why I am always changing my boyfriends, can you understand on what he bases that question? When another fan asks me for some late news about Clark Gable and I reply that I don't know any because I haven't seen him for months on end, she gets slightly belligerent. After all, she knows I'm not telling the truth, because she read only a week or so ago that I was seen having dinner with Mr. Gable at a Sunset Strip spot!

I've noticed that when a couple in some other town decide to get a divorce, their friends say, "Isn't that too bad. And here we thought they were getting along so well." Or if a single girl dates a great deal, her friends say, "Why not?"

"I'd Rather Have Twins"

Continued from page 49

first—things such as love, happiness, and a home for her child.

"With Billy in show business, too, this can become a dangerous situation," Barbara explained. "It has happened in far too many Hollywood homes. But we are trying with all our power to be truly married. At home we are just Mom and Dad. I do Jody's laundry. I do most of the cooking, except when working late on a picture—then Billy prepares steak and potatoes, which we both like better than anything else. At the end of the week, I have a woman in to help me clean just like millions of other housewives do."

"Back home in Illinois, I was taught to do everything to the best of my ability. I'm still trying to do that. Always changing my boyfriends—" and I always chuckle. For example, North Hollywood—I suppose I should say 'The Valley' as most of the elite do—really is a small town and we live pretty much like small-towners anywhere. We try hard to be good neighbors and it's interesting that most of our neighborhood friends are not movie people. There's an electrician, fireman, accountant, insurance agent, orchestra drummer, and ice cream shop proprietor. Certainly, it is more fun inviting them over occasionally than racing around to the nightclubs. And since we got a television set recently, their kids are in and out fairly regularly, too.

Talking with this bright-faced, warm-hearted girl, I was impressed that Barbara Hale and Bill Williams represent a new generation in Hollywood. It is a younger generation concerned with home, church, community life. Its members are not madcap but serious-minded; they are not selfish and sensation-seeking, but generous and socially-conscious. They believe in God and their fellow men. They earn their living making movies, but otherwise they are little different from young couples in Kenosha, Wisconsin or Caribou, Maine.

Barbara Hale—or Mrs. Bill Williams as she likes to be called—pledged allegiance to such ideals when she was a Baptist choir singer back in Rockford. She is still living by them. "I do think there's a new generation in Hollywood," she agrees. "Of course, as anywhere else, Hollywood has a minority who are impressed only by material things, who find pleasure only in the gadgets and gimmicks money can buy. But more and more, I think people out here are developing a deeper set of values. The War—and more recently the studio slump—served to bring out their better sides, depute many of our pompous nobodies, and in general debunk a lot of this 'glamorous movie star' publicity."

"Billy and I both find we can be 'regular guys' without wrapping ourselves in Hollywood tinsel. Quite a few of our close friends feel the same way, too. Larry Parks and Betty Garrett, Virginia Mayo, Ann Blyth, Gale Storm and Roddy McDowall, to name only a few. All have this same awareness, this same concern for their families, friends, and civic responsibilities. Some teach Sunday School or help organize youth chorals groups or assist regularly on such charity projects as the Red Cross and Community Chest. The point is that the majority of today's stars are not going the pace that kills, but are developing themselves and helping others along the way. As a result, a new religious awareness and community spirit are becoming evident in Hollywood."

So, Rockford's slender May Queen (who once wanted to be a nurse) and Clark Milton's new screen sensation (who wants to be successful both as a wife and star) goes the even tenor of her way. She's regular enough to borrow an egg from the neighbors or let a freight show through her light makeup. She's keeping up her schoolgirl interest in art, specializing in illustration and portraiture. Deeply interested in child welfare work, she hopes in the future to devote more and more time to helping Hollywood's homeless and destitute children.

"You know," she mused, smiling that radiant smile which lights up a room, "Billy and I are really simple people. We stay home nights, adore being with Jody, and doing things about the house. I still sketch a little. Billy works at his various hobbies. He cemented our patio and built our fences with his bare hands. Does all our gardening, too, and there's one rosebush out back that he never fails to gather and put to bed every night.

"In fact, our home life is so pleasant that I'd just about quit pictures when that offer to do Mrs. Jolson came along. My contract at RKO had expired, and I was just sitting around waiting for twins to happen to me. Then, one day my agent told me they were testing and that I should try out—especially as I do closely resemble the real Mrs. Jolson. Well—I tested for one part, and that did it. I was so happy on that picture that I signed a deal with Columbia, and I've just made another thrilling picture with Robert Young and Bette Hutton called 'And Baby Makes Three,' which is funny and crazy all over the place. What's next? They haven't said. Secretly, I'm still hoping for those twins!"

Luscious Corinne Calvet dancing with her husband, John Bromfield, at Mocambo.
What wild terror had made Zeda a mute... and why was this high-born beauty

to the highest bidder

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 gambles his fortune...fights a duel to the death to "buy"
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 chances of winning the hand of Catherine DeLafeld,
 the golden-haired New England goddess he loves so
 wildly? And why—
 when Catherine wants him so—does she have to destroy his love so savagely?

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Philadelphia Inquirer

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he wants to forget the blackmail idea, his partner forces his hand. Tense drama and suspense make this a superior mystery.

South Sea Sinner

Universal-International

EVERYTHING happens in the tropics. Here in the States when the weather merely gets lukewarm everyone just about dies from exhaustion—but in the tropics! Well, for instance: Cafe waiter Shelley Winters, who can make any temperature rocket, gets ordered by boss Luther Adler to pump information out of Macdonald Carey. With the information Shelley will get, Adler hopes to convey same to the proper authorities and as a reward be permitted to return to the States. (Carey was accused of selling rubber to the Japs during the War, but since nothing was proven, Adler wants EVIDENCE.) Shelley goes for Carey. Carey learns who is guilty and everything gets even more hectic. Maybe it's that papaya juice they drink down there...

Deadly Is The Female

United Artists

THE old saw about the female being deadlier than the male is more truth than fiction when carnival sharpshooter Peggy Cummins ties up with John Dall, who since childhood has had a strange penchant for guns. The difference between the two and their gun-madness is that Dall isn’t a killer, but Peggy—now, that’s a different story. It’s she who talks Dall into pulling one holdeup because she loves the things money can buy. Being so mad for Peggy, Dall goes against his better judgment, and in rapid succession the stickups develop into a major crime wave. It’s a mean business with murder and death as the final payoff. Good performances and nerve-tingling chase scenes...

Bride For Sale

RKO

BECAUSE the stars are top calibre, it’s a shame that this bit about a lady accountant and tax expert in search of a wealthy husband falls flat on its fidel-ity. Hired by George Brent, ex-WAC major Claudette Colbert lets her boss know that a rich husband is her prime concern in life. So in order to prove to her that rich men aren’t all they’re touted, George gets friend Robert Young, a museum curator, to pose as a wacky millionaire. Wacky or not, Claudette goes for Young and his bankroll. When she finds out a hoax has been perpetrated, upset is an understatement for what Claudette feels, and she becomes bent on vengeance. Brent and Young get their comeuppance even though one does get the girl.

Beyond The Forest

Warner Brothers

VIOLENT is the word for the love scenes in this latest Bette Davis epic. As a discontented wife of small town doctor, Joseph Cotten, Bette yearns for big city life and plans her stormy campaign to get what she wants. David Brian, a millionaire with a hunting lodge near the town, is just the virile boy who can make her dreams come true. Lying, cheating, and “things far worse” make no difference to Bette once she starts operating and sees victory in sight. Needless to say, Bette plays the role for all it’s worth then adds some more of her own special touches. A super melodrama of a woman’s warped soul, this could very possibly shock the daylight’s out of some folks.

The File On Thelma Jordan

Paramount

SOMETIMES a person’s character can change, but oftentimes, the change comes too late as with Barbara Stanwyck. When she first meets assistant district attorney Wendell Corey, she’s a beautiful yet proper young woman reporting a series of attempted robberies at her wealthy old aunt’s estate. Corey, suffering from an unhappy marriage due to in-law troubles, sees in Barbara the opportunity to escape from his problems for a while. His troubles are minor compared to those he gets when Barbara’s aunt is found shot to death and a valuable necklace missing. Police Inspector Paul Kelly says she’s guilty. Having fallen for Barbara, Corey maneuvers it around so he’ll prosecute the case in the woman’s name. Corey feels innocent, but it’s only a matter of time and circumstances until Kelly gets all the facts he needs which leaves Corey stripped of everything he had before meeting the charming Miss Jordan.

Chain Lightning

Warner Brothers

NOT too many years ago, this would have been regarded as strictly Buck Rogers stuff, what with Humphrey Bogart as an ex-Army pilot testing jet planes that go 1,200 miles an hour, but now it’s different. In fact, this is quite a thrilling look into future air power and the shots of the souped-up jet in flight are spellbinding. Along with flying the jets for Raymond Massey, Bogie is also concerned with getting his ex-girl, Eleanor Parker back from aerodynamics engineer, Richard Whorf, and Whorf is concerned with a safety device that will protect high-speed jet pilots from sure death. Who achieves success in his enterprise and why makes for some nail-biting moments which you really ought to see for yourself.

Tokyo Joe

Columbia

JUST before the War, Humphrey Bogart deserted his White Russian wife, Florence Marley, and left Tokyo where he was running a niteclub with Japanese partner, Teru Shimada. When he returns again, now an ex-lieutenant colonel, he finds his wife hasn’t been killed, instead they’re divorced and she’s married to an American government official, Alexander Knox. Nor is that Bogart’s only problem. He finds himself fronting an airlines freight company for a bunch of Japs, variety Kamakazi. Bogart doesn’t want to do it—knowing something is very, very stinking about the deal—but he’s blackmail and doesn’t have a chance in a case like that? Fortunately, American Intelligence stands by its name and with Bogart’s help the incident is closed.

A Kiss For Corllis

United Artists

VERY unfunny comedy starring Shirley Temple who deserves better material than what was given her and the same goes for David Niven, who if possible suffers even more playing a much-married bounder. Because Shirley, a teenager, wants to get beau Darryl Hickman jealous, she writes mighty meaty paragraphs in her diary about a fictitious romance going on between her and Niven whom she’s met briefly in her father’s law office. The diary gets into the wrong hands and Shirley has a problem, Mr. Anthony! The way the characters—supposedly a typical American family—are made to act, you wonder what the heck is happening to American family life.

Passport To Pimlico

Eagle-Lion

INTRIGUING fantasy about a section of London which suddenly discovers it’s no longer a part of the city nor of Britain, for that matter. When a delayed action bomb explodes, a hidden vault is revealed which contains a Century Charter decreeing that the section is Burgundian territory. People are delighted since they can now break away from rationing and British law. It becomes a modern Utopia where Pimlicans do exactly as they please. However, snags develop: British Customs demands tariffs for Pimlico dwellers, currency is cut off and the area blockaded. Eventually, a satisfactory solution is arrived at and all concerned are left as happy as the audience. Stars Margaret Rutherford, Hermione Baddeley, Stanley Holloway and Paul Dupuis.
That Clings!

Fragrance that Beckons!

Make this outstandingly different face powder your choice!

So there's nothing new in face-powder? One is pretty much like the other? Wait! You haven't tried Cashmere Bouquet with . . .

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3 Then last, but not least, 6 wondrous "Flower-Fresh" shades to choose from! Be you blonde, brunette or titian . . . there's a Cashmere Bouquet color to complement and flatter your own natural skin tones!
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JEEPERS! Buttercup Almost Forgot!

She's learned the Hard Way what it Costs to Forget, and Buttercup's Taking no Chances. There was that Jolly Bachelor, Fresh from Kalamazoo, with plenty of Lettuce and "Object Matrimony" written all over him, whose First date was his Last.

Ditto for the big, bronze Glamour Boy at the Beach last summer, who Kissed her Once, then gave her the Deep Freeze.

Ditto for that quiet Casanova who took her to the Early Movies then Dropped her on her own Doorstep at half-past-nine.

That isn't going to happen this time. Buttercup's got a new Boy Friend and she intends to Keep Him. She isn't going to let Halitosis (unpleasant breath) Snap the String in Cupid's Bow. This time She'll be Sweet Little Buttercup because she's going back Right Now to let Listerine Antiseptic look after her breath.

She knows Listerine Antiseptic is the Extra-Careful precaution against offending. She knows that it freshens and sweetens the breath ... not for mere minutes ... but for hours, usually.

Moral: It's better to be sweet than sidetracked, so, before any date, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic.

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 COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri
What are you waiting for?

Don't be a die-hard on the subject of monthly protection

You certainly can't modernize your good-grooming habits if you just close your mind while others are getting the benefit of new ideas and discoveries. It is no secret that Tampanix has only one-ninth the bulk of the outside pad... and needs no belts or pins to fasten it, because doctor-invented Tampanix is worn internally. Also it causes no chafing, no odor and no bulges, bumps or ridges under a dress or skirt.

Tampanix is made of safety-stitched absorbent cotton contained in dainty white disposables applicators. Your hands need not touch the Tampanix and when it's in place the wearer cannot feel it. It's really the last word! Millions of women and girls now use Tampanix in more than 75 countries — and that's the truth.

LIFE IS SHORT BUT SWEET

...IN MALAYA!

Yes... in that sultry danger-spot
known as Malaya, you kiss
a girl with your eyes wide open
—and a gun in your hand!

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SPENCER TRACY

JAMES STEWART

VALENTINA CORTESA

IN "MALAYA"

CO-STARRING

SYDNEY GREENSTREET, JOHN HODIAK, LIONEL BARRYMORE

Screen Play by FRANK FENTON • Based On An Original Story by MANCHESTER BODDY
Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by EDWIN H. KNOFF
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
While in New York, enroute home after a year abroad, Tyrone Power and his bride, Linda Christian, attend gay supper party at Waldorf-Astoria.

No matter how many costumes they are required to wear for camera purposes during the year, there's one occasion all the film stars look forward to, when they can design their own outfits and come to a party garbed as fantastically as they wish.

This is the annual Press Photographers' Ball where the men who snap the shutters entertain the glamorous folk who have been posing in front of their lenses all year.

It's a fancy dress affair in every sense of the term and your favorite film folk raid everything from studio wardrobes to the kitchen pantry to find bizarre effects to wear for this particular event.

Because they can come—and go—as they please, you'll find that many of the stars find a release in appearing in a garb they've always wanted to don, but which their film roles have never permitted them to wear. That is, Betty Grable will discard the low-revealing bosom line of her current dance hall hostess role and cover her shapely, black net-stocking legs, to appear as a demure Southern belle, complete with fichu, black velvet collar and hoop-skirted crinoline, which reveals only a slight glimpse of the fabled Grable ankles. So with Jeanne Crain and Donna Reed, both of whom are doomed in their picture parts to wear gingham and calico and other corn-bred costumes. These beauties suddenly emerge in tons of tulle, taffeta and towering plumes, just to show their camera-conscious hosts how they would look if the directors would give them different parts.

* * *

I must say at this year's gala, many of the gals went in for "type casting"—or

Roz Russell and Fred Brisson on board the Queen Elizabeth prior to sailing for Europe.

Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer continue to be Hollywood's most intriguing twosome.
"Maybe I am just a 'dame' and didn't know it!"

"Thelma Jordon"

HAL WALLIS' production starring

BARBARA STANWYCK · WENDELL COREY

with PAUL KELLY · JOAN TETZEL · Directed by Robert Siodmak

Screenplay by Ketti Frings · From a story by Marty Holland
BEAUTIFY YOUR HANDS!

Cecile Aubry, soon to be seen in "The Black Rose," gets a lesson in the art of eating with chopsticks from Ley On, owner of a famous London restaurant.

Music hath charms and Jimmy Stewart's piano playing on the "Malaya" set intrigues Valentina Cortesa, who appears with him and Spencer Tracy in film.

has been so highly highlighted in the headlines recently.

Cute little Ann Blyth came as a helicopter with a little propeller on her bustle and a matching one on the front of her black net headdress, while her escort Roddy McDowall appropriately met the occasion by dressing as an aviator.

Jeanne Crain emerged as a Roman glamour girl of Caesar's day with her handsome husband, Paul Brinkman, as an armored gladiator to protect her.

Probably the most sensational effect was created by cute Vera-Ellen and Rocky Hudson. Covered in gold paint from head to foot, they came as "Mr. and Mrs. Oscar." But while trying to represent living Academy Award statues may be spectacular, it has its disadvantages, too. They brought a gallon of alcohol in their car, in case the metal paint should make them ill and they should have to remove it. Half way through the evening, Rocky was seen to at least stick to their roles. Arlene Dahl, who is one of the most gorgeous girls in Hollywood, but who is quite modest, came as "Helen of Troy" and like the fabled siren of Homer's, she launched a thousand sighs when she entered Ciro's swank café, where this year's ball was held. Some of the sighs turned to hand-covered whispers when they discovered that the beauteous Arlene was being escorted by Bob Thompson, instead of her steady date, Lew Ayres. It seems that Lew, who hates public functions, although this is strictly a private invitational affair, refused to take Arlene—and that is what broke up the romance which

Sid Grauman shows Jeanne Crain where to write her name in cement in forefront of his Chinese Theatre as her eldest son, Paul Brinkman, Jr., watches.

Ann Sheridan, one of the few big Hollywood stars to make appearance on television in Los Angeles, is guest of Kay Mulvey on her Open House TV show.
1950's 'TEN-BEST' LIST WILL START WITH WARNER BROS.

HASTY HEART

WAS IT LOVE... WAS IT PITY...?

D-ABOUT, RAVED-ABOUT 'JOHNNY BELINDA'!

célia neal - richard todd in screen play by ranald macdougall

"so good it tops the stage play! a new star is born!"
— louella parsons

"richard todd gives the greatest performance of the year!"
— medda hopper

"bravo! an 'oscar contender'!"
— earl wilson

"the hasty heart will win your heart!"
— louis sobol

"the comment's terrific! richard todd's sure to be nominated for an oscarn!"
— dorothy kilgallen

chosen as redbook's picture of the month

"one of the best pictures i've seen!"
— frank farrell

"it's no. 1 on my movie-hit parade!"
— guy lombardo

winner of parents' magazine medal award

"it's enormous!"
— photoplay
After dip in the pool, Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield relax in the desert sun.

**Cobina Wright's**

**PARTY GOSSIP**

dash out to the parking lot and come back shortly, looking slightly gray around the cheeks and wearing a pair of borrowed slacks. Vera-Ellen also felt some uncomfortable results. Some of the gold paint got under her eyelids and she wasn't able to report to the studio the next morning.

Betty Hutton made a rip-roarin' entrance as Annie Oakley in the outfit designed for her role in "Annie Get Your Gun," toting two guns and a moustache which she dared any sharpshooter to shoot off at fifty paces.

Although it was hard to identify them, those blackface waiters and waitresses were Esther Williams and Ben Gage, who persuaded their friends, the Keenan Wynns and the Joe Kirkwood, Jr., to don the same sotdy disguise and act like the help from Esther and Ben's new restaurant—The Trails.

Cary Grant and Marilyn Mercer rehearsing their lines for a Radio Theatre program.

Roddy McDowall, Barbara Britton, at wishing well of The Doll House, desert cafe.

The Bromfields stop at the Wonder Palms for lunch during trek into the desert.

Lovers' quarrels as well as romantic hitches caused many switches that evening in addition to the Arlene Dahl-Lew Ayres splitup. Ava Gardner, who had been having another tiff with Howard Duff, showed up with Designer Michael Wolfe, who literally "fixed" her by duplicating one of the costumes he arranged for her to wear in "Carriage Entrance." It was a white strapless number of the 1900 period, but the stays bound her so unmercifully that Ava said she wished she'd stayed home in "Levis." Also having a bit of a row was French actress Denise Darcel and Steve Cochran. After a few heated words they broke up, leaving Robert Stack as the gallant escort for Denise the rest of the evening.

**SEVERAL** of the younger film set gathered the following weekend to join Guy Madison and his beautiful wife, Gail Russell, in a "Get-Away-From-It-All" trek which took four couples down into the desert for more of that sunshine which seems to have deserted Los Angeles a good deal this Winter.

Guy and Gail started from Palm Springs, mounted their horses and then rode out to join the other couples who had driven down to mount and meet them. There were Roddy McDowall with Barbara Britton, John Bromfield and his wife, Corinne Calvet, Henry Wilcoxon and his wife, Joan Woodbury. They all started at the Doll House, a desert bistro, which boasts a wishing well, as well as a "Ride-in," the latest version of a Drive-In. Here you can tether your horse by a bin of oats and be served in the saddle yourself, without having to bother to dismount.

James Hilton with Ann Blyth, his air show guest. Ann's now in "Free For All."
“I was a nice girl—wasn’t I?”

Please wait until you know the Truth about “My Foolish Heart”

SAMUEL GOLDFYN PRESENTS

DANA ANDREWS · SUSAN HAYWARD

“MY FOOLISH HEART”

with Robert Keith · Kent Smith · Lois Wheeler · Jessie Royce Landis · Gigi Perreau · Screen Play by JULIUS J. EPSTEIN and PHILIP G. EPSTEIN

Directed by MARK ROBSON who gave you “Champion” and “Home of the Brave”

RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
Joanne Dru, Broderick Crawford and Walter Burke in "All The King's Men," exciting story based on the life of the late Huey Long, in which Brod gives a truly magnificent performance.

By Helen Hendricks

Three Came Home
20th Century-Fox

THERE are few people who won't be affected by the terrific emotional impact of this account of the horrors of war, based on Agnes Newton Keith's autobiographical book. Claudette Colbert as Mrs. Keith is nothing less than superb. Wife of Patric Knowles, a British government official in North Borneo, she suddenly finds husband, home and all semblance of civilized life torn from her when she and their young son are sent to a prison camp. The fear, heart-breaking good-byes, furtive meetings with Knowles, imprisoned not far from her, and her struggle to keep alive are shown starkly, minus all manufactured pathos. If anything can take hold as a revealing case against war, this, then, should be seen by everyone.

The Hasty Heart
Warner Brothers

CHARMING and altogether poignant story of a young Scotsman, Richard Todd, wounded in Burma during World War II, and how his subsequent stay at the hospital base brings warmth of friendship into his bitter empty life. Unfortunately, this new-found happiness is something he'll have briefly since it's only a matter of weeks until he's to die. Everyone knows but Todd, and when he finds out, he distrusts and hates all over again. Beautifully acted by newcomer Todd, Patricia Neal, Ronald Reagan and the rest of the all-male cast, this is a genuine film rarity with bright flashes of humor and the more somber note of a boy trying to find himself. If the screen blurs every now and then, it's no technical problem—only a case of your misty eyes.

Adam's Rib
MGM

RACY, sophisticated comedy about the "happy" married life of two legal eagles. Spencer Tracy is a prosecutor with the District Attorney's Office, and his frau, Katharine Hepburn, is a lady attorney... both of whom get involved when Judy Holliday empties a revolver into her philandering husband. Katie defends Judy in court because she feels that anyone, even a woman, has a right

Heartsick and weary, Claudette Colbert gets little comfort from sympathetic attitude of Sessue Hayakawa, commander at Jap prison camp.

Spencer Tracy takes time out from his rubber smuggling business to romance with Valentina Cortesa, sultry cafe singer, in "Malaya."
We've Gotta Tell The Truth...
It's MORE FUN Than "Dear Ruth"

"Dear Wife"
FOR THE HOWL OF YOUR LIFE!

starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN
JOAN CAULFIELD
BILLY DE WOLFE
MONA FREEMAN
EDWARD ARNOLD

All the wonderful people who made "Dear Ruth" such a riot... are back—to invite you to come along on this hilarious honeymoon!

ARLEEN WHELAN
MARY PHILIPS

Produced by RICHARD MAIBAUM
Directed by RICHARD HAYDN

Based on the screen play by Arthur W. Kober and H. Robert Bayly as a musical by Elmer Rice's "Dear Ruth"
country crusader who smashed his way through corrupt local politics and rode his own bandwagon straight to the governorship, does a magnificent job. Because of his own impoverished background, Crawford knows the futility and need of the common people. Unfortunately, his lust for leadership and power got out of control, and reputations, lives, and decency crumbled with each step he took toward his goal. Shockingly realistic scenes of mob adoration and expert performances by Joanne Dru, John Ireland, Anne Seymour, Mercedes MacCambridge and John Derek enhance the general excellence.

**That Forsyte Woman**

*MG*M

A STAR-STUDDDED drama of a tragic love affair. Greer Garson is the unhappy, but well-cared-for wife of a soulless businessman, Errol Flynn. Lacking genuine love and understanding, she's susceptible when she meets niece Janet Leigh's fiancé, Robert Young, an architect. Young pursues Greer ardently until she falls hopelessly in love, but she still is miserable because of the unhappiness they'll cause others. About to send Young on his way, Greer changes her mind when Errol accuses her of vile, ungentile behavior, so she leaves him to run off with the poor but charming Young. However, the elopement never takes place, . . .

Based on John Galsworthy's famous book, "The Forsyte Saga," this is Grade A plush fare with a happy ending thanks to Artist Walter Pidgeon.

**Cinderella**

*Technicolor*

*Walt Disney*

THAT old Disney touch has come back again in a truly delightful cartoon version of the all-time favorite: Cinderella, a story on which no one needs to be briefed. However, Disney has added a few of his own special trademarks as an extra dividend: Cinderella's abandoned-minded fairy godmother, a bevy of gamin-like mice with whom our heroine is on speaking terms and a menacing villain in the overly formed form of a spoiled cat. Glorious color, music and many, many moments of happy business that (Please turn to page 69)

Adults as well as children will enjoy Walt Disney's delightful version of "Cinderella."

**All The King's Men**

*Columbia*

VERY thin is the layer of disguise put over this story taken from the real-life political rise of Louisiana's Huey Long. Broderick Crawford, as the back...

There's trouble afoot when Errol Flynn, Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson become involved in a three-cornered romance in the MGM film, "That Forsyte Woman."

Janet Leigh and Bob Mitchum in "Holiday Affair," psychological study of a young war widow who tries to make her son a carbon copy of his dad.

Donald O'Connor, Francis the mule, and Pat Medina supply plenty of laughs in "Francis."

Richard Conte and Gene Tierney in 20th's whodunit, "Whirpool," in which Gene's shoplifting exploits lead to murder and spine-chilling excitement.

Barry Fitzgerald and Shirley Temple in a scene from Warner Brothers' "The Story Of Seabiscuit," one of turfdom's biggest money-making attractions.
Want to know what the Inspector General inspects?

—I'M DYING TO TELL YOU!!!

Never such singin', dancin', Danny Kaye-pers! He's a general with an army of beautiful babes!

Danny Kaye is the Inspector General

The All-time Comedy Kayo from Warner Bros. in Color by Technicolor

WITH
WALTER SLEZAK  BARBARA BATES  ELSA LANCHESTER

PRODUCED BY  DIRECTED BY
JERRY WALD  HENRY KOSTER

Screen Play by Philip Rapp and Harry Kurnitz • Suggested by a Play by Nikolai Gogol • Lyrics and Music by The Associate Producer SYLVIA FINE • Musical Direction and Incidental Score by Johnny Green
Glamour For

The Red-Golds

Betty Underwood, former model now on the way to film success, suggests ways and means to polish your Titian coloring to burnished beauty

By Courtenay Marvin

"THE leopard cannot change its spots—and remain a leopard," said Betty Underwood, now appearing in RKO's "A Dangerous Profession." Betty's aquamarine eyes were serious and her voice had a note of finality.

We sat in a little candle-lighted French restaurant just across from Betty's hotel (for girls only). Betty was in New York for a brief respite from Hollywood and was giving an hour, which turned out to be two, to our good looks page. We had started out on the subject of hair, and Betty continued.

"I have been both a platinum blonde and a brunette in the last few years, and now that I'm back to where I naturally started from, I'm going to stay there if I can. For something happens to a personality with a distinct change in hair color. When I was a platinum blonde, I'd go about my business feeling just like Betty Underwood until I looked in a mirror. The reflection used to jolt me out of myself, and I'd go through a little struggle to get my Underwood feet on the ground again. I think, however, my real trouble came with being a brunette. I had really black hair and there was something in the blackness that went against my grain. My natural spirits just couldn't rise above that black hair, and just because it really wasn't mine I felt serious when I looked at myself, almost stern, and I think I looked that way, too. Another problem came with my wardrobe. With my hair as it naturally is, I wear warm tootzy colors, and these did nothing for me with ebony hair. I had to buy a new wardrobe. This is something for the girls who contemplate a complete turn-about in hair color to remember. They will need new wardrobe colors. Well, that's behind me now, and with my own hair color again and with it this length, I feel natural and free. It's a wonderful feeling."

Betty shook back her bob, long by present day standards, and candle-light danced through deep, soft waves, burnishing their reddish-gold cast.

I asked Betty what word she had for girls with just so-so hair or with hair a little on the drab side.

"There are so many wonderful rinses that really make up hair, just as a lipstick does the mouth. These just accent you a bit and make your hair pretty and dramatic with sheen and light without drastically changing you. I don't like any decided change. For skin tone must have a relation to hair color, otherwise you look out of color balance."

I asked Betty what she did to accent her warm, pale gold skin tones. She likes an all-over makeup. Sometimes she uses powder over this, sometimes not. Instead of rouge, over her high, rounded and very photogenic cheeks she blends just a touch of quite dark cream makeup. She uses this same tone of makeup over her eyelids and out toward the temples instead of the usual eyeshadow. This gives warmth and vivacity to her face, has some shaping value and does not add a foreign touch, which she thinks red would with her tawny hair. Her lipstick leans toward a brown note, rather than orange, and eyebrows and lashes get brown accents, not black, which she considers harsh with red-gold coloring.

Betty's favorite costume colors are camel, deep mudded green, black, white, tomato red and ice blue, this for evening. She prefers gold to silver for her coloring and her choice is for a little good jewelry rather than a lot of costume glitter.

With the naturally warm, unaffected and alive personality that is Betty Underwood's, we covered much ground. Like a few celebrities of stage and screen, notably the late George M. Cohan, Betty was born on the Fourth of July and comes from Mansfield, Ohio. I asked what path took her to Hollywood and she told me this story.

When she was a little girl, she was knocked down by a car while playing in a street and sustained a double fracture of one leg. Her doctor suggested that dancing lessons might help the little leg after it had mended. Betty took lessons and later this led to participation in school drama. (Please turn to page 72)
"My Way"

says

Brenda Marshall

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight the way Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want...all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet...no massage...no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories...works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Clinical tests conducted by eminent physicians on over 100 persons proved quick, safe weight losses averaging 14 to 15 pounds.

Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today—a full months supply, $2.89.

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS
A STORY OF TWELVE MEN AS THEIR WOMEN NEVER KNEW THEM...

...of one man who stood forward—alone!
GREGORY PECK in his most exciting role—as "Savage," who crosses wings with Destiny!

THE WORLD STANDS STILL AT...

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH

GREGORY PECK

with HUGH MARLOWE • GARY MERRILL • MILLARD MITCHELL • DEAN JAGGER • ROBERT ARTHUR • PAUL STEWART • JOHN KELLOGG • BOB PATTEN

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK Directed by HENRY KING

Screen Play by Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr. • Based on the Novel by Sy Bartlett and Beirne Lay, Jr.
Left: Jane Powell and ice-skating star Geary Steffen, recently married in Beverly Hills, smile for photographer from head of their reception line. For both it’s their first venture.

Right: Arriving at Church of the Good Shepherd, Jane is escorted by her father, Mr. Paul Barce. The wedding of this young star was attended by many Hollywood notables.

NEWSREEL

Jerome Courtland watches while usher Roddy McDowall is decorated by Elizabeth Taylor.

Left: A combined operation is cutting the cake. Jane will not give up her career.
The stars themselves like to hear the gossip about their town just as much as you do.

By Lynn Bowers

OFF and on we'd been hearing so much about what a wonderful spot Apple Valley is that we hied ourselves there for a weekend. Opened a little over a year ago, it has fast become one of Hollywood's most popular year-round desert resorts—now we know why. About a hundred miles from our town, the low, rambling bungalows and the main buildings of the Inn are snuggled down in the lowlands and ringed by mountains. It's peaceful, but there's plenty to do. On one of their visits to Apple Valley, John Bob Hope and Doris Day on his popular radio show. Bob's in "Fancy Pants" with Lucille Ball.
and Patti Derek took their first hayride to the foothills for a steak-fry and joined the cowboys and natives singing Western songs. Audrey Totter brought her young sis, Colette, here for a weekend, converted her into a horseback ridin' fan—while Audrey sat around the pool taking it easy. Zachary Scott and his pal, Cesar Romero, also give the horses a daily workout on their trips. They call John

**Talking About!**

Above: During their recent trip East, Dale Evans Rogers had a birthday; Roy helped cut the cake.


Lund "Two-Gun" up thar—he must have a yen to do a Western, 'cause he gets all duded up in buckaroo's clothes at A.V. Kirk Douglas spent most of his time playing with Eric and Leeann, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Bass, who own and operate Apple Valley. Sally Forrest, the little gal Ida Lupino discovered and who is now under long term contract to MGM, interrupted the Saturday night square dance to teach the cowboys the rumba. Don and Gwen O'Connor, with Gale Storm and Lee Bonnell, wound up miles away in Barstow on their way to the Inn on account of Don is the short-cut kid and insisted he knew all the cutoffs. Peter Shaw and Angela Lansbury spent most of their time hiking in the nearby mountains while they were there. Cowboy Kenne Duncan carried the mail on horseback from the town of Victorville when Apple Valley became a real town, on the map, and opened its own post office.

This is the spot where "Sword In The Desert" was made by U-I and all the natives are crazy about Dana Andrews, who is also crazy about the natives. Mr. Bass discovered this spot in the desert years ago when he saw the movie "Lost Horizon." He admired the scenery in the pic so much he (Please turn to page 34).
Before deciding who is to blame, Shirley or John Agar, read this revealing and illuminating report

By Fredda Dudley Balling

When, on October 12, 1949, Shirley Temple Agar filed suit for divorce from John, Hollywood was rocked to its foundations.

For several months there had been rumors that the Agars were having a stormy time of it, but all who knew Shirley and Jack really well were convinced that Jack loved Shirley with all his heart, that he adored small Susan, and that he was mature enough to realize that some couples require as much as five years' time to make essential adjustments.

As for Shirley, she had openly admitted early in September that there were some instances of unhappiness in her marriage, but she added that she was going to do her best to make her union with Jack both
permanent and contented.

Three days before she filed suit, she telephoned a close friend to say that she had changed her mind. She couldn't go on. She couldn't "take it" another week.

Those who know Jack well are convinced that he was shocked and surprised when he was served with the legal documents. He had been playing in a golf tournament while Shirley, Susan and Mr. and Mrs. Temple were vacationing in Palm Springs. Jack had been telephoning Shirley every night, and when he left Los Angeles Tuesday morning, bound for Palm Springs, Jack told friends that he would spend the rest of the week with Shirley. Certainly that was not the statement of a man who knew he was about to be invited to move.

Before going into the tragedy of this marriage failure, it might be interesting to read the words of an expert on divorce. For ten years, Dr. Clifford R. Adams, professor of psychology at Pennsylvania State College, has made a study of marriage and divorce. Here is what he has to say about marital friction: "When causes for unhappiness in marriage are segregated, they are found to include: (Please turn to page 56)
Meet A Great Lady

"The carefree kid I worked with 12 years ago has matured into a great lady and real trouper," says the King

By Clark Gable

BEFORE setting down a few observations on Loretta Young, I decided to check up on a few newspapers and magazines in which interviews were published, just to see how a guy goes about this sort of thing.

When I finished this research I was in more trouble than I had been when I started. Maybe that's always one trouble with putting yourself wise—the more you learn, the less you know.

I found out that if you're going to write a story about anyone, you should discover a few startling facts about your subject: like she had hunted tigers in Africa, or she paints portraits of Amazon savages, or she buys all of her clothing to match her mauve (whatever color that is) station wagon.

Well, Loretta simply doesn't provide any startling facts. She is the nicest, sweetest, sincerest, most normal girl you would want to meet. If she were a man, her friends would say of her that she was a swell Joe.

I met Loretta about twelve years ago, when we were what is laughingly called "co-starred" in the same picture. The only star in that picture was the weather. We arrived in Bellingham, Washington, one afternoon in the midst of a blizzard which kept right on blizzarding for nine days. We were quartered, about thirty of us, in an airy building intended for use during the July heat wave. Brrrrother was it cold! (Please turn to page 58)

"Loretta has the happy quality of never being bored. Everything interests her."

When Clark asked Loretta to pose prettily while he took her picture, she gaily did.
FIRST met Clark Gable about twelve years ago when we co-starred in a woody drama entitled "The Call Of The Wild." Although we were given top billing, the real star of the picture was a massive dog named Buck. The rest of us, compared to the instant attention Buck's slightest bark commanded, were no more impressive than a chorus of gnats.

Buck lived in a steam-heated trailer; the rest of us shivered in the Summer quarters of a rustic hotel whose Winter quarters had burned the previous year.

When our picture company was marooned for nine days by twenty-one feet of snow, Buck was accorded the steaks our larder afforded whereas the rest of us were reduced to crackers, scrambled eggs and breakfast cereal.

After the storm had abated, we went to work in temperatures which ranged from ten to thirty degrees below zero. This is the way the scenes were worked out: the human members of the company were sent for, rehearsed, and stationed in their places. THEN the word would be sent out for Buck to be rushed from his cozy quarters into camera range. He would do his bit. The instant the camera stopped turning, Buck would be hurried back to his plush apartment while we chilblained actors flailed ourselves with our arms to keep from congealing. We also smiled wanly in Buck's direction just to keep our facial muscles from freezing.

Throughout this murderous situation, the only person who never lost his temper, and who never looked at Buck and wondered how Huskie steaks would taste, was Clark Gable. No matter how trying the working and living conditions became, he was always the affable gentleman, who made no demands upon his fellow workers. He expected no favors—although he was a big star even then—and when tempers flared he would say peaceably, "We (Please turn to page 60)"

Just Call Him King

"The years have brought changes within Clark Gable. He's a better actor now than ever, a wiser human being"

By Loretta Young
George Montgomery and Dinah Shore talk to John and Marie Lund at the debut. The star of the film, Olivia de Havilland, convalescing after her son’s birth, couldn’t attend.

Lita Baron gets orchids from her bridegroom, Rory Calhoun, at the premiere of the picture.

Claudette Smith takes Roddy McDowall’s tip about Jerome Courtland with a grain of salt.

Hiding behind that Jerry Colonna-ish moustache is Gregory Peck, with his wife, Greta, at “The Heiress.” He grew the luxuriant spinach for his role in “The Gun Fighter.”

Lee MacGregor, of “Twelve O’Clock High,” and Marilyn Maxwell, the “Key To The City’s” bubble dancer, arm in arm at the premiere of Paramount’s “The Heiress.”

Coquette Corinne Calvet, in “When Willie Comes Marching Home,” flirting with the camera under the nose of her handsome husband, John Bromfield, at the Carthay Circle.
There were as many stares as stars at "The Heiress" debut when Elizabeth Taylor arrived on the arm of Montgomery Clift.

Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd and his wife got a tumultuous cheer from adults as well as youngsters at the Carthay Circle.

To the fans who stood for hours in the streets leading to the Carthay Circle, where Paramount's "The Heiress" was premiered, hoping for a glimpse of their beloved favorites, it was one of the most spectacular opening nights they had ever witnessed. Stars and the near stars, distinguished studio heads poured into the theatre on a flood tide of glamour... a thrilling reward for their loyalty and patience.

Not only did the stars enjoy the adulation, but "The Heiress" proved an absorbing drama with performances so brilliant from Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, Ralph Richardson and Miriam Hopkins, they surely will be recalled when the Academy Awards are bestowed again.
Diana Lynn wants fans to forget she was a youthful pianist and realize she's grown up.

**Madame Diana, Please!**

**Apparently** the hardest truth for studios, like parents, to accept is that their young stars do grow up. But with "Paid In Full," Paramount bows its head to Diana Lynn's coming of age. In it, Diana progresses from a spoiled juvenile to a wise wife and mature woman.
Dan Seymour expresses his contempt for Kirk Douglas in "Young Man With A Horn."

Kirk defies his friend, piano player Hoagy Carmichael, who begs him to stop drinking.

Doris Day, vocalist in a band Kirk's with, understands him and his love for his horn.

**Kirk Douglas** falls in love suddenly and irrevocably in "Young Man With A Horn," when, as a boy, he first hears the sweet wail of the trumpet. From then on, nothing is so important in his life as his horn. He joins that fraternity of musicians to whom jazz is food and drink and, in the music he makes, forgets his poverty and loneliness. At the peak of his career, Kirk falls in love with a magnetic but unstable girl. The torture of trying to live her kind of life and remain true to his own starts him drinking and he becomes a real alcoholic when their marriage fails. His betrayal is complete when he turns to his beloved horn and finds he is no longer able to play.
The happiest period in Kirk’s life is when he and Hoagy knock around together in “Young Man With A Horn,” playing their own kind of music. When Kirk hits rock bottom and lands in a hospital, Doris Day and Hoagy stand by him, but he’s too far gone to care what happens to him.
Joan Fontaine enjoys romancing with Robert Ryan in the RKO comedy, "Bed Of Roses."

Even to intimates the Doziers' marriage was so ideal that their separation was a shock.

Roses Have Thorns

Burt Lancaster's back comes in handy on Radio Theatre when Joan corrects dialogue.

Joan's marriage to Brian Aherne, which began so promisingly, also ended in divorce.

I T'S ironic that Joan Fontaine, whose dreamy eyes and fragile beauty epitomize romance, should be so singularly unlucky with the product in her personal life. Immediately after her separation from her producer husband, Bill Dozier, Joan left to make "September" in Europe with Joseph Cotten. That maneuver took care of the bad period directly following any broken romance for not only did Joan plunge into work, she also had herself a gay whirl before returning home. But now what? Will she seek happiness again with a new love or concentrate her real talents on the career that seems to be the most dependable part of her life?
John Derek could put Robin Hood himself to shame with his proficiency and aim as an archer.

He'll Capture Your Heart

Once again the dells of Sherwood Forest echo with the tread of Robin Hood's men in "Rogues Of Sherwood Forest." This time, however, they are captained not by the doughty warrior, but by his equally intrepid son, John Derek, who's twice as handsome, dashing and reckless as his old man. John is one of that rare breed whose prowess is not faked by a clever cameraman. He's a born horseman and all-around sportsman and used no double for the many scenes in which he rides, fences, jousts or meets the enemy with no defense other than a stout heart and wily mind.

No character he portrays could be more colorful than John Derek himself. His role in "Rogues Of Sherwood Forest" is almost tailor-made for him.

For a lad like John who breaks his own horses, riding scenes are easy. John follows Robin Hood's footsteps in the picture by fighting for the people.

The sweetheart of John Derek's nightly dreams in the picture is Diana Lynn, whose guardian is the wicked King John whom Robin Hood is opposing.
"Forget about glamour and concentrate on individuality if you want to be different," says Jean Peters.

Jean Peters' fifteen-year-old sister, Shirley, asked Jean to go to an open house affair at her school and represent her as her guardian one night recently. Since her mother was back in the East, Jean was the obvious substitution. The lovely Miss Peters was duly flattered and got herself all spruced up in a white tailored outfit and went to the school.

The evening, however, had disillusioning repercussions. Shirley's teachers thought that Jean was a high school student! That may help to explain why in this land of glamour girls Jean remains completely apart from the stereotyped class. There's no trace of the glamour girl about this young and rising star of "It Happens Every Spring." She's like a fresh breeze in a hot desert—and simply because she prefers to remain herself and leave the Hollywood trappings to others.

I went to see Jean in the modest little house she and her sister live in—and was greeted with the homey smell of cookies being baked. Jean had just thrown together a few dozen elegant specimens made of wheat flour, chocolate chips, dates and nuts. She brought in some samples a little later—and, brother! here's a gal a man should set his cap for. Can she cook!

"Glamour," Jean laughed when we began our chat, "is one thing I've never concentrated on. I like to be glamorous—about once a week. But to make a career out of it just takes too much fussin' and fumin'. I'm simply not the type for the drooping eyelashes, the startling coiffure, or the plunging neckline. I'm more apt to be jumping over fireplugs, wearing blue jeans. Glamour is a job. You have to work at it. And I just happen to think that it's not worthwhile to have to (Please turn to page 62)"
A SCREEN hero in this age of propaganda must be something more than a tall, dark and handsome gent with a soulful smile, who charms his feminine audience into temporary forgetfulness of a crazy world. Today, the idol must have the build of a full-back, be blundering, hardboiled yet oddly sensitive, possess a good line of gab and, above all, an uncanny sense of "the time to pat and the time to slap."

Who, mesdames and mademoiselles, is the most ingratiating heart specialist of that ilk now practicing in Hollywood? None other than Paul Douglas, late of Broadway and a sports announcer's microphone. Why? Because he just keeps rolling along, fostering the illusion of being a rough and virile guy with a gentle side. If he seems at times to be a bit on the dumb side as well, that's all to the good, because such an impression leaves the average fan believing she could easily master the brute.

Paul Douglas, let it be understood, doesn't profess to be a romantic superman. Nevertheless, by box office standards, he is definitely a "pro" in big league heart-throbbing—a fellow who can be very funny but also affectingly serious.

His screen success is attributable not so much to what he says or does as to how he says and does it.

The secret, like the Blue Bird or penicillin or your old grey cat, lies close to home—right, so to speak, in the old back yard. Paul Douglas looked around and discovered—Paul Douglas. He is merely playing himself, a big hulk of a man who looks forbidding enough to lick double his weight in wolves but who can be as gentle as the doves clamoring to get into the United Nations.

"At the age of 42 I seem to have opened up a whole new field for men and boys with gray hair," he said in his Fifth Avenue hotel suite following his arrival home from three months of picture-making in Berlin—an arrival which dovetailed conspicuously with the New York opening of his 20th Century-Fox comedy, "Everybody Does It."

"Maybe it's an impression of vitality I give off," he explained. "You know, the big, rugged fellow who loves 'em and lams 'em, but never leaves 'em—well, not for too long. Could it be," his blue eyes twinkled, though his face was dead-pan, "there's a vitality trend?"

"Could be," it (Please turn to page 64)
House Of The Seven Garbos

Recalling when Linda, Kristine, Ruth and 4 other girls lived together, sharing the same hopes

By Doris Lilly

IT WAS a big, rambling structure, built by the famous silent screen star, Wallace Reid, and situated in the very center of Hollywood, right off the famous Sunset Strip. We had christened it The House Of The Seven Garbos, because, of course, there were seven of us who had come from all parts of the world to settle in it, and because we all wanted to be actresses, wanted to be Garbos.

By sharing our aspirations, we gained luxury—two spacious floors, a swimming pool, tennis court, game room, all the trimmings, and we even gained a mother. At least, we liked to call her that, just as her own three children did. Our house mother's name was Marie, and if my wishes have any weight she will have a ringside seat in heaven some day. Marie would listen to us endlessly and encourage us all, trying as best she could to help us reach that goal in our hearts. It was always interesting to me how she never seemed to tire of helping each of us to dress to go to the studio for an interview, or give us consolation when we were turned down. She was always there with a soft shoulder to cry on, or a cup of hot soup if we had the sniffles. But Marie was like that, and she's still there, lending what she can to a new batch of saucer-eyed young hopefuls, who are perhaps listening right now to Marie telling stories about us and chucking her tongue as she reminisces about our vagaries. She might be telling the story about Deannie—... but then, maybe you'd like to meet the girls who once made their home in the House Of The Seven Garbos.

First, there was a tempestuous Texan beauty named Deannie Best. Deannie was part Cherokee Indian (she never let us forget it), and she was always in love. It was wonderful to see her enormous black eyes framed in long, jet pig-tails gazing soulfully into space as she related to each and all, word for word, how the beau of the night before had proclaimed his constant and undying love. Deannie went earnestly about the business of becoming an actress, but her main interest was love, love, love. She was eternally and constantly on the brink of an all-consuming passion, each time with as much fervor and enthusiasm as the time before. Naturally, this led to a lot of ups and downs. We used to
Kristice Miller, whose future grows brighter daily, always had poise, dignity, confidence.

worry about Deannie, though her common sense always came through at the crucial moment. I remember one episode especially: Deannie had had a quarrel with the Heathcliff of the moment, and after fiery words, I heard her creep upstairs to her room. A few moments later we were startled by the most terrible screams that came from outside. We all ran out and discovered her lying in the shrubbery right by the house. It was a matter of minutes before the police and newspapermen arrived, and a few hours before the episode was blazing on the front pages of every newspaper in Los Angeles. STARLET ATTEMPTS SUICIDE OVER UNREQUITED LOVE!

But what we discovered later was that Deannie had let (Please turn to page 65)
Kirk Douglas and Evelyn Keyes, who've been dating steadily for quite awhile now, at Los Angeles opening of "Jolson Sings Again."

Roddy McDowall, on the way to his seat in the Pantages Theatre, spies Margaret O'Brien and her mother on the aisle and stops to say hello.

Larry Parks, who plays the title role in the film, his wife, Betty Garrett, and the one and only Al himself, were on hand for the premiere.

Harry Cohn, head of Columbia Pictures which produced "Jolson Sings Again," with Al Jolson and his wife before the showing.

Ginger Rogers was escorted by boy friend Greg Bautzer. He's just given her a huge star sapphire ring which may mean wedding bells.
French designer Lili shocks Hollywood with her views on necklines, sex and movies

By Dorothy O'Leary

Model Totty Ames in a daring Lili gown and the designer herself.

The 5' 1" bombshell who has set Hollywood on its ear by her outspokenness.

Lili's transparent "at home" gown. She says U.S. women should wear sexier clothes.

Lesson From Lili

"LOVE scenes in American movies? They are childish. They are dull. They have no realism. Most of them steenk! Compared weeth those in the French cinema, they are like pablum as compared weeth caviar! You see one kees in movies here, and you have seen all the keeses. They are all the same. No nuances!"

That's French designer Lili speaking. Lili for the last several months has been setting Hollywood on its ear with her ideas and comments on plunging necklines, sex, love, American men, sex, love, American women, sex, love and American movies. In an accent dripping with the Champs Elysees (Please turn to page 66)

Lili's black lace and taffeta bathing suit. "The obvious is never obvious," says she.
In Warners' production, "Stage Fright," Jane Wyman takes on a thankless job as maid to temperamental beauty Marlene Dietrich.

Using a bit of dramatic-school guile, Jane tries her best to secure information from Michael Wilding, investigator from Scotland Yard.

Whodunit For Jane

In "Stage Fright," drama student Jane Wyman acts a game of life and death. Trying to clear her friend Richard Todd, suspected of murdering actress Marlene Dietrich's husband, she poses as Marlene's maid. Though she loves Michael Wilding, detective on the case, she continues to shield Richard. That he is really guilty she discovers almost too late to save her own life and to return to Wilding.

In this forlorn disguise, Jane embarks on her difficult assignment.

Fleeing from the police, Richard Todd begs Jane's father, Alistair Sim, to hide him in his seacoast house while Jane returns to London in an effort to clear his name.
just after he had wound up “On The Town” for MGM, picking out moments that changed the whole course of his life. In fact, the two of us sat down for the confab in between rehearsals and broadcasts for his radio show. Catching up with the likable guy is not the simplest thing in the world, I can assure you. If anyone is busier than Frank, I’d like to meet him.

“That was the big turning point,” Frank continued, “but I do think that my life and my career actually began before Nancy and I were married when we went to a movie one night and saw Bing Crosby in a picture. I remember whispering to her, ‘That’s what I’d like to do—sing.’ She simply said, ‘Why don’t you?’ That was all the encouragement I needed. I began to figure.”

“I’d expected to leave before the next Monday night show, but Lucille Kirk, who also sang with the group, asked me to stay on and sing Monday night since she had to go to a friend’s wedding. To help her out, I did stay. Well, I’ve been glad ever since that Lucille had to go to a wedding, for on that Monday night Harry James came in to hear the act. He was forming his own band and after listening to me sing he offered me the job as his soloist at a salary of sixty-five dollars a week. It didn’t take me long to accept—or to call Nancy and tell her to quit her job.”

Frank and I were doing a bit of delving into the past

Apropos of the fans who made Frank Sinatra famous are the bobby socks Dorothy Kirsten holds on their NBC show, “Light ’Up Time.”
Screenland Salutes Humphrey Bogart

As a test pilot in "Chain Lightning," Humphrey Bogart not only has as thrilling a role as he's ever played, but certainly his most informative and instructive. A short while ago this film would have been considered a fantastic Buck Rogers melodramatic thriller, but today it is sound, documentary evidence of the amazing things a jet propelled plane can do. Bogie handles the pivotal role so smoothly and believably you don't realize how much he's actually teaching you about aviation. It's a stirring performance, a great contribution to flying.

Are you in the know?

Should you break a movie date with Bill—

- For a Big Man on Campus
- If you're asked to a formal fray
- To meet a blind find

You're booked for Saturday night at the cinema. And then the real Bikini comes along. Should you call "good old Bill" and beg off? If you checked no on all three counts above, you're right! Breaking dates is a rating-buster. And "calendar" time goes, is no excuse...for you know the new Kotex keeps you comfortable. Because it's made to stay soft while you wear it, Kotex gives you softness that holds its shape.

This aquatic creature should remind her of—

- A special soap
- A type of sweater
- Elbow grease

Baby, it's cold outside—remember? So beware of "turtle skin!" Winter tends to dry out most teen complexes, and elbows especially need extra care. Keep 'em scrubbed and well greased with a rich lubricating cream. You'll be thankful you did, this festive season, when fancy-dandying to formals. Same as you'll be thankful (at trying times) that you chose Kotex, for that special safety center gives extra protection.

What to do if Mom says you're too young for dating?

- Try crowd psychology
- Play Hannah the Hermit
- Stick to ban parties

Chances are, it's solo dates the family vetoes...they're not against your having friends. Why not get your schoolmates to rally at your homestead, now and then? Show Mom you can cope with a mixed crowd. Dating first on the "gang" plan is good practice for solos later. And whatever the doings, whatever the day, remember—those flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. Even when you're tagged for a gala evening, you know you can brave the limelight with confidence...and Kotex!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

It's a mighty sharp student who—

- Snags the prof
- Has the Tweedy Look
- Majors in poetry

Competition's keen when the prof's cute—and a bachelor. True, you may not be a ball of fire at scanning. But your tweeds'll tell him you're on your toes, style-wise. For this year, tweed's terrific...new, inexpensive, with a "high fashion" look! In coats, suits or dresses, it's for you! And just for you on problem days, there's a Kotex absorbency you'll find exactly right. How to tell? By trying all 3: Regular, Junior, Super!

NEW!

A belt made with
DUPONT NYLON ELASTIC
-won't twist—won't curl—won't cut!

It's sensational! This new, nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt gives 118% stretch—yet it's strong, smooth-feeling, light weight, quick drying. Stays flat, dainty-looking, even after many tusslings! This Kotex Belt won't bind—and you'll find the new firm-grip fastener easier, quicker to use! For utmost comfort—buy the new, nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES:
Pin style and with new safety fastener

Kotex Wonderform Belt
Buy two—for a change
FASHION SELECTIONS

STAR IN THE SKY

FASHION SELECTIONS

by Kay Brunell

Fashion Selection #111
Peggy Dow, Universal-International starlet, in her favorite casual separates, made by Duchess Royal in corduroy. Her skirt features an inverted front pleat, and the boxy jacket has a zipper closing. Skirt and jacket available in ivory, wheat, red, yearling, laurel green. Sizes 10 to 20. Under $15 each. Her sweater is by Tish-U-Knit; her gloves are American-knit shorties.

Fashion Selection #112
“Miss Cari-All” is the name Capeway has given the handsome 12-inch purse-and-overnight-bag combination Peggy is carrying. Of genuine split cowhide, it has double handles, zipped top, sturdy steel frame and two handy inside pockets. Here is a piece of luggage that can go on a weekend visit or a two-week Summer vacation. It sells for about $6, including luxury tax.

FOR INFORMATION where you can purchase your fashion selection in or near your city, write to Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor, Screenland, 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
Fashion Selection #113 Peggy, shown at left in lounge of a Pan American Stratocruiser, selects a suit by Junior Accent of Verney Caprice faille, accented by a short cape and peplum. It has white pique collar and cuffs and buttons all the way down the front. In navy and black. Sizes 9 to 15. Under $25.

Fashion Selection #114 In her trim suit by Sporteens, Peggy (below) is a bright spot on the horizon. Made of soft all-wool flannel, it has a gored skirt and lumberjacket-style top with cap sleeves. In five colors—shrimp, mint, caramel, navy and sea blue. Sizes 10 to 20. Skirt about $8 and jacket about $6.

Fashion Selection #115 To complete this ensemble, Peggy chooses a Sage blouse by Revelation. Made of fine washable celenese Carlyle crepe, it is available in white, magnolia pink, blue, green and navy. Sizes 32 to 38. Costs about $5. Credit Capeway for the four-piece set of high-fashion airplane luggage.


SEND THIS COUPON

to Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor, Screenland, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., for name of store near you selling your fashion selections.

#111 □ #112 □ #113 □
#114 □ #115 □ #116 □
Information on Capeway Luggage □

Name.................................................. Age
Street Address........................................
City and State........................................
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 21

two-way GLAMOUR
Without a blouse, it's a dream date-dress in a rich Faille Jumper.
at just $5.00.

(As worn by Edie Durston—Hollywood starlet!) It's an entire outfit! You'll want Janie's career dress complete with pen clipped to belt....to wear with your blouses. You'll love it as a dream-dater to show off your bare-throated charms....to keep you cool later in the season.

Colors: black, hunter green, elephant grey with red belt....brown with green belt.
Sizes: 10 to 18 complete with belt-point pen $5.00.
Blouse Mate, $3.00...order separately or together) Silduka crepe in white, pink and grey...
Sizes 32 to 38.
Order Postage Free.

Mario Lanza, the new singing rave at MGM, who's parted many theatre patrons from lotsa cash to hear him sing, had to give up practicing his scales at home. He now hits high C on a sound-proof studio stage because his singing set off a chain reaction in his neighborhood. The dogs all howled, which woke up all the sleeping babies, who howled, which sent their mothers knocking at the Lanza door asking him please for gosh sake to button his lip.

Split-second Department: Audrey Totter flew direct from New York and a hospital tour to Houston, Texas, where she was Honorary Queen of Homecoming at the University of Houston. She presided at a pep rally, the traditional bonfire, crowned the school queen, rode in the rain in a parade, saved the game, went back to the Shamrock Hotel and packed, caught a six a.m. plane out for Chicago and Dayton for a benefit. She still doesn't know how there was time for it, but 100 university boys dressed in cowboy regalia serenaded her before she took off.

John Hodiak returned from England and MGM's "Miniver Sequel" long enough to get a look at the apartment he and Anne Baxter have rented while their house is remodeled, then he left right away for the premiere location of 20th's picture "Vika." That guy's home less than a traveling man—no foolin'.

Gene Autry flew in from New York and Boston on a commercial airliner, stepped out of that one and boarded his own plane which was waiting with engines all warmed up for the takeoff to Lone Pine where he's making another horse-opera, "Beyond The Purple Hills."

Greg Peck, who worked every day "Gun Fighter" was shooting, also flew to Lone Pine for two days' location, left next day for London and the Command Performance, returned in time to help Greta and her three sons aboard for a return trip to England, where Greg'll make "Captain Horatio Hornblower."

After that, the Pecks will tour Europe— he's never been there and she not since she was a kid. They'll visit Greta's relatives in Finland while on the continent.

We had a wonderful evening at the Betty Hutton-Ted Briskin menage—got there early enough to see their two little girls, Lindsay and Candy, both dressed in pastel blue housecoats and hair ribbons to match. Three-year-old Lindsay is absolutely fascinated with television and her proud Mom and Pop can hardly drag her away when it's bedtime. After dinner we heard the wonderful, wonderful score Betty's recorded for "Annie Get Your Gun." Make no mistake, this is the role of Betty's life and she sings the songs like a dream.

Clifton Webb astounded many of his friends with his Christmas card—a picture of him surrounded by the twelve youngsters who play his kids in "Cheaper By The Dozen." Under the photograph was the message from bachelor Webb "Just wanted to keep you posted on latest developments."

Incidentally, Jeanne Crain is being de-aged for this picture. She's the 15-year-old problem child of the family. And Betty Lynn, who plays a little Southern flirt in the picture, was dying to meet Una Merkel and ask for some expert coaching in the accent department. So one night at the town's newest little theatre, New Horizons, who should she run into but Una. Betty introduced herself, bashfully told Una what was on her mind—and got her wish!

When the young son of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall was nine months old, his mother left the house to go shopping with strict instructions to his father to take some movies of the kid. Bogey got sleepy and took a nap instead and when Mrs. B. returned she found, all of a sudden, no pictures. Bogey thought it would be just as good to take
the pics the next day, but his wife changed his mind, routed him off the sofa, and the movies were made. There isn't much doubt about who's boss around the Bogart establishment.

* * *

When Richard Widmark returned from England, where he made "Night And The City," he was given a ten-day vacation—in fact his new picture, "No Way Out," was postponed that long so Dick could put back those fifteen pounds he lost while he was away. Dick plays a lovely character in this new picture—a guy who starts a race riot.

* * *

For "The Hawk And The Arrow," Burt Lancaster is all decked out in 12th Century brown tights and green leather jerkin. It's quite a sight to see him strip off the upper half of his costume (to cool off) and, shall we say, reveal how he keeps the tights in place. He uses modern garden variety suspenders which no self-respecting 12th Century swashbuckler would be caught dead in.

* * *

Not since they were teamed on the stage about five years ago in "Voice Of The Turtle" have Margaret Sullivan and Wendell Corey acted together. Up until now, that is, in Columbia's "No Sad Songs For Me." So it was quite a reunion when they met the first day of shooting. In this pic, they'll do a square dance and Maggie says the last dance she learned for pictures was the Charleston. The very attractive Miss S. hasn't made a picture for six years.

* * *

Another wanderer returning to the fold is Myrna Loy, who'll be Clifton Webb's wife in "Cheaper By The Dozen." She's been in Europe for two years and we have a hunch she just couldn't resist the funny script and idea of this picture—otherwise, she'd have stood in Europe with hubby Gene Markey, who's producing movies over there.

* * *

Evelyn Keyes is but delighted with her new bachelor gal apartment, which we hear is quite heavenly. No wonder—Mitch Leisen directed it and he's one of the tops in that field, as well as being a terrific director. Some people have all the talent.

* * *

Latest date dope on Barbara Lawrence: She and Scott Brady have been doing the town together, but purely on a consolation basis. His favorite gal is in New York and Barbara's guy, Murray Hamilton, is there, too—in the cast of "Mister Roberts," which will probably run forever.

* * *

There's a large group of people in Hollywood you probably never hear about, but they're a very potent and influential bunch. They're the members of the foreign press, some 300 strong, who help sell American movies abroad. Very important in these days of competition. So it wasn't surprising to us to see quite a large turnout of important Hollywood personalities at the luncheon which the foreign press gave at the Roosevelt Hotel. Irene Dunne, Gary Cooper, Barbara

---

**Checks Appeal**

Inexpensively yours at $14.95

by

Nan Scott Jr.

A love of a dress by Nan Scott, collared and cuffed with daisy-white waffle pique. Smartly pleated in CREASE-RESISTANT rayon checks, buttons march across the soft yoke and travel down the eye-filling back. To wear now and throughout the year.

In brown and white and black and white checks with matching patent leather belt.

Sizes 7, 9, 11, 13, 15.

NAN SCOTT JUNIORS, INC.

1400 Broadway
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Please send me postage free, "CHECKS APPEAL" dress at $14.95

NAN SCOTT JUNIORS, INC., 1400 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.
Hale, Bill Demarest, Ellen Corby, Harriet Parsons, veteran moviemaker Mack Sennett, and Western star Reno Brown got all sorts of questions fired at them in several dozen different accents. Irene looked elegant in tailored suit and sables. Gary astounded everybody by being glib and interesting—he is famous for confusing his conversations to two words, "nope" and "yep," but he positively scintillated this time. Pretty Barbara Hale charmed the whole room with the amusing account of how she cracked the movies. And Mack Sennett told some wonderful stories about his association with the fabulous W. C. Fields in the earlier days of movies. They all helped a lot in making Hollywood sound like a real place, which it is.

LaRue, our favorite restaurant, was very gay of a Sunday evening with Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli dining happily together (this was before Judy's slight hassle with MGM over starting work on "Summer Storms!"). Bob Hutton was buying a steak for Ann Rutherford—she's a friend of both Bob and Cleatus and was no doubt consulting him on account of Cleatus has been dating Joan Fontaine's ex, Bill Dozier, steadily. Bob looked older, mebbe because of that mustache he's sprouted. Mark Stevens was there with his mother. Later, we went to Ciro's to hear Mindy Carson sing. She does look a little like Ingrid Bergman, only much smaller, and she has a terrific voice.

* * *

Met some awful nice people at the party writer Dick English and his attractive wife, Kay, gave for the Luis Osios of Mexico City. Senator Osio plays host to Hollywood celebs at the famous Del Prado Hotel when they visit south of the border, so a great many of these same chums came to the English's shindig—John and Esperanza Wayne, Edna Borzage with her new heart interest, Merrill Pyle—among others. We watched fascinated while the fabulous dance team (they're married, too) Veloz and Yolanda gave us a sample of their artistry. It was wonderful. Mrs. Costello there and talking a mile a minute about the screen debut of her son, John Barrymore, Jr., in "The Sundowners." Evidently the kid is scared like anything—and no wonder, with all that famous family—on both father's and mother's side—with their wonderful theatrical traditions to live up to.

* * *

John Derek practically dropped the telephone when the owner of Sportsman's Lodge called and told him a guy wanted to buy one of his paintings, on exhibition at the restaurant. John gulped and said he guessed he'd sell it, provided the customer would make the check out to the American Cancer Fund. He gulped even when the Lodge phoned and said the art patron had donated a hundred and fifty bucks to the Fund and walked proudly off with the painting under his arm.

* * *

Another tale of painting, and quite unusual, concerns the famous California artist, Ross Shattuck, who pulled a neat caper by forming a company to finance his trip to Mexico. Irene Dunne and husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, Paul Douglas, Director Mike Curtiz, Attorney Bill O'Connor, Bandleader Art Castle, Bob (Brown Derby) Cobb and several others bought into the company and when Ross returned, loaded with 40 canvasses, the stockholders got together and drew lots to choose their favorite scenes.

* * *

George Montgomery has got himself a very different club—in his home state, Montana. It's made up of fifteen young Indian gals in the Sioux country. But naturally, they call themselves "George Montgomery's Sweet Sioux."

* * *

Elyse Knox has been playing in the Joe Palooka pictures for quite a spell. In eleven pictures she's been Joe Kirkwood's fiancee. So who happens? Joe Palooka finally gets married—but it's Pamela Blake who's the bride, not the eleven-time loser Elyse. But that's Hollywood for you.

* * *

Bob Walker makes no Friday night dates. He's already got one—to take his two sons, Michael and Bobby, to whatever kind of athletic event the kids' school has. Nuttin', but nuttin', interferes.

* * *

Paid a quick visit to the set of "The Baron Of Arizona," which my pal, Sam Fuller, is directing. It was quite colorful, with Vincent Price and Ellen Drew sitting around a campfire with a whole flock of gypsies, goats, and mules. Dyin' to see this picture, which is about a guy who almost convinced the U. S. Government that he had a legal title to the whole state. Vinnie Price, of course, is the Baron.

* * *

Wot I'd like to know is this: When is "I" going to wake up to the fact that they have a real star in young Richard Long? The poor guy has been more or less put in a rut, making the Ma and Pa Kettle series. Of course, these pictures are great moneymakers for the studio, but seems to us that they'd give this kid a chance to do something better.

* * *

We've had our Incendiary, Platinum, Pearl, Shell and Strawberry blondes—now Marilyn Maxwell has been named the Diamond Blonde by, of course, the diamond merchants, who hung a fortune of those pretty rocks around her neck—on loan.

Both Sides Of Shirley's Divorce

Continued from page 23

Emotional immaturity of either or both husband and wife.

General incompatibility, resulting from differences in religion, age, intelligence, education, interests, or unlike standards and ideals.

Specific physical or sexual incompatibility.

Environmental factors including ill health, unsatisfactory housing, job difficulties and insufficient income.

Lack of common goals and failure to meet each other's needs.

One factor or several may be responsible.

Without looking very hard, the good doctor could find several of these above-listed troublemakers in the Agar marriage.

First of all, Shirley was only seventeen when she and John were married, and she was an extremely young, protected and starry-eyed seventeen at that. Mrs. Temple had agreed to announce Shirley's engagement, but with the proviso that Shirley and Jack wait two years before marrying. The announcement was made in the Spring of 1945; Shirley was graduated from Westlake School for Girls in June of that year. In September, 1945, she was married. She had cajoled her mother out of the original bargain.

Shirley is extremely persuasive so that it is difficult for anyone who loves her to refuse her. She pointed out that she and Jack were head over heels in love; she added that Jack was twenty-four. He was steady, sensible, clean-cut, supremely eligible. He came from a family which had long held an enviable social position. He was not dependent upon his sergeant's pay, as he had a small additional income from an inheritance.

According to those who should know, one of the things about Jack which first attracted Shirley was that he was not at all impressed by her childhood fame. Many boys whom Shirley had dated had held her in such awe that they became tongue-tied, flat-footed Ickabods when they were in her presence. Refreshingly different, Jack regarded Shirley as an amusing cuteie; pretty, a little fresh, slightly spoiled, but fun. He had grown up in the knowledge that he could date almost any girl he chose. He wasn't self-satisfied; he simply had no inferiority complex about girls.

It is fair to assume from the evidence that when Jack and Shirley were mar-
ried, Jack was the more emotionally matured. Immediately after filing suit for divorce, Shirley herself practically admitted this fact. She said that, at seventeen, she thought she was capable of choosing a lifetime partner, but that nowadays she believes she was too young.

In the field of general incompatibility, Jack and Shirley discovered almost at once that it was going to be difficult for them to share Jack's prime hobby: golf. Jack is one of those beautifully coordinated athletes who can shoot in the low seventies on good days, seldom blows up as high as the ninety mark on bad days. Shirley, however, isn't by nature athletic. She tried to learn golf, but she lacked the sheer muscular power required.

In contrast to Jack's preoccupation with golf, Shirley enjoys and excels at card games; she is a deadly gin rummy or canasta opponent, has always been the victor in the twosome games with which she and Jack whiled away the evenings. He was never much interested in cards, however, preferring to read or to talk with friends who dropped in.

Shirley is enthusiastic about going out a great deal; she likes to have season tickets to the opera and the symphony concerts, likes to attend the light operas, and gets a genuine kick out of regular attendance at night clubs. It is only natural, steeped in the entertainment world as she is, to want to see every new night club act—and it must be admitted that she shares this enthusiasm with most members of the motion picture colony.

In contrast to this effervescent, Jack has always been a homebody. He sought in marriage what every man seeks: the feeling of being head of a household and having the privilege of taking life easy in front of a fireplace after a rough day.

Another slight incompatibility made itself felt shortly after Shirley and John were married. Jack is the explosive type; when something goes wrong, he is inclined to blow up and say what he thinks. Having gotten his annoyance out of his system, Jack has forgotten all about it five minutes later. Occasionally he allows himself to be a bit too regularly and with too much steam.

Shirley is more thoughtful. She is inclined to brood over a real or fancied hurt, to build it up within herself, and to say nothing. Jack soon came to interpret one of Shirley's moody spells: if he came home to find Shirley playing the heavy classics on the phonograph, he knew that either worried or annoyed by something. He would begin to tease her, and would ask questions until she began to answer or to smile. Slowly she would emerge from the megrims and become her normal, sunny self. And yet, who knows what ranking remained?

There is an interesting story about her slowing which is told in one of the studios in which Shirley worked not long ago. She was approached with a request from a magazine for a story about an actor with whom she had worked several months earlier. She considered the request for several days then sent word to the publicity department that she would not give the interview. She said, in explanation, that there had been times when this player (about whom she was supposed to give an admiring report) had failed to be kind and thoughtful. Why then should she devote any time or thought to boosting his stock?

The environmental factors of the Agar marriage could not be considered ideal. Since time began, every nation of home builders has had a proverb to the effect that two families cannot live harmoniously under one roof. Shirley and John moved into their own separate house—true. But that house was not more than fifty feet from the Temple's home.

The Temple family relationship has always been an extremely close one. Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Jack Temple and his wife, George (the son who looks so much like Shirley), and Shirley have always been singularly devoted.

The Temples, according to close personal friends, approved of Jack as completely as they could have approved of any man who came courting their beloved daughter.

But it was a mistake for Jack and Shirley to set up housekeeping on the same estate—closed away from the rest of the world by a double pair of grilled iron electric-eye-controlled gates—where Shirley's girlhood home atmosphere was inevitably the atmosphere carried into her married life.

Jack undoubtedly went into marriage with some preconceived notions of his own. Perhaps, he expected to be the head of his own household, but he seldom had a chance to be anything except the pleasant boy who was Shirley's husband. It is reasonable to presume that, perhaps only subconsciously, he resented it. He has told friends that he wanted to win his own way in pictures and that he wanted to be John Agar, and known as such, in preference to being Mr. Shirley Temple.

His resentment at having to go out when he didn't want to, and at having to be endlessly photographed, and endlessly questioned, sometimes took strange forms. For one thing, and this is well-known by the Hollywood photographers who cover Hollywood night clubs, Jack sometimes left Shirley alone at a night club table while he paused for long moments to chat with a friend met in a corridor, or seated at the bar.

An obscure girl would have been humiliated to have been neglected, so what must Shirley—always the cynosure of all eyes—have felt? She told reporters, when news of her divorce proceedings broke, that she had been neglected.

Even Jack's career caused some difficulty. It is true that Shirley wanted Jack to become an actor. At first, when he was discharged from service, Jack toyed with the idea of going to college and taking business administration although he had signed a test contract with the Selznick organization while he was still in uniform.

He didn't think anything would come of the test. To his astonishment, he was...
signed to a long-term contract and subjected to intensive training. He was given a dozen different kinds of lessons (during the course of which it was discovered that he had a delightful singing voice). Occasionally he invited a group of earnest youngsters to the house so that they could study plays. He and the other students were quite intense about their attempts to master the technique of the screen.

Shirley, always included in these practice bouts, found the whole thing rather funny. She told a friend, "I went through this stage when I was too young to suffer, so I got the giggles when I listen to the kids or watch them. They don't know what to do with their hands; they mug; their timing is off; their paeanome is exasperated. Jack gets pretty mad at me because I sit in the corner of the lounge and laugh until I cry."

Now and then, Jack blew up.

Then, along came Susan and everyone concluded that the marriage—struggling with adjustments—was going to work out well. Susan was so perfect a combination: she had her mother's dark eyes and furtive dimples, her father's facial formation and features for many months all appeared to be serene.

It is unfair to report gossip, but it must be stated that a great deal of gossip was bruiting about as long as a year ago. One story had it that Jack paid too much attention to other girls at parties. However, when columnists tried to nail down this yarn by securing the names of the girls, no one seemed to know. No one who actually attended appeared to have noticed anything except conventional behavior—it was always those who hadn't been invited to the parties who told the most lurid tales.

Another rumor had it that Johnnie Johnston and Shirley were interested in one another, but no one who has ever seen Johnnie and his passionately, fascinating wife, Kathryn Grayson, together could put a second's credence in the malicious report. Kathryn and Johnnie have had their difficulties, but those difficulties have arisen from the necessary adjustment of two mercurial temperaments, and not from outside interference.

Further, as has already been stated, Shirley and her mother are constant companions, and Mrs. Temple is like every good mother: she would not condone a friendship which would only bring several persons misery.

The thoughtful person, then, must discount any theory of the Agar marriage having been disrupted by a third person. The trouble has resided—as so often it does—entirely in husband and wife.

What of the future? A number of interesting things will occur. Jack has gone back to his family home and probably will remain there for some time, eventually setting up bachelor quarters in an apartment. As a motion picture actor he has developed rapidly, and his coaches believe that he is maturing into an impressive talent. Certainly he has worked with determination to succeed, and sometimes his efforts have caused him a good deal of wretchedness. He still does not believe in himself, but he refuses to quit. He is all man. He will win in the long run.

Shirley's problem is infinitely greater. As a divorcée she will no longer be accorded the velvet touch of the press which has always been one of her most valuable assets. Because she is fun-loving, she is going to want to date. And through those dates she is likely to learn what many another sweet, gently-reared, Hollywood gentelwoman has learned: that a girl in Shirley's position is the beloved object of fortune hunters, opportunists, social climbers, and wolves.

Because she will be living so near her family, she will be accorded more protection than the average girl in her position, but even so she is going to be taught some distasteful lessons.

A divorce is always a tragedy, no matter what the circumstance. It is particularly a tragedy when the first exquisite young dreams, the innocent belief in the power of love, the illusions which human-kind has expressed wistfully, hopefully in its poetry and its song, are also destroyed.

It is to be hoped that before the year required by California law to finalize a divorce has passed, Shirley and Jack may have adjusted their differences and reconciled.

Meet A Great Lady

Continued from page 24

We spent most of our time huddled around a stove, glaring at one another. After the first three days everyone had "cold feet," which is a polite term for the urge to kill. All except Loretta. My chief recollection of her at that time consists of seeing her standing at the window, nose pressed against a frosted pane, watching for Arvid Griffin to show up with the mail.

Arvid Griffin was, in those days, a Bellingham school boy who breasted in through the flakes and offered to be our emissary on snowshoes. All he could talk about was Hollywood. Most of us nodded and said, "Yeah, yeah." from the depths of a book when he pried us with questions, but Loretta was genuinely friendly and interested.

She kept saying, "If you really want to get to Hollywood, you'll get there. If the desire is genuine, you won't be distracted from your aim, you'll succeed."

There was something about the sincerity of her tone that would have convinced a totem pole.

So here's an item: Arvid Griffin, once of Bellingham, Washington, was the second assistant director on "Key To The City," the picture I just finished with Loretta. He regards her as a prophet—almost as a saint.

During the twelve years between "Call Of The Wild" and "Key To The City," I didn't see much of Loretta. I remem-
bered her as a sweet kid, sort of carefree and good-natured, not too much interested in her career in spite of having plenty of talent.

I found out, during the first few days of the picture, that the carefree kid had matured into a great lady and a real trapper.

The first thing about her that impressed me was that she went about the job of making pictures in a workmanlike manner. There are some things about which I'm particular—maybe too particular. Punctuality is one of them. If we're supposed to roll the cameras at nine o'clock, I plan to be ready. However, there have been plenty of times when the women in the company have not been ready for thirty to sixty additional minutes. I understand why this is (it takes much longer to make up a woman, except for costume pictures, and her wardrobe requirements are more stringent), but sitting around on a set when you know that every second's delay is costing the studio money is an uncomfortable situation. At least it is for me.

That Loretta Young has much the same attitude toward the importance of time is illustrated by an observation I overheard one morning. Someone asked what time it was, and the answer was "Eight-thirty." Quickly came the director's correction: "It can't be eight-thirty yet because Loretta isn't here."

She is stimulating to work with. When she came on the set each morning, she not only knew her lines, but she had thought out each of the scenes scheduled to be shot that day and she had some original suggestions about getting the most out of the situations. Not all of her piquant ideas had to do with her own part, either.

She is a generous enough workman to make suggestions about catchy bits of business for the other guy. In one sequence, for instance, she suggested that I climb through a window. I would never have thought of it myself, but we tried it out and it worked fine. Everyone seemed to think it was pretty funny.

When we were asked to pose for still pictures (which are later used in magazine advertising and picture exploitation), Loretta said, "Let's liven up these pictures. I think it's dull just to stand facing one another as if we were two casual acquaintances waiting for a bus. Let's have fun for the camera."

She had ordered tea that afternoon, so she took an empty cup, gripped the drinking rim in her teeth and leaned backward. I didn't know what she was going to do next—probably break the cup. I thought—so I was helping her with my face...you know how a person does.

The still cameraman got that one. Everyone around the studio seemed to be pleased with it. Said it was ingenious.

There are some people in the picture business who don't take still pictures very seriously. They feel that such posing is a time-consuming affair that doesn't pay off. Not Loretta. Her attitude is that everything having to do with making a picture and calling the attention of the public to that picture is very important.

She's a gregarious soul. Instead of returning to her dressing room between scenes, she would join Ruth Roberts (the dialogue coach) and either go over lines, or chat. In the midst of the hustle and bustle of the sound stage, with electricians moving huge light standards, grips moving walls, prop men bringing up fresh items of equipment, and foremen yelling directions, Loretta would be perched on a tall, wooden stool, watching the activity with as much real enjoyment as if it had all been new to her.

She has the happy quality of never being bored. Everything interests her and everyone interests her. She knows which gagger is about to become a father, and whether he and his wife want a boy or girl and what they plan to name the child; she knows whose mother is ill, and who is taking a vacation trip to Honolulu. What a memory! And what genuine interest in her fellow human beings!

Another Young attribute which appeals to a man is that Loretta is devoted to her husband and her youngsters. She is that rare combination, a natural-born homemaker as well as a very successful actress.

She and I were sitting on the set one afternoon, and I began to tell her some yarn about an experience of mine in Chicago. When I finished, she laughed until she cried— incidentally, the ever-present still cameraman caught that one, too—and then she launched into a report of an experience of Tom Lewis's.

Well, his story was considerably better than mine, and Loretta told it very well.

After we had howled about it Loretta said, "I really should have waited until you were having dinner with us and then I should have persuaded Tom to tell you his strange experience. If he does, eventually, you'll laugh again, won't you? I wouldn't want to spoil his enjoyment."

Most wives, if such an emergency arose, would cut off the poor old man with the observation, "Don't tell that story again. I've heard it a dozen times, and I've told Clark already." Not Loretta. Her first consideration was Tom's enjoyment.

Toward the end of the picture, Loretta told a group of us that when she finished "Key To The City," she was going to take a real vacation. She said that, for the first time she could remember, she was free of a picture commitment.

Someone said, "I imagine you'll take a long trip, won't you? To Europe, probably, which everyone is doing this season."

Loretta hugged herself and laughed softly. "I am going to stay at home with my family," she murmured. "I'm going to have breakfast, luncheon and dinner with them. I'm going to read books to the children and play games with them. I'm going to talk to Tom for hours every day about all the topics we store up while I'm busy making a picture. I'm going to be a wife and mother—the best vacation job in the world."
Loretta is a splendid hostess. The house in which she and Tom live is situated on top of a knoll in Beverly Hills. From their home you can see the expanse of the beach cities and, on that well-known clear day, Catalina.

There is something about the rooms of the house which issues an instant welcome. Maybe it’s the color scheme, which Loretta planned herself. Perhaps it’s the big, comfortable, man-welcome furniture. I wouldn’t know about the technical reasons. All I know is that when a gang of us gather at the Lewises, we stay and stay and stay, and we talk as if somebody had dropped twenty dollars in the “continuous” slot. I’m not a great conversationalist myself, but I enjoy hearing other people discuss incidents, facts, and ideas. You can count on picking up several stimulating ideas any time you visit the Lewises.

Loretta Young just glorifies in being a woman. She says quite honestly that she thinks the job of being a woman is the most interesting and the most inspiring task on earth. She thinks it is a mistake for a woman to covet even one of the so-called male advantages. She thinks that a wise woman can live a much more useful and rewarding life than a man. But she can also describe inspiringly the opportunities of men to help build a better world.

Yes, as I said in the beginning, the careless, slap-dash youngster I met twelve years ago has become a great lady. I regard her as a friend, and I hope she feels the same about me. To be a friend to Loretta and Tom Lewis is about as satisfactory a label as a man could aspire to in Hollywood.

Cobina Wright’s Party Gossip

Continued from page 10

Then the party was off to Salton Sea, stopping for lunch at the Wonder Palms, where the new Mexican badminton game, “Peteaca,” played with large shuttlecocks by hand, is the rage. Also Roddy and Gail held up the party by indulging in a game of croquet played on a sand court instead of a grassy one, making it twice as difficult.

* * *

Then the party rode on, stopping overnight at the luxurious Desert Retreat and arising early enough in the morning to get to the widely-advertised “Pimm’s Cup” tournament that former silent screen star, Charlie Farrell, who is the present mayor of Palm Springs, had arranged at his famed Racquet Club.

* * *

This really had its inception many years ago when Charlie, who was a top star, was back from a trip in London with a new drink called “Pimm’s Cup.” It caught on with the stars—it’s as cool as a cucumber, says Reggie Gardiner, because it has a cucumber in it—and soon spread across the country. This year, when Charlie’s great friend, John Finney, came on from England, he and Charlie got together and literally “concocted” this tennis tournament to which all the stars flocked.

* * *

The surprise came when Ginger Rogers (who, as usual, was in perfect form) beat Gussie Lace Pants Moran, the Wimbledon champion, to win the silver trophy. Not even Ginger’s closest friends realized that Ginger was such a net star. Ginger was very modest and claimed that it was only due to the help of her partner that she won.

* * *

Another dramatic moment occurred when Gloria De Haven, who had entered the tournament lists with Andre Previn, came back to the bar and found herself seated opposite John Payne, who was “stagging it” with agent A. C. Lyles. Neither of them spoke and after a few minutes John got up, excused himself and left.

* * *

Our little party of mounted weekenders, however, stayed for a “Pimm’s Cup,” some supper and then took a moonlight ride across the desert to a spot called the “Stables,” where a former Governor of Texas furnishes square dancing for those who care to “swing their partners and cut to the left” until the wee small hours.

Just Call Him King

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won’t remember what this was all about in a hundred years. Let’s get going and get this thing finished.”

I remember that he had brought along a supply of books and magazines, adventure stories, sports stories, westerns and the like, and that he served as a one-man library. At the end of nine days of enforced inactivity and imprisonment we would all have had what is known as “Cabin Fever” (the urge to kill) if it hadn’t been for that reading matter.

He could also be depended upon to start a card game when people became short-tempered and restless. He would play anything, could win when he wanted, and lose when it seemed diplomatic.

Although I was only a card-playing youngster at the time—spending most of the time at the window waiting for the messenger boy, on snowshoes, to bring the mail in which I thought there might be a letter from a lad in Los Angeles in whom I was deeply interested—I was aware of the great diplomatic ability and keen sportsmanship of Clark Gable.

During the intervening years between the making of “The Call Of The Wild” and the rolling of cameras for “Key To The City,” the comedy which Clark and I have just completed for MGM, I saw very little of him. I know this will seem odd to people in other parts of the country, but the fact is that distances in Southern California are great, and one’s most-frequently-seen friends are likely to be those living in the same vicinity. For many years, Clark has lived on a ranch in Encino (in the San Fernando Valley), whereas Tom and I have always lived in Beverly Hills. Also, we have worked at different studios. The result has been that our range through the years has been a mutually-tossed greeting across a crowded room at a big party.

Of course I had seen most of the Gable pictures in the meanwhile, so I knew that he had gained steadily in stature as an actor. Rumor told me that he had increased in wisdom and worth as a human being.

Even so, when I went to MGM and—during the first day of shooting “Key To The City” —I heard someone call him “King.” I thought at first it was a type of kiddying. I smiled and looked at Clark, waiting for him to react. He grinned back at me and shrugged slightly in a gesture which said, “Look, Loretta, people are wonderful to me around here. I’m grateful for it, even though it is sometimes embarrassing.”

As the weeks went by, Tom and I had Clark as a guest in our home several times. We discovered what everyone who knows Clark well has known for years: the man now called “King” at one of the most powerful studios in town, is still the easy-going, unpretentious, sports-minded, real human being who—twelve years ago—found it funny instead of infuriating to be playing second lead to a Huskie dog.

Another thing I discovered about Clark is that he is a man of tradition. On the first day of the picture, he sent me, as he sends each of his co-stars, a magnificent arrangement of red roses. He enclosed a card on which he had written, “Good Luck To My Leading Lady.” This line derives from Clark’s stage training. In a theatrical company, the leading lady is always the person of first importance. Clark has made it a habit for several years, since he became supreme on his own lot, to send this card with roses to those actresses who have been cast opposite him. It is his way of paying a high compliment; his way of tactfully describing himself as a supporting player! Such humorous humility is a rare thing in any profession, but it is particularly rare among theatrical folk who usually must fight for every possible professional advancement.

When I was in the hospital (in the midst of the picture schedule) Clark sent another arrangement of red roses; when I returned to the studio I received red roses, and whenever Clark has been a guest in our home he has sent red roses the following day as a thank-you note.

It goes without saying, of course, that Clark has always been tremendously popular with women (both those in audiences and those he meets in private life), but he is also that rare creature, a “matinee idol” who is a favorite with men.

It is easy to understand why.

(Permission to page 62)
Tops In Movie Music

VICTOR'S "Jolson Sings Again" album, starring Tommy Dorsey, Tony Martin, Phil Harris, Vaughn Monroe, Sammy Kaye and Count Basie...Guy Lombardo's "Farewell Amanda," from "Adam's Rib," coupled with "Wunderbar" for Decca..."A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes" from Disney's "Cinderella," coupled with "Crazy He Calls Me" by Marjorie Hughes for Columbia..."She Wore A Yellow Ribbon," from film of the same name, and "Charlie, My Boy" by the Andrews Sisters and Russ Morgan for Decca...Tony Martin's "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" album for Victor.

Tops In Pops:

BING CROSBY'S "Mule Train," and "Dear Hearts, Gentle People" for Decca..."Wunderbar" and "I'll String Along With You" by Jo Stafford and Gordon MacRae for Capitol..."The Old Master Painter" and "Why Was I Born" by Dick Haymes and Frank Hashis and A Miss for Decca...Perry Como's "Hush, Little Darlin'" and "I Wanna Go Home" for Victor...David Rose's "When The Wind Was Green" and "Leave It To Love" for MGM..."I'll Never Slip Around Again" and "Game Of Broken Hearts" by Doris Day for Columbia..."Fairy Tales" and "I Got To Have My Baby Back" by the Mills Brothers and Ella Fitzgerald for Decca..."Fargo Fanny" and "What For Didja" by Dorothy Shay for Columbia...Kay Kyser's "Altar In The Pines" and "I'm Startin' Sweetheartin' Again" for Columbia...Tommy Tucker's "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon" and "I'll Wear You" for MGM...Frank Sinatra's "They Remind Me" and "Sorry" for Columbia...Xavier Cugat's "Tropical Bouquets" album for Columbia.

Other Toppers:

SEND Ten Pretty Flowers To My Girl In Tennessee" and "Puppet's Holiday" by Levino for Victor...Columbia's "Dixie By Dorsey," with Jimmy Dorsey and his Original Jazz Band..."Songs She Made Famous" album by Ethel Merman for Decca..."Buddy Clark's Encores" album for Columbia...Blue Barron's "Rose McGillicuddy" and "The Photographer And The Stereophones" for MGM..."My Hero" and "Tell Me Why" by Ralph Flanagan for Victor...Eddie Cantor's "I Never See Maggie Alone" and "The Old Piano Roll Blues" for Victor..."The Galloping Comedians" and "Cancan" by Macklin Marrow for MGM...Russ Morgan's "Where Are My Eyes?" and "Son Rag" for Decca..."Here's The Way We'll Fall In Love" and "I Want You To Want Me" by Shep Fields for MGM.

Bert Brown
Another ingratiating Gable quality is that he is always willing to do what a friend, or a crowd, wants to do. He is supremely the good scout. At our house one evening, a group of guests were gathered around the pool enjoying a cocktail before dinner. One of the men who had just arrived from a blistering day on location, suggested that everyone pop into bathing suits and have a quick dip in the pool before the buffet table was ready.

This ambitious swimmer was laughingly refused by all the other guests until he turned to Clark. "Sure I'll go in with you if it's company you want," said that amiable gentleman.

Although I have read occasionally about the charities of other actors, I don't believe I have ever read more than a brief paragraph or two about Clark's kindnesses. He always does a friend a favor as if it were disgraceful. During the making of our picture, I learned in a round-about way that one of the technicians had suffered two tragedies in succession. We were planning to do something helpful when we were told that need for aid no longer existed. "It's already been taken care of," we were told. No effort was given.

Being the curious type (my sex gives me the right) I inquired among those who seemed to know what had been going on. Eventually I learned that Clark had passed the man on the set and had slipped a generous sum of money into the man's shirt pocket, then had rushed away as if he, Clark, had committed a crime.

This passing has been, in many ways, a rather sad one for Clark. Although he is always in perfect control of himself, he has suffered some serious losses. In January, Victor Fleming passed away. Mr. Fleming was the director who guided Clark through "Gone With The Wind" and many other outstanding successes. He and Clark were not only comfortable co-workers, but understanding friends.

The loss of Frank Morgan was another severe blow. I remember that I came home from a radio broadcast, babbling about some of the minor miscues that sometimes occur over the air. Clark and several others were to be our dinner guests that night, so Clark was sitting on the terrace with Tom (my husband) and one or two others.

At first I was so busy telling the story of my day that I didn't notice their air of restrained dejection. They tried to enter into the spirit of my recital.

Finally, when I had dropped into a chair with a long sigh, Tom said, "Clark has something to tell you, dear."

Clark said, "I'm afraid this is going to be a terrible shock. Do you feel all right?"

Even at that moment, when he was torn up inside, he had the natural chivalry to be thoughtful of me.

"Tell me," I insisted. "I'd rather know quickly."

"Frank died this afternoon," he said quietly.

I simply stared at him. "Frank who?" I asked. Not for an instant did it occur to me that it was Frank Morgan. I had talked to him the previous day, and he had been full of plans for the future. Having finished the picture with us, he was discussing a new script, making plans for another boat trip, keeping himself happy and busy—two of his chief characteristics.

"One more," Clark said heavily. "One more gone."

He served as one of the pallbearers. Three days later he served as a pallbearer for another old and beloved friend, Sam Wood.

According to a friend who knows Clark well, he still carries a locket in which there is a soft, blonde curl—one of Carole Lombard's.

The roles have brought changes around Clark Gable and they have brought changes within him. He is a better actor now than ever, and a wiser human being.

Before we started the picture, I had a print of that wonderful old picture, "It Happened One Night," run for me so that I could study Clark's comedy technique. He was impressive. However, when I saw the rushes of "Key To The City," I realized that he was even better than ever in the first comedy role he has essayed since "It Happened One Night."

In closing, I would like to say that the Clark Gable who is called "King" in his studio is something far more important than a king to his fellow Americans: he is a real man.

"Don't Be A Glamour Girl!"

Continued from page 36

worry about all the things that are needed for glamour. I'd like to be an exciting actress on the screen, but if anyone expects to be entertained by me in such trappings in real life, he has another think coming.

"The studio has never tried to make me a glamour girl. Oh, I did have one typical sitting when I was first cast in 'Captain From Castile.' You know—all the glamour poses. But that was the end. They got one look at me dashing about in levis, as I did most of the time, and decided to save their energy. I just wasn't the sequin type."

Jean is a much too active person to be the languorous, glamorous type. You'll usually find her around the house in blue jeans and a man's shirt, which is perfect attire for her mad passion for riding bicycles. She also goes in for swimming and golf. She's a rabid fan of baseball games, too. On the domestic side, she's a great cook. And as for the artistic endeavors, she's done some painting. She was taking piano lessons for a while but decided to give that up. Her evenings are spent mainly going to the movies.

And that brings up the date business. Here, too, she conforms to no pattern. She dates but seldom.

Luscious Rhoda Fleming with John Hart at recent premiere of "The Heiress."

"I don't go out with any famous actors at all as young glamour girls are supposed to," Jean admitted. "You know—being seen in the right places by the right people. I don't want to go with celebrities. Most of the men I know don't enjoy the things I do, so I seldom date. As for night clubs, I've been in each of the big ones here once since I came to Hollywood. That was quite enough for me. Nor do I go to Hollywood parties. When I first came here I got invitations to parties from people I'd never even met. I couldn't understand this at all, so I turned most of them down. Now I'm not invited so much. I'm sort of the 'mystery' girl in town."

"I hear it's important for a young star to be seen at such affairs—especially since some producer might see her and put her in a picture. But I just can't be bothered with that type of thing."

"Oh, I did go to one cocktail party when I first arrived in Hollywood—and I've never forgotten it. Jane Nigh, a friend of mine, invited me into going. After we got there, she dashed off some place and left me standing in a corner by myself. Suddenly, an actor came up to me and began to tell me all of his woes—about his home and his career troubles. He talked for forty-five minutes and I couldn't get away. I don't think I said more than two words during the entire time. I was confused since I'd never even met the man before, and I was a little scared, so that was the end of my party interest."

When it comes to glamour in Hollywood, Jean thinks it's vastly over-rated.

"So much of it," she went on, "is so fakey and phony—intended as an eye-catcher. Glamour is such a superficial, manufactured thing for the most part. There's too little emphasis on bringing out a girl's real personal charm. Instead, she's put in a mould and kept there. This creates very dull girls as a rule."

"I do think, though, that Hollywood is gradually getting away from stereotyped glamour now. There seems to be more interest today in healthy, natural girls than in the languorous dolls with the long limousines and the Russian wolfhounds. Most of the girls I know at the studio, as a matter of fact, don't
drink or smoke. That makes me feel like a 'dangerous' woman since I do smoke.

"Glamour, as such, has its place. But so does normalcy. I've been lucky enough to escape the glamour treatment, probably because I've never gone to the places where it's needed.

"I think girls who go in purely for glamour lose their individuality. They become just like everybody else. I can't see why anyone wants to lose her personality, why she thinks she must conform to the latest styles and slang and hairdos if they're not right for her.

"When you come right down to it, glamour is usually considered a synonym for sex appeal. And I don't like women who seem to put up a sign, 'I'm out to trap a man.' An excess amount of the product gives a man the wrong idea and takes away from his natural right to be the pursuer.

"I honestly believe that most men are scared of glamorous girls. Oh, I know a man who sees a luscious gal is attracted to her for a while, but he can't go on being interested for long in a girl who continues to give the 'come-lily' look to every other man. A woman should be more unconcerned and let herself be pursued.

Jean then launched into a discussion of how girls can be natural and attractive and develop real glamour. And what she said made sense.

"I think a girl must know herself first," Jean said quietly. "And that takes time. I'm just now beginning to know what I'd really like to be and do. I believe a girl can be attractive if she will concentrate on the things that make her the happiest and thereby develop a certain self-assurance and poise, which are a real part of glamour. Above all, she should learn not to follow the herd, but to be herself. And she can become such an individual by taking up special interests.

"It's hard to do this sort of thing in Hollywood where young actresses are so often expected to conform to a pattern. I've managed to keep my balance, I think, because I've never muddled too much. There is a tendency here to gather unto yourself quick, casual 'friends.' It's, therefore, hard to make real friends.

"I guess I was saved from the typical Hollywood pitfalls because I was seldom in town when I first came here. For three months after I arrived I went to the Actors Lab to study and was with the kids there. Then I was sent to Mexico for five months on location for 'Captain From Castile.' After I returned, I discovered Laguna Beach and I spent a lot of time there. So I didn't have a chance to get Hollywood-ized.

"There are two things I don't like about getting in the Hollywood swim: the star system and the attitude of 'I'll do you a favor if you do me one.' I've never liked to see stars catered to. Fortunately, that's on the wane now and the treatment they receive is much more on the democratic side. As for doing favors, I don't let myself get in such a spot. I never open up to people I don't know and, as a result, I'm not doing favors for anyone but my closest friends. And I expect nothing in return from them.

"I've not developed any strange illusions about my career, either. I've merely tried to work hard and to improve. Seeing pictures all of the time has been of real help, and I always go to the director, the cameraman, and the other players, when I make a picture, for their advice. Ray Milland was especially helpful on 'It Happens Every Spring,' and Henry King would spend hours advising me about any problems I might have on my first two pictures. But I'm only just now finding out what I need to know about my work. I've begun to realize what I'm capable of doing and what I'm not ready for. I turned down one part awhile back because I knew I couldn't give it the complicated characterization it demanded.

"It's more important to me to become a good actress than it is to develop phony glamour. I intend to be just what I am—and if that means I don't follow a pattern, so much the better. After all, I want to enjoy life—and not feel that I'm on exhibition as a calendar ad."

That, in a nutshell, is the charm of this very real and definitely likeable girl. No one will ever be able to say of Jean, "She looks just like every other actress in town." It takes courage to be yourself here—but that's exactly the kind of courage Jean has.
Roughneck's Views On Women

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was hopefully suggested.

“No one calls me handsome,” he said.

“But, maybe, being 6 feet tall and weighing 215 and having thick shoulders and a big chest, I do look like a fellow who packs a punch and can take it. I’ve been told I have a good, loud voice and use it like a baseball umpire.”

“A voice loaded with authority?” we asked.

“Perhaps,” he replied. “All I ask of it is to make the personality behind it vivid.”

The films are finding steady use for both the voice and the personality. You’d recognize both even though you came across them in the dark of the Burma Road. You’d recognize them even though they were disguised as Yogi Berra, Alben Barkley or Ben Hur. Recognizing them, you’d feel a bit stimulated. It’s the romantic appeal Paul puts across.

The way he captivates the women would give romantic appeal to a tax collector. He’d make such a man a most welcome guest house. His rugged personality and throaty voice and suave sincerity would do a streak shining through the hardboiled exterior would make him up.

“I’ve never lost my zest for life,” he declared, sipping his breakfast coffee and lighting a cigarette. “Maybe I communicate this spirit to the women out front. After a war, you know, people are closer to reality. Life takes on new patterns. People are eager for new adventure. They’re restless. They seek fulfillment of their dreams.”

“I hope I’m not conveying the impression I’m some sort of dream-man, making feminine hearts palpitate by clasping Linda Darnell or Celeste Holm to my broad chest. But it’s pleasant to know that the male-man also can ring twice.

And, jumping from the fan letters, I guess I’m acceptable.”

“It all goes back to living life. I ought to know, I’ve done a lot of it. Every split second—in the movies, at least—has been an exciting experience.”

“There’s nothing new in treating women rough,” he said. “I mean getting away with it with thousands of men. Much cheer, inwardly. Women have been slapped around for years on the screen and stage, even booted around. Sometimes they are even shown as liking it. But the technique is all wrong, unreal.”

“There’s a time for slapping, there’s also a time for petting. Putting crudely, maybe, but affectionately. Maybe, the cruder the petting the more sincere seems the affection. Throughout, you must really be sincere, really be the well-meaning, honest, blundering, impulsive belligerent. If you also can combine a naive inability to cope with women and a seeming knowledge of all the answers during your blunt, natural warfare, so much the better,” old Paul explained.

Paul explained that the idea, really, is to convince women you’re a strong, rough-moulded, self-made, important brute who can be led by a string and would eat out of her hand when the right woman comes along.”

“Luckily, the right woman always comes along in my pictures,” he said, “which makes it easy for the women in the audience to—I’m speaking theoretically now—to visualize themselves as the dame who leads the self-made brute by the string.”

Sitting his lady friend around in play, talking and acting boisterously and, when necessary, displaying a heart of gold, boosted him right up the ladder to the Hollywood heavens. Here, the film tycoons discovered, was the ideal woman-smacker-who-could-be-tender.

Early in 1949, his first movie, A Letter To Three Wives,” opened. It was a hit, with burly Paul Douglas playing a wolfish business man, being buckled gen-

Came the baseball comedy, “It Happens Every Spring,” and he demonstrated he wasn’t a one-picture wonder. He also proved, in the role of a catcher re-

sembling Yogi Berra, he was one of the best straight-faced comedians in the busi-

“No slogging little women around in that picture,” he beamed. “I was slapping myself around. It was fun. If I was natural in the part, if I acted something like a big league catcher, it’s because I had expert coaching from Harry Danning, former N.Y. Giants catcher.”

Douglas’ third picture, Everybody Does It,” is a hit, too. He made a personal appearance at the Roxy in New York when it opened there and it brought him a sharp reminder of his quick rise to movie stardom.

“I used to be a radio announcer for a dance band in the Hotel Taft Grill,” he recalled. “It’s only a short step from the orchestra drums to the Roxy stage. But the other night, I suddenly discovered it was, for me, the longest step in the world. I had to pinch myself to realize I had made it. Incidentally, in this picture I have quite a time subduing Celeste Holm before she leads me to the slaughter.”

His current film is Love That Brute,” with Richard Peters having the assignment of taming the blundering behemoth after undergoing as nice a mauling as Paul has offered on the screen.

In this natural comedian, who can be so brutally enduring, or endearingly brutal, in peril of being “typed” in Hol-

lywood? He doesn’t think so. His parts, he insists, are varied. They range from broad burlesque to deft satire—affording him, at intervals, opportunities to do some serious work. If he can make a character come to life, make him so vivid and real that the actor, himself, is obliterated, then he has, he believes, accomplished his mission.

In the picture he made in Germany, tentative title “Two Corridors East,” which dramatizes the more human and comic aspects of the Berlin Air Lift, he plays a master sergeant of the Air Force,
by the name of Hank.
"Believe me," he added, "he's rough, really rough.
I fall in love with a pretty little blonde frailun—she's played by a petite eye-filling honey named Bruni Looebel, a German stage and screen actress. But I go back to my wife in the end. I do a lot of flying in this picture . . .

Paul said he was hopeful he is a "realistic Air Force sarge" in the picture.

Douglas, on the screen, is not like an actor with so much time on his hands he has nothing to do but TALK. Paul gives out a load of talk, too, but he supplements words with action. There's a
difference. It's what fills the theaters where one of his pictures is playing. Yet, he insists he's not the Great Lover, doesn't look like him, doesn't act like him.

"Not by any stretch of the imagination could I pass for a Romeo," he said. "Not even when the lighting is low. Not even when I'm in the shadows. I'm glad I'm not a menace, either, the guy who likes to beat up a dame for the sake of beating.

"Maybe I'm the fellow in-between—the one who can raise hell with a woman and raise geraniums on the side, who can be suspicious in an overwhelming way and also as trustful as a babe, who can turn a crafty business deal and cannot cope with a woman—except on her terms.

"I'll be honest with myself and you. I'm a brute at heart, and the right kind of woman can always tame a brute."

**House Of The Seven Garbos**

Continued from page 48

herself out the window and down two flights very carefully by means of a sheet, and just play-acted the rest. She got results, too. The unrequited love couldn't get back fast enough and was happy just to be her slave.

At the other end of the upstairs hall lived an olive-skinned beauty who had just arrived from Mexico. Her name was Linda Christian. There was only one word to describe Linda, and that was "Beautiful." You couldn't take your eyes off her, and she had a mysterious sultry way about everything she did. Linda was "beautiful" in curlers, or climbing out of a swimming pool, or when she was frying an egg. She never confided much in anyone, but pursued her career quietly and surely, as if she was certain what the outcome would be. We all knew, too, in a silent way that it could be only one thing for Linda . . . fame, and we just waited for it, the way we were waited for the sun to rise in the morning.

Linda's roommate was Ruth Roman and they were as opposite as night and day. Ruthie was one of those rare beauties who had only one ambition in life, and she never swerved from her path. She knew that one day she would be a great actress. She wasn't sure if she would be a popular one, but she would be a great one, and that was all she wanted. She rarely went out on dates, but studied endlessly, and as she was the Divine Sarah of the group, she used to regale us with scenes enacted from the great tragedies. Ruthie's favorite attire was a pair of worn downy slippers, a sweater dress and no makeup.

The only actor who made Ruthie dreamy-eyed was Tyrone Power. As we came home after a date at night, we would gather at the kitchen table to chat and drink cups of coffee. Ruthie would always join us, in her usual casual attire, and give us all a lift with her bright personality. She would pepper our tame conversation to her taste, and then pro-

claim in Shakespearian tones that one day she would be a famous actress, "and who do you think I'll have for my leading man, my friends? Tyrone Power!" We would laugh at her, and secretly wonder if she might not be right.

The dignity of the house in general was presided over and encouraged by Kristine Miller, who was blonde haired, high of cheekbone, grey eyed. Kristine had balance, she would check some of our madder impulses, kept us calm when that was necessary. Her manner was quiet and refined, and she had a way of touching a grubby coffee spot as if it were the tiara of the Empress Josephine. In spite of her reserve, we all knew that Kristine had a fine future for her somewhere, and we felt that she was an excellent actress.

Good-natured Karen Gaylord, who was once "Miss Minnesota," and almost "Miss America," was good to all of us. Karen had already been elected by Mr. Goldwyn to be a Goldwyn girl and we were a little in awe of her. She would lend us her clothes or her money, giving us a long time to pay back the latter. She wasn't extravagant with her money, and was terribly serious about her work. She went about the business of being a Goldwyn girl in much the same way a bank clerk sends out bank statements at the end of the month. But to look at her gorgeous figure, foamy red hair and large green eyes, it was hard to imagine Karen ever being serious about anything, let alone money. Glamour never intrigued Karen; she was too smart to be interested in getting a Goldwyn girl in much the same way a bank clerk sends out bank statements at the end of the month. But to look at her gorgeous figure, foamy red hair and large green eyes, it was hard to imagine Karen ever being serious about anything, let alone money. Glamour never intrigued Karen; she was too smart to be interested in getting a

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shared a room and there was never a
bobby pin out of place, whereas the
room at Deanie and I inhabited
would always be chaos. Sweet and lovely
Betty would look right at home whipping up
biscuits or taking a roast out of the oven.
Still she was as glamorous as Chanel
No. 5, and was the sixth pillar of our
House Of The Seven Garbos.

I, of course, was the seventh, but that
...
cars too soon. Both boys and girls drink too young—and too much. They have too many liberties because their parents give them those liberties. They have too much money and don’t know what to do with their leisure unless they are spending money.

“I think girls should have freedom when they are able to assume responsibility, and I don’t think they’ve reached that age until 20.”

Lili would like it clearly understood that she loves America. She should! She’s turned a neat dollar with her dress shop on Sunset Boulevard where she whips up gowns for the movie colony’s feminine. She is smart enough to wear her creations. But she still finds lots of things which could be bettered in her adopted land and this Gallic, 5’1” bombshell is not a gal to keep quiet. She’ll talk on anything, especially her favorite topics which were mentioned above. And if now and then she contradicts herself, or seems to, she’s a woman, isn’t she? And with a fine, French shrug, she dismisses it.

Lili thinks American women should wear sexier clothes, including women in movies. Yet she feels—Lili, who designs plunging necklines down to HERE—that the fads of revealing sweaters and extreme uplift brassieres, so often padded, are done on and off screen and are in bad taste as compared to a deep decollete. Her answer to that apparent contradiction, and referring to a low neckline, is:

“The obvious is never obvious!”

French films have more sex appeal because they are more feminine, more individual,” she continues. “A decollete may seem obvious, but can be aesthetic. But a sweater is more of a come on, just plain sex. Any woman can be feminine if she studies her type. I think one of the worst styles American women subscribe to is the shirrtmaker dress. It is so unalluring!”

It is Lili’s contention that even a shirrtmaker dress could have a plunging neckline—and be alluring! (Can you imagine what the Boss would say if his secretary turned up at the office in that little item?)

But don’t get Lili wrong. She doesn’t advocate plunging necklines for the office or schoolroom; she deplores the overemphasis on uplifts and tight sweaters there, remember? She feels there should be more femininity in office and school clothes, if we follow her correctly—and that’s not always easy. Anyway, she adds that those real sexy items she whips up are strictly date dresses—for cocktails and the evening.

“A strapless gown is not necessarily sexy,” says our expert. “It certainly isn’t if it is not becoming. A woman should choose a decolletage according to her shoulders, neck and arms, according to her build and personality. I don’t advocate extremely low necklines for matrons, but I think too many of them wear too-high ones and all they do is call attention to necks no longer so pretty as they once were. A medium neckline would be more flattering.”

Teenagers—who always want to grow up too fast, according to Lili—should dress their age, but she is sooo glad they aren’t quite so interested in blue jeans any more. For them, she recommends full skirts, feminine dresses. She wishes they’d stop overemphasis on uplifts. She suggests they wear nothing more extreme than a modest neckline for evening—not one to look into.

“From the age of 10 to 20, girls here rush their age. Then from 20 on until 60 they try to stand still and refuse to age gracefully; even when they are grandmothers they always think of themselves and their friends as ‘The Girls.’ American women are too age conscious at all ages and never act their true age, it seems to me.

“American people are the handsomest under the sun. The girls have the best figures, possibly because they are so athletic. But I don’t think they should look like athletes; why can’t they dress in more feminine styles? Women here dress to please women. I think they should dress to please men, and use their clothes to win a man, not to lose him!”

Lili, like most French women, believes black is the sexiest color for women’s clothes and opines that many clothes designed in California are “too gaudy.” She adds that the “essence of bad taste is wearing a mink coat over slacks.” She hates slacks on women, anyway.

Although she admits she is a rather “emancipated” young woman, she feels she is completely feminine, thinks all women should be and doesn’t hold with a lot of American ideas about marriage.

“American marriages of today seem too immature, based on pleasure hunting instead of permanence and family life. If there were less drinking and partying and more concentration on home and children, I believe there would be fewer divorces.

A few months ago when Lili delivered her first verbal blast at American men she charged that they were casual lovers who ran from woman to woman, who sat in nightclubs and drank all night. After thinking it over she has decided those men she was criticizing were “the shallow, café society types” whom she has met in New York and Hollywood.

“Naturally, not all American men can afford to sit in nightclubs all the time. But so many average young American men seem to have a very haphazard philosophy on love and marriage.”

Returning to the subject of clothes, Lili is saddened by the fact that American girls are such “copiers.”

“The movies set a standard of beauty and every girl tries to live up to it.”

“In Europe, the average girl doesn’t try so slavishly to look like dress like her favorite movie star and, therefore, she is a more distinct individual than the average American girl.

“Even in movies here there is a pattern of prettiness,” with the result that the younger actresses look so much alike. You see the same types again and again.

“Clothes designed for the screen are usually lovely, but the girls inside them too often look alike. Also, I think most
movie clothes are too elaborate for the characters portrayed. A little working girl turns up in a dress obviously custom made, when she should be wearing an 88 frock. Why be so afraid of realism?

"American pictures are still glorifying luxury, gangsters and other extreme aspects of life here which give Europeans an entirely false idea. Not all pictures; there have been many good ones recently. But until more pictures here are realistic, adult and honest they will continue to be misleading. It's a shame that there cannot be pictures made for adults, and others for children, so that censorship would not be imposed on the adult films as it is now. But then, the movie industry has been trying to settle this for years. I'm not an expert!"

On two things Lili does feel she's an expert—clothes and behavior for women. She listened to her advice on those topics is adamant:

"Be feminine!"

Moments That Changed His Life

Continued from page 49

out where I could get my start and radio seemed the answer. I then analyzed the various radio audiences and found that the best times were in the early morning, late afternoon, and early evenings, so I began to make the rounds and managed to line up sustaining jobs with different stations at those hours. Only one station paid me, however, and that was WHAT and they gave me 70 cents a week for carfare.

"Thinking back on those days, I'm once again amazed how much I owe my wife."

Time skips to Cleveland, Christmas Eve, 1939. The place—The Statler Hotel. And here again fate stepped in.

"I'd been singing with Harry James' band, but I found that my sixty-five dollars a week didn't go far enough, with having to pay expenses while on tour," Frank continued. "Besides, Nancy, Jr. had arrived. So I decided to quit and go with Tommy Dorsey. But on that Christmas Eve I came down with a temperature of 104. The doctor refused to let me sing that night and ordered me to bed. He sent the bellboy for some medicine and told me to take a teaspoon every hour. A little later, Nancy called long distance to find out how I was. I minimized the whole thing, not wanting to worry her, but I was never so close to death as I was then. An hour after she called, the bellboy brought me a package. I opened it and found a pair of gloves. I put them on—I'll never know why since I was so sick—and was surprised to find that I couldn't quite get my fingers into them. Something seemed to be stuffed in the gloves. I reached down and found a doll in each of the gloves. The package was from Nancy and it was money she had saved for me. I decided then and there that I couldn't let this wife of mine down. That I had to amount to something for her, I realized for the first time how much I wanted to be a success. Not for myself—but for her.

Three years passed and Frank was moving ahead—but slowly. He did come to Hollywood where he had a spot in a picture called "Reveille for Beverly." By this time he had quit Dorsey's band and was booking himself into theatres and clubs. One of the theatres he appeared in was the Mosque Theatre in Newark. This was in November, 1942.

"One night after my song," Frank said, "I was surprised to find Bob Weitman, manager of the Paramount Theatre in New York, waiting to see me. He asked me how I'd like to open at the Paramount as an added attraction for Christmas week. He could promise me a two-week booking. I was really amazed and naturally I said I'd like it very much. He then discussed salary. I vaguely heard a figure that sounded like $2500 a week. It was more than I ever thought I'd earn, but becoming very professional I said I'd discuss it with my attorney. Needless to say, I did open at the Paramount on December 31, 1942."

"I'll never forget my first show there. I was as nervous as a sick cat. Benny Goodman and his orchestra were on the bill, and Benny was the master-of-ceremonies. Now he, great guy that he is, had a habit of never being able to remember names. When it came time to introduce me, he said, 'Now, I present —' and he looked at a piece of paper—'Frank Sinatra.' From the front came a loud squalling and yelling from several thousand easily impressed young ladies. Benny was so confused as to the cause of the reception that he said into the mike, without realizing he could be heard—'What the hell is that?' He thought something had happened on the stage. His remark so amused me that I couldn't help laughing, and, as a result, I got over my nervousness. Ever since then when I go on a stage, I'm usually smiling or chuckling. People have often asked me why I make such an entrance. Well, it's because I always think of Benny's reaction that day at the Paramount.'

After he finished at the Paramount, a great deal of the the Rin Bamba, a prominent night club, offered Frank a deal to sing there. Many of Frank's friends advised him to turn the offer down, but instead he accepted. And again fate showed him the right way. It was while he was here that such columnists as Louis Solob and Earl Wilson discovered Frank — where such terms as "Swoonatra" were offered ... where Frank came into real prominence. And it was here also was the first record of a woman's fainting during a Sinatra appearance was established.

"The press had it that my song made the lady faint," Frank laughed, "but the truth of the matter was that the place was so crowded there wasn't enough air and she just keeled over."

At any rate, this began the era of the
swooning women.

The next moment that Frank remembers vividly was during President Roosevelt's second term. 

"What happened was that the late Robert Hannegan, then chairman of the Democratic National Committee, invited me, along with Rags Ragland, Toots Shor, and about 100 others, to a reception at the White House," Frank said sincerely. "I stood in line with the others waiting to meet President Roosevelt—and I was never so scared in my life. I had no idea what I'd say to him. When I got to the President, he took care of the situation himself. With a smile he whispered to me, 'Tip me off—what's the number one song on the Hit Parade?' That was all he said to me—and all I could do was make some remark and go off laughing. From that day on I was a great booster for the President. He impressed me so much I even named my son after him."

The last big moment came in June 1944. Frank was in Hollywood and was signed by RKO. But Joe Pasternak, MGM producer, borrowed him for the highly successful "Anchors Aweigh."

After the picture was finished, Frank returned to RKO, not being aware that it was to be such a hit. The studio, however, had nothing ready for him. One night, one of his friends, seeing him out at Earl Carroll's, told him to come up and sing "Old Man River." Louis B. Mayer was in the audience at the time and after he heard Frank sing he said, 'We have to get that boy. We can use him in pictures.'" Frank was later brought to Mayer's table and after a short talk, a deal was arranged whereby Frank could join MGM. This chance appearance at Carroll's helped to make Frank the important motion picture star he is now.

Frank doesn't expect that fame has stopped showing her hand. He expects further moments that will step into the years ahead and change the course of events. But he's not going to wait for them. He has already made plans to make three pictures—one on the last ten years of his life which will be called "The Sinatras Story." Then he'll do one on the next ten years of his life a decade from now.

"And if I'm not too old and can still sing," Frank chuckled, "I'll do a picture on the following ten years. You can see I'm a long-range guy."

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**Your Guide To Current Films**

Continued from page 14

adults will enjoy as much as children...

Malaya

MGM

DATING back to World War II days, this stars Spencer Tracy, James Stewart, John Hodiak and Lionel Barrymore—and shows Sidney Greenstreet in a new light. As an ex-newspaperman once assigned to the Far East, Stewart possesses knowledge of where the United States can get a much-needed supply of crude rubber. Getting the Government's O.K., Stewart enlists the aid of Tracy, a one-time friend who is serving time for smuggling. Tracy, a what's-in-it-for-me boy, knows the rubber producing country of Malaya like he'd like to know Valentina Cardi. I was not sure what held behind the Jap occupied country. Tracy and Stewart do manage to get the rubber out of hidden caches and ferried down-river through Jap-infested jungle to a tanker.—Only it isn't as simple as it reads.

Francis

Universal-International

THIS is an animal story—about a mule, to be exact, who saves 2nd Lieutenant Donald O'Connor when he's wounded and lost behind enemy lines in Burma. There's nothing about the mule that's any different from other Army pack mules, except that this one talks. He calls himself Francis. Everyone thinks Donald is nuts, and so does Donald at first, but Francis keeps right on talking to him—and tells him such interesting things, too! Between them, with Francis doing the brain-work, they almost win the War double-handed, capture a beautiful spy, Patricia Medina, and drive the U.S. Army brass crazy. A fantasy? Heck, no! Seeing Francis is believing.

Always Leave Them Laughing

Warner Brothers

IT'S the whopping insight of a comedian's struggle to the top of the laugh meter. Milton Berle, as the comic who learns the ropes to be an expert in the dramatic field as he is in his own particular brand of yak-getting. He, of course, romps away with most of the picture, but Ruth Roman, Virginia Mayo, Bert Lahr and others make nice watching, too. Starting as a borsch-circuit entertainer, Berle plugs the public's life and eventually becomes an expert. It's a hawking success, and winds up being thoroughly disliked. Then, a pretty awful thing happens that finally sets Berle on the right path. There's loads of Berlesque, and more than enough laughs.

Holiday Affair

RKO

NICE and very pleasant watching, with Janet Leigh as the young woman whose husband was killed in the War. To preserve his memory she tries to bring up her young son, Gordon Gebert, to be a carbon copy of his father. Trying to live up to those ideals is tough on a kid, but Robert Mitchum turns up to show Janet how she's ruining the boy's life and her own by living in the past. It couldn't be nicer of Wendell Corey, who wants to marry Janet, to decide that maybe he can't help Janet and her son as much as charmer Mitchum....
**Mrs. Mike**

**United Artists**

**B**eing a well-bred young lady and used to modern living in Boston during the early 1900's, Evelyn Keyes puts all that sort of fol-de-rol in back of her when she marries Sergeant Dick Powell of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Living conditions in the desolate North where Dick takes his bride prove just as hazardous as the law-enforcer's job—if not more so. Luckily for Evelyn, youth and love are on her side and for a time she adapts herself to rugged conditions. Facing motherhood, though, Evelyn becomes panicky—she wants a doctor at least. They move to a larger settlement and for over a year are very happy. Then a diphtheria epidemic strikes, and Evelyn has a difficult choice of staying on, or leaving Dick for civilization.

**The Story Of Seabiscuit**

**(Technicolor)**

**Warner Brothers**

**H**ORSE-LOVERS are probably one of the most fanatic cults that ever cheered anything to the finish line. In this story about Seabiscuit, the biggest money-making horse in racing history, you'll find yourself gladly becoming one of the clique along with Barry Fitzgerald, Seabiscuit's Irish trainer, and Lon McCallister, his jockey. Shirley Temple, as Barry's niece, likes horses fine—bigger, but because her brother was killed in a race, she tries to shy away from Lon and spare herself more grief. Though the romance lopes throughout the picture, the Biscuit's biography wins by at least six furlongs. (Those shots of actual races couldn't be more exciting if you had a double-sawbuck riding on his nose.) Can't think of anyone who won't like this—except maybe War-Admiral who the Biscuit beat in the greatest match race of American turfdom.

**Whirlpool**

**20th Century-Fox**

**B**ecause of hidden neurosis, Gene Tierney, married to psychiatrist, Richard Conte, releases her frustrations in shoplifting. Rather than tell Conte of her problem, Gene goes to an astrologer-hypnotist, Jose Ferrer, whom she met briefly. He gains her confidence, then by hypnotism involves her in murder, and the police, represented by Charles Bickford, produce proof that she had been conducting an affair with Jose. Though Gene isn't guilty on either count, the web of evidence woven around her seems impossible to break. Spine-chilling from start to finish, it's a great argument against quack practitioners of any sort.

**Shadow On The Wall**

**MGM**

**L**ittle Gigi Perreau is the only witness to a murder which, because of circumstantial evidence, is pinned on her father, Zachary Scott. Unfortunately,
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Gigi's shocked mind blanks out everything she saw, except for a recurrent dream of a strange figure silhouetted against the wall. Trying to get the child's mind back to normal, a child psychiatrist unwittingly uncovers evidence which almost makes Gigi's life a brief episode. Her aunt, Ann Sothern, is terribly disturbed by the youngster's misfortunes and tries to help her. Then children will be children and often wind up saying the damnest things. Tense melodrama with a slightly different twist.

Backfire

Warner Brothers

GORDON MACRAE, an ex-GI in a veteran's hospital, begins to think there's something amiss when his pal and future business partner, Edmond O'Brien, suddenly disappears. A beautiful mysterious siren, Viveca Lindfors, shows up at the hospital at the stroke of midnight, bringing the glad tidings that Edmond is lying in a hospital with a broken back. When Gordon gets out of the hospital, he also learns Edmond is wanted for murder. With the aid of his ex-nurse, Virginia Mayo, he starts some private investigating. Dane Clark, who is an undertaker for this, also gives an assist. Everybody helps everybody, except the murderer who thinks he's a business bonanza Dane's way. Not bad for a whodunit, but chances are, it won't take long to discover the killer's identity.

A Dangerous Profession

RKO

WHETHER the title applies to the bail bond business, which is what the picture is about, or the fact that actors get roped into pictures like this, is hard to say. George Raft and Pat O'Brien are confreres in a bail bond

enterprise. Life is good! Money is dripping out of the till and people are for real. Then Ella Raines steps out of Raft's past and things start happening fast.

Dear Wife

Paramount

CAY, amusing family comedy that's a continuation of "Dear Ruth." Edward Arnold, as the father, goes through an inhuman amount of frustrations, slow-burns and general high-blood pressure because of his young offspring, Mona Freeman. This time, among other things, Mona gets her brother-in-law, William Holden, to run against papa in a senatorial race. The fact that Bill and wife Joan Caulfield are forced by finances to live with his in-laws doesn't aid matters. Civie-minded Mona succeeds in lousing up family relations to the extent that Joan decides to leave Bill, to the delight of Joan's ex-but-still persistent suitor, Billy DeWolfe.

The Man On The Eiffel Tower

(Anseo color)

RKO Release

DEFINITELY a superior mystery, wherein the murderer engages in a battle of nerves with Surete Inspector, Charles Laughton. Filmed entirely in Paris, Laughton apprehends a not-too-bright knife-sharpening, Burgess Meredith, for the murder of a wealthy American woman and her maid. Not satisfied with the evidence and believing Meredith is innocent, Laughton engineers it so Meredith will lead them to the murderer. He does, but that's only the beginning of Laughton's cunning sleuthing against a man whose mind is part genius and part maniac. Included in the super cast are Franchot Tone, Patricia Roc, Robert Hutton and Jean Wallace.

Glamour For The Red-Golds

Continued from page 16

technics and local modeling. John Robert Powers saw her and was instrumental in her becoming a New York fashion model. But modeling was not a sufficient outlet for Betty so she joined small theatre groups, played in Summer stock, did some radio work and studied. A Warner Bros. scout spotted Betty in 1948. She went to Hollywood where she had stellar roles in feature films and is now, as you know, with RKO. Upon telling me this, she mulled for a moment, then said, "I had almost forgotten that childhood accident, but if it hadn't happened, I might certainly not be doing what I am now, for I am the only professional actress in my family. You might say that that car that bopped me over was a cloud with a Hollywood lining."

For readers with red-gold tones, here are Betty's ideas for playing your Titian coloring to the limit:

1. All makeup tones should be warm—creamy, beige powder, warm coral in rouge, lipstick and nail polish. Pure red can sometimes be worn but avoid blue-red in all makeup, especially a blue eye shadow. Brown is best for eyebrow pencil and mascara. Try soft green eye shadow or blend a blue and green for a soft effect.

2. Keep costume colors to earth tones such as beige, caramel, softened brown, green, warm red, yellowish pink and creamy yellow. Avoid blue red, sharp blue, mauve and candy pink. With proper makeup, black and white are for all types.

3. Accent your happiest, gayest personality. Everyone loves laughter. Be friendly, be warm, be yourself.

Suddenly, it was seven o'clock. "My date!" gasped Betty. "Oh, well," said I, "with your personality, you can explain all satisfactorily." When she laughed that merry, glad laugh, I knew she could. Betty was leaving a day or two later to drive to Hollywood with a friend. I hope she is happy there now with fame and fortune in the future. You somehow believe that these should come her way.
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OF YOUR FACE?

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So if you are discouraged, blue, ashamed of your face, feel like a social outcast, this physician's findings should bring you great hope. For there is every reason to believe that the VIDERDM PLAN will help give you a clearer skin in a comparatively short time, just as it has done for the patients treated by the doctor in the clinic.

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Meg: Why Vicki, I’ve heard that too. The fact is I’m getting fed up with the old belt-pin-pad routine.

Vicki: They say Tampax just won’t let you be self-conscious at such times. You actually forget all about it.

Meg: The way I look at it—if millions already use Tampax, why should we hang back?

Vicki: Right you are, so here I go for a month’s supply to put in my purse.


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ON THE COVER, JUNE ALLYSON, STARRING IN "THE REFORMER AND THE RED HEAD" MGM FILM

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Enrico Caruso, famous hair stylist to New York stage stars. Set top in 6 rows—turn front row toward face, back 3 rows away from face. Begin at right, set vertical rows, turning curls toward face, around head to back of left ear. Set left side counter-clockwise. Brush in all directions, then up in back, down from crown and up off face with rotating motion.

ONE of the questions fans ask most frequently is, "How does anyone new 'break into' Hollywood society?"

What they generally mean is "Do you have to be a big star or have a vast amount of money to be invited to Hollywood's gayest parties?"

Neither is true. Glamour and wealth are undoubtedly great social assets, but the leading requirements for introduction to film colony activities is a natural and unaffected ability to make friends—for Hollywood is a friendly and democratic place—a pleasant disposition and thoughtful manners.

Many a top star has found himself on the list of the uninvited because of an arrogant bearing, or an anti-social attitude, both of which you'll find Holly-

Van Johnson and his wife, Evie, with Gary Cooper in background, at gala premiere of Van's "Battleground" at Egyptian Theatre.

Cobina Wright's
PARTY GOSSIP

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Joan Crawford at opening of "The Hasty Heart," at Warners Hollywood Theatre, with her two oldest children (of four), Christina and Christopher. Joan's just finished "The Victim."

Cobina Wright at "Battleground" premiere at Egyptian Theatre with the Gary Coopers.

Dick, who has taken one of the most palatial estates in exclusive Bel-Air, wanted to give a party to pay back some of his social obligations, so he hosted a gala which was one of the most lavish of recent months. Because he had proven himself such a popular guest at previous parties, stars like Joan Crawford, Cesar Romero, Maureen O'Hara, the Gregory Pecks, Dana Lynn and John Lindsay, Peter Lawford, Drue Mallory and Lex Barker, all turned out to make his party a great success.

I'm sure they would have done the same had young Mr. Hoyt only had a modest cottage in which to entertain. However, Dick did have the most extravagant facilities with which to provide his evening with a gorgeous setting. Two orchestras supplied continual dance mu-

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Stewart at "The Fall-n Idol" opening. He's now in "Broken Arrow."
"You can't put your lips to a trumpet and make music like this!"

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long before either of them ever dreamed they would become moviedom residents. So Benay, who is Mrs. Armand Deutsch, in private life, turned her beautiful Beverly Hills home into a nightclub, with even a marquee and electric signs which flashed, “Club Annie.” There was a floor show, MGM starlets who acted as cigarette girls, and matches on all the tables printed with “Club Annie” on them.

Bob Hope acted as master of ceremonies and the talent which appeared to entertain Betty and her guests would have done justice to any top studio. Among the “patrons” of this exclusive “One Night Club” were Tony Martin and his lovely Cyd Charisse, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Van Heifin and his vivacious Frances, the Johnny Greens, Keenan and Betty Wynn, who put on a comedy Western number, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, the Louis Calherns, the Mervyn LeRoy’s, Dore Schary, the producer of the picture, and every member of the cast, including handsome Howard Keel, who plays Frank Butler in the film and who, I believe, will become a swoon idol the minute it is released.

As a special gift for Betty, hostess Venu-ta had a gold diamond-studded shotgun as a lapel pin, and two enormous dolls dressed in costumes that Betty wears as Annie Oakley.

A TRULY unique party was the one which was tendered Cecil B. De-(Please turn to page 17)

Bob Stack was Pat Neal’s attentive date at Mocambo. She’s in Warners’ “Bright Leaf.”
By
Helen Hendricks

Twelve O'Clock High
20th Century-Fox

THIS is the heroic story of the 918th Bomb Group, Eighth Air Force, based in England during the early part of the War when daylight precision bombing of enemy territory was first begun. Brigadier General Gregory Peck assumes command of the group when his friend, Gary Merrill, cracks under the strain and gets himself into danger with his pilots. Peck whips the "hard-luck" squadron into shape with relentless efficiency. What he gains as commanding officer, he loses in friendship between himself and his men. It winds up that Peck not only has the Nazis to fight, but the cold attitude of his squadron, too. Add to this his own inner conflict between his job as a general and his ordinary human emotions, and you get one of the sharpest interpretations of a military man to hit the screen. superb is the adjective for Peck, and that can be dittoed all the way with Dean Jagger, Hugh Marlowe, Millard Mitchell and the entire all-male cast.

On The Town
(Technicolor)
MGM

NOT for a long time has a musical like this come out of Hollywood. Based on the Broadway play of the same name, it stars Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, Jules Munshin, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller and Vera-Ellen. As if that isn't a big enough drawing card, the story of the three sailors on a 24-hour shore leave in New York City, is a happy adventure-packed whirl sparked with songs and dances. There's plenty of romance, too, what with Gene Kelly searching for Miss Turnstiles, a gal whose face he saw on a poster ad; Frankie getting tangled up with female taxi-driver, La Belle Garrett; and Jules Munshin being pursued by a society wench. Wonder how all that can happen in 24 hours? Hail! Guess you don't know sailors. . . .

The Inspector General
(Technicolor)
Warner Brothers

MAYBE things that happen to Danny Kaye could never happen to anyone, but then again, Danny Kaye isn't just anyone. Acting not-too-bright, he's still quite a guy being the gypsy stooge for Walter Slezak, another gypsy with strong accent on the GYp. When their crooked medicine show is forced into abrupt liquidation, Danny keeps running until he reaches the town of Brodny, the mayor of which is Gene Lockhart—decidedly a pillering politician. Mr. L. and his grafting cohorts suspicion that be-draggled stranger Danny is the Inspector General in disguise. They treat him royally, but smartening up, he realizes something's fishy with the city fathers. He tends to the situation in a slightly terrific way. Lots of wonderful comedy in the typical Kaye manner. . . .

Conspirator
MGM

WHEN a young inexperienced girl, Elizabeth Taylor, visits London and meets dashing Robert Taylor, a major in one of His Majesty's elite Guards, it is inevitable that a swift case of spontaneous combustion is set in. His background and character vouched for, Elizabeth marries her major. After their honeymoon they return to London and, in no time flat, Bob is being called away on mysterious appointments. Elizabeth gets perturbed—how else when Bob almost rips off her head for putting on a pair of eyeglasses she's found in a dirty old coat of his. She stumbles around several other strange items connecting to her spouse's odd behavior, and they add up to a nasty answer. No, not another woman, another nation. It's an all-around tense spy thriller.

Riding High
Paramount

A S THE owner of Broadway Bill, a race horse, Bing Crosby is really in his element. The only trouble is his fiancée and her poppa, Charles Bickford, gave Bing a paper-box factory to run instead of the horse. Both think Bing is crazy dabbling around a stable when, if he stuck to the factory, he could have his future wife dabbling in sable. There's another member to the non-horse-loving

Larry Dobkin, Paul Stewart, Dean Jagger, Gary Merrill find the relentless efficiency of Gregory Peck, their commander, hard to take in 20th Century-Fox's "Twelve O'Clock High."
family: young Coleen Gray, a lass with a crush on Bing. So, when Bing strikes out to enter Broadway Bill in a National Handicap race, Coleen trots along. Unfortunately, Bill gets a bad cold, and Bing can’t raise the entry fee money. Bill does run the race, and what a race! (You’d think everyone in the audience had a sweat on his nose, the way they act.) Bing’s songs aren’t up to par but there are rack track characters galore and the race itself.

East Side, West Side

MGM

Sophisticated melodrama about successful and wealthy New Yorkers. Barbara Stanwyck, a young matron married to James Mason, finds that money isn’t everything—especially when your husband can’t unhook himself from sultry glammer-gal Ava Gardner. True, Ava is a wicked wench but Mason quietly outdoes her by always promising Barbara he’ll change, which he doesn’t do. Then Barbara meets Van Hefin, who is for real. She sees the difference in men but not before Mason gets embroiled in Ava’s well-timed murder. A neat package with a neater array of star names.

Montana

(Technicolor)

Warner Brothers

A rip-roaring Western with the usual theme. The switcheroo is: Errol Flynn is a sheep rancher who aims to break the monopoly on grazing land so his sheep can munch all that Montana grass longside the cattle. Because one of the cattle barons is Alexis Smith, it seems like a simple chore for irresistible Errol to get all the grazing land he wants, but cattle owners hate sheep men—according to them, sheep ruin the range. Alexis leases Errol a section of her land thinking he wants it for cattle. When she learns the truth, Zowie! Definitely a light horse-opera what with “Cuddles” Sakall on hand, and the handsome Errol break-

Robert Young and Barbara Hale share embarrassing situation in “And Baby Makes Three.”

Below: Barbara Bates and a jug of wine make Danny Kaye happy in “The Inspector General.”

Below: Clarence Muse, Bing Crosby and Coleen Gray add bright musical gayety to “Riding High.”

Elizabeth Taylor and Robert Taylor in tense scene in “Conspirator,” MGM British film.
ing out into a right nice bit of crooning.

Side Street
MGM

FILMED for the most part in New York City, the cameras let you in on another side of city life. Farley Granger is a young husband whose wife, Cathy O'Donnell, is about to enter a charity ward for the birth of their baby. As a part-time letter carrier, he knows that in a law office, to which he delivers mail, there's a portfolio containing $2,000. Against his better judgment, Granger breaks into the file, takes the briefcase and instead of $2,000, finds $200,000. With such a sum lying around a cheap lawyer's office there's apt to be something crooked afoot—blackmail and murder, for example, and Granger becomes a reluctant part of it all. Grim, but top-notch mystery with Paul Kelly and James Craig included in the cast.

Woman in Hiding
Universal-International

THILLING suspense yarn of a woman whose husband makes several almost-successful attempts to kill her. With Ida Lupino and Stephen McNally sharing holy-wedded terror, the plot takes many spine-tingling twists and turns. Returning from the would-be watery grave to which McNally sent her, Ida embarks on getting proof that he killed her father beside attempting to murder her. To keep herself listed as dead, until she has evidence that police will believe, Ida changes her identity and starts looking for McNally's ex-girl who knows plenty. Instead of the girl, she finds something better—Howard Duff. Duff likes her, wants to help, and unwittingly just about sends her to another early grave . . .

However, Mr. Jones (Dennis Morgan) stole the films from her because the tractor is a highly secret Navy invention and rather than have the secret revealed, better Jane should be considered psycho. Much more madness follows before matters right themselves and the Navy has the film and Dennis has Jane . . . Hmmmm! Fair exchange!

Borderline
Universal-International

LOADS of comedy mixes with narcotics smuggling when Policewoman Claire Trevor tries to get the dope on a large-scale smuggling outfit. She gets on the right track okay but finds she'll have to help gunman Fred MacMurray smuggle the stuff into the States to learn who is the big boss. Posing as man and wife, Claire and Fred head for the border with another narcotics dealer, thinking of hijack, hot on their trail. With all this smuggling, Claire and Fred manage to find time for some smuggling, too. Wha' oppens when Claire is to turn Fred over to the authorities? Just what you'd expect, only funnier.

Paid In Full
Paramount

TAUT love drama about two kinds of motherhood, one of the selfish variety
and the other a study of sacrifice. Diana Lynn, married to Robert Cummings, whom sister Lizbeth Scott has always loved, thinks her baby is her own possession and everybody else, including the father, hands off. Lizbeth, on the other hand, leans so much toward the unselfish attitude, that she has a baby knowing the child's birth will kill her. Why she gives her life so the baby may be born is absorbingly told in flashback. A typical "woman's picture," there's no reason why men won't like it, also.

Captain China
Paramount

A VAST ye landlubbers! Rudder to the portside! Batten down the hatches. There's no water shortage here... mountainous waves all over the place, ships smashing on coral reefs, freighters getting tossed around like floatsam, or is it jetsam? Anyhow, this Captain China boy, John Payne, is one fine skipper despite everyone thinking he got stinko one night and wrecked his ship. He sets out to show it was First Mate Jeffrey Lynn who done the dirty work so's he could get Payne's job. Lynn won't talk until his ship almost sinks. Luckily for him, John Payne is aboard as a passenger!! Edgar Bergen, Michael O'Shea are present, too. Gail Russell supplies romantic interest. After viewing Payne's chest, the gal slips into his cabin to inquire: "Got a match...?" Yup, s' help me!

Sands Of Iwo Jima
Republic

STARS John Wayne and John Agar appear as two United States Marines constantly at cross-purposes. However, the dislike Agar feels for Wayne, the hard-bitten sergeant, is only part of the picture, which primarily honors the Marine Corps which landed on Tarawa and later Iwo Jima, where the famous flag-raising on Mt. Suribachi took place. (Please turn to page 72)
FOR millions of pretty heads in this country, the home permanent is old hat stuff. They’re sophisticates at the business of producing bright, buoyant curls for themselves in a very short time and at a mere song in cost. The ranks of the home permanent devotees include the Social Register, the stage (see Mary Martin), the screen (see Lucille Ball and a good portion of the Hollywood sisterhood), possibly you and myself.

Progress, however, being the aim of this circle of the beauty business, this seasoned the proper season to check up and report on any angles that might contribute to the perfection of your next home permanent. Accordingly, I asked the home beauty consultant for a leading home wave manufacturer to list the important steps to watch. For no matter how perfected the method, itself, there is plenty of room for human error if we underrate or overrate, wind carelessly, or use too little or too much of this or that. Here are the points our consultant deems of vital importance; you, meanwhile, having read the directions completely through and having noted the key steps. Then reread and double check until your busy brain has absorbed every detail.

Wash your hair immediately before beginning your home permanent. A shampoo is really part of the process. Any soil or excess oil on your hair fibres may interfere with the action of the waving lotion. Use a mild shampoo, preferably one with a soapless detergent base. This type of shampoo will cleanse thoroughly even in very hard water. Furthermore, it will rinse completely in clear water. This is important since no prepared rinse, not even good old kitchen lemon or vinegar, can be used before a home permanent.

Be careful about dividing your hair in sections. There are two important reasons for this. First, rolling your hair on curlers is much easier when sections are divided off and held out of the way with rubber bands. Second, your winding will be neater and more even if you follow a definite pattern, and your finished wave will be more uniform.

Watch these two points in winding your curls. Too large strands of hair wrapped on the curler will result in a loose, uneven wave. Too small strands will permit the waving lotion to evaporate too quickly and leave you with little or no curl. If you are using the new spin curlers, your winding strand of hair should be 2½ inches wide and 1 inch deep. The spin curlers are in one piece, eliminating fitting rubber bands to the curling rods, incidentally a time-saver, and with little teeth on the winding rod that grip the end paper firmly and give you a good start on winding. If you use other types of curlers, check exactly the amount of hair that should be rolled on these curlers.

Start winding curls in the neckline section because the hair here takes longer to curl. Wrap the section about your face next and leave the crown of the head for last.

Check and double check timing, for this is where you are most likely to make a mistake. The length of time your hair must remain in curlers depends on the texture and condition of your hair. Fine hair will wave quicker than medium hair, and coarse hair takes longest. Directions will give you a (Please turn to page 68)
Mile to celebrate the success of his “Samson And Delilah.” It was held on the corner of Vine and Selma Streets, in the lobby of a gorgeous glass-and-chromium bank, built on the site where DeMille made his first Hollywood picture, “The Squaw Man.” But instead of asking any of DeMille’s present-day stars, the guests were most of those who rose to stardom under DeMille’s aegis during the silent days. I was afraid it might be a little pathetic, because the only times that silent screen stars ever seem to hit the headlines is when they are found living in poverty or dying in distress of some kind. However, I was delighted to discover how prosperous, well-groomed and handsome so many of these “greats” of yesteryear appeared.

The appearance of inimitable Bea Lillie in Los Angeles as star of the Broadway hit musical, “Inside U. S. A.”, was the signal for a Hollywood reunion of many of the troopers who got their start with her in the old “Charlot Revue” days. Most of them have migrated to the West Coast and Bea was delighted to find so many of her old pals on hand. First, there was Reginald Gardiner, the initial one to succumb to the lure of Hollywood films. Then there was Clifton Webb, whose baby-sitting Mr. Belvedere has made him a permanent California resident. And, among others, Gertrude Lawrence, who held out for a long time, until screen tests of her role in “Glass Menagerie” proved so terrific that she had to sign with MGM.

Bea, herself, has no intention of staying in Hollywood, but as she told me, at the party which Clifton gave in her honor, she was happy to find that so many of her friends were doing so well in the cinema.

Another favorite with the English colony out here is lovely Joan Fontaine, who, now that she is divorcing Producer Bill Dozier, lives alone with her infant daughter in her beautiful Brentwood home. Joan is one of the most devoted mothers I know and since she prefers to take care of her child herself, seldom goes out, but prefers to entertain in her own house, which, in addition to having a swimming pool set in a hilltop garden, also has a glass facade, commanding a breath-taking view of the city.

Typical of her intimate little dinner parties is the one she gave the other evening, Doffing the kitchen apron which she had been wearing while she personally, prepared a whole buffet of beef-kidney pie, tossed salad, a wonderful roast ham, Yorkshire pudding and brandy-and-molasses “crunchies,” she donned a pair of spangle-embroidered raspberry pajamas to greet her guests.

Altogether, it was a very delightful and intimate evening, but that is what makes social life on the Western front so fascinating—the contrast between lavish, expensive affairs one evening and charming informal get-togethers, the next.

Does your charm show in your hand? Whether or not you believe it does, your well-groomed fingertips show you’re fashion-wise. When you use Dura-Gloss, your fingertips say you’re practical, too. For Dura-Gloss means exciting shades, quick application, long lasting beauty . . .

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What her eyes have seen!
what her heart has known!
what her love has lived through!

This is a True Story...
one of the great personal stories of our time...
told the way it happened—to one woman who will live it forever!

From the best-selling Book-of-the-Month and Reader's Digest sensation by Agnes Newton Keith!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK presents a shattering new experience for you!

Three Came Home
starring
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

with Patric Knowles • Florence Desmond • Sessue Hayakawa
Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO • Produced by NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Based on the Book by Agnes Newton Keith
Ann Sothern and Michael Wilding dance together at the Savoy. He's in Warners' "Stage Fright."

H. M. Queen Elizabeth welcomes a bearded Errol Flynn at The Royal Command Film Performance.

Gregory Peck and his wife at the Savoy Hotel party after Royal Command Film Performance.

Left: Jean Simmons, Ann Sothern, Richard Todd, star of "The Hasty Heart," meet Her Majesty.

NEWSREEL

Princess Margaret Rose, the top glamour girl of the British public, chats with stars Ann Sothern and Jean Simmons in lobby of Odeon Theatre as Richard Todd looks on.
Elizabeth Taylor, relaxing at Ciro's with Dick Long, after finishing "A Place In The Sun" for Paramount and "Drink To Me Only," for MGM.

Left: Ava Gardner, soon to be seen in "East Side, West Side," is currently enjoying a vacation in Gotham before departing for Europe. Her romance with Howard Duff is over.

Right: Marilyn Maxwell sharing a happy evening at Mocambo with Andy MacIntyre. Their steady dating strengthens the reports that wedding bells will ring for them sometime soon.

The stars themselves are just as interested as you are in what goes on in the most discussed place in the world.

By Lynn Bowers

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!
IRENE DUNNE'S charming home was the setting for a party given in honor of Lady Muriel Huggins, wife of the Governor-General of Jamaica and a most attractive lady, who was in this country on a lecture tour. Irene assembled quite a cosmopolitan group to meet the visitor—Loreta Young and Tom Lewis, Elizabeth Taylor, with her mother and father, Sir Charles Mendll, Dolly Walker, Artist Tony Duquette, British Consul Robert Hadow, Designer Gilbert Adrian, and his small, beautiful wife Janet Gaynor, Columnists Princess Conchita Pignatelli, Harry Crocker and Brandy Brent, and Producer Harriet Parsons. The Lady Mollie flipp 

never joined the U. S., but we didn't get away with it. Everyone who does know, please hold up his hand. Being a Hollywood booster from away back, we were gratified to hear all the complimentary things Lady Huggins had to say about our town on her first visit.

* * *

There's a new, half-pint size mailbox in the stars' post-office at MGM and it's right next to Judy Garland's. It belongs to Judy's young sprout, Liza Minnelli, and is the little one ever proud! She got so much fan mail as a result of her appearance in "In The Good Old Summertime" that the studio gave her the star treatment as a reward.

* * *

Another happy kid is the daughter of Don and Gwen O'Connor, because of the new pet U-I gave her. He's the mule (honest) who played the title role in "Francis." Don's (Please turn to page 54)
FIRST, for the record, I want to say I like women. I think we’re fine and indispensable. But I believe we make far too many mistakes in managing our men. What we need to do is work out a routine, a set of rules to go by and, once we develop this scientific yardstick, life can be simple and nearly ideal. If there were such a thing as a forum on How To Keep A Man Happy, I have a few pet ideas on this subject and I’d try to answer questions, if I were asked. If I had the floor, here’s what I’d say if anyone was interested.

Why do women say “Men! They’re all alike?” There should be a law against this particular cliche. It’s a thoughtless statement and I don’t believe the women who say it mean that for one solitary reason: Men are no more alike than women are all alike. Regarding men as anything but highly specialized and complicated individuals is Mistake Number One on my list. They are as different as their fingerprints, thank heaven. It would be a dreary world if they weren’t.

So now that this point is proved, more or less, let’s pick another category. Why do we say “Men are just overgrown boys?” This is usually uttered with a certain amount of tender tolerance and there’s more than a grain of truth to the words. BUT, in my opinion, this is an “among us girls” type of remark that should be said in a whisper only when all males are well out of earshot. The implication is that man is immature; that we are in the child-raising, instead of the marriage department. This is damaging to us and to a gentleman’s self-respect.

Then we have the “After we’re married I’m going to make him over” one. Oh, what a sad blooper that is! It says, in effect, “This guy’s a bit of a schnoo but he’s the best I can get.” A man isn’t like a piece of furniture that can be changed with a coat of varnish or a slip cover, to be camouflaged and tugged at. That isn’t to say, though, that we can’t help our men improve themselves or their jobs if we go about it in the right way—that way being to use the subtle technique, so the poor devils don’t know what we’re up to. (Please turn to page 71)
"Don't damage a gentleman's self-respect," advises blonde Virginia.

Virginia co-stars with Edmond O'Brien in Warners' "Backfire."

Tears are a powerful weapon, she admits, but to be effective should be used sparingly.

In Virginia's opinion that old cliche, "All men are alike," should be outlawed.
To be able to act while you dance is no cinch, but Vera-Ellen handles the trick with ease. When she was working her way to the top in musical comedy, she learned that grace and skill meant little if you couldn’t project your personality across the footlights. She had all three, put them together and brought her assets to Hollywood. Her style—a mixture of ballet, tap and personality—is a hit in her latest film, “On The Town.” In the picture, which tries to explain what makes New York the way it is, Vera-Ellen is chosen “Miss Turnstiles.” Gene Kelly, a gob on the loose, sees her photo, tries to find her in city’s maze.

Vera keeps figure and fitness by exercise and relaxation at the beach. She comes from Cincinnati, began her dancing career in New York at age of sixteen.
1950 is the Cinderella year
...the waiting is over!

Soon you will see it in all its Color, Splendor and Pageantry, with Music and Wondrous Fun...

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CINDERELLA

A LOVE STORY WITH MUSIC

6 YEARS in the making

Put a smile in your heart...and laughter in your dreams

A story written in stardust...6 years in the making...Walt Disney's masterpiece, Cinderella, will give a new gleam to your hopes, a new lift to your life.

Not only because it's the greatest love story ever told—though that's reason enough if you've ever been in love. But because it's so full of the wonderful fun, hilarious characters, singable songs—the sheer enchantment of Disneyland.

Ever since "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," thousands of people have written...asked...waited for Walt Disney to bring the beloved Cinderella to life.

After 6 magical years it's ready with new wonders, new splendor, new magnificence—ready to thrill the world as no picture ever has!

It's coming your way to fill your heart with a happiness you'll never forget!

A magical musical
Color by
TECHNICOLOR

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
Burt's Private Life

Burt Lancaster, more successful than ever, is now being just himself

By Ben Maddox

In "The Hawk And The Arrow," Burt plays a 12th Century hunter.

With Yvonne Doughty in "The Hawk And The Arrow," Burt, himself, is the producer.

With Betty Lou Gerson and Producer William Spier during recent radio broadcast.

I've been identified with exciting violence. So I can't go too intellectual."
CATCH up with Burt Lancaster these days and instantly you are involved in twice as much action as you ever imagined. Could exist. He's become a ball of fire, but I can swear he's not exploding aimlessly.

When you finally get the chance to do exactly what you want, after being so bitterly disappointed you'd given up hope, you'll be in Burt's present situation. If you're as smart as he is, you may proceed in his extraordinary fashion. His conduct, off the screen, certainly is not that of the average man.

Soon, in the surprising "The Hawk And The Arrow," which he has painstakingly prepared for Warner release, you're going to see Burt in a different type of film. He is personally responsible for his striking switch, and he could make it only by gambling boldly on his own judgment. Actually, he's been very daring behind the scenes in Hollywood recently.

Do you realize he turned down every one of the tempting movie offers, didn't act in a single picture for a whole year after finishing the highly successful "Rope Of Sand?" Jump over to the private part of his life. Do you know that, although he bought his family a charming house high in the beautiful Bel-Air district over a year ago, he's never allowed his home to be publicized nor so much as hosted one pretentious affair there to impress Hollywood society?

"Just being discovered overnight doesn't make a person lastingly happy," Burt told me in his dressing-room after I watched him in a remarkably strenuous episode on his set. It was the first time I ever saw any star hung. Well, nearly hung. Burt had a rope tied around his neck by a masked executioner garbed in black, and then he dangled from it long enough to fool the villains who'd handed him this foul fate. I was assured a followup sequel reveals his pals cutting him down. He revives with bounce, having figured out this stunt to outwit his enemies. They shot this hanging over three times. I was tripily awed, because what other star would have ordered such a twist into a script?

"Sure," Burt said, "it was exciting being turned from nobody into somebody when I got into pictures. It was a fantastic thrill to suddenly receive applause when I'd disgusted myself by having wound up as an also-ran before the War. Remember, from the time I was nineteen until I was twenty-seven, I tramped all around America and. candidly, I couldn't quite make a decent living in show business. I gave it up." He grinned, "Maybe because I really was 'a dumb actor' then! As an acrobat in circuses, vaudeville, and Summer fairs, I wasn't allowed to say a word when on. Of course, it was great to find myself started here in Hollywood.

"Yet after two years it wasn't enough. I'm as grateful as anyone can be. I'm the first to announce that Hollywood gave my life a meaning. I love all it's done for me. But you still don't belong to yourself until you go on another step and fight for that degree of freedom that lets you be your real self. That's what I've been up to lately. Quietly, for there's no (Please turn to page 58)
Jeanne was cast in many ingenue roles before she was ready to portray a girl victimized by racial distinctions in "Pinky," 20th Century-Fox film.

Right: With her husband, Paul Brinkman, Jeanne attends "Anna Lucasta" performance at the Biltmore Theatre. Paul, himself, once acted, but gave it up.

JEANNE GRAYN, in "Pinky," came into her own as a mature, dramatic actress. But her studio, 20th Century-Fox, did not forget that in the role of a radiant young girl, she has few peers. So, once again, although she has two sons of her own, Jeanne is a teenager in 20th's "Cheaper By The Dozen," with the redoubtable Clifton Webb as a father of twelve.

Back In Her Teens Again

Jeanne, in a scene from "Cheaper By The Dozen," is disciplined by her father, Clifton Webb, an industrial engineer who applies his theories for saving time and motion to his children's upbringing. Her sister, Barbara Bates, and brother, Norman Ollestad, are fascinated witnesses.
"You'll receive more attention in the world if you look as if you were proud of yourself."

Linda and Paul Douglas during recent broadcast. "I love working on radio," says Linda.

Advice From Linda

Linda isn't the outdoor type, but if you are, she advises you to go in for sports.

When Linda was fifteen, I showed her photograph to a famous artist who was analyzing faces for a national magazine story. He looked at it for a long time. Then he said:

"This girl is still a child. Her features are blurred with babyhood. She may marry and drop out of pictures, but if she continues, I would say she can be one of our great actresses. If she makes up her mind, she can step right along in the talent parade; eventually, she may lead it."

Now that Linda is a star in the parade, it's time for me to ask her secrets.

"You must keep stepping, if you stay in a parade," she said, thoughtfully. "You can't coast, and nobody is going to push you, or drag you along.

"I'd say that the first thing is to take care of your health. A sick person can't march. Have periodic check-ups; if something's wrong, have it corrected. But don't go around moaning. There's nothing less interesting than the other fellow's headache.

"Have sufficient vanity to look well in public. It's disappointing to see a girl who should be glamorous in an unpressed suit, with untended nails and hair unbrushed. I wear slacks offscreen, but they are always good looking and well tailored. The ones she was wearing were gray, flattering to her dark hair and eyes, subtly defining the lovely curves of her figure. "Not only actresses should remember this. You'll receive more attention in the business, professional and scientific worlds if you look as if you were proud of yourself. There's plenty of expert advice available on how to dress, make up, walk and behave. My point is: don't let down in public. What you do in your own room is your business."

Most of us have favorite exercises for the body. Even more important, according to Linda, is it to keep (Please turn to page 63)
You, too, can enjoy success if you'll conscientiously follow the basic essentials laid down by Linda Darnell

By Alice L. Tildesley

Linda's role in "Everybody Does It" was difficult, but to her that made it all the more exciting.

"Listen a lot... read... travel... try new things, and life won't pass you by."
In two forthcoming U-I pictures, Maureen O'Hara again reveals how adept she is at portraying ladies who lead totally different modes of life. As an alluring Arab girl in "Bagdad," she attempts to avenge her father's murder. Her lustrous beauty lends itself to the story's opulent Arabian Nights quality. Then, in "Comanche Territory," the history of Jim Bowie (Macdonald Carey), designer of the hunting knife, she turns up in tough frontier town as a lady saloon keeper. Here, she and Carey secure treaty for Comanches.

Paul Christian, from Switzerland, is the man in "Bagdad" whom Maureen thinks is her father's murderer. However, he seems to have allayed her suspicions.

Many Sided Maureen

Left: Maureen, with Macdonald Carey, is transformed to frontier gal in "Comanche Territory."

Below: The real Maureen goes over dialogue for Technicolor "Bagdad" with Howard Banks.

With very little effort, Irish Maureen O'Hara becomes a believable Arab beauty.
Susan and Dana Andrews rehearse a love scene for "My Foolish Heart." It's story of a man who has no goal until he finds Susan.

For a long while it looked as though the biggest moment in Susan Hayward's career would be the time she tested for and lost the part of Scarlett O'Hara. There was a definite lull for Susan thereafter, devoted mostly to cheesecake. Then, in pictures like "Smash-up," she showed what she could really do. "My Foolish Heart," for Sam Goldwyn, is her latest and as the picture's heroine Susan does her best job yet.

Her face is one of the most expressive in pictures, as demonstrated in this embrace.

On screen Susan is dynamic and vivacious. Actually, she's shy, introspective, says husband Jess Barker.

Triumph For Susan
Inside Info On
The No. 1 Playboy

You must have a cozy date with Peter Lawford before you really understand him

With Audrey Young in "The Red Danube," his latest picture for MGM. Peter is now 26.

"I've always had a feeling I'd find the girl I'd marry here in the East," states elusive Peter Lawford.

By Tricia Hurst

Hasn't Peter Lawford Married?" "Will Peter Lawford Settle Down?" or "Peter The Wolf."

After devouring all of this earth-shaking information, there were only two conclusions this writer could come to. The only female Lawford had overlooked was possibly a shaggy-haired leading lady named Lassie, and secondly the poor boy just didn't have a home to go to. From the amount of night club photos in which he appeared, I was amazed that he found time to make an occasional picture for MGM.

With this information, I got an assignment to "do Peter Lawford when he gets in town." It took one solid week for me to contact him at the Waldorf-Astoria where he was staying.

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Lawford just stepped out!"

"Mr. Lawford's room doesn't answer!"

"Mr. Lawford is away for the weekend!"

"Mr. Lawford left no word as to when he'd return!"

Mr. Lawford was obviously a very busy young man!

No matter how hard I tried to reach him he was always sprinting off to "21," dashing to Connecticut or going to the barber's. I almost caught him once in the hotel barbershop, but as luck would have it he was under a hot towel and refused to emerge long enough to

IF THERE is one thing I can't stomach it's Glamour Boys, especially the Hollywood variety. Consequently, I had made up my mind to heartily dislike one Peter Lawford, long before we ever met. Despite the fact that I liked him in pictures and was one of the first to dash out and buy a copy of his cute recording "French Lesson," I just couldn't see his way of living off the screen. He was Filmland's Number One Playboy and, brother, in a town like Hollywood, you've got to go some to deserve such a title and what's more, keep it as long as Pete has.

There was a time there when you couldn't pick up a magazine or newspaper without reading about "The Passing Loves Of Peter Lawford," "Why
Pete, in his dressing room, with Bridget Carr. They're in "Please Believe Me."

Deborah Kerr and Peter, co-stars of MGM's "Please Believe Me," chat between scenes.

come to the phone. I believe I muttered something to the effect of "I hope he scalds to death!" and slammed down the receiver.

Finally, as a last resort, I called Joey Adams, the comic, who had been doing a personal appearance with Pete.

"He's in room so-and-so," he told me. "If you give the room number to the operator she'll connect you. The best time to get him is in the morning, nice and early. He'll be half asleep and won't be able to think of any reason for not giving you your story."

Joey's advice worked perfectly and I made an appointment with a very sleepy Mr. Lawford for the same day. At five o'clock I found myself perched on top of three packages (Please turn to page 69)
The Murphys while away a long evening on location with some four-fingered pianistics.

Dir. Kurt Neumann, Wm. Talman, Audie and Wanda entertain with a bit of harmony.

Audie, a crack shot since a boy, gets set to show Gale and Wanda some fancy shooting.

Their separation a thing of the past, Wanda and Audie are glad to be together again.

The dark clouds that threatened to make the separation of Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix permanent have completely disappeared and the young couple are back in Hollywood, cozily domiciled in an apartment and well on the way to a bright new life together. When Audie had to go on location recently for his new picture, "The Kid From Texas," Wanda, free from film commitments at the time, went along to keep him company.

Gale Storm, who also appears in the film, and Audie help Wanda climb aboard wagon for a good old-fashioned hayride.
Four cute Columbia messengers surround Ray Milland on "Woman Of Distinction" set.

Right: Roz and Ray in serious discussion of hilarious scene for their latest comedy.

ROSALIND RUSSELL comes up with another hilarious performance in "Woman Of Distinction." As the dean of a women's college, Roz believes a career is more important to a woman than love. Then along comes Ray Milland who falls for the attractive but aloof dean. Roz refuses to weaken until her father warns her that "today's hot water may be tomorrow's icicle," which sets the dean to some down-to-earth thinking. She snaps into action, grabs her man and forgets all about her career.

Roz And Ray Ignite

Right: Ray all but frightens poor Roz to death with his ardent wooing of her.

Roz is full of energy and never lets down even when she's supposed to be relaxing.

Below: Roz swapping stories with Edmund Gwenn, who plays her father in the film.
"Ever since my early teens I had five ambitions: a husband, a house, an Adrian suit, a car and a grey caracul coat," confesses June in describing the years which mean the most to her.

"1943 was the year I came to Hollywood and started my career in motion pictures."

"1948 is another chosen year for that's when our adopted daughter, Pamela, arrived."

The Five Most Important Years Of My Life

By June Allyson

What have been the five most important years in my life? What are they in any girl's life? My guess is they would include those during which, if she is career-minded, she started her work; when she met The Man; when she married; when she had her first child. My own choice follows that pattern and my fifth selection is the past year—just because it's been so wonderful!

The year 1943 will always stand out in my memory, bad as I am at remembering dates. If it weren't too corny I'd be inclined to write a poem entitled "Forty-Three I Love Thee," because that was the year I came to Hollywood and started my career in motion pictures and when I first met Richard.

It's almost ancient history that I was in the choruses of several musical shows on Broadway, finally won a featured singing and dancing role in "Best Foot
Dick Powell, his wife, June Allyson, and David Wayne in MGM's "The Reformer And The Redhead." Dick insisted June be billed over him.

Another scene from the film, in which they are co-starred for the first time. They met in 1943 during making of "Meet The People."

"Last year also brought me the feeling that at last I had grown up, that I had matured," says June. "Little things didn't upset me."

"Richard and I were married on August 19, 1945."

"Forward" and when that was bought by MGM was offered a chance to recreate my stage role in the film, plus a long-term contract. That encapsulated account brings us up to '43 and Hollywood.

That first year here was terribly exciting to me. Naturally, I knew nothing about the making of motion pictures or the technique involved, but I was so anxious to learn that the janitors practically had to sweep me off the sets at closing time. Whenever I wasn't working I was visiting other sound stages, watching and trying to learn.

I was quite busy working, too. While the screen adaptation of "Best Foot Forward" was being finished I was given a part in "Girl Crazy," with Mickey Rooney. What a debut that was! Perhaps you don't remember, but I can't forget, that "Treat 'Em Rough" number we did. I had to jostle, pummel and bounce Mickey all over a night club stage!

Then followed "Best Foot Forward," which gave me greater opportunity in the dancing and singing department, plus a little acting. I was essentially a jitterbug in that, too, but felt that at last I was on my way. By then, you see, although I loved musicals I had decided acting was what I really wanted. I didn't say much (Please turn to page 61)
Dazzling Danny Thomas and Vic Damone is Liz Taylor. Occasion was Vic's cocktail party at Chianti Restaurant.

Gloria De Haven with new hairdo, new beau, Andre Previn, at Vic's gathering. She is in "The Yellow Cab Man."

Vic points to likeliest canape for Joan Evans and Dane Clark. Joan is a daughter of Dale Eunson, fiction writer.
No more naive, teenage parts for Gloria Jean if this dignified picture of the sweet-singing star is any indication. She and Vic are deep in musical shop talk while Dane smiles at passing acquaintance.

Evelyn Keyes and Kirk Douglas give rumors of a romance a nice boost by attending cocktail party together. He has coveted role in "Young Man With A Horn," for Warner Bros., and she's scoring in "Mrs. Mike."

The host relinquishes his chores long enough to sing for guests—especially Elizabeth Taylor. Her next is "A Place In The Sun," once "An American Tragedy."

Vic, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, her husband, feel she isn't getting enough food. Diana's in "Rogues Of Sherwood Forest."
KEEP YOUR EYE ON COURTLAND

Jerome Courtland likes acting, but confesses he would have pursued a talent for drawing had he not gone into movies.

Left: With foal on location. Jerome hails from Knoxville, Tenn., is 6' 4".

Right: Jerome and co-star, Beverly Tyler, enjoyed making film together.

Jerome Courtland is right in character in these outdoor shots during production of Columbia's "The Palomino." An athletic, open-air life suits him best. He dislikes parties, but might not have gotten into pictures if he hadn't attended one where Charles Vidor offered him a screen test. He was in his teens then. His first part was in "Together Again," with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. Next, he scored in "Kiss And Tell," and his career flourished until he went into the Army. Seriously injured in a train accident at Hiroshima, he spent many months in an Army hospital, emerged with a medical discharge just in time to take a part in film, "The Man From Colorado."

Jerome, Beverly and supporting player study lines for the Technicolor film.
Such a Midas Touch has Jose Ferrer that any role he touches turns to dramatic gold

By Fredda Dudley Balling

Jose's renown as versatile actor had preceded him when he arrived on 20th Century-Fox lot for "Whirlpool," co-starring Gene Tierney.

Below: During Broadway run of "Silver Whistle," he met and married Phyllis Hill, an actress. Like Jose, her avocation is painting.

Villainy For A Change

When Jose Ferrer checked into 20th Century-Fox for his role of David Korvo, the hypnotic heel in "Whirlpool," a suspenseful drama co-starring Gene Tierney and Richard Conte with Mr. Ferrer, there was a good deal of healthy respect, almost awe, in the attitude of both fellow players and the lot's technicians toward the renowned Broadway actor.

There was ample reason for this admiration. Oscar Hammerstein had said of him, "Jose Ferrer is a young man who can scare you with his Iago, double you up with laughter as Charley's Aunt, and choke you with tears as Cyrano ... a handy man to have around the American theatre."

Margaret Webster, engaged by the Theatre Guild to direct "Othello," saw Jose Ferrer convulse a skeptical Broadway audience with his hilarious antics as the aunt "from Brazil where the nuts come from," and promptly decided that he would be a dazzling (Please turn to page 65)
June Haver's dancing partner in "The Daughter Of Rosie O'Grady" is Gene Nelson, touted as one of the best dancers in America.

June Haver and Gene Nelson as the dancing sensation of Tony Pastor's Theatre in Warners' new musical.

Right: Besides being a dancer, Gene's a skater of note, having appeared with the Sonja Henie ice shows.
Records Roundup

Tops In Movie Music

Perry Como’s “A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes” and “Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo,” both from Walt Disney’s “Cinderella,” for Victor... Vaughn Monroe’s “So This Is Love,” from “Cinderella,” and “There’s No One Here But Me” for Victor... The Third Man Theme” and “Cafe Mozart Waltz” by Franz Dichtmann for MGM... Jerry Wayne’s “She Were A Yellow Ribbon,” from the movie of the same name and “I Gotta Have My Baby Back” for Columbia... Fran Warren’s “My Love Loves Me,” from “The Heiress,” and “This Is Where Love Walks Out” for Victor... “Big Movie Show In The Sky” and “Mr. Musk Jockey” by Blue Barron for MGM... Lisa Kirk’s “Copper Canyon,” from film of same name, and “Confidentially” for Victor...

Tops In Pops

Jo Stafford-Johnny Mercer doing “It’s Great To Be Alive” and “Yodel Song” for Capitol... Andrews Sisters-Carmen Miranda and their “Wedding Samba” and “I See, I See” for Decca... “Sitting By The Window” and “Scarlet Ribbons” by Dinah Shore for Columbia... Bing Crosby’s “Little Grey House” and “Stay Well” for Decca... Art Mooney’s “There’s A Lovely Lake In Loveland” and “Home Town Band” for MGM... “Dear Hearts And Gentle People” and “I Must Have Done Something Wonderful” by Dennis Day for Victor... Frank Sinatra’s “Sorry” and “Why Remind Me” for Columbia... Bing Crosby-Andrews Sisters “Quicksilver” and “Have I Told You Lately That I Love You” for Decca... Claude Thornhill’s “The Iowa Indiana Song” and “Johnson Ray” for Victor... Sammy Kaye’s “Echoes” and “Careless Kisses” for Victor... Guy Lombardo’s “Enjoy Yourself” and “Rain Or Shine” for Decca... Benny Goodman’s “You’re Always There” and “Brother Bill” for Capitol...

Other Toppers

Vaughn Monroe’s “So This Is Love!” and there’s No One Here But Me” for Victor... Dick Haymes’ “Lost In The Stars” and “Thousands Of Miles” for Decca... Sarah Vaughan’s “The Lord’s Prayer” and “Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child” for MGM... Wayne King’s “Melissa” and “Come Dance With Me” for Victor... Tony Martin-Fran Warren doing “I Said My Pajamas” and “Have I Told You Lately That I Love You” for Victor... Vic Damone’s “Sitting By The Window” and “Nice To Know You Care” for Mercury... Peggy Lee-Mel Torme singing “The Old Master Painter” and “Bless You” for Capitol...

Are you in the know?

To win attention, which should you be?

- Stand-offish
- A specialist
- The helpless type

Feel like a little lost sheep in your crowd? Learn to shine at something. Whether your specialty’s skating, boogie, or heating up delish cookie batters, you'll find it's a magnet to males. Buy your poise! You needn't retreat on "those" days, either.

Not when you have the cushion-soft comfort of the new Kotex. This softness holds its shape... for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it! What's more, your new Kotex Wonderform Belt won't twist, curl, cut. It's made with DuPont Nylon elastic!

Is a gal most likely to see green?

- When a new cutie comes to town
- On March 17th
- Under her charm bracelet

For some gals, the wearin’ of the green isn't just reserved for St. Patrick's Day. They're the belles who live in their charm bracelets—come sleep or showers. Does telltale green lurk beneath your bangles? Remove it—if you'd rate in grooming! Dabbing your wrist with cleaning fluid does the trick. As for banishing telltale lines (on trying days), that's no trick at all, for Kotex. You see, those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines... keep you super-posed!

What does “campus copper” mean to you?

- A monitor
- A prom chaperone
- A sharp shade

Pat — Big Brother is watching you! So? Ten to one he's admiring that bright-as-a-new-penny outfit of yours: the new copper color that's wowing the school. Add copper pearls, coral lipstick—it's knockout! You're fashion-right with any shade of the russet family, if it becomes you. And on problem days, you're right (protection-wise) with any of the Kotex "family" of 3 absorbencies. Whichever you choose, you'll have extra protection with that special safety center.

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

BERT BROWN
Fashion Selection #120 Lovely young actress Gloria Hamilton (above), supporting lead in Broadway's hit musical revue "Lend An Ear," selects a fashion-right Cynara crepe dress by Teen-Timers, division of Princess, Jr. Precision-designed for fit and flare, it features blue-and-white check taffeta trim on the wide collar and cuffs and on the four front skirt panels and four front self buttons. Available in navy only, in junior sizes 9 to 15. Sells for about $9.

FOR INFORMATION where to purchase your fashion selections on these pages in or near your city, write to Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor, Screenland, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Fashion Selection #117 Gloria Hamilton (above, at left) visits New York's Parke-Bernet Galleries with pert Dorothy Babbs (above, at right) who, like Gloria, has an important featured role in "Lend An Ear." They wear Lassie, Jr., coats of 100% virgin wool. Lassie, Jr., has given these 28-inch double-breasted coats full, generous lines; belted back; large, roomy pockets and wide cuffs. Here are the perfect mates for your suits and skirt-and-blouse ensembles, as well as your tailored dresses. Gloria's topper is a Barkley Square check and is available in soft shades of gold, pink, grey and beige — sizes 9 to 15. Dorothy's coat is a Glen check that comes in navy-red, brown-red and black-red combinations — sizes 7 to 15. Each about $35. Credit Walter Florell for their hats. Their gloves are American-knit shorties.
Fashion Selection #118 Gloria Hamilton and Dorothy Babbs know you can't beat Ship ’n Shore for blouse style and value. Gloria’s blouse (below) is of combed mercerized sanforized gingham. Dorothy’s (right) is fashioned from a soap-and-water fabric of rayon linen weave called Irelin. Both blouses are shirtwaist styles with action-back pleats, convertible collars; long shirt-tails and breast pocket. The gingham blouse comes in two color combinations—red and blue, green and navy. The Irelin blouse is available in 11 colors, both pastels and high shades. Sizes 30 to 40. Priced at about $3 each.

Fashion Selection #119 The slim skirts worn by Gloria and Dorothy are Louis Geiger, Inc., fashions of sheer 100% wool, styled by Charlotte Phelan. Both have all-around permanent pleating. Gloria’s skirt (below) has one-half-inch box pleats, while Dorothy’s (right) features the new mushroom pleating. They come in six colors—aqua, pink, mint, beige, navy and black. Sizes 10 to 18. Cost about $13 each.

SEND THIS COUPON

to Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor, Screenland, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., for name of store near you selling your fashion selections.

#117 □ Glen Check □ Barkley Square
#118 □ Gingham □ Irelin
#119 □ Box Pleat □ Mushroom Pleat
#120 □ Dress

Name.................................................. Age......................
Street Address...........................................
City and State.........................................
STAR BUYS

THE Miss Caliente, Sanford's sensational box-type coat has entered into the fashion picture of 1930 with its multiple uses. First of all, it's gay. Too, it's warm—100% wool—and it's dashing. How extraordinarily nice to wear around your home when the weather is nippy...how unique and charming to wear over a semiformal or formal when you are en route. You'll find more uses for it than we have space here to tell you about. There are no two designs alike. But every design is gay, warm and cheerful. You'll find yourself so attached to it, you'll take it everywhere. It will be a "love" in your wardrobe.

SWING toward the sweater girl lines with Accentuates...one of the newer interpretations of the mould needed for your new fashions. They leave no tell-tale ridges where they join to the body and they can be worn with or without a bra. They are particularly good for bathing suits or the new strapless gowns, and they fit securely because they are thought out to fit your body with precision. This expert craftsmanship will make you feel at ease with your most daring costumes. With Accentuates you can now always look well built, no matter what you wear.

FOR GOOD, sensible, wearable, comfortable shoes, Kirby gives real value. I have yet to feel a softer shoe, in a style so durable. The kind you can put on and wear right from the start. So if you want to know real foot joy and comfort, it's the Kirby shoe for you. Women who have to use their feet a lot—nurses, sales people or even the active housewife or sportswoman—will find they can look smart as well as tailored while in the comfort of the Kirby shoes. After all, if your feet feel good, you certainly are better to look at and you feel better.

WOMEN with heavier breasts will be grateful to the Cartwright Brassiere Company for their wonderfully thought-out styling of their new Engagement Bra. It is made of a beautiful durable satin and fashioned to fit right. It will stay secure and be unusually comfortable as it has one-inch elastic on the straps. There are inverted pockets on the inside of the bra to give an appropriate uplift look and a sturdy band to fit over the diaphragm to give an added feeling of security. The woman who has heavier breasts can now look chic as well as be comfortable in the latest fashions.

Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 21

latest picture. Don, Gwen and Francis spend most of their time in or around the swimming pool. Mules, y'know, love the water.

* * *

Esther Williams has advised MGM that she's ready, willing and able to make two pictures before next August—after that she's expectin' to be expecting another baby. Esther's formal bathing suits in "Duchess Of Idaho" will create a fashion riot if we're any kind of a prophet. One is made of sea-green sequins and bugle bead fringe. Another number is strapless waterproof black velvet embroidered in white. June Allyson gasped when she saw them—thought they were so dressy and wished out loud to Esther that she could be in her next picture so she could get out of those little cotton dresses. Esther cracked back at June, "Who ever heard of a bathing suit with a Peter Pan collar?"

* * *

June Haver kept herself busy before going into "I'll Get By" doing radio work, some charity appearances, and by personally answering every single letter of sympathy she received after the tragic death of her fiance, Dr. John Dusik. Certainly here's a gal who deserves happiness after so much that's been sad.

* * *

Yvonne De Carlo happily took off for New York with the promise of an operatic audition. The gal's really serious about a career at the Metropolitan. And, just to keep her feet on the ground, she also flew to Puerto Rico for an appearance on Ed Gardner's "Duffy's Tavern" show.

* * *

Ty Power and his Linda were so glad to get back to Hollywood, but Ty's pleasure was somewhat dampened when 20th told him his next picture would be "Land Down Under" which calls for his being in Australia for some time! The Powers did get in a vacation at their favorite Mexican resort, Acapulco, though.

* * *

One of our favorite young actors, lanky Jerome Courtland, took over the job of baby sitting with his five-year-old brother while their attractive mother took a New York vacation. How about the guy's performance in "Battleground"? One of the best in a terrific cast, we thought.

* * *

RKO has signed a new star to a three-picture deal. Her name is just plain Ermintrude and her first starring part will be in a Leon Errol two-reeler called "My
Fine Feathered Friend.” If you ain’t guessed it by now, Ermintrude is a talking chicken.

The Barrymores are definitely here to stay. The romantically handsome John, Jr., did such fine work in “The Sundowners” that he’s been given an even more important role in “Deadfall.” With his Aunt Ethel coaching and advising him, the youngest Barrymore actor couldn’t go wrong.

The French cutie, Cecile Aubry, was so chaperoned by her papa in Hollywood that she had only one date—the lucky guy was Bob Arthur, 20th’s good-looking young actor. And the studio had to vouch for him 100%. Cecile and her father live but a few miles from a Paris studio, but he had never been inside a sound stage until, 6,000 miles away, he visited the 20th lot. Cecile’s greatest thrill in our town was meeting Gregory Peck while he was working with that big mustache in “The Gunfighters.”

Universal-International really earned its cosmopolitan name making “Death On A Side Street.” Here’s why: the picture has a Mexican background. The director, Hugo Fregonese, is Italian—raised in Argentina. James Mason, British, and Marta Toren, Swedish, are the stars. How universal-international can you get? Howard Duff visited James Mason frequently on that set—seems Duff is just as cat-crazy as Mason. The latter left for England via France, Spain, and Portugal where he and Ava Gardner were to star in the picture “Pandora And The Flying Dutchman.” Not a bad combination, wot? People are wondering whether Ava’s European jaunt will be the final rift in the drift-apart act she and Howard Duff have been doing for some time. There are some who say Ava will never put out the torch for her ex, Artie Shaw.

Betty Garrett had to interrupt the remodeling of her house (to include a nursery) and the designing of a maternity wardrobe to get herself off the hook with numerous people who had tried a recipe she’d given a well-known magazine. Seems by the time the recipe had gone through several hands and reached print it called for a cup of flour instead of the tablespoonful she prescribed. Poor Betty is still brushing the insults to her cooking out of her hair.

All eyes in the Green Room of Warners Commissary were focused on Gertrude Lawrence, lunching there with her co-star, Arthur Kennedy. The focused eyes belonged to Ginger Rogers, Ruth Roman, Robert Douglas, Virginia Mayo, and Don McGuire, and me. She’s a fascinating gal, even in the drab clothes she wears for “Glass Menagerie.” When she was called to the telephone, the polite Mr. Kennedy stood up as she left the table—a bit unusual, since fellow actors usually take it pretty easy with each other.

Jane Wyman, who is Miss L.’s daughter in the picture, has been given dozens of

Cathy Crosby, 10, with her dad, Bob Crosby, and famous uncle, Bing, before making her singing debut on Bing’s radio show. She did very, very well.
little glass animals by her pals at the studio, so she's well on the way to having a sizeable glass menagerie of her own.

Janet Leigh, who was just about to buy herself a house, settled for redecorating her apartment, and buying a new radio and TV set. She'll wait another six months before starting the house-shopping routine again. Could it be marriage plans changed her life? Her fella, Arthur Loew, Jr., added another charm to the bracelet he gave her. Each charm is a memento of a picture she's made. This new one is a little tiny jet plane, an authentic miniature—for "Jet Pilot." Others, a lyre for "Words And Music," a Santa Claus for "Holiday Affair."

The fan letter John Derek got from 5,000 admirers when he caught the plane back to Hollywood from New York sets some kind of record. It was so big he couldn't open it up until he landed here. When spread out on a runway at the Los Angeles airport, it measured 367 feet in length.

That ecstatic look Dean Stockwell gives a teenage girl in "You're Only Young Twice" isn't caused by sheer, utter romantic feeling. Take after take got nothing from young Dean. And it wasn't until some bright guy held a giant strawberry ice cream soda over the little gal's head that the thrilled look came over Dean's face.

More shades of the 1920's Betty Lynn had to learn the Todid—this is a dance, kids—for "Cheaper By The Dozen." Her dancing partner, Clifton Webb, already knew it. Could be this old-fashioned number will take its place beside the revived Charleston, Myrna Loy left immediately after this picture finished for Washington, D. C. for conferences on her work for UNESCO, then on to Europe to join husband Gene Markey.

Jeanne Crain's having fun with 5-year-old Roddy McCaskill in "Cheaper."

Remember him? He's the kid Clifton Webb doused with a bowl of mush in "Sitting Pretty." Anyhow, Roddy tells Jeannie he has four brothers, all named Earl. Seems he figures it this way—he's Earl's brother and vice versa, which makes two brothers. Then they're both brothers, which makes another two. Two and two make four, so could be he's right. Seems they're having an awful time with nine of the twelve kids in the picture. The nine are fairly small and by the time they all get lined up for a shot at least one of the kids has to be excused for a short trip, Clifton Webb seems to have a way with children, at any rate he can get order out of all this chaos with just a severe look and a firm word. The urbane Clifton has put on fifteen pounds for his role as the father of this brood, dyed his hair red, and speaks with a New England accent. He and Linda Darnell, who was visiting the set, have sworn they'll never, never, never dye their hair again.

And Barbara Bates, Clifton's 15-year-old daughter in the picture, has a problem of her own which this part isn't going to help. Nobody, especially nightclub waiters, will believe she's 21 years old. Barbara carries her driver's license to prove she's old enough, but after she's seen in "Dozen" the old hassle will be twice as bad.

Shelley Winters is the happiest girl in town—she now is the proud owner of her first house. Shelley's sister, Blanche, a nurse, has given up her career to be girl Friday to her famous sis. You'd never know Shelley these days—her hair's brown and she wears absolutely no makeup, not even lipstick. Seems her role of a drab girl in "A Place In The Sun," which calls for all the no makeup, has got under her skin. She and Farley Granger created a minor sensation at a recent L. A. dance recital—they rounded up a batch of eight and ten-year-old kids and brought them along. It was quite a spell before the kids settled down and the audience quit gaping at the romantic pair.

Lana Turner's wearing her very short hair in a new shade, called moonlight blonde. She's also still living out of crates in her new house and being very careful about keeping her curvy figure well covered—on account of no drapes at the windows.

The gal Bob Walker's been dating, much to the envy of all the males who have seen her, is Paula Raymond, whom you'll see in the new Bob Taylor picture, "Devil's Doorway." She is une belle femme, all right, all right.
Bette Davis welcomes Kinuyo Tanaka, "Bette Davis of Japan," to Hollywood.

Another Metroite you'll be hearing about is Phyllis Kirk, Broadway actress they've recently signed. Although she hasn't been in a picture yet she works harder than almost anybody—taking French, dancing, dramatics, singing, and piano lessons. This is what is called being an "unknown"—the gal doesn't ever have time to get acquainted!

Wal, our handsome young friend, Tony Curtis, finally had to get a private telephone number because of all the gals who've been calling him up. Tony didn't mind it so much, but when some joker got his father on the phone and said Tony had been injured in an automobile accident, his pop decided something had to be done—and did it. Now all is peace and quiet around the Curtis manse, or was until Gerry Brooks, the gal he's nuts about, got home from Europe. The boy from the Bronz is getting a liberal Western education. First, for "Sierra," he said, to learn to ride a horse; now he's practicing being a dead eye with a target pistol for "Winchester 73."

Glenn Ford's mighty proud of those candid photographs he took all by himself in London of the royal palace, the changing of the guard, and other tourist stuff. He'll show them to you at the drop of a hat or anything. And Linda Darnell and Steve McNally have been competing with one another showing off photographs of their children. Steve has the edge, however, since he is the parent of five young'uns while Linda only has one. Linda goes completely unglamorous in the picture "No Way Out," with Steve and Richard Widmark.

Dick got his vacation by degrees—arrived from London and three days later reported for "No Way Out." Two days after that picture finished, he left for New Orleans and another picture, "Port Of Entry," this being his ninth since he was discovered two years ago. Quite a record, that. On the few days when he doesn't have to work, Dick madly pursues his latest puttering hobby—wallpapering. First job, in his bar, looked very bad when he went to bed—the paper was full of bubbles. Next morning, presto, all the bubbles were gone. It was such a good job his mother conned him into papering her parlor. Handy man to have around.

* * *

Vie Mature, who agreed to live in exile (Pasadena, that is) away from all his pals, in order to effect a reconciliation with his wife, is using all his charm to move back nearer the studio, claiming it's a sleeper jump to Pasadena. Could be he's a little lonesome way over there away from all his cronies.

* * *

Greg Peck was a pretty perplexed guy when he appeared at a benefit in Ireland and was accused by someone in the audience of being a Commie, which he ain't.

* * *

Bill Lundigan gave a birthday party for his mother on her 71st anniversary. His three brothers, who live in Hollywood but aren't in the movies, helped their mother celebrate. Bill's new picture, formerly tagged, "Oh, Doctor," is now called "Mother Didn't Tell Me."

Betty Grable, Miss No. 1 at the Box Office, is back at work in "My Blue Heaven" and very happy about it, too. So's her hairdresser, because this is a modern picture and Betty gets to wear her own hair in a short bob, for the first time in 10, these many musicals. Betty's hairdresser, by the way, is Marie Brasselle, mother of Keefe—one of the really interesting and attractive new actors.

Family threesome in the 20th commissary almost daily is Dan Dailey, his Liz, and Dan III. Colleen Townsend has a great crush on Dan since they made "When Willie Comes Marching Home" because

Would you believe my lustrous AUBURN hair is really MOUSSEY BROWN?

When you see men turn to admire a woman's shining auburn hair, remember—her secret may be Nestle Colorine.

It's rich, natural-looking color gives hair life, lustre, exciting beauty! And its lemon-rinse action removes soap film. Leaves hair silken-soft...easier to manage. Shampoos out. Smart women insist on genuine Colorine.

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As every woman knows, Irresistible lips are a magnet for kisses! Keep yours smoother, more inviting, shafted for love with Irresistible's Whip-text Lipstick. Creamy-soft, longer-lasting, non-smeaming.

In brilliant new fashion colors.

NEW! Purse-size IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME in the spill-proof "crystal-gold" FLACONETTE the fragrance you'll love and he loved for!

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NESTLE COLORINT Same beautiful shades in a triple-strength rinse. Lasts through 3 shampoos.

Nestle COLORINSE 6 rinses 25¢.
he personally coached her in all the dance routines they do together. Coleen's heart, though, belongs to singer Bill Shirley, such a hit in the revue "A La Carte" which had a good run in Hollywood.

Deborah Kerr, on location for "King Solomon's Mines" near Nairobi, South Africa, was dining with friends of hers outside the city and was invited to take a dip in their swimming pool. She surveyed the water rather dubiously, since it was quite murky looking. Her friends assured her it was good water, proof being that the lions came every night to drink from the pool.

Scott Brady, who gets around with most of the town's eligible gals, is awful glad Dorothy Malone is back in Hollywood. She deserted the village some time back, a-sayin' she was goin' back to Texas i' stay. Scott and Dorothy met very informally at the beach and had been dating until she swam up Hollywood. Now we'll see; we'll happen to the romance, if any.

Jean Peters, who was lonesome for her native Ohio, pulled a Grandma Moses and started painting Ohio farm scenes. Now she's not so lonesome. Jean's rapidly becoming the Queen of Hollywood—she's always baking up a batch of doughnuts, cookies, or cake (and this is a true thing). The stuff is so good she has to pass out the recipes with the samples. Jean got to thinking about some extra special Brownies she'd eaten when she was on location in Maine for "Deep Waters" and is thinkin' about phonin' the lady who made them and trading recipes.

Vera-Ellehn, who used to be a Rockette at New York's Radio City Music Hall, went back to visit her former pals when her new picture, "On The Town," opened there. We saw her with her beau, the good looking Roc Hudson, at the preview of this fun picture, along with Gene Kelly, who not only starred but co-directed, and Al Jolson, who seldom appears at these events. Another surprise appearance at "On The Town" was MGM headman, L. B. Mayer, with his beautiful wife and adopted daughter, Suzanne.

U-I starlet Peggy Dow took her first trip to New York for the picture "Confidential Squad," was there five weeks and worked only once—from two a.m. to four a.m. She didn't get any sightseeing done because she was always on call. Back in Hollywood, she's worked every day in the pic.

A red-headed, freckled guy we've known for several years, Benny Long, gets a break in Warners' "Bright Leaf" because of Michael Curtiz and Gary Cooper. Benny's got a face that should have been in pictures long ago, but he never got a chance until Mike invited him out to try for the role. "Coop" saw him, liked him, and offered to coach Benny, so it looks like he's in.

Burt's Private Life

Continued from page 27 reason to be hammy about anything that's normal progress. I must belong to myself, in spite of any opportunities to collect faster by suppressing this impulse."

They invariably whisper that quick stardom changes the newcomer unaccustomed to the spotlight and big money. I have noted that depends on how susceptible to fame's false phases one is.

Burt is as susceptible as steel. He'd been around, broken his heart, knew that for him qualities like self-respect and sincerity amount to more than money and attention. Curiosity and genuine fulfillment shake him, and he cannot disregard either instinctive drive. Once, when he was the most miserable and had conceded he'd failed in show business (as
the professional acrobat he believed he should be), Marshall Field's tried to teach him to be one of their super-salesmen in Chicago. It was a cinch for him, but after he sampled the first few runs on their department store ladder Burt simply wasn't satisfied. He amazed their personnel manager by calmly walking out. With no other job in sight, either.

Most new screen sensations obediently accept the studios' theory that a studio, being long-established, knows best. Spare energy is thereupon channeled into crashing our town's top social circle, to wangle a little extra influence from it. Burt's been blandly smashing this traditional pattern into bits.

In Hollywood he's remained his natural, independent self, regardless of the pressure of local customs upon him. He readily admits he was a babe in our woods when he arrived here four years ago. He'd never given acting one serious thought, and producing movies was even more far-fetched. But, in case you don't know it, Burt also is as bright as he is brawny. He graduated from high school at sixteen, entered New York University on a scholarship at the same age. And he's been thinking steadily ever since he got onto this new California track.

The deals he's declined would astound you. After his very first film, illustrious play producer Irene Selznick urged him to return to Broadway as the lead in her "A Streetcar Named Desire." This was immensely flattering, for he'd appeared in but one other play. It was the flop for which he was discovered while still in his army uniform. However, it won him his movie break. Shrewdly, Burt figured he shouldn't accept the challenge of interpreting the Tennessee Williams lead, that he shouldn't lap up the direct acclaim it would bring. If he'd done it, he'd not have made eight films instead that have concretely established him as a major international star.

Burt plunged off the usual path in Hollywood right after his sixth picture, when he determined to produce, too. By tossing in his own reputation as the chief asset, he was able to sign clever co-producers and to raise the necessary financing.

"I stayed away from the camera this entire past year to prepare the pictures I'm now ready to produce as well as act in," Burt explained. "After digesting all the New York and Hollywood views about my first production, I decided to study intensively before continuing. I figured I ought to go back to the people, talk to them at first hand about what they like and dislike." He slipped screen roles that made stars of others to do this. But, while researching afar, he polished up his old acrobatic act and booked some profitable personal appearances. When Burt first performed this act at nineteen, he was paid $83 a week for it. "It was too embarrassed to quit and go home and confess that estimate of my worth, and so I stayed on!" This last year, having luckily become a glamour boy first, his nine-minute act was worth $10,000 a week to a circus.

"I think that so long as I'm attempting to excel in Hollywood I ought to see every film that has anything special in it. If there's any I've missed, I don't know what it can be. I admire, particularly, the acting finesse of such men as Laurence Olivier and Ronald Colman. Some day I hope to be in their acting class, I hope to earn an Oscar. Such a tribute, from fellow workers who understand the nuances sometimes required, will mean much to me.

"In the meanwhile, after a year of spade-work, I've set up a heavy schedule. There is a time to study, to delve into details and talk to everybody, and finally you must begin to deliver. I still have my commitment with Hal Wallis, who brought me to Hollywood, so I'll do one picture a year for him. The rest of the time I'll either produce my own pictures, or go into Warner films that give me an exceptional chance."

"I'm aiming for variety, for I learned by talking to fans they are bored by the same old thing. I realize I have certain characteristics already trademarked. I've

Jeanette MacDonald and husband, Gene Raymond, are met by Constance Bennett at Wiesbaden Air Base, Germany, before entertaining Air Force in Germany and Austria.
been identified with exciting violence. Nothing sells better than action and the
memories do not allow one very mean
rather than discussing it. So I can't go
too intellectual. But why not other
brands of adventure than murder? Why
not the romantic background of a by-
gone age instead of today's familiar
streets? Just once, a studio let me play
a shy, sensitive fellow—in 'All My Sons.'
So why not go on and wield a sword in-
stead of a gun, or fists, for a beautiful
woman who isn't a gangster's moll? Why
not adapt my acrobatics to the screen?
"In 'The Hawk And The Arrow,' my
second production, we've created a tale
of the 12th Century. That should lift one
away from it all, don't you think? It's
my first costume picture, but I remain
quite human in it. I'm an Italian hunter
leading a band of patriots who must oper-
ate from mountain hideaways to defeat
foreign mercenaries. As you've just seen
on the set, they're ever on the verge of
nailing me permanently. We've cast Nick
Cravat, my partner in all my acrobatics,
as my best friend. This is a role Nick
play authoritatively, for he has been
close to me, in reality, since we were
nine. Only we never suspected we could
end up having this much fun!
"Nick and I trained together for three
months ahead of the first day's shoot-
ing, so no doubles would be used. I ride bare-
back in the picture. Frankly, I was hard-
ly up to galloping in a saddle until Nick
and I went riding daily for those three
months. Only we never suspected I was
doing much fencing or archery worth mentioning, so we had to
study it together. We put up our high
bar and rope swings in my garden, so we
could work out there every day. Then
we got in a lot of hand balancing, tum-
bling, handball and swimming."

So when you gaze at Burt's agility, re-
call that he slaved for it. When he leaps
from trees, cliffs, and onto horses, fights
with both sword and a bow and arrow,
and balances atop a thirty-foot pole
which, in turn, the comparatively tiny
Nick balances on his forehead (the bet-
ter to skim over a castle wall during a
hectic 12th Century battle), recollect all
of this has not been faked.
"The only drawbacks for Burt were
what had to be done to his hair, and the
Medieval manner of eating. The mode
of the period demanded that Burt's hair
be curled into ringlets. Forks hadn't been
invented then. Roasts of meat were
plunked onto wooden tables and every-
body had to dive in for his portion with
merely a knife as his aid. Nick's only
jolt was that, as Piccolo, he's a deaf mute
and can't utter a sound. Since he and
Burt have been merrily indulging in a
never-ending conversation for a couple of
decades, this was definitely acting for the
lads.
"Virginia Mayo has put so much hon-
esty into her performance," Burt en-
thused. "I'd not met her before and,
truthfully, we're all delighted by her atti-
tude." His blue eyes twinkled. "There
was a swimming sequence that was a
dilly to devise. They didn't have bath-
ing suits away back then, and I capture
Virginia who wishes a bath. So I permit
her to swim in a mountain pool by hold-
ing onto her by a rope, so she won't es-
cape. We dyed the pool a deep Techni-
color blue. Apparently, Virginia was a
keen sport. She didn't scream at getting
literally Technicolor blue almost all over.
"I've already got a finished script for
a sequel we'll call 'The Rogue And The
Duchess.' But before filming it, there are
other contrasting stories lined up. Hal
Walls believes I should play one of to-
day's tough guys again, in "No Escape," so
that's next for me. Then, I've bought
the film rights to the best-selling novel
'The Naked And The Dead,' because I
believe it can make the best War story
of them all. I'll play Lieutenant Hearns.
It's a problem to get a script both the
author and the Johnston Office will okay,
for Norman Mailer was a trifle outspok-
en—if you've read the book!
"I laugh a great deal off-screen, but
nobody has ever let me be my own good-
natured self before a camera. Overseas,
during the War, I used to love doing all
the old burlesque routines of Abbott and
Costello. I'm nuts about gags. I don't
intend to be the purposely funny guy,
but the one you howl at because the situa-
tion is silly. Along this line, I'll act in
James Thurber's comedy, 'The Catbird
Seat.' But it'll be a short feature, one of
four unrelated tales that I'll package
like 'Quartet.'"
"I'm going to do a story about a man
who's deathly afraid of water. He's a
sandhog, digging the first Manhattan
tunnel, and in love with the daughter of a
ferryboat captain who scorns such a
weakness. This interests me personally,
for I have always had a fear of the water
since I was trapped as a kid under a pier
late one night. I barely kept my head
above those waves. I qualified afterwards
as a Summer lifeguard to lick that hor-
or. Even then I had to muster up all
my pride every time I had to pull some-
one out.
"As still another change for audiences,
I want to make my first Western. Then
I want to sing in my first musical com-
dee." Burt's singing, I can assure you,
is fine. He goes around singing when he's
happy. He's not in the same league with
the classical artists he's always hastened
to hear in concert and opera, but he can
cause aise-swooning with his own rich

Dorothy Lamour and her husband, William Ross Howard, watching the dancers
at Ciro's. Dorothy, blessed with another child, returns to the screen soon.

Dolores Moran plays a stripteaser in
"Johnny One-Eye," Bogeaus production.
tones. "I may do the circus picture I'm evolving from my own memories. It won't be a lavish spectacle. I want to do for the circus what 'Red Shoes' did for the ballet.

"You bet there are feminine stars I'm anxious to play opposite!" he exclaimed when I questioned him about this angle. "My idea of the screen's foremost actress is Olivia de Havilland. Doesn't she have terrific depth and sensitivity? It would be a true privilege to work with her someday." He has never met her, by the way. He also wants to team with four other women, especially: Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Vivien Leigh and Lana Turner.

"I've never been content with anything I've done on the screen. I've so much to learn..." That's why Burt doesn't gum up his Hollywood life with hobbies. Reading for potential film material, debating movie methods, seeing each new picture of merit—this consumes his hours.

Except those he devotes to his wife Norma, their three youngsters, his father and his widowed sister-in-law, who all share the Dutch Colonial dream house he's gradually furnishing. It's a haven designed for happiness, and Burt has eagerly joined Norma in the selection of every piece of furniture, every carpet and curtain and color that has gone into it so far. From the room-wide windows in the living and dining rooms, you can look downhill over Los Angeles stretching into the horizon. "I never thought I'd make it," Burt said, humbly, about this home where his heart is.

The Five Most Important Years Of My Life

Continued from page 41

about it though and went right into another dance specialty in "Thousands Cheer." Then came "Meet The People."

My role in that was only minor, but that's when I met Richard. He was the star. Our conversations were also minor. Almost non-existent. But even then I thought "Isn't he wonderful?" There's nothing more to tell about our meeting; we had no dates then. The only time we met was on the set and then only occasionally. At the end of the picture I was quite convinced he'd never even remember me when or if we met again.

There were other exciting things in that year. I got my very first apartment, one all to myself. Back in New York I had always lived with other girls or in women's clubs. This to me was wonderful! I say I had it alone. Actually, that wasn't quite true; I had a housekeeper-chaperone. But it was all mine! I could make the decisions and I had room enough to move around without bumping into other girl's belongings.

That, too, was the first year I received fan mail. It wasn't much, but how it thrilled me. And requests for pictures! The first one of those and the first complimentary newspaper notice I received made me want to bowl. I was so happy. But how I'd worry and fuss and ask in the publicity department "Will I ever have a fan magazine story? Do you think I'll ever be on a cover?"

It was during the end of '43 and the beginning of '44 that we made "Two Girls And A Sailor." That's the picture which turned the trick for me—and not only for me but for Van Johnson, Tom Drake and Gloria De Haven, too. Although I did some dancing and singing it was really my first dramatic role. I even had a crying scene. How I tore my heart out over that, and how delighted I was when the director said it was all right!

Forty-four was equally as big a year for me career-wise because with the release of "Two Girls And A Sailor" the critics and the public were kind enough to say I was a "promising young actress." I mention this only because it was the turning point for me. From then on the studio stopped casting me in musicals; I was given acting parts. For that I'm very, very grateful, for I really don't believe I was ever a good enough dancer or singer to have built a career on those talents; I'd probably be a has-been by now if I had not been able to make the switch.

Ever since my early teens I had five ambitions: a husband, a house, an Adrian suit, a car and a grey caracul coat. I had to wait for the husband and house, but '44 brought the last three for me—and no girl could have been more thrilled than I was with my second-hand blue Ford convertible, my Adrian suit and fur coat. Mink, sable or chinchilla may be marvelous, but they will never give me as big a thrill as my grey caracul!

After we finished "Two Girls And A Sailor" the studio sent me to New York to make a personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre. One night after the show I went to Toast Shoe's for supper with Nancy Walker and Gene and Betsy Kelly. While we were there who should walk in but Richard. He joined our table and he remembered me! I'm sure I chattered like a magpie, I was so excited!

On my return to Hollywood I fell apart completely with a fine case of pneumonia. I had been working very hard and at night had entertained as much as possible at canteens and camps for service men. I would list that entertaining as another highlight of the years '43 and '44; I loved it. But I guess I overdid it. During my illness I lost about fifteen pounds and learned later the doctor wasn't sure I'd pull through.

One day the phone rang and it was Richard.

"I just heard you've been pretty sick," he said. "If you promise to take care of yourself and get well soon, I'll take you to Romanoff's for dinner."

You can imagine how I felt! I'd never been inside Romanoff's—but more thrilled because Richard had called.

He telephoned daily after that and

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Eventually we had our dinner at Romanoff's—my first real date with him. That was the beginning of our courtship and I must say the first six months of it Richard spent just taking care of me, insisting that I eat the proper things and get plenty of rest, as the doctor ordered. Our dates were mostly just for dinner; usually I couldn't even stay up late enough for a movie, for I had gone back to work in "Music For Millions"—my first starring role.

After I was feeling better we began playing tennis—and Richard's expert game made me realize I needed lessons. On weekends we'd often go down to Balboa where Richard had his boat, the Santana, which the Bogarts own now. Because of wartime restrictions we couldn't go out of the harbor, but Richard taught me a lot about sailing, just cruising around inside the breakwater. (In those days I'd sit and watch while he'd clean the boat. That seemed to reverse after we were married!)

The year 1944 also brought two items which an outsider might consider unimportant, but to anyone in pictures they are very important: my first dressing room on the studio lot and my first fan magazine cover. I remember the latter so vividly—it was a Christmas cover and I was belly-whopping on a sled. Wasn't that typical? No dignity!

That brings us up to the third year of my choice—1945, and during that year two more of my ambitions were fulfilled: I was married and had a house.

Richard and I were married on August 19, 1945. My most vivid memory of the occasion is that I was so scared! Never in my life had I suffered such stage fright. Matters weren't helped any by the minute being so late that I was sure Mr. Louis B. Mayer, who was to give me away, would have to leave before the ceremony even started!

Details were somewhat blurred—from fright. But I do know we were married before the fireplace in the home of Johnny and Bunny Green, that I wore a grey suit, that there were only about fifteen people at the ceremony—and it was the happiest day of my life!

I had only a week off before I had to report for work again, so we went down to the boat for our honeymoon, but even that was cut to three days, for we were summoned back to town by the death of Richard's father. That's when I took over the house, all the duties of running it, and what a mess I made of that!

We had hired a young Nisei Japanese couple to do housework and gardening. Believe it or not, their names were Dick and June! We couldn't have two sets of Dicks and Junes around so they went back to their Japanese names of Tak and Teru. Teru was so willing and could do anything she was shown, but she knew nothing about cooking. Eating was a bit of a problem, then; she couldn't even boil eggs and I couldn't show her how! I did the ordering, which was a mistake. I'd order a cord of wood every week and so much bread there'd be about fourteen loaves untouched at the end of the week. I'd order delicacies we didn't eat and forget the coffee we needed. All the plumbing seemed to break, our dog, Heathcliff, went through a new screen, something went wrong every day and all I could ever think to do was call Richard at work to come home and take charge! I'll jump to 1946 as my next chosen year, for that's when our adopted daughter, Pamela, arrived. She was so little when she came I was afraid even to hold her. But it's amazing how instinct comes to the fore. Before I was conscious of it I seemed to know how to hold, feed and bathe her. Richard and I both want at least two more children, Pam is such a doll. She has blonde hair and blue eyes that almost disappear when she smiles, and she wrinkles her nose, too. Lots of people think she looks like me. I couldn't be more flattered!

Career-wise '45 was important to me, too. I played Jo in "Little Women," which had always been my dream, and co-starred with Jimmy Stewart in "The Stratton Story."

My fifth choice is 1949, which brought me my first real vacation. Seven marvelous months off to spend with Pam in those important days when she was doing her first walking and talking. Time to take a trip to Sun Valley with Richard and to do my first skiing. Time to enjoy our new home, which I love.

It's English country style and the keynote is comfort. It's not pretentious. The rooms are large, as we like them, and the furniture is big and comfortable.

Last year also brought me my first chance to do a picture with Richard. To play opposite him in MGM's "The Reformer And The Redhead." (I don't count "Meet The People" in which my role was so small.) Here's something which I know will warm the heart of any wife. According to Richard's contract—he came to MGM on loanout—he was to have top billing for the picture, but he went to the Front Office and insisted that I be billed first, and didn't even tell me about it!

Last year also brought me the feeling...
that at last I had grown up, that I had matured. I was calmer: little things didn’t upset me as they used to. I had my first sense of security, which I’d never experienced before. As a result my health was better; I didn’t get nervous or tired or ill. I found time to make curtains and card table covers, even to make and paint furniture for Pam’s room and to start painting in oils as a hobby. More importantly, I had plenty of time to spend with Richard and Pam.

It was 1949 which made me realize that much as I love acting and want to continue my career, if for some reason I couldn’t, I would be very happy being Richard’s wife and Pam’s mother.

Advice From Linda
Continued from page 30

the mind flexible and alert.

“Keep learning something new,” she urged. “The more difficult it is, the more exciting you’ll find it. In ‘Everybody Does It,’ I found myself in opera for the first time. It was a little frightening, for I was supposed to be a great success and had to look at ease in the medium. The music was written especially for the picture. If it had been a familiar score, at least I would have heard it before but, as it was, there was nothing to help me, for in opera the theme isn’t repeated; there’s not the rhythm of a song.

“I had to learn to sing arias in Italian, hold myself as an opera singer does, using operatic gestures and operatic acting, which is very different from the relaxed style of acting in pictures.” Linda illustrated with rhythmic sweeps of prettily-rounded arms, upward tilt of the head and proudly erect posture.

“I don’t speak Italian, so I had to learn what each phrase meant in English, and how to deliver it. On my sheet music, the words were in Italian: a separate copy in English was given me; I had to get each phrase correct and come in on cue. For 6½ minutes, in one scene, I had to sing a solo in Italian, and that’s a lot of music and a lot of words. Besides this, I had to do double acting—my operatic role and my opera-star self as affected by all the confusion going on about me—and still remember to keep up with the music. I felt very good when that sequence was over, because I had to make a tremendous effort to get it all right.”

In her new film, “No Way Out,” Linda had to learn the sign language. Richard Widmark’s brother is supposed to be a deaf-mute,” she explained, “so Dick and I talk to him with our fingers. There’s an expert on the set every day, and I find it most fascinating. Oddly enough, the signs are not difficult to learn.

“No Way Out” is a thrilling picture. I’m completely unglamorous, but my role is dramatic. At first, I hated to go into the commissary with dark circles under my eyes, hollow cheeks, no lipstick and ratty hair, but my director said: ‘Come on, I want you to get used to the character,’ so I went. This girl is out of the ordinary run; she’s mature. I couldn’t have played her a few years ago, for it takes experience to put her across. And I’m still working terribly hard with her.”

According to Linda, you need more than one interest. Between pictures, she and her husband, Pev Marley, have been building a home in Bel Air.

“It’s my own design,” explained Linda. “I knew what I wanted; fortunately I can draw, so my architect could see what I meant. When he made technical objections, I’d change my plans a little, but in the end I have practically what I wanted. The first thing I thought of was my studio, which I put on the second

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Roselind Russell and hubby Fred Brisson scan New York skyline as they return from Command Performance in England. She's in "Woman Of Distinction."
Villainy For A Change

Continued from page 45

Iago opposite Paul Robeson's Othello. Wisenheimers who heard of this quaint non sequitur were totally flabbergasted by the idea of casting a wig-wearing, bustle-popping farceur in the role of the rapier-like, elegant villain, Iago.

That Miss Webster made no mistake was proved by "Othello's" smashing Broadway run followed by two years on the road. Even precise critic Nathanial Benchley wrote in the New York Herald Tribune, "Just for fun, I would like to see Jose Ferrer play 'Little Women.' I bet he could do it."

In Hollywood, Jose Ferrer managed to triumph along two slightly more complex lines. First of all, his professional versatility is such that he succeeded in overcoming the normal motion picture suspicion of Broadway actors to the extent of winning an Academy nomination for his first screen role, that of the Dauphin in "Joan Of Arc." His second victory was a tribute to the mind of an actor. By the time he had been on the 20th Century lot for two weeks, everyone from the head office to the janitorial force was calling him "Jeez," in much the same tone as is used by workaday men in speaking of the most popular and most competent performer on their bowling team.

However, it would be a mistake to assume that because a man is a good Joe, and is so-called, he is "just like everyone else." Jose Ferrer is more correctly described as a king who has not lost the common touch. He is unique. He is vivid, brilliant, and enormously talented, not only in one art, but in several.

This man, who—in the Spring of 1949—was awarded the gold medal of the National Academy of Arts and Letters I love working in radio, where I've done both comedy and drama. But I'm just as happy not to be doing television until it's perfected. Then I hope I can enter that field. It should be interesting to learn to combine radio, stage and pictures."

Above all, Linda believes it essential to have a quiet time by yourself in order to get acquainted with the real you.

"Some people, left alone five minutes, nearly go crazy," she admitted. "Those are the unstable individuals, never happy except in a crowd. If you are to learn to depend on yourself, an essential to success, you must be alone at times to think of something besides what curtains to get for Susie's room, what you'll wear tonight, and what did Tom mean when he said so-and-so?"

"Reflect on the sort of life you are leading; consider if it's the kind you really want, and what you can do to improve it. These quiet times may mean the difference between keeping step in the great parade and letting the whole thing pass you by!"

Ruth Roman, now in "Always Leave Them Laughing" with Milton Berle.
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interested in dramatics, but with a difference. Jimmy was studying architecture because he wanted to be an architect; as far as he was concerned, college plays were simply an amusing extra-curricular activity, not to be taken too seriously.

Contrariwise, Jose was taking architecture because there was not, at that time, a formal dramatic course, and he had to be enrolled for some sort of standard schedule in order to participate in such non-scholastic fascinations as play-making. To this day, Jose says, "Jimmy would have been as brilliant an architect as he is an actor, if he had stuck with designing. However, I hate to think what sort of buildings I would have presented to a non-plussed public."

This statement from Mr. Ferrer means little except that he is extraordinarily modest. His draftsmanship and his color sense have earned him an enviable reputation as an artist. It is his intention to retire from theatrical work in a few years and to devote his entire time to painting.

One of his cherished dreams is to drive through South America, stopping to paint wherever inclination might dictate. He also has an intense artistic curiosity about the Orient, but until political conditions are much changed in that area, he despair of duplicating the South American motor trip in China.

Phyllis Hill, whom Jose met and married during the Broadway run of "The Silver Whistle" in 1948, also paints. Jose considers her competent, occasionally even brilliant, but she loathes every canvas she decorates. Thinks she's horrible. "Her chief trouble," says her husband, "is that she can't separate herself as an art appreciator from herself as an art creator. Naturally, her critical faculties—after years of being treated to magnificent work in museums—are somewhat unkind to her own beginning efforts. Luckily, I don't have that trouble. I can be entirely objective about my painting. I can view it as a total stranger would, picking its flaws and approving its virtues, without getting myself, as the creator, mixed up in the process. This is a very comfortable ability."

To go back to Jose's Princeton days for a moment; one of Jose's most cherished college memories is the only known recording of Jimmy Stewart's singing voice. One Saturday night a gang of roisterers decided to go musical and to dic the result for posterity. Halfway through the record, Jimmy remembered that he had a date to take a Vassar girl to a prom, and was on the cusp of being thrown out. He bolted the door and down the corridor, finishing the record with a splendid dwindling sound of a man being swallowed by a cave.

In addition to this early Stewart recording, Jose has two other keepsakes. Although he is without superstitions of the usual theatrical sort, he is a man to whom the thought of a good luck charm ever seems to present itself. For this reason, whenever his part in a given play requires him to wear a battered felt hat, he uses the one supplied to him years ago by Guthrie McClintic. This is done, not in the hope of hexing a smile out of Thespis, patron of drama, but because Guthrie is a good friend, and it is pleasant to be reminded of him even by hat.

Another cherished object is the cigarette case Jose carries. Originally it belonged to the theatrical giant, Stanislavsky, who presented it to a stage hand in appreciation for some service. The stage hand passed it on to Uta Hagen in a burst of admiration for her performance as Desdemona in "Othello." Observed Jose at this point in the case's travels, "I should think someone along the chain of ownership would think enough of a treasure like that to keep it, permanently." He was married to Miss Hagen at the time, so she quickly made him a gift of it. Jose intends to bequeath it to his first grandchild, possession to take place at the reading of Jose's will, an event unthinkable much before the year 2010.

It would be difficult to imagine a person having a greater fund of controlled, well-directed vitality, or to name offhand a man possessing the Ferrer dynamism. Between scenes of "The Whirlpool" he tried out a hundred different poses, in a simple kitchen chair, in an unconscious attempt to find comfort. He twiddled a cigarette. He pulled an ear. He kept a friend busy running errands. When a fascinated observer asked, "Nervous?" Jose explained, "When one is doing a play, one has our orders at the top of mind. I'm always like this on opening nights. Afterward, either the play is a flop and it closes, or the play is a success and everyone can settle down into a role for a long run. In pictures—every day is an opening night. Every scene is an opening night. No wonder everyone in Hollywood sweats blood!"

Jose's methods of relaxing are many. He works out for an hour each day, and he takes a ninety-minute bicycle lesson as well. (Any fragile should try it for two days... then attempt to get out of a chair with-

Barbara Hale and hubby Bill Williams at the opening of "The Hasty Heart."
He reads a great deal, and is currently re-reading CarsonMcCullers’ disturbing story, "The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter.”

He likes to cook, but the dish must be something with which a chef can deal, and then set aside for an hour or two until the dinner is to be served. For this reason, a Ferrer menu is likely to consist of a gelatin salad, plus a casseroled dish, or a roast, or a Swiss steak.

He never, never, never plays cards. When he and Phyllis entertain, they confine the party to an absolute maximum of six guests. The reason for this is that Jose conceives of a social gathering as the proper setting for the exchange of good conversation. "A conversation begins with two persons, ends with six. More than six people turn conversation into bedlam. Everyone talks at once with the result that nothing worthwhile, can be said, much less heard."

When Jose Ferrer is the conversationalist, it would be a shame for him not to be heard. He is one of the genuinely quotable actors in Hollywood. When he was asked by a friend why he went to the trouble of playing baseball in Central Park when he was in New York, instead of working out in a private club, he replied swiftly, "Because no one has found a way in which to plug a telephone into Central Park."

When, after a separation of a year, he met a person held to be an especial friend, yet the friend did not recognize Jose instantly, Joseph observed, "Think of me in a beard. In a very black mustache and beard." The friend’s face became illumined. "My God... Ferrer! Iago!"

The friend had met Jose while Jose was on tour in "Othello" and was wearing whiskers. Because "Othello" was on the road for two years, and because Jose met literally thousands of persons during that period who are unable to reconcile the rangy, clean-shaven, humorous Joe with the sinister and bearded Iago, he always introduces himself to individuals whom he recognizes, but who obviously do not recognize him. This simple, unquestioning attitude in a man who has won Ferrer’s honors is refreshing.

As final proof of his disarming charm, this story should be told about an incident that occurred during the Broadway run of “Cyrano de Bergerac.”

One night, under what pressure Jose could not remember, he forgot to add the tremendous false nose which was an essential part of his makeup. He had been on the stage only a few seconds when he realized that his fellow actors were horrified by some situation beyond their control. Luckily, the play had run long enough so that everyone was set in his lines, so there were no bobbles...only ill-concealed expressions of total dismay.

When Jose realized his omission, he knew that there was nothing he could do about it. He had to finish the play "in the equipment, fortunately generous, which nature had provided."

He made a little curt speech. "I have been the victim of a new kind of bobby-soxer," he said. "But at least when one plays Cyrano, or sees it played, one realizes that a nose of any other length still smells as sweet."

Your Perfect Home Permanent

Continued from page 16

minimum time, according to texture. When this time has passed, one curl should be partially unwound and the wave examined according to the direction sheet. If the hair doesn’t show a definite wave pattern, roll it up and wait fifteen minutes. Then look at another curl. The condition of your hair will determine whether it takes the minimum or maximum time to curl. It is always important that you take "timing test curls" as directed, because the condition of your hair changes from time to time. Never depend upon the previous timing of your permanent if you want the present one to be successful.

If your hair has been bleached, dyed or tinted, or if you have been using special color rinses and such, there are definite instructions for you to follow. While it is possible to get a very successful wave in this type of hair, it may require some
of laundry, propped against the door that led to the sumptuous suite MGM maintains for their visiting stars. At five after five Pete arrived in sports shirt and grey flannels, looking like the original "outdoor boy." If I hadn't heard about him beforehand, I might have believed I'd ever seen inside the night club. He was the picture of health, tanned and, I hated to admit it, very good-looking. "Gee, I'm sorry I'm late, but I was down in the barbershop," he apologized. "Under another hot towel, no doubt," I commented sweetly.

He'd made the appointment at five, saying he'd have to cut it short at thirty—so his being late didn't help my disposition any. I had a feeling he was squeezing me in between a whiskey sour, a dry martini and probably a half-dozen females.

"I'm supposed to find out why you're still single and why you like being single," I said, with pencil poised.

"Where have I heard that one before?" he said, with a grin. "I'll tell you what you do. Make a list of all the reasons why any fellow stays single and there's your answer."

"Yes, but I have to have facts and quotes from you. You've been quoted as saying you were pretty sure you'd never marry an actress, but your name has been linked with more of them than any other bachelor in Hollywood. Don't tell me you date them because you feel safe and know you won't be hooked into matrimony?"

"That's a bit far-fetched, don't you think. But you're right in saying I don't think I could ever marry a girl in the same profession. Two of us in the same family would be a little thick, I'm afraid. But I know quite a few girls who aren't part of the movie colony setup and I see just as much of them as I do of the females you've heard about."

"I've always had a feeling I'd find the girl I'd marry here in the East. It's possible to date a female here without having everyone under the sun know about it. Believe it or not, there are times when you don't want a romance publicized. In my business, publicity is important, but there are times when it can do more harm than good."

"Well, you know, actually, it isn't that you're getting on in years or anything like that," I said, "but you've seen so often, with so many different dates, that people naturally wonder what it is you're looking for and when you'll find it."

"Look, I'm only twenty-six and I doubt if I'll ever start thinking of marriage before I'm thirty. I've seen what can happen to people who get married before they really know what it is they want out of life. And I'll be perfectly honest with you and say that there are a lot of things I don't relish giving up when I do settle down."

There's nothing I like better than going out to the beach and spending the day and not looking until it's almost dark and often cold. How many girls will go along with you on that? Another thing, when I finish making a picture I like to throw some things into my bag and take off for parts unknown, without any fuss or planning beforehand. Do you know of a woman who can make a trip without thinking and talking about it for days ahead of time?"

"Isn't that a bit selfish though?" I asked. "Don't you think someone you love is more important than a small thing like a trip or a day at the beach?"

"Of course I do, and that's just the point. I haven't met anyone yet who is that much more important. When I do, I'll do my best to get her to marry me. But even then, she would have to think..."
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Along the same lines that I do. I couldn't live with anyone I didn't have a great deal in common with. Romance is fine, but there's a lot more to it if a marriage is going to stick. My parents have always been pretty much of an ideal to me. Now there's a couple that..."

At this point I took my hand to answer the phone and when he came back I could see he had places to go and things to do.

"I can see I'm taking up your time," I said. "I know you have a million-and-one plans so I'll be on my way, although I'm afraid I don't know much more about you now than I did half an hour ago."

"Gee, I'm sorry we didn't get together before this," he said, helping me on with my coat. "On this last trip I've been in and out of the city on these personal appearance jaunts, and last weekend I went up to Greenwich and did nothing but sleep for two days straight. The operator wasn't giving you the runaround when she said I wasn't in.

"Look, if you're not doing anything tonight around eleven, what about going out with me? I can't ask you to go to this play I'm supposed to see 'cause some friends are taking me, but I know they'll want to turn in early and I haven't been out on the town in a long time. What about it?

The idea that Peter Lawford, Number One Escort and man-about-town, didn't have anything to do that evening was too much for me to believe. I didn't, but I could go along with the conversation just as well as the next one."

"Sure thing," I answered. "My name is right there in the phone book. Call me when you get finished."

I knew I wouldn't hear from him and, as I rode down in the elevator, I thought of a couple of other Hollywood jokers who had given me the same song and dance. Nothing ever came of it, and I had learned over a period of time to disregard the usual "I'll call you" routine. Maybe they think you'll write a better story on them or something. Never did quite figure it out.

In any case, at eleven o'clock I was undressed, in bed and half asleep. Five minutes later I was rushing around like a mad woman, trying to find my clothes, get the hobby-bins out of my hair and put my face on.

The phone had rung and Pete's voice had said, "It'll be quicker if you meet me. The show's at the Cukor-Wood Room goes on in fifteen minutes. Are you ready? Hurry, hurry, hurry, little one, or we'll miss the first part."

To say I was surprised would be a vast understatement, but that was only the beginning, believe me. From the moment I arrived, slightly out of breath, I could see my story—"Why I Like Being Single," by Peter Lawford, go out the window.

Dear Pete, I apologize! You have always been presented to your public as a happy-go-lucky perpetually college sophomore with nothing on the brain except females, fast cars and fun. Well, with all due respect to my fellow fans I've been giving your fans the "low-down" on you, I should like to say right now—It Ain't True!

You are one of those people who put their all into whatever they may happen to be doing at the moment. When you're out with a gal, that's all you seem to have on your mind and, believe me, the gal appreciates it. The man who could take a lesson from you. After spending one evening with you it wasn't difficult to see why so many different types of women found you so attractive. You have the knack of making each one feel as if she were the most important female alive, and you do it without seeming to make any effort. You don't work at being charming, you just are—naturally.

That particular evening three other couples eventually joined us and, all of them being connected with show business in some way, the conversation naturally turned to "shop" talk. The singer sitting next to you spent a major part of the evening telling everyone how sensational he was; the female comedian was busy calling and waving madly to various and sundry people around the room; and the third well-known was giving an itemized report on the amount of money he'd given to charities in the last year.

Through all this, Pete, you sat back, taking it all in, never saying much, never bragging nor table hopping nor waving. You concentrated on lighting my cigarettes, ordering more, and occasionally signing a menu some patron wanted you to autograph. You not only signed them, but, if the party was sitting close enough, you'd lean over and thank them.

Brother, I've got news for you. Glamour Boys do not do this. It is not in the book!

When the party began to break up you suggested we go down to the Village, and down we went.

"Jackson," the bartender in my favorite hangout, is used to celebrities and he will often brag that he can take movie stars or leave them. But we weren't in the place more than thirty seconds before the two of you were squeezed in the phone booth calling "Mrs. Jackson."

"Yeah, honey, it's REALLY Peter Lawford. Honest! No baby, not a drop, I swear. Here, I'll put him on and you can hear for yourself."

While we waited for you to emerge, "Jackson" explained that as far as the "little woman" was concerned there was only one male in Hollywood worth going to see, namely, Peter Lawford.

"I don't know what it is about him," he said, "but all the dames go for him. He looks like any other actor to me. One thing I'll say for him though, he's a gentleman."

Around four o'clock the only thing left to do was go home and so, with a peck on the cheek and a promise to look you up if ever I got out to the Coast, we said goodnight.

As I turned out the light I knew I'd had one of the best times of my life and that I'd become a staunch member of the "Crush On Lawford" club. But I also realized I didn't have the story I'd gone out to get. Maybe you do like some of the advantages of being single, but I'm
Mistakes Women Make With Men

Continued from page 22

Women are usually more social-minded than men. Does your husband hit the ceiling so hard he knocks himself out when he learns you've lined up your mutual social life for weeks ahead? Or when you briefly inform him that you and a girl friend (he hates her husband or she bores him) have planned a jolly evening together? The way out of that jam is easy. Make him think you don't really want to go but it's been so long since you've seen her and you tried to warm out if it but there wasn't any way to and won't he please be a good sport just this once? The odds are with you if you use that, or a similar approach.

And you can always make it up to him the next night by staying home and letting him tune in the television set to the baseball game, instead of the fashion show you wanted to see. That makes him happy and, anyway, you probably sneaked some time to look at a program in the afternoon while he toiled at the office. By the way, what's so wrong with spending a great many evenings at home, that place you've both worked and slaved so hard to acquire?

We all know how men hate to wear dinner clothes. So why not make him think he's much more comfortable in a tuxedo than he really is by telling him how handsome he looks, rather than saying he has to wear it or the hostess will have hysterics. It's a lot easier to get him into that monkey suit if you've had it pressed, brushed and laid out with all the accessories. He'll wear what's handy rather than rummage around for his blue suit, which is hanging way back in the clothes cupboard.

Women have more time, theoretically at least, to get ready for a party than men do. So why are most of us ready a good half hour after he is? That thirty minutes he's spent pacing the floor and getting more impatient and less in the mood to go out doesn't help to make the evening a happy one. Nothing irritates a man more than that ole Army game, hurry up and wait.

We're guilty of many mistakes after we get to that party. One of the best ways of losing our men is to try to grab all the attention. If he starts telling his favorite story, we interrupt to correct a date or place or name, then usually finish the anecdote. I'm in favor of letting him tell it wrong. Even if we've heard it a dozen times before, perhaps someone else hasn't. There's one type of woman that infuriates me—the one who snatches the conversational ball away from her husband and says, "You know what for never opening his yap all evening?"

"You know, I hope that time is a long way off in the future.

As far as I'm concerned, you can just continue as you are. Spreading yourself around a little and making us all happy!
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Current Films

continued from page 15

Some actual footage of fierce battles were taken from U.S. Marine films, which add a shockingly realistic touch. Wayne is in his usual form: two-fisted, tough, and bittderly not giving a damn about anything except the safety of his men. If you're looking for action, this should be your meat.

Port of New York

Eagle-Lion

SOMETIMES exciting and sometimes dull saga about narcotics agents Scott Brady and Richard Rober who are hunting a narcotics dealer. With a scarcity of clues to begin with, and working on nebulous leads, the pair almost get a windfall of good luck when K. T. Stevens decides to spill all. Unfortunately, Miss Stevens is found strangled before she can talk. All of which means they have to do their sleuthing the hard way. The case isn't closed till one of them gets killed and the other... shew! how narrow can escapes be?!
Bagdad
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

WEARING low-cut gowns and acting like an honest-to-God Arabian princess, which she plays, Maureen O'Hara prances through a complicated maze of Arabian names and characters to end up in the arms of Paul Christian, the man accused of slaying her father. Much is made about the mysterious leader of a mob of cutthroats called the Black Robes and the corrupt Pasha, Vincent Price. The casual way Christian and Price throw diamonds, rubies, and emeralds at Maureen will make any girl drool and rue the fact she wasn't born Arabian Princess O'Hara.

And Baby Makes Three
Columbia

SUCH a predicament! Barbara Hale, about to wed Robert Hutton, discovers she's going to become a mother. The father, her divorced husband Robert Young, is charmed because 1) he doesn't want Barbara to marry Hutton, and 2) he's still in love with his ex-wife. Events, blessed and otherwise, get deeper and deeper into one heck of a pickle with Hutton and Young dead-set against each other getting custody of the unborn child. Broadly farcical, this sometimes is a little too broad about subjects such as marriage, divorce and motherhood.

The Kid From Texas
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

GIVES an explanation why the notorious Western gunman, Billy the Kid—he was only 21 when he was killed—got to be such a trigger-happy lad. With thirty-some-odd killings to his credit, it seems Billy, played by Audie Murphy, would have gone straight if his boss, Albert Dekker, hadn't double-crossed him. (Wonder if some day they don't give a similar heart-warming explanation for John Dillinger.) There are a few people on Billy's side, Shepperd Strudwick, who gets murdered, Will Geer, likewise, and Gale Storm. She isn't on the receiving end of any lead but, through her, Billy gets his fatal dose.

Undertow
Universal-International

SCOTT BRADY, a reformed racketeer, has a lot of law-abiding plans for the future. He buys a mountain resort hotel and wants to marry Dorothy Hart. Arriving in Chicago to get his girl, he barely steps off the plane when he's framed for the murder of Dorothy's wealthy uncle. The frame is perfect but there's one flaw: Scott won't take it lying down. Tough and fast, this is a better-than-average murder mystery.

Indian Scout
United Artists

N OBODY believes that Philip Reed is not an Indian spy. That is, nobody except his Indian scout employer, George Montgomery. Nevertheless, the wagon train is attacked by hundreds of Indians on that well-known war path when Reed is along. All are so busy suspecting him they overlook Ellen Drew, who says she's a school teacher, when she joins the wagon train. Need any more clues? There are enough flaming arrows, blood-thirsty Redskins and a few torture scenes to delight the juvenile Saturday matinee crowd.

---

O'Riordans, a family of Irish immigrants who went to Australia in the early days. There were five boys and two girls, and keeping it a family matter, they managed to "homestead" a huge tract of land out of a dense jungle on an inaccessible plateau. Only once were the brothers sidetracked for a while—that's when a fiancée of one fell for another. A clear case of how jungle living can unleash passion.

...John O'Malley, as the O'Riordan sire, Michael Pate, and Wendy Gibbs head the muscular cast.

There's A Girl In My Heart
Monogram

SEMI-MUSICAL concerning politician Lee Bowman and his pal, Lon Chaney, Jr. They want to build a huge sports arena, but Elyse Knox owns the property. She refuses to sell because the people living on the block would be homeless if the houses were torn down. Bowman takes one look at Elyse and agrees, but Lon Chaney swindles them out of the property and gets to work on his sports arena. It's a shame he didn't get to build it because he and Bowman got into one whole of a fight, with a winner-take-all proviso.
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FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Desk D3027, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

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Address ____________________________

City________________ Zone________ State________

Age_________ Dress Size_________

DIVINE CHAMBRAY with insets ba- tiste eyelet for skirt, sleeve and neckline loveli- ness!

NO CANVASSING! NO INVESTMENT! AND YOU CAN MAKE MONEY LIKE THIS:

“Applique” created on fabric and gay lines of rich- rick-rack marching down the full, full skirt!

MARIE PATTON, ILLINOIS, really enjoyed earning an average of $39 a week, last year.

MRS. CARL C. BURCH, MARYLAND says it’s easy to take in an average of $36 a week, the way she did!

MRS. CLAUDE BURNETT, ALABAMA averaged $31.50 a week right in her home community.
"secret... secret... we've got a secret!"

And of course, we're dying to spill the beans. We've discovered the cutest cotton shirts in all America. They're Ship 'n Shore's. I'm Norma on the left, in combed cotton broadcloth with natty cuff links. That's Janie on the right, in an exclusive Dan River woven plaid. Never, never, never did we see blouses with such wonderful fit... such wonderful Sanforized fabrics for only $298

Sizes 30 to 38.
What Marriage Has Done For Me So Far

By Jane Powell
A. PANSY. Rayon crepe blouse with quilted cuffs, quilted tulip collar, golden Chalolaine. By Rhapsody. In white only. Sizes 32 to 38. $1.99

B. SNAPDRAGON. Washable Nylon and acetate. Pin-tucked, tied at the neck, jewel-buttoned, cuffed sleeves. By CINEMA FASHIONS. White only. Sizes 32 to 38. $3.99

C. DAFFODIL. Pure, imported Irish linen. Double club collar, pert French cuffs ... pearl stud buttons on a hidden ribbon to make them removable. By HENNY HOUSE. White only. Sizes 32 to 38. $2.99

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At Miller’s Stores throughout the country, or ORDER BY MAIL.
When you've got a date with a man...

When you have a date, you do things with your complexion. You want it to be radiant.

You fuss for hours with your hair to make it frame your face just so.

You wear your most flattering gown, your daintiest shoes. You're pretty sure of your charm, and yet... and yet...

If you've overlooked one intimate little matter your charms count for naught, your date may be a flop, and you can lose your man just like that!

You may not know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). It may be absent for days and then crop up at the very time you want to be at your best.

Never Take a Chance

Why risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution that so many popular women rely on?

Listerine Antiseptic is no make-shift of momentary effectiveness. It instantly freshens and sweetens the breath. And helps keep it that way, too... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours usually.

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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ON THE COVER, GENE TierNEY, STARRING IN "NIGHT AND THE CITY," A 20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM

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"NANCY GOES TO RIO"

...and you'll go wild over lovely, lyrical Jane Powell in her most joyous role...more escapades than in "Three Daring Daughters"...more laughs than in "Luxury Liner"...more kisses than in "A Date With Judy!"

MGM's Musical Spree in Tropical Color By TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by SIDNEY SHELDON
Based on a Story by JANE HALL, FREDERICK KÖHNER and RALPH BLOCK
Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

STARRING

JANE POWELL
ANN SOTHERN
BARRY SULLIVAN
CARMEN MIRANDA
LOUIS CALHERN
SCOTTY BECKETT

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

9 Top Tunes

including:
"Ca-Room' Pa Pa"
"Love Is Like This"
"Time And Time Again"
"Yipsee-I-O"

AVAILABLE ON M-G-M RECORDS
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Cobina Wright’s

PARTY GOSSIP

ANYTHING can happen in Hollywood, even a trip to the moon! If you don’t believe it you should have come along with scores of your favorite stars to a cocktail party on the moon’s surface the other afternoon.

We were all invited to visit the huge set which George Pal is using for his new scientific movie production, “Destination Moon,” and I must say it was a startling experience.

Among the surprised “moon maidens,” who couldn’t believe their eyes, were Dorothy Lamour, Ann Miller, Diana Lynn, Betty Hutton, Gail Russell, Rosalind Russell, Frances Bergen, Jeanne Crain, Valli and Ellen Drew.

(Please turn to page 8)

Janet Leigh, Marie Windsor and star Adele Mara at the opening of “Sands Of Iwo Jima.”

Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne arrive at Carthay Circle for his “Sands Of Iwo Jima” premiere.
Somewhere... somehow...
some time...
every man learns that

"Deadly is the Female"

starring

PEGGY CUMMINS
JOHN DALL

A KING BROTHERS PRODUCTION with BERRY KROEGER-MORRIS CARNOVSKY
Produced by MAURICE and FRANK KING - Directed by Joseph H. Lewis - Screenplay by MacKinlay Kantor and Millard Kaufman
From the SATURDAY EVENING POST Story "GUN CRAZY" by MacKINLAY KANTOR - Released thru United Artists
For this was no Buck Rogers dream-up. As Producer Pal explained to his glamorous guests, this was an exact replica of a portion of the moon's surface. Scientific engineers went up to California's great Palomar Observatory—the largest in the world and took telephotographs of the moon, enlarged them and then reproduced them to scale, including an actual-size crater, in the center of which I discovered Roz Russell and her husband, Freddie Brisson, sipping Martinis while listening intently to a scientific explanation of why, in the not-so-far-distant future, they might both actually be having a pick-me-up on the real moon!

To increase the eerie unreality of it all, a black velvet ceiling (the sky is black above the moon), three-dimensional painting and weird phosphorescent lights were added, giving the whole setting authentic atmosphere and giving the observer the uncanny sensation of being 44 million light years away from the earth.

Edgar Bergen and George Murphy were inclined to scoff at the likelihood of man ever making the space trip, until scientists, and experts on various rocket projects who supervised the building of the fantastic and mammoth set, explained that it is no longer a question of if man will fly to the moon, but when he will.

"So, you see," exclaimed Explorer Lewis Cotlow, "we may all soon be meeting on the moon!"

"Not I," piped up witty Reggie Gardiner. "The word 'lunacy' comes from moon madness and this is as close as I intend to come to it!"

Seriously though, we were all impressed and not a little awed by the possibility of such an undertaking and I'm sure all the stars enjoyed their first trip to the moon.

A Hollywood coronation attended by much pomp and mock ceremony has banished the last doubt concerning restaurateur Mike Romanoff's right to the title of Prince. Not to be confused with the Russian one of the same name, this Romanoff dynasty was founded by the New Yorker who came out to Hollywood to find his kingdom in one of the most exclusive and popular cafes on the West Coast. This kingdom is bounded on the South by Wilshire Boulevard, on the West by autograph seekers and on the North and East by movie stars and bartenders, where the royal coffers overflow with vintage wines and choice viands. So it was only fitting that Mike's loyal "subjects" should stage a formal coronation.

(Please turn to page 10)
The stage is set for Warner Bros.' most exciting hit yet...

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
Stage Fright

... there she stood--the actress in a role she didn't dare play!

ATTENTION, ALL MOVIEGOERS! Now is the time to kill that 20% U.S. Movie Tax! Write or visit your congressman.
The "court" consisted of Humphrey Bogart, Paul Douglas, David Niven, Bing Crosby, Reggied Gardiner and Joe Schenck, who erected an elaborate throne in Mike’s Beverly Hills home, or rather palace. They presented Mike with a magnificent royal crown, and while "ladies-in-waiting" Lauren Bacall, Hjordas Niven, David’s attractive Norwegian wife, Nadia Gardiner and Gertrude Lawrence all curtsied deeply in their court gowns, Prince Mike Romanoff was finally crowned.

* * *

As he knighted his faithful followers, he waved his bejewelled scepter and exclaimed, "I’m the only prince in the world who won’t be forced to abdicate!"

It was all great fun and after the ceremonies were over, Mike hosted a dinner for them at his famous restaurant where he put his crown, which is really a magnificent thing, under a glass bell for all future patrons to see.

* * *

Few girls in Hollywood are more liked or have more friends than cute little Janet Blair, because she is as friendly and as unaffected as she is pretty. Janet has been away from Hollywood for over a year, playing on the Broadway stage and touring with her new night club act, which she recently opened at Ciro’s. To welcome her back to the West Coast, where she is staying only briefly before stepping into Mary Martin’s G.I. shoes in the road company of “South Pacific,” her close friends, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, gave a cocktail party.

* * *

Among Janet’s friends who gathered in the snug little Ciroette Room to give the titian-haired starlet a gala greeting were the John Lunds, handsome Zachary Scott, who had just gotten his divorce and who came with Arlene Dahl, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Joan Crawford and Cesar Romero, who is certainly one of Joan’s most faithful escorts, Diana Lynn and her husband, John Lindsay, Dana Andrews and Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart on their arrival in New York for a brief vacation.

Between scenes of sombre drama, “The Men,” Teresa Wright, Marlon Brando brighten up.

Bill Powell, Peggy Dow starred in “One Way Passage” for Screen Directors’ Playhouse.


his wife and folk singer Burl Ives, who had just completed his first starring role in "Sierra," the picture which Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix made together before they split up, reconciled and split up again. At this writing they’re back together again but the marriage is still shaky.

* * *

For a novelty at the party Burl brought his guitar along and he strummed accompaniment, while Janet donned a ten-gallon hat and sang some early Western ballads, which is quite a contrast to the sophisticated lyrics she uses in her swank nightclub appearances.

While Marilyn Maxwell and Andy MacIntyre slipped away very quietly to Santa Barbara to get married, when they returned from their brief honeymoon, they tossed a huge party in Andy’s restaurant, the Encore, in place of a wedding reception.

It was a fun affair and everybody agreed that they had never seen a happier—or more dazzling—bride. Admiring Marilyn’s sapphire and diamond wedding set—ring, bracelet and pin—were Betty Hutton, Rhonda Fleming, Bonita Granville, Florence Marly, Cleatus Caldwell, Shelley Winters, Cathy Downs and Gloria Grahame.

* * *

Making a very striking appearance was cute Ruth Roman, who just over a year ago was practically an unknown. Today, Ruth is being sought by every major studio! Of course, Ruth has talent, besides being so cute.

* * *

Another young actress, who has made spectacular progress is Jane Greer, who once sang with Rudy Vallee’s band and later married and divorced him.
All the HEARTBEATS and HEARTACHES of a GREAT CITY!

Here is Damon Runyon at his exciting best . . . bringing you, as only he could, the wonderful characters, the thrilling drama and excitement that made him famous.

Benedict Bogeaus presents Damon Runyon’s
"JOHNNY ONE-EYE" starring PAT O’BRIEN
WAYNE MORRIS • DOLORES MORAN and introducing Gayle Reed
Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS • Directed by ROBERT FLOREY • Screenplay by RICHARD LANDAU
Based on the story, "Johnny One-Eye" by Damon Runyon • Released Thru United Artists
having been given a fatal dose of slow-acting poison, is able to walk into police headquarters and report his own murder. Through flashbacks you see how C.P.A.-Notary Public O'Brien actually signed away his life when he notarized a simple bill of sale. Discovering he has only a few days to live, after being slipped the poison in a drink, O'Brien is determined to find out who wants him dead and why. Dying, he uses his last remaining days to solve his murder. Though the cast has only a few well-known names such as O'Brien, Luther Adler and Pamela Britton, it's emphatically a top-notch murder-mystery.

When Willie Comes Marching Home

20th Century-Fox

THE story of hero Willie Klugel, first in his hometown of Punxsutawney to sign up when the call to the colors was issued at the outbreak of World War II. Proud? Heck, no town was prouder of anything than Punxsutawney was of Willie, played by Dan Dailey. Everyone just knew ole Willie would come back a hero. Unfortunately, right after boot-training, Willie was shipped back and stationed a few miles from his home town. Not only that, but he was so valuable as a gunnery-instructor, the Army couldn't afford to send him overseas. Years passed, and Willie became known as Punxsutawney's pet peeve—they called him a slacker, shrinker and coward. At last, Willie wangled his orders for overseas. True, he did go, but things got

Young Man With A Horn

Warner Brothers

EXCELLENT in every which way is this film about a jazz musician. Kirk Douglas, and his driving need to play music the way he feels it rather than the way it's written. Life isn't easy for the idealistic trumpet player. Being sensitive and emotional, Kirk is easy prey for neurotically erotic Lauren Bacall. Their passionate, stormy love affair is a triumph from Kirk—even his feeling for music is numbed. After their marriage, and subsequent break-up, Kirk really descends to the depths of human despair. As if sometimes happens, Life suddenly takes pity on her stepchild and from her sleeve, pulls two ace cards in the forms of Kirk's friends, Doris Day and Hoagy Carmichael. Superb acting, backed by equally superb music, make this a "must see."

D. O. A.

United Artists

IN CRIMINAL investigation, the letters D.O.A. stand for Dead On Arrival, a terse explanation of the victim's condition when the police are called into the case. The shocking switch to this, however, is that victim Edmond O'Brien,

Dorothy McGuire consults with Dr. William Lundigan in film, "Mother Didn't Tell Me."
RAGING ISLAND... RAGING PASSIONS!

This is IT!
THE PLACE:
STROMBOLI
THE STAR:
BERGMAN
UNDER
THE INSPIRED DIRECTION OF
ROSSELLINI

Produced and Directed by Roberto Rossellini - Released by RKO Radio Pictures
UNUSUAL romantic drama about two people who are thrown together and then, because of circumstances, find their future stymied. Serving on a murder jury, Ginger Rogers meets fellow-juror, Dennis Morgan, married and with a family. Since newspaper and public opinion of the murder case is such that it might sway them, the twelve jurists are "locked up" in a large hotel suite. Aside from attending the trial, their contact with the outside world is nil. Under circumstances like that, it's inevitable that the Rogers-Morgan mutual appeal blossoms into a trying emotional situation. It not only affects them, but because of the similarity to the case which they are trying, the murder-verdict is also affected. Meant strictly for adult fare, this has plenty of good drama, but youngsters will find it way over their heads.

**Buccaneer's Girl**
*Technicolor*
Universal-International

GAY and as brightly colorful as the pennants in a regatta race, the plot is a happy satire concerning a swashbuckling pirate, Philip Friend, an entertainer, Yvonne De Carlo, and their adventures, jointly and singly, in old New Orleans. Yvonne, a stowaway from Boston, is part of the loot Friend captures when he and his men seize a cargo-laden ship. To prove what he thinks of hellicat Yvonne, Friend keeps the cargo and plans to set her ashore on some desert island (oh, that fool, that fool!). Yvonne, nevertheless, wins up in New Orleans where, under the tutelage of Madame Elsa Lanchester, she becomes quite popular as a singer and dancer. Also on hand, in New Orleans' gay, social world, is Pirate Friend, who is apparently leading a very interesting double life. There are battles galore, high-spirited adventure on the high seas, and good-natured humor.

**Mother Didn't Tell Me**
20th Century-Fox

AN APPROPRIATE alternative title could be "A Doctor's Wife Is Not A Happy One..." Dorothy McGuire marries young doctor William Lundigan happily confident she will aid him in his work, be the comforting little wife when (Please turn to page 78)
...the strangest entry ever made on a police blotter...

the story of a man who sets out to avenge

his own murder...

Harry M. Popkin presents

D.O.A.

a MOTION picture!

starring

EDMOND O'BRIEN
and
PAMELA BRITTON

with

LUTHER ADLER
Beverly Campbell • Neville Brand • Lynn Baggett
William Ching • Henry Hart • Laurette Luez

Produced by Leo C. Popkin • Directed by Rudy Mate • Story and Screenplay by Russell Rouse and Clarence Greene • Music Written and Directed by Dimitri Tiomkin

A Harry M. Popkin Production • Released thru United Artists
The Ideal Shampoo

Hair beauty begins with cleanliness. This routine guarantees good results

By
Courtenay Marvin

Only clean hair has the quality of Ginger's silken texture, soft lustre and highlights.

Ginger Rogers' curls in "Perfect Strangers" are a welcome change from sleek hair sets.

Hatless days are here again. You will walk along city streets, across the campus or about your suburban or country lawn with the first sweet breeze of Spring tossing your curls. They will be bare of the critical scrutiny of all. They can bring you bright compliments or pass in the crowd as just hair.

Of all our points for beauty, hair is the most versatile. It responds quickly to correct treatment. It can be cut, shaped, designed, and it can be made up, just like your skin; it can be given the "body" and nature of curly hair through the wonder-working home permanents or beauty parlor permanent. All in all, it is your greatest of assets.

However, hair can never look its best unless it is spic and span clean. True cleanliness, which is freedom from surface soil and excess oil and perspiration secreted by the scalp, lends to hair that vibrant, alive quality, that silky texture and play of light and shadow that put the stamp of beauty on any head, regardless of its color. You will see just these qualities emphasized in the pastel curls of Ginger Rogers.

One reason so many heads lack these obvious beauty marks is the hasty shampoo. Girls jump under the shower and out, or pop their heads into the basin with a few quick dabs at scalp and call it a day. When contemplating a shampoo, you would be wise to allow yourself at least half an hour. Lock yourself in the bathroom and hang out the "Do not interrupt" sign. Then gather at hand what you need, such as your hair cleanser, bottle, jar or tube, fresh towels and your beauty rinse if you want some extra glamour in your tresses.

Your choice in shampoos is wide and with a little intelligent experimentation, each girl will soon discover the preparation most ideally suited to her personal needs. There are the liquid soap shampoos, like Castile. There are the detergent (soapless) liquid shampoos, and here a timely reminder on these. At this writing, New York and its environs are in the throes of a water shortage. We must conserve water. The detergent shampoos are quick-rinsing. A good rinse actually requires less water. Then, you have your shampoo in cream form. I think it better to avoid the use of cake soap on your hair, for the simple reason that it is harder to rinse from hair because we apply it unevenly in spots. If you must shampoo and have nothing else at hand, then chip your cake into about two cups of very hot water, let it dissolve thoroughly and use the liquid form for your shampoo.

Now, let's get going. First of all, bend forward from the waist as low as you can, and brush your hair forward briskly. There are two reasons for this. First, you brush out all tangles and some surface soil. Second, the lowered head and brush action increase circulation. It is circulation, you know, that determines the basic beauty of your hair. For it is your bloodstream that nourishes every inch of your body. Put aside your soiled comb and brush. They are going to get a shampoo, too.

Wet your hair with comfortably warm water. Apply your shampoo as the container directs. Always read directions. Work the cleanser well over your head, with extra care along the hairline, low on the neck, around ears and forehead. With pads of your fingers, never nails, cover your head thoroughly. Rinse this application off quickly, and apply a fresh one. (When hair is very soiled or oily, three applications of cleanser are advisable.) Rinse this off quickly and get down to the real rinsing under shower or with spray. The longer the better, if there is water to spare. Even if you are to use a beauty rinse, this initial rinsing must be very thorough.

There are color rinses that step up the glamour of your hair. They can accent your natural tone, or you can use them for a little more or a little less of the color you want. Oddly enough, some brilliant heads, such as carrot tops, sometimes like to soften tone, as well as the over-bleached heads. Constantly, I find girls in their early twenties bemoaning a few gray hairs. While these may be temporary, due to an illness of months back
(it takes time for hair to grow from the scalp), the modern rinse can blend these hairs in with natural coloring so they are practically unnoticeable. And, of course, this type of rinse also accents your hair's lustre and highlights. These rinses are pure vegetable coloring, not dyes in the slightest sense. They wash out completely with each shampoo. Do follow directions, always simple, to the letter. It can make a beauty difference whether or not you use the rinse correctly.

I assume your locks are clean as clean but dripping wet at this point. So gather them up in your towel, pressing out as much moisture as you can. If weather is mild, outdoors in the sun for you. If not, have fresh air in a room and begin your hand drying. No drying gives hair such silkiness as the good old hand method. If you want your part extra even and smooth, separate the wet hair at the proper place even before you begin drying.

There is a drying point at which curls may be beautifully set. All moisture is gone but your hair will have a cool, soft feel, not quite, quite dry. This is the time to start the pin curls. But first, into your basin some soap flakes and water. Into them, your comb and brush for their shampoo. The nylon brushes, and almost everyone uses the nylon, wash like lighting. A nailbrush will clean your comb. Rinse both and dry with a towel. Now,

(Please turn to page 72)
"In this, my greatest performance, I was not entirely alone!" - Belvedere

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN

Reading from laugh to riot, it's the fabulous and numerous Gilbreth family—with that Belvedere man at the controls (all the time)! Their exploits in the best-beloved Book-of-the-Month proved that all that's best in life is much more wonderful—and cheaper by the dozen!

Betty Lynn • Edgar Buchanan • Barbara Bates • Mildred Natwick • Sara Allgood
Directed by WALTER LANG • Produced by LAMAR TROTTI
Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Based on the Novel by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr. and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey

CENTURY-FOX
Arriving for opening at Grauman's Chinese Theatre are Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer. Their much-talked-about romance still flourishes.

Center of attention were the Gregory Pecks as he is star of "Twelve O'Clock High." Greg took congratulations with his usual modesty.

John Hodiak and Anne Baxter at the 20th Century-Fox "Twelve O'Clock High" premiere. You're a fortunate guy when your wife looks at you like this.

NEWSREEL

Before premiere, Linda Christian and Tyrone Power talk with friends. They interrupted travels while Ty made "Rawhide," a Western, for 20th Century.

Bob Hope even turns on those expressions for the benefit of wife Dolores and friends.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings, one of Hollywood's happiest couples, at recent premiere.

By Lynn Bowers

Vivacious Vera-Ellen, busier than ever, is now in "Three Little Words" with Fred Astaire.

June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Dir. Bill Lawrence on an NBC Screen Guild Theatre show.

Celeste Holm lunching at the Stork Club with Thana Skouras, daughter of the film magnate.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

The stars themselves always get a kick out of the latest news and gossip in the movie colony.
Fred rassle a steer (he's the boy who can do it on account of he owns several ranches and huge herds of cattle). Irene take a dive into a mud puddle, cute ole gravel-throated Andy Devine jol-ted around on horseback. Bill Demarest, who usually plays a city wise guy, is a grumpy rancher in this pic. He was very gingerly leading an enormous bull around—and showing it great respect.

There's a wonderful big standard poodle in the picture named Porgy. It's his first picture and is he ever enjoying himself! His trainer teaches him tricks in nothing flat and the pooch never gets tired of performing. We took our small poodle to location with us—Porgy is about five times Chico's size, but our little ham ups and growls at the big guy, probably jealous because he isn't in the picture.

Everybody was having fun on the location—and so were we.

There've been a whole raft of parties in the Hollywoods—so many that some of them had to be passed up, but a few of the most outstanding were given by:

The very rich, very social Richard Hayt who came out here from New York, bought a fabulous house in Bel Air and established a reputation as a great party-giver by inviting just about everybody in Hollywood to his new manse. Sensayshun of the evening was the hoofing of Joan (Please turn to page 54)
What Marriage Has Done For Me So Far

By Jane Powell

Jane Powell and husband, Gary Steffen, says Jane, "Even after six months of marriage, I still find myself not quite sure that it has all happened and that I'm a wife."
"I suppose I'll get over it," says Jane, "but the newness of being a wife has brought out the perfectionist in me"

EVER since I've been an actress in motion pictures, I've enjoyed reading articles by Hollywood's newlyweds who glibly told what their marriages had done for them, and what valuable rules they learned and followed to keep their matrimonial ventures on an even and happy keel. It all sounded like such wonderful and exciting fun!

As I read those articles, I wondered idly what I would say when I was married, and might be asked to write about it. Naturally, I was certain that I'd be just as informative as the next bride, and that I could offer my own set of rules for a blissful home life with the man of your dreams. In fact, I was sure I could even add a new hint or two which every young wife might be wise to file away for future reference.

Now that the occasion is here for me to do my very first article on my married life for Screenland, I must confess that I was perhaps a bit over-confident. Although I've been Mrs. Geary Steffen since November 5th of last year, I find that I have no ready magic keys to wedded harmony, and my rules for a good marriage are still somewhat hazy.

All of which probably makes me sound as though I'm still on my private rosy cloud, and I certainly won't argue with you on that point. I love married life and all its voluntary demands. I love to cook, wash the dishes, scrub the floor, dust the furniture, and I suppose I'm still new enough at the game to enjoy the last minute rush of getting our place in shape for Geary's nightly arrival from his insurance job. It's exactly as I pictured it would be!

As soon as we returned from our honeymoon in Northern California and Las Vegas, we lost no time in getting our apartment ready. Geary enlisted the services of Marshall Thompson and Boddy McDowall, two of our best friends, to help him move my possessions from my family's North Hollywood home. They used Geary's convertible as their truck, and believe it or not, they hauled a piano, the bedroom and dining room furniture, and plenty of other household items in that car!

Our living room furniture was made in five days and delivered to us just as we finished doing the other rooms. I think we set some kind of record, too, because we started moving on a Wednesday, and were settled on Friday of the same week, with even fresh flowers in all the places!

Geary and I had been dating steadily for two years before we came to the conclusion that we were ready for marriage. By that time we knew each other so well that we felt we had ironed out any major disagreements between us. I understood his good qualities and shortcomings, and he was aware of the same in me. When we added up the score, we were certain that our chances for happiness were good.

Once we had made up our minds, we had a number of important decisions to make. First of all, I lived with my parents in a rambling ranch house—complete with swimming pool—in North Hollywood. It was fine for me as a single girl because it was an excellent place for entertaining my friends. Geary, however, was an insurance man, and he hardly needed to point out that swimming pools and ranch houses didn't go with a young insurance man's salary.

Furthermore, (Please turn to page 56)
TARZAN (Lex Barker) never had a more intelligent mate than his latest Jane, Vanessa Brown, former Quiz Kid and prize student at UCLA. Nor a lovelier one, for Vanessa not only has brains but beauty, as well. She's no stranger to the screen having appeared in several successes such as "The Heiress," "The Late George Apley," "Mother Wore Tights" and "Margie." Vanessa also has had considerable experience in radio and on the stage.

She was born in romantic Vienna, March 24, 1928. Her real name is Smylla Brind and she's unmarried. Vanessa, 5 ft. 5 in., has blue eyes.
Paris Fashion SHOES
FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

LIZABETH SCOTT, CO-STARRING IN HAL WALLIS' "PAID IN FULL," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

STAR ATTRACTIONS

They're new! They're vibrant with pretty, flattering ways! They're full of compliments for every costume! They're so skillfully made of fine, soft leathers it's almost impossible to believe they're only $4 and $5.
When Alan Ladd made up his mind to be an actor, he set his course and stuck to it.

Alan and his Sue. Says he, "I believe that behind every man's success there's a woman."

Below: Alan's daughter, Alana, visits her famous daddy on the "After Midnight" set.

Make Your Own Breaks

With Wanda Hendrix in "After Midnight." Alan has found that bad breaks spur you on to work harder for the right ones.
As I look back," says Alan Ladd, "everything I've done has been a matter of knocking down so-called impregnable doors"

By Jack Holland

Alan Ladd is considered by many to be the superior example of the success overnight story—the young man who hit Hollywood's horizon with the force of a comet and with the same unexpected suddenness.

It is to laugh! There was a slight matter of several grueling, hard years preparing for the time when he could step out and take advantage of a break when it came. There was the little business of making his own breaks, of not waiting for opportunity to come prancing along, lead him to a door and say, "Well, my lad, open it. This is for you."

It's no wonder Alan believes that you have to make your own breaks. That it's a Pollyannaish idea to think they'll be made for you.

"As I look back," Alan, who is starring in "After Midnight," told me when I paid him a visit at his new Holmby Hills manse, "everything I have done in my life has been a matter of knocking down so-called impregnable doors, of making the breaks open up for me—and of being patient until they did. I've taken jobs I haven't liked at first. I've laid pipe, I've excavated hills. I've done almost every kind of work you can think of. And I'm plenty glad I did all of those things. But I never took any job that would interfere with my pursuing the career I'd chosen, that would sidetrack me.

"When I decided I wanted to be an actor, I knew at once what my limitations were. I didn't have the naive idea that I could step right out and be signed for a lead in a picture. So I got a job as a grip in a studio. I wouldn't take anything for the experience that gave me. It taught me so much about camera, lighting and the like. And it was close to the field I had chosen.

"When jobs got slack in the studios, I took what money I had saved, gave myself a certain amount of time to make the grade, and went to a dramatic school. There were times when the going got tough, and I almost tossed the whole business overboard, but I decided that this once I'd stick it out. I knew I had to serve an apprenticeship—and that was a long process.

"I decided to train myself in the acting technique. To me, acting was like everyday living, so to acquire grace in little things, I spent hours on such minor matters as opening and closing doors. I did this until my hands ached. I walked up and down rooms so I'd be able to move onstage correctly. And I read out loud for hours at a time until my voice was a mere whisper. Then, suddenly, my voice fell into its proper placement.

"I also did some radio work during this time, for practically nothing, just to gain experience. I knew I wasn't ready for any big break, and I realize now that if the big chance had come then I'd have fluffed it. It was just that I knew what I was after. I wanted to prove I could make money by acting. I didn't want to be poor again ever, and this was the course I'd follow.

"Yet, I never once thought I'd be a star. What happened later was a complete surprise. I thought my goal would be playing character parts—occasionally."

"You need someone to talk to, someone who believes in you," says the successful Alan.

"Getting your big chance is fine, but it won't mean much if it doesn't bring happiness."

"There were times when I was sure the break had come. Often it looked as though I'd been signed for a lead in a picture, but somehow nothing ever materialized. I was dis- (Please turn to page 60)
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER knew exactly what they were doing when they raised Ava Gardner to star billing a while back in "The Bribe," for now they have a star of the first magnitude in the offing. Prior to that picture, the glamorous Ava didn't get much of a chance to do anything more than decorate a film with her lovely presence, but when given the opportunity Ava proved her mettle. Now she is in constant demand and the studio is entrusting her more and more with important roles. Her latest one is in "East Side, West Side," in which she plays "the other woman" in James Mason's life. And what an "other woman" Ava makes!

James Mason is like putty in the arms of seductive Ava Gardner, a gal who wants what she wants and doesn't care whom she hurts in getting it, in MGM's exciting story of New York, "East Side, West Side."

Born in North Carolina, Ava's been a Hollywoodite since 1941. She's tall, willowy and green-eyed. Was formerly married to Mickey Rooney and Bandleader Artie Shaw.

Ava and Bob Mitchum putting on an act at a benefit baseball game.

Howard Duff was head man with Ava for some time, but it's over now.
CELESTE HOLM, who couldn’t lose a laugh line if she tried, is starred with Ronald Colman in the U. A. released picture, "Champagne For Caesar." The film, which spoofs the flourishing radio giveaway programs, gets much of its appeal from former musical comedy star Celeste, who’s able to sing, dance, get laughs and emote dramatically with equal ease. In turn, it offers her top billing and real star prestige. However, her fans feel that Celeste should have had these advantages long before now. It’s probable that she feels so too, even though she’s too polite to complain in public. Lately, she’s been eyeing Hollywood with some disillusion and the Broadway stage, her first love, longingly. Just last December, she did a play, "She Stoops To Conquer," in New York. She may accept other offers, too, unless Hollywood gives her better breaks than in the past.

With husband Schuyler Dunning, an airline executive. They met in Europe during War.

Celeste and leading man Ronald Colman get measured for a love scene in "Champagne For Caesar."

In film, Celeste and Vincent Price plot the ruin of constant quiz winner, Ronald Colman.

Above: Scene from film. She was offered lead in National Company of "South Pacific."

She goes to work on Colman when his winning streak threatens Price’s financial empire.
EVERYTHING I do is a thrill for me. Everywhere I go is exciting inwardly. Every new experience I plunge into makes me sigh silently to myself: “This is it!” I can’t imagine what it would be like to be bored.

There is a reason why I love life so much. I have personal dreams driving me on. Parts of them have already come true, so I know the rest can follow. Right now, I have a great many things...
Injured in a bad toboggan accident, Ann kept on studying at home with coach for dramatic career.

to be thankful for, and I appreciate them doubly because they had to be earned. But it's only human nature to look forward to a number of pleasures still hiding just around some mysterious corner. So I go on dreaming of complete fulfillment, both as an actress and as a woman.

Along with hard work, I have one added ingredient I think is important for everyone to admit is necessary. I believe it must be included in hopes and plans for a fascinating future. In my opinion, no one of us can live through a single day without the inspirations which secretly encourage us in our search for happiness. I have mine. Until now I have never mentioned them, for I realize I will have to make my own path in this world.  
(Please turn to page 68)

Jeanne Crain, Loretta Young have inspired Ann. "They have grown into real women, in every sense," says she.

With Richard Long at "Battleground" premiere. To have the dignity of Irene Dunne is one of Ann's ambitions.
In rehearsal Miss Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy struggle with one of film's toughest scenes.

Left: Kirk Douglas is the virile outsider who invades the crippled girl's dream world.

Right: Jane Wyman is a pathetic child who has never known kind of life Kirk represents.

The first Tennessee Williams play to reach the screen is "The Glass Menagerie." Warner Bros., its producers, have observed the occasion by casting such luminaries as Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence and Arthur Kennedy in leading roles. This is the story of a faded little family, cut adrift from a normal world. The mother, who lives in the past, centers all her hopes in her sensitive, lame daughter, expecting the girl to be something she never can be. The son is a gently philosophical soul who tries ineffectually to make his mother face the reality of their situation with honesty. He even introduces a friend into the household in an effort to make things gayer for his timid sister, but the scheme is unsuccessful.

Costuming had to reflect the story's emphasis on shabby gentility of the women. Here, Jane and Gertrude Lawrence discuss wardrobe with Director Irving Rapper and Designer Milo Anderson.

Kirk Douglas and Jane Wyman enjoy studying script of "Glass Menagerie" together.
Lawrence, has made her an inappropriate dress in the hope that she'll attract Kirk Douglas when he comes to call. But she cannot transform her daughter into a poised social belle.

Right: The only reality for Jane is her little collection of glass animals. She would far rather dream over her pets than go out to business school where she must try to cope with the demands of real life.

As faded gentlewoman, now in humble circumstances, Gertrude Lawrence clings tenaciously to pretensions of glory, tries to behave as if her daughter were clever and desirable, her poverty only temporary.

Looking Into "The Glass Menagerie"

Gertrude Lawrence and Arthur Kennedy, mother and son in film, run through lines. He took a leave from play "Death Of A Salesman" to do "Menagerie." Director Irving Rapper explains to his stars that they'll have many painstaking rehearsals of scene before the actual "take."
Clifton Webb
Is Really Twins!

Does he behave like Mr. Belvedere off screen? Webb declares, "Mr. Belvedere behaves like me."

Just one of Clifton Webb has never been enough to go round. Now, there are two

We met Clifton Webb for lunch at the fashionable Colony Club restaurant in New York and, from the moment Mr. Webb made his elegant entrance to the moment he made his elegant exit, he was hailed by the hat-check girl, hovering waiters and by the Social Registerites at neighboring tables as Mr. Belvedere.

According to Mr. Webb he and his alter ego, Mr. Belvedere, are "identical twins." Let Mr. Webb enter a box at the opera, a taxicab, a beach cabana, a neighborhood delicatessen, the Stork Club, the Colony and, although the name of Clifton Webb has been caviar
"Lover, children. And they worship me," he once announced.

Now he is a father of 12 in 20th Century's "Cheaper By The Dozen." Myra Loy is his wife and Jeanne Crain a daughter.

and champagne in the theatre for lo, these many years, it is as Mr. Belvedere that Mr. Webb is known now. Far from resenting it, he likes it. He loves it. He says, "When I am greeted as Mr. Belvedere, I always say, 'Thanks very much, that's what I like to hear. It's money at the box office!'"

Arching an antic eyebrow, Mr. Webb added, "The submerging of Webb by Belvedere is, however, the other way round—it is the submerging, that is, of Belvedere by Webb. When, recently, a pretty little thing asked me, 'Do you behave like Mr. Belvedere between scenes, Mr. Webb?' I replied, 'My dear, between scenes as at all other times, Mr. Belvedere behaves like me.'"

"There are," sighed Mr. Webb, "so many misconceptions... for instance, when I am asked, and I AM asked, 'Oh, do you live your part?'—that's a silly thing! Did I live the part of the effete murderer in "Laura"? Or the part of the father in "Cheaper By The Dozen?" It is true that, with the father who budgets the time and activities of his brood of twelve, I, also a very efficient man, shall have," Mr. Webb had his little laugh, "a positive identification. But in my necessarily childless home, shared only with my mother, the magnificent Mabelle, I shall most certainly— not be living it. No, you do not live your part, you project it, you give the feeling of, and that's good acting..."

"If I give the feeling of Mr. Belvedere as, presumably, I do, it is because of my feeling for him. I am very much attached to what he stands for. A man of good behavior himself, he expects good behavior of others, young and old, and gets it. When he does not get it, there is hell to pay. He's a great guy, this Belvedere and, furthermore, I am in his debt."

Explaining his indebtedness to the ubiquitous Mr. Belvedere, Mr. Webb said, "Through- (Please turn to page 58)
There's only one man in whom I'm really interested and he's Arthur Loew.

But Janet, wiser than she once was, wants to make sure it's the real thing before marrying again.

By Janet Leigh

"We've both discovered that being in love doesn't take care of the obstacles that may come up," says Janet.

I Know That I'm In Love

There have been so many rumors and reports about my so-called romantic status that I feel the time has come to get the record straight. I am not dating the Hollywood eligibles. I am not taking up the night club routine and being the belle of the town. I am not engaged and I am not contemplating any immediate marriage.

But I do know I'm in love.

There is now only one man in whom I am really interested—and he is Arthur Loew. Arthur and I are not engaged. We are not planning to be married soon. In fact, we may never marry at all.

I've known him ever since I made "Hills Of Home." He was an assistant to the producer on the picture. That was in September of 1947 and yet it wasn't until November, 1948, that we began to have

Pert Janet Leigh cools off Robert Ryan's hot coffee during between-scenes rest period at the MGM studio.

Another recent film of Janet’s was “The Doctor And The Girl,” with Glenn Ford.

dates. You’ll note that I haven’t said we have “gone steady.” I dislike that term. It sounds so juvenile.

When I first began to go out with Arthur I liked him a great deal. He never seemed to object if I had other dates. He never pressured me into spending my time only with him. I wasn’t in love with him at first and I wasn’t even thinking of such a development. But I found that there was so much about him that did impress me that after several months had passed we both decided we’d see how it felt to devote our time exclusively to each other. But—neither of us is in a (Please turn to page 67)

Janet and Arthur Loew, her heartthrob. “I believe we are suited to each other.”

Janet as the ill-fated ballerina in “The Red Danube.” “Naturally, I want to marry.”
Rugged Villain

SIX-FOOTER Jack Lord in "Cry Murder!" is just the sort of villain girls are crazy about. He's an intriguing Greenwich Village artist, with brawn and brains, who blackmails an attractive socialite. His impassioned Italian model becomes jealous when complications arise and before long Jack's career as artist and blackmailer ends in murder. In real life, Jack's a talented artist, himself. He played football at NYU, where he studied art, being one of the best tackles the university ever had. He turned down pro football offers for a screen career, certainly a wise decision.

Looking more football player than artist, Jack has two of his prints in permanent collection of Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Hope Miller poses for Jack, her lover, in "Cry Murder!" an Edward Levin production.
How To Get Along With Women

HOW you handle a woman depends on the woman. You laugh at some; you flatter others; you get rough with a few—or you pretend you will if they don’t behave.

Most women like to think you are the boss. After all, this is still a man’s country, and man is the head of the house. But take care in putting your authority to the test; you’re the boss until you attempt to prove it, when perhaps the illusion may be lost.

When I was in England, I was frequently told that Americans live in a matriarchy.

“What’s wrong with that?” I asked.

“In my country, we don’t have to keep on proving we are men by having our wives bring our slippers, or ordering them to run upstairs for our pipes.”

“Some Englishmen don’t make friends of their women. But if your wife isn’t your friend, I say you’ve married the wrong girl.

I suppose the Victorian approach to marriage stems from primitive days when women did all the work in the hut and all the labor in the fields, and men had a grand existence going off hunting for game. When the lordly creatures returned, their women waited on them hand and foot.

You can overdo the business of waiting on women, of course. It drives my wife crazy to have three men leap up to light her cigarette every time she takes one. She says it scares her when she sees three men converging on her with flaring lighters, so that in the end she usually decides not to smoke rather than to disturb a whole roomful of people.

When you come right down to it, why should men feel they must fly to open doors, pick up handkerchiefs, grab a girl’s elbow if she steps off a curb, when any woman who isn’t ill can manage these things perfectly, all by herself? For some reason, however, little attentions mean a lot to women, so, if you are in the courtship (Please turn to page 69)
LIFE suddenly became a lot less interesting for many Hollywood males recently when datable Marilyn Maxwell married nightclub owner Andy McIntyre. Squirted by a host of eligible men before her conversion to domesticity, Marilyn was what every girl hopes to be after reading a library full of "How To Be Popular" books. Ex-escorts who see these shots of her in "Key To The City" will no doubt shed a few tears for their lost playgirl.

Left: This is her Atom Dance costume in "Key To The City." In the MGM picture, she is a nightclub entertainer.

Below: Her director, George Sidney, focuses his own camera on her. Marilyn once vocalized for Ted Weems.

Mayor Clark Cable, of "Key To The City," provides Marilyn with shelter after most of her balloons are lost during Atom Dance.

With customer's aid, balloons are shed. Marilyn began career at 16, was first singing guest on Frank Sinatra's radio show.
It Can Be Done

Gale adds to the picture album of her three blond-headed sons, Paul, Phillip and Peter.

Left: Two-year-old Paul gets haircut from Gale as Daddy Lee and "Duchess" stand by.

G ALE STORM, currently co-starring in "The Whip" with Dan Duryea and Herbert Marshall, is another Hollywood actress successfully combining career with the raising of a family. The mother of three young sons, she budgets her time between home and studio so well that there is no conflict whatever and everyone is happy, including her husband, Lee Bonnell, and her producer, Hal E. Chester.

Paul hurts his finger and Mama Gale, Peter and Phillip hold a serious consultation.

Left: Gale with Peter and Paul. She was born in Bloomington, Texas, April 5, 1922. Has been active in dramatics since her high school years.

Right: Gale's life is not all work and no play. She and her husband, Lee, at "Le Fete des Roses" cocktail party at Town House in Los Angeles.
"I started out as a fellow nobody could love," says Richard Widmark, "but they are gradually taking that curse off me"

"To BE or not to be a heel—that is the bewildering question constantly faced by Richard Widmark.

"What to do?" asks Dick, raising his hands in a helpless gesture and shrugging his shoulders. "If I do a sympathetic role, the fans ask, 'What's the matter, getting soft?'"

When it was recently rumored Dick would forego villainy in his screen roles, he got the following letter:

Dear Mr. Widmark:

I hear they're reforming you. I like you merciless and masterful. Just so I can remember you as you were I'm enclosing a blank record. Would you please say something real mean and inscribe your spine-tingling laugh on it?

After getting dozens of such requests, Dick decided, "Maybe menace roles are my meat." Then something like this happens:

"My four-year-old daughter, Annie, went to see me for the first time on the screen. She sat through 'Yellow Sky' and when she came out all she said was reprimand, 'Dickie, you acted silly.'

"See what I mean? I can't win.

"It's rather strange that I should be tagged for menace roles. When I was on Broadway I played only light, happy guys. Even my Equity card described me as (quote) a romantic juvenile (unquote).

"I've often wondered if my debut as a killer in 'Kiss Of Death' would really have identified me in audiences' minds as a heel if I hadn't had that high-pitched laugh?"

"The laugh—was it your own idea?" we asked.

"I hate to admit it, but it was. Now, I get requests not just for my autograph, but an equal number for my laugh. When I appeared at the Roxy Theatre in New York for the opening of 'Down To The Sea In Ships' (I was a 'good Joe' for a change in it), the audience chorused, 'Okay, Widmark, laugh!'

"Even when my underworld roles are shot in the rougher parts of town—I get a reception. They seem to identify me with my rough-em-up-regret-it-later parts. Once when I was down on Skid Row for a film I heard a big fellow—looked like a (Please turn to page 70)
Or Not To Be A Heel

Dick Widmark, co-starring with Gene Tierney in "Night And The City," is chased all over London and then for a change is thrown into the river.

By Reba and Bonnie Churchill
Screenland Salutes
Kirk Douglas

AS RICK MARTIN, trumpeter supreme, Kirk offers another outstanding performance in "Young Man With A Horn." It is solely because of his superb acting and appealing personality that the picture has pace and interest. The script, slightly based on the novel of the same name, is off key most of the time. But Kirk rises well above it, giving a truly believable character study of a musician who is in love with his trumpet and his trumpet alone. Although the trumpeting is dubbed in by Harry James, nevertheless, "Young Man With A Horn" is a personal triumph for Kirk, confirming the fact that there isn't a better actor in pictures today.
Good Cheer From Home

Gypsy Markoff and singer Larry Stevens at party in Wiesbaden following variety show.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond just before their show in Wiesbaden, headquarters for United States Air Forces in Europe. Gene acted as master of ceremonies for performances.

EVEN the gayest G.I. sometimes gets a twinge of nostalgia when he remembers he's on foreign soil. One antidote for these doldrums is a package from home. Recently U.S. troops in Occupied Europe got a substantial, star-spangled parcel of American-brand cheer when Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond toured zones with unit of entertainers. Their variety show, under sponsorship of the United States Air Force in Europe, played to airmen and soldier audiences in hospitals and bases throughout Germany and in Vienna. In true American tradition, the troupe had the international flavor of Oriental dancing, Gypsy singing and Western act.

The dancing of Jadin and Jack Mei-Ling was a show highlight. They sample party eggnog.

Col. Earl F. Thomson, Whip Wilson, Western star, discuss favorite topic, horsemanship.

Maxie and Hillary Brooke did own version of "Romeo And Juliet" on an informal balcony.

Maxie Rosenbloom made a hit with Major General Robert W. Douglass, Jr., Chief of Staff.
Fashion Selection #122 Geraldine Brooks (at left), Hollywood star soon to be seen in "Volcano," wears a warm-weather creation by Ship 'n Shore. The on- or off-the-shoulder blouse is fashioned from combed mercerized sanforized tissue-weight eyelet cotton in white only, sizes 30 to 38. Dirndl skirt is of sanforized color-fast broadcloth in navy, green, black—sizes 10 to 18. Under $4 each.

Fashion Selection #123 Geraldine is shown below in a Stefi Original frock that keeps its neat, fresh look even when the mercury climbs. Of iridescent dotted Swiss fabric by Stoffel, it has shawl collar, slanting cuffed pockets, flared skirt, tie-in-front belt. Pre-shrunk, color-fast, permanent finish—launders easily. Jewel-tone amethyst, burnt almond, lime green in 12-20 and 16½-24½. About $9.

Fashion Selection #125 Geraldine, shown below, is all set for the sunny seasons ahead in a Nan Scott, Jr., design that is beautifully simple and classic. Made of fine Birdseye pique, it has a wide collar, extra-deepuffed pockets, an unpressed pleat in front and a gold belt. It's preshrunk and color-fast—so easy to wash and iron. Available in five colors—white and four pastel shades. Junior sizes 7 to 15. Priced under $15.


SEND THIS COUPON

to Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor, Screenland, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y., for name of store near you selling your fashion selections.

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#123 ☐ #125 ☐

Name. Age. Street Address. City and State.
Crawford and Cesar Romero—they're two of the best dancers in the film colony. Gloria Swanson, with columnist Brandy Brent, got plenty of attention—she's one of the most beautiful gals anywhere. A few others in the handsome crowd—Pete Lawford, Bill and Joy Orr, attractive Frenchman Roger Dann, young star Joan Evans, Margaret Lindsay, Lex Barker (not in Tarzan clothes), the debonair Charles Brackett, Peter Shaw and Angela Lansbury.

The very well-liked couple Jean Petebone and Keogh Gleason (she's the lexicon publicist and he's an MGM art director) celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary by tossing themselves a party that was gay, crowded and much fun for Ann Sothern, John and Anne Hodiak, John Garfield, Andrea Leeds and Nat Willis, Maureen O'Hara, the Frank Lovejoy, John and Tamara Emery, Cesar Romero, Zack Scott, Jayne Meadows and Milton Krim, Bill and Rita Lundigan, Maggie Whiting. We had a few thousand words with Jim Backus, who's rapidly becoming one of the screen's best actors (of course you've heard his funny antics on radio, too). Saw Mary Brian there, looking just as young and pretty as when she was a top star—she may take up acting again although she's very happily married and isn't too career conscious.

Zack Scott was the envy of all the males at the Bob and Helen Bates party because he escorted the glamorous Gertrude Lawrence there and, later, to the big premiere of "The Hasty Heart"—no romance, of course, but they've been friends for years, from their New York stage days. The Ray Millands, looking very handsome indeed, were soon taking off on their annual ski vacation at Sun Valley. John Hodiak, with his Annie, had just returned from making a picture in England; John Emery and Zack were talking about their imminent trip to that country—and everybody else was just talking.

One way to see and talk to all the guests at a big shindig is to be stationed at the door—using this system you can get 'em coming and going. Which is what we did when we helped Harriet Parsons be hostess at the big tent ball she gives annually, with a guest list of some two hundred close friends. Got in a few words thisaway with Bill and Lucile Demarest, Bill Dozier (who just missed Joan Fontaine escorted by Sir Charles Mendel), Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Bob and Billie (Dove) Kenaston and their handsome kids, Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard. Irene Dunne and her amusing doctor, Frank Griffin, the Peter Rathvons, the Jules Steins, Henry and Mildred Ginsberg, Director George Marshall, Bob and Sally Cobb and the John Henrys (he's the brother of our publisher, J. Fred Henry). Newlyweds Sally Elters and Holly Morse were being congratulated by Sally's ex, Harry Joe Brown. Sketsa and Pauline Gallagher were trading gossip with Ben Lyon, here from London on a business trip, while their attractive young son, Duke, and Harry Joe Brown, Jr. were scouting some of the cute teenage gals at the party, including Joan Evans and Judy Rathvon. Harriet's wonderful mom, Louella Parsons, was one of the most stunning gals at the party, gussied up in a dark suit and white hat.

Later, when the crowd thinned out, Gertie Niesen and Al Greenfield, Zack Scott, Tamara Geva and the tired hostesses talked and laughed until dawn's pale light scared us off to bed.

Extremely popular were the choices for most cooperative actor and actress, announced at the Hollywood Women's Press Club Golden Apple Party—Kirk Douglas and June Haver, with Howard Duff and Loretta Young in a hot second place. Almost as popular was Humphrey Bogart's reaction to being named most uncooperative actor—as usual, he had a snappy comeback, to wit, that he would try hard to deserve this honor. He even ingratiated himself with the gals who gave him the nod for this spot. Guy who got plenty of attention from the female scribblers was Glenn Ford, last year's winner and always extremely well-liked by the press bunch, year in and year out.

We just happened to be dining at Chasen's the evening Bing Crosby made one of his rare appearances around the nightlife circuit. All heads snapped around in his direction as he went by the tables and they snapped back again when Spence Tracy walked in shortly afterward. Another one getting plenty of curious attention was Jimmy Stewart, shopping at Magnin's—in the men's department—and you wouldn't need more than one guess, would you, to pig out for whom he was shopping?

And now that Stewart, Gable, and Grant have absented themselves from the bachelor ranks looks as if the younger guys like Howard Duff, Monty Clift, and Parley Granger will inherit their titles as "most eligible." That is, if they stay in the unmarried ranks long enough.

More wedding stuff: Dan Dailey was best man at the Andy Mcintyre—Maryland Maxwell wedding—for a very good reason. Seems Andy introduced Dan to his pretty Liz several years ago and, more recently, Dan returned the compliment by introducing Andy to Marilyn. Turnabout and all that sort of stuff.

Quiet, self-possessed Richard Todd, British actor, who stirred up such a storm in "The Hasty Heart," had Hollywood in a dither when he and his wife arrived to take up residence here. The well-mannered young man with the beautiful speech keeps track of his own appointments, hired himself a car, knew all about the American money system on arrival, and in general amazed studio representatives who usually have to play nursemaid to newly arrived celebrities. The only things that threw Mr. T. were (1) to be expected to see crowds all over Hollywood, but had to settle for a view of the neon signs from his Hollywood-Roosevelt Hotel window and (2) he and Mrs. Todd couldn't get over the unlimited quantities of food they saw (and ate everywhere, Jane Wymann, who co-starred with Dick in Warners' British-made "Sister of the Storm," took the Todds to the fabulous Beachcombers for their first dinner and they're still talking about it in awed tones. One of the first things Dick did was tie to a newstand
and buy Screenland and Silver Screen to see the layouts of him in the two mags. He says there are five movie magazines in England and he missed ours when a friend of his here quit sending them to London. Warner Bros. have big plans for the gentleman, screenwise.

All kinds of exciting news comes back from the African location of "King Solomon's Mines," being filmed near Nairobi. Latest bulletin is that a couple of rogue elephants on a rampage attacked the village that was just a half mile from where the company was shooting in 150° heat. The big pachy was shot before they reached the cameras and stars. To keep from getting lonesome way over there, the boys and girls have posted Hollywood signs all over their camps.

Young glamour gal Piper Laurie (cute name, what?) went to a big preem with Jerome Courtland and was mistaken all over the place for Susie Hayward. No wonder—she looks enough like Susie to be well, Piper Laurie.

Betty Hutton finished up her sensational job in " Annie Get Your Gun" at the MGM studio and took her little ones to Sun Valley for a well-earned vacation. She was trying to make up her mind whether to go on to Florida for another month, but was undecided because she'd have to send Lindsay and Candy back to California and she doesn't want to be separated from the girls.

Barbara Lawrence was all set to go back to New York when U-I offered her a fat part in " Rose Queen," the picture that's all about the famous Pasadena Rose Parade. So Barbara wisely postponed romance for career, even though her heartbeet, Murray Hamilton, was reported dating some of the New York beauties. Cute Diana Lynn also has a star part in " Rose Queen."

Bill Lundigan couldn't understand why all the neighborhood kids suddenly started hanging around outside his house, just gawping at it. This went on for several days, so Bill decided to get to the bottom of the mystery. Turned out some of the small fry had seen the Lundigans' pal, Bill Boyd, there a few nights before and were just hoping that "Hoppy" would come back again.

Jean Peters is busy taking ballet lessons, making up for the time she lost as a kid in Canton, Ohio, when she took her dancing money and spent it on going to the movies which made her want to be a movie star, which made it necessary for her to take ballet lessons.

Shelley Winters, amid considerable confusion, finally got moved into her new redwood house—and may we say it's typical of the dynamic, night-life loving gal that her new abode overlooks one of her favorite places—Ciro's. Marto Torren's another gal who's acquired a house. She's furnishing it with imports from her native Sweden. By the way, we hear the love scenes between her and James Mason in U-I's "Death On A Side Street" are torrid—uh, Stromboli.

Bob Walker was so proud of his two younguns, Bob and Mike, for the swell showing they made at Black-Foxe Military Academy that he had the family stable converted into a bunkhouse just for them. Michael, eight years old, was first in his class and Bobby, nine, won the school President's Medal. The kids went very social with a bunkhouse warming.

Esther Williams was just real pleased about the locale of her new picture, "Music In The Water." It's Honolulu and the MGM mermaid rented a house, took young Ben and his nurse along for the jaunt. Big Ben was in New York working, so he missed out. June Allyson advised Esther to buy no hula clothes for the baby. She brought one to her little gal and couldn't get it off her, even by dangling a tiny cowboy suit in front of her eyes.

Since Dan Dailey's agent gave him a portable tape recorder, Mrs. D. has had very little chance to wear the new silver-blue mink stole Dan gave her. Seems the man of the house sits by the hour, blowing lousy trombone music into the recorder, then playing it back with a happy look on his amiable puss, drowning out all hints from the Mrs. that a night on the town would be fun.

Ty Power finally gets his wish—to do a modern picture—and a Western at that. It's called "Rawhide" and he started shooting right after he and Linda had a dreamy vacation at Acapulco, down Mexico way. It's getting so the glamour guys and gals enjoy making Westerns as much as the audience likes to see them.

Cyd Charisse has hung up some kind of a flying record for herself, following hubby Tony Martin around the country on his nightclub dates. Even when the beautiful Cyd is working, she hops a plane weekends to wherever her man is—her mileage so far is practically astronomical!

Kathryn Grayson's a happy gal. Her little daughter, Patty Kate, is now walking for the first time. When the baby was six weeks old, her hip was dislocated and the pore little one was in a brace until just recently.

Van Johnson had himself a hot and cold vacation. First he went to Mexico for some deep sea fishing, then to Sun Valley for the skiing. And David Wayne, who clicked so in "Adam's Rib," is planning a trip to North Africa with his wife, a War buddy and his wife. Seems Davey drove an ambulance there during the War and wants to re-trace his route to see where he's been. He was too busy dodging gunfire and bomb craters to notice the scenery at the time.

This happens after Davey finishes two chores—in "My Blue Heaven," which is the third Dan Dailey-Betty Grable picture—in Technicolor, natch. And the new Cole Porter show, "Out Of This World," scheduled for Broadway. Looks as if North Africa will have to wait a while.

Judy Garland was nervous as a cat when she witnessed the debut of her four-year-old Liza at a dance recital. Liza, on the other hand, was calm, collected, and went through her routines like an old pro. Judy made her own debut at about the same age on the professional stage.

We're very happy to know that Barbara Bel Geddes has the star femme part in 20th's "Outbreak," with Dick Widmark and Paul Douglas, who is being filmed in New Orleans. Director Elia Kazan and Barbara worked together on Broadway, but this is their first picture teaming. It'll be a question of who's gonna reminisce the most, on account of Dick Widmark and Paul Douglas know each other from way back—both worked in radio in New York. This is Dick's ninth picture in two years.

Dan Dailey, who hosted party at the Encore, Virginia Grey, Andy MacIntyre, Marilyn Maxwell, Scott Brady and Lois Andrews after Santa Barbara wedding.
while Paul has made five in a little over a year.

All the guys and gals at MGM are but crazy about Janet Leigh, so she got a big, fat welcome when she returned to the home lot after a seven-month loan-out to RKO where she made “Holiday Affair” and “Jet Pilot.”

Scott Brady had a terrifying experience at U-I. He was being driven in a studio car way out on the back lot for a layout when a stray bullet, fired from up in the hills, hit the window he was sitting. Glass shattered and flew all over the badly scared guy, but he got off with a few minor cuts and a slightly damaged set of nerves.

Cute Betty Lynn, grocery shopping, got stopped by a friendly matron who said to her “Aren’t you the little girl who played in ‘Father Was A Football?’” For the benefit of the un-hep, the picture was called “Father Was A Freshman.”

One day Ricardo Montalban skipped breakfast and, hungry as a bear, raced to the MGM commissary and ordered himself a big, hot lunch. Just as it was being served, one of the studio execs called him over to the table. Sees he had guests from Mexico who couldn’t read English so Ricardo drew the chore of translating the menu—sheer torture to a hungry man. Chose over, he went back to his table and had himself a nice, iced plate of food.

Who says short hair is here to stay? Not Jeanne Crain. She couldn’t wait to start letting her hair grow out after finishing “Cheaper By The Dozen.” Jeanne’s always preferred the long locks and so has Susan Hayward, who has always refused point-blank to cut even a snip of her flaming tresses. On the pro side, though, is Jane Glynan. For “Glass Menagerie,” the part Janie wore a wig, so her own hair was cut very short. Jane’s leaving it that way, combing it windblown, like in the flapper era, and on her it’s cute as a button.

Stuff like this is always going on in this town. Teresa Celii, who was signed by MGM for her wonderful singing voice has just finished her fourth straight dramatic role—with Cary Grant in “Crisis” and hasn’t chirped a note. Peggy Dow, U-I’s little starlet, was ordered by the studio to go on a weight producing diet. She ate and ate, but nothing happened. Then she went home to visit her mother and in two weeks put on ten pounds.

What Marriage Has Done For Me So Far

Continued from page 23

although I love my parents dearly, I think it’s a mistake for young newlyweds not to have their own home or apartment right from the start. Consequently, Geary and I decided that we would live on his salary, and find an apartment which would be within his means. Luck was with us, and after a few days of searching, we found exactly what we wanted.

In the brief time that we have been married, I’ve learned that you certainly can’t anticipate the immeasurable satisfaction that you get out of having a place of your own. I naturally looked forward to it, but somehow I had no idea that it would be as much fun as it is. I think I became a dyed-in-the-wool housewife during that week.

Like all couples new at housekeeping, Geary and I have worked out a system of compromises in the management of the apartment. I make the morning coffee, so each evening Geary puts out the garbage. While I wash the dishes, Geary burns the trash in the backyard incinerator. And every so often, just to surprise me, Geary makes the bed, and he does it well, too!

I suppose I’ll get over it, but the newness of being a wife has brought out the perfectionist in me. For instance, the sight of a cobweb sends me scurrying to the broom closet for my special cobweb-removing equipment! I catch myself stepping back regularly to see if the draperies are hanging just right, and it seems that I rearrange the folds and pleats daily. Every so often I begin to wonder if the furniture shouldn’t be moved around a bit, but I stop myself just in time when I realize that after Geary has been selling insurance all day, he isn’t as apt to be interested in the idea as I am.

I still haven’t learned the knack of shopping correctly, because despite the fact that I keep what I think is a thorough list of our needs, invariably I seem to forget the one item we want the most at the moment, such as a coffee, sugar, or something as obvious as a loaf of bread!

When my mother and I gave parties at our ranch home, it all seemed so simple, but I don’t think I’ll forget my first party in our apartment for a long time! We had invited Marsh Thompson, Roddy, Elizabeth Taylor and a few other friends to come in and learn how to play canasta. I wanted that first party to be nice, so I shopped ever so carefully.

Everything went along fine until it came time for the refreshments. Proudly I opened the refrigerator and brought out a lovely salad, iced tea, and a beautiful dessert. Geary, who had been buttering the bread, asked for the sandwich meat, and ever so casually I reached into the meat compartment. There was nothing there! In my zeal to be certain that I had purchased everything else, I had completely forgotten about the sandwich meat! Geary had to make a hurried trip to the corner delicatessen while I stood there, red-faced, and made my excuses.

Since that time, I’ve learned that if you just relax and think out one domestic requirement after another as each comes along, somehow everything seems automatically to fall into its proper place. There are so many little tricks which you learn through experience, and it is amazing how well they work, even if they are as simple as the nose on your face.

Geary and I selected our apartment, by the way, with an ulterior motive. We have two bedrooms, and I’ll give you one guess why. Yes, we want to start having a family as soon as possible, so one of the bedrooms is earmarked as our nursery. We feel that we can have children now because we’ve already done all the shopping about that is usually associated with the first year of marriage. Most couples reserve their first year for getting acquainted, but we feel that isn’t necessary for us.

We’d like to begin our family with a boy and a girl, but believe me, I won’t argue if we wind up with 10 offspring! I want to start my family now because we want to be young enough to be companions.

Steve Cochran, leading man for Joan Crawford in "The Victim," with Gaby Andree and Robert Stack at Ciro's. Three doesn't seem to be a crowd.
ions to our children. My mother and I have had more of a sister relationship than mother-and-daughter, and I'd like it to be that way with our children.

I'm fortunate in my marriage because my husband and I have such a similarity of preferences in tastes. Singing, of course, is my long suit, but although Geary can't sing, he can practically match me in his knowledge and appreciation of music. We like the same songs, the same recordings, and curiously enough, we have almost identical favorites in performers both in popular and classical music!

We both enjoy the out-of-doors, and take every opportunity to get away for skiing in the Winter, or swimming and surfboard riding in the Summer. We like tennis, enjoy watching football and baseball games, and next Summer we plan to go in for deep-sea fishing off the Mexican coast when Geary gets his vacation.

I think Geary and I are lucky, too, because since we know each other in such complete detail, we are able to make suggestions and corrections without flaring up. Our scheme for settling any differences which might arise between us is easy—we simply come right out with any grievance, talk it to a happy conclusion, and then we go on our merry way, with no hard feelings remaining with either of us!

Here's an example. When we first moved into our apartment, Geary thought it might be a good idea for us to have a maid on a daytime basis. I objected, for two reasons. First of all, it would put a crimp in our budget, and second, I still stick to my theory that young couples should have their place to themselves!

After talking it over, we came to a settlement. We'll have a girl come in to make my husband's dinner only when I'm working on a picture, and can't possibly get away in time to prepare the meal myself. Later on, when we start having our family, we will have a nurse, but maybe by that time I'll be able to accept her as a necessary compromise!

Even after six months of marriage, I still find myself not quite sure that it has all happened and that I'm a wife. And my experiences with the tradesmen who come to the door don't help me any. Just as I start to develop an inner attitude that I'm very much the married woman, this is what happens.

The door buzzer sounds, and when I answer it, I'm greeted by the butcher, baker, milkman, or what have you. He looks at me with one fast glimpse, and then says, "Hello. Is your mother here?"

I try to explain that my mother lives elsewhere, so I get the next question.

"Well," says the man, "is the lady of the house at home?"

"I tell him that I'm the lady of the house, but usually it doesn't sink in, because I invariably get the double-take. Finally, when my words do get across, I'm given the clincher.

"You mean YOU'RE the lady of the house? Why, you don't look a day over 18!"

I think it will be a milestone for me when a stranger comes to the door and accepts the fact that I'm Mrs. Steffen, without the usual exclamations. At 20, I feel that I'm quite a woman, but at the moment I'm getting no cooperation from the representatives of the workaday world who insist upon looking upon me as a child bride!

I sincerely hope that my studio, MGM, won't keep this same attitude. I've always played young girls in my pictures, but now I'd like to try a role which calls for a more mature characterization. Since I'm married in private life, why can't I be married on the screen, too? I'm still a teenager in "Nancy Goes To Rio," and next on my schedule are "Tender Hours" and "The Last Time I Saw Paris." After that, I'm keeping my fingers crossed. Maybe I'll break out in black satin and pearls, and do you know, I think I'd love it!

Maybe I'll borrow one of Lana Turner's smartest costumes, get myself all fixed up by the makeup department, and then saunter in to one of the studio bosses with a request that I be permitted a siren role or two. Who knows—it might work, once they get over the recollection that I was wearing bobby-sox in the not too dim past!

But seriously, the only point I want to make in this article is a very obvious one. If two young people feel that they are meant for each other after a courtship of several years, and know that they prefer each other's company to the exclusion of anyone else, then they're on a good footing for success in marriage. It has worked for us, and I'm sure it would do the same for any other young couple who've gone through the same preliminaries as we have.

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Incomparable Carmen Miranda in the gay MGM musical "Nancy Goes To Rio."
Clifton Webb Is Really Twins!
Continued from page 41

out my years in the theatre, I always knew I pleased the orchestra, the dress circle. As to whether I pleased, or could please a vast and varied audience such as is commanded by, let us say, Mr. Montgomery Clift, I was by no means so blandly certain.

“You see, I am not the formula. I don’t come in any particular category. I haven’t a classic profile. I’m not young. I’m not old. I am, in short, neither glamour-boy nor gunman, neither dreamboat nor Boris Karloff. Making my first bid for popular favor with the fans in my first movie, “Laura.” I played a murderer which endeared me to, I had to face it, but the choice minority. In “The Dark Corner” and “The Razor’s Edge,” I played unpleasant characters unlikely to put a Clifton Webb Fan Club on the boil.

“It remained, in short, for Mr. Belvedere to make of me that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

“But before this gratifying state of affairs came to pass I was, I must now confess, in a pretty state of tremors. The night that “Sitting Pretty,” the first of the Belvedere pictures, was previewed on the West Coast, I motored to the ordeal with Producer and Mrs. Darryl F. Zanuck—and with a nervous stomach,’ said Mr. Webb, with a laugh as pale and dry as the glass of pale dry sherry he was nourishing, “the whole domain is mine. That is my territory. Moreover, we were driving to the preview at a pretty pace and anything that goes over 93 is, to me, death. Practically death.

“At my first entrance on the screen, the preview audience sized me out a few uneasy laughs. Very few. I thought, Oh-oh! We arrived at the breakfast table scene and I could sense the audience feeling, Here he comes, he’s going to murder the baby! I did not, due to the limitations of the script, murder the baby and after that, it was one perfectly mad explosion of mirth after another—and Mr. Belvedere had been gathered to the bosom of his fans! And when Mr. Belvedere graduated from babies in the nursery to young ladies on- and off-campus he was, it gratifyingly appears, even more firmly entrenched than before in the American heart and home.

“I have been asked which of the two pictures I enjoyed making more—Sitting Pretty’ or Mr. Belvedere Goes To College?” When I say that, because of working with the children, I think I had a little more fun in Sitting Pretty,’ eyebrows are raised and the question ‘But do you like children?’ is skeptically voiced. I say ‘Do I like children? I adore them. And they worship me.’ And so

Sally Forrest, who co-stars with Keefe Brasselle in “Never Fear,” gets last-second repair job from wardrobe mistress before going into a dance routine.
they do," Mr. Webb proudly, but also quite humbly, assured us, "So they do. I can't think why, but there it is. While we were making 'Sitting Pretty,' it was practically impossible to make a child cry when in my presence and there is a Kerry Blue owned, and greatly loved, by one of my friends who is in such a state of infatuation with me that I am obliged, out of consideration for my friend, who is of a jealous nature, to remain away from his home.

There are plans afoot, Mr. Webb told us, for a third Belvedere picture to be made, now that he's finished "Cheaper By The Dozen." There are also plans afoot for Mr. Belvedere to carry on in an indefinite number of films. "With Mr. Belvedere, however, the important thing," said Mr. Webb, "is not to exhaust him—and not to exhaust me with him. Not to milk the cow dry, in other words, is Mr. Zanuck's thinking, which is very good thinking indeed. Accordingly, I left Mr. Belvedere behind me for a while and made "Cheaper By The Dozen." Now, if we have the story (for or Mr. Belvedere must be further protected by a solid story), Mr. Belvedere and I will soon be as one again."

So protective, indeed, is the 20th Century-Fox Studio of its bonanza, Belvedere, that it has been rumored Mr. Webb may not, after all, be permitted to play the role of a murderer, either now or ever again. It is feared, presumably, that Mr. Belvedere's fans may resent blood on the hands of Mr. Belvedere's alter ego, Mr. Webb. Whether or not the rumor becomes fact, it is Mr. Webb's opinion that Mr. Belvedere's fans should not object to the idea of Mr. Webb committing make-believe murder in a film. "In Mr. Belvedere, as in all other men, there is," said Mr. Webb, darkly, "the dark potential of murder. From birth, you know, we all have in us the thing to destroy. With children at play, it is toys. With men at war, it is—the world."

Not only are Mr. Webb and Mr. Belvedere identical twins in manner, speech and appearance, they are also kin in character, in behavior, in their tastes, habits and opinions. "For instance," said Mr. Webb, "there is a scene in 'Belvedere Goes To College' in which Mr. Belvedere inspects, with nostrils dilating, the distressingly untidy quarters he is to share with two other undergrads. I, too, deplore untidiness. I have never liked a person who drops his clothing on the floor. So in college, I always say, of one's own clothes! With me, I believe in order—orderly minds I dislike cluttered places and cluttered minds...all of which tended to make the scene I have mentioned easy for me to do, and do naturally."

Mr. Belvedere and Mr. Webb are, as Mr. Webb points out, fastidious men. They are so to point out, finicky men. In the pursuit of earning his living as a baby-sitter and, later, of earning his college degree, "cum laude," Mr. Belvedere made do uncomplainingly, it will be remembered, with his environment. As, in the pursuit of earning his butted bread, does Mr. Webb. When, for instance, apologies were made to him at the studio because lack of dressing room space precluded his having a dressing room suite of the period known as "de luxe," Mr. Webb poured oil on the troubled waters by saying gaily, "The idea that Clifton Webb can't dress in a dressing room unless it's done in pink plumbing is, bluntly, the bunk! Enough space in which to lie down, a mirror, a few hooks for my clothes are more than enough for one who, in his Early-Theatre days often dressed in dressing rooms in which RATS ran under and, in more sporting moods, over the floors!"

"Mr. Belvedere and I are, inarguably, I would add," Mr. Webb added, "men of warm hearts and ready sympathies. Crisp, perhaps, on the surface but you will recollect, I am sure, how, at the total expense of his dignity, being abroad on the public streets clad only," Mr. Webb shivered, "in his pajamas, Mr. Belvedere came through for Miss Shirley Temple. And let me tell you that when in musical comedy on Broadway, it was to Mr. Webb that the chorus girls came with their troubles, and the stage-hands..."

We do not doubt it. On the afternoon that the last take of "Mr. Belvedere Goes To College" was made, Mr. Webb gave a party, to which everybody connected with the picture—including the men up on the cat-walk—was invited. Moreover, Mr. Webb had presents for each and every guest and each and every present was initialled (he had shopped for them himself, in person, had Mr. Webb) with the proper initials.

"Mr. Belvedere is a man," Mr. Webb was saying, "of great versatility. Moreover, everything he does, from bathing babies to engaging as impresario to a canary to writing a book to taking four years of college in less than one, he does superlatively well. I, no less versatile, have touched and tried practically everything with results no less superlative. If I may say so, than those achieved by brother Belvedere! To give it the once-over-lightly, at the age of seven one Mr. Malcolm Douglas, then connected with the Children's Theatre single me out of class (a dancing class!) and launched me as an actor by casing me as the hero of one of his plays! At the age of fourteen. I started to paint and should like to point out that I recently sold a painting to," said Mr. Webb, playing it straight, "The Urban League! At sixteen, with modern dancing the rage, I put on my dancing shoes and became the same. I studied voice and, when I was seventeen, made my debut as Lear (in 'Mignon') with the Boston Opera Company. Soon I, like Mr. Belvedere, shall have a book published. It is my hope that all who read my words may buy, not one, but many copies." Eyeing his gentile but very small sliver of smoked salmon, Mr. Webb added, plaintively, "I need the money." Then, brightening, "In the milder sports, such as tiddley winks I, to put it modestly, he said "I am proficient. I can cook. I don't like to, but I can."

With a vacuum cleaner in hand, I can make a house look so damn pretty, you'd faint. I have the green finger and, from rutabaga to roses, things grow for me. And, even as Mr. Belvedere, I undoubtedly owe my virtuosity in the vari—
ous realms of endeavor to the fact that I, too, stand on my head. I really stand on my head. For the feat, no double was engaged for me by Mr. Zanuck. In short, when you viewed Mr. Belvedere resting nonchalantly upon his pate, it was I.

"Mr. Belvedere and I are further alike in that, despite our versatilities, we have each one of us, one chosen craft to which we give our not inconsiderable All. Mr. Belvedere's chosen craft is, it would appear, writing. Mine is, it would also appear, acting. At what age Mr. Belvedere first realized that his profession would be, in a word, the Pen, I cannot say. I am often asked the question, 'When did you first realize you wanted to be an actor?' to which I am wishing to be alarming, I answer, 'At the age of five and a half.' Actually, I realized, at birth, that I wanted to be an actor. Must have done, since I have been assured that, as I made my entrance in this great big world, I made a bow!

'What, if any, were the vices of Mr. Belvedere as a youth, I am not in a position to state. But I fancy that he, even as I, never smoked, never took a drink, but spent his headdress days, as I spent mine, in serious application to his chosen craft.

"Mr. Belvedere is, as you may recall, a self-acclaimed genius. Here we differ, although ever," said funny Mr. Webb, who was having his fun with us (and we with him) Say, so slightly. I am not, as you so well know, not by any means the victim of the complaint, more common than the common cold, known to laymen as Inferiority Complex. When I am asked 'Do you enjoy seeing yourself on the screen?' my answer is a fervent 'I LOVE myself on the screen!' Nonetheless, I feel that genius is a very special word—and often misapplied. There are various descriptions of genius, none of which appear to be," sighed Mr. Webb "accurately descriptive of me. For instance, 'Genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains. Since people who take pains are very dull, and often greedy bores, I cannot see the definition as remotely applicable to me who have NO capacity, infinite or other- wise, for taking any pains whatsoever. I have never in my life, by the way, done anything I didn't enjoy doing. It's a good motto, but," laughed Mr. Webb, "it isn't Genius!" He added, "In the genius department, there was the genius of Wagner, of Chopin, of Beethoven . . . in our age the genius of Einstein, wouldn't you say? Or would you say, of Belvedere? Or —Webb?

"Apart, however, from the fact that Mr. Belvedere acclaims himself a genius while only Mr. Webb's mother acclaims Mr. Webb a genius we are—we really are—so alike as to be, virtually, identical twins. "That Mr. Belvedere's manners are, at the least, Chesterfieldian, must certainly be apparent to one and all. Whether or no I possess manners comparable to those of Mr. Belvedere is not for me to say. But that I do deplore and detest bad manners IS for me to say and I say it. In particular, I deplore and detest the bad manners of those who live in Hollywood, work in motion pictures and, reapplying the rich rewards thereof, belittle their neighbors, their colleagues and their employers. It bores me so, I am on a soap box. It also affronts me. It is like going to a charming party and starting, immediately you are outside the door, to face your hostess and knife your host. Blowing his nose delicately upon a fine linen handkerchief, Mr. Webb added, "So ungracious . . ."

Even the backgrounds of Mr. Webb and Mr. Belvedere yield, I learned, certain similarities. "For instance," said Mr. Webb, "I never had what is referred to as a 'formal education.' Like Mr. Belvedere, my formal education consisted of 'two weeks in kindergarten, both of them revolting.' Actually, I took on a few grades in school, a number of tutors. I studied the Arts, as has been driven home. I was taken to all the operas—but for me to go out and," Mr. Webb winced, "take trigonometry! I also spent much time abroad. I listened to wise counsel. I really learned as, it is to be assumed, Mr. Belvedere learned, from observation and experience—the two great teachers! "With Mr. Belvedere, however, one can only assume since one never knows, don't you know, the whole thing about him. You actually know nothing about him at all, neither where he comes from, nor who his friends are, nor what is in his secret heart. You can't, in short, put him in any pigeon-hole and that's what is so intriguing . . . It is somewhat, although less intriguingly, I fear, the same with me. Friends I have 'known' all my life tell me, 'I don't know you.' Nor do they. Perhaps," said Mr. Webb reflectively, "it's because I'm Scorpio. Perhaps—but whatever it may be, I get to a certain point with people and am unable to get beyond it. I am with people. I am constantly with people. I am never part of them. However, it is my belief that people know too much about people. Especially about people in motion pictures. When people know too much about people, there is nothing," sighed Mr. Webb, "to intrigue them.

"When I was a child, if I ever was a child, which," Mr. Webb added, his gray eyes widening, "I gravely doubt, I was a very snobby child. One Christmas season, poking about, surreptitiously of course, among the packages 'Santa Claus' was to bring me, I discovered certain parcels placed by my mother on an unreachably-for-me high shelf. Because they were out of my reach they, and they alone, were the parcels that intrigued me. It is much the same with people . . .

" Doubtless this unfortunate inability to share myself explains why I—and Mr. Belvedere—have never married. Or it may be that the people who intrigued me were, like the parcels, on an unreachably-for-me high shelf. Had I married, however, I would have liked to marry a career woman. Preferably, an actress. But doubly an out-of-the-home career woman. Married to the Little Woman, who would have waited on me, put my slippers out for me, I would certainly," said Mr. Webb, right violently, "have committed mayhem! I never want to be possessed. Whether this aversion stems from selfishness or shyness, I do not know—but in this respect, as in so many others, Mr. Belvedere and I, as it seems apparent, are at one.

Make Your Own Breaks
Continued from page 27

I do this with my own little hatchet." In his mind, no break ever comes without enlisting the help of others.

"In making your own breaks, you have to get assistance from those around you," Alan said flatly. "In my case, there were many people who helped open the way, and, naturally, topping them all was Sue. I firmly believe that behind every man's success there is a woman. I know most men don't want to admit it, but it's true. After all, if we don't need the help of
Getting others, why do people live in towns? Why do they gather in crowds? Why do they fall in love and marry? Why do they seek friendships?

"I think anybody has to have someone to talk to, someone who believes in you and believes enough to give you encouragement. And I've certainly found that in making any breaks for yourself, you need plenty of encouragement. You get pretty tired of knocking your brains out if no one but you believes in you and thinks that what you're after is right.

"Of course, a lot depends on what this break actually means to you. It's a matter of knowing what you want and how happy you'll be if you get it. Getting your big chance is fine, but in my opinion, it won't mean much if it doesn't bring happiness.

"I believe real happiness can come only if you live by one creed: 'Do unto others.' I don't believe anyone can be a success in life if that success has come as the result of ruthlessly hurting others on the way up. Oh, maybe the money is rolling in and if all you want is money — that's fine. But I like to believe that it's also important to be able to go to bed at night with a free conscience, with knowing you've hurt no one unnecessarily. There should be no danger of this, though, if there is a desire to go to others for help in making the breaks."

Alan then brought up the situation where a young kid thinks he knows what he's after in life, and either parents or friends try to steer him away from that course. He didn't feel that the kid was always right.

"If any young person wants to do something badly enough, I don't think he'll let anyone or anything change his mind," Alan remarked. "If his parents object to a career he has chosen and he's unable to go out on his own, he can only wait until he's able to assume the necessary independence to act as he sees fit. But there is also this to be considered: maybe the father is right in wanting Joe Jr. to follow in his footsteps and take up law. I wouldn't know about that because my parents never tried to decide my future for me. But that's a problem that the kid himself will solve — and he'll solve it by judging how important his goal is to him. And whether or not it's worth all the detailed and minute preparations necessary to bring the break about. I wouldn't say off-hand, though, that he's on the right track if he expects the windfall to hit him immediately. Few people are overnight sensations.

"In working for breaks, there is one difficulty: you can't always tell which is the one you're really waiting for. When I did 'This Gun for Hire,' for example, I had no idea it would be the topper. I thought I might gain some jobs as an actor through it, but I didn't think it would turn out to be the break that was so much bigger than I'd ever hoped for.

"I can also realize now, as I look back, that times when I thought I had lost the break I wanted, I was actually supposed to lose it because it wasn't the one for me. That's when a guy needs plenty of patience and plain old intestinal fortitude. To keep plugging when apparent defeats pile up on you, is a problem for the books, believe me. But I found that the more bad breaks that come your way the harder you work for the right ones."

In Alan's estimation, though, the work doesn't actually begin until the big moment arrives. He's had plenty of chances to consider the penalties of success.

"I've never worked harder than I have in recent years," he said seriously. "All I did before seems like child's play now. Responsibilities were minor in comparison with what has descended on me since. Once that top rung of the ladder is reached, you discover that much more now depends on you.

"I'm of the mind that the preparations I went through were worth the difficulties and disappointments that followed. Oh, I've had moments when I've been hurt. Who hasn't? And who hasn't been surprised to find that those who once tried to help you up suddenly seem to take
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Tyron Power, Jane Greer and David Niven check the script of "The Bishop's Wife" before doing adaptation of popular screen play on Radio Theatre.
know that the whole affair was one of those early-day publicity splashes), one of the artists presented Betty with a huge gold loving cup.

This was almost too much. Betty had won cups for dancing, but this was the first two-gallon trophy she had ever acquired ... engraved with her name, the date and her honorary title, "Miss Hollywood." She was on the verge of tears. She was overwhelmed by gratitude. She thanked everyone several times, circling the room, her precious gold trophy clutched to her bosom.

Finally there was no one left except Betty, her publicist friend, a few studio officials and a watchful little man from the Paramount prop department. "I think I'd better relieve you of that loving cup now, Miss Grable," he said.

Betty looked at him blankly. "But I thought ... I mean, it has my name on it."

"Oh, that washes right off," explained the prop man cheerfully, relieving Betty of the cup and rambling away.

Mused Betty to her mother that night, "That Miss Hollywood' championship didn't last long, did it? I may never win an Oscar, but I'll bet I hold some sort of record for brief possession of a loving cup."

Betty's gloom proved to be unjustified. The Miss Hollywood campaign "took." Requests for Grable art (Cheesecake, fashion layouts, hat layouts, automobile advertising, beverage advertising — the lady running upstairs, of course, with glass in hand) came pouring in. Newspapers and magazines wanted Betty Grable, complete with a shining expanse of stocking, for their editorial pages, and manufacturers wanted exploitation pictures of Miss Grable for their advertisements.

The next thing Betty knew, she was walking around on two of the most famous items in America, and she had signed a contract with Century-Fox. That studio, one of the alert organizations, knew a good thing when they saw it. They got busy in the still gallery. Betty was photographed in bathing suits, lollerina skirts, can-can skirts, Sadie Thompson skirts and trapeze costumes.

One of the photographers analyzed her charm when he said, "Dietrich has the sexiest legs I've ever photographed, and because of that sexiness, one must be careful of the pose selected, the lighting, the costume, and each the expression in Marlene's eyes. Betty's appeal is totally different: she has the grace and symmetry of a healthy, good-natured child. She can get away with the world's most abbreviated costumes because she always wears the faintly surprised, slightly solemn expression of a youngster who has just managed to escape from a playpen. This is proved by the fact that women as well as men consider all Grable portraits 'cute'."

Furthermore, as soon as the Miss Hollywood campaign really began to

**The Legend Of The Legs**

Continued from page 31

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**RECORD ROUNDUP**

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**TOPS IN MOVIE MUSIC**


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**TOPS IN POPS**

DOHRIS DAY-Ray Noble offering "I Don't Wanna Be Kissed" and "With You Anywhere You Are" for Columbia ... Billy Eckstine's "Waiting In The Wilderness" and "Lost In A Dream" for M GM ... Jo Stafford's "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" and "Open Door—Open Arms" for Capitol ... Sammy Kaye's "My Lily And My Rose" and "It Ain't Fair" for Victor ... Vaughn Monroe's "Bamboo" and "A Little Golden Cross" for Victor ... King Cole-Nellie Lutcher doing "Can I Come In" and "For You My Love" for Capitol ... Vic Damone's "Kiss Me" and "In The Still Of The Night" for Mercury ... Ralph Flanagan's "Rag Mop" and "You're Always There" for Victor ... Gordon MacRae's "Half A Heart" and "Poison Ivy" for Capitol ... Juanita Hall's "Old Bonjangles Is Gone" and "I'm In The Mood For Love" for Victor.

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**OTHER TOPPERS**

LENA HORNES' "I've Got The World On A String" and "Is It Always Like This" for MGM ... Roy Rogers' "Stampede" and "Church Music" for Victor ... "Sitting By The Window" and "Just For Old Times" by Jerry Gray for Decca ... Columbia's "Dixie By Dorsey" Album by Jimmy Dorsey ... Bing Crosby's "Big Movie Show In The Sky" and "Yodel Blues" for Decca ... Arthur Godfrey's "California Is Wonderful!" and "I'm Going Back To Whir I Come From" for Columbia ... Irving Fields' "Wedding Samba" and "Kitty" for Victor ... "I'll See You In The Window" and "78 No In The Books" for Victor ... Helen Forrest's "It Was So Good While It Lasted" and "Sweetheart Semicolon" for MGM ...

B Bert Brown

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[ ] Please check if you wish to receive too, by enclosing $2.49 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee.

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One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says: "I'm amazed how its special feature gives my bustline real plumpness!"

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**TOPS IN MOVIE MUSIC**

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**TOPS IN POPS**

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**OTHER TOPPERS**

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**SMALL BUST WOMEN SIZES 28 to 38**

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Ronald Reagan and Ruth Roman, now a steady twosome, are welcomed by Del Sharbutt as they arrive for opening of new play at the Century Theatre.
The Secret Story I've Never Told

We are born individuals, with our own idiosyncrasies. But, as we take definite steps, slowly, we gain confidence by putting our best foot forward on the particular road that seems natural to us. Then the quick recollection of how certain people have tried and won can start a fire in our faltering hearts. What they have done, we may be able to do, too.

Every girl wants to be married, regardless of whether she has any career ambitions. I can't do without an idea of speculating on marriage, myself, I invariably find I am recalling the wonderful success two Hollywood stars have made as wives and mothers. They have all the spotlighting any star could possibly wish. And so much more besides! They have grown into real women in every sense. They are adored by their husbands and children, but not merely for their glamour. They have budgeted time to deliberately create, in spite of all the pressures in these distracting years, marvelous homes and families. They feel the old-fashioned glow a woman can get only when she is securely, personally, perfectly. Still, they are modern women, who actually live in beauty today because they have deserved it. I mean Jeanne Crain and Loretta Young.

I first met Jeanne when we did a radio broadcast together. I like to go to openings nights, so, after that, I managed a bello no matter how crowded the premiere. Gradually, since we're alike in our unlucky morning ruining four or five pairs. Certainly there is seldom even a singleton stocking left undamaged when a picture is completed. The opera-length stockings are especially woven to Betty's specifications by a stocking manufacturer: Willys of Hollywood.

Betty's unique fame has brought her some unique embarrassments. She never mingled with a crowd (at the races, for instance) without overhearing several women observe in ringing tones obviously meant to be heard. One didn't think her legs unusual. Even I can fill a stocking as well as she can.

During the parlous days of the New Look, Betty went to market one morning in a house dress which she had not had time to lengthen. As her groceries were being checked, Betty heard one passing woman say to another, "Wouldn't you know that Betty Grable would ignore the New Look and wear her skirts above her knees just to let everyone know that she is Betty Grable?"

Betty always pretends that she doesn't hear.

After all, her best possible retort is preserved forever in the complete four-court of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. There, in a position into which Betty was titled and lowered by a soldier, a sailor and a marine, are the prints of the most famous legs in history.

No other woman, no matter how gamourous, can make that statement.
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HOUSE OF EDEN, Dept. SU-11

I'd like to go on acting after I marry, as she has done. I could reveal that when I've sent out on personal appearances and tours around the country, I attempt to represent the motion picture industry as favorably as I possibly can—as well as I'm sure Miss Dunne does! But I'll stop rambling.

There are too many people I've admired for their fine traits to name them all here. But whenever I fall a little behind schedule, for instance, I think of Bette Hutton. Supernous is a colossal word, but it's the only one that fits her amazing vitality. Her zest is a whirlwind tonic for anyone! Betty's bounce isn't simply an automatic physical outburst. She radiates so much sparkle because she's so tremendously curious about everything, has the urge to live to the fullest extent. Unlike as we may be on the surface, we have this urge in common. I am the same of the same vitality. I don't know who Betty thinks of when she slows down, but I remember her. It's like ringing a fire bell in my head. I'm instantly up and trying, full steam, again.

There are two gentlemen in New York who don't even guess they are influencing me, though I'm a whole continent away. It was a challenge to act in a serious drama on a whole lot of Broadway when I was twelve. That led directly to my long-term contract at Universal-International. Now that I'm twenty-one, I suspect I may return to Broadway at some indefinite future date. When I do, I rather hope it will be in an opera instead of a play. At the same moment I got my movie break in "Mildred Pierce," Rodgers and Hammerstein offered me the singing leading in their "Carousel." I couldn't accept. You know how they rate in their league, since they've ranged from their "Oklahoma!" to their current "South Pacific." So the singing lessons that fill a portion of my daily routine have another Rodgers and Hammerstein bid as their motive.

Should I ever do a straight drama on the stage, as an adult, I would be very eager to play the same roles that Helen Hayes has played. In my estimada, she is the queen of actresses in the theatre. I met her once on a trip to Manhattan, and she exceeded all my expectations. She hasn't an ounce of artificiality. When you're tops, you don't have to depend on any props. Her outstanding talent hasn't upset her marriage, either. Those who know her well tell me she is ever a sincere, grand person.

There are strangers whose extraordinary accomplishments have influenced me from afar, quite unconsciously on their part. Because I love opera and collect operatic records, someday I would like to meet Madame Flagstad. Her Godgiven voice is truly unmatched, but her devotion to the standard of artistic excellence is almost as breathtaking.

The way a person I've heard so many stirring things about!

The way she has turned from an acting career to writing witty plays and films and to politics is evidence of her triggerfast mind. Moments when I might be mentally lazy, I reprose myself with a
In your enthusiasm for those who inspire you, don't lose sight of this. You can be cheered up by their feats, but you must go on from there on your own. You mustn't forget yourself, the foundation on which you must build. I know I'm a girl who likes to start out for a dance and then, sometimes, be whisked surprisingly to the beach instead, for a fast ride on the roller coaster. I'm aware that when I'm asked for a Sunday drive, I'd rather not know in advance where we're to go. I'm positive that the best is yet to be.

I am bound to meet that someone who will influence me most of all. It is nice to have that feeling of expectancy that Spring is right around the next corner. Maybe I'm about to bump into Mr. Eulise. April has always been my favorite month!

I Know That I'm In Love

Continued from page 43

hurry to take any big step.

We always have a lot of fun together. Not that we do anything spectacular. During the week when we have no early calls at the studio, we'll go to his house—he lives with his cousin, by the way—to look at television or we'll go to a late movie. On Saturday night, however, we really step out. In most cases we go to a party at someone's house and once in a while we'll go to Ciro's or Mocambo to see a prominent performer who may be appearing there.

But no matter what we do, we enjoy each other. Among the things I like about Arthur is his fabulous sense of humor. I believe that if he were dying he could make a joke of it. He can see the funny side to almost any situation. He simply won't do anything that will make him unhappy. At the present he's working on "Summer Stock" at MGM while I'm at RKO doing "Jet Pilot." I've gone to MGM a few times to meet him and he's always keeping the set laughing with his gaiety and wonderful spirit. It's no wonder his goal in life is to be a comedian—he should be.

He is also considerate and kind. Some time ago he started a charm bracelet for me, and each charm represented a picture I had made. He gave me a Scotch bottle for "Hills Of Home," a rose for "Romance Of Rosy Ridge," a bar of music with notes on it for "Words And Music," for "Holiday Affair," skis for "If Winter Comes," a ballet dancer for "The Red Danube," a doctor's bag with tools sticking out of it for "The Doctor And The Girl," a book with "Little Women" written on it for that picture, a tea cup and saucer for "That Forsyte Woman," a gun for "Act Of Violence," and now he's given me a jet plane for "Jet Pilot." That is a real thoughtful gift, something only a thoughtful person would think of.

Arthur has other admirable qualities. He is different in that he can mix with anyone. This is surprising since he has a very analytical mind and you'd think that characteristic would make him particular about the people he wanted to be around. He is also honest and he doesn't spare me when it comes to comments about my work. He praises me when praise is due and he is frank about a performance he didn't like. I appreciate this in him because I know that I can always get an honest opinion from him. And what better basis is there for a future than honesty?

Yet with these fine qualities we are not engaged. At least I have no ring and we've set no date for any wedding. I don't think that I'll ever have a ring, even if we should decide to marry. To me, an engagement is something that is in the mind and heart. It needs no formalities to make it a specific, concrete thing.

I frankly like going with just one person. Not because it's easier and less complicated, because it isn't always so simple. When she is dating just one boy, a girl is often afraid to wear a certain dress too frequently. She is acutely aware of doing things to please him. But I don't think Arthur would mind if I dressed the same way I did when I saw him. He doesn't worry about such things. On the whole, though, I feel that the steady routine is better because you have fewer worries—the kinds of worries that come with having a lot of dates. If you're dating several boys, you worry about the kind of a guy each date will be. There is also the process of knowing which is the right fellow and which isn't—and that trial and error method can get a bit wearing.

I don't mean to imply that I favor going with just one person. That may be all right with me now, but what applies to me doesn't necessarily hold true for some other girl. It all depends on the attitude of the girl herself.

I don't think that having a lot of dates makes a girl overly cautious about getting married. Nor do I think that they make her too particular. But I can't see what is wrong with postponing any final decision until you're sure what you want. After all, a lifetime is a long time to spend with a person. If it takes a year of just going together while
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How To Get Along With Women

Continued from page 45

comparing the sizes of two cans of peas before she selects one—then goes out and buys a thirty-dollar hat. She's a truly feminine girl. It used to irritate me to see her struggling to save a couple of cents on groceries, but now I think it's amusing. Once you learn to laugh at women’s foibles, you get along fine!

Before you are married, there's the question of dating girls. It's recognized that the man foots the bill when he takes a girl out. Occasionally, however, a college man, or one making a small salary, who can't afford an expensive nightlight or other high-tariff affair, is urged to escort his favorite girl there. Then they might get Dutch. I'd never encourage him to let her take him, but this depends on the relationship between them. With some girls, it could be fatal.

There's the neat man and the careless woman; or vice versa.

My father is a very neat person, but my mother has a habit of leaving things around, casually dropping an open book on the couch, a scarf on a chair, a purse on a desk, cheerfully littering as she goes. My father follows her around and picks up after her. Sometimes he gripes a little, but they've been married for a good many years, and I doubt if they'll split up over this now.

It's a mistake to think women are the neater sex. Go into a bachelor's apartment without notice, and you'll find everything in its place. But take a girl by surprise, and you'll find stockings hanging on her chandelier, clothes scattered here and there, ash-trays full, unwashed dishes in the sink.

I doubt if you can cure an untidy girl. If you marry her, make up your mind to pick up after her and like it. And women particularly should do the same for untidy husbands.

Then there's jealousy... I once went with a girl, a very nice girl, who was terribly jealous, and not of other girls. She resented things I was doing that she had no part in, games I played in which she could not join. Once I swore she was jealous of a glass of beer I drank, because she didn't like beer! I forgot the rest of it, because Alice came along.

I don't pretend to be above jealousy, given cause. It's rather flattering to realize that your wife can be jealous on occasion. I know I'd hate to think Alice didn't want me to do what I've done. But it's distinctly juvenile to try to arouse that evil emotion.

If you want to be successful in getting along with women, remember to avoid terms they don't like. Alice hates being referred to as "the better half," the "lit-
Pride may be true to you to call the clever woman beautiful, and to refer to the beauty, in her hearing, as brilliant,—but it's so true. As to getting along with—Women who nag: at five, my daughter is a nagger. I simply laugh at her, or nag back. If your sister nags, ridicule her. You can always walk away from a nagging woman you don't like, but if you love her, it pays, now and then, to give in. At heart, you know your mother is probably right when she urges you to come in out of the rain and change your wet clothes or you'll make your cold worse; maybe your wife has a point if she keeps at you not to drive so fast in the fog. Laugh at them, but do it.

Women who talk too much: Talk more and louder, if you can't get away. Retreat, if possible. But be certain she's not saying something worth hearing: you know nobody ever learned anything with his mouth open.

Women who fuss over you: I like that; they can never make too much fuss over me. My wife recently had a friend staying with us, a girl who had a dozen brothers. She understood men, and enjoyed making the right kind of fuss over them. She was a pleasure to have around.

If a woman doesn't matter to you, I'd say: let her get along with you!

Women sometimes make a great effort to please their men; the men realize it, yet aren't pleased.

There was an actress who thought she must take up golf because her husband was a champion at the game, and everybody had told her that a wife should share her husband's interests. She hated walking about trying to hit an elusive ball, but she went doggedly around the links, following the poor man and holding him back, until one day, as she sat exhausted on the golf club veranda, she overheard a man say: "Poor old Tom! How can he stand it? His wife won't even let him enjoy his golf alone!" She withdrew in great relief.

That problem isn't ours. I play at tennis. Alice isn't great at it, either, but she plays too. Tennis is a friendly sort of game; you can sit on the sidelines and enjoy watching, even if you don't play.

If your marriage is on the right foot, neither of you need struggle to learn to do something just to please the other, unless the learning one is really interested in whatever it is.

Women being women, they are usually interested in clothes. If a woman happens to be interested in you, she'll want you to approve of what she wears. Which usually means she takes you along when she's buying an important garment.

I hate to go shopping. I worry Alice when I go, because I get impatient and want to go on somewhere else before she's finished looking. But if she shops alone, she's apt to buy things I think are too conservative.

Perhaps she shows me a dress. I say: "It's all right." "Oh, you don't like it!" she'll cry. "It's beautiful, dear," I say. It's no use. Alice is unhappy with her dress. She can see through me, puzzling as I find it. It's the same thing with my ties. I know at once when she doesn't like one, no matter how careful she is not to hurt my feelings. It shakes down to our trying to buy what will please the other. You learn, given time, though trial-and-error plays hob with the budget.

Actually, my advice boils down to this: Adopt a friendly relation to women you like, and get as far away from the others as possible. And relax!

Which proves I know nothing about women... but who does?

To Be Or Not To Be A Heel

Continued from page 48

bouncer—say, 'Nothing's too good for Widmark. He's a regular.'

"I'll have to admit playing a menace does have its compensations. You can be as brave as you want. Have you ever seen a screen heavy who couldn't fight his way out—regardless of the odds? Oh, we little fellows are really courageous characters.

"I just hope," sighed Dick, "that audiences don't think I really act that way at home. I never handled a gun, never slapped a girl and never talked out of the side of my mouth, until I got in the movies.

"I'm as brave as the next, but I don't lay claims to being any Samson. The other day I was out riding my weary 12-year-old horse. She bolted slightly and in reaching for the horn of the saddle I sprained my finger. Now, does that sound like a screen iron-man?"

"How about the other side of the ledger?" we asked. "What are some of the benefits of playing a law and order hero?"

"Glad you brought that up," exclaimed Dick. "If you do play a 'good Joe' role, 9 out of 10 times they let you live through the picture. Do you realize some of the untimely ends that I have come to in my menace roles?"

"I've been shot at more than a target at an Army training base. I've been riddled in the street, off a balcony, in the forest and in a saloon. In the film I just
completed in England with Gene Tierney, 'Night And The City,' I get thrown into a river—just for a change."

"Well, besides living completely through the film," we persisted, "the solid citizen type lead always winds up with the girl."

"I know, but is that good?" kidded Dick.

This Widmark is really a comedian at heart. He has a spirited sense of humor which lurks just beneath the surface. The way he can tell a joke on himself would cause even the Sphinx to giggle.

"Take the other night when he decided to wallpaper a portion of the den."

"My wife, Jean, looked on with apprehension, but I continued. When I finished, I thought I'd ruined the room. There were millions of little bubbles all beneath the paper."

"I went to bed vowing never to try and 'fix' things up!"

The next day Dick forgot all about his decision when he discovered all the bubbles had gone and the paper fitted the wall snugly.

"No one ever told me you had to expect bubbles for the first few hours after hanging paper."

Dick's name is notorious among his friends. His new neighbors are also catching on to it. Many of them have a chance to meet Dick at a riding club.

"My horse, Cricket, isn't exactly in the league with the others that ride at Riviera Club. A fellow who owned a string of polo ponies gave me this one—probably to save him his feed bill. She's 12 years old, as I said, has a lame foot and is sway-backed. She knows she has me buffaloded. Whenever we near an in-cline, she bucks and walks away. Going downhill makes her feet hurt, so if I want to descend I have to get off and lead her down."

Among his friends, Widmark hasn't any worries about reactions to his menace type roles.

"They know me too well. It's when I travel about that I discover some fans take my parts seriously."

"When I was returning from England, the ship got caught in a storm. Everyone was seasick. I really felt lousy, especially when someone pointed me out as 'the American actor.' 'Can't be,' came back the reply, 'that fellow's seasick. Widmark's tough as nails; that couldn't be him.'"

"The studio doesn't plan to permanently cast Dick as a heel. In fact, they are going to great lengths to humanize his roles."

"So I just don't have one side and that bad, but I get a little sympathy, too."

If you notice, a lot more emphasis is being put on romance in a Widmark movie.

"I started out as a fellow nobody could love, but they are gradually taking that curse off."

In "Night And The City," Dick makes love to Gene Tierney and in "No Way Out" Linda Darnell is the object of Widmark's affections. Of course, in most of the footage Dick is up to his old tricks again—being chased all over London by the police in one picture and starting a riot in the other.

"But how about those added love scenes?" we queried.

"Well, they were pretty rugged in England. (Seems in London there aren't any restrictions about keeping crowds in check when a movie is being made.) While there, I spent seven weeks doing three films. They showed me being chased all over town. When I stopped running, I did a love scene with Gene Tierney. The scene was shot outside and there were about 1,000 spectators.

"Tell us truthfully," we coaxed, "which do you prefer to play, a hero or a heel?"

"Well," said Dick rubbing his chin, deep in thought, "in a way I like those heel roles. They are kind of fun, and they do attract more attention. If you're not a heavy, the audience is often passive towards you. But if you really turn on the heel technique, they at least take time out from their popcorn to mutter, 'Drop dead.'"

"The main objection to being pigeon-holed in one certain type role is that you always play to the same audience. The people who like blood and thunder type movies will come to see yours. If, however, you play a heel, then a hero—and have some variety, you'll also be seen by the other audience who go for the more peaceful type of screenwriting."

Widmark will get his wish to play a variety of roles. As soon as he completes his current heavy role, 20th has selected a sympathetic doctor lead in "Port Of Entry" for him. In it he lives through the final reel and winds up with the girl.

"But no matter what type roles he draws there's one thing for certain, the studio plans to please all the fans and keep Dick busy."

His film in England marked his third in quick succession.

"They told me it would be like a vacation working in London—only a five-day week and tea every afternoon. I never worked so hard in my life. With six weeks of night scenes, I never even got close to a cup of tea. I also lost 20 pounds filming those chase scenes."

"It did have its brighter side. I did get to ride to work in a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce supplied by the studio, and my wife and I did wangle a few side trips to Paris."

While in France, Dick had an opportunity to see one of his films that had been redubbed in French. It was quite a jolt to see himself emoting up there on the screen and hear a smooth, flawless French dialog coming out of his mouth.

"There was one thing that they couldn't redub, Dick,' I began to explain."

"That was the Widmark laugh. In every land from the U. S. to Trinidad that Widmark cackle heard in "Kiss Of Death" isn't dubbed, but is authentic."

When Dick and his wife left the theatre, they heard some of the patrons discussing the film. That's when they told me Dick to a friend of theirs who understood French, "What are they saying? Did they like it?"

"You really want to know?" replied their companion. "Well, literally translated, that one woman said, 'Ooh-la-lah! That Widmark cee a heel with such appeal!' And the other replied, 'You're telling it!'"
he comes home after a day's toil, and in general be so necessary to him that he'd wonder how he ever got along without her. That's what Dorothy figures, but she was reeling on her husband being an ordinary man—not a doctor. Not only do Bill's night calls and emergency cases give her the nasty feeling of being a neglected wife, but a female fatale appears and really louses up Dorothy's matrimonal ambitions. A scheming mother-in-law is another cute trick the poor girl has to cope with. One of those disarmingly frank peeks into the lives of a young married couple, its earthly dialog wears well.

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M-G-M BRINGS THE FAMED STAGE HIT TO THE SCREEN AT LAST!

It played three years on Broadway! Road companies toured America! A triumph in the world's capitals! Now the screen's biggest Technicolor musical!

11 IRVING BERLIN SONG HITS!
"There's No Business Like Show Business", "Doin' What Comes Nat'raly", "You Can't Get A Man With A Gun", "The Girl That I Marry", "They Say That Falling In Love Is Wonderful", "My Defenses Are Down", "I'm An Indian Too" and others!

BIG CAST! BIG THRILLS!
The fabulous Buffalo Bill Wild West Shows... cowboys... Indians... riding girls... the great Buffalo Stampede... cast of hundreds in a wonderful musical spectacle!

"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN" An M-G-M Picture
STARRING BETTY HUTTON • HOWARD KEEL with LOUIS CALHERN • J. CARROL NAISH
EDWARD ARNOLD • KEENAN WYNN • Color by TECHNICOLOR • Screen Play by Sidney Sheldon • Based on the Musical Play with Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
and Book by HERBERT FIELDS and DOROTHY FIELDS • Musical Numbers Staged by ROBERT ALTON • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by ARTHUR FREED
for Enchanted Moments

For your enchanted moments—at last a lipstick that will not smear...at last a lipstick of such exquisite texture that it goes on easier and stays on longer than any you have ever used.

The new, exclusive Tangee formula makes all this possible for the first time.

In Tangee Pink Queen and six other enchanting shades.

THE New Tangee LIP STICK

When the Friars Club honored Ronald Reagan at a banquet recently, Dana Andrews attended with his wife.

Cobina Wright's
PARTY GOSSIP

James Cagney and his wife conversing with Mrs. Pat O'Brien at Friars Club gathering.

EVERYBODY loves a masquerade, but few get as much of a kick out of one as filmland folk, who, as you know, spend most of their working hours in the land of make-believe.

That's why Hollywood's Bal Masque this year was such a great success, I believe. I've attended Bal Masques, years ago in Paris and later those in London and more recently in New York, but never have I seen one which had such the gay "let's pretend" air as the one which SCREENLAND figures gave this year for the first time in Hollywood.

Of course, a lot of the enthusiasm was

At the party, Jane Wyman looked radiant as ex-husband Ronald Reagan received acclaim.

Event that's sure to bring out home-loving Harry Jameses is a jam session at Club 47.
Bing Crosby's greatest is Frank Capra's Riding High

The "Blue Skies" kind of music . . . the laughter of "Road To Rio" . . . the heart-warmth of "Going My Way" . . . all wrapped up in the happiest Bing picture of all time!

Paramount Presents

BING CROSBY
Coleen Gray
Charles Bickford
Frances Gifford
FRANK CAPRA'S
RIDING HIGH

with WILLIAM DEMAREST
RAYMOND WALBURN - JAMES
GLEASON - WARD BOND
CLARENCE MUSE - PERCY
KILBRIDE - HARRY DAVENPORT

Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA
Screenplay by Robert Riskin • Additional Dialogue by Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose • Based on a Story by Mark Hellinger

New Songs: Lyrics by Johnny Burke • Music by James Van Heusen

 Paramount's Joyful Springtime Hit! See It Soon At Your Favorite Theatre!
LEARN THE SECRET OF "PERMANENT" PIN CURLS ... even in damp weather

set your hair tonight with DeLong bob pins stronger grip—won’t slip out

Yes, you can set your permanent in this chic salon style. Just be sure to use stronger-gripping De Long Bob Pins for lovely long-lasting curls that resist drooping—even in damp weather. Rounded smooth ends slide in and out easily. And De Long pins stay in day or night! Look for the blue De Long card on your counter.

The brush bob by Enrico Caruso, famous hair stylist to New York stage stars. Set up in 4 rows—turn front row toward face, back 3 rows away from face. Begin at right, set vertical rows, turning curls toward face, around head to back of left ear. Set 1st side counter-clockwise. Brush in all directions, then up in back, down from crown and up off face with rotating motion.

Mary Pickford and Johnny Mack Brown display lively dance technique for Mr. and Mrs. Owen Crump and Cecil Coan. The occasion was a recent square dance party held at Mary's famous Pickfair.

due to the fact that this lavish affair was given as a benefit for Santa Monica’s St. John’s Hospital, which is one of the movie colony’s favorite charities. Lovely Maureen O’Sullivan Farron, whom you probably best remember as “Tarzan” Johnny Weissmüller’s favorite mate, is President of the Guild which first started to sponsor this worthwhile cause. It was she who first thought of the idea, after reading about the Parisian and Gotham Bal Masques, of getting glamorous stars and socialites to don more elaborate and intriguing masks than had ever been worn before, and I must say they all cooperated in such a fashion that the affair, which took place in the Crystal Ballroom of the Beverly Hills Hotel, made an evening out of the Arabian Nights look like a quiet night on the prairie.

* * *

Lana Turner almost stole the show with James Mason, his wife and Robert Siodmak at Ciro’s. His next is U-I’s “One Way Street.”

Left: Cobina Wright and Barbara Bates with hostess Mary Pickford between square dances.

Interest and skepticism are manifested by Gloria De Haven, Howard Duff on Ciro date.

You’re always “set” with De Long Hair Pins
Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes
Snaps • Pins • Hook and EyeTapes • Sanitary Belts
It's a new kind of role for Rooney... the rough, tough, tense story of a guy who yields to one temptation — and can't stop 'til he hits bottom! A picture that must be seen by every boy... and girl...

MICKEY ROONEY

"QUICKSAND"

A SAMUEL H. STIEFEL PRODUCTION

"QUICKSAND"

Starring

MICKEY ROONEY

with

JEANNE CAGNEY - BARBARA BATES - PETER LORRE

Directed by IRVING Pichel - Original Story by Robert Smith
Mort Briskin, Producer - Released thru United Artists
her pink and crystal creation with a scrim mask barely shading her lovely features and a headdress from which were draped tiny, iridescent crystal pendants, which glistened as brightly as the smile on the face of her happy groom, Bob Topping. Loretta Young won first prize with her bird-like effect, while Connie Moore wore her feathered face covering with such aplomb that it was hardly possible to recognize her except for that flashing smile which always give her away.

Actually, it was a tough assignment for your SCRENNLAND reporter, because, although I know so many of the stars, their elaborate disguises were so cleverly designed that even their own families wouldn't have recognized them. For example, when Angela Lansbury came up and said, "Hello, Cobina," I not only had to look twice, but finally had to turn to judge Harry Crocker, the movie columnist, and ask, "Who is that attractive Bird of Paradise?" before I could identify her.

Ray Milland and Broderick Crawford doing a dramatic stint for the Screen Guild Players.

Linda Darnell, Gen. Carl Spatz, Sy Bartlett at premiere of "Twelve O'Clock High."

I was most pleased when Beverly Hills jewel-designer, Kenneth Brown, asked me to wear the mask which won the prize for the most unusual mask—a peacock-feathered creation adorned with almost a $100,000 worth of jewels—because it reminded me of prizes I had won at such affairs on previous occasions abroad.

However, although we all gave credit to our designers, naturally, for all the skill and artistry they had displayed, it was Gloria Swanson, who has made such a sensational screen comeback, who walked off with all the laughs for the evening. She appeared on the judges' stand with her

Joey Adams reads his book to Jane Russell after her personal appearance in Boston, prize-winning effect, which included a mask topped by a stuffed pigeon and apologized for not having brought her taxidermist with her!

 Altogether it was a wonderful evening and a very gala one, but, I'm most happy to say, not just because the stars wanted to go to a masquerade and disguise themselves in fantastic finery, but also because they knew besides having fun they were contributing to a good cause.

When Clark Gable offered a high bid to dance with Lana Turner, or Sir Charles Mendl did with Arlene Dahl or Joan Fontaine, it was all done with a very

(Please turn to page 71)
It's Spring-time!
It's Love-time!!
It's Happiness-time!!!
It's The Perfect Time for
The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady

Dozens of Danceable Songs
...They're All O'Greatly!

THE 'SILVER LINING' SWEETHEARTS
IN ANOTHER WARNER BROS.
MUSICAL THAT'S SOLID GOLD!

IN COLOR BY

TECHNICOLOR

STARRING
JUNE HAVER, GORDON MACRAE

WITH JAMES BARTON - CUDDELES SAKALL
AND WARNER'S HANDSOME GENE NELSON
AND DANCE SOME NEW STAR

PRODUCED BY
DAVID BUTLER - WILLIAM JACOBS

SCREEN PLAY BY JACK ROSE, MELVILLE SHAVELSON & PETER MILNE • FROM A STORY BY JACK ROSE & MELVILLE SHAVELSON • MUSICAL DIRECTOR RAY HEINDORF
easy to sleep with

Here's your fast, easy, comfortable way to lovelier curls—Tip-Top Dream Curlers. Made of soft-as-rubber vinylite—comfortable to sleep on, not affected by hair preparations. Gives you soft, smooth, natural-looking curls — no frizzy ends! Can't catch or snag hair. Last longer. The only curler of its kind.

Try Dream Curlers tonight! In 4 sizes — at 5 & 10's everywhere.

FREE! Valuable booklet "Professional Hair Styling at Home." Send self-addressed envelope and 10¢ to cover mailing.

Tip-Top DREAM CURLERS
America's Favorite Curler

Here's your fast, easy, comfortable way to lovelier curls—Tip-Top Dream Curlers. Made of soft-as-rubber vinylite—comfortable to sleep on, not affected by hair preparations. Gives you soft, smooth, natural-looking curls — no frizzy ends! Can't catch or snag hair. Last longer. The only curler of its kind.

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Tip-Top DREAM CURLERS
America's Favorite Curler

By Helen Hendricks

Two unusually attractive mayors are Loretta Young and Clark Gable in "Key To The City."

**Key To The City**

IF SOME survey expert had taken a poll of what moviegoers would like most to see, he would come up with a list including: Clark Gable, Loretta Young, and Ronald Colman, last glimpses of the irrepres- sible Frank Morgan, more comic incidents than you can shake a funny-bone at, plus a goodly amount of torrid love scenes (with an added attraction of Marilyn Maxwell as an Atomic Bubble dancer). Clark, a lusty ex-stevedore, now Mayor of a California town, meets prim, civic-minded Miss Young, a Maine Mayor, at a Mayors’ Convention in San Francisco. They emphatically do not like each other, but a bench on a foggy night on deserted Telegraph Hill makes Mayor Young forget she's a Harvard graduate. Besides being wrapped up in romance, Mayor Gable and Fire Chief Frank Mor-

In "Stromboli," existence on volcanic island is too dour for Ingrid Bergman, who longs for kindlier surroundings, is bored with simple spouse Mario Vitale.

Three generations of theatrical family are represented by Jane Powell, Ann Sothern and Louis Calhern in MGM's new Technicolor opus, "Nancy Goes To Rio."

Habitual quiz winner Ronald Colman is prey of Celeste Holm in "Champagne For Caesar."

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FREE! Valuable booklet "Professional Hair Styling at Home." Send self-addressed envelope and 10¢ to cover mailing.

Tip-Top DREAM CURLERS
America's Favorite Curler
A STOLEN FORTUNE
A BORROWED WOMAN
AND ONE MAN TOO MANY!

Kiss Laura once, just once, and you're headed down a...

ONE WAY STREET

starring

James MASON
Marta TOREN
Dan DURYEA

Story and Screenplay by LAWRENCE KIMBLE • Directed by HUGO FREGONÈSE • Produced by LEONARD GOLDSTEIN
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
gan cope fittingly with some crooked hometown politicos. Gable was never better. Young never prettier, and a picture never more welcome.

The Black Hand
MGM
A ROUND the turn of the century, immigrant Italian families living on New York's lower East Side, were constantly terrorized and plagued by a criminal society known as the Black Hand. One of these immigrants, a struggling lawyer, gets killed by persons unknown because he decides to tell the police that he has been paying money to the local gang to keep his wife and son from being harmed. Having sworn revenge on his father's murderer, the boy returns, in the form of Gene Kelly, and the hunt for the killer is on in earnest. With the assistance of Police Lieutenant J. Carrol Naish, Kelly learns a lot more about the New York branch of the Black Hand. Their investigations set off a new avalanche of death and destruction, but Kelly continues his manhunt until his promise is fulfilled.

MGM handed Kelly a new and different role in what is one of the year's best thrillers, and it goes without saying, Kelly does them right proud.

Champagne For Caesar
United Artists
COULD be a lot of folks will get the idea that this is a historical drama, or some such nonsense, so best you should know the truth: Caesar is more hysterical than historical. He's a drink-guzzling parrot owned by scholar Ronald Colman, but the story doesn't center around Caesar nearly as much as it does Colman. It all starts when Mr. C. tries to get hired as a pathology research worker for the swank soap-producing company owned by Vincent Price, and Price has the gall to fire genius Colman before he hires him! Out for revenge, Colman becomes a contestant on the quiz program sponsored by Price, and not only wins that week's jackpot, but the next week's, the week after that, etc., until he is shooting for $40,000,000! Every cent Price has! Price goes positively nutz in an all-out effort to outwit mastermind Colman. He hires Celeste Holm to befuddle Colman's mind, and the girl certainly tries, but... It's a dilly of a comedy that bubbles along with delightful hysteria.

Our Very Own
RKO
A TOUCHING story about a girl, Ann Blyth, who, on her 18th birthday, learns she is adopted. The fact slips out. (Please turn to page 72)

In "Outside The Wall," Richard Basehart tries to mend his ways, is tempted by Signe Hasso.
The Comedy Toast of the Year!

Colman's a one-man riot as the smartest man in the world. Celeste is a one-woman riot squad who really smartens him up! It's the bubbliest, frothiest, tickliest movie you ever celebrated!

Harry M. Popkin presents

Ronald Colman
in
"Champagne for Caesar"

Co-starring Celeste Holm

With Vincent Price

Art Linkletter and

Barbara Britton

Produced by George Moskow - Richard B. Whorf
Story and Screen Play by Hans Jacoby and Fred Brady
Music Written and Directed by Dimitri Tiomkin
A Harry M. Popkin Production
Released thru United Artists
In coping with underarm perspiration problem, MGM star Elizabeth Taylor believes in taking time and patience for the best results.

Once, the deodorant was a homely little package to be hidden away in a drawer or concealed in a bathroom cabinet. Once, too, the very human subject of perspiration was spoken of in a low voice, as not quite proper for a forthright discussion.

Happily, all this belongs in the dear, dead days but still within recall. Happily, I say, because next to the bath and the toothbrush, surely no phase of personal grooming means more to our "social security" than confidence that this troublesome little area of the armpit is under perfect control. Sometimes this control is a very simple matter. For others, it is truly a problem, for the simple reason that the human body varies in minor respects.

However, realize that perspiring at about the rate of one pint a day is normal to every adult human being. It is the body's means of regulating temperature and it is a process of elimination. You perspire all over, from your scalp to your toes—and all the time! Then why all this concern for just a few square inches of underarm, you may ask. It happens that the most active sweat glands of the body are in this area. There is a deep, inward curve under the arms. There is no flat, exposed surface as on the back of your hands or your forearms. Furthermore, there is a natural growth under the arms that, if not removed, acts as a blotter. All in all, the armpit is a kind of shut-away area, a kind of storeroom, so that is why we are aware of perspiration here as we are not aware of it elsewhere.

To offset this problem, you have help in two forms. One is the preparation that stills any suggestion of odor. The other is the non-perspirant that stills the (Please turn to page 73)
COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents
"SOMN-"COREY-LINDFORS
with
NATALIE
WOOD
•
JOHN
MCLINTIRE
•
ANN
DORAN
•
RICHARD
QUINE
Screen
Play
by
Howard
Koch
•
Based
on
a
Redbook
Magazine
Novel
by
Ruth
Southard
Produced
by
BUDDY
ADLER
•
Directed
by
RUDOLPH
MATE

A story of
the lonesome
cry in many
women's hearts
...Something that
haunts women
from their
wedding
night...
Mary Scott faced it!

THE BRAVE PICTURE
OF THE YEAR

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

No Sad Songs For Me

starring
MARGARET
SULLAVAN • WENDELL COREY • VIVECA LINDFORS

with
NATALIE WOOD • JOHN MCINTIRE • ANN DORAN • RICHARD QUINE

Screen Play by Howard Koch • Based on a Redbook Magazine Novel by Ruth Southard
Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by RUDOLPH MATE
Girls, It's Your Big Moment...

When that Clift man turns on the charm—and the heat—in the seething hot spot of the world!

Montgomery Clift—in a role and picture you've been waiting for! Tender, virile, romantic... as he makes kids smile—and their big sisters blush!

Trading wisecracks with tough, lovable Paul Douglas! Falling in love and finding the adventure of a lifetime—as he flies 'em high, wide and handsome—and looks a fraulein straight in the eye with a way all his own! Together, they win the heart of a city—and the world!
Connie Moore and her husband, Johnny Maschio, at fabulous Bal d'Oiseaux held in Beverly Hills.

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Arturo Rubenstein, Patricia Neal and Mrs. Luli Kollsman, hostess of the gala Ball Of The Birds given at her Happy Hill estate.

Right: Joan Fontaine, British Consul Haddow and Sir Charles Mondi were among guests.

Below: Cobina Wright with Van Der Hoff and Gilbert Adrian. Women wore bird headdresses.

Ann Miller and Peter Panzer. More than 100 attended feathery Bal d'Oiseaux.
THOSE fabulous honeymooners, the Gables, have worked out a neat little trick that will enable them to go on a second wedding tour practically on the heels of the first one. The King gets four months off after he makes a picture. Sooo— with almost no persuasion he got his MGM bosses to let him make two in a row—"To Please A Lady" and "Across The Wide Missouri," which automatically gives Mr. G. an eight months' vacation. He and his Sylvia will go around the world, stopping off in Honolulu to buy a house on account; they're crazy about the Islands. Meanwhile, the Gables and the David Nivens are a constant and happy foursome around Hollywood.

And that other pair of romantic headliners, Cary Grant and Betsy Drake, are so busy working that they're sinking their honeymoon money into re-doing Cary's bachelor establishment and on their day off, Sundays that is, they tour Southern California prowling for suitable antiques, keeping a wary eye on the budget at the same time.

Robin Hope, who spends nothing but money, is another budget-minded character. That accident he had on the way back from Palm Springs lost him a pretty penny via a cancelled p.a. tour around the country. He's a lucky guy, though—he's still alive but not kicking too much.

The beauteous Arlene Dahl had all her chums agog over her activities, which she was keeping secret all the same like Mata Hari, for weeks. Now it comes out. Nope, not a romance. Seems she whipped up a little invention and was waiting until she got it patented before she sprang the news. The invention is a modern version of the nightcap grandma used to wear and it's to pretty up the gals who are hard-headed enough to wear hair curlers to bed. It's called, or have you guessed, the "Dahl Cap." Line forms on the right, gals.

That big cloud of dust that was rising over the hills behind U-I's backlot was stirred up by four guys, Jimmy Stewart, Steve McNally and Dan Duryea, all of whom were taking lessons from their riding master, Jimmy Phillips, for their new picture, "Winchester 73." Seems none of the boys really knew how to stay on a horse. Seeing them come in from their exercise, dirty and in old beat up clothes, you'd think they'd come straight out of the old West instead of nice, comfortable Hollywood haciendas, where they could eat off the mantelpiece.

The citizens of this here community were really buzzing after Bing's 16-year-old son Gary made his first solo appearance...
Talking About!

James Mason and Marta Toren rest during location shooting on their film, "The Deep End."

The stars like to hear the gossip about their town as much as you do

Nita Beiber is MGM's new dancing star. She's now in "Nancy Goes To Rio."

on his pop's radio show. What a performer the guy is—as easy and relaxed as his old man and he has a pretty swell singing voice for a young sprout. If all the favorable comment is any indication, the feller is off to a good, fast start on a career that could very well match Bing's. Where, though, is Gary gonna find another Hope?  

It may—or may not—amaze you to know that when Columbia finally signed Judy Holliday for the role she created on Broadway in "Born Yesterday," they'd conducted a marathon second only to the tests David Selznick made for Scarlett in "Gone With The Wind." Judy was the 38th actress to be tested—and just think how much time they could have saved if they'd done what they shouldda and signed her in the first place. One gal who was awfully unhappy, Jan Sterling, has a new contract at Paramount as consolation for losing out. Quite a consolation, too—her first picture is "United States Mail" with Alan Ladd as her vis-a-vis.

What could be the longest layoff in motion picture history is about to end.

Jack Buie, who has made exactly one (Please turn to page 58)

Jane Wyman and her escort, Charles Sweeney of London, watch the goings-on in the Wedgwood Room of The Waldorf-Astoria during a supper party. Jane's latest is "The Glass Menagerie."

By Lynn Bowers
Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift in happy moment in "A Place In The Sun."

Elizabeth, like Monty, refused a double for the swimming scenes taken at icy Lake Tahoe.

"Anything he has to do for a picture, he will do well, that's how he is," says Liz.

I WAS very anxious to meet Montgomery Clift. I was scared too because I'd seen his pictures, "Red River" and "The Search," realized he was a fine artist, and worried for fear he'd be a rather aloof intellectual. When I tell you that my moniker for him is Montgomery Schwartzkopf and that he calls me Liza, Bessie Mae or Tondeleyo, you will gather that he's a completely friendly and relaxed person, that he has a good sense of humor and that, wrapped up as he is in acting, away from the cameras, he's a regular guy.

We were to leave for Lake Tahoe to start shooting "A Place In The Sun" on a Monday and Monty flew in to Hollywood on Saturday. We met in Director George Stevens' office, and whether or not he was aware of my "stage fright," Monty immediately put me at my ease. I liked him for that and for his strong

The Monty Clift

To act with him is a challenge, but away from the camera he's a regular guy

By Elizabeth Taylor

One of Liz's proudest evenings was when Monty took her to "The Heiress" premiere.
“Long after a scene is ended, he still holds the mood. He can’t snap out of it quickly.”

face which is so much like my brother Howard’s. Monty is darker but the features and the strong jaw line bear a marked resemblance. His eyes are fascinating. You can see the wink of humor in them, and the thoughtfulness.

Two days later we left for Lake Tahoe, which at that time of the year is the closest thing to Alaska you can imagine. Brrrr! There is one scene where we come galloping out of the woods on horseback, then I yank off my dungarees and shirt (I have a bathing suit on underneath), and go dashing into the water. The morning that was to be shot, I woke up, looked out of the window and saw a world mantled in snow, four or five inches of it—so I closed my eyes and went back to sleep. An hour later the assistant director was pounding on my door, yelling “Hurry!” They were all waiting for me.

“But it’s been snowing,” I said.

“How naive can you get? They had washed the snow off the edge of the lake with hoses, put out smudge pots, and the lake was all ready for our Summer scene even if I was not. I wasn’t in a gay mood but Monty was, for it was to be a carefree, happy scene; and laughing and joking with (Please turn to page 62)

“I Know

“He works intensely, he lives intensely, hasn’t time for a great many of the frivolous sort of things most young people do. His joy and interest is in everything that goes into the making of a picture.”
Want To Know Judy Better?

During the past two or three years a great deal has been written and spoken about Judy Garland. Because Hollywood is the greatest "Betcha" town in the world ("I'll bet that such and such is the case," and nine times out of ten the speaker loses the bet) most of the rumors and stories about Judy have been incorrect.

How can her fans get the real story? How can they know what the real Judy is like and what is happening to her?

Probably the best way would be to imagine oneself in the position of being Judy's best friend.

If you were Judy's best friend (and this story has come from the lips of one who is), you would consider Judy a genius. Authentically. One of the causes of her occasional periods of total exhaustion and despondency is her all-out devotion to her work, her pouring forth a flood of vitality and dynamism and twenty-four carat talent.

When Judy is interested in a thing, she is one million percent interested. She burns every ounce of energy in her system in the process of being interested. When she sings, she sings from the depths of the Garland spiritual powerhouse; when she dances, she dances with every beating corpuscle from her head to her heels; when she enacts a dramatic sequence, she puts her soul into it, and when she is called upon for a comedy sequence, her timing, the deftness of her vocal intonations, the subtlety of her expressions are miracles of controlled force.

A comparative stranger to Hollywood who happened to see Judy at a nightclub one night (where she was consuming nothing but ginger ale) observed, "Judy is certainly boisterous. She jumped up, shouted hello, and threw her arms around some strange man who came into the club."

Of course she did. The "strange man" was no stranger to Judy. He was the man who has written many of her songs and who understands her voice completely. He has done a great thing for Judy's career by giving her songs that have helped to make her famous, and she is appropriately grateful. Besides that, Judy is a powerhouse person; when she is glad to see a person, she is supremely glad. In show business these people are called (Please turn to page 70)

Friends think she has stuck too close to Hollywood in her complete absorption with her work. She's with Gloria De Haven, Gene Kelly in MGM's "Summer Stock."
Rural mysteries baffle Judy and Gene in picture. She tends to drive herself to point of exhaustion.

To understand what's really happened to Judy Garland, you must understand what her career has demanded of her

By Fredda Dudley Balling
OF ALL the shattering moments in a person's life, nothing seems to have quite the impact that a broken romance does. The sun suddenly stops shining so brightly, the world looks black, and there is no hope.

But, hold on, you torch-carriers—what you feel won't last.

The stars in this town have learned that. They've had their moments of losing what they thought was a great love. And they have managed to survive those moments and find real happiness.

What's more—they learned plenty from their disillusioning romantic interludes. Maybe what they learned will be of help to you.

*Kirk Douglas* is a pretty romantic guy these days. You can't imagine any girl not thinking he was the answer to just about anything. But when he was at St. Lawrence University he fell hook, line and sinker for a very pretty co-ed.

"I thought for a while I was making progress," Kirk told me when he was making "Young Man With A Horn." "She let me escort her to classes and she even let me take her to a basketball game. I was a freshman then and was earning my way through college by working as a gardener on the campus. One day, as I was edging the lawn in front of the science building, this girl walked by with a senior—male, naturally. She passed me without speaking and then she laughed. I really sank inside. Maybe she wasn't laughing at me—I don't know, but I thought so. At any rate, my pride was hurt and that was the end of my little romance. Perhaps I shouldn't
Once Loretta Young was insincere about a beau. “I never saw him or the ring again,” Loretta confesses.

“Love has to be unselfish. If it isn’t it’s better to break it up,” remarks Farley Granger.

These stars learned the road to real love and happiness is often strewn with shattered romances.

“Keeping your pride may be hard, but it’s important,” says Jeanette MacDonald of love.

I have assumed she was having fun at my expense. But I couldn’t forget that she hadn’t even spoken to me. I think I learned something — about my feelings for her.
Let's Dance, Ginger!

ALTHOUGH Ginger Rogers rose to film fame as a dancer, it wasn't until she switched to dramatic roles that she won an Academy Award. With a coveted Oscar in her possession, Ginger, quite understandably, refused to return to musicals although dancing is as much a part of her as dramatic acting. However, a year or so ago when Fred Astaire, with whom she made dancing history, offered her the co-starring role in "The Barkleys Of Broadway," she couldn't resist. But when the musical was finished, Ginger went right back into serious roles, which she believes are her forte. Her latest one is "Storm Warning."

Fifteen years ago, Ginger Rogers was a dancing sensation. Today, she's one of the screen's most talented dramatic actresses.
EVERYONE has been slapped down verbally going through life. Perhaps brutally, perhaps gently, yet effectively. Whatever the form, slaps never are pleasant. I do not enjoy being hurt, yet I feel deep gratitude for the slap-downs I’ve had. I’ve learned from every one of them and I think anyone else can, too—I’m not exceptional in intestinal fortitude—if the so-called slap is not allowed to break one’s spirit.

I was only nine when literally I started earning my bread and butter. I had been a student at St. Agnes’ convent school in Kansas City but a short time when my mother and step-father separated. My mother explained that if I wanted to stay on at the school I’d have to work my way. I didn’t mind. I wasn’t afraid of work and I was not worried about my education suffering; I didn’t then yearn for learning as I did later in life. So I started waiting on tables, helping with dishwashing and bedmaking.

Suddenly, the attitude of my fellow-students changed. They had liked me before I became a working pupil, but later made me feel like a social outcast. When the hurt of this snobbishness simmered through my very young mind I felt as if I had suffered a thousand slaps.

What did I learn from this experience which could, I admit, have made me quite cynical of people and friendship? I learned, first, that I prefer to work, whatever anyone thinks; second, it made me very con-
By Joan Crawford

scious of true friendship and grateful when I encountered it.

My childhood was largely spent in near-poverty, my education actually didn't go beyond sixth grade for after that I spent more time working than studying. I worked in bargain basements and chorus lines, so I think it was quite understandable that when I came to Hollywood I had bad taste in clothes and furniture. I had never learned.

Until my first option was picked up and my salary raised from $75 to $100 a week by MGM I lived in a small hotel, but with my new security I rented a little bungalow. It quickly became a nightmare of fringe, bows, ruffles and artificial flowers. In the living room there was a wall drapery of dark blue velvet on which a dancing girl was outlined in rhinestones. I thought it was gorgeous and extremely chic until my good friend, the late Paul Bern, visited one day. He was the soul of kindness, but he was unable to control a lifted eyebrow and slight smile when he saw the dancing girl.

"What's wrong with wanting beautiful things?" I challenged.

"Nothing, and because you want them you shall have them," he said quietly. His comment was as gentle as a slap can be, but it made me think. I don't claim I recovered immediately from my buttons-and-bows period, but it started me in the right direction and eventually I learned the importance of simplicity.

Back in those early days in Hollywood, like many another young player, I was given roles so small they were virtually nothing more than extra work. One day I complained to an assistant producer and asked what I might do to further my career. (Please turn to page 64)

Dick Egan and Joan in "The Victim." She has been able to learn from and profit by the slaps she has had in her adventurous life.

Steve Cochran and Joan in "The Victim." A visit from Kirk Douglas. "My childhood was largely spent in near-poverty," says Joan, who started earning her living at age of nine.

"I worked in bargain basements and chorus lines," declares Joan.
“I truly believe absence CAN make the heart grow fonder”

By Anne Baxter

ONCE, when I was an impressionable teenster, I overheard a silver-haired woman telling my mother, “Never let yourself be separated from your husband for more than a few days at a time. If possible, never be away from him for a single night. Separation is dangerous. The old saw, ‘Absence makes the heart grow fonder,’ needs a final phrase: ‘for someone else.’” This amended cliche would be rather terrifying to the average motion picture couple if it were taken seriously because it is nearly always necessary for one or the other—if both are in the picture business—to work on location many times.

During our first two years of marriage, John and I were lucky. We were not separated at any time, and we were able to take a delightful Caribbean trip together. However, 1949 seemed to be a year determined to set some sort of itinerant record for the Hodiak family. I started it by going on a hospital entertainment tour for six weeks.

I had scarcely unpacked before I had to repack to go to Kanab, Utah, with the company filming “Yellow Sky.” This location jaunt lasted eight weeks.

In the Spring, John was sent to Gallup, New Mexico, for eight weeks with the “Ambush” company. We were to celebrate our third wedding anniversary on July 7; John managed to fly home for the July 4th holiday, then I returned to Gallup, New Mexico, with him so that we could be together for our anniversary.

Shortly after this I was sent to Chicago to do public appearances, then I was dispatched to Durango, Colorado, for location sequences for “A Ticket To Tomahawk.” While I was in Durango, John left for five weeks of location work for “The Miniver Story.” John was in England when “You’re My Everything” was premiered, so that might have been a dreary event if it hadn’t been for Betty Carey. Betty was on the verge of motherhood, so she loaned Macdonald to me as an escort. John was as grateful for this gallant gesture (Please turn to page 67)
There isn't a more beautiful girl in Hollywood than Rhonda Fleming. She has enhanced "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" for Bing Crosby and done likewise for Bob Hope in the recently released "The Great Lover." Currently she's lending her beauty and talents to "The Eagle And The Hawk," which also boasts of Dennis O'Keefe and John Payne. Rhonda is red-headed, green-eyed and five feet eight. She is unmarried, but the proposals keep coming in every day.

Rhonda Fleming and Frank Faylen make much of a young puppy between scenes of "The Eagle And The Hawk," Technicolor film.

Bing Crosby and Rhonda in "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court."

With Bob Hope in "The Great Lover," her best role by far.
Mario Is My

THE first time I ever saw Mario Lanza he rendered me completely speechless. I might add that, in my case, this is somewhat unusual condition. But Lanza accomplished it simply by opening his mouth and singing.

It was in August, 1945, that he came into a room in New York's Carnegie Hall and I saw him for the first time. I was then coaching with a woman named Polly Robertson, who was helping me to sing better—purely for my own amusement. Lanza was coaching with her, too, for a more serious purpose: he was appearing regularly on the air and had bookings for concerts.

He came early to his lesson one day, and walked in on mine. I saw before me a huge, brown-haired boy of twenty-three, with a barrel chest and big Italian eyes. He smiled, and I liked him at sight.

Miss Robertson suggested that I might enjoy hearing him sing. In her small studio, he ripped off "Mattinata," which you are now hearing in English as "You're Breaking My Heart."

The effect was overwhelming. The size and power of his voice in that small space completely astounded me. It was one of the greatest voices I had ever heard.

I was then a real estate man, as I am again in Beverly Hills now. Music had always been a passion of mine, and I had heard most of the finest singers of current years. I knew, therefore, that Lanza had a future.

Embracing the lovely Rita Moreno in his latest film. She's a beauty from Puerto Rico.
"I don't feel that I have done anything for Mario, though he insists I have"

By Sam Weiler

Godson

I went home that day and raved about him to my wife, and continued to do so for weeks. I followed his radio performances. And, because I was curious about him personally, I checked into his background. I found that he was the son of very poor but excellent Italian people, that his father was a semi-invalid, a veteran of World War I. I also found that Lanza's voice was largely as Nature had given it to him, that he had had practically no training.

Occasionally, I met him again at Carnegie Hall. And, about three months after our first meeting, he suggested that we have coffee together, and talk.

We had fourteen cups of coffee apiece before we had finished saying what we wanted to say.

I learned then that Mario was a pretty frightened boy. He wasn't secure about his ability to sing, to begin with, for he knew and was conscious of his lack of training. He had been led like a lamb to the slaughter by his manager, had been booked for concerts and radio appearances in a manner which was almost unbelievable, considering his age and experience. And the result was that he had to stand a lot of abuse from conductors, simply because of the things he didn't know, which he should have known easily.

The amazing part of all this was that he not only realized it but that his instincts towards what he should be doing and how he should be singing were entirely correct. He was no genius, but he was fastidiously perfect as far as music was concerned. (Please turn to page 63)
That Joan Caulfield wears scant attire to advantage was first noticed by the public at New Haven opening of “Beat the Band.” Some Yale men, unaware they were talking to her...
Face Joan!

sisters, expressed their approval of "the girl in the lingerie" almost too vividly. Joan's family had misgivings. Her roles were more demure thereafter, but she emerges as real siren in "The Petty Girl."

In Petty Girl pose with inevitable telephone. She won role over many competitors.

Joan was first Corliss Archer in stage version of F. Hugh Herbert's "Kiss And Tell."

She's completely changed by artist Cummings in Columbia picture.

born in Orange, New Jersey, has a sister, Betty, who is actress, too.
MOVIE audiences will soon see a Warner Brothers' picture called "Caged." This is a story of the inmates of a state prison for women, and those who have seen advance showings of the film tell me that it is an honest depiction of certain segments of the lives of women "doing time."

When the picture went into production and word was circulated that sixty women were working together in the cramped space of a prison set, that they were not allowed to wear any makeup, that their hairdressing was nil, and that these conditions were going to prevail for ten weeks, there was a good deal of masculine wagering about how long it would be before the scratching and biting began.

The cast included Agnes Moorehead, Ellen Corby (nominated for an Academy Award for her work in "I Remember Mama"), Hope Emerson from the New York stage, Lee Patrick, Jane Darwell, Gertrude Michael, and a kid who knew when she found herself in talented company, meaning me.

This announcement may come as a bombshell, but the stark truth is that there was not one unpleasant moment during the entire shooting schedule. There was no strain, no irritation, no boredom. We sixty women worked as a team and enjoyed it. Between "takes" we would gather around the piano while Hope Emerson played. We had quite a respectable glee (Please turn to page 68)
And," readily adds Eleanor, glad of her feminine gender, "I like what I've learned"

By Eleanor Parker

"I've always enjoyed men's company, but am loyal to my own sex."

"I believe women are more humane under all conditions than their fellow beings, men."

Eleanor's hair is clipped in "Caged." She admits to being apologetic for some women.

In Warner film Eleanor is thrown into contact with hardened inmates, finally becomes callous herself.
“Laughter is a precious key to your good relations with men... laugh with each other, even at each other.”

“Indifference is said to be a woman’s weapon. To me it seems juvenile,” says Audrey.

By Audrey Totter

“I believe every man wants to be boss and every woman likes to be bossed,” claims Audrey

How To Get Along With Men

Audrey and Richard Basehart are mismated husband and wife in “Tension.”
WHAT'S your problem?

If you like him, and want him to like you, you'll naturally try to be the sort of person he favors. That's not "putting on an act:" you are sincere in your desire to please.

An actor, returned from making pictures abroad, remarked that he envied foreign men. They said to their women:

Barry Sullivan and Audrey in MGM's "Tension." Barry uses romance to trap her.

"Sit down now, and stay there till I get back!" and the women meekly sat down, though the men never mentioned where they were going nor when they intended to return.

I can understand how that might appeal to a man. Although woman has won her rights, and I'm happy to have the privilege of voting and working in a man's world, I believe every man wants to be boss and every woman likes to be bossed. At least, she prefers to let her man think he's head of the house. There's nothing more unattractive than a woman who exerts her authority, gives orders rather than makes requests, and stands too staunchly on her own feet.

On the other hand, no one respects a woman who permits herself to be stepped on. There are pretty ways of giving the impression that your man's will is your law. There was an Englishman who liked to order his household, even down to the dinner menu.

"My dear, we will have roast beef tonight," he'd decree at the breakfast table. His wife would smile, submissively, although she knew the family budget called for fish. When fish duly appeared at dinner, she'd explain that the beef in the market was something she wouldn't dare set before his lordship, and she remembered he always enjoyed halibut, which was fortunately just caught, so she had substituted that. Did he mind? He never minded.

Learn something about his favorite sport, if he's keen on it; ask him to explain the game—he'll love that, if you really follow his explanation and don't ask the same old questions each time. They tell me it's fatal to beat a man at his game. Well, I don't play games; I swim, but anyone can easily outswim me.

On the whole, if you're known to be good, it won't hurt to win a few rounds. Men are seldom poor sports.

Too much independence is a problem to some career women. A girl I knew, definitely interested in a Southern man, used to bounce out of his car the instant he drew up, not waiting for him to come around and open the door. She lit her own cigarette, asked the waiter for more coffee, called for a telephone and behaved as if she were a big executive, no matter where they went. The fact that she was a big executive is beside the point. She knew he was in love with her and was baffled because he didn't propose. Happily, his sister confirmed that the man liked to "take care" of women, and Mary managed to reform in time.

It all depends on the man, of course. Some men, lost in concentration, hate picking up gloves, finding misplaced wraps, rising just as they are comfortably seated, and so on. Take him as you find him . . . but be sure you have him right!

As to jealousy: My advice is to bend backward to give him no cause for it, if you are fond of him. Never talk of other men—that's bad taste, anyway. If he's jealous of your work, avoid mentioning it. You can guide the conversation around to things that interest him, or talk about him.

But remember not to talk about him and his affairs in front of a group. He may like to tell you how he unloaded a stack of old pencils that had been in the back room for six years, but the story sounds fatuous when repeated, and he'll hate you for it.

Money can be a pretty sticky problem, too.

When you marry, have your husband explain his fi- (Please turn to page 60)
THE fond dream of all Hollywood studios is to produce another Garbo, Dietrich or Bergman. A glance at Micheline Pelle and the other fair foreign imports on these pages indicates Hollywood efforts may be rewarded. France seems to be providing the major candidates and right now Micheline's American debut is the most eagerly awaited. Micheline has, to date, won four European acting awards. Corinne Calvet is fairly well established, having raised U.S. temperatures considerably in her first pictures, "Rope Of Sand" and "When Willie Comes Marching Home." Dainty Cécile Aubry is the happy result of extensive Continental search for a leading lady for the historical romance, "The Black Rose," starring Tyrone Power. One and all agree that the American Beauty is a wonderful institution. But it's hard to resist that passing whiff of Paris perfume or wicked black lace petticoat, and who would want to when these three ladies so perfectly symbolize the special spirit of France.

When you see Micheline Pelle only her name will be changed. (Once it was Presle.) She's encouraged to retain Gallic charm.

With Gerard Philipe in French-made film, "Devil In The Flesh." As married woman in love with young boy she did a fine job.

Her first American picture is "Under My Skin," from Ernest Hemingway story, for 20th Century. John Garfield is co-star.
French Imports

Cecile Aubry at the Dorchester Hotel in London morning after she arrived to work on "The Black Rose." She’s still in teens, speaks English well.

Above: Cecile in close embrace of Tyrone Power in "The Black Rose." Understandably, every actress in Hollywood would have liked to be Tyrone's leading lady in this 20th Century-Fox film of high adventure.

Right: Corinne Calvet as worker of the French Underground pleads her cause with Dan Dailey in the comedy "When Willie Comes Marching Home." She’s individual, refuses to conform to glamour girl type.

Below: Cecile was in just one film before "The Black Rose." A ballet dancer's career was what she wanted originally; then she was given part in "Manon," French picture. Ty is one of her favorite actors.

Corinne bears out argument that when a Frenchwoman has allure, she possesses more of it than women of any other nation. She’s here with overcome Dan Dailey.
Gene Tierney, star of "Night And The City," with her husband, Oleg Cassini.

Gloria Swanson's jewel-bearing dove hovers over Gloria and Rod Cameron.

Mask of Irene Dunne, with Rosalind Russell, was done by Oleg Cassini.

CHARITABLE activities of the St. John's Hospital Guild gave birth to the fabulous Bal Masque, held at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Social Los Angeles and the film colony were represented by beautifully-masked ladies and their escorts. Maureen O'Sullivan (Mrs. John Farrow) was chairwoman of the event, and the judges, including Sir Charles Mendl, voted Loretta Young's headdress the winner. Irene Dunne's mask was second, Lana Turner's chandelier top third.

Crest of jewels, mirrors and a silver gown worn by Lana Turner, with husband Bob Topping.

Elizabeth Taylor engrossed in her current light of love, Nicky Hilton, son of the hotel tycoon.

Sir Charles Mendl views Joan Fontaine's butterfly headdress as she arrives for the Bal Masque.
Hollywood's Bal Masque

As Master of Ceremonies, Reginald Gardiner announces Loretta Young winner. Judges are behind them.

George Burns congratulates Loretta on her Cambodian dancer headdress. Lana Turner has her back to camera.
Lola and curvaceous competitors seem to be evidence of the fact that America dislikes slenderized females. Bob Hutton believes Lola would be better as wife than beauty winner.

While Hillary Brooke, erstwhile Miss U.S.A., looks on, Lola, in “Beauty On Parade,” assumes the title. But inwardly she’s decided that Robert Hutton means more to her than this honor.

Would you believe my gleaming GOLD hair is really DRAST BLONDE?

Make your dreams of romance and exciting dates come true! Learn the secret of glamorous girls who beautify dull, drab hair with Nestle Colorinse. It’s like a miracle to see that rich, natural-looking color give your hair radiant beauty and sheen! And notice—Colorinse’s lemon-rinse action removes soap film...leaves hair soft, shining! Get genuine Colorinse.
IN "Beauty On Parade," Lola Albright enters the race for the title of Miss U.S.A. at the insistence of her mother (Ruth Warrick) who regrets having given up her own chance to become Beauty Queen. The two become obsessed with their project, and this causes rift between Ruth and Lola's father. Meantime, a newsman, Robert Hutton, who has interviewed Lola, is trying to disillusion her about beauty parades. Lola is not dissuaded, though she falls in love with Bob. Bob then goes to work on Lola's father and gets him to assert his authority over Ruth. Finally Lola realizes danger of her mother's ambition and, on the day she wins her title, relinquishes it and marries Bob.

Rarely does Beauty Queen go near water. Luckily, ability to swim is not required.

Would you believe my satiny RICH BROWN hair is really dull and faded?

No need to envy popular girls their lustrous colorful hair. For you can easily glorify dull, faded or graying hair with Nestle Colorinse that rinses in, shampoo's out. It's breathtaking to see that rich, natural-looking color give your hair shining beauty! Note—Colorinse's lemon-rinse action removes soap film. Leaves hair sparkling, silky, easy to manage. Get genuine Colorinse.

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In "Riding High" Bing has his best picture since "Going My Way." It's undoubtedly the most authentic race track picture yet filmed, thanks to Bing's active interest in the sport. As the penniless owner of Broadway Bill, Bing is just as lovable and sympathetic a character as the late Mark Hellinger ever wrote about. Bing has the chance to marry a beautiful girl and get a soft, well-paying job, as well, but his faith in Broadway Bill as a great race horse is of much more concern to him. It practically is his ruination, but his unbelievable belief in the horse finally pays off. Bing has never been smoother. He's learned a lot since "Going My Way." And the charm of the man, you'll notice, has taken on added lustre.
Are you in the know?

How to decide about a Spring suit?
- Buy it and diet
- Pick a pastel shade
- Take a stroll

If you’d stop going steady—
- Start feedin’ and fightin’
- Send him his class ring
- Tell him your sentiments

What’s the newest eye-catcher?
- The nape of her neck
- The dangling earrings
- The licked hemline

You adore the suit! But how about fit? Does the new narrow skirt defy your figure? If in doubt, stroll around the store. Try sitting; then see the mirror. Budget-wise bunnies shun suits too large or small—or delicate shades that “live” at the cleaner’s. (Choose checks; navy; any smart medium tone.) Be perfectly suited, too, as to sanitary protection needs. Decide on the right-for-you Kotex absorbency. How? By trying all 3!

Suddenly, your heart—or noggin—tells you the “one and only” deal is not your dish. Should you “sledge-hammer” the issue? Or just silently break away? Knay! Tell him your sentiments, tactfully. Then no-one’s bitter and your rating’s still tops. Beware of making enemies...and on “those” days be wary of that foe of poise: embarrassment. Kotex defends you, with a special safety center designed for your extra protection!

Get you! Echoing your Mom’s prom get-ups (almost)! You’re daring the new “twenties trend.” But with that shingle—sister, the nape of your neck’s showing. So, when applying makeup base and dazzle-dust, don’t stop at the chin line. Give your nape a break—all around. From time need never hold problem-time “nightmares”; not if you’ve chosen Kotex. That’s because those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!

If you were stepping into this taxi, should you sit—
- Beside the belle
- On the opposite side
- On your squire’s lap

Maybe you’ve heard that a gentleman’s place should always be on the outside. You guess that goes for all occasions. Tain’t so, though, in wheeldom. Stepping into this taxi, you should choose the opposite side, so either squire can sit between you winnian.

And when you step out—to a dance, or wherever—cancel calendar “woes” with Kotex. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives cloud-dream softness that holds its shape. You’re at ease from the first rhumba to the goodnight waltz!

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- A cream
- A powder
- A liquid

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"ORGANDY SHEER"... (above) Be airy, cool and charming in this heavenly "Organdy Sheer". Styled by MARJORIE FAME. In WASHABLE permanent-finish organdy. Baby collar, cap sleeves, self buttons, self sash. Full skirt has Velvray-processed pattern, wide hem of white organdy. Navy, pink, aqua. Sizes 9 to 15, 10 to 16 $7.99

"CORD AND CHAMBRAY"... (bottom left) A trim beauty by TARLETON FROCKS. The bodice is of chambray...the middy collar and skirt are of cord. The scalloped collar is edged with daisies all around. The waist is neatly nipped with two sashes that start at the sides, meet in a bow in front. Grey or beige. Sizes 9 to 15, 10 to 16 $7.99

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Fashion Selection #126 Lovely Susann Shaw, NBC television actress, is shown above in a Wayne Maid sunback dress with matching bolero fashioned from criss-cross plaid broadcloth. The dress, with shirred bodice (elasticized for fit and security), has shoulder straps, full skirt gathered in front, two patch pockets and a tie-in-front belt that is attached in back. Guaranteed washable. Comes in brown with two shades of pink, black with two shades of gray, navy with two shades of blue. Sizes 12-20. Under $4 complete.

Fashion Selection #127 Susann’s skirt-and-blouse ensemble (right) is a Junior House creation. The blouse is made from a fine broadcloth and closes down the front with studs set with diamond-like brilliants. Available in black only. Sizes 9 to 15. Under $4. The primitive print cotton skirt is full and flared and has an attached belt that ties in a bow in front or back. It comes in several exciting color combinations—all on an off-white background. Junior sizes 9 to 15. Costs less than $6. Both launder beautifully.
Fashion Selection #128 Susann (right) wears a Swirl design in pique that you walk into, button once in back, wrap around and tie in front. Deep inverted front pleat and white trim on slit pockets and collar are fashion-right features. Easy to wash and iron. In jade, red, gray, maize, rose and light blue. Sizes 10 to 20. About $9.

Fashion Selection #129 Susann's woven tissue gingham dress (below) is a Tommie Austin Casual that is gathered, dirndl-style, around the waist. Buttons in front to waist with self-buttons, has grosgrain ribbon buckled belt. Washability guaranteed—has permanent finish. Dark green, navy, brown—sizes 10 to 18. Less than $11.

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Thea Lind, Swedish film star, currently gracing the U.S. radio and television scene, is shown at left in "Ming Toy" pajamas by Tranel, fashioned from fine rayon crepe. Coolie-coat top has black piping at collar, handmade frogs, embroidered dragon motif on patch pocket. Can double as a lounging outfit, too. Comes in melon red, jade green, Chinese gold, Copen blue. Sizes 32 to 40. Less than $4.00.

Thea Lind, at right, is wearing a graceful nighttime fashion by Weisman—a truly flattering nightgown. It is made of lovely crepe fabric and features a wide satin inset at the waist, and leaf-like satin applique across the front of the bodice at the neckline. It is available in three subtle pastels: pale pink, soft maize and light blue. Sizes 32 to 40. Under $6.00.

Thea's cotton batiste gown (bottom, left) is by Colleen. Bodice and skirt ruffle have eyelet embroidery; satin ribbons outline neck, waist, sleeves. White with red eyelet trim, blue or pink with matching eyelet trim and white bodice and ruffle. In sizes 32 to 38. About $6.00.

Thea's shortie gown (bottom, right) is a Luxite design in rayon by Holeproof. Has flowerette lace midriff bordered by satin ribbons tying in back; satin ribbons tying at shoulders form the straps. Camellia pink, larkspur blue, lily green. In sizes 32 to 38. Around $3.50.

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WRITE FOR FREE FASHION CATALOG
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 21

picture (but what a picture!) is about to get another unless Howard Hughes changes his mind. It's been seven years since "The Outlaw" was made with Jack and Jane Russell. The way this movie is cleaning up around the country, Jack'll need no re-introduction to the public — that is unless the long wait has aged him beyond recognition.

Two screen newcomers, Mercedes McCambridge ("All The King's Men") and Richard Todd ("The Hasty Heart"), who electrified moviegoers with their performances were among the hottest contenders for Academy Awards this year. So Warner Bros. just up and put them in a picture together. It's called "Lightning Strikes Twice," an apt title if I ever heard one. And leave us not forget another sizzling actress, Ruth Roman, who's in the same picture. Maybe Mr. Warner should change the "Twice" to "Thrice," huh?

On the ski trails: Evie and Van Johnson returned from Sun Valley, rosy and robust, after their first try on the hickories. Van just got along dandy but Evie sprained her ankle. When Ann Miller was named Princess of Squaw Valley, one of the newer ski resorts, she was expected to take a few pratfalls when she got up to perform. But what the onlookers didn't know was that Evie had been taking lessons secretly so she performed just like — a princess! Kirk Douglas is another of the more courageous and has gone in for this popular sport in a big way.

Kiddie corner: Lisa Minnelli is having a ball, playing the two MGM sound stages where her mom and pop are working. Judy's doing "Summer Stock" and Vincente's directing "Father Of The Bride." That's a real deal — when the little one gets bored one place she just switches to the other. Talk to David Niven about his kids and he explains, amused and amazed, that his two sons, David and James, play cowboy all the time — with a British accent. The boys haven't been here long enough to lose the accent but they shore know the lingo of the West. David Selznick and Jennifer Jones were planning to adopt an infant, male, when last heard from. Bob Walker, as you know, has main custody of the two boys, born when he was married to Jennifer. Hedy Lamarr's bought a large house at Pacific Palisades for herself and her three children and was busy playing nursemaid to them when the nurse she had just up and left her without notice. The Howard Keels named their new daughter Kajya Liane — they must have had a reason. Mrs. K. has trouble recognizing her tall, good-looking husband these days because he got a haircut for the first time since they've been married — four years — after finishing "Annie Get Your Gun" with Betty Hutton. Howard's roles in "Oklahoma," "Carousel," and "Annie" have all called for practically shoulder-length hairstyles.

Evelyn Keyes is a poor kid. After spending two days in a gym, being tossed around by two trainers, she went home, climbed up on a chair to hang a picture, fell off and cracked her back. The party Miss Keyes always has had a mad passion for changing the paintings around but maybe she'll just leave 'em lay from now on.

Betty Grable and Harry James consoled each other on the 20th lot during the Santa Anita racing season, which they both missed on account of Harry's doing a part in the June Haver-Bill Lundigan picture, "I'll Get By," while Betty's busy with "My Blue Heaven." The only transportation they've had around their new ranch has been on horseback — the (par- don the expression) rains washed out their roads, Betty's an expectant mother in the picture and she's been knitting like mad throughout — whipped up sweaters for her two daughters.

All the guys and gals at U-I had fun kidding young, good-looking Tony Curtis the day he was tooling around the lot on a bicycle, all done up in dinner clothes and Homburg hat. Seems Tony got a little lonesome for the days when he was making no dough and the studio lent him a bike to get from home to work without putting out carfare. The lad managed to look quite jaunty, wheeling around in the fancy clothes — a neat trick.

Another strange sight, same place, same day — 18-year-old Piper Laurie, a real beauty, sedately walking around in cap and gown. All her chums wanted to know what picture she was in so she explained that she'd been the lone graduate at the studio high school and wasn't going to be gyped out of the traditional costume. Next day she had four impacted wisdom teeth yanked and, soon after, started work in "Louisa," her first picture. She's a local chick, discovered in a little theatre.

It must be love — John and Patti Derek got up at the crack of dawn on a Sunday, took their pooch, Annie, to a San Bernardino dog show, stayed all day and got home about midnight. Annie didn't cop any ribbons this time, but her proud owners can hope, can't they?

Part of the younger set have given up square dancing to learn the Charleston — Roddy McDowall and Amanda Blake, Jane Powell and Geary Steffen, Marshall and Barbara Thompson, Ann Blyth and Lon McCallister. Reckon the square dance just wasn't strenuous enough for them. Ah, youth!

Columbia dress designer Jean Louis came back from six weeks in Paris with his own notions about designing still intact. What he did bring back, however, was the latest Paris rage — a crew haircut. He says the GI's have finally won Parisian.
males over to the style. Louis also came back with a new style from London—suspenders with a pattern of nude ladies running barefoot through the elastic. Needless to say, he doesn't wear a coat. M. Louis has a bit of cheer for the gals—he says there will be no special length for hemlines this year—so help yourselves, girls—anything goes.

**20th isn't kiddin' when they call that new Ty Power-Susie Hayward picture "Rawhide." Lone Pine, where they're shooting, has weather strictly in the zero brackets and Ty comes home weekends to thaw out and see Linda, while Susie and Jess Barker brave the wintry blasts over Sunday.**

Bob Mitchum was strictly a homebody on Sundays while making "White Rose For Julie" at RKO. In his favorite wardrobe, jeans, he played catch with the boys while his wife, Dorothy, whipped up breakfast for all the drop-in trade in the combination kitchen-dining room of their new house. The Mitchum living room is still completely unfurnished and the dining room has a table but no chairs. Dorothy's taking it easy on the furniture, having most of it made, which is why the delay. Meanwhile, the family's quite happy practically living in the kitchen.

The minute "Father Of The Bride" was finished Liz Taylor and her mother dashed off to New York to do some trousseau shopping. Liz has set May 6th as the date for her marriage to Nicky Hilton. Speaking of Liz reminds us—everybody positively gasps when they see Liz and Joan Bennett, who plays her mom in this picture, together in the commissary. They look enough alike to be—sisters. Liz and Don Taylor (no relation, except that they get married in the movie) caused a near riot when they appeared at the marriage license bureau together—a publicity stunt merely.

Petey Lawford's nose was slightly out of joint when he walked into the MGM commissary and saw Spencer Tracy lunching with his gal friend, Sharman Douglas. That is, until he learned they'd met each other in London. About now Petey is due in London—some say because the charmin' Sharman is there too.

This is a somewhat special way to crash the movies, but one of our boys made it. The very good-looking Roc Hudson, one of U-I's young hopefuls, used to be a mailman on the special delivery circuit. So he ups and picks out an agent, writes him a letter, delivers it in person, and waits for the verdict. The agent was sold on this unique approach and Roc's good looks, and from here it looks as if he's in solid like a rook.

June Haver's been totin' big rolls of wallpaper around 20th and looking real preoccupied. Seems a builder friend of hers has asked her to decorate a whole flock of his apartments and she's taking it up as a part time career and hobby combined. She's decided what medium price apartments need are more conveniences, so

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she's asking her builder friend to put in bookshelves, full-length mirrors, and other niceties. Makes sense, too.

Looks like heavy going ahead for Gail Russell and Guy Madison, who separated and reconciled. Took these kids four years to make up their minds to get married, so maybe they'll make a go of it, but their friends aren't a bit sure.

Shirley Temple's being very cagey about her romance with the weddy social Guy Harrison. They're always accompanied by several couples when they're out. And they don't visit the gayer spots.

Surprise brushwones: Deanna Durbin, looking slimmer than she has for years, out with her first ex, Vaughn Paul. Deanna planned a European trip just for the fun of it. Another surprise was when Ida Lupino and Collier Young, recently separated, appeared at a big party together.

RKO's two Janes—Greer and Russell back on the lot after a long absence—Jane Greer looking even more beautiful than ever after the birth of her second son; Jane Russell back from a tour around the country with "The Outlaw" and in good voice from breaking in her vocal chords.

Janet Leigh had the time of her life when the hometown folks in Stockton, California, honored her with a "Janet Leigh Day," complete with parade, banquet, and all the trimmings.

How To Get Along With Men

Continued from page 48

nances to you, then live within his income. If he can pay for a tiny apartment, live there, as pleasantly as you know how, and let him foot the bills. If you have a career, your money can pay for a maid, since you won't be able to give that servant the choicest kind of training. If you yourself; it will also buy necessary clothes for your job, business expenses, little luxuries, and maybe even vacations. But let him feel that he decides where the money goes.

If you're not married, find out what your escort can afford and let him see that you don't demand expensive entertainment. There are lots of things that don't take money—visiting friends, hiking, swimming. When you do go dancing or dining, it's an event and you enjoy it ten times more than if you did it every other night.

Dutch treat on a date usually embarrasses a man. But if at the theatre it's a tradition each girl pays her own way; otherwise, on the road, an actor would soon be bankrupt. Here on the lot, if you choose to sit at a table with an actor, you each pick up your own check. College students must work out something like that, if they're to see much of each other and are living on a chance. If you don't throw cold water on your escort's efforts to please you. If he loves to "surprise" you with unusual foods, quaint cafes, shows he likes, be appreciative, no matter whether you really loathe the particular delicacy, are tired of the cafe, and have seen the show four times. Let him think it's the red-letter day of your life.

Know your man. Some enjoy being fussed over; some hate it. If you have a mother complex, restrain it until you're certain to which division he belongs. "How do you feel? Do you want an aspiration? Haven't you better rest awhile?" can be very annoying to the man who loathes fuss.

I doubt if any man likes a possessive woman. Unless she has her ring and the date is set, a girl is taking a chance if she hangs on her man in public. He resents being trailed after, exhibited as if he were a scalp, kissed and caressed before others. I know a girl who just lost her man in this fashion.

Don't imagine you can reform him. If you are attracted, learn to know the gentleman and consider whether or not you can take his faults. Nobody's perfect, including yourself.

There's the man who tells long, dull stories. I don't believe in hurting anyone, so I sit and listen and laugh where indicated; but I know I'd have to love him a lot to take that every night of my life. The first eight times she hears it, a girl may not mind the story because the man has everything to say; but she likes to watch him, but after that—

There are men and men . . . I know one who always says to his wife: "I know you're tired of this one, dear, but may I tell it once more?" She's pleased to be brought into it, needn't laugh so hard, isn't so hard, isn't so extravagant.

Laughter is a precious key to your good relations with men. Laugh with each other, even at each other (though this takes doing!) and you're friends. Let me tell you there's nothing a man likes better than to tell a monkey a joke, or makes what he thinks is a new joke, than to have you go into a Thing over it. You nearly die laughing, he feels important, and he thinks you are wonderful!

But I warn you it's fatal to try to be the life of the party. Be gay the first half of the evening, help get things going, then give the rest a line up to at least ten brilliant laugh-lines each time you go out—and nobody's that funny! Indifference is said to be a woman's weapon. To me it seems juvenile. If you can't interest a man, let him go with some dignity, forget him if you can. If you are both interested, pretending indifference won't help; though at times
not being over-enthusiastic may be wise, especially if the man has been extremely popular with other women.

The girl who diets is said to be man’s pet hate. I don’t diet, so that problem is not mine. I don’t like desserts, so I never order them, and so far this has not excited comment. I like my escort to order for me, if he likes doing it, and praise his choice of food. If a diet made that impossible, I think I could pick out something I could eat without making a mish-mash of it.

Supposing the man was on a diet, I’d see that he got the recommended food if he came to my house for dinner. But if he took me out, I’d consider that he was fully grown and able to manage his own diet without interference. I’d never say: “You can’t eat that!”

Most men believe that they want the little wife who stays home all day, meets them in a nice white apron at night, perhaps carrying a cold drink, and is content to sit and listen all evening to whatever the husband has to say.

Only the other evening, though, I heard a man, who has been married to just such a wife for years and years, sigh: “If she’d only do something—work for the Red Cross, join the PTA, go out and get a new viewpoint—anything! I feel I’m keeping a very lazy woman. Besides, she never has anything to say except that the curtains need washing. Jimmy got into a fight with the new boy on the block, she doesn’t know if the pot roast is quite as good as it should be. I’m sick of it!”

It would pay to be a step ahead of him, in such a case.

I’ve had my say before about the man who calls to ask for a date at the last moment. I believe in dating him (1) if you like him, and (2) if you aren’t busy that night. Turn him down and you may miss a lot of fun.

As to the gentleman who calls up and breaks an important date at the last moment:

At ten minutes to five the other evening, this happened to me. My friend told me he had to work on some special conference. Though disappointed, I tried to be pleasant about it and accepted his explanation. As it turned out, at ten minutes past five, I had another date, a man who frequently calls. I wouldn’t have bothered to try to get a date, so that the first man would hear about it and realize that I wasn’t all broken up because he couldn’t take me out. That would be childish. But we had a delightful evening, talking before the fire, walking in the fog, sometimes just going along in a companionable silence, enjoying ourselves with no need for words.

At the end of the evening, the man said he’d never felt so much at home with anyone. “You must have the secret of relaxation,” he told me.

Maybe we were both in the mood that night, but I can’t help thinking what a splendid test a succession of such evenings would be for any couple who were thinking seriously of marriage. Can you get along, without outside entertainment, without making an effort, night after night, and still feel that both of you are relaxed and happy?

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* IN HOLLYWOOD STARS CHOSE WOODBURY POWDER 6 TO 1
The Monty Clift I Know

Continued from page 23

him. I was gay in two minutes. After I came out of the water, he was supposed to rub me with a towel and did, hard, for I was frozen.

Here is one of the most stimulating actors I've ever worked with and one of the most wonderful people, for he is poised without being aloof, he has a charming wit, and he has thought out the basic problems of life so that you can talk truly of your troubles with complete confidence. The first and most important thing in his life is acting, and to act with him in a serious drama is such a living experience that we would spend lots of time dreaming up the plays we would like to act in together. I hope we do team together again, for he is a challenge and you find yourself completely caught up in the mood that governs him.

I'll always remember the scene where, near the end of the picture, we return to my house and the police are waiting for him. I don't know that, but Monty does; he knows that they have been on his trail since the death of the other girl and that this is the end; he'll never see me again.

"Go on in the house, dear," he says, "I'll join you in a minute." Then he grabs me and kisses me. So far as I'm concerned, I think that I'm just saying good-bye for a minute; but when Monty grabbed me, his whole body was trembling, his hands were shaking and he had a look on his face of such tragic illness that I found myself trembling too. It gives so much to every scene, a bit or a scene of major importance, there's no sloughing off. He works at being a good actor every minute and, as you know, in acting that's the best inspiration another actor or actress can have.

But here is certainly a case where you couldn't know the man from seeing his performance on the screen, for he is not a "personality" but an actor. As the fellow in "A Place In The Sun," he is completely dominated by an inferiority complex. He is a boy working in a factory, lonely, involved with another lonely human being (Shelley Winters), but always dreaming of the ways to get ahead, of the wonderful and unobtainable in life. For him, that is what I symbolize in the picture and even after we meet and fall in love, he is haunted by that sense of inferiority, by backward-looking introspection. Monty is nothing like that. I would not say that he's an extrovert in real life, but he has an excellent balance. He is a serious person, but he is not an introvert; and the crew, the director, everyone works with him values that sense of business he has. We talked out every scene before we acted it. He doesn't merely work out his own characterization, he understands every character in the script. I think nothing would upset him more than to wake up three weeks later and realize that in such and such a scene he should have done this instead of that.

After a day's shooting at Tahoe, we all used to have dinner together at the Lodge. One night he came so contritely, for he and the rest of the crew had pulled a gag that could have been disastrous. I had finished my swimming scene, thank heaven, and he had finished his—a long swim fully dressed, just after the scene where Shelley Winters was drowned; but that day the crew had thought it would be hilarious to have Monty throw me in. He threw me, right into the icy deep; but what he didn't know was that I had awakened that morning with the beginning of a sore throat. All evening they waited for me to develop laryngitis.

But when I lost my voice, it wasn't laryngitis, it was genuine emotion—the last scene, where after the trial, I go to visit Monty in jail. He has been convicted of murder although the girl died accidentally, and despite his conviction and all the sordid stories I had read in the papers, I go to see him just before the electrocution. I have never seen a man conscious that he is about to die, but if I ever did, he would look just like Monty. I looked behind the bars at that cell. He was about to die; I believed it, and as we played the scene, I couldn't keep the tears out of my voice. I didn't have to try, they were there. It is as tender a love scene as you can imagine.

To do a scene like that requires complete submersion into mood. You can see him happening to Monty, and we start rehearsing. An intensity mounts in him. It claims him. And long after the last scene is finished, he still holds the mood. He can't snap out of it quickly. He couldn't.

That's what he's like on the set. When he isn't working, he's completely relaxed, wears very casual clothes, feels that his private life—like everyone else's—is his private business. He works intensely, he lives intensely, he hasn't time for a great many of the frivolous sort of things most young people do. Where most people, after working hard, might seek some different diversion, his joy and his interest is in everything that goes into the making of a picture. He talks with cameramen, set decorators, electricians. I've never seen anyone more interested in knowing every part and facet of production. By getting a grasp of the over-all pattern he can not only understand the other people's jobs but can play his part in cooperation with them. Up at Tahoe, he was always talking with cameraman Bill Mellor. Monty likes to take pictures himself and he was so interested in camera angles, why Bill shot from this angle, that he was straining for. People are glad to explain their techniques to him because he really wants to know. On location, he pitched in with the workingmen one day to clean up some underbrush; and they didn't resent him either, for it's not as if he were an actor; for the time being, he was a workman. He gets on well with people.

I think one of the proudest evenings I've ever had was the night he took me

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When They Loved And Lost

Continued from page 27

and I realize it was one of the best things that ever happened in my career. Because my pride had been so deeply hurt I worked harder than ever in subsequent pictures. My injury became an inspiration, I know now that I wasn’t ready for such a role then.

So, I learned that one cannot allow a slap, a disappointment, to break one’s spirit. There is always something ahead—can be a greater challenge.

"I put directors I’ve worked with... I was awfully glad to see their... I met him in a theatrical agent’s office. He was an older man, of course—around twenty I’d say. But I knew from the moment I saw him that he was for me. We saw each other quite regularly in the office when we both came to check on work, and one day he asked my sister Blossom, if he could call on us some evening. She invited him for dinner—and he grinned at me when he accepted. I was so excited that all day that I couldn’t eat a bite—and my flesh was all goose pimples until the doorbell rang. There he was—more handsome than ever—just as he should be, in a dark suit and holding a beautiful gardenia corsage—for Blossom! It was a terrible blow to find that I had never been the focus of his attention. It taught me not to jump at romantic conclusions. "Keeping your pride when you’re in love may be hard, but it’s important."

Ruth Roman joins in on that—and for a good reason. She had just arrived from New York after leaving her home in Boston. She was excited about the prospects of trying her luck in the theatre. True, she didn’t have much money, she had no friends, and no prospects—but she had courage. And she was young—just under twenty. But the weeks went by and her funds got lower. Finally she had to admit that her chances of a Broadway break were slight. At that very moment she met—well—she’ll call him George, for today he’s married and living in a farm in the Middlewest. He wanted to be an actor too then. They met in an agent’s office and gradually they began to have dates, usually at the Automat. She liked him a lot. When he asked her to marry him, it did make sense: one rent to pay, two living as cheaply as one. Besides, he was handsome. She was just about to say yes, when one night an actor had a knead party. And at the party George had one too many cocktails. Suddenly, for the first time she saw him as he really was—hot tempered, belligerent, and prone to antagonize everyone who disagreed with him. "It was a tough decision to walk out on that lover," the star of "Celt 45" told me, "but I knew it wouldn’t work. I think any love needs to be put through a rather extensive testing ground.

Virginia Mayo, star of "The Flame And The Arrow," had an experience she remembers to this day.

She was very much in love with the football star of the campus, and he felt the same about her. By the time Summer came around they were making plans, but the fellow asked her to wait for him until he could get established in a job. He wanted to be engaged anyway and he asked her to keep it a secret. The idea of wearing his engagement ring on a velvet ribbon around her neck appealed to Virginia’s young and unrequited sense of the romantic. There was only one hitch—he couldn’t afford a ring! So, with a fluttering heart, she began the process of waiting for him. After a few letters his correspondent stopped. It was then that Virginia realized this would not have been the great love of her life. Recently she received a fan letter from him that read: "You probably won’t remember me but once I asked you to wait for me until I was twenty. It’s a good thing you didn’t wait because I’m still trying to find the right one.

Farley Granger has very definite ideas about romance and what a guy and a gal should do to keep it strong.

"A real love is, to me, a matter of give and take," Farley said when he talked to him on the set of "Edge Of Doom." I’ve known girls who expected everything to be done for them. They felt it was their special right to get all the consideration. And perhaps, at times, I’ve been equally selfish. But I don’t think any girl should expect a fellow to do just what she wants, and the same applies to the guys. Love has to be an unselfish thing and if it isn’t, it’s better to break it up. It’s amazing what a broken romance can teach you about yourself—and others."

To which Robert Cummings says, "Heart! Heart!"

"I’d been going with this girl for some time," Bob, starring in "The Petty Girl," said, "even though I knew her mother didn’t think I’d ever amount to much.

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She had high dreams for her daughter and I guess I didn’t measure up to her standards. At any rate, the girl soon was influenced by her mother’s feelings and she began to lord it over me. She was also very possessive. I finally got tired of being made to feel as though I wasn’t good enough. I had my pride. And I was tired of being told what to do and when to do it. So I stepped out of the picture. I don’t think any fellow should bury his pride so much that he becomes entirely dependent on a girl’s whims and demands.

Celeste Holm learned one very important lesson from her broken romance—that it’s an easy matter to be in love with love.

“I had a very serious romantic experience,” Celeste remarked during production of “Champagne For Caesar.” “It ended—disastrously, I thought at the time. But the more I looked back on the whole thing the more I realized that I had been in love with the idea of being in love. And with the ideals associated with it. It taught me to get a firmer grip on my emotions, to know myself better. I don’t think anyone can confuse a desire for love with the real thing.”

Loretta Young learned that no girl should ever try to be mysterious and “smart” about a romance.

“When I was a kid, I had a crush on a boy named Arthur Hauser,” Loretta, starring in “Key To The City,” told me. “One of my girl friends also had a crush on him. The gang were all at our house one evening. I was wearing Arthur’s friendship ring. I decided I might cook up a very dramatic situation by announcing that I wouldn’t be wearing his ring any more. Of course, I thought he’d say, ‘Why not?’ and I’d sigh with utter boredom and explain nothing—just say, ‘Oh, I don’t know.’ Then he’d coax me before the other kids to keep the ring. But when I made my big statement he simply put the ring in his pocket and said, ‘Okay’ and went home. I never saw him or the ring again. It taught me not to be interested in a love. To be honest in my feelings.”

Jane Wyat’s experience was, in a way, somewhat similar because she tried to be something she really wasn’t.

“I was going to school at Miss Fuch’s in New York,” said Jane, who had just wound up work in “House By The River” and “Our Very Own.” “I’d always yearned to go to a speakeasy—this being some years ago—and I couldn’t get anyone to take me. Finally, I managed, after much coaxing and pleading, to get a beau to take me to one of those places. When we got to the club he ordered a daiquiri for me. Of course, there was so little liquor in it that I could hardly taste it, but I immediately became dizzy with the idea of being a sophisticate. Some friends of ours were there and told my mother they had seen me. Mother forbade me to see the boy ever again. It was a terrible blow because I was sincerely in love with him. I still remember that experience vividly. Believe me, if you’re not yourself in love, you’ll never stay in love.”

But when I lost my voice, it wasn’t laryngitis, it was genuine emotion—the last scene, where after the trial, I go to visit Monty in jail. He has been convicted of murder although the girl died accidentally, and despite his conviction and all the sordid stories I had read in the papers, I go to see him just before the electrification. I have never seen a man so serious that he is about to die, but daily “I would look just fine,” I thought I was being broken in...now I’m in a defensive paralysis. The whole left side of my face was completely frozen into a kind of grimace. Weeks went by and the condition didn’t improve. I became a recluse. I wouldn’t go to school and I wouldn’t see anyone outside the family. Then one day when this boy came to deliver my papers, my dog, for some reason, attacked him. I dashed to the rescue, forgetting that this was the one boy in the world I didn’t want to see me. I’ll never forget the look of horror on his face. It broke my heart. But it did something much more important. It made me fight. I grimly determined to conquer the affliction. And, from that day on, I forced myself to exercise the paralyzed facial muscles—at first by manipulating with my fingers hour after hour. Well, I did win my battle—but I might not have found such inner strength if I hadn’t had that lost love.”

“Take a look at your own shattered romance. Maybe somewhere in it you’ll find the reason for its unhappy end. And maybe, from that reason, you’ll learn how next time to know a real love and to hold it.”

I Was Slapped—And Liked It

Continued from page 31
give up studying, but I learned to keep quiet about topics on which I wasn’t well informed.

I had been at MGM several years and had enjoyed some success in such pictures as “Our Dancing Daughters” and “Our Modern Maidens” when the studio announced “A Free Soul” for production. I wanted to play the leading feminine role in that more than any picture in my entire career, I told Louis B. Mayer so.

“Joan, you’re one of our most valuable stars,” he told me, “but you aren’t matured nor experienced enough as a dramatic actress to do this role.”

I managed to get out of his office before I started to weep, but my tears were uncontrollable by the time I reached home. I felt I had been insulted as an actress. Now I realize it was one of the best things that ever happened in my career. Because my pride had been so deeply hurt I worked harder than ever in subsequent pictures. My injury became an inspiration. I know now that I wasn’t ready for such a role then.

So, I learned that one cannot allow a slap, a disappointment, to break one’s spirit. There is always something ahead that can be a greater challenge.

Various directors I’ve worked with have taught me with their slapdowns about getting along in our business—or any business.

After removed and clearer thinking I have realized that those directors were concerned only with my characterizations, my appearance, my acting—not with me as a person. I cannot say I approve of bullying from a boss on any job, but it’s the job the boss cares about, not the person involved. One must check one’s personal feelings at the outside door.

An amusing incident just a few years ago taught me that however much we think we know, it’s wise to consult experts. I was in New York and unexpectedly was asked to report to a photographer for a portrait sitting. I wanted a new hat, didn’t feel I had time to shop and asked my favorite milliner to send several to the hotel for me to make a selection. The milliner suggested tactfully that I come to the shop to try them on, but I insisted.

I selected a hat, wore it for the portraits and later to lunch at the Colony, and there was the milliner. She looked at me, then with horror in her eyes exclaimed, “Madame, you are wearing the chapapeau backwards!”

Another incident, amusing now but terrifying at the time, taught me how absurd it is to take oneself too seriously. It was my first visit to Pickfair, when I was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at a large party given in honor of the ex-judging British nobility. I was wearing a dress with a short train. As I came down the main staircase and reached next to the last step there suddenly was the horrifying sound of rending cloth. I looked around and His Lordship, the honor guest who was just behind me, had stepped on my train; my dress was ripped widely at the waist.

I wanted to sink through the floor but made myself go back upstairs, found a maid who tackled it together and I went through the evening, feeling, however, that everyone was staring at me. It was weeks later that another guest set me straight.

“After all, Joan, no one cared about you that evening! Everybody was interested in the guests of honor!”

The most severe slap I’ve ever had, of course, was when I didn’t have a picture for three years, just before I made “Mildred Pierce.” Part of that time I was under contract—and just sat. Part of it I spent sitting on my own time. I voluntarily went off salary to wait for the right picture. During those discouraging days I learned humility and gratitude, and to pray a little harder.

I’ve often been accused of sounding like a Cinderella Girl; now you may say I’m trying to be a Pollyanna. Nevertheless, I repeat that I’ve been able to learn from and profit by the slaps I’ve had in my life. I’ve been grateful for them, so I suppose I’ll have to admit I liked them.

Mario Is My Godson

Continued from page 37

Thus, he was aware of the handicaps under which he was working.

Well, the upshot of all this was that we continued to talk for several months, and finally Lanza declared that, as I seemed interested in what happened to him and was enough older than he so that I had been through the business mill, we ought to tie up. I agreed, but answered that I would not be in any sense an agent for him or his manager, I would merely be his sponsor and advisor.


The first thing I recommended when Lanza and I had signed a contract was that he do a bit of back-tracking, get some real training under his belt. Therefore, he cancelled all his commitments for radio and concerts, and I put him and his young wife on a regular income and paid all their bills. That done, he was free to concentrate on study, and I found him one of the greatest coaches in the world to work with. Enrico Rosati, the man who had coached Gigli. When Rosati heard Mario’s voice, he was ecstatic. He said he had waited for twenty-five years—since he had first heard Gigli—to hear a voice as tremendous.

For the next fifteen months, Lanza really worked at his lessons. And then he began doing small concerts occasionally. Then bigger ones. Then more of them. This went on for over a year.

One Summer he did two huge concerts, one in Toronto, and one in Grant Park in Chicago, where he sang before 83,000 people. Afterwards, he came to visit me where I was vacationing in the mountains. He had lost twenty-five pounds—from sheer nervousness!
By the time August of 1947 had rolled around, however, he was standing firm. He sang in the Hollywood Bowl and created a sensation, as you may have heard. Out of that came his contract at MGM, and his first starring role, in "That Midnight Kiss."

We are still together, as I said. And Mario calls me his "Godfather." It isn't strictly true of him, I might add, though it is true of his tiny daughter, Colleen. I did stand up for her, and it was one of the happiest responsibilities I've ever assumed.

I don't feel that I have done anything for Mario, though he insists I have. For I believe that it would have been a crime to let such talent commit suicide for lack of training. And that was what he was beginning to do.

He is still very young, as you know. He's only twenty-eight now. And his voice has not fully matured. But I can see—with a godfather's delight, perhaps—the way it is growing and changing, and the way he himself is.

The one adjective you can apply to Lanza is "lush," first and foremost. Half-way measures with him. Usually, he either hates something or he loves it, and the loving part predominates.

I remember that we two found a Chinese restaurant one night in downtown Los Angeles. The food was served family style, which meant that you merely ordered a dinner and they brought you things without telling you what they were bringing.

They brought in the first course, an appetizer. Mario took a bite. And then he literally fell off his chair from sheer happiness.

He is the same with music, naturally. There are certain singers whom he doesn't like, whom he thinks are fakes or people with no talent. His words nearly smoke when he speaks of them. But, for those he does admire, he is entirely devotional on the affirmative side.

Life has not been easy for Mario, or his father and mother. And because of that what is happening to him now is magnificent. One of his first acts when he signed his MGM contract was to start looking for a house for his parents, to bring them to California.

And his reception in his native Philadelphia when they premiered "That Midnight Kiss" was equally heartwarming. The American Legion Convention was in the city that week, too, but—for except for one thing—you probably haven't heard of it.

For there were huge banners across the main streets, banners which read, "Philadelphia Welcomes Mario Lanza!" and so on. The mayor and the other dignitaries were at the station to meet him, and later took him on a tour of his old neighborhood. And there the residents had decorated an entire block with flags and such. It was really tremendous!

The one occurrence which made one recall that the Legionnaires were present, too, took place the day Mario was to sing "The Spangled Banner." After President Truman's address to the convention. For some reason, the President was late and Mario's rendition was cancelled.

The President reached the rostrum and, before beginning his speech, said, "I should like to take this opportunity to state my disappointment at not hearing Mr. Lanza sing. I do hope that I can hear him some time at the White House, and I do want to apologize for my lateness, which made it impossible to hear him now."

Every paper in Philadelphia picked that up naturally. There were the biggest headlines I ever saw, reading, "Truman Apologizes To Lanza!" It put the topper on a wonderful week.

One other result of that visit to Philadelphia was that the RCA people sold 12,000 of Mario's records in three hours! Lanza loved it all, of course. For the reception was such that it gave a great man for sincerity, as I have said.

It is impossible for him to sing in half-way measures, for instance. I have heard him sing in the shower and give his rendition of some aria all the power and performance he would give it on a concert stage. He simply cannot sing without feeling, without heart.

A conductor he once worked with differed with him on how he sang a certain song, said that he overdid it.

"I have to!" Lanza answered. "When I sing, 'The moon is pale and I love your lips,' I want to love her, that I'm not just kidding about it!"

Is he temperamentally? Yes. But it is the sort of temperament which stems from honest beliefs, which will not provide for compromise. He can be and will be difficult when he feels that he is being asked to do something which is not artistically correct, and, as I have said, his instincts on such correctness are usually infallible.

What is in his future? So many things that I'm a little dizzy trying to keep up with them all. It seems now that, to begin with, he will finish his current picture, "Toast Of New Orleans," and then do "The Life Of Caruso." After that, he will go to Italy, where he will work for two months under singing and dramatic coaches and, early in 1951, make his operatic debut at La Scala, Milan. He'll come back to this country and do another picture, and he stretch ahead with a round of films, concerts and operatic appearances.

For one so young, he is going to be a very busy gentleman. And I shall be busy, too, for I'll probably be with him whenever he goes.

The fourteen cups of coffee have turned out to mark one of the important steps of both our lives!
as I was.

When John returned from England we had a heavenly vacation together in San Francisco, and spent several days at the San Ysidro Guest Ranch, a charming place, before John had to leave for New York and ten days of personal appearances in conjunction with the opening of "Battleground."

The outlook for 1930 is not too encouraging although, at this moment, John and I are together. If present commitments work out, John will have to go to Cuba on location, and I will have to go to France.

All of this separation doesn’t worry me, however. John and I believe, truly, that absence CAN make the heart grow fonder... of the person to whom one is married. In a thousand small and large ways, separation can make two human beings dearer to each other, can confirm the faith they have in one another and the devotion they have pledged; it can make each reunion a re-consecration of vows, and a new falling in love.

This sort of thing doesn’t “just happen,” of course. It needs to be worked at and planned. It requires self-study and re-appraisal of one’s partner. It should start with the attitude that separation is both an opportunity and a genuine revelation.

One of the first things I discovered, when John was away from the house, was that I, as a person, was no longer the independent bachelor girl which I had prided myself on being in bygone days. Before John and I were married, I was accustomed to living alone. I thought nothing of bidding an escort goodbye at my door, after a late social function, stopping by the living room to glance through the evening paper, then rambling upstairs with never a backward glance into the darkness, nor even an insecure thought.

With John away, I discovered for the first time that I had grown accustomed to the hearty comfort of a man’s presence, to his voice booming from the shower, his shouted comments about the day’s work.

In the still and lonely darkness of the bedroom where John was not, I began to hear things. There were footsteps across the living room floor downstairs, and positively someone was cutting the window screens.

I had always smiled at wives who said they couldn’t sleep when their husbands were away. I stopped smiling. I yearned for John. Absence had taught my heart a vital lesson.

Nowadays, it is possible for two persons to meet, fall in love, marry, and live together for fifty years without ever exchanging a line of correspondence. I hadn’t given this fact much thought until John went away and began to write me letters. If we hadn’t been separated, I might never have known what sort of a letter John is capable of writing, and that would have been my great loss.

Particularly wonderful were his letters from England. He wrote once a day, always, sometimes twice a day. He had never been in England before; I have never visited the country which fascinates me. John was determined to share his first impressions, his moods and discoveries. Of course he worked long hours at the studio, but he used Sundays to explore the maze-like city of London, and while he was riding to and from the studio each day, he could query cabbies about the things he saw. His verbal description of Windsor Castle made me feel the cold, fog-shrouded stones, and his description of Stokes Poges left me with the conviction that I had attended services there.

In addition to the travelogue aspects of John’s correspondence, he proved to be an able writer of love letters. Such things, of course, are not to be discussed, but if our marriage should ever be jeopardized by some unimaginable circumstance, I believe that a reference to those letters would patch up everything. Absence gave me those letters as a tangible, living demonstration of our devotion.
Every wife dotes on receiving a present, but when husband and wife are together there is an inclination on the part of both to “be sensible” and to select a gift on which both agree. Naturally, this eliminates the lovely element of surprise.

Absence, gift-wise, is filled with anticipation. Just before John sailed, I made telegraphic arrangements with a New York firm to have a surprise delivered to John’s stateroom. The surprise consisted of a huge cake of ice, bordered and concealed by red and white carnations (“our flower”), and hollowed out to hold six small bottles of champagne, a tin of caviar, a box of crackers, a lemon, and a knife. Zachary Scott was seeing John off, so they had a gay time with this unlikely affair and telephoned me every hour on the hour, from six P.M. until the boat sailed at midnight. Then Zack called me afterward to say that the Queen Elizabeth was safely on its way! At the time of this telephonic marathon, I was on location in Durango, Colorado. Every time I heard the frantic ringing, I would drop my thoughts and rush from my motel bedroom to the telephone booth to answer. When you realize that New York time was three hours ahead of Durango time (two hours normally and one added because of daylight-saving), you will know that I made trips to bid my husband goodbye at nine, ten, eleven, and midnight; at one A.M., two A.M., three A.M., and then Zack called at four A.M.

Something of this sort adds a delightful chapter to the family history which is slowly compiled by every couple, and is made possible only by absence.

John surprised me, in turn, by bringing home a series of authentic tartans. The fabric is that for which the British Empire has become justly famous, and the patterns are beautiful. Because of the width of the wool, it would be possible to make a suit out of each, but John had other plans. He thought one, lined with red, would turn into a dramatic cape; he liked another as a topper. Although John has always taken an interest in my clothing, he is now more concerned than ever . . . a something new added by absence.

John brought me an additional gift, a bottle of perfume from France, and about it there is a story. I have always had a romantic’s breathless yearning to see Paris. One of the things John planned to do while he was overseas was to fly to Paris for a weekend.

I knew when he was planning to make the trip, and I gave myself some trouble. I sat at home Saturday night, trying to read but devoting most of my time to feeling sorry for myself. “There is John, in Paris,” I thought. “Probably all the beautiful French girls are recognizing him and he is a great success. Perhaps he will walk down the Champs Elysees tomorrow morning, and he will see the panorama of Paris from the Eiffel Tower.” I cried quite a bit to think what I was missing.

As it turned out, I wasn’t missing anything. At the last minute John had to remain at the studio to work over the weekend. Green Girl, however, needed, however, she made the trip and John asked her to bring back a bottle of perfume. She complied, adding a delightful touch of her own on the card which accompanied the package. She wrote, “This is sort of a Tinkers to Evers to Chance gift arrangement, but I do hope you’ll enjoy it.” Remember that Green Garson is British born and has learned all she knows of American baseball and American slang in a very few short years. John’s association with her in England has, we feel, brought us a delightful new friend . . . another dividend of absence.

Perhaps it all comes down to this: two people who are determined to get the most out of life and out of love can turn every experience into an adjunct of marriage. Even absence, that old bogey-man of an earlier generation, can be tied with a bright ribbon, hung with golden quiver and arrow and turned into Cupid.

I Learned About Women From Women

Continued from page 40

Every woman has an interior club, and we loved every bar of harmony we sounded.

There wasn’t a member of the “Caged” cast who didn’t regret the ending of the picture, which also ended our jam sessions and broke up the nearest thing to life in a sorority house that you can imagine over a marriage.

The fact that sixty women could work together in absolute harmony did not surprise me. Although I have always enjoyed the company of men, I am completely loyal to my own sex.

I am as opposed to the dreadful system of “Men Only” as is its biographer, Philip Wylie, but in general I believe that women are more humane under all conditions than their fellow beings, men. From my own life, I can draw countless illustrations of the selflessness, the generosity, the wisdom and the honor of women.

First of all, women are natural-born boosters and optimists. Almost any truly successful business man will admit that he owes a great deal to the partisanship and prideful trust of his wife, and to the vigilance and tact of his secretary.

From my own life background, I learned while I was still in pageant that a woman who believes in one is a gift of wings. My own mother, before marriage, had entertained vague ideas of doing something in show business, and she passed on this ambition to me. As far back as I can remember, Mother was always sure that I would get the lead in the school play, that I would be chosen to give the class speech, that I would be the queen. Believed in me. Barked by such calm confidence in my combined good luck and ability, I simply couldn’t fail.

To this day, when I am puzzled about a career situation, I discuss my problem with my mother. She always has something sensible and resourceful to suggest.
During my school days there were four women who influenced and helped me, (and they helped thousands of others to realize their dreams too). One was Miss Dominc, head of the Dramatic Expression in Cleveland; another was Esther Mullin who was head of the Curtain-Pullers, which was the Children's Group of the Cleveland Playhouse. I worked with Miss Mullin for four years and found her to be tireless in trying to benefit her charges. Like Miss Dominc, she was a chief force at the Playhouse; it is women like her who keep ambition alive in struggling, despairing young players. Miss Wren, at Kirk Junior High School, and Miss Dean, at Shaw High School in Cleveland, were also great teachers, devoted to the welfare and advancement of their students. Nowadays, all the things that is important in my work is getting a scene right the first time. I have rather good luck doing this, but exactitude was something I had to learn. Like most youngsters, I went through a phase during which I liked to "rough in" an idea—particularly during my first year at school. I managed, made me stay after school every night for a week until I had finished all three of my fledging notions. This teacher was kind in her discipline, administering a lesson that I have never forgotten and for which I am eternally grateful. As I said in high school I spent two Summer vacations at the Rice Summer Theatre on Martha's Vineyard, working the first year as a waitress, and earning my keep the second year by serving as head usher in the theatre. My roommate at this time was a girl named Nancy Andrews, whose home was in Beverly Hills, California. She and I used to have long talks about the difficulties of getting started on Broadway or in Hollywood. Whenever I became despondent, she would cheer me up. "You'll be a big star," she used to insist. "You haven't a thing to worry about, but these things take time." Her ambition was almost as great as mine, but I don't think I was as generous in my praise or as helpful to Nancy as she was to me.

When she returned to California, she suggested that I visit her family until I could go to the University of Southern California Community Playhouse, and that I study at the Playhouse with her. Once again she and I were roommates and, as a direct result of my living in Pasadena and working at the Playhouse, I was signed by Warner Brothers.

I was at camp one day each morning, thinking, "Today I'll probably get a part opposite Errol Flynn . . . maybe in "Technicolor." I know this sounds naive, but every beginner is naive until she is guided by the kindly wisdom of an older woman."

And those days when I bloomed into the studio at dawn, hoping to be cast for a part that would try my preparation to the limit, I wouldn't even find my name on the call board to do a bit. My patience lasted for nearly two months. The third month I was nervous, the fourth month I was in the fifth district. Then, as I was thinking of calling myself to someone's attention, a wonderful woman named Sophie Rosenberg took charge of my jitters. Sophie was Warners' dramatic coach at that time, and I believe her to be one of the most sincere, intelligent, and constructive human beings I have ever known.

If it hadn't been for Sophie Rosen- tier, tower of womanly strength that she was, I don't know I could have lived through the two solid years which elapsed before I was given my first fairly important part.

Once again, I was associated with a remarkable woman. The picture was "Mission To Moscow." I had the daughter role, and the part of the mother was enacted by Ann Harding. For me, this was a dream come true. Miss Harding had always been one of my motion picture heroes. In this film, Miss Harding had to make a scrapbook of her photographs, newspaper clippings and fan stories.

Not only did she serve as my cinematic mother, but she took a mother's interest in me and in my career. Even when I wasn't needed in the shooting, I reported to the studio and sat on the set, learning everything I could from gifted Ann Harding.

When, on the set of "Caged," I told a newspaper man how pleasant it had been to work with a cast of sixty women, and how fortunate I had been in the past in my associations with truly great women, he said, "When we think of the reasons you had no trouble in 'Caged' was simply that no two women were in career conflict. You had the starring role and most of the other parts were character roles. No real competition."

This is unfair, and the male statement can be bettered, and giving that I am the picture which I am now finishing. It is titled "Rock Bottom" and there are three young, ambitious actresses in the cast: Patricia Neal, Ruth Roman and I. We loved working together. We became close friends, and we are looking forward to being together regularly, both at work and socially.

At the present time I am also learning from yet another woman. She is somewhat younger than I, but I am convinced—sometimes in despair—that she is much smarter than I. She is my daughter, Susan Eleanor, who, when you read this, will have observed her second birthday. If I had never liked women before, my comradship with her and with her girl friends would convince me that there is something magnificent (and astounding) to the members of Eve's sorority.

It wouldn't be fair to end this article without a comment, and giving that there are some types of women for whom I feel embarrassingly apologetic.

For one thing, I believe one can tell a great deal about a woman's personality by watching her drive a car. I am rather pleased (and I say this in all humility) when some man tells me that he would rather have more like a man than like a woman.

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barrel-house entertainers, and they are greatly loved for their verve and crashing vitality.

When Judy is happy, she is happy with every cell of her body. When she is miserable, she could be bottled and sold as concentrated wretchedness.

When Judy has been misunderstood by someone, the world has fallen into the sea and she, alone, is cast upon a jagged shoal.

To be an average, simple soul in this complex world is difficult enough. To carry the bliss and burden of actual genius is the roughest assignment one could imagine.

If you were Judy's best friend, you would know that she is unable to read music, but that if a song is played through for her once, she has the melody etched on her memory, and her memory is fabulous. On second hearing of the tune, she can improve the tenor or alto parts, and on the third time around she can put in the hot licks.

If you were Judy's best friend you would know that she is seem to be fully aware of her determination as a craftsman to please them, and her eagerness as a human being to be liked by them.

When news of Judy's illness was published, her fans began to flood the mails with gifts, letters of advice, and offers of a haven.

Hundreds of simple, kindly people living in quiet, small towns offered Judy a home. The letters usually read some-thing like this: "We live in a beautiful, restful part of our state. Our town is not large, but it makes up in friendliness what it lacks in size. We have a big spare room through whose wide windows the sunshine pours in the morning. We have several cats and a dog, and a half-hesitant, half-willing, long-suffering chicken. You could become a member of our family for a few months, and you'd find yourself getting rosy as an apple. We wouldn't expect pay, of course, as we feel, somehow, that you are a member of our own family.""}

Judy is everyone's little girl. And why shouldn't she be? She has grown up on the screen where everyone could watch the evolution. Millions of people recall her first picture, "Fugitive Parade," made in 1936, when she gave the impression that she was less a child than a great-eyed pixie with mischief in mind.

Millions of people never hear "The Trolley Song" from 'Me and My Gal' without listening in their minds' ears to its notes being sung by Judy. Judy, fans have lived with her through her marriage to Vincente Minnelli and the motherhood of beautiful Liza. Judy is America's high-spirited daughter, dearly loved when things are going well for her, doubly loved when she is in difficulty.

If you were Judy's best friend you would know that she has stuck too close-ly to Hollywood. She knows nothing of the world beyond Hollywood and that part of New York which is an integrated part of show business. Yes, she has gone on personal appearance tours, but what are they but marathons between hotels, theaters, trains and airports.

When Judy spent two months in Boston last Summer, it was her first taste of a city whose differences from Hollywood and New York can't be emphasized too strongly. Judy loved the waterfront, the Common, the austere brick houses, the baseball park. For the first time in her life, she saw a baseball game. First she was bewildered and bored. She asked a few questions, watched the tactics of the game without emphasis. Suddenly she was on her feet, yelling at the runner scorching for third base, "Hit the dirt, hit the dirt." A moment later she was joining her section of the grandstand in a denunciation of the umpire.

There is a Massachusetts town that is Paris to Judy. Everyone has a mental Paris, the city of great joy. The real name of Judy's emotional Paris is Fall- mouth. She and several friends drove to Fall mouth to see a summer theater performance of "Belle and the Beast." Afterward she was invited by the cast to remain for their closing-night party. When someone, half-hesitant for fear of annoying Judy, asked her for just one song, she stood beside the piano, halzed by the single spotlight directed at the orchestra pit (all the cast were sitting
Cobina Wright's Party Gossip

Continued from page 10

cross-legged on the stage apron) and poured music into the darkened theatre for almost two hours. She was back in show business. She lived for days on the joy of that spontaneous performance.

If you were Judy's best friend you would try to encourage Hollywood to leave the girl alone for awhile. True, she is always big news. True, she has been ill and has caused everyone great concern. But this illness has been accumulating over ten years. She's going to have to relax and to avoid demanding too much of her courageous spirit. She needs to be allowed to live as normally as possible.

If you were Judy's best friend, you would want to tell these well-meaning but thoughtless people that Judy has worked under pressure too long. You need the right to have a toothache without having everyone in Hollywood run up the current dividends of Pacific States Telephone & Telegraph Company.

If you were Judy's best friend, you would be intensely glad that she has Liza. Liza is not quite four, but she is already a trouper. She visits the studio regularly and has luncheon with Judy in Judy's dressing room. Miss Minnelli accepts, with unimpressed poise, the inevitable attention accorded her.

She can pick up almost any dance step she sees, and has already been taught dozens of routines by Judy. Liza dances, as Judy does, for the same reason that birds sing: it's her nature.

While she was watching Phil Silvers rehearse a dance routine for "Summer Stock" Liza observed an error in Phil's performance. She waited until Phil paused for a breather, then explained gently, "Uncle Phil, I don't think you are supposed to do this way," and she imitated his rendition perfectly. "I think you're supposed to do it this way," and she danced the correct version.

"Uncle Phil" caught on. He shook his head in Judy's direction with the comment "Does talent HAVE to run in your family?"

Yes, if you were Judy's friend you would be proud of her as an artist, and as a wife and mother. You would worry about her inclination to work herself to the point of exhaustion; you would delight in her histrionic gift and in her sense of humor, you would try to save her from fishy people and from herself.

And you would consider her warm, joyous returning friendship one of your most precious possessions.

kind and charitable urge behind it, proving that Hollywood has probably the greatest heart in the world.

The same quality prompted a recent all-star co-operation deal down in Palm Springs when all the glamorous film beauties decided to give their dolls for a "Doll House" auction of their favorite miniature moppets. It was all for the "March of Dimes" and beauteous Rhonda Fleming was chosen chief auctioneer. Among the glamorous "dolls" who contributed their pet dolls were Joan Crawford, Arlene Dahl, who called hers a "dahl-baby," June Haver who proudly presented the one she used in the picture, "Oh, You Beautiful Doll!", Judy Canova, Ginger Rogers, Ava Gardner and Audrey Totter.

Betty Hutton's entry was the miniture of herself in the role of "Ann Oakley," which Benay Venuta gave Betty at the "Amie Get Your Gun" party we reported last issue on our<br>

land.

Sweet little Margaret O'Brien was almost tearful about putting her favorite doll on the auctioneer's stand, because she is still young enough to love to play with them, but knowing what a good cause it was she bravely smiled as Rhonda wielded her gavel and called, "Going, Going, GONE!"

Of course, it's this spirit which makes me so proud of our Hollywood hosts and hostesses these days, because they are giving more and more "parties with a purpose." So many are being held, not just for the sheer sake of entertaining, but to help some worthy cause and both the hosts and the guests find they can have just as much fun and still do something constructive.

Mary Pickford, who has temporarily deserted Hollywood to be with her husband Buddy Rogers in New York, where he is having such success with his radio show, returned to Pickfair for a brief visit and gave a small, intimate party the other evening. However, it was entirely unlike the very formal affairs which are usually held in the most famous house in Hollywood.

Because Pickfair is ostensibly closed during Mary's and Buddy's absence, Mary opened up the picturesque Western bar downstairs and invited a few friends in for a chuck wagon buffet and a square dance. The "chuck wagon" turned out to provide caviar and trifles, but the Western costumes and the square dancing were authentic enough.

"Meeting their partners and forming a circle" were Johnny Mack Brown and his charming wife, Gertrude Neisen and her husband, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, Ann Miller and her new beau, Bill O'Connor, the Robert Prestons and Bobby Stack with Irene Wrightman.

Among the two-fisted gentlemen, who had to put their guns on the bar before the mustached bartender would serve them were Glenn Ford, Ronald Reagan, Van Johnson and Brian Donlevy.

It was all great fun and made me a little nostalgic about all the famous parties of the past which Pickfair has seen.
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Your Guide To Current Films
Continued from page 14

when her "sister" Joan Evans, has a girl-to-girl fight with Ann over the affections of Farley Granger. Hurt and bewildered, Ann demands to know who, and where her real mother is. When she goes to see the mother who gave her up, Ann Dvorak, the unhappiness becomes more pronounced. It requires a lot of self-understanding and soul-searching for Ann to realize with whom her future lies. There's much poignant drama, and tearful moments, but believable and charming throughout. The cast, with Jane Wyatt and Donald Cook as Ann's foster parents, is top-notch.

Nancy Goes To Rio
(Technicolor)

A NN SOTHERN, a well-known musical comedy star, and her budding actress daughter, Jane Powell, wind up vying for South American businessman Barry Sullivan. Most of the vying is down in and around Rio and everyone wears gorgeous clothes, has limousines, lives in palatial haciendas and has beau-coup singing and dancing talent. It's a musical, so a lot can be overlooked, including the odd situation of wealthy coffee magnate Carmen Miranda always popping up as an entertainer in some night spot. About the only thing different with this is Louis Calhern, and, beside turning in a neat performance, does a song and dance routine that's a honey.

Stromboli

NOT nearly as exciting nor unrestrained as the ads and publicity surrounding it would have you think. Very simply, it's about a D.P., Ingrid Bergman, who marries a young Italian fisherman to win out of the D.P. camp. In her new home on the volcanic island of Stromboli, Ingrid lives a tortured existence among her unsophisticated neighbors. Even though she is innocent of any illicit relationship with a young lighthouse keeper, gossip flies fast and furiously. With Ingrid as the only known performer, she actually looks better, and acts better than she ever has before in this suprisingly enough average offering.

Outside The Wall

DEFINITELY not the kind of film which leaves one with a happy, carefree outlook. In fact, it's downright depressing. Once it's established that Margaret Sullivan, her friend,Ip and the mother of Natalie Wood, has everything to live for, you suddenly get hit in the teeth with the fact that Maggie is dying of cancer. Though she has six months to live, she doesn't tell Corey, nor even when he becomes infatuated with Viveca, her favorite. At first, jealous and hurt that another woman is sharing his love, Maggie finally realizes perhaps it's for the best. With that idea in mind, she gradually allows Viveca to step into her shoes so her loved ones won't be left alone and drifting when...
The Eagle And The Hawk
(Technicolor)
Paramount

SET in Civil War days, a very interesting phenomenon occurs: Yankee Dennis O'Keefe and Southerner John Payne not only get along passably well, but because of their combined efforts, Texas is spared a bloody invasion by Mexican hordes. Intelligence Agent O'Keefe is sent from Washington to find out what trouble is brewing South of the Border. To help him arrive at his destination safely, Texas Ranger Payne is ordered to forget the War and accompany the Yankee to Mexico—bitter pill, but. They do a lot of spying, run into much action, meet spicy Rhonda Fleming, and Payne almost, but not quite, gets torn asunder by a pair of wild horses.

Barricade
(Technicolor)
Warner Brothers

SIMON LEGREE was a sissy compared to Raymond Massey, the power-obsessed owner of a stolen gold mine. The way he runs the mining camp, Alcatraz without a brainy Crockett, makes this mess willingly walks Dane Clark, a fugitive from justice. Not so willingly.

Sweet And Neat
Continued from page 16

normal process of perspiring in this small area so that odor cannot be present. For those who perspire but slightly, the simple deodorant is the answer. For those who experience noticeable dampness, the anti-perspirant solves the problem.

Whatever the case, we believe that you will be happy with the deodorant you choose. The deodorant gives no matter what shape you are, in running or hurrying of any kind, it is unpleasant.

The solution to all these perfectly normal situations is the scheduled use of a preparation suited to individual needs. And such preparation you will find in a quantity and a quality to please all. In some instances, you may have to do a little experimenting, just as you do with a lipstick or nail lacquer. But take time and patience for the simple reason that once you have the ideal answer, a real point of their combined efforts, Texas is spared a bloody invasion by Mexican hordes.

Captain Carey, U.S.A.
Paramount

COMPLICATIONS set in and stay put once ex-officer Alan Ladd sees a paint-stripping ad in a window. The last time he had seen the picture, it was hidden in a secret room of the old castle where an old aristocrat and his young granddaughter, Wanda Hendrix, lived. Wanda was helping him in his work behind the German lines, but one night the Nazis RAID the secret headquarters. Ladd was generally his buddy, killed, and died, he thinks, Wanda. Obviously, someone tipped the Germans off, and seeing the painting again makes Ladd decide to return to Italy and find out who. He almost gets killed a few more times, but the place is so catty with suspicion, he can't tell till the last reel was the cutie-pants. Often dull and complicated.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE WITHIN 10 DAYS
Here was the new man in her life, heedless of the meaningful music... heedless of the soft lights... heedless even of her. There was no mistaking his expression... he was bored. He wanted "out". Mabel simply couldn't understand it. For some reason her charm wasn't working tonight. Why it wasn't, she would be the last to suspect.

It Could Be You!
You may go week-in and week-out without halitosis (unpleasant breath) 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.

Why run such a risk when there's a simple, easy, wholly delightful aid in putting your breath on the agreeable side? Night and morning, and especially before every date, simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine Antiseptic is no mere makeshift effective only for a moment or so. It's an extra-careful precaution that helps keep the breath fresh and sweet... not for seconds... not for minutes... but for hours, usually.

Better to be safe than sorry, so, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date when you want to be at your best. It's almost a passport to popularity.

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 Company, St. Louis, Mo.

... the extra-careful precaution against bad breath LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Week-ending? Always take Listerine Antiseptic along. It's mighty comforting to have a good antiseptic handy in case of minor cuts, scratches and abrasions requiring germicidal first-aid.
Dear Miss-

Dear Mademoiselle-

Dear Señorita-

(or what shall we call you?)

YOUNG WOMEN all over the world are discovering that the Tampax method for monthly hygiene is not limited to any particular class or age-group. Whether she is active or sedentary, youthful or not-so-young, married or unmarried, every normal woman should investigate the merits of this modern form of sanitary protection.

The use of Tampax has spread rapidly to more than 75 countries—and no wonder! This doctor-invented, internally-worn device solves nine of your problems at one time. Count them! No beds. No pins. No external pads. No odor. No riddles under clothing. Not felt by wearer. Can be worn in the bath. Easily disposable. Month's supply fits in your purse.

Made of pure surgical cotton finely stitched for safety, Tampax comes in dainty patented applicators for quick, convenient insertion. Try Tampax and improve your social poise on the "difficult days"... Buy at drug or notion counters. Absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Regular TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

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Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

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ON THE COVER, BETTY GRABLE, STARRING IN "EABASH AVENUE," 20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM

JUNE, 1950

Volume Fifty-four
Number Eight

PUBLISHED BY J. FRED HENRY PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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Does the REFORMER reform the REDHEAD or does the Redhead reform the Reformer?

M-G-M's Love Story with a Thousand Laughs!

JUNE ALLYSON · DICK POWELL

in The REFORMER and the REDHEAD

Filmed from the famed Saturday Evening Post story ...and it's as exciting as its title!

with DAVID WAYNE CECIL KELAWAY RAY COLLINS ROBERT KEITH

Screen Play by NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK

Based on a Story by ROBERT CARSON

Produced and Directed by NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
For Enchanted Moments

For your enchanted moment (and it may come any moment) only one lipstick will do. It is Tangie! Because it is made by a newly perfected secret formula, you will discover:

1) A finer texture...making it easier to apply. Still more important, it does not smear.
2) Stays on longer...longer than any lipstick you have ever used.
3) Comes in enchanting colors—the pink of perfection, Tangie Pink Queen—and six other glamour shades.

THE
New
Tangie
LIP/STICK

“HE'S a prince of a fellow!” is an expression you frequently hear used in Hollywood, but never has it been applied more aptly—and literally, too—than to His Royal Highness Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands on his recent visit to California.

Although the Prince, who pilots his own DC-6 and is a great aviation enthusiast, was out here ostensibly to inspect the large airplane factories, the arrival of the royal party was a signal for Hollywood hostesses to polish up their best silver and take stock of the choicest champagnes in their cellars.

Unfortunately, Prince Bernhard contracted a touch of flu on his very brief visit here and had to cancel most of his social appointments. Also, he had to cut short his stay to fly back to Washington to keep a White House date with President Truman. However, he did attend the lavish party which Louis B. Mayer and Mrs. Mayer gave in his honor in the elegant Mayfair Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Almost the entire movie colony turned out to welcome His Highness and everyone agreed that he was a real Prince Charming.

Although the dinner was quite formal, the softly lit tables being decorated with American red, white, and blue floral centerpieces over which waved tiny Dutch tricolors, the dancing and impromptu entertainment which followed quite broke the ice.

The Prince seemed to be having the time of his life as he whirled his hostess, Ginger Rogers and other glamorous beauties around the floor and he roared over Doris Vidor’s surprise rendition of “Take Me Out To The Ball Game” with a choral effect provided by Dinah Shore, Benay Venuta, Bill Goetz, Mervyn LeRoy and Betty Hutton.

Incidentally, Betty told me that she was quite broken up over her separation from Ted Briskin, but that, after a brief Hawaiian vacation, she was going to concentrate on her career harder than ever, because work always provided a cure for heartbreak. She also said that she didn’t think she would marry again, although her frequent dates with handsome Bob Sterling have even her best friends guessing.

But back to the party! Johnny Green took over the keyboard during intermission.

Brod and Olivia, best actor and actress of 1949, offer congratulations to each other.
Director Ida Lupino presented Best Director Award to Bob Rossen for "All The King's Men."

Director Ida Lupino presented Best Director Award to Bob Rossen for "All The King's Men."

sion and played some of his latest hits for the Prince and such guests as Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, Cole Porter, the George Murphys, Ginger Rogers, who had just announced that she and attorney Greg Bautzer would be wed shortly, Gail Patrick, Rosalind Russell and the Charles Boyers. With Gallic gallantry, Boyer, earlier in the evening approached his wife, Pat, kissed her hand and inquired solicitously about her health—after being married for fifteen years!

Proving what a good scout he is, Prince Bernhard, when he bid goodbye to his hosts, the guests and his fellow countrymen, the Philip Dorns and the Hartogs, said to the members of his entourage, "You don't all have to work tomorrow. Please stay and enjoy yourselves!" which is just about what his wife, Queen Juliana, cabled her husband from the Hague, to do when he arrived in filmland!

A NOUHER recent visitor who has quite captivated Hollywood and who has been the cause of more invitations flooding the mails, is Sarah Churchill, the talented and witty actress daughter of England's Winston Churchill. Sarah paid California her first visit tour-

Best Supporting Actress and Actor, Mercedes McCambridge and Dean Jagger, with "Oscars."

Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.
ing with "The Philadelphia Story," in the role created by Katharine Hepburn, who is Sarah's idol. In fact, Miss Churchill reminds one a great deal of a sort of British Hepburn with her red hair and her delicately chiselled features.

Sarah's opening, with Jeffrey Lynn as her co-star, brought out all the movie crowd to the Los Angeles Biltmore after which there were several parties. One of the most amusing was that given by the Peter Godfrey's, who are great friends of Sarah's distinguished father. Sarah was in a particularly happy mood, because her husband, Anthony Beauchamp, the London society photographer, whom she only recently married at Sea Island, Georgia, had received a picture assignment in Hollywood and was able to be with her all during her stay here.

Sarah regaled the party, which included Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Sheridan, Robert Taylor, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, Rod Cameron and the Richard Whorfs, with some of that famous Churchillian wit. One of the most amusing stories she told was about her first appearance on a London stage.

"In Hollywood you start by getting a bit part in a movie, but in England you begin with the chorus of a smart London revue and just hope you'll be noticed," she said.

"So, being just an amateur dancer, I jumped at the chance to get into the chorus of a Charles Cochran revue called, 'Follow The Sun.' I was amazed to find in the same chorus, Pamela Lawrence, the daughter of Gertrude Lawrence, Ann Claire, who was the daughter of Mary Claire, the then-reigning beauty of the London stage, and Jenny Nicholson, the very cute daughter of the brilliant writer-poet, Robert Graves.

"In order to stop neck-cranning on the part of the audience who might be trying to identify us, Mr. Cochran made us all wear vari-colored wigs and changed our positions every night, so that when even my own father, who was then Prime Minister, came to see me on the stage for Mercedes McCambridge gets kiss from husband for winning with her very first film role.

Left: Red Skelton and his wife, with Cobina Wright, in Pantages Theatre for Hollywood's greatest annual show, the Academy Awards!

Right: Brod Crawford and his wife leaving theatre after presentations to attend victory dinner with their friends at Romanoff's.

While most Hollywood parties where you will find your favorite film folk are held in private homes, Charlie Morrison's Monday night sessions at his Sunset Strip cafe are inducing even the most heartsirde-bound stars to leave their fireplaces and head for the "roaring twenties" sessions which the "Firehouse Five" hold weekly. This quintet of mad musicians all work for the Walt Disney studios during the week, but on Monday nights they take a busman's holiday and form a group of jazz-conscious characters who bring such favorites as "Varsity Drag" and "The Black Bottom" off the shelves for nostalgic, but peppy Charleston sessions.

You'd be amazed at the number of top stars who have become devotees of this dance which was the rage of the flapper era. There's Joan Crawford, who first broke into films as a Charleston winner. When she and her dancing escort, Cesar Romero, get together, the popular Mambo rocks more than it ever did with its rumba routines.

Usually, Columnist Harry Crocker is on hand to emcee the proceedings with a fireman's hat and a strident voice, announcing each contestant, whether it be Betty Hutton with Billy Daniels, Judy Garland with Gene Kelly or Ginger Rogers with Mickey Rooney.

What with La Hutton giving out with "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" and Hoagy Carmichael going to town on the 'Darktown Strutters' Ball,'
Hers is a story out of the most vivid chapters of crime and corruption— the story of a woman who did not cry!

Joan Crawford • David Brian

Warner Bros! Flaming Stars of 'Flamingo Road' Meet in Scarlet Shadows Again!

"The Damned Don't Cry!"

Steve Cochran • Kent Smith • Directed by Vincent Sherman • Produced by Jerry Wald

Screen play by Harold Medford and Jerome Weidman • Story by Gertrude Walker
Kirk Douglas, nominee for Best Actor Award, escorted Irene MacAroy to the formal affair.

Evelyn Keyes, who used to be Kirk's constant companion, attended Awards with Bob Stack.

Incidentally, Betty has offered to turn over every facility of the stables and ranches which she and hubby Harry James own, if her studio, 20th Century-Fox, will only put her in a musical Western where she can ride to her heart's content. Good idea, don't you think?

Also why not put Harry James in the picture as a trumpet-playing cowhand now that Vaughn ("Mule Train") Monroe has made such a hit in Westerns? It wouldn't be the first time that Betty and Harry have made a picture together. They met and their romance blossomed, if you recall, on the set where it was "Springtime In The Rockies!"

It's hard to believe, but insiders insist that it's true. Times are so tough in Hollywood, after her brilliant performance in "Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson didn't receive the deluge of offers everyone anticipated. She's left Hollywood, but we're sure she'll be back. Actually, her "unemployment" is a great tribute to the star. Gloria's talent is so special, it isn't easy to find good parts for her.

To show that she hasn't changed, nor has motherhood altered her famous figure, Betty still measures: Bust, 36 inches; waist, 23 inches and hips, 33 inches! She still claims that dancing does it for her, although horseback riding is her favorite outdoor sport.

Another Best Actor nominee Richard Todd, dancing with his wife at Romanoff party.

Gene Autry, who helped entertain at the 22nd annual Academy Awards, has coffee backstage.
Sixty years in show business! What a record for the seventy-three-year-old Charles Coburn, who is, we hasten to add, the “youngest” member of the “Louisa” cast. The day they shot the square dance sequence, by lunchtime everyone collapsed. Then—as nonchalant as you please, the calm and cool Coburn begged to do the dance again because he still felt he could—“do it better!”

—

Doris Day was on the phone and talking excitedly to her manager, Marty Melcher. Doris: “Can you get me a new heater?” Marty: “You already have a new heater,” Doris: “This one’s for the pool.” Marty: “What pool?” Doris: “For the pool at the house.” Marty: “For what pool at which house?” Doris: “Oh, I forgot to tell you. I found a wonderful new house and I want to buy it.” And that’s the way it actually happened!

—

This one reeks of Hollywood publicity, but we were there! In the “Fuller Brush Girl,” Lucille Ball plays a switchboard operator. At her invitation we went over to Columbia to watch her practise on the studio board. One hour and one hundred and one jumbled phone calls later, Lucy staggered out. “So help me!” she cried, as she raised her right hand. “I’ll never be impatient with another telephone operator—as long as I live.”

—

Mrs. Jimmy Stewart was having a quiet dinner with her two sons and feeling desperately lonely for the lord and master who was away on location making “Winchester 73.” Suddenly her astonished ears heard Michael say to Ronald: “I wonder what daddy is going to bring us when he comes home tonight!” And that was how she learned that Jimmy had called while she was out and left the message that he was flying in for the weekend!

—

Long before you read this, the Van Johnsons will be poking around the four corners of the European continent. Originally, he crossed the Atlantic to attend the London premiere of “Battleground.” With him went plans to locate relatives he has never seen, who live in Sweden. “They live on a farm.” Van grinned, “I doubt if they know what a movie star is.” Say we, the first one they’ll meet is one of the nicest.

James Cagney presented Best Picture Of Year Award to Bob Rossen for “All The King’s Men;” June Allyson and Dick Powell presented cinematography “Oscars.”
In a typical Alfred Hitchcock suspense thriller, murder rings down the curtain on an extremely interesting group of people: Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Michael Wilding, Richard Todd plus Alistair Sim. The fact that Marlene's husband is murdered, and she goes scurrying in a bloodstained dress to lover Todd's apartment begging him to help her, makes budding actress Jane Wyman a trifle suspicious. Positive that Marlene is the guilty party, and wanting to frame Todd, Jane starts investigating on her own. Naturally, she runs into more trouble than she bargained for, but fortunately, Detective Wilding is on hand when the coup de grace is about to be delivered to Jane. Slick mystery with a wide swath of humor and an unexpected ending.

**Wabash Avenue**
(Technicolor)
20th Century-Fox

Gay and colorful as confetti in a high wind, and just as lively. Betty Grable, as a cutie-pie entertainer, causes smitten Victor Mature to drop the "g" from his occupation, grifter, and become a riffer. The unhappy boy who receives the brunt of Mature's conniving is Betty's boss, Phil Harris. Vic decides the things he wants from Harris are merely: Betty, the nightspot, and assorted amounts of money. He hits jackpot when he blackmails Phil—accusing him of the accidental death of James Barton. When the indestructible Barton "returns from the grave," that's when Phil outmaneuvers Vic at his own game. Plenty of hilarity, singing, dancing and Gay '90s hoopla.

**Quicksand**
United Artists

The title aptly describes how a cookie, Jeanne Cagney, who loves clothes and cash can really lose up a guy. Once Jeanne sinks her hooks into garage mechanic Mickey Rooney, the lad goes from swiping a mere $24 from his boss' till, to mugging, robbery, and finally murder. It's done in the best good-boy-gone-wrong tradition with the audience hav-
Lyle Bettger is the villain who blackmails Barbara Stanwyck in "No Man Of Her Own." Absolutely a gem of a film.

A Woman of Distinction
Columbia

When the dignified dean of a woman's college, Rosalind Russell, gets her distinguished name bandied about in love affair headlines, things are sure to change around the ivy-covered walls of dear old Siwash. The newspaper reports linking Rosalind with Professor-lecturer Ray Milland are a press agent's work, but she believes Milland responsible. They get to hate each other so violently that to Rosalind's father, Edmund Gwenn, it's a clear case of love. He maneuvers it so Milland visits the college, then he and the audience sit back to watch proper decorum slip, sobriety split at the seams and zany nonsense crack loose. A highly-polished comedy with more hilarious situations than you can shake a slapstick at!

The Rocking Horse Winner
Universal-International

Superb and thoroughly engrossing story about a little boy who drives himself to self-destruction. An average lad, young John Howard Davies

Ray Milland's up to no good with Roz Russell in "Woman Of Distinction," Columbia film.

ANDREA KING
in "I WAS A SHOPLIFTER"
A Universal-International Picture

now with FASTENOL
for long-lasting color brilliancy

Here's why the new Flame-Glo Longfella is such a beauty sensation! Not only is it longer, stronger and better balanced, but it gives you twice as much lipstick as other pencil types! What's more, a secret ingredient called "FASTENOL" keeps you kissable . . . NO smudges, smears or blurry edges need trouble you! Stays alluring hours longer, protected by a water-repellent beauty film. Only 39¢ in your choice of a dozen thrilling fashion shades. Also in regular 49¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes . . . with matching rouge in lovely plastic case, 25¢.
ly becomes aware, in the strange manner sensitive youngsters realize things much too advanced for their ken, that his well-to-do but extravagant parents are desperately in need of money. Because of John’s inquisitive nature, he learns from an ex-jockey who is now the gardener, John Mills, all about horse racing and betting. Then, through some uncanny power, the boy finds that if he rides a huge rocking horse in the nursery, he is sure to know which horse will win what race. Unknown to his parents, the boy places bets through Mills until they have amassed an amazing fortune, but unluckily what seems like delightful childish fantasy, rebounds with stark tragedy. Excellent is the word for this unusual drama.

No Man Of Her Own

*Paramount*

THROUGH a vicious stroke of fate. Barbara Stanwyck, penniless, homeless, alone and faced with the prospect of supporting her illegitimate child, finds herself impersonating a dead woman. In a train wreck, Barbara’s identity becomes confused with another expectant mother, whose body, along with that of her husband, is found. The dead girl’s in-laws have never seen her, and presume Barbara to be their daughter-in-law and the new born baby, their grandchild. Even though Barbara’s conscience bothers her, she steps into the new life. Months later, when the happiness of the family she has gotten to love is threatened, murder becomes the only solution. Taut drama with acting laurels for Barbara, John Lund and Jane Cowl.

The Outriders

*(Technicolor)*

*MG M*

TELLS an exciting Civil War yarn about three Confederates, Joel McCrea, Barry Sullivan and James Whitmore, who escape from a Yankee war prisoners’ camp. Still fighting for the cause of the South, the fugitive trio joins up with Quantrell’s Raiders and are entrusted with ambushing a Yankee wagon train loaded with gold. Besides the gold, the wagon train also carries Arlene Dahl, who winds up meaning more to Joel than the contents of the U.S. Mint—and does he have to fight for her! A first class Western with plenty of rip-roaring action.

Ellen

*United Artists*

PSYCHOLOGICAL thriller in which architect Robert Young attempts to prove to himself and Betsy Drake that he is not going insane. Since the accidental death of his fiancee, strange and eerie things occur to Young with alarming frequency. Everything he loves seems to die: his horse, his dog, a rose bush, then a painting gradually fades as it hangs on the wall, and his home mysteriously burns to the ground. When Betsy falls in love with unlucky Bob, she misses a horrible death by inches. It’s a picture which will make you suspicious of every character until the hair-raising climax.

The Golden Twenties

*RKO*

PROVIDES a topnotch pictorial story of “The Roaring Twenties.” Whether you remember those fabulous years or not, you’ll find a few tears starting because it’s like watching, or remembering, a child growing up—the mistakes, tears, laughter and happiness. Only this isn’t about any person in particular, it’s about an entire country—still wobbly in the knees from World War I—taking its first steps into a new era. Every famous, or infamous, personage, all the greats of the sporting world, theatre, movies, radio and the political scene of that fabulous time, pass before you in seventy minutes. A picture not easily forgotten, this can be recommended without reservation.
The Boy From Indiana
Eagle Lion

IF YOU don't know what a quarter-horse is, then it's about time you learned! There have been many glimpses into the horse-racing world, but none about the quarter-horse who works six days a week on ranches and farms, then stretches his legs on the fairground race-tracks the seventh day. With Lon McCallister as the jockey of quarter-horse Texas Dandy, you couldn't ask for a nicer, more unassuming and delightfully easy-going film about an "old nag" whose real identity is finally discovered.

The Reformer And The Redhead
MGM

A CAPTIVATING bit of comedy that will make anyone forget his or her troubles. Along with such stars as June Allyson, Dick Powell, David Wayne and Cecil Kellaway, there's also Herman, the cuddly, great, big lion. A political opportunist, Dick is all set to brush off the mayor's seat for himself when he runs into redhead June, and along with that fair maid, he meets Herman, too (June is the daughter of zoo-keeper Kellaway). The three carry on quite a romance—Herman kissing Dick and Dick, smart boy, kissing June. When June finds out Dick is a conniving vote-getter instead of the do-gooder she thinks he is, it looks like Herman will have the kissing con-

Allyson, Dick Powell, David Wayne and Cecil Kellaway, there's also Herman, the cuddly, great, big lion. A political opportunist, Dick is all set to brush off the mayor's seat for himself when he runs into redhead June, and along with that fair maid, he meets Herman, too (June is the daughter of zoo-keeper Kellaway). The three carry on quite a romance—Herman kissing Dick and Dick, smart boy, kissing June. When June finds out Dick is a conniving vote-getter instead of the do-gooder she thinks he is, it looks like Herman will have the kissing con-

Although he's a crooked jockey, John Garfield is devoted to Orley Lindgren, his son, in "Under My Skin." Micheline Prelle is a French mademoiselle who's also under John's skin.

Packed with madness, mayhem and enough genuine laughter to last for weeks.

Comanche Territory
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

LIKE a knight of olde, Macdonald Carey comes galloping into Maureen O'Hara's life. This event brings about quite a few changes: Maureen switches from rugged buckskins to low-cut, pinched-in-at-the-waist attire, and Carey makes peace with the restless Comanche Indians. The transformation in both situations makes for some highly interesting watching. Carey knows someone is trying to stir up trouble with the Comanches so a vast amount of silver will be channeled into private sources instead of into Government coffers. The only

(Please turn to page 73)

Robert Young and Betsy Drake try to quiet nerves after strange goings-on in "Ellen."
For Everyone Under The Sun

HAPPY days are here again—the days of sunshine, sea and sand. Or maybe you have your own swimming pool or your crowd takes its water fun in a river or creek. However and wherever you take your Summer fun, it is bound to be more or less under the sun. And you, like millions of others, expect your fun to give you that beauty bonus, a heavenly tan. With proper skin protection, this ideal sign of Summer can be happily realized. Without, you are very foolishly facing a fiery ordeal with little reward in the way of benefit and harm that can possibly last the rest of your life. You, of course, take the chance of pain, discomfort, certainly a temporary loss of beauty in discolored, roughened and peeling skin, to say nothing of being incapacitated for activity and joy to their fullest on that precious vacation or maybe honeymoon. Eager young beavers on their first jobs may find themselves houseidden with a burn instead of at desk or wherever they are expected to be.

The sun is a source of life. Without the sun, this world would be like the moon, a dead planet. However, the sun is also a furious force. Taken in the right measure, sunshine means health; it is the vital source of Vitamin D. Sunshine lends beauty to us as well as the world, in rich skin coloring, in sheen of hair, in vitality and actually in personality. You know how a dull, rainy day deadens your disposition. However, when you consider that the majority of people in our land keep themselves well-covered for more than half of the year, you can readily understand that when you expose tender, long protected skin to a hot sun in the hope of acquiring a radiant tan in a short while, something is going to happen. Usually, it is sunburn.

Aside from temporary discomfort, research has recently brought to light some of the more serious points of a real burn. They sum up the fact that when you have burned yourself under the sun, you have exactly the effects of a fire or heat burn. You may have a scar. You may find patches of skin that never will color up normally again. You often see such patches on the shoulders of men, an area especially susceptible to burn. If you have gone on time after time getting a burn on top of a burn, you may have caused the outer skin to thicken unnaturally so that you develop a thick-skinned, coarsened look. This thickening can lead to some very serious skin conditions. If you are over thirty, you may find that even a light burn causes your skin to look much older and lines and wrinkles appear. This is because the older skin cannot repair itself as rapidly as the young and the damaging effects of burn are more noticeable and lasting.

Now, there is a very simple solution to this burning question. It is the routine use of one of the several truly wonderful preparations that prevent real burn while they also permit a perfect tan. This magic is worked by way of the most modern ingredients to control the sun's burning rays without interfering with the tanning rays. This is a story too long to tell you completely in these pages, but it involves the pigment in your skin, which is the source of all tan. Now it is true that everybody cannot tan, but it is true that everybody can keep from burning with the proper skin protection, one of these sun preparations.

Whether or not you can tan is determined by the pigmentation of your skin. The darker the natural skin tone, the more pigment you have. This pigment is one of Nature's protections against sun. The Latin people usually have deep-tinted skin with dark hair and eyes. Their skin is rich with tanning pigment necessary to withstand the rigors of their
sun-drenched climates. When sun touches this dark skin, or any skin in which the pigmentation is plentiful, the process by which your tan immediately starts and so you turn a deeper hue. For tan is the body’s barrier for protection of delicate nerves, blood vessels and glands in the under skin. Tan acts as a shield. But never think because you have developed a good tan that you are immune to burn. Tests have proved that this is not true, and often the worst burn of a season may occur on a well-tanned skin. Even the dark Negro skin can burn badly when over-exposed.

If you are the type that I am, a red-head, inclined to red burn and freckles, then you cannot hope for a tan. But you can still know happy freedom in the sun by using a recognized product made for prevention of burn. Your skin can grow deeper and more radiant in tone, but your protective preparation can help preserve the fine texture usually natural to the true blonde or redhead by preventing coarsening burn. And now for freckles. They pop up with the lighter types at the first kiss of the sun as tan develops with darker types. Apparently, pigmentation is not so generously or evenly distributed as with other types, and so this sprinkling of copper appears. There is little you can do to prevent freckles, but there is a wonderful cream that has stood the test of many years of use that gently bleaches them away. Fair ladies swear by it. So have your fun in the sun without regret or dismay, knowing that when the time comes that you want to return to your alabaster self, there is a safe and effective way of doing it.

In conclusion, heed this advice. Before your very first exposure this season, arm yourself with a good sunburn protective. Your druggist can advise you if your need is sudden. Read both label and directions very carefully. Be sure that what you buy is for your personal need. Use it conscientiously. It stands to reason that if you jump into the Atlantic or Pacific well covered, some of the protection must wash off. Perspiration, too, can dilute it and activity is bound to rub some off. So reapplication is essential to protection. Never trust to luck and think, well, just this time. That’s the time you get it! By burn-prevention habit developed as quickly as that of tooth brushing, you can be extra-happy, extra healthy, extra-beautiful or handsome every man, woman and child! If, unhappily, you are neglectful and get a burn, treat it like a burn. Competent medical care is required for severe burn. If less serious, the old home remedy of baking soda mixed to a paste with water and applied to the skin is helpful. Oil is helpful in softening and soothing burned skin but unless designed for burn prevention, it offers little or no protection. Now, it’s up to you to make the sun your friend or foe. You know the answer!

Just as we go to press, we have word of a new preparation for people with super-sensitive skin, truly allergic to the sun. This is a non-greasy cream, not to be confused with suntan aids, for this cream completely screens out all ultraviolet rays of the sun. A boon to non-tanning types.

Are you in the know?

To make a favorable impression on his family —
- Greet them in Spanish
- Affect a chawmin’ accent
- Avoid Slurvian

"Widen Bill tell me you were here? I bin dine to meetcha." You wouldn’t say that, anyway! But in all your chatter, avoid Slurvian—if you’d win favor with this family. It’s the language that slurs words, lops off syllables. Like "widens" for "why didn’t”... "dine" for "dying." Good diction builds confidence. To stay confident on certain days, do yourself the favor of choosing Kotex: made to stay soft while you wear it. This softness really holds its shape. Keeps you serenely comfortable!

If wrinkles worry her, should she bring —
- Just denims
- Double-dark sun glasses
- Har new organdie dress

Your holiday’s better with a bit of la gla-mour. So if "wrinkle-phobia" tempts you not to pack that dreamy cotton formal—here’s news. Now many denims are crease-resistant. Even organdie can shed wrinkles! And even at calendar time you can be your smooth, unruffled self—with Kotex. For no telltale outlines show. With those flat, pressed ends you’re free from outline-phobia! And by trying all 3 Kotex absorbencies you’ll find Regular, Junior or Super suited to you.

In removing a bone, should you use —
- Your fingers
- A napkin
- A spoon

Don’t use your dinner napkin as a "catcher" or a "curtain"! Get the bone back to your plate quietly, neatly, with your fingers. Learn how to save yourself embarrassment, in all sorts of situations. On "problem" days, Kotex is the answer. That special safety center gives you extra protection—and you’re so comfortable with your new lightweight Kotex Wonderform Belt. It’s made with DuPont nylon elastic—non-curling, non-twisting. Washable. Dries fast!

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER.
THESE THREE STOOD ALONE IN GLORY!

The fate of the great Southwest lay in their hands, for this was the hour of decision in the last and deadliest of the Indian Wars. A story true as the arrow's aim, powerful as the love that wed a white man to an Indian girl.

James Stewart

Debra Paget

Jeff Chandler

Joyce MacKenzie

as Tom Jeffords...who dared the red man's vengeance—the white man's scorn.

as Sonora...whose soft lips answered a white man's search for love.

as Cochise...most bloodthirsty of Apaches, who took a white man for his "blood brother."

as Terry Wilson...she waited alone in Tucson, and lost—to an Indian girl.

BROKEN ARROW

Color by TECHNICOLORED

with JEFF CHANDLER - DEBRA PAGET

Directed by
Produced by
Screen Play by Michael Blankfort
Based on the Novel "Blood Brother" by Elliott Arnold
A gay trio at Gotham's Stork Club are Kirk Douglas, Eva and Magda Gabor.

Joan Crawford and daughter Christina examine Girl Scout school bag for overseas children.

NEWSREEL

Left: Colleen Gray teams with Clifton Webb for Radio Theatre broadcast.

Right: Van Johnson comes to aid of Esther Williams at radio rehearsal.

A funny story is shared by Betsy Drake, Florence Bates and Ann Sheridan on the "Ellen" set.
THE most fun Hollywood’s had since, say, the Roaring Twenties has been on Monday nights at Mocambo when the whole place jumps to the Dixieland music of the Firehouse Five Plus Two. This strange tag belongs to seven guys who started playing hot jazz as a hobby. The leader, Ward Kimball, is one of Walt Disney’s chief animators during the day, as are some of his boys in the band. This combo plays loud and good and every couple who can crowd on the dance floor goes into an uninhibited and different version of the Charleston. All in all, the crowd is the happiest and gayest we’ve ever seen in a night spot and people literally hang on the ropes, hoping someone will leave so they can get a table. Mocambo owner, Charley Morrison, is the envy of all the other nightclub operators for grabbing off this jazzy bunch, who wear fire-engine red shirts and white firemen’s hats while the play.

The Charleston contest is the big feature of the evening with four judges deciding who are the best dancers. Judges vary, sometimes they’re stars—Bette Davis was one. One night Greg Bautzer, sports writer Vince Flaherty, designer Don Loper, and Johnny Meyer did the deciding. Harry Crocker, another columnist, usually is the m.c. Ginger Rogers, Ann Miller and Joan Crawford have given exhibitions of the Charleston, dance director Billy Daniels ditto. Four Earl Carroll gals, in authentic 20’s costumes, panicked the crowd with their exhibition of Charleston and Black Bottom.

This is a crazy craze, but it shore has the town winging. Janet Leigh and Arthur Loew, Jr. are steady customers. British star Stewart Granger is another who’s mad for the Monday night sessions. We also spotted the whole Whiting family—Maggie, Barbara, their mother and their aunt. Silent screen star Claire Windsor, John Ireland and Joanne Dru, the Artie Lakes, Dennis O’Keefe, Roz Russell and Freddie Brisson, and scads more kicked up their heels in a frenzy of fun. Used to be that Monday nights in Hollywood were spent recovering from the weekend. ‘Tain’t so any more, not as long as the Firehouse Boys are around anyway. They don’t put out any fires, but they shore start some.

Robert Rossen, who pulled off a big fat coup with “All The King’s Men,” has another plum this year. It’s Tom Lea’s best selling novel “The Brave Bulls” to be filmed entirely in Mexico. But the best part of the coup is that he got Mel Ferrer, that double-threat actor-director, for the hero, Luis Bello. Odd quirk is that Eugene Iglesias, who plays Mel’s brother, was discovered by that other Ferrer named Jose on the New York stage. Mel cut himself off a big actor’s chore since he had to learn all the cape and sword work of a top bullfighter. He has 12
authentic costumes made of satin and gold embroidery. These numbers weren't just whipped up—took a year to make one and each cost from $1,500 to $2,000. After Columbia bought up all they could find in Mexico, they then went shopping in Spain for the others. Much of the pic will be filmed at an actual bull ranch, where the toros are bred and trained. This I gotta see.

That traveling man, Ty Power, took off again on a trip to the Philippines to make "An American Guerrilla In The Philippines." Linda, who's on the stork's list again, followed him over by boat. With that picture, "Rawhide" and "The Black Rose" under his belt, Ty expects to take time off from the movies and do the London stage production of "Mister Roberts."

Bob Taylor inherited Ty's secretary in Rome, where he'll be for quite a spell, now that "Quo Vadis" is finally in the works (or is it?). Mrs. T. (Barbara Stanwyck, who else) is determined that this once she's going be with her guy on location. They've rented a Rome apartment and will settle down for a long spell in the Italian capital.

Peter Lawford swears he saw flying discs when he visited the Lewis Douglas ranch in Arizona. Since his gal, Sharman, was there too and this is Petey's first serious heart interest it might could be that there (Please turn to page 51)

Is Talking About!
The stars like to hear the gossip about their town as much as you do

By Lynn Bowers

Lizabeth Scott does some kibitzing as Ray Milland is dealt a hand at Radio Theatre.

Above: Phyllis Kirk, a Goldwyn discovery, makes her film debut in "Our Very Own." Below: Dan Dailey and his wife are joined by Bob Stack for late supper at the Encore.
It was not love at first sight but something more permanent than romantic love: it was companionship at first sight.

When a girl is seventeen and falls overwhelmingly in love with a boy who adores her, and when her family as well as his approve of their romance and approve of an immediate wedding... that's magic.

Any story of Elizabeth Taylor's marriage should begin as the star-dusted stories of our nursery days began: Once upon a time, in a kingdom by the sea—a kingdom named Hollywood, there lived a beautiful princess.

Now this princess, because she was as sweet of nature as she was of face, and as gay of heart as she was clever of mind, had many suitors. There were soldiers and there were singers of great songs; there were merchant princes and there were tall young men who had known the princess since she was a small girl, engrossed in the doings of a squirrel named Nibbles.

If the Princess had lived in El Paso or Dubuque and had gone to school there, nothing much would have been said about these youthful datings except that the princess was uncommonly popular. However, because she lived in Hollywood, the romances were taken quite seriously... by everyone except the princess and her family.

Fortunately, she was watched over by a wise and loving mother and father and a scad of self-appointed well-wishers who master-minded everything the little princess did. Sometimes she grew a little weary of the whole business, and on one of the most tiresome days she made a vow: The next time she met a man who really interested... (Please turn to page 62)
How Elizabeth's Heart Was Won

Liz and Nicky are honeymooning in Europe. Will take an apartment upon their return.

Selling cigarettes to Steve Cochran at recent Home For Aged Benefit at Biltmore Bowl.

Liz and Nicky at the Biltmore Bowl. They first met at Lucey’s luncheon for three.

After Liz met Nicky she confided to her mother, "He has candles in his eyes."

By Fredda Dudley Balling
He tells Liz that his strange reaction to drink is result of a wartime misadventure.

Left: Student of psychiatry Liz first looks at Van with clinical eye, later more warmly.

Even when, in the film, Van reveals that his dog is able to talk, she does not abandon him. The teaming of Elizabeth with Van results in the most attractive romantic pair of the season.

In Elizabeth Taylor's latest picture, MGM comedy, "The Big Hangover," she determines to save her man, Van Johnson, from the toils of alcohol. This proves a chore as intoxication sets in with Van at the merest whiff of spirits, due to his having nearly drowned in brandy in a French cellar during World War II bombardment. Liz also has to keep him in good graces of her father who is Van's boss. She makes progress with the cure until Van, quite far gone on one teaspoonful of brandy, gets the impression his dog is talking to him. Despite such alarms Liz finally helps Van to overcome his unique affliction.
They decide he may build up immunity to liquor by taking one teaspoonful every evening.

Liz, leading men Van and Tramp. After a conversation with Tramp, Van is really worried.

Elizabeth gilds the lily just before beginning a scene for MGM's "The Big Hangover."

bands of white, narrow and wide, are in tune with your light hearted summer.

rhumba bands
the Greeks had another word for them, but these are made for moderns in butter soft elk.
It's a wrap-around tie that's adjustable...
you tailor-make the fit.
About 5.95

swing bands
buckle down twice and away you'll go with bands of white elk circling up on the instep.
They're light as a note.
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bop bands
an ankle high buckle with half inch bands of white elk that fall just right for toe freedom. Get in the swing.
About 6.95

bands of white are in harmony with all your summer activities. At your favorite dealer; write, we'll set you right.

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3616 SOUTH SAN PEDRO ST. LOS ANGELES 11
Arthur Godfrey Tips

"WHAT chance do you think Lana Turner will have when television really invades Hollywood? What about Betty Grable, Virginia Mayo and Olivia de Havilland? And Ava Gardner?"

That's the poser I pitched at Arthur Godfrey the other noontime as he dashed out of a CBS studio, hell-bent for the airport, his own Navion plane, and a solo flight back down to Arthur's Acres, his farm just outside of Leesburg, Virginia.

Taken aback a little by the all-of-a-suddenness of my "attack," a frown crept over Arthur's freckled face. I've known for long enough that there's only one way to snare an interview with an artful dodger like Godfrey and that's to corner him whenever and wherever you can and keep him cornered until he makes with the talk. The guy's got more ways of sidestepping formal interviews than a full-grown centipede has legs. "Movie stars," he muttered at last, his natural kindness overcoming his reluctance to be interviewed. "Jeepers, what do I know about movie stars?"

"Oh, oh," I thought immediately, "here's where he tries to hedge. The Godfrey boy doesn't want to stick his neck out." And then, suddenly it dawned on me that he was probably telling the truth. He probably doesn't know much about movie stars. With six programs a week on the radio and another one on television, plus the hours of preparation and rehearsal that go with them, just how much time is left for the man to go to the movies?

He thought about my question for a minute, then beckoned me back into the studio. Settling himself in a chair next to the table at which he always sits when he broadcasts, he motioned for me to sit in the one opposite. "I can't tell you the fate of any one particular glamour gal," he started, "but I can tell you this. If they've got what television demands, the movie actors and actresses will hold their own. If they don't have it, they'll fall by the wayside. Frankly, I don't think being a movie star will make it any easier, but, by the same token, it won't make it any harder. When it comes to television, movie personalities—stars, feature players or extras—are in the same boat as any of the rest of us. Television's a new medium with new requirements, requirements all its own, and if they can adapt themselves they'll do just as well as the next fellow. If they can't... well, being a movie star isn't going to

"Ones who depend solely on their physical charms to put them across had better start looking for another job," forewarns Arthur Godfrey.

Arthur, in one of his two planes, says, "Vaudeville and night club people are TV's best bets at the moment. They're not self-conscious."
help them much. Guest shots, sure—steady jobs, never!"
Arthur hesitated for a second or two to light up a Chesterfield and I pursued the subject further. "Arthur," I asked, still hoping to pin him down to some actual names, "which stars seem most likely for TV? How about June Haver, Lauren Bacall, Linda Darnell, Maureen O'Hara?"
"Well, first crack out of the box," he answered me, evading the name issue almost as if he hadn't heard it, "I think it's safe to say that the muscle kids, those dreamy guys with the long and the slinky eyelashes, and the strong, silent types, the ones who depend solely on their physical charms to put them across, had better start looking for another job. It's the guy or the gal with a winning personality that clicks with the television viewer. He (Please turn to page 60)

"If movie actors and actresses don't have what television demands, they will fall by the wayside"

By Jay Kaye

Arthur with Margaret "Mug" Richardson, personable producer of his tele program.
The ordeal of meeting gentleman caller Kirk Douglas completely unnerves Jane. Kirk and Gertrude Lawrence are at a loss, but her brother, Arthur Kennedy, offers comfort.

Jane Triumphs Again!

In pre-"Johnny Belinda" days Jane Wyman was noted for her able portraits of wise-cracking dames. A much different Jane is the timid crippled girl of "The Glass Menagerie." In Warners' filming of the Tennessee Williams play, she's a pathetic child who hides in a world of imagination rather than face the real world which only frightens her. At the insistence of her mother, who's determined Jane is really a belle, her brother brings a young man to call. The latter's efforts to help Jane end badly, but, from the meeting, she acquires new confidence and the courage to hope that eventually another "gentleman caller" will come into her life and wish to stay.

Sensitive Jane tries to respond to the awkward overtures of Kirk Douglas, who's absolutely normal, unimaginative.

Perceptive Jane Wyman is a perfect choice for the girl whose collection of glass animals is her only solace.
"I Do Want To"

"I'm living alone and I'll admit freely and frankly that

"I want a man and I'll make no secret of it," admits Joan who has an 18-month-old daughter.

By Constance Palmer

A love scene with Joseph Cotten in Paramount's "September Affair," made in Italy.

Joan on Screen Guild program. In speaking of getting married she declares, "But not an actor!"
JOAN FONTAINE is making plans for the future. One by one, she is solving the crowding problems that faced her after her abrupt separation from William Dozier. When the “happy, happy marriage” blew up in her face, it was her job to cut her life to a new pattern.

Don’t forget, though, that Joan Fontaine is a brilliant woman. And she’s a beautiful woman, run by a dynamo that sparkles and crackles with the force of her personality. It comes over to you on the screen; it grips and fascinates you when you know her. For Joan, to meet a problem is to solve it.

The most important factor in her new life is her daughter, Deborah, eighteen months old now, but a tiny baby at the time of the separation. The next question was the handling of her business affairs: could she manage them herself? And the third was her personal life: would she be lonely?

“For the first two months, I scarcely left the house,” Joan told me. “I didn’t go out in the evening at all—and that meant dinner on a tray and to bed as soon as Debbie was settled for the night. I’d read awhile and then be asleep by half past ten.

“Then I thought, ‘What a waste of life and youth! Why should I exist like this?’ So I started going out, accepting invitations I knew would be fun and having friends in. Now my engagement book’s completely filled for six weeks ahead!”

That solved one problem but, unconsciously held back by her daughter’s baby hand, the solution has several strings attached. For one thing, Debbie’s mother is never seen in nightclubs; Debbie’s mother never goes out with a man alone. That is, Joan and her escort are always with another couple or in a party of six or eight. Furthermore, Debbie’s mother and her friends don’t leave the house until Debbie’s asleep at half past (Please turn to page 64)

Joan and Zachary Scott discover that marriage is as wonderful as it’s supposed to be in “Bed Of Roses,” her latest picture for RKO.
The Sensational Mr. Hope

SENSATIONAL is the word for Bob Hope. In all of show business there is no one who works as hard or is more fully deserving of success than Bob. Recently, he broke all records rolling 'em in the aisles of Gotham's Paramount Theatre where he and Jane Russell made a personal appearance. His latest comedy for Paramount is "Fancy Pants," a Technicolor delight in which he plays an actor hired by a nouveau riche matron as a gentleman's gentleman, to give a social polish to her self-made millionaire husband. Bob gets everybody and everything in a fine fix, but does take time out to woo Lucille Ball.

Bob gazes with unbelieving eyes at the caged bird in Lucille Ball's elaborate headdress in the hilarious film, "Fancy Pants."

On his way to a table in the Stork Club in N. Y., Bob Hope spies Joseph Cotten, grabs his arm and exchanges pleasantries with him.

A relaxed Bob Hope and his wife, Dolores, dining in the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria between shows of his Paramount Theatre p. a.

Bob has an amusing session with the Chinese cook in the merry Paramount comedy.
A Lofty Tale

Of Love

Valli and Lloyd Bridges expertly ford a mountain stream during climb in "The White Tower."

Valli and Glenn Ford are the stars of "The White Tower," an intensely gripping story about a small group of people who set out on a mountain climbing expedition in Switzerland and how they battle one another while struggling together to reach the mountain's peak. This is the first time the foreign-born Valli and Glenn Ford have been co-stared in a film.

Valli studies rugged terrain of location site in Chamonix, France.
Why I've Fallen In Love Only Once

I

WAS about twelve when I first began to believe I'd fall in love—really in love—only once.

I was a student at St. Mary's Academy where the girls were trained from what might be called a tender age to be wives and mothers, in addition to receiving more formalized education. It was, of course, a girls' school, but the sisters certainly never tried to make us little prudes or recluses who thought boys were "little horrors."

The sisters wanted us to go to the junior and senior proms and if we didn't know anyone to invite they would arrange dates for us with boys from Loyola High School. They would go shopping with us—the sisters, not the boys—to help us select pretty party dresses. We were made to feel that if any of us were intended for a life of religious service the call would be so strong as to be undeniable, but that most of us would become wives and mothers and we should get used to masculine company and start having dates at a reasonable age.

"Pray for your future husband," gentle, understanding Sister Mary Miles used to tell us. "For each one of you there is one special man in this world. Pray that you will find him."

I'm not sure about the other girls, but I suspect they did the same thing I did: I prayed that I would find that man.

I was very, very lucky. I met the One Man who was meant for me when I was only sixteen. I married him when I was twenty. I've never been in love with anyone other than Paul Brinkman, my husband.

Oh, I had schoolgirl crushes. What girl doesn't? And it's my belief they are good for her. Later, I went out with other young men, at my mother's urging, even after Paul and I were in love and dating steadily, for Mother wanted me to be absolutely sure he was the one man. I didn't enjoy those other dates.

I think if a girl believes she is in love and goes out on other dates she feels disloyal; certainly (Please turn to page 63)
For each one there's a special man in this world and Jeanne, at 16, knew she'd found hers.

Jeanne in scene with Craig Hall. When a girl she prayed for the One Man.

"Some girls don't wait long enough to find the one for them," says Jeanne, with Clifton Webb in the picture.

"I think it's a great shame more girls today do not enter marriage with the idea that it will be a bond for life."

By Jeanne Crain
The happily-married Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz pause for chat with veteran showman George Jessel at Home For The Aged Benefit Dinner.

With typical Davis gesture, Bette illustrates point to Billie Burke across dinner table. Her husband, Bill Sherry, listens.

Below: Steve Cochran, now called the "new Clark Gable" after his "The Damned Don't Cry," buys cigarettes from Marie Wilson.
Ronald Reagan's new social life continues to flourish. He's seen here with Adele Mara at Home For The Aged Benefit party.

Guests, out of cigarettes, had pleasant opportunity to buy more from dazzling vendors Ann Miller, Arlene Dahl. Here they get ready to go on duty.

Ricardo Montalban and his wife, the former Georgiana Young. Ricardo, a dancer, is an even better actor as his next, "Right Cross," demonstrates.

Arriving at the Biltmore Hotel for Home For The Aged Benefit is beautiful Rhonda Fleming, with her tall escort C. Schine.

New York theatrical die-hards who maintain that Hollywood is only a faulty replica of the real thing, ignore the fact that its citizens are more careful about observing an old theatrical tradition than they themselves. No appeal for charity in Hollywood goes unanswered, which explains the great success of the annual Benefit Dinner for the Home For The Aged. This year's Benefit, held at the Biltmore Hotel, attracted scores of stars who are charitably disposed toward this fine cause.
"If I said I could tell all about women, I'd be falling for the greatest trick of all"

By Macdonald Carey

I SHOULD never be telling this, for any man who thinks he knows women could talk for the rest of the year and he couldn't sum up all her fascinating little ways of getting her own way, achieving her own desires and incidentally triumphing over us males.

That is femininity—the birthright of every woman and the strongest weapon known to mankind. Who says women are the weaker sex? We men, while we know more than we pretend, are mere putty—and even though we are not fooled by a woman’s little tricks, femininity usually triumphs and too often we succumb to its fatal hypnosis. If I should say that I could tell all about women, I'd be falling for the greatest feminine trick of them all—to let the man think he's smarter than the woman.

It seems to be a tradition with American women to make a man think and believe that he is so much smarter, that they rely on his superior male judgment. But right after that marriage ceremony

Mac amuses Brynn Morn-ing, now in “The Lawless,” with his disclosures of how the women operate.
"Women are the cleverest salesmen in the world," says Mac, who’s hep to all the gals.

—just see who’s the smarter then.

Speaking of marriage, it is never a man’s idea. A woman makes you think it is. She assures you she assumed you meant this when you said that, so you obviously were planning on being married. And before you know it, you are making some vital and excited statement, which is thrown back at you with a slight perversion—thereby proving you were proposing all the time. You are now so confused, you believe that you did propose and the damage is done.

A man is obviously quite helpless, and if he feigns an aloof, hard-to-get attitude, to build up a defense against the guile that is sure to ensnare him, he only makes himself an easier prey.

There’s always the “Hail Fellow Well Met” type girl. She says, “Let’s have a heck of a time. Let’s get loaded.”

What a dish. So what happens? You buy her drink after drink at some fancy bar. Her drink secretly gets poured into the nearest pot of ferns. or you mysteriously end up with all her drinks as well as your own. You get loaded. (And for years a man has been accused of getting a woman drunk!) Since the hand is quicker than the eye, you are her victim.

There are so many different approaches made by women who’d like to take you home for keeps. There’s the one who breathes into your ear, “Are you unhappy at home? You try not to show it, but I can see it in your eyes.” Or, “Does your wife understand you?” Or, “Can any woman really appreciate you?” Or, “I just love sitting here and not talking —just being here with you. Are you that way, too?”

Of course, you never had an idea about not being appreciated or misunderstood, but perhaps you are. Here is someone who thinks you are wonderful. Naturally, you want to hear more—unless you are smart and run, not walk, to the nearest exit.

Then there’s the woman who hangs on to your every word. How you spell C-A-T is the most important thing in her world. Male importance is a wonderful feeling. She murmurs that since “we do get” (Please turn to page 66)

"Run, do not walk, to the nearest exit when a woman whispers, ‘Are you unhappy at home?’"

Macdonald Carey with his wife, Betty, and three-year-old daughter, Lynn Catherine.

It's Always A Picnic!

By Jane Morris

Roc Hudson is one reason she's glad she came to Hollywood where she loves gala evenings.

Vera-Ellen is noted for her eagerness to learn, desire for perfection.

Vera-Ellen always wanted to live "like happy people" and in Hollywood she can.

Referring to existence in filmland, George Jean Nathan told her, "It's like slavery."

"People like Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly look after you." Vera is grateful for their aid.
When "The Connecticut Yankee" opened in Philadelphia four years ago, the little blonde dancer who played the lead received offers from every studio in Hollywood; but she had had offers before and she wasn’t too eager to come West. She loved the theatre, she was a trifle apprehensive about the movie business. “It’s like slavery,” George Jean Nathan told her. “You’ll get lost. Hollywood’s the place where they feed you only orange juice and hamburgers made out of big producers’ old blotters!”

But Vera-Ellen took the chance and she’s glad she did; for with Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire as dancing partners, with pictures like “On The Town” and “Three Little Words” assuring her future, she’s not only having a wonderful time professionally, she’s living the way she always wanted to live—“like happy people.” She has a house with a yard instead of a little room, a sunny world to explore in her free time, and dates “before midnight” with fellows who like sports as she does, and glamorous evenings, for she likes those too.

In New York, she worked every night—had for a long time—in nightclubs, vaudeville, as a Rockette, and in long-run shows such as “Panama Hattie.” She never had a chance to eat a nice dinner, when she dated it was at midnight; she froze her ears walking for exercise in Central Park and she never had a chance to see legitimate shows (she sees more of them on the West Coast than she ever did on Broadway). When “The Connecticut Yankee” went on tour, Vera packed up her belongings, her white canary and her dog and toted them along, for she was going West when the tour ended and she wasn’t making any detours. She hadn’t forgotten Nathan’s warning about Hollywood; she was still a little apprehensive, but she had made up her mind. After she’d started working with Danny Kaye, after she’d bought her first car (she almost ran down a stiff man or two on the Goldwyn lot where she learned to drive), she began to relax and have fun. Days when she wasn’t (Please turn to page 68)
Inga Boberg, late Sid Grauman read tribute John has just written to Sid. With Marine assistance John lands one foot in soft cement mixture.

Impression of the hard-hitting Wayne fist being supervised by Mr. Grauman. Below: Marines came to honor him for part in "Sands Of Iwo Jima."

The beloved Sid, who always took active part in the ceremonies, liberates John from cement which was made with Iwo Jima sand.

**Glory For John**

*SOMETHING of an Eighth Wonder of the World is the concrete forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre where filmland's most illustrious members have for many years recorded their existence by means of dunking hands and feet in wet cement. An invitation to imprint your shoe measurements in this hallowed spot, as John Wayne is doing here, is as desirable to most stars as the accolade of an Academy Award nomination.*
Her husband, Milton Bren, accompanied her on personal appearance tour. He said, "I had a lump in my throat at every one of her performances."

Right: I'd rather be a bad girl in a good picture than a good girl in a bad one." Claire, so persuasive as shady lady, intelligently remarks.

Claire Trevor tucked her shape-ly ankles under her in a big easy chair of her Sherry-Netherland suite and said:

"If I had my choice I'd rather be a bad girl in a good picture than a good girl in a bad one. I don't care how I look in a part—brazen, blowsy, brassy—if the role of the bad 'un is all to the good.

"I seem to have made good playing bad girls—gun (Please turn to page 70)

With Jane Wyman and "Oscar" for "Key Largo." Claire has no idea of returning to Broadway.
"People can get themselves into the most awful trouble by the things they say inadvertently," observes lovely Loretta Young.

By Kate Holliday

"If we all learned to count three before we spoke," says Loretta Young, "we'd find ourselves paying more attention to other people's feelings instead of our own"

Loretta with Clark Cable in "Key To The City," one of the year's best pictures.

Below: Bewildered Loretta in another scene from the MCM comedy of a mayors' convention.

Above: Loretta was so terrific in "Key To The City," MGM gave her long-term contract.
LORETTA YOUNG was wearing a shocking-pink hostess gown, sitting on a low, small chair beside the huge fireplace in the home the Lewises recently leased. Across from her spread the enormity of her living room, a pale room in general, but with splashes of brilliant red here and there. Beyond the wide windows were well-kept lawns which stretched on and on peacefully.

It was a setting of such luxury that one would suppose its occupant would never have a serious thought, particularly a thought which involved others. But Loretta is a bit different inside from her outward appearance.

She followed my glance around the room. “Isn’t it fabulous?” she laughed. “Tom has some special way of discovering things that are exactly right for us—and this is an example. Even the owner was surprised when Tom said we wanted to lease this huge old house. But it is wonderful, isn’t it?” She looked around the room again. “I like it most of all because it feels so—” she searched for a word. “—so composed. Nothing helter-skelter.”

She paused a moment. “I always feel that houses are like the people who live in them,” she went on. “And whoever lives in this one must be an adult; a person who wouldn’t blurt some conversational bomb at her guests.” Loretta’s eyes were bright. “How’s that for our subject today? Quote Don’t Blurt unquote?” She paused again. “You know, I’m really serious about that. We all do it—blurt out things, I mean. And we shouldn’t. We should remember, as someone wiser than I remarked, that ‘words unspoken often drop back dead, but not even God Himself can unsay them—once they’re said!”

“The smartest mother I know,” she continued, “is a friend of mine who put the whole business of blurring across to her daughter in a way which not only kept her from wounding her friends, but made her six times as attractive in the bargain.”

Loretta laughed. “It was really superb! I kept hearing from a bunch of teenagers I know about one particular gal. She wasn’t maddeningly pretty and she didn’t have a figure to yelp about. But she (Please turn to page 69)
Marlon Brando, who was phenomenal on Broadway in "A Streetcar Named Desire," takes a fling at movie-making in Stanley Kramer's "The Men," and gives another great performance, proving that if you know how to act you can be successful in both mediums.

Marlon Brando and Teresa Wright are the stars of "The Men," story about paraplegics.

Marlon returns to Teresa at her parents' home in an attempt to effect a reconciliation in this scene in the stirring drama.

Above: Marlon misunderstands Teresa's feelings as the full realization of her responsibility bursts upon her on her wedding night.

Below: Marlon defends himself before Paralyzed Veterans Assn. board for being drunk, involved in a fight and an auto smashup.
was love light in his eye instead of a vapor trail.

Brook Crawford, the big guy who's been working at his career for years and finally hit the jackpot in "All The King's Men," gets one big lift out of his boss, Helen Broderick. Up to lately Brook's been referred to as Helen Broderick's boy. She's put a sign on her mailbox not saying "Broderick Crawford's mother lives here."

For the first time in his life, glamour king Clark Gable attended a fashion show—and willingly, yet. It was the big Adrian do which he has every year for the husbands of the gals he gowns and Mr. G. docilely escorted his bride to the shindig.

Some guys just never settle down, but being a husband and father has completely mellowed the bluster from John Derek. His little woman, Patti, had to spend many months in bed before the baby came, so John's learned to cook, wash and clean house. On Patti's birthday he brought a complete and festive dinner to her bedside, including a fancy iced cake. For a guy who never turned a hand around the house or wouldn't even sponge out a T-shirt, he's done' quite well. And proud of it.

Club Gala, the small, intimate nightclub that has a New Yorkish atmosphere, has been the hangout of nouveaux and sophisticates ever since the chic and very clever character impersonator, Elizabeth Talbot-Martin, has been holding forth with her sharp act. We've stopped by several times, one evening with screenwriter Dewitt Bodeen, Director Jack Gage, and Producer Harriet Parsons to catch a big lift out of his mom, Helen, from uncounted names of Hollywood's musical world, we saw Audrey Totter with her sister and a couple beau, enjoying themselves like crazy. Before, we'd stopped by Jay's Room, which is a part of Mocambo, for dinner—which was devine—and who should walk in but Lady Thelma Furness and Edmund Lowe who used to be a constant romantic duo. Apparently they have resumed.

Cary Grant got himself a personal photographer when he married Betsy Drake. While they were making the picture "Crisis," Betsy practically lived on the set and snapped Cary from every angle, and in his romantic scenes with MGM's very beautiful newcomer, Paula Raymond.

Van and Evie Johnson fell in love with Mexico when they vacationed there. Soooocoo, they're teaching Spanish lesson three times a week, preparing for their next trip down there. These kids have been married three years now and, for the anniversary, Van gifted Evie with a portrait of herself which he up and painted with his own hand.

Cute Barbara Bates and her husband, publicist Cecil Coon, bought themselves a small boat and parked it at Newport. Every weekend they trek down there to work on it. So far they've never taken it out of the harbor for a sail—too much stuff to do before it's ready. Citizens in Newport were a little taken aback when they found the pretty Bates got up into an automatic laundry with the boat's sails over her arm and calmly stuff them into a washing machine. Seems the sails got real dirty from sitting around in the smog and Barbara thought up the novel way to get 'em clean and white again.

Kathryn Grayson will be blonde, brunette and brownette in one single picture, "The Toast Of New Orleans." The guys on this flicker could hardly wait to finish. Mario Lanza was due to take off for Italy for his debut with La Scala Opera. David Niven was anticipating a trip to England, where he will make a picture. J. Carroll Naish had a holiday in Ireland in mind and Kathryn was drooling over an expected vacation in Mexico.

When Dorothy Lamour returns from her engagement at the London Palladium she'll portray one of the most colorful silent picture sirens, Theda Bara. This picture was originally earmarked for Betty Hutton, but Betty mixed it because she wasn't the type. La Bara was dark and sultry, which sounds about right for dark and sultry Dotty.

Mark Stevens and Edmond O'Brien, outfitted in cop uniforms for their picture at Columbia called "Prowl Car," walked into Lucy's for lunch with their assistant director. One of Lucy's waitresses welcomed the cast, director, waved him to a table, and instructed Mark and Eddie to go eat in the kitchen. His face was several shades of vermillion when the director identified his boys and explained they were only playing at being cops.

The new plane Jimmy Stewart bought isn't for the racing department. It's a twin-engined Beechcraft which he's outfitting for a round-the-world flight with his bride, Gloria. They're off as soon as Jas. finishes "Winchester '73" and "Harvey."

We had a delightful evening at Irene Dunne's house on the other Sunday. Irene loves to run pictures at home and has mastered the tricky art of working the projection machines herself, so we had probably one of the highest priced projectionists in this parts working while we relaxed. Irene had planned to run one picture before supper and the other after. Our guests got into a big canasta game and the hostess couldn't lure them away. We heard some fascinating stories from Louis Collov, who co-produced that wonderful picture, "Savage Splendor," which he brought for Irene to show. We'd seen it twice before, but we sat, eyes glued to the screen. (Please turn to page 57)
“Summer Fire” SWIM SUIT... One piece suede-finish LasteX with multicolor, hand-screened flame design, by MARLYLE SPORTSWEAR. Side boned bra with button-on strap.
(A) Sky blue suit with light blue, royal and navy. (B) White with sky blue, royal and navy. (C) Maize with gold, tangerine and scarlet. Sizes 32 to 38. $5.99

“Daisy Doll” SKIRT... Full-circle style by ARGOSY, side-slit pocket, with splashy yellow daisies on red or black broadcloth background. Sizes 24 to 30. $3.99

“Pique Bow” BLOUSE... Wrap-around that ties with a big side bow. White, pink, blue, maize. Sizes 32 to 38. $2.99

CABANA SET... Three-piece play suit by CAROLE WREN. Shorts are white twill cuffed in black and red plaid or blue and red plaid cotton that matches the bra and shirt. Sizes 10 to 16. $3.99

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED
Grace Kelly, below, lovely NBC television actress, in a cotton voile creation by Linda Lee of Miami designed for on- or off-the-shoulder wear. It is softly gathered in front at the waist, has self buttons down front to just below waistline. Grosgrain ribbon belt matches print color. Green, blue or red print on white. Sizes 10-18. About $16. Grace’s ankle-strap sandals are made of Nylon weave with calf trim and are $8.95. Her Strawtex-trimmed-with-calf handbag sells for $6.95.

Fashion Selection #144
Grace's blouse (below) is by Ship 'n Shore. Fashioned from fine Jacquard combed broadcloth, it features a convertible collar—wear it open or closed—and has pearl buttons down front. Available in four delicate pastel shades—white, pink, blue, and maize. In sizes 30 to 38. Less than $3.00.

Fashion Selection #146

Fashion Selections

by

Kay Brunell

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Fashion Selection #152
Bette George, pert television actress, wears Hollywood-Maxwell's bra wardrobe—a bra for every type fashion. The strapless bra above is answer to bare-shoulder styles. In white or black satin and net for $5. Sizes 32-36-A, 32-38B, 32-40C. On-or-off-shoulders blouse is by Ship 'n Shore.

Fashion Selection #153
Plunging necklines are seen everywhere on the fashion scene and call for a low-cut bra such as the Hollywood-Maxwell bra above. In white cotton for $2.50; black or white nylon for $3.50. Sizes 32-36A, 32-38B, and 32-40C. The smart plunging neckline blouse that Bette's wearing is a Textron creation.

Fashion Selection #154
The new look in bras is the rounded line, and Hollywood-Maxwell leads the way with bra above—the perfect bra to wear with sweaters. It comes in cotton and net for $2.50 and in satin and nylon for $3. White only. Sizes 32-36A, 32-38B and 32-40C. The sweater is a Tish-U-Knit.

Fashion Selection #155
Just as every wardrobe should include a basic dress or suit, every wardrobe should include a basic bra. Below is such a bra. It is available in white, pink, blue or black nylon for $3.50; in white, pink or blue satin for $3; in white or pink cotton for $2.50; in white nylon marquisette for $3.50. Sizes 32-36A, 32-38B and 32-40C. The classic rayon shirt-waist blouse Bette wears is a Ship 'n Shore style.

Fashion Selection #156
Sportswear fashions require a sportswear bra—one that's designed to supply necessary support and still allow for freedom of action. This problem is solved with the one below. It's just what the sports-loving girl and woman wants in a bra. In cotton for $3, and in nylon for $3.95. In white only. Sizes 32-36A, 32-38B and 32-40C. Bette's casual shirt-waist blouse of gingham is a Ship 'n Shore design.

Fashion Selection #157
With backless styles for daytime and evening wear so popular, the backless bra, shown above, is a necessity. In white nylon marquisette for $3.95. Sizes 32-36A, 32-38B and 32-40C. Credit Lorch of Dallas with the sunback dress.

FOR INFORMATION where to purchase Hollywood-Maxwell bras in or near your city, write to Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor, Screenland, 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
through that and the other feature, “I Remember Mama.” We’d only seen that one eight times. Irene told us that while she’s in Europe this Summer she’ll play Queen Victoria in the best-seller “The Mudlark.” She’ll have to go some to beat her performances in “Mama” and her new comedy, now titled “Come Share My Love.” I sneaked into a projection room and saw it—and it’s a honey!

Looks as if the latest bustup between Wanda Hendrix and Audie Murphy is permanent. This was their fifth try at reconciling, so hardly anyone could say the two kids were hasty. Most people are betting that Frankie and Nancy Sinatra will get back together again. And that other rifting couple, Cornél and Pat Wilde made another stab at staying wed.

The stuff you hear about that trek MGM sent their actors on—to the wilds of Africa for “King Solomon’s Mines!” Kid I know who was on the picture said he and another guy, on an advance scouting trip, were held up for two days in a native village during one of those exotic, periodic savage ceremonies (I can’t be specific about this one). The boys were treated extremely hospitably, but they just plain weren’t allowed to leave until all the merry-making was over. Never heard such praise as that dished out about Debbie Kerr, the only woman on the safari, who never complained once during the four month, 50,000 mile location. The only thing she wasn’t overboard about was the perfume used by the native women—rancid vegetable oil! Working with these dames in close proximity in temperatures ranging up to 150° was a little sick-making, but otherwise Deborah had a fine, adventurous experience.

Once, when the company broke for tea, she and her male co-stars, Richard Carlson and Stewart Granger, asked the native boy who served them for some hot water. He looked perplexed, disappeared and, hours later after they had settled for lemon squash, came back with a huge kettle of boiling water. He didn’t know they wanted just a tiny splash to weaken the strong tea. Thought, perhaps, they were going to bathe.

Richard Todd, the sensational young English actor whom Warner Bros. lured to these Hollywood shores, was on location for “Lightning Strikes Twice” in our Calif. frontier town, Victorville, when the news came that he was an Acad Award nominee for his performance in “The Hasty Heart.” This is a real keen, hospitable town—if they like you—so they threw a ball for Mr. Todd, renting a hall and pouring, of all things, champagne to celebrate. It made him feel pretty darn wonderful to think that a bunch of strangers would adopt a guy from 6,000 miles away. But our latest recruit from the British Isles is 100% for the U.S.—probably why he got such a spontaneous, heartwarming reception.

Anyone who wants to can call me the canasta pigeon of all time. At Bill and Lucille Demarest’s we practically dropped our weekly poke, competing with those two...
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GRACE'S ensemble (at right) is by California Casuals, consists of neatly fitting bra and shorts and trim jacket, all of sanforized denim. Faded blue, lime, shrimp, gold—solid or with stripes. Sizes 10-18. Jacket—$4.95; shorts—$3.95; bra—$1.95. Write to California Casuals, 892 W. 5th, Los Angeles, Calif.

GRACE'S flattering outfit (below) is a Belle's of Hollywood feature. Preshrunk cotton sailcloth skirt in red-blue, red-gray, tan-green or green-blue print on off-white—sizes 10-16—under $8. White blouse of sanforized broadcloth—sizes 32-38—under $4. Write Belle's, 6227 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Two of the nicest people who ever hit Hollywood are Swedish star Alf Kjellen and his wife, Karen. Alf was re-named Christopher Kent and appeared in only one American picture, “Madame Butterfly.” Prior to coming to Hollywood, Alf had been Sweden’s top male star. So—as it sometimes happens, he got fed up with all the no activity and headed back to his native country on a tramp steamer. We heard all about it at a farewell party for the Kjellens, given by Paramount publicist Ted Wick. And as it always happens, the day Alf and Karen sailed he got a picture offer. By this time he was a little skeptical, said maybe he would re-consider and, if so, he’d get off the boat at Panama. We have a hunch he’ll be back here, plenty big, because he’s terribly attractive and talented.

Jerome Courtland has again revamped his living quarters—sold his late stepfather’s house and moved into an apartment. He’s his 5-year-old brother’s guardian and has put the spurt in boarding school. The kid visits “Cojo” on weekends at his new bachelor digs—that is, until their mother returns from her Eastern honeymoon.

June Haver’s turned landlady. Building an apartment house in Brentwood, farm-house style, which she wants to rent to young married couples. June’s putting in washable paper so the little tots can mark on the walls like crazy and is building in all kinds of conveniences like bookshelves and toy cupboards and whatnot so her tenants will be comfortable, happy and permanent. June has no current romance—the boy she’s been dating, Joe Campbell, is a chum of her sis and brother-in-law. A girl has to have a date now and then, but in this town one evening out with a guy constitutes a big romance.

Harry James, doing “I’ll Get By” with June, is making his last picture on his contract with 20th Century-Fox. Guess who he lunches with every day—all come on. Who else but Betty Grable. She was real nervous on the set of “My Blue Heaven” when both her kids were visiting there, so she tripped herself twice. Vickie, her eldest, broke the tension by saying, “Mommy, why can’t you do it right?” Next time Betty went through her routine perfectly.

Say, have you done your part and written your Congressman or signed a petition to repeal the 20% tax on movie admissions? If not, get busy. If that tax is repealed you can see five movies for the present price of four.
**Arthur Godfrey Tips Off Hollywood!**

Continued from page 27.

isn't about to sit through thirty minutes of pose and glamour just because those involved with the program are prettier than the flowers of Spring y'know. Not as a steady diet, anyway, and after all, television is a day-after-day, night-after-night thing.

"Personality is definitely more important than good looks?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "Anyone can have personality, Jay, regardless of his looks. Say what you like, but it's a fellow's or a girl's personality that puts him or her across on the television screen, just as it does in any other visual medium, or in life itself for that matter. Personality counts much more than physical attractiveness. A pretty face and a pretty figure is a joy to behold, sure it is, but a television viewer would get mighty sick of beholding that same joy night in and night out, whereas a performer who relies on his personality will most always be welcomed into the living rooms of the nation.

"A gal can be a whopping success as a performer and yet not be the least bit pretty. Nine times out of ten, you'll find the more successful actresses behind an ingenious face rather than a beautiful one. That goes for a man as well as a woman. An unattractive man, in the long run, is generally the most popular.

"The French are the best example of what I mean. For the most part, the are popular because of their attractiveness. And true to the theory that the more unattractive you are physically, the harder you'll work on your personality—most any French girl can exert her charm in and no time at all sweep a guy right out from under the nose of the most glamorous gal in the books. Why? Because she's learned how to use it. And she blends charm, poise and personality to offset her lack of physical attractiveness.

"One of the first things most people have to learn, and I preach it to all of the kids who come to "Talent Scouts," is to get over their self-consciousness, to relax. That's the reason vaudeville and nightingale TV are the best bets at the moment. They've worked in front of audiences for so long that they've gotten over the self-consciousness that comes with meeting the audience. They're relaxed, they've got nothing to worry about but giving a good performance.

"On TV, it's in its infancy. Many performers have yet to develop that intimate something that radio, in its own special way, has created for the home audience. It's a long ways from being fully developed; all of television, in fact, no matter what they'll tell you, is still in the groping stages. We're all feeling our way around. In my opinion, I think my way is the right way, of course, and the other guy thinks his is and, when you come right down to it, only time will tell if either of us knows what he's talking about.

"My idea is to make everyone on my program do things," he continued, still stressing the importance of self-assurance.

"I make them act silly, I dress them up in screwy costumes and I give 'em ridicul-

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61
How Elizabeth's Heart Was Won

Continued from page 22

her, she was going to keep her interested a secret from everyone. Even when she
came engaged, she was not going to let
anyone know until a proper tea was given.
That's what she vowed.

In October, 1949, Elizabeth was work-
ing at Paramount in a remake of The-
dore Dreiser's masterful novel, "An
American Tragedy." One noon Pete
Freeman, the son of Y. Frank Freeman
(Paramount's head man) invited Eliza-
beth to have luncheon with him at Lu-
cy's Restaurant.

When Pete Freeman extended his invi-
tation, he added, "Will it be all right if
we are joined by a friend of mine? He's
a nice person who always adds something
to any group."

Elizabeth said it would be fine. She
could only take an hour, so it would be
nice for Pete to have someone left at
table when she had to fly at one o'clock.
Lucy's is one of the places in which
there is a strong inclination to relax until
two or two-thirty.

That night Elizabeth's mother wanted
to know what had happened that day.
Anything new, different, exciting?

She said the picture was going along
fine. Then she added without emphasis,
"I had luncheon with Pete Freeman and
one of his friends, a boy named Nick
Hilton."

"That must be the son of Conrad Hil-
ton, the hotel owner," ventured Mrs.
Taylor. "Someone was saying the other
day that he's a graduate of New Mexico
Military Institute at Roswell. And I
think he attended Loyola. What sort of
person is he?"

Elizabeth gave the matter brief con-
sideration. "He's tall—about six feet. He
has dark brown curly hair, and brown
eyes... and... his eyes have candles
in them."

It was not love at first sight, but
something more permanent than roman-
tic love: it was comradeship at first sight.
He had said that he was going horseback
riding on Sunday, and had admitted—to
Elizabeth's question—that riding was his
favorite sport, next to golf.

And when time had come to order des-
sert, Elizabeth had said, "Anything choco-
late. I'm wild about chocolate," and he
had added, "Me, too."

On Saturday, he telephoned to ask
Elizabeth if she would like to go with
him to a dinner party that night. It was
being given by his brother, Baron Hilton,
and Baroness wife, Marilyn, who were
visiting in Los Angeles from Chicago.
Elizabeth accepted.

In the weeks that followed they went
riding together and Elizabeth transferred
her horse from his boarding place to the
stable where Nick kept his own horse.
More convenient.

Nick took Elizabeth to a premiere.
When he arrived, she remarked upon his
wardrobe. He had not been seen in him
dinner clothes before. He looked himself
ever and allowed as how he should have
worn sunglasses and bathing trunks be-
cause he was about to be sunburned by
the Popping of flash bulbs. Because, he
explained with a straight face, he was
taking out a big, fast movie star that
night, and there was likely to be quite a
bit of fuss made.

Liz took the kidding. "Wait until I
walk around the golf course with you and
you flub a shot. Just wait. I'll have a
few things to say then."

The Taylors wanted to get away from
Hollywood over the Christmas holidays,
so they took a huge mountain lodge at
Big Bear. Marilyn, Baron, and Nick
Hilton were invited to be house guests.
You should know something about Big
Bear in order to understand the holiday
of Liz and Nick. Big Bear is a resort
built around a lake, and it lies at an
altitude of slightly over a mile. The air is
like melted crystal, and the snow-dusted
pines rise high enough to brush the face
of the moon. A group of happy people
can ski or skate, hike through the woods
or go tobogganning. In the village there
is square-dancing, bowling, and the fun of
prowling through small shops.

On January 2, the day on which the
Rose Bowl game was played in 1950, Liz
had a date with Jerome Courtland to see
the battle between California and Ohio.
They started early, knowing that the
traffic would be heavy, and had made ex-
cellent time to the outskirts of Pasadena
when Liz clipped her hand to her mouth
to suppress a shriek of dismay. She had
forgotten the tickets.

Somehow Jerry maneuvered out of the
lane of traffic in which he was grooved
(and only a driver who has tried: to
change his mind on the way to Pasadena
on New Year's Day can imagine what
driving skill and 22 carat luck that re-
quires) and circled around side streets
until he found an open drug store. Liz
telephoned her father, who started out
from Beverly Hills with the tickets. He
was met by two very grateful and em-
barrassed youngsters in time for them to
see three quarters of the game. They
missed kickoff and the first quarter.

"The only excuse I can think of is that
I was thinking of something else," mur-
mured Liz in a statement fraught with
importance.

A few days later, Nick brought a rec-
ord for Liz. It was "Some Enchanted
Evening" from the score of "South Paci-
fic" and it marked the beginning of the
biggest secret Liz had ever kept. She
and Nick had double dates with Jane
Powell and Geary Steffen, yet she didn't
breathe a word of it to Jane. Liz and Ann
Westmore, Liz's very best friend, mulled in
the long afternoons of "girl talk," but Liz
held her tongue. She was already plan-
ning that Ann—as maid of honor—would
wear a Juliet cap of freezias, which carry
freezias and daffodils, and would wear a
skin green satin sheath dress over which
would froth many layers of nylon tulle,
but Liz didn't breathe a word. This was
a secret she intended to keep until the
announcement party was given in March
or perhaps not until April. The date for
They agreed on an innovation: the friends who wanted to give parties for Nick and Liz, decided to give evening parties only so that the boys could be in on the festivities. These affairs were so successful (the groom himself received gifts as well as the bride) that the Hollywood youngtimers plan to make the custom standard.

During the last week in April, Liz threatened to give up entirely. Even though she had always dreamed of a big wedding, the excitement began to wane until the bursting point was in sight. "I'm going to have the giggles," she protested. "Whenever I get too tired, I laugh. I can't help myself. I try to be solemn but I just have to fold my sides and bow. I'm going to laugh at my own wedding—I know it."

But she didn't.

She came down the aisle as sweetly solemn a bride as ever approached the altar. Her white satin gown, designed by Helen Rose of MGM, was lovely beyond description. Only pictures can do justice to it. For "something old" she wore a pair of white satin slippers in which she had danced many a happy mile with Nick. (She also wore stockings as a concession to the solemnity of the occasion, although she loathes them and never wears them unless the demands of etiquette cannot be otherwise met.) For "something new" she wore her bridal ensemble; for "something borrowed" she carried a rose point lace handkerchief which her father had given her mother shortly before their marriage; and for "something blue," she wore the traditional satin garter.

So this story ends, as all good love stories do, with "they lived happily ever after."

Why I've Fallen In Love Only Once

Continued from page 36

she doesn't have as much fun. I didn't.

But still, it's a good idea. I know now that Mother was right. For if the One Man stands the test of comparison with other men, it makes the girl so much more sure. And that's especially important if the girl is young.

Sister Mary Miles used to point out that although there surely is that One Man intended for every girl, some girls don't wait long enough to find the one intended for them. Thus:

"You must exercise judgment. You must be analytical in trying to recognize the right one," she told us. "We don't believe in divorce and remarriage, so you must be careful or there can be mistakes. If you marry too impetuously, without using good judgment, it's possible that you might choose unwisely and regret it later."

I truly think it is a great, great shame that more girls today do not enter marriage with the idea that it will be a bond for life, a "forever marriage," instead of thinking, "If it doesn't work I can get a divorce." I say this not merely from the standpoint of my religious belief, but because, if girls really believed in one love, one marriage, they would be more selective, less impetuous, more certain before they marry and then later divorce. I say it because divorce is a bitter, heart-breaking thing.

Of course I've known of a few sudden, romantic, impetuous marriages which have stood the long-time test, but in most successful cases the man and woman involved have been mature; certainly mentally and emotionally mature, if not in any other way. It is what they wanted in marriage, knew the type of marriage partner which would make the bond enduring.

I'm afraid that most very young couples who get the "love in bloom" romantic urge and decide on a sudden marriage have not been given enough thought to the serious side of marriage, to the adjustments which must be made, to financial problems which will arise, to each other's personality facets which might prove difficult and which are never apparent during courtship when the boy and girl are on best behavior, look their best, are trying to please and impress each other.

That is why I agree with Sister Mary Miles and Mother on the importance of
Do you think I was talking about something else when I said never had that crushes? There's that word again. Standing between you and me and everything. I could have been any other girl and you never even knew it. I've had crushes, you know—a real, honest-to-goodness crush. Not like the one I had on you, but a real crush. I think I like men who are controlling and comfortable in every way. But not too comfortable, you know. I like them to be just a little bit uncomfortable, but not too uncomfortable. It's like knowing they are there for you, but not too much. That way, I feel like I'm a part of something special. And a crush is like that, isn't it? It's like knowing they are there for you, but not too much. It's just right. It's like knowing they are there for you, but not too much. It's just right.
It's a WALTER—unshapely, one for SIZE. fuller, Address. Check. How erase it'll if too." That's ard out rooms she all the staff suffering to to ries thing could Mama!" know broken Joan, "But, When me," do that she felt sure, it was neuritis, or allergies. doctors gave her tests and treatments for all three and for as many more things as they could think of. "This time, though, it was put right up to me," she said. "They'd covered everything—except one. And that was me. I could be doing it to myself. With worries and fears, Would my picture be a success? Would this go right or that go wrong? Who, for instance, would take care of me when I'm sixty? "So I just stopped worrying! Now, the moment such a thought crosses my mind, I erased it. I learned that nothing else, something constructive, something building and pleasing. And I haven't had an attack of the illness since!"

When Joan came home from Italy after making part of "September Affair" there for Paramount last year, she was heartbroken to observe that Debbie didn't know her. The baby's cry of "Mama, Mama!" to the nurse upset Joan so that she let the woman go as soon as she

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I ride horseback around the hills here for exercise and, unless I'm working, spend the rest of the time with Debbie. "But her clinging to me so closely brings up another problem. For instance, she cries and worries when I'm away all day working at the studio—and that shouldn't be."

"I can't possibly be with her all the time. She must have companions her own age! Why, when Gene Tierney brought her little Tina over—Debbie and she are only a week apart—neither one knew how to play with the other! Both little girls just hung on to their Mummies and stared at each other.

"And that's the great reason I want to marry again!" Joan leaned forward and spoke with emphasis. "I want to provide brothers and sisters—four, five, six of them—for Debbie so that she won't grow up in the loneliness of being an only child. And if the right man doesn't come along to be the father of these children, I'm thinking very seriously of adopting them!"

I talked with Joan soon after her divorce from Brian Aherne—at a time when she was alone and liking it. As I talked with her, I couldn't help but think that Joan, who was once married to a staid, British social set, cast in a mold of rigid formality. Released from this, Joan emerged the fairy princess, the gay and mondaine lady who seemed to have rubbed off her country manners. I'm thinking very seriously of adopting them!"

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**It's Always A Picnic!**

Continued from page 43

working, she could kite off to the beach, hike, or shop and lunch at the Farmers' Market with some of the fellows she'd met, actors or businessmen connected with the industry.

Vera has very definite ideas about dating. She likes fellows who are fun to be with in the daytime as well as in the evening; she likes someone who is fun to swim with and dance with but who is just as good talking before a big fire. "After all," she says, "you can't rumba your way through life! Some of my masculine friends represent one sort of interest, others represent different qualities that I esteem too. Whenever I find a man who embodies all the aspects of living I value most, there won't be any other escorts."

Vera's idea of a happy day is like the one she and Roc Hudson spent at Ojai. They found they didn't have Saturday calls, jumped in his car and headed north, past Ventura, into the mountains. Roe is the six-foot-three-incher who scored in "Fighter Squadron," "Undertow" and "Shoplifter." He loves the outdoors and is a good athlete. They stopped on the way to Ojai for orange juice and for buttermilk. They drove through fruit orchards in bloom and came out finally into the rolling fertile valley. Then left the car, hiked through the woods, practiced shooting (Vera confined her aim to tin cans, fared pretty well for a beginner), then found a meadow with a great oak under which to spread their lunch. They ate sandwiches and fried chicken which Vera had packed at home, and the coffee she had poured scalding hot into the thermos. Then they drove to a friend's ranch where they rode horseback all afternoon. That evening they went to the Ojai Country Club for dinner and
to dance. Vera usually keeps a small suitcase in the car for all-day excursions. When it was time for dinner, she slipped out of her dungarees into a wide skirt, hung a gold necklace over her turtleneck sweater, changed moccasins for high-heeled pumps and was ready. Later, driving home, she saw the moon swing out over the hills, flooding the whole sky, that was all.

"In New York," she says, "we never could get out of town for anything except perhaps a quick run to Long Island. But out here, mother and I may start out for church and not be back for three weeks—we acquire a lot of tooth brushes that way—and you don't have to drive hundreds of miles to reach a different climate: you can zip up to Arrowhead and the snow or down to the desert. And life is so varied."

One of the factors of the "wonderful time" is the work itself, and Vera has little patience with Hollywood youngsters who pretend sophistication or ennui. She loves the business. "I've always loved getting up in the morning and drive to the studio feeling the world is mine. And as for getting lost, everyone has been looking after me ever since I first came. Mr. Goldwyn let me store all my furniture and things on the Goldwyn lot until I found a place to live, people have been so nice and there's a sense of informality. The other evening, for example, dance director Hermes Pan took a group of us home to his house for dinner. One of the boys cooked Spanish chicken and we had a gay, carefree time talking, running off old Fred Astaire pictures, watching his old Bohemian routine. I've never had to fight for my rights, either, in this business. People like Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, and producer Arthur Freed look after you, and I like that; it gives you complete freedom to concentrate on the job in hand."

But there are glamour evenings too—premières such as "Battleground," to which she was escorted by A. C. Lyles, publicist at Paramount, the Masked Ball at the Beverly Hills Hotel, to which she went with Henry Wilson of the Feldman Agency, her dress a lovely thing of blue satin with a hint of imported French eyelet. Others of her escorts include Johnny McKee and Bill Reynolds from Fox. She's interested in the business end of pictures too, finds it stimulating to get that point of view, and particularly likes the personal appearance junkets when she has a chance to talk with exhibitors.

"I enjoy the travelling, meeting my own kind of people when I visited Milwaukee, having a chance to see my relatives in Wadena, Minnesota, where my uncle took me for an old-fashioned buggy ride. My grandmother had never seen a moving picture in 3-30 and the next day my uncle and aunt finish up their chores at the dairy farm and go in to the Cozy Theatre to see what I'm up to. They were slightly alarmed over "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue" (from "Words And Music") and were greatly relieved to see me looking like a self-made man. The children, my cousins and their friends, take me ice skating and, last time, they wrote my name in the snow."

"Yes, it's a full life. There is that sense of contact with the outside world, there are the tremendous opportunities for working in a medium that offers far more scope for imaginative dancing than the stage does, there are the great dancing partners I've had and the fine dance directors and the promise of many exciting pictures coming up. I'd always wanted to live where it was year-round. Spring, and California is as close to that as I can imagine. It's always a picnic, for you eat out of doors and the minute you have free time you take to the open road with a lunch basket. Then there are various spontaneous things, like the night roc and I went as gold Oscars to the Photographers' Ball. You don't know how much time we spent on that! The studio mixed up the paint with a pound and a half of gold dust, and they put on our faces. That took a half hour. But the rest of us, we painted ourselves. That took two-and-a-half hours. It wasn't really fair because roc just had to paint me and I had to paint six feet, three inches of him. I was afraid I'd use up all the paint and get caught with a white leg myself."

"You should have seen the man in the paint store when we went in to buy brushes for the job. Our faces were already gold but we walked in as if that were quite natural, asked for a gallon of alcohol and the brushes. He asked whether we wanted brushes for painting woodwork, for the outside of the house or for furniture. His face, when we said we wanted to paint ourselves! I'm sure he thought we were mad, and I wanted to tell him, 'Mister—not mad, just having a wonderful time!'

Learn To Count To Three

Continued from page 47

was suddenly the absolute dreamboat of her class, and the boys, above everyone else, thought she was utterly fascinating. They said she was 'mysterious'—at the age of fifteen!"

"I couldn't understand it. And finally, I bustled in on her mother one day and she told me the story."

"It seemed that her daughter's main failing had been that she talked too much, chattered all the time. She let fly with her positive, adolescent opinions of people, places and things constantly."

"The mother, who was a dramatic coach, incidentally, realized her child was in a fair way to becoming most unpopular. She talked to her one day. 'Now, look,' she said, 'you're getting to be a young lady. And I want you to promise me something. I want you to swear that you'll count to five before you answer any question, and to at least three before you volunteer an opinion or make a statement in casual conversation.'"

"Well, the girl promised. And she kept her promise. When a boy said, 'Hello!' there would be a short lull, a period of suspense, so to speak, before she uttered her reply. And, believe it or not, this was what created her 'mystery!' Too, she
did her counting before she delivered an opinion. So the boys never knew exactly what she was going to say, nor when she was going to say it. By counting, you see, she gave the impression of deep consideration to their every statement. It was flattering to them, of course. But it also riveted attention on her!

All of us are guilty of the kind of thoughtlessness which puts us into the limelight. As Loretta says, "All of us have been in story-telling sessions with several other insta~eral sessions where we could hardly wait for someone else to get finished before we told our tale. We have been in such a hurry, in fact, that we don't give our appreciation, or our laughter—a common courtesy—but charge in the moment the speaker pauses for breath. That is a kind of blunting, of course, and it's invariably deflating, woundmg, to that individual.

This, as I say, is done by everyone. But that doesn't make it any better:

"To say, 'Oh, it's human nature'! doesn't excuse it," Loretta told me positively. "Actually, it's purely and simply bad manners.

"We break out with things, we spew forth words, and ninety per cent of the time we don't even listen to what we are saying, much less mean it. Actually, we don't take the time to say what we do mean.

"There is, too, as Loretta says, "The kind of blunting where you literally take the wind out of someone's sails.

"That expression, as it was originally used, meant not only that a ship did not move, but that it actually died, withered, that its crew perished, that the sun beating down upon it caused its timbers to shrivel and crack.

"The same thing can happen to a person.

"Time and again, I have seen someone in the full of flight of an idea, putting forth an argument or an exposition of a pet theory, talking with utmost conviction, feeling he is actually accomplishing something—only to have the listener say, in a derogatory tone, 'Oh, you're nuts. No one but an idiot would believe that!' And what happens? The wind does go out of that individual's sails. It is taken out, by deliberate cruelty."

Loretta drew her brilliant gown around her knees. She went on, "That, however, is not as bad as the I'm-telling-you-this-for-your-own-good kind of blunting, the it-is-my-duty-to-inform-you sort of truth-spreading. For, in the main, that 'truth' is usually sheer gossip.

"Fundamentally, I think it's better to be kind, to pretend ignorance in such situations, if necessary, than to be right. Charity is the first law. And, even if you do know something about someone which should possibly be brought out into the open, you should not be the one to speak. How can you know you are right in speaking, after all?

"I've heard people say, 'But I wasn't gossaping. I was telling the truth!' And maybe they were—maybe. But they had no right to decide whether or not to talk. They were neither policemen nor judges. It was not up to them to disclose information which might hurt someone, true or false. They should, instead, have counted to three.

"It is bad enough to tell the truth when you are asked for it," Loretta went on, "but when you are not, it's apt to be sheer murder!"

"I'm thin~ing of a sad, true story," she said, soberly.

"There is an actress who used to be tops. She was really a famous name in the picture business. And then something happened. What, I don't know. But, suddenly, she was not only down off her perch, but in terrible straits, capable at her job as she was.

"It was then that she heard about a certain kind of put in her bid for it. She saw the director and the writers, and everyone said that she was perfect for the role. It was hers.

"It so happened that the producer of the picture was not in his office that day and didn't learn of her selection until the next morning. He agreed that she would be very good, and then he asked, 'Now, how do I go about getting out of my contract for this picture?'

"Everyone was astounded, of course. Why did he want to break his contract?

"The reason, incredible as it may seem, went back—oh, fourteen or fifteen years. At that time, the producer was just getting started. He was a member of the crew, a 'nobody.' The actress was a star, as I said. And, one day on the set, he made some sort of noise which 'disturbed' her during the rehearsal of a scene. She turned and, without thinking, blurted out the order that he should be fired.

"She had the power. Her word was law. He was fired—a few days before his wife had a baby. He did not get work again for six months, and he had a family to support."

"He never forgot that period in his life. Nor the woman who had so thoughtlessly caused it.

"His motive in wanting to get out of his contract was not, strangely enough, revenge. He didn't need revenge. He was on top, in demand. And he knew how much the role meant to the actress at that time. So he merely said that he could not and would not work with her, ever.

"I wish the story had a happy ending. It hasn't. For of course the company would not let him out of his commitment. They cancelled the deal with the actress, instead. Her own thoughtlessness had returned to snap her when she was down."

"I don't want to sound like a tin-horn philosopher," she finished. "But, if we all learned to count to three before we spoke, we'd find ourselves paying more attention to other people's feelings instead of our own. And, if we all learned that, think what a lovely world this might be!"

A Really Good Bad Girl

Continued from page 45
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LARGE SIZE of your favorite star
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FREE: 21 PINKIES with order of ALCOREM Special Pinkie capsules to help nervous and digestive system. Also FREE WEIGHT CHART. Ask for instructions in building refined drinker to proper weight.

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SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK. Send name and address. We ship ALCOREM, FREE PINKIES and FREE WEIGHT CHART. Mailled in plain wrapper. Pay postman only $4.95 and small C.O.D. charge. To save C.O.D. charge send $4.95 with order.

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Loose skin, wrinkles, outstanding ears, lips, baggy eyelids, breasts, scars, bags—corrected by plastic surgery, Consultation and Booklet S Free.

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**BUST LINE BEAUTY**

Would you like a well rounded and firm bust line to wear in any costume? Science tells us that estrogenic hormones may be absorbed by the skin of the breasts. Each jar of LARAB ESTROGENE contains 30,000 Int. Units of estrogenic substance fortified with hormones. We don’t make any claims for LARAB but want you to be the sole judge. We guarantee beyond any doubt that your money will be refunded immediately if you are dissatisfied for any reason. A full 5oz. jar will be shipped in plain wrapper for only $2.00 which includes tax and postage. No sales tax. C.O.D. orders are accepted. You pay Postman, plus postal charges.

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BUST CREAM has done for me."

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HOUSE OF EDEN, DEPT. SU-13


trade mark
for me. I don’t want him to give it to me just because I’m his wife.”

Claire suddenly was glancing intently at the handsome diamond-and-platinum ring on her finger.

“I never saw that before, dear,” she said. “There’s a little speck of red on the stone.”

Milton dashed to Claire’s side, bent over, examined the ring. “I guess that’s a ruby,” he said. “Don’t think I ever saw it before, though.”

“Why, it’s rubbing off,” Claire had wet the ring with her finger. “It’s just a speck of lipstick,” she laughed.

It was a sentimental crisis of a minute. But it was very revealing in its demonstration of the close boy-and-girl-like devotion of the couple.

It made all the more convincing Claire Trevor’s assertion that she has never known any characters like those she has played on the screen. You just couldn’t imagine the gun moll of “Key Largo” or the Feminine Menace of “Stagecoach,” “Murder My Sweet” and “Allegory Rising” caring a good hoot about a speck on a ring.

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Your Guide to Current Films

Continued from page 15

close to the instigator, is a whiff of French perfume.

Better than average Western in which Maureen was never better, and Will Geer is terrific as Carey’s sidekick.

---

The Daughter Of Rosie O’Grady

(technicolor)

Waltz Brothers

LIGHT musical with June Haver gaily prancing about as the offspring of a vaudeville team, the remaining half being father James Barton. Since her mother’s death, which he attributes to the tough grind of show business, Barton has kept all mention of the stage and theatrical life away from his three daughters. However, June meets music hall owner Gordon MacRae, and family history begins to repeat itself, even though papa temporarily disowns his stage-struck child. Aside from the well worn corny ending, it’s a pleasant enough offering of entertainment.

So Young, So Bad

United Artists

THOUGH none of the names are familiar, other than Paul Henreid, the newcomers make neat showings for themselves. Sentenced to a delinquent home for girls, the four: Anne Francis, Anne Jackson, Rosita Moreno and Enid Pulver, go from bad to worse—something which psychiatrist Henreid can’t understand. Outwardly the institution seems like the ultimate in modern corrective measures. True, the buildings look like some swank girls’ school, but inside those walls, a pack of sadistic matrons rule in ways as horrible as Medieval torture methods. Henreid’s final victory makes up for all the grim goings on. Well done and startlingly unsugarcoated.

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Now, try this harmless, easy-to-follow reducing plan which is helping thousands of men and women to lose ugly fat. Dr. Edward Parrish, widely known medical doctor, endorses and certifies this 14-day plan to be his most effective. No harmful drugs, no complicated diet, no agonizing, hunger pangs. No exercise or massage. Dr. Parrish’s Plan shows you how to EAT ANYTHING YOU LIKE—YET REDUCE. Pounds and pounds of flabby fat may literally melt away. What to see a slimmer waistline and hips again?

Make This Convincing ECONOMICAL 14-Day Test!

For lunch eat 8 Dr. Parrish’s Tablets and nothing else but a beverage. For breakfast and supper, eat any food you like—cutting down sensibly on them. This way you cut down your daily caloric intake, lose weight naturally. You must be overjoyed with results in 14 days or money back.

Dr. Parrish’s Tasty Tablets are a special dietary supplement, help appease hunger pangs while you reduce and are ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

NOT A 7-DAY SUPPLY

NOT A 10-DAY SUPPLY

BUT A FULL 14-DAY SUPPLY FOR ONLY $2.00

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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!

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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!

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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, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readsjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant slenderising figure control. It fashionably shapes your figure to its 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 slimmed 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. Color: 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 48 waist.

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New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

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[ ] Regular, [ ] Panty.
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With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargains 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 month's selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the special Club price of $1.00 each. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during any 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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gardenias surround her—for she knows that flower scents are a lure
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spell of romance with a cluster of garden fragrances. Tantalizing...
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10¢ each
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feel summer sweet
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1 lb. family size Lilac and Roses 25¢ (plus tax)
higher in the west
Snubbed... definitely and deliberately...
by the very man who, last night, simply begged to be introduced. Daisy
wasn’t accustomed to such treatment; once she met a man, she usually
managed to hold him because she was not only a pretty girl, but a witty
and wise one as well. What had she said or done to antagonize him
as they danced the night before? In vain she sought an explanation.

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No matter what other charms you have, they’re likely to be for-
gotten if you’re guilty of halitosis* (unpleasant breath). And, don’t
forget, halitosis* may be absent one time and present the next—
without your realizing it.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such
a simple, delightful, extra-careful precaution against offending?
Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when
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Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful
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sweetens the breath... not for mere
seconds or minutes... but for hours usually. So, don’t trust make-
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“Though sometimes systemic, most
cases of halitosis are due to the bac-
terial fermentation of tiny food par-
ticles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly
halts such oral fermentation, and
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Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Women have
t heir troubles

when the hot weather arrives

So it's a hot and humid day! So it's also a day when sanitary protection is needed! Lady, you should learn about "Tampax. For the lucky woman who discovers Tampax can sail through the month without ever a thought of belts and heavy pads—and everything that these accessories imply. Tampax is actually invisible when in use. More, it cannot be felt even in the slightest degree.

Tampax is the invention of a doctor. It is worn internally and absorbs internally. It discards every bit of outside bulk. Nothing is present to make you uncomfortable. Or to chafe. Or cause odor. No bulges or edge-lines with Tampax. It may be worn in swimming. . . Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax is compressed in applicators for easy insertion and changing. Highly absorbent. Small in size. Disposal no trouble.


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Women have their troubles

when the hot weather arrives

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THE BRIDE gets the thrills!

FATHER gets the bills!

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All the fun, all the sentiment, all the romance that brought joy to millions of readers of the book come to life in a wonderful movie.

DON TAYLOR BILLIE BURKE

SCREEN PLAY BY FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT
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For your enchanted moment (and it may come any moment) only one lipstick will do. It is Tangee! Because it is made by a newly perfected secret formula, you will discover:

1. A finer texture...making it easier to apply. Still more important, it does not smear.
2. Stays on longer...longer than any lipstick you have ever used.
3. Comes in enchanting colors— the pink of perfection, Tangee Pink Queen—and six other glamour shades.

"Come to dinner and then we’ll all go to see Bette Davis in her play."

If you wanted to see Bette Davis or Ruth Hussey or Jennifer Jones, you had to make an overnight stay at some little coastal inn.

But this year, right in Hollywood, all the intimate little theatres like the Las Palmas, the Century, The Stage and the Coronet have marquee banners “name dropping” some of the biggest in the business.

For example, for the opening of “Light Up The Sky,” there were almost as many film stars in the cast as there were in the audience. The “in person” appearance of Guy Madison, Jean Parker, Florence Bates, Tom Power and Fred Clark drew Gayety was the order of the day at dedication of Bing Crosby Stadium in Front Royal, Virginia.

THERE has been a midsummer madness for small theatre parties this season and all the stars are either treading the boards or getting their friends together to attend some performance in which a big movie name is taking a small footlight part for the fun of it.

There was a “straw hat” fever last year in filmland, too, but all the little theatres were in such faraway places as Santa Barbara, La Jolla and Laguna, making it impossible for a hostess to say, Cobina Wright with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Todd at a press luncheon honoring the foreign star.

Joseph Cotten and Rosalind Russell rehearsing a drama for a Screen Guild broadcast.
IT'S BANG! BANG! BANG-UP HOWLS!

...when IRMA and her gang take over the West!

It's the NEW "IRMA" Hit...hilarious!

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a HAL WALLIS production
Directed by HAL WALKER
Screenplay by Cy Howard and Parke Levy

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The Greatest Laugh-Team
In The Land!

with MARIE WILSON AS IRMA

When Jerry and Dean go West—it's hilarity at its best!
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CALO CURL CLIPS

Of course, you can afford this luxury of real beauty in hairstyling. Just roll curl on finger, slide Calo plastic curl clip over curl and presto—beautiful waves and curls you’ve always dreamed of. Calo Plastic curl clips can be used with any type home permanent. Buy a card at your 5&10, Drug or Notion store, or write:

Calo Co. Massapequa, L. I.

Robert Young, shown with Mrs. Young, Carol Ann, Betty Lou and Barbara, is well qualified to be the star of NBC’s “Father Knows Best” show. He also has another daughter, Kathleen.

Stewart Granger and Ruth Roman at gala opening of Hollywood’s new ice cream parlor.

a star-studded crowd and I found myself sitting next to Rosalind Russell, with Betty Hutton, Lucille Ball, Van and Evie Johnson, Kurt Kreuger, Bobby Stack, Cleatus Caldwell, Jose Ferrer, Walter Pidgeon and Lana Turner all practically sitting in the same row.

After the final curtain went down, Wil Wright chatting with Rod Cameron and Virginia Field. Rod’s in “Lost Stage Valley.”

There was a terrific champagne party backstage. At least, it started backstage but there were so many guests that the party adjourned to the auditorium.

This also started a little trouble no one had thought they would have to cope with. One of the after-theatre “crashers” walked into the dressing room shared by Guy Madison and Fred Clark and raided their wardrobes.

Betty Hutton, of course, stopped by to congratulate Benay Venuta, who is one of her best friends, but explained...
Is she coming out "good", or is she coming out to avenge the terrors and the torments that make a prison for women a college for crime? This is the angry story of beautiful Marie Allen, a one-mistake girl that men betrayed... and the law forgot!

The most sensational revelations since 'Fugitive from a Chain Gang' burned into America's conscience!
NEW! PADDED strapless bra by LILYETTE

Strapless glamour for the girl with a small bust. Natural, lovely washable foam rubber pads slip securely into unseen pockets. Boned for reliability, elastic back keeps it in place. Rayon satin with lace, White, black. Sizes 30 to 36 4.00

Padded bra with straps. White, nude, blue, black. 30 to 36 3.00

SAVE $1, buy a set of 2 (1 strapless, 1 with straps) includes one bra with pads, one without MAIL ORDERS FILLED (add 15c on prepaid orders)

Cobina Wright's PARTY GOSSIP

that she had to leave right away for Palm Springs, because she was taking her mother, who had been baby sitting for sister Marion Hutton, down into the desert for a rest.

TO COIN a cliche, there is no business like show business when it comes to raising money for a worthy cause and most recent proof was afforded by the Friars Frolic, which is getting to be one of the most important of Hollywood’s annual dates. This year, thanks to chief Abbot, George Jessel, the affair, which took place in the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium, was practically the most important “one-night stand” in theatrical history.

Oscar award winner Broderick Crawford played Grace for George Burns, Jack Benny appeared as a concert violinist—in all seriousness to do a duet with virtuoso Isaac Stern—and the hit of the evening was the 1950 version of the “Floradora Sextette” which included such “beauties” as Robert Mitchum, Red Skelton, Wm. Lundigan, Burt Lancaster.

Proceeds for this fantastic show, of course, always go to the Actors’ Fund and this year, what with every male star in the industry co-operating, they set a new record.

Barbara Stanwyck studies script as Bob Taylor has one on the house at radio rehearsal.

Ann Sheridan pays a surprise visit to her friend Betsy Drake on the set of “Ellen.”

Betty Lynn and Maureen O’Hara before curtain time on CBS’ Radio Theatre airshow.

Peggy Cummins is all smiles as she reaches New York on the Queen Elizabeth, on route to Hollywood. She’d spent several months in England making the film, “If This Be Sin.”

Admiral Halsey gets plenty of attention from two 20th Century-Fox lovelies, June Haver and Gloria De Haven, on his recent visit to their set. The girls are in “I’ll Get By.”
RKO has made James Ramsey Ullman's great novel into a motion picture that achieves new heights in dramatic intensity! Woven into this action-packed story are the loves, hates, hopes and fears of six remarkable people. These are performances you will long remember.

The White Tower

Glenn Ford • Valli
Claude Rains • Oscar Homolka

with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • LLOYD BRIDGES • JUNE CLAYWORTH • LOTTE STEIN

Produced by Sid Rogell • Directed by Ted Tetzlaff • Screenplay by Paul Jarrico • From the Novel by James Ramsey Ullman

ADVENTURER, who gambled his life to win a new love!
GIRL, who found new romance in the face of danger!
COWARD, who conquered his fear on the storm-swept peak!
GUIDE, who shared countless risks for a few dollars!
SCIENTIST, who tried to escape reality by defying death!
STRANGER, who came to disaster in his desire for glory!
New as tomorrow—it's sheer magic—
COLOGNE IN STICK FORM!
keeps you flower fresh

By Helen Hendricks

Annie Get Your Gun
Technicolor
MGM

SPARKLING kaleidoscopic musical that scores a bullseye from start to finish what with Betty Hutton as the sharp-shootin' effervescent Annie Oakley, newcomer Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, J. Carrol Naish and Edward Arnold—as nice a passel of Wild West showfolk as you'd care to see. Based on the sensational Broadway hit of the same name, this gains rather than suffers from adaptation. Besides the wonderful musical score by Irving Berlin, Betty is great as the illiterate hill country girl who becomes the nation's darling, but who would rather she were just Howard Keel's darling. Definitely tops in entertainment for everyone.

The Gunfighter
20th Century-Fox

UNUSUAL Western in which Gregory Peck makes a desperate attempt to put an end to his ten years of lawlessness which have given him the dubious distinction of being the Southwest's Number One killer. Older and wiser than when he put the first notch in his six-shooter, Peck decides to find his estranged wife, Helen Westcott, in the hope that they and their young son can start life anew. Unfortunately for Peck and his plans, a smart-aleck punk, Skip Homier, wants to remove Peck as "top gun," and take over himself. Taut suspense plus excellent performances make this a memorable film.

The Big Lift
20th Century-Fox

WHEN the Russians blockaded Berlin, the United States Air Forces retaliated by flying foodstuffs and coal into the beleaguered city from the airbase at Frankfurt. Among those assigned to Operations Vittles are Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas—both of whom learn a lot about the post-war German. Easy-going Clift gets taken in by a fraulein, Cornell Borchers, but German-hater Douglas gets his eyes opened in a different way. Top-notch semi-documentary saga filmed in Germany with plenty of interesting aviation highlights.

A Ticket to Tomahawk
Technicolor
20th Century-Fox

EVEN traveling salesman Dan Dailey can't cope with knife-throwing, straight-shooting Anne Baxter, who is in

In domestic surroundings of "Cheaper By The Dozen," Clifton Webb is a father of twelve, Jeanne Crain being the eldest. Their upbringing is supervised with gusto by parent Webb.

Sure-shooting Betty Hutton, in "Annie Get Your Gun," nearly loses her man, Howard Keel, due to her unerring aim. This Technicolor opus also has services of Louis Calhern.
charge of getting the first steam locomotive over dangerous territory to Tombahawk. The fact that the train has to go forty miles on trackless terrain, where the local Indians are on the warpath, makes Dan wish he'd never been bitten by the traveling bug. Then to add insult to probable injury, Dan can't even operate in the traveling salesman tradition. Anne's chaperone is an oversized Indian who just about parts Dan's scalp with a bowie knife on more than one occasion. It all adds up to a trainful of fun that sidetracks only for some whooping excitement.

**Sunset Boulevard**

*Paramount*

**CHILLING** drama that succeeds in binding the audience in a web of decay and impending doom. As the silent flicker star whose eerie world of make-believe is disrupted by penniless screenwriter William Holden, Gloria Swanson turns in a sharply refined performance. Old, and a has-been, Gloria vainly tries to recapture yesterday by falling in love with young Holden, who becomes her pampered house pet at the cost of his self-respect and finally his life. Not the customary insight into the Hollywood scene, but one calculated to have a powerful effect.

Gloria Swanson tries to exert fading charms on young Bill Holden in "Sunset Boulevard."

It had to be Walt Disney! America's master storyteller captures all the white-hot excitement in this finest of adventure yarns.

Soon, his unforgettable cast will sweep you to a world of sea-tossed adventure and embattled men... of pirates whose hearts are as black as their gunpowder... of a one-legged rogue who led them to steal, only to have his own heart stolen by a boy's courage. You'll feel you've lived the greatest adventure of them all!
The Capture
RKO

AFTER he kills a man suspected of absconding with a mining company's funds, Lew Ayres finds himself impelled by an inner force to leave his job as a mining engineer. By a stroke of fate, Lew finds himself escorting his victim's body home to a small village in Mexico where the dead man's wife, Teresa Wright, and their small son are trying to keep their ranch on a paying basis. To atone for the killing, Lew gets himself hired as a ranchhand. Nor is that all he does: he also attempts to prove the man he killed in the line of duty was innocent! A grade-A offering with some interesting psychological backdrops.

The Big Hangover
MGM

MAYBE nobody's heard of a person getting roaring drunk on a teaspoon of brandy, but that's exactly what happens to alcohol-allergic Van Johnson. It all dates back to his Army days during which he almost drowned in a cellarful of brandy. By the time he was rescued, Van had absorbed so much liquor, he spent two weeks coming out of the biggest unintentional bender in history. Years later, when he's about to become a promising young member of a swank law firm, the strange malady causes him to gain the attention of amateur psychologist Elizabeth Taylor, and also brings about a few hilarious changes in his shy personality.

Badman Gregory Peck fatally shoots Richard Jaeckel in barroom duel in "The Gunfighter."

Cheaper By The Dozen
Technicolor
20th Century-Fox

BRINGS to the screen the real-life family of the Gilbreths—the sire of which is played by Clifton Webb, and the mother, Myrna Loy. Beside mama and papa, the household consisted of twelve—count 'em—children. An efficiency expert by profession, Father Gilbreth had the raising of his brood down to a T, but children being children there were a number of humorous slip-ups along the way. It's these incidents which make up this merry family-style film. Among the older offspring is Jeannie Crain who dares emancipate herself from Pere Gilbreth's old-fashioned ideas.

Stars In My Crown
MGM

DELIGHTFUL story of a preacher, Joel McCrea, his wife, Ellen Drew, and their young nephew, Dean Stockwell. Rather than lead a quiet, uneventful life in the Southern town as you'd expect a preacher to, it's surprising how much happens to Joel. For instance,

In "The Men," paraplegic Marlon Brando leaves veterans' hospital to marry Teresa Wright. But he is so embittered at his fate he almost wrecks marriage before it can be started.

Deputy Marshall Anne Baxter lays down the law to offender Rory Calhoun in "A Ticket To Tomahawk," as Dan Dailey, an itinerant salesman, awaits the outcome of their argument.

(And we urge—please support the Damon Runyon Fund.)
there's a typhoid epidemic which Joel believes he caused, a night session with the Klux Klan, and his being at constant odds with the town's doctor who believes that spiritual help and medical help can't mix. Neatly done in an easy manner that's a welcome change.

The Damned Don't Cry
Warner Brothers

BECAUSE of a tragic accident in which her little boy is killed, Joan Crawford leaves poverty and the smelly oil town in which she lives to strike out for the big game. With each job, she boosts herself up the ladder until she meets slick, brainy racketeer David Brian. From then on, she's surrounded by velvet and readily takes to Brian's changing her into a pseudo-society belle. Her pink cloud tumbles her back where she started from after Brian involves her in the slaying of Steve Cochran, a West Coast racketeer. Loaded with melodrama, this should appeal to women.

Curtain Call At Cactus Creek
Technicolor
Universal-International

THE show must go on and it does, thanks to Donald O'Connor. For if (Please turn to page 18)

John Derek, as the son of Robin Hood, woos Diana Lynn in "Rogues Of Sherwood Forest."

Murder committed in "The Sleeping City" is solved by Richard Conte (with Colleen Gray).

Don't look now...

So this is the Cocoanut Grove where Hollywood stars gather every night! Wonderful to be here, isn't it? And there's June Allyson! As we pass her table let's sneak a look. She won't care. She knows that admiring glances measure a star's success. And she knows that the Woodbury Powder she wears (in flattering Natural) plays a big part in her loveliness!

June is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey*. A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish you've ever known! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.

* IN HOLLYWOOD STARS CHOSE WOODBURY POWDER 6 TO 1

June Allyson ...

JUNE ALLYSON and DICK POWELL
Co-Starring in "THE REFORMER AND THE REDHEAD"
a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production
Bare Facts

Small grooming touches that yield tremendous dividends in all-over beach beauty

By Courtenay Marvin

COME this season of sun, sand and sea, you are really out of the barrel, physically speaking. You can't take refuge in a suit any longer, depending on a skirt, growing shorter, by the way, to smooth over too generous hips or too full thighs. You can't depend upon nylons to conceal your not too perfect leg skin. In other words, you can no longer hide yourself. Your cards are on the table, that is, if you're swim suit or play suit minded. And if you aren't, then you are missing the best part of Summer.

For the girls who forgot to count their calories ahead of time, take heart. There are other ways through which to exert mermaid magic than perfect measurements alone, though these get a very high rating. Trust to a free, active life with plenty of outdoor play, especially swimming or its equivalent in exercise if you're a land lubber, a well fed but non-fattening food program (I can send you one) for getting yourself in better shape, then concentrate upon the details of some personal care if you want to be lovely to look upon.

Let's work straight down from the top of you. Your hair, for instance; is it just a short mop atop your head that you take great pains with when you have an important date but otherwise let droop with the weather. Are there little stray wisps at sides and back that drip disconsolately? If so, straight into the nearest drug store for you and home with the kit that contains the new midget curlers created for these hard-to-grasp little side and back hairs. You can "patch" up your head beautifully with these if the rest of your permanent is in good shape, or you can use them with great convenience if you're doing an all-over job. So no more sultry weather drips, please.

A paragraph's pause at your face. Let it shine forth, but not with plain heat. Unless your skin is as fine as silk and has the luminous glow of a small child's, by

Even one so young as 16-year-old Joan Evans, Coldwyn star, must concentrate upon the details of personal care.

If you want to be as lovely to look at on the beach as RKO's Betty Underwood, you can't be careless in your grooming.
all means subdue its heat glow. This you can do in a jiffy with a compact combination of powder base and powder that you fluff on to make skin look soft, cool, pretty. It's the most practical everyday method of makeup I know, and girls in offices love it. In warm weather, apply your lipstick lightly but brightly. Even lips can look bright but sweet and cool when the line is smooth and clearcut, instead of uneven and smudgy. Screen lips are a beautiful example of this.

For blondes, in-betweens and brunettes, especially brunettes, we now reach a tell-tale area, the under-arms. Carelessness here fairly screams the fact. There is only one answer and that is to try to keep this skin as smooth, as hair-free as you can. When growth is light, a depilatory works beautifully. If your skin needs practically daily care, then the feminine razor made especially for the girls by one of the big regular razor companies is the answer. Your deodorant, of course, is as important as tooth-brushing, but this is a day in and day out matter the whole year around.

From the knees down, you will do better to depend upon a depilatory than a razor. A depilatory will take off hair much closer than a razor, which means that a treatment is effective for a longer time. The preparation will leave no rough, stubby hair ends and is altogether a more satisfactory means.

In scouting the town for good buys, here is news with a special Summer slant.

Just nothing can beautify your fingers and toes like brilliant, beautiful lacquer. This is the season when you should use it lavishly, because all of you is showing. Dura-Gloss Perfumed Nail Lacquer is high on our preferred list. Wonderful colors, wonderfully long lasting. Equally good, too, are Dura-Gloss Lipsticks and so reasonably priced.

At last, a bright mind guessed a girl's real need—some graceful way of carrying and concealing protective means for those trying days. Meds, the Modess tampon, presents a neat, plastic purse-size case, holding two tampons, and looking like anything in the world but its utilitarian purpose. Slip it in purse, beach bag, pocket even, and feel completely safe and sure beyond all that your secret is a secret. You can get this little poise-saver in red, black or ivory by sending a Meds box top and fifteen cents to Personal Products Corp., Dept. S, Milltown, N. J.

Max Factor of Hollywood has come up with a brand new beauty-giver that seems ideal for hot, steaming days. This is Satin Flow Cleansing Cream, an immaculate cleansing agent that leaves no greasy film. This absence of after-film is always so important, but of extra importance when a face is victim of hot weather. Its non-breakable dispenser is ideal for vacation and travel. A time-saver, too, because you simply sweep on the cream, sweep it off and you're ready for glamour touches. The price is $1.25.

From fragrance to fingertip touches, your shops are full of special Summer ideas right now. Take a little time and shop them. You'll find a world of beauty, usually at special prices, right now.

**Are you always Lovely to Love?**

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced... held... kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration... prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.
it wasn't for apprentice actor Donald, Vincent Price's travelling theatrical company, consisting of Gale Storm and Eve Arden, too, would be lost. Donald does everything from playing mood music to polishing Price's boots, but never has the poor badgered lad appeared before an audience. Happily, all this changes when bank bandit Walter Brennan joins the troupe to hide out from the sheriff. He takes a shine to Donald, and Donald not only finds himself the star of the show but also wanted for robbery. A pot-pourri of laughs and chuckles.

**Wagonmaster**

*RKO*

**THRILLING** Western epic about two young horse traders, Ben Johnson and Harry Carey, Jr., who volunteer to lead a wagon train of Mormons across the desert to an isolated region. En route, the train picks up a medicine show which features Joanne Dru (good medicine for any man). The next party to join up, isn't as welcome as Joanne since the newcomers are a band of five escaping killers. From then on it's a cut-and-mouse game as to who gets control of the wagons, and who gets what. Rugged country and equally rugged characters make for lively watching.

**The Sleeping City**

*Universal-International*

**FILMED** entirely in New York City, at Bellevue Hospital, this steps out of the usual murder-mystery class, due to its authentic and suspenseful tone. When an ambulance intern, a friend of Nurse Colleen Gray, is found shot to death and there are no clues to his killer, Detective Richard Conte, of the confidential squad, is planted in the hospital as an intern. But not before another death occurs does Conte turn the investigation in the right direction which leads to an expose of a vicious narcotics ring.

**The Yellow Cab Man**

*MGM*

**SINCE** he's an inventor of safety devices, it's amazing how Red Skelton falls victim to weird accidents. One accident brings Gloria De Haven into his dithering life. Red shows her the unbreakable safety glass he's developed and in order to sell the owner of a cab company on using the glass, she convinces Red he should take a job as a cab driver. Things start rolling at a really hectic clip when a gang of crooks headed by Edward Arnold tries to steal the formula for Red's invention. The subsequent situations are fantastic, but because they happen to Red, it's fun.

**One Way Street**

*Universal-International*

**PLAYING** a doctor who cleverly does gangster Dan Duryea out of his $200,000 bank robbery loot, and his girl, Marta Toren, James Mason eventually learns crime doesn't pay. In running away from Duryea who's in a shooting mood, Mason and Marta find brief refuge and peace in a remote Mexican village. Knowing that Duryea will find them, Mason makes up his mind to give the money back. Commendable though the idea might be, Mason gets his inevitable pay off with an ironical twist.

**Please Believe Me**

*MGM*

Deborah Kerr journeys from England to America to claim "the vast cattle empire" to which she has (Please turn to page 74)

Van Johnson and Elizabeth Taylor in the highly amusing romantic comedy, "The Big Hangover."
Joan Crawford night clubbing with Richard Egan, her unhappy husband in "The Damned Don’t Cry."

Above: Shelley Winters with Louis DeWitt at Mocambo. She’d just completed "Winchester 73" with James Stewart, Dan Duryea, Steve McNally.

Right: Esther Williams with hubby Ben Gage and their young son, Benjie, vacationing in Honolulu, prior to start of her "Pagan Love Song."

NEWSREEL

Barry Sullivan and Bette Davis, co-stars of "The Story Of A Divorce," at RKO luncheon in her honor. Bette is again considering divorce from husband William Sherry.

Popular Ruth Roman at Ciro’s with Ronald Reagan, happy to be one of her favorite escorts.
The stars, too, like to keep posted on the items of news and latest social activities of members of their own set

A FEW reminiscences and more or less pertinent remarks on the occasion of the 22nd Annual Academy Awards, held for the first time this year at the best known Hollywood corner, Hollywood and Vine, causing the traffic jam of the century. Some 3,000 excited, beautifully garbed people crowded into the Pantages Theatre after passing hundreds and hundreds of fans, cheering and hollering outside.

The show, sparked by the smooth and witty Paul Douglas as master of ceremonies, rolled right along. The querulous Mr. D. explained his being there with: "They wanted a bright, fresh personality so they said 'Get Douglas.' Well you know how busy Kirk is, so here I am." Then the procession of glittering personalities started a two-hour trek across the stage and the gleaming table of gold Oscars got smaller and smaller. Nominated tunes were sung by Jack Smith ("It's A Great Feeling"); Gene Autry, in white cowboy suit, a big contrast to the white-tie-and-tails boys, gave with "Lavender Blue." Next, Ann Blyth, in a dreamy red lace gown, sang "My Foolish Heart." Romantic member of the comedy team Dean Martin crooned "Through A Long And Sleepless Night." The winner, "Baby It's Cold Outside" was done first by Arlene Dahl and Ricardo Montalban, then by Red Skelton and Betty Garrett in a comedy version. Awards were presented by a glamorous bunch, leading off with Patricia Neal, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, John Lund, Barbara Hale and Ruth Roman (the latter getting wolf calls on account of her slinky delivery), Peggy Dow and Joanne Dru, Dick Powell and Jane Alyson.

Up to this point, only the technical Awards had been distributed and the suspense began to be felt all over the audience. So they had to wait while special Awards were handed out to past Acad President Jean Hersholt, Cecil B. DeMille, Bobby Driscoll and Fred Astaire. Fred's Oscar, for contributing to the art of the dance over a long period of years, was presented by Ginger Rogers, looking dazzling in a bountiful white gown. Fred was in New York and accepted over a special radio hookup.

Then, when the writing, directing and producing credits were over, a great big excitement ran through the audience and, rapidly, the actors were given the

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Nicky Hilton, the erstwhile Miss Taylor and mother-in-law Sara Taylor at Wedgwood Room.

Cavalcade of America program with Beatrice Pearson, Raymond Massey as Abraham Lincoln.

At the Waldorf's Wedgwood Room, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stewart enjoy a gala New York evening.

Cary Grant made friends with small sufferer when he worked for Cerebral Palsy Campaign.

Florence Marly, bearded Vincent Price were an exotic pair at a recent Hollywood party.
greatest honor that can possibly be bestowed on them, the honor paid by their fellow actors. Claire Trevor, a last year's winner, handed Dean Jagger his golden statue for his Best Supporting Role in "Twelve O'Clock High." Ray Milland presented to the tearful and thrilled Mercedes McCambridge her Best Supporting Actress Award, for her very first film role in "All The King's Men." In a touching speech, she sent a message of hope to all other aspiring actors. "Hang on," she said, "Look what happened to me." This was one of the big thrills of the evening—to see a newcomer to pictures cop off the sweepstakes in her field.

*I guess the most popular Award of all went to Brod Crawford, presented by Jane Wyman, for "All The King's Men." Brod grew up in show business, worked along steadily in B pictures and character parts, but, brother, when his break came he was ready for it. Mrs. Crawford, all done up in a short white chiffon evening dress, sprinkled with appliqued violets and sporting a flock of amethyst jewelry—a recent gift from her husband—was another gal who was in tears, happy (Please turn to page 51)

Lizabeth Scott, who's under contract to Hal Wallis, used her between-pictures vacation to rest and bask on a warm California beach.
Hedy Really Surprised Me!

By John Hodiak

John Hodiak had heard Hedy Lamarr was unhappy having him as her leading man—but read this
A DAY or so after MGM announced that I was to play the male starring role opposite Hedy Lamarr in "A Lady Without Passport," a columnist published a paragraph to the effect that Hedy was exceedingly unhappy over my selection.

I didn't happen to see the item. Even if I had seen it, I wouldn't have given it a second thought. I would have concluded that some mistake had been made, because I had never met Hedy Lamarr. I had seen nearly every picture in which she had starred and had heard that she was even more beautiful in reality than on the screen. I had also heard that she took her career very seriously, and that her chief interest on a set was seeing that a good picture resulted from her efforts and those of her co-workers.

As I have said, I wouldn't have been bothered by the item. I would have awaited further developments.

It turned out (Please turn to page 88)

"The dazzling, exotic Hedy is not the real Hedy at all," observes John who tells why.
If You Like ‘Em Rugged

MGM, which gave us Clark Gable, has another big treat in Howard Keel

By Patricia Keats

Betty Hutton calls the 27-year-old, 6' 4" he-man baritone, "the shyest man I have ever tried to make love to on the screen."

Betty breaks down the Keel reserve. Howard plays Frank Butler to Betty's Annie in "Annie Get Your Gun," MGM film.
GOOD old Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which once gave us Clark Gable, has another big treat in store for the women of this world. Any age group. The big treat is a 27-year-old, six-foot-four he-man baritone, named Howard Keel, who makes his Hollywood movie debut as that romantic heel, Frank Butler, in “Annie Get Your Gun.” Howard fills his thespian buckskins as dashingly as an Errol Flynn. MGM feels they have discovered a junior Fort Knox.

A former aircraft worker who learned his me-mes the hard way, Howard has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 195 pounds stripped, eats steaks and consumes great quantities of coffee. When he made a picture in London (“A Small Voice”) the French called him “sympathique,” and an English critic called him “a better bet than James Mason.” Betty Hutton, the Annie of “Annie Get Your Gun,” called him “the shyest man I have ever tried to make love to on the screen.” Howard just modestly calls himself “a real mug.”

At the present sitting Howard is very casual about clothes and money. This casualness, of course, is part of his attractiveness. There is something very appealing about a badly dressed man. “I used to like to dress like a bum,” he says quite frankly. “Now that I can afford it I expect to dress better. But I keep forgetting to buy clothes until I am in shreds.” Money and Howard have never been on easy, friendly terms. He has been working ever since he was a kid but he has never been able to get cozy with that beautiful green stuff. He tells this story on himself. When MGM brought him to Hollywood not long ago they put him up at the swanky Beverly Hills Hotel for three weeks, to give him time to find a place to live. He wanted cigarette money so he cashed a check on his New York bank for $15. “It bounced,” he says with a grin. “That’s how broke I was.”

As is so often the case with Hollywood studios MGM didn’t “discover” Howard until he went to England with the “Oklahoma” company. Although he had hung around Holly- (Please turn to page 60)
He Simply Can’t Believe It!

Richard Todd’s used to shocks, but his sudden fame really startles him

By Cathy Clayton

To a town accustomed to the eccentricities and flamboyant exhibitionism of newly arrived screen figures, Richard Todd, with his quiet good manners and his warm, eager smile, is something practically revolutionary.

And to a young man, fresh from the battlefields and the austerity of post-war England, Hollywood with its prying eyes, lively ears and ready praise, is quite a shock. However, whether Richard is more shocked by Hollywood, or whether Hollywood is more shocked by Richard—remains a question.

Actually, Richard Todd is not unused to shock. It was a shock when he discovered that “The Hasty Heart” had made him, suddenly, an important star. It was a shock when he learned that American women think he is sexy, and it was a shock when one tear-drenched woman after seeing his soul-stirring performance, said: “I didn’t know whether to kiss him or kill him!”

As a matter of fact, Richard’s 30 years have been well punctuated with shocks of one kind or another. Some have worked out to advantage and some have left him stunned—but only for a moment, because like Lachie MacLachlen.

He met Catherine Bogle when she was in “Claudia” for Dundee Repertory Theatre and married her last Summer.

Richard, the son of an Army officer, spent seven years in British service, parachuted into Normandy on D-Day.
the courageous young Scot of “The Hasty Heart,” Todd has a drive and determination that combine to give him recuperative powers, both physical and mental, that defy anything and everybody.

So this sturdy, dark-skinned young man, who is as “hot” in the Hollywood jargon as the Montgomery Clifts and the Bill Holdens and the Kirk Douglasses, moved into Hollywood without the kind of stylized fanfare that proclaimed him an actor with only one suit, or an actor who hates Hollywood society, or an actor accompanied by 16 cats.

The day Richard arrived in Hollywood to play opposite Ruth Roman, Zachary Scott and Mercedes McCambridge in “Lightning Strikes Twice,” he checked into an unpretentious hotel with his bride of a few months. The very choice of this hotel started a small buzz among those who, granting that it is a fine, respectable hotel, were bewildered that a visiting screen star would choose it.

Richard didn’t choose it at all. He was assigned a room there by Warner Brothers studio representatives who thought he would be happier at a central Hollywood Boulevard location. When he was quietly advised that the hotel was “nice, but hardly elegant enough,” he smiled and replied: “When it doesn’t answer its purpose, we’ll move.”

Move they did, but not until Richard was quite sure that they would be more comfortable in the more extensive surroundings of the Beverly Hills Hotel, where they occupy—not a suite—but what he describes as “a very pleasant room.”

The case of the hotel is a telling example of a strong characteristic in the Todd nature: he never creates a problem until the problem exists. Despite his modest demeanor, he is never self-effacing; despite his gentleness, he is never weak.

It is easier to under- (Please turn to page 62)
With A Heart
Not So Gay

"THE Daughter Of Rosie O'Grady" marks the thirteenth consecutive Technicolor musical in which June Haver has appeared. For a girl whose screen roles have been on the gay and frothy side, it is ironic that June should have so much unhappiness in her personal life. But the show must go on and so June, good trouper that she is, enters into the light-hearted spirit of her latest musical and displays the same vivaciousness and sparkle as always.

June Haver, posing for glamour portraits in the art gallery under expert eye of still cameraman Frank Powolny.
She can still play ingenues to perfection, as in "Cheaper By The Dozen," with Clifton Webb.

**Precious Milestones**

*INGENUES* have always been a too plentiful commodity in acting circles. With so much competition, only the girl who reveals promise of some day turning into a real star will stay in the lists. Jeanne Crain did and has now left most of the competition by the wayside. On this page her progress is retraced, beginning with her first hit, "Margie," to her new film for 20th, "Cheaper By The Dozen." In all five pictures actress Crain has done as much for the production as it has for her.

"A Letter To Three Wives" with Jeffrey Lynn. Jeanne held her own with five accomplished stars.

Right: Her portrait of a high school girl, longing to be popular in "Margie," was both hilarious and touching, had appeal because it reminded most of us of all our own adolescent woes.

Left: The Jeanne Crain of "Pinky" (with Ethel Waters) was restrained, deep. She conveyed real impression of her tragic plight, thus making film stronger than most on the subject of race problem. Contending with housing conditions on a college campus in "Apartment For Peggy," Jeanne typified post-War wife trying to make life easier for herself and husband (Bill Holden).
Cecile was born in Paris, where her father, a mining engineer, saw to it that she got a sizeable education. As a result she is poised, more intellectually able than many girls of her age. She went to England to make "The Black Rose," with Tyrone Power as leading man. Her command of English is splendid, because, for the first six years of her life, she had an English woman for a nurse.

WHEN you get your first look at Cecile Aubry you may wonder what she's doing without a pinafore and lollipop. However, further investigation will reveal that, though still in her teens, French Cecile has the adult and worldly outlook that's typical of most of her Gallic sisters. Her compelling personality was a decisive factor in getting her the role of Tyrone Power's leading lady in "The Black Rose." She had made just one French picture, "Manon," when one of 20th Century-Fox's European executives spotted her, decided she was perfect for the part.

Tyrone's New Leading Lady

A friend explained young Cecile's grown-up effect on people by commenting, "That girl grows on you."
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THAT DARE
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Most of New York's Theatre Guild radio dramatizations are well fortified with notable Hollywoodians like James Cagney in a lead role, supported by Broadway actors. Homer Fickett, director, finds these ingredients, plus a good play, result in fine fare.

Jane Wyman, Beatrice Pearson and Mel Ferrer keep NBC air waves vibrating in recent Theatre Guild On The Air broadcast of "The Willow And I," in which Jane and Beatrice played sisters. Program often enlists services of movie people visiting New York.

The theatre and opera star, Ezio Pinza, now Hollywood bound, emoted "Goodbye Again."

Dramatization of "The Traitor," a short-lived Broadway play of several seasons ago, might not have attracted such a wide audience had it not starred film actor Tyrone Power, with part-time Broadwayites Nina Foch, Bill Eythe. Mr. Fickett is with them.
"I'm Not The Husband Type"

"Perhaps it is because I don't want to be possessed," says Steve Cochran, who feels women become demanding, possessive.

"Why do women refuse to accept a man the way he is?" asks Steve. "A woman wants a man to become the way she thinks him to be."
Steve is a menace in "The Damned Don't Cry." Yet he's got same qualities that Gable has.

By Mary Jane Manners

EVERY movie beauty (unattached and some otherwise) takes one look at Steve Cochran and mentally notes, "He's for me." But there's one hitch: Steve rarely gives a picture name girl a tumble. Furthermore, Steve says, "I should never get married. I am not the husband type. And I know by experience whereof I speak."

All of which naturally makes Steve irresistible and a distinct challenge to feminine ego.

Steve is most worthy of the widely heralded title, "Hollywood's new Gable." He not only looks like Gable, but possesses the same indifferent charm and virility. Women in the preview audience of "Storm Warning" at a Glendale theatre screamed with delight, "He's terrific!" They loved the chaos and emotional havoc he wrought with Ginger Rogers and Doris Day.

"A real male, unbending, demanding, perhaps rough on women. Yes, he slapped them down and they loved him. He's terrific!" Feminine gasps and sighs emanated all over the theatre. And Steve's single, eligible, and fancy free—but!

"I'm not against marriage," Steve said with a flash of gray Irish eyes, "but it is not for me. Not in my present development at least." Then thoughtfully, he added, "But I may change."

Steve had joined me for lunch in Warner Bros. commissary. The still man, the cameraman, even the electrician, had all been doing raves about Cochran.

"He's the hottest bet in pictures," they said. "He's another Gable." Large pictures of Steve embellished the walls of Warner Bros. Green Room. They were newly placed in line with Joan Crawford's, John Garfield's, Bogart's, and Virginia Mayo's—definitely a sign of top stardom.

"In spite of losing two decisions to marriage; yes, I've been married twice," Steve admitted with candid honesty, "there may come a time when, matrimonially speaking, and with increased maturity, I'd possibly make a third try. I like a girl who'd rather whip up a meal for two in her apartment or at my home, than blow my coin in at the night spots. I like nothing better than staying right at home. I like home cooking. I am the home type, but I am not the married man type. Doesn't make sense, for I am really domestic at heart. Perhaps it is because I don't want to be possessed. (Please turn to page 46)

Right: With Joan Crawford. He admires her complete honesty and understanding of people.

Says Steve, "I like girls who cook and keep house. The spoiled ones are not for me."
Burt Lancaster's early training as an acrobat with a circus enables him to carry on in Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. style throughout his latest picture, "The Flame And The Arrow." Leaping from walls, swinging through space, Burt covers ground fast, a useful talent to a man with as many girls as he boasts in film.

Outlaw Lancaster gets arrow in back when he opposes the usurper of his homeland. Setting is 12th Century Italy.

No doubles were used for the death-defying tricks in this Warner Bros. adventure film.

With pursuers usually hot on his trail in film, Burt always can spare a moment for lass pretty as Yvonne Doughty.

Burt rests from perilous feats in company of adoring Sue Casey.

In his retreat he holds fainted Virginia Mayo as a homage for his captured ren.
Eileen Coughlin's next on Lancaster agenda. He trained 3 months for strenuous picture.

He gets into the stronghold of his enemies and into good graces of Madam Narita.

He learns to love fair enemy Virginia, and she helps him to recover his imprisoned son.

When I remember all the work as Barney and the manner in which I conducted myself, I conclude that the very day I first went to dress I understood that girl was not wearing any clothes. The room was a little room, a slightly furnished room. I went in, quickly removed all her clothes and then lightly placed them on the bed. I had a quick thought about her and then I thought she was a beautiful and intelligent woman. (Page 70)

List of important men in her life also includes Bob Hope.
How To Pick A Husband

Vital, thinks Marta, is knowing what not to look for in a man.

She and James Mason in "One Way Street," a U-J production.

"The European is more romantic in his courtship. But Marta prefers Americans as husbands."
This is how lovely Marta Toren would do it, but she prefaced her advice by saying, "You can fall in love at first sight, but don't marry until you are very sure he is the right one."

By Reba and Bonnie Churchill

MARTA TOREN looked at us with wide gray-green eyes that twinkled like rhinestones as the corners of her mouth tilted upward in a smile.

We had just asked her a question—one, to be more explicit.

"But, what a question!" mused Marta as she repeated our query—"How to pick a husband?"

"I think I can best answer this in the same manner a native of Sieno, Italy, answered my pleas of how to get to the next town. I was in Italy locationing for Universal-International's 'Departed,' and I wanted to go to the small village near where we were shooting to buy some souvenirs. The native went to great lengths telling me what signs not to turn at and then, finally, the right post to seek out.

"Perhaps, we can best discuss the intriguing 'how to pick a husband' by mentioning what .(Please turn to page 72)"

Intelligence is an essential, Marta says, "James Mason exemplifies the qualification."

Exotic-eyed Marta admits that maybe she is too much a romanticist.
WEST COAST society and Hollywood rubbed and bent elbows at a lavish, exclusive reception recently hosted by the Tony Duquettes, wealthy and prominent socialites. It was all very formal and chi-chi and only the very tops in each set were invited. A most appropriate occasion for the stars to bedeck themselves in their very finest gowns and jewels, they made the most of the opportunity by looking exceptionally glamorous.

Society And The Stars Make Merry

Above: Irene Dunne, Reginald Gardiner and his wife, Loretta Young and Dr. Griffin, husband of Irene Dunne, at affair.

Left: Loretta Young and Mrs. Reginald Gardiner enlivened proceedings by attaching balloons on back of their gowns.

Hiding behind the mask of feathers and flowers are Vera-Ellen and her escort of elaborate evening, Henry Wilson.

Charles Brackett, president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, in deep discussion with Joan Fontaine, whose sister, Olivia, won Academy Award.
Don't Let The Gleam Fool You!

"Often the man with the hero's look," warns Zachary Scott, "is really a villain at heart"

By Marilyn Sable

"The man with the villainous look may have a soul that's 99.44/100% pure," says Zack.

Below: Zack with Joan Fontaine in "Bed Of Roses." He's one of screen's busiest actors.

Between scenes of "Colt 45," a thrilling Western for Warner Bros.

HE LOOKS too smooth to me. I'm not sure I'd like him."
That's what I thought the first time I saw Zachary Scott in person, sitting ringside at the Copacabana in New York.
The Copa Girls in the show were all swooning under that super-spotlight smile.
"He's terrific on the screen," the people in my party agreed. "and we've only heard the nicest things about him from theatre people. But because he's so convincing on the screen do you think he's really a heel?"
"Well—no-o-o—" But I wondered.
The next morning, with the fog of our gay night-before still hanging over me, I thought I recognized (Please turn to page 68)

Still another current Scott offering is "Guilty Bystander," the scene below showing Zack and Kay Medford having serious trouble.
By Donald McClure

It's her honest belief that what happened to her might happen to anybody. But this isn't precisely true because there are so few people in the whole world who are anything like Mercedes McCambridge.

She is the brown-haired girl who knocked Hollywood off its rockers with her first screen performance as the explosive Sadie in "All The King's Men"—and won an Academy Award!

She's the same girl who believes that money in the bank is a dangerous thing, who rebels at the kind of life that convertible cars and mink coats represent, and who refuses to have watches or clocks near her because who cares what time it is, anyway?

She's the girl who said she was "just browsing around—thank you" when she first came to Hollywood...the girl who decided to elope a week from "some Sunday," changed it to an immediate Saturday, back to Monday, then flew off to Las Vegas on her bridegroom's arm the very next morning.

Despite these pretty clear-cut examples of an unpredictable and frivolous nature, her friends say it is beginning to look as though Mercedes has found in Hollywood, of all places, the very foundations she had so successfully avoided until a few months ago.

Marriage and the phenomenon of an almost literal over-night triumph on the screen have apparently been the determining factors in laying a quieting hand on Mercy's restless shoulders.

"I'm still not so sure," snaps this high-powered girl. "Maybe I'll stay in Hollywood, and maybe I won't. Maybe Hollywood won't want me. Did you ever think..."
of that? Maybe I'll go to Chile next month... or Afghanistan!"

With a distinguished Broadway and radio reputation behind her, it's a little bit ridiculous to talk about the new Carlota Mercedes Agnes McCambridge, when Hollywood is just getting acquainted with Mercedes with Brod, Olivia de Havilland, Dean Jagger and Director Bob Rossen, the top Academy Award winners for past season.

They like the one they have met, and can't possibly see any reason for a change. They even liked the 13-year-old "good luck" dress which she wore to receive her Academy Award because she is superstitious about it.

Mercy herself is willing to change or not to change (Please turn to page 64)

★Newest Hits in Blouses from Hollywood★

"FANTASIE"—a dream blouse $3.95
Sensational new washable glamour blouses created by Joyanne of Hollywood. The big balloon sleeves of "Fantasie" and "Tahitian" are really the rage now in the film capital... they have elasticized, be-ribboned double "push-up" cuffs... peasant scoop neck with French piping enhances bust contour. "Fantasie" offers choice of 4 colors in filmy-soft, whipped-cream-like crepe. The "Tahitian" is an authentic Polynesian print, a riot of sultry tropical colours, created of Colte crepe... only $3.95 each. The "Bow-Catcher" flattering bares midriff, bustline. Cool % sleeves. Roll collar worn open or closed—in washable white broadcloth... only $2.95. We pay postage.

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Color: ( ) White ( ) Pink ( ) Yellow ( ) Chartreuse

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Fun With "Father"

Spence predicted early marriage for Liz, little suspecting that event was soon to be announced.

Two future brides Spence won't have to worry about. Joan's daughters, Stephanie and Shelley.

Joan Bennett (bride's mother), Spencer Tracy and Dore Schary, who is MGM's production head.

Would you believe my sunshiny GOLD hair IS REALLY DRAB BLONDE?

Don't let dull, drab hair cheat you of romance and exciting dates. Like glamorous girls, beautify your hair with Nestle Colorinse. Rinses in, shampoos out! It's like a miracle to see that rich, natural-looking color give your hair radiant beauty and sheen! And notice—Colorinse's lemon-rinse action removes soap film... leaves hair silken-soft, shining! Get genuine Colorinse... made only by Nestle.

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Shower yourself with Mavis Talc. Its romantic honeymoon fragrance perfumes every lovely inch of you. Its exquisitely fine texture smooths your skin to satiny softness. Gives your arms and shoulders alluring "kiss appeal." And fragrant Mavis absorbs moisture... keeps you and your lingerie dainty longer.

MAVIS TALCUM POWDER
June and Dick, appearing together on the screen for the first time since their marriage over four years ago, make MGM's "The Reformer And The Redhead" the most hilarious comedy of the season. She's a zoo-keeper's daughter, Dick's the Reform candidate for mayor. Right there you have the perfect setup for all kinds of amusing situations with June and Dick making the most of every entanglement coming their way.

Screenland Salutes

June Allyson And Dick Powell

Dick plays hard to get in the film. But June eventually wears him down.

Three's a crowd is no barrier to June.

Dick and June with her pet lion, Herman. Action and dialog in comedy are superb.

June and Dick have many love scenes, all being done most convincingly, of course.
Next came Jimmy Stewart, in modern tails and Old West haircut for his role in "Winchester 73," and presented Olivia de Havilland with her second Oscar for "The Heiress," and then the final highlight of the evening—best picture of the year, went to "All The King's Men." And another big, glittering, important event was over. Most of the Awards went exactly as predicted, but, even so, the excitement was just as great as if each had been a complete surprise.

The guys and dolls of Hollywood, both on stage and off, were just about the most glamorous bunch of people ever congregated under one roof and it was a fine, exciting, wonderful evening. We always feel sorry that all the ones who are nominated can't win, but the runners-up took it like good sports—and of course there's always the hope that next year.......

Make no mistake about it—this is the event of the actors' year, all other awards and medals and honors handed out to the contrary. Fact is, if it weren't for the Academy, we doubt very much whether the other outfits would ever have thought of jumping on the bandwagon with their plaques and jimjacks and whatnots to honor the actors and grab off a lot of publicity for themselves. You don't realize the importance of Hollywood until you see one of these Academy affairs with the attendant mobs of celebrities and eager fans, and we think it's high time people stopped aiming their poisoned pens and their knives at a great big wonderful industry.

We learned a lot about the inner workings of the Academy when the distinguished producer-director, Charles Brackett, President of the Academy, spoke to the gals of the Hollywood Women's Press Club about the business end of this important outfit. Actors naturally appreciate any form of credit given them, but they still always carry that Oscar glint in their eyes. We also learned much about the technical Awards, why they're given, and what they mean on Oscar night, when those presenting them gave a rundown on each one as it was presented. This was a good gimmick because the audience, which usually gets restless during this part of the program, was as still as a mouse while the people who usually stay in the background, but still contribute greatly to motion pictures, had their fling.

The two actresses who seemed to get the most attention from the fans outside were Susan Hayward and Linda Darnell. Guess Donald O'Connor will always be identified with mules since his success in "Francis." When he came on stage to give Bobby Driscoll his miniature Oscar, the orchestra played "Mule Train." Don allowed he was sorry Francis wasn't with him, but that he was home writing his speech for next year. As we left the Hollywood Brown Derby to walk around the corner to the Pantages, we saw Jerry Lewis and his wife getting into his car to land in style at the theatre. Jerry looked as excited as if he'd never been to a big Hollywood gala before. And so did a couple of cute kids in our party—Barbara Fuller and Richard Foote. Barbara, a pert and pretty little actress, has made ten pictures in ten months at Republic and Dick has a big fat part in Monogram's "Sideshow."

We got a little curious about how it happened that Columbia had the courage to make a picture about the tragic subject of cancer, which is what "No Sad Songs For Me" is about. So we had a chat with Producer Buddy Adler to learn why. Mr. Adler told me that Margaret Sullavan has been consistent in her writing movie scripts for eight years, but that when she read this one she said it was the picture she wanted to do. That word is mentioned only twice in the script and, far from being a tear-jerker or a heavy, tragic drama it deals with a gal who discovers she's been tagged "it" and goes about preparing her family for the shock. Mr. Adler absolutely raved about Viveca Lindfors, who hadn't made too much progress in Hollywood and he says this will mean a big hyp to her career. This is a picture you shouldn't pass up.

The most fun we've had lately: A telegram arrived saying, "If it would amuse you to see me as the father of twelve children, will you come to a special showing at 20th Century-Fox." The wire was signed by Clifton Webb. Wild horses couldn't have kept us away from that particular showing of Clifton's new, riotously funny comedy, "Cheaper By The Dozen." It amused us, all right—along with scores of Clifton's friends. We must say we've never seen a turnout quite like this for a "mere" picture preview, nor do we remember ever hearing a bunch laugh quite so hard. Here's the guest list: Clark and Sylvia Gable, Joan Crawford with Vincent Sherman, Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson, Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart, Dana and Mary Andrews, Anne Baxter, John Hodiak, Charles Brackett, Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich, the Louis Jouards, Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, the Charles Boyers, the Reggie Gardiners, John Emery and Tamara Geva, the Ronald Colmans, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Cole Porter, Jerry Wald, Harriet Parsons, Mitch Leisen, Billy Daniels and a few hundred more of Clifton's most intimate (Please turn to page 55)

Helping Bing to celebrate "Bing Crosby Day" in Front Royal, Virginia, are Vice President Alben Barkley and his wife. Bing Crosby Stadium was dedicated.

Rhonda Fleming and Columnist Randy Brent on the dance floor at Mocambo.
Sun-fun
fashion
Selections
by
Kay Brunell

Fashion Selection #163 Jantzen is a by-word in swimsuit fashions and here's their latest word on that subject (at left). It's a trim two-piece suit fashioned from Jantzen's Nylotone, a combination of layton, acetate and nylon. The bra, called "Stay-Bra," is strategically boned and can be worn strapless or with a halter strap. Black, navy, peacock blue, seafoam, red, lemon or white. Sizes 32-38. The price is $10.95. The sandals, called "Jandals," and the "Diving Belle" bathing cap are also by Jantzen and are available in colors to match the suit. "Jandals" cost $1.49; "Diving Belle" is $1. To help you in acquiring your tan, Jantzen has a wonderful sun oil called "Jan."

YOU MAY ORDER these swim-suit fashions thru The Hecht Company, F Street at Seventeenth, Washington, D. C. Be sure to specify fashion selection number, size, color and whether order is prepaid or c.o.d. These fashions are also carried by many other leading stores throughout the country.
Fashion Selection #164 Cole of California is the creator of the skin-tight, front-shirred swim style shown above. It's fashioned from nylon power crepe with a two-way stretch that makes for perfect fit on any figure. Wear it strapless as shown or use the optional halter strap. It comes in three vibrant colors: Blue Clay, Red Earth and Verdi Green. Small, medium and large. For $17.95.

Fashion Selection #165 Here's a fashion-right version of the classic dressmaker swim style by Gantner of California (right). Made of spun rayon, zips up the back, has a cleverly boned bra section and can be halter-style or strapless to suit your fancy. It comes in gray, navy, turquoise, blue and toast—all with white cuff at the top and white band on the skirt. Sizes 34-44. At $8.95.

DIANA HERBERT, vivacious NBC Television, stage and screen actress, is Screenland's model-of-the-month.


Photographs—Bert Rockfield

Fashion Selection #166 A bright spot on any beach is a "Sea Nymph" by Jordan, such as the swimsuit at right. This satin Lastex two-piece suit zips in back and features a well-fitting bra with drawstring that also serves as a halter strap. Tucked detail on bra and skirt are interesting note. It comes in six colors: Navy, Shrimp, Deep Sea, Crystal, Emerald and Daisy. Sizes 32-38. For $10.95.

Fashion Selection #160 Indian Head cotton fabric, unconditionally guaranteed against shrinking or fading, has been used by Paul Manufacturing in designing the Career Bra Beach Set above. The boned bra can be worn strapless or with halter. Eight beach-right colors, solid or with contrast trim, or in print. Sizes 10-20, at $4. Indian Head cap is a Tropicap.
Fashion Selection #167
Jantzen has the answer to the problem of a girdle for wear with summer sports outfits. It's their cool and comfortable pantie girdle of nylon leno with nylon marquisette front panel with applique. Detachable garters. In white only. Even sizes 26-30. For $5. Striped cotton shirt, selling for $2.50, and denim pedal-pushers, for $3.95, also carry the famed Jantzen label.

Fashion Selection #168
Lily of France's Enhance 21 girdle is sheer, cool, has amazing control with implicit comfort. Of nylon elastic with rayon satin elastic panel, it comes in pink, white, black. Priced at $10 for 14-inch in 24-39; $10.95 for 16-inch in 25-30. Lily of France strapless bra of satin and nylon marquisette is $3.95. Dotted Swiss strapless formal by Barbara Dance Frocks is $22.95.

YOU MAY ORDER any of the fashion selections on this page through The Hecht Company, F Street at Seventh, Washington, D.C. Be sure to mention fashion selection number, as well as your size and color choice, and whether order is prepaid or c.o.d.
friends. Naturally, his charming mother, Mabelle, was on hand to help her brilliant, entertaining son acknowledge the praise that poured in from all hands for his highly amusing performance. As the energetic father of twelve, Clifton is not the same man as his Belvedere, but he's just as great in a completely different way. Wotta man!

The handkerchief which Elizabeth Taylor carried when she married Nicky Hilton belonged to Liz's mother. The one Mrs. Taylor carried was her mother's. The wedding dress, which designer Helen Rose kept under lock and key, was trimmed in seed pearls, three millions of them, all sewn on by hand. Sounds heavy, doesn't it?

Ran into John Derek when he was treating himself to a crew haircut after he'd completed his part in Columbia's "Rogues Of Sherwood Forest." He'd been wearing his curly hair low on the neck and flowing on top for this costume epic and was glad to get it barbered off to his favorite length! This, people, is one of the most spectacularly handsome guys that made a movie and, what's more, I'll have you know he's an extremely nice one, too.

Ever have a major hassle getting off on a vacation or any type trip? If so, you'll sympathize with wo' hoppen to Ty Power and Linda Christian when they left Holly-

wood for, first Australia, then England. The Powers had a new set of household help who were unfamiliar with their wardrobes, so the travelers had to do their own packing—one set of clothes for the land down under, another set for the junket to England. All their baggage had to be dispatched before they could leave and just as they were about to collapse from this chore, six cases of stuff they'd bought in Italy arrived. On accounta they had rented their house this batch had to be unpacked and stored! Linda's luggage con-
tained a whole set of oil paints and Ty packed a home movie camera equipped with sound for a complete record of their adventures.

Had a real fine time the evening Betty Hutton showed a small gang her new Paramount picture, "Let's Dance," which co-stars her and the fleet-footed Fred Astaire, a delightful musical all done up in Technicolor. Before we saw the picture, Maggie Ettinger tossed an extravagant buffet supper for Betty, Paramount's publicity chief, Norman Siegel, Louella and Harriet Parsons, Dorothy Manners and John Haskell, General Lyman Munson, former head of 20th Century-Fox in London and some other nice people. Betty looked like a dream in a short navy blue strapless taffeta number topped by a matching lace coat.

This is the sad story of a lost eyelash. Lucille Ball wears a pair of inch-long falsies (lashes, of course) in "The Fuller

Brush Girl." So the company was on location and the makeup man dropped one of 'em in the street. It was too far from the studio to send back for a replacement, so the poor guy got down on hands and knees to find the lost prop. Curious passersby stopped to find out what he was looking for and hurried on when the frantic guy replied "eyelashes."

When he found 'em, he realized how his cryptic remark to the strangers must have sounded—crazy, that is.

Dorothy McGuire has finally decided that Hollywood is here to stay, so she's gotta stay. Fact is, she's put down roots in a small Bermuda type of house on the "wrong side of the tracks" near her studio, 20th Century-Fox. Moreover, she's looking awful sharp these days, having traded her plaid slacks and ballerina slippers in on a wardrobe of smart hats, sleek dresses, and high heels. If "Mother Didn't Tell Me" is any criterion, Dotty's fast going to become the comedy queen of the screen and she's just the gal who can do it.

Dan Dailey, who dropped twenty-five pounds during the making of "My Blue Heaven," has discovered the new waterski resort at the Salton Sea. Sent his wife, Liz, down to case the joint—she okay'd it, so Dan's selling water-skiing to his new pal, David Wayne. The latter, by the way, is a happily married man, so don't pay any attention to the gossip that he's romancing this or that chick.

Think, darling, think!

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John Huston and dancer-model Ricky Soma pulled one of the biggest surprises on Hollywood with their Mexican marriage, performed the same day he secured his divorce from Evelyn Keyes. Rumors are that the Hustons are also expecting.

** * * *

Vacation Department: When Cary Grant finished "Crisis" at MGM he and his bride took a long motor trip to the Great Northwest—a definite change of pace for the sophisticated Mr. G. Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston picked Palm Springs for their holiday. Johnnie had been in New York doing guest shots on radio and TV. Howard Keel combined work and a vacation in Honolulu, where MGM is filming "Pagan Love Song" with him and Esther Williams. Howard, by the way, is one of the best sheet shots in town. Picked it up when he was in training for "Annie Get Your Gun." Bob Taylor, on the same work-play kick, took a million feet of film to Italy so he'd have a photographic record of his stay while making "Quo Vadis." Paul Douglas' first trip since he signed with 20th was spent wrasling swordfish in the deep, deep sea. Paul and the attractive Jan Sterling have announced their intention of making it an August wedding.

** * * *

Joan Crawford, at Columbia for "Harriet Craig," posed for her first leg art in a long, long time—and, boy, you couldn't see the cheesecake for the crowd of men standing around admiring the Crawford gems. Joan's wardrobe in this picture is very reminiscent of the styles popular when she first rose to fame. On her they still look good.

** * * *

Well, it's finally happened! At last Larry Parks gets to quit being Jolson and becomes his attractive self in an untitled, young romantic comedy at Columbia. He and Barbara Hale will be teamed again and that's nice teaming.

** * * *

Mario Lanza, that terrific male corny, has been having trouble controlling his weight so when his birthday came around on the set of "Toast Of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson gifted him with a beautiful cake—made of wood. Director Norman Turoq and Producer Joe Pasternak gugged the party up further by presenting Mario with a statue of Esio Pinza, who'll be doing his scales at MGM after he closes in "South Pacific."

** * * *

Dennis Day, doing his first picture in six years, described his part in "I'll Get By" this way: "I'm somewhat of a jerk and not very bright in a bright kind of way." He'll get by.

** * * *

Around Town: Saw Nora and Dick Haymes dining at LaRue, still looking like honeymooners; later spotted them again at Mocambo listening to singer Billy Daniels, who was the rage of the town. Also saw Paul Douglas' ex, Virginia Field, dancing like mad and looking happy. Went on to the Club Gala to see our pal, Elizabeth Talbot-Martin perform. It was late and most of the customers had left, so she and pianist Bobby Short put on a private show for us. Terrific! At the Bantam Cock, we met one of Joel McCrea's teenage sons, who is as handsome as his pop. The sprout has Joel's features and mother Frances Dee's big black eyes and he's gonna be a heartbreaker. The pair were having dinner with Doug Morrow, Oscar winner for his screenplay, "The Stratton Story." On the other side of us, Bob Stack was buying pretty Claudette Thornton's dinner. At Richard Hoyt's party we chatted with Lynn Merrick. We traded corny jokes about our identical first names and more of the same with that raving beauty, Arlene Dahl, on account we have the same birthday. Charles Brackett wisecracked that Dick Hoyt better invite him to his parties because he lives just across the street and, if not invited, would complain about the noise. As if that charming gentleman ever needed an excuse to get invited anywhere. He's practically the most popular man in town. Met the fascinating choreographer Jack Cole at Dale Orr's small dinner party and were utterly spellbound with his tales of Broadway shows and the tours his Jack Cole Dancers troupe has made around the country. Stopped by the Racquet Club in Palm Springs on the way home from a delightful weekend at John van Druten's desert ranch and the first handsome man on hand was George Montgomery, looking bronzed and healthy from a great weekend with his Dinah. And here's the scoop to end all scoops. Saw Rory Calhoun lunching with his wife. You know what? He dunks!
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THE terry-cloth beach log (at right) is the perfect after-swimming outfit. Romper-type, with a long front zipper, elasticized bloomer legs, tie belt and roomy pocket, it’s easy to get into and comfortable to loaf in. Comes in white or maize. Small, medium or large. Only $3.99, plus 16c for postage and handling. Write Millers, 503 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y.

ANN FRANCIS, at left, lovely NBC television actress, wears a terry-cloth ensemble by California Casuals. Battle jacket in white, maize, copen, costs $7.95. Shorts and bra, in white only, are $4.95. White paddy-slippers are only $2.50. Small, medium and large—also extra-small slippers. Write California Casuals, 832 W. Fifth, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Hedy Really Surprised Me!

Continued from page 23

that I was right. Before the picture started, our director gave a party for the purpose of introducing the cast to one another.

The first thing Hedy said to me, her eyes wide and her expression anxious, was, "Please don't think it's true! Please don't think I didn't want you for the picture. I have no idea how a report got started that I was unhappy over your selection. I wasn't. I didn't discuss it with a soul. . . . REALLY!"

From that moment on, I was on Hedy's team.

You see, it would have been easy for Hedy to have said nothing. She could have assumed, rightly, that I had never seen the item. Or she could have felt that—as the alleged injured party—I should challenge her reported reluctance to star opposite a man she had never met.

But she didn't wait for me to act. She came forward, as concerned as a straightforward child, and disclaimed responsibility. What man or woman wouldn't be charmed by Hedy's eagerness to set things straight at the first possible moment?

On the occasion of our initial meeting, our group went from the dinner party to a showing of "Samson And Delilah." Anne and I had asked Hedy to ride with us and after the showing we drove her home.

Those of you who have seen "Samson And Delilah" know that this picture was one of the most important in Hedy's career. She was alluringly gowned, was beautifully photographed, and the script gave her many highly dramatic scenes in which to display her acting ability. Critics have agreed that Hedy scored a triumph.

I felt that it would have been natural for Hedy to talk about the picture while we were driving her home. So did Anne.

When Anne and I were discussing the evening, afterward, Anne said, "If I had just seen myself as Delilah, looking as Hedy did, I would still be talking about it." I have added this opinion to give you the feminine viewpoint.

The point is that Hedy didn't say a word about the picture. She didn't reminisce over the production, over the difficulty of certain scenes, over the actual physical danger of some sequences. She didn't ask us if the timing was right—as it seemed to us it was—or if the "business" was effective.

Anne and I gave her every opportunity by starting the conversation with raves about the picture, which we agreed was a classic of its kind. Hedy said, "Thank you," and changed the subject.

She talked about photography. She had read somewhere that Anne had given me a stereo-realistic camera for Christmas, so she wanted to know how I liked it, how the pictures were projected afterward, and whether there were any "bugs" that might plague an amateur who undertook to operate such a camera.

Score one for Hedy: she had steered the conversation away from herself and her concerns, and had directed it toward one of the hobbies in which Anne and I are deeply interested.

She knew that I had been on location in England, so she quizzed me about British picture-making practices, about rebuilding of the bombed areas, about famous London restaurants. Afterward I asked Anne if I had monopolized the conversation. She laughed and confessed that she had been on the verge of asking me the same question.

Because Hedy knew that Anne had been on location in Durango, Colorado, she asked Anne a lot about that experience. Was there skiing in Durango? Did Anne notice the altitude? What was there to do in the evening? How far was Durango from Colorado Springs where we had spent our honeymoon?

Those topics disposed of, Hedy and Anne hit upon a topic dear to the feminine heart: the redecorating of houses. It seems that Hedy has just redecorated her house for the second time and she was uncertain about some of her innovations. For one thing, she—the glamorous Hedy herself—had done some of the painting, and some of the furniture refinishing. She asked Anne's advice on a number of problems.

All in all it turned out to be a delightful evening.

For the masculine readers of this magazine, I know I should say something about Hedy's beauty. Once again, I—like anyone gradually getting to know Hedy—was in for a surprise.

There is no doubt at all that Hedy is unreasonably lovely. Black and white photography doesn't do her justice; color almost catches her spectacular vividness. However, there is something about Hedy that the camera never quite records. It would be difficult to define the quality. Perhaps it is exact to say that the dazzlingly exotic Hedy is not the real Hedy at all.

In daily life, she appears to be utterly unaware of her own looks.

While we were working on "A Lady Without Passport," she'd come to the studio in the morning wearing a simple white blouse, a pair of easy flannel slacks, camel's hair topcoat and bandanna around her head. I don't suppose that one person in a thousand, catching sight of Hedy in her car as she drove to work, recognized her as the girl hundreds of men would give an oilusher.

Gordon MacRae and Julie London have fun on the "Return Of The Frontiersman" set.
to be introduced to.

As Anne and I grew to know Hedy, we discovered that her favorite outfit for wear around her own home was a white peasant blouse, a vivid peasant skirt and a pair of ballet slippers. Sometimes she wore stockings, usually she didn’t.

It’s true that she was particular about costumes for “Lady Without Passport.” She’s a refugee, stuck in Havana, who will do practically anything to get into the U.S. I am an immigration officer who is trying to catch the leaders of a ring which is smuggling aliens into the States.

Hedy’s wardrobe consisted mainly of casual white garments, but she saw to it that each was exactly right for the scene in which it was to be worn. If it was reasonable to suppose that the dress of the character in the picture would have been rumpled, Hedy wanted the dress to be convincingly rumpled.

For the scenes in which the girl was supposed to be sleek, Hedy wanted the garments to be absolutely immaculate. It was interesting to me, and surprising, too, to discover that the precisionist Hedy around the studio would be the one hundred percent non-clothes-conscious Hedy around her own home.

It all comes to this, I suppose: apparently Hedy regards herself, at the studio, as an efficient artist who is determined to do a good job. At home she considers herself a simple soul who is, primarily, the busy mother of three children and, secondly, the family breadwinner.

There can be no doubt that Hedy is devoted to her children. Jamie, her adopted son, is now away at a fine boarding school, but Denise and Jackie are closely integrated parts of Hedy’s life. She and their nurse share their care, but when either of the babies is ill at night, Hedy is the person who gets up and attends to their wants.

During the shooting of “Lady Without Passport” she spent a week during which she was able to get only half enough sleep. Jackie had a heavy cold. I imagine that a professional glamour girl would have turned the responsibility of Jackie over to the nurse, and would have slept through the wailing and coughing and medicine-taking that go with childhood illness. Not Hedy.

She was a wreck (she said, although she looked as fresh as a new mint leaf), but she was both actress enough to want to get on with the job without taking time off, workaholic enough to supervise the care of her own ailing child.

One morning when Hedy was leaving the house, she said that Denise—who is now five—kissed her goodbye and then confided in a loving tone, “Oh, Mommy, I feel so sorry for you because you have to go to work when you are so tired. I am being a good girl and staying away from Jackie so that I won’t catch his cold. I don’t want to keep you up at night.”

Surprisingly enough Hedy does quite a bit of her own cooking, particularly when she is between pictures. She wants her children to be as accustomed to Hungarian dishes as she, herself, is. At Christmas there is plenty of excitement when Hedy makes the traditional Hungarian cakes and cookies for Christmas stockings and the boxes of goodies which the youngsters give their friends.

Once Hedy has made a promise to one of the children, that promise is kept if it is humanly possible. Both Anne and Hedy were invited to an affair which Anne described to me as “smart.” Anne made plans to wear her fanciest hat and her prettiest afternoon dress; altogether, I gathered that this particular luncheon was something anyone in her right mind wouldn’t miss.

When I mentioned the luncheon to Hedy on the day before it was to take place, she admitted that she was as eager as any other girl in Hollywood to attend. However, she had promised to take Denise and Jackie to the recreation center on La Cienega Boulevard on that particular Sunday afternoon. “So that’s what I’m going to do,” she said, laughing wryly. “It is important to keep a promise that one has made to a child. A broken promise is, to a child, simply a lie that one has told. I don’t want my children to feel, ever, that I have misled them or that I have failed to live up to my promises.”

If it weren’t for Hedy’s devotion to her children, I think she might be lonely. Of course, she has all the opportunities a woman could desire to see Hollywood night life, and to be seen. But that’s the problem. Hedy has had some bitter experiences. In a town in which there are hundreds of men who are ambitious, who are interested in promoting themselves and their careers, a girl as spectacular and as famous as Hedy is always confounded by the worry. Does he really like me? Does he really enjoy taking me out, or is he doing it only to advance his own interests?

I suppose it would be easy for a woman to become disillusioned as a result of some of the incidents which occur, but I don’t think Hedy is. She seems to shrug off an unpleasant situation and turn resolutely toward new interests.

She is quite interested in modern art and talks well on the subject. Anne and I have been trying to start a modest collection of the work of new people who are, we think, on the road to fame. That’s one way to be an art collector without going broke. Hedy knew the names of each of the artists in which we had invested, and knew something of their technique and personal history.

She likes music, especially light opera. Once “Lady Without Passport” was well-launched, she brought her portable phonograph to the studio, and we had a concert every day between light set-ups. I brought all of my musical comedy recordings, so we had a great time with “South Pacific,” “Kiss Me, Kate,” “Finian’s Rainbow,” and “Brigadoon.” Also, she was wild about my recordings of a series of Hungarian Gypsy dances.

When we weren’t playing records, Hedy was teaching me Hungarian. The picture’s script required the character I was playing to speak Hungarian in several scenes. Before the picture started I couldn’t even have hollered “Help” in
Hungarian, so Hedy gave me lessons.

During these sessions it occurred to me that if Hedly hadn't been an actress, she would have been a successful school teacher because she has infinite patience, and has a knack of putting across a fact so that it isn't easy to forget.

Also, if she hadn't been an actress, Hedy would surely have been a writer. She has a strong story sense, and several times she questioned sequences in the film's script which were changed in accordance with her suggestions.

I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised to discover that one of the most beautiful women in the world was a hard-working craftsman, a person of wide interests, and a devoted mother, but I was.

Hedy surprised me—delightfully.

Anne and I are happy to claim her as a friend.

If You Like 'Em Rugged

Continued from page 25

wood for years—once he was a parking lot attendant at Paramount, and once he made a test at Warner Brothers—he had to go to England to get a Hollywood contract. In fact most everyone at the studio thought he was an Englishman. When George Sidney, the director of "Annie Get Your Gun," heard that he had been signed, he blew his top and shouted, "I won't have an Englishman play Frank Butler." George Sidney later became one of Howard's biggest boosters. "He's no phony-baloney, that guy," he says, "I'll stake everything that Howard's success will never enlarge his hat band."

When Howard broke his ankle the first day of shooting on "Annie" (a horse slipped and fell on him) he thought his movie career was over before it started. But Director George Sidney and Producer Arthur Freed were willing to wait for him. "I called him Hopalong Keel," says Sidney, "and suggested that he take up skeet shooting while he was waiting so he could get in character for Frank Butler."

Howard dizzingly told him that he was sure to be a washout with a gun. "The only shooting I ever did was when I was a kid in Illinois. I was out in the field one day and saw about five thousand birds fly over my head. I shot at them. Didn't hit a one, not a one." But to please his director Howard tried his luck with the clay birds. In a short time he was so efficient at skeet shooting that the boys made him president of the MGM Skeet Club. But Howard insists that golf is still his favorite sport. And poker with the boys is a good way to spend a Saturday night. Like Gable, he's a man's man.

In the old days, Howard used to be quite a boy for visiting the Los Angeles dives and beer joints. Especially in the neighborhood of Melrose and Western, where at one time he worked at a hamburger stand called the Whitehall. He loved talking to the "characters" who frequented these places.

But marriage and career have put an end to all this. In January, 1949, at the Mission Inn in Riverside, California, he married the girl of his dreams, beautiful Helen Anderson, a former dancer in the London company of "Oklahoma." The Keels are now living in a small house in Hollywood, completely without movie star glamour. They have a few-months-old baby girl whom they have named Kajja Lian (Helen is Swedish). "She'll hate us for it the rest of her life," says Howard. According to Louis Calhern, whom he met for the first time on the "Annie" set, and who has become his best Hollywood friend, Howard is a very devoted papa. "As far as his little daughter is concerned," says Calhern, "Howard is the biggest liar I have ever met. Otherwise, he seems to be an intelligent, solid actor."

Howard was born in Gillespie, Illinois. His father was a coal miner, and the family were quite poor. His real name is Harry Keel. He changed it later to Harold, and still later to Howard. "I'll stay with that," he says. He tried to make the glee club at Gillespie but they wouldn't let him in. His father died when he was fifteen, and he and his mother and brother moved to Fallbrook, California. Here he completed his high school course, and went in for baseball, basketball and football. He was so skinny and shy that he avoided the girls.

When he was seventeen the family moved to Los Angeles, and Howard worked at various jobs, including a short stint at the Paris Inn as a bus boy. Eventually he landed a pretty good job with Douglas, and spent the next few years of his life as an aircraft worker, either at Douglas or North American.

To be near Douglas he moved to Ocean Park, where he got in with a gang of fun-
Harry James is watching June Havoc's reaction to a number his band is rehearsing for the 20th Century-Fox musical, "I'll Get By," in which both star.

loving young people. After a few cans of beer he would lose his inhibitions and sing for them. They especially applauded his impersonations of opera singers. His friends kept urging him to take singing lessons. So one day, without telling anyone, he went over to Boyle Heights to take a singing lesson for twenty-five cents. “The teacher needed lessons worse than I did,” he says grimly. “By the time I finished the lesson my throat was so sore I couldn’t talk for days. If that’s singing, I said, I want no part of it.”

On a dare he sang for a scholarship try-out judged by a Hollywood voice teacher, George Walker. He didn’t make the finals, but the voice teacher was impressed with his untrained voice and gave him a personal scholarship. When the boys at the plane plant kidded him about singing at his job he joined a big choral group at the Los Angeles Evening High School. For the first time he began to take his singing seriously and not kid around with it. That led to another scholarship to the American Music Theatre which gave operas in English at Pasadena and L.A. High.

The war necessitated increased production of plane parts and Howard was sent on the road by his aircraft corporation to visit small factories throughout the country and help them in their machinery change-over. Everywhere he went he continued his voice training. He sang at the Mississippi Valley Festival and won. Later at the Chicago Musical Festival, which he also won.

Back in California again, he joined up with the National Concert Agency, and auditioned for Oscar Hammerstein, who was looking for a replacement for the lead in “Carousel.” He was so pleased with Howard's voice and personality, not to mention his physical attributes, that he awarded him the role—which, in turn, led to his getting the part of Curley in the New York company of “Oklahoma.”

But “Oklahoma” had already been running a number of years so there was no great excitement on Broadway when Howard took over the part. He sang “Oklahoma” for a year and a half, and readily agreed to travel with the company to London in 1947. The company played London a year—and while there Howard made his first movie, “The Small Voice,” in which he played a gang leader. Then came Hollywood knocking at his door.

His biggest thrill in London was meeting Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. They came back stage one night to visit with him after his performance, and later invited him to spend a Sunday at their beautiful old place in Alesbury. The Saturday night before Howard went pub-crawling, “Saturday night was my night to howl,” he says. He got in quite late. Barely had his eyes closed before the alarm went off. He only had time for a quick orange juice before he had to catch the eight o’clock train. "Larry greeted me with one of his special confections,” says Howard. “I wasn’t used to special confections. I didn’t say more than five words. The Oliviers must have thought they were entertaining a prize jerk.” To make matters worse he dropped the glass right out of his hands and it spilled over both legs of his pants. Vivien and Larry took him in the bathroom and started scrubbing him—Vivien took one leg and Larry the other. “If only the gang could see me now,” sighed Howard. Howard came to after lunch, and he and the Oliviers became very close friends. He never visited them on an empty stomach again, and he had a completely warly attitude toward those “special gin jobs” of Larry’s.

The studio has big plans for Howard. When “annie Get Your Gun” was finished, MGM rushed him into “The Pagan Love Song” with lovely Esther Williams. The picture was filmed, for the

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most part, in Hawaii, which gave the studio a chance to "undress" Mr. Keel; and that should be just one jump short of dynamite at the box office. Next, Howard takes his fine voice and his fine shanks into the latest re-make of "Show Boat," in which he will play the spectacular part of Gaylord Ravenal.

"An actor out of work is an actor out of money," says Howard, and is quite delighted with his MGM setup. He is a hard worker, early on the set,knows his lines, conscientious, and no horseing around on MGM's time. Betty Hatton says when "I tried to joke with him but gave it up. He was too shy and embarrassed." She claims he has the worst temper she has ever met up with on a studio set—but he aims it at himself, and nobody else. "When he missed a line he would start berating himself with some of the fanciest name calling I've ever heard. I used to say to him, 'Howard, everybody makes mistakes, don't take it so hard.' But if he just muffled one line he would nearly die."

This self-directed temper is nothing new with Howard. Once when he was working at North American he made a mistake in the fuselage of a plane. He became so angry with himself that he quit his job, and stayed on the beach for four days to cool off, before he went back to the plant. Well, as long as he takes it out on himself his fellow workers need never worry. He's going to be a very popular fellow around the lots. And on the screens too.

He Simply Can't Believe It!

Continued from page 27

stand the man if you know his background, and in Richard Todd everything, right up to now, is background for what is bound to be a brilliant screen career. Although he calls himself a detoured farmer because his ancestors were men of the land—Ireland and Scotland—and to own land is his ultimate goal, he might also call himself a between-times warrior.

His father was Major A. W. Palethorpe-Todd, a professional soldier, and soon after Richard's birth in Dublin, he spent two years in India where his father was stationed.

With his customary restraint in discussing any personal matters, Richard is reluctant to detail his own war experiences, which at the very least were shattering and perilous. He spent seven years in the British service, as an infantryman and with the Commandos and later with the paratroops. He was injured and hospitalized. And when he was asked recently if 'slouching into Normandy on D-Day in the first load of paratroops wasn't a terrifying experience, he admitted it was. He also admits that the business of being a paratrooper is a hazardous and trying one; then he adds, with a bright little light in his eyes:

"But some of them get to like it, you know."

The fact that he wanted to be a playwright is what prompted him to become an actor.

"A man's got to know all about the business if he wants to write," he says, "so I figured that I'd be able to write better for actors if I were an actor myself."

His pre-war work with repertory theatres in Britain led him to return to repertory after he was physically fit again and mustered out of service. His first picture role—a minor one—provided him with one of the most severe tests of his whole life. During hurling practice ('I was hopeful for the Olympics') with the film midway in production, Richard broke his Achilles tendon. He was in extreme agony, and the physician who accompanied him to the set the next day advised the producers that work would be quite impossible without surgery. The moviemakers countered that it was quite impossible to continue without him. They had one more week of Todd's scenes to be done in a special set that would have to be torn down for the scenes to follow.

Richard agreed to work, with the knowledge that he would be in great pain and that the healing tissue would have to be cut away for later surgery if he were ever to walk normally again.

"It was my decision," he said. "My whole career depended on it. I simply couldn't afford to let them get another actor."

And he didn't. With a physician standing by to administer morphine when the pain became too intense and with his injured foot propped up out of camera range, he worked the entire week. Then he went to the hospital for a long and difficult operation that kept him off his feet for many months. But he recovered and, in recovering, won his point.

Last year when Vincent Sherman went to London to direct "The Hasty Heart," he began an extensive series of tests to select the man for the pivotal role of Lachie, the remarkable Scot. One night at a party, Sherman was introduced to one Mr. Todd, who made a favorable impression on the director.

"How would you like to test for the role?" Sherman asked.

"Oh, but you already have an actor

Betty Grable (Mrs. Harry James) in colorful song-and-dance number in "My Blue Heaven," 20th Century-Fox musical. Dan Dailey is again her co-star.
Burgess Meredith studying script with Susan Douglas during luncheon at Stork.

for it," Richard protested.

Whereupon he gave the director an eloquent plea in behalf of the talents of a well-known actor who had been tested for the role and who, everyone thought, had been set for it. Amused and attracted by this amazing young fellow, Sherman overruled his singularly unusual plea for another actor, and tested him.

"The minute Richard read Lachi's first line, I knew he was the boy for the role," Sherman recalls.

Richard's romance with Catherine Bogle, the sweet-smiling Scottish girl who became Mrs. Todd last August, began when she was playing the title role in "Claudia" for the Dundee Repertory Theatre. But the romance, interrupted only the way actors' romances can be, didn't reach the orange-blossom stage until he was appearing with Jane Wyman and Marlene Dietrich in "Stage Fright," being directed by Alfred Hitchcock in London.

Richard credits Jane with an assist in his marriage. And Jane herself likes to take bows as a secondary Cupid in the case of Richard (which, incidentally, he prefers to Dick, although he is somewhat resigned now to hearing Americans call him Dick on first meeting and from then on) had been on the edge of matrimony several times, but had always postponed it, waiting for "a better time." The better time never seemed to arrive, and Jane, who was struck with the pair and getting highly impatient at the deferred romance, kept urging them to set the date.

"Finally," says Richard in recalling the event, "we decided we would marry on a forthcoming weekend when I expected to have a fortnight's holiday from the picture."

"Just before the weekend, we learned that the holiday had been cancelled and that I was going to have to continue working, so once again we were about to delay the wedding. But Jane would have none of it. She virtually bundled us up and sent us off to church."

So Catherine Bogle became Mrs. Richard Todd, and everyone, especially Jane Wyman, was as happy as a grasshopper.

"Except," says the bridegroom, "we didn't get a honeymoon."

They still haven't had an honest-to-goodness honeymoon, because after "Stage Fright," Richard was rushed to Hollywood by Warner Brothers. The Todd's first impression of America was its vastness; their first impression of the way Americans live in America was the quantity and quality of the food they miss.

It is typical of Richard that when a reporter asked him if he wouldn't miss all the wonderful food when he returns to England, the actor replied:

"I suppose so—at first. But in England we're used to going without things.

In other words, he has spent most of his life accommodating himself to hardship, and the fact that he isn't going to eat a dozen eggs a week when he returns to London is hardly going to upset him.

Probably one of the greatest amusements that Richard has experienced on his first Hollywood venture is the all-consuming interest of the press and the public in even the smallest personal item that concerns him.

"I fail to understand," he says, "why they should be interested in what I like to eat, what I like to listen to or what kind of music I like to listen to. It can't be that important to anybody, including me."

His comments on Hollywood and life in Hollywood are characterized by a notable restraint.

"I like it. So—first. But in England we're used to going without things."

When the studio strongly recommended that he have a chauffeur for his rented automobile until he had accustomed himself to the left-hand drive, and the right-hand highways, and the grim traffic situation of Los Angeles, Richard politely but determinedly refused. He did his own driving, and successfully. He is sometimes independent to the point of exasperation. He is an individualist who will conform when it is necessary and when he feels it is proper.

Richard finds it hard to believe that Americans who have seen him in "The Hasty Heart" and "Stage Fright" find him sexy, as most of his ever-growing fan mail indicates.

"It must have something to do with the camera—or the roles."

(Next page)

What Movie Star

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She Was Just Browsing Around

Continued from page 47

as the situation demands. "Maybe I'm not exactly what the doctor ordered," she said. "And I don't always understand myself, but I manage to live a little, and that's all anybody can ask."

Her friends in New York, of which there are a great many, still shudder when they think of the way Mercedes was inclined to quit, suddenly and without any provocation, her current radio show, throw some scanties and plaid skirts in an old suitcase, grab her eightyear-old son, John Lawrence Fifiield, by his little wrist and whip off to Europe. (He's the son of her first marriage of which she says little except — 'It just didn't work'.)

"We never knew exactly where she was going, how long she'd be gone, or why she went," one said. "We only knew that she'd be back more lively and interesting than before."

And Mercedes herself says, "I like to travel, and I'll go right on traveling as long as I've got any money. When it runs out, I come home to earn some more."

There are not many strange places that Mercedes hasn't visited—most of them with weird sounding names.

"I went to St. Croix once," she admits, "because I saw a label on a rum bottle from there. And I whipped off to Trinidad because there used to be a dancer of that name somewhere, and then, of course, there are all those Calypso persons."

In the last few years, she and her son have spent more time in Europe than in America. "We like it," she said. "We like America, too, but the best way to appreciate America and Americans is to learn about other nationalities."

When Mercedes made her second, recent trip to Hollywood for her second screen performance in "Lightning Strikes Twice" for Warner Bros., she put John Lawrence on a plane to Chicago, where he was to be met by his grandparents.

"Where's my passport, Mother?" the well-traveled boy asked. She carefully explained that Chicago was in the United States, and he didn't need a passport.

"Okay," he said. Then added doubtfully, "But what about customs?"

For all her seeming madness and lack of stability, Mercedes is a determined, sometimes profound, and always warmhearted young woman who got her first and sensational screen role because she was indignant at the shabby treatment she thought a friend was receiving.

Although she was progressing brilliantly as one of New York's best-known radio actresses, Mercedes McCambridge one day last year allowed herself to be persuaded to attend an interview being conducted by Robert Rossen, writer, producer, and director of "All The King's Men." He was in New York looking for a girl who could play the role of Broderick Crawford's political hatchet woman, Sadie Burke.

The girl who immediately preceded Mercedes in the interview lineup was her friend, "and one of the most talented actresses I know," Mercedes explains. "She went in and out of the interview room in just thirty seconds. It made me mad."

Whereupon she stormed into the room herself, and launched into a violent attack on Rossen for his casual methods of interview. "Who do you Hollywood people think you are?" she screamed. "That girl who was just in here and who you passed up with one casual look at her legs, I suppose, has more talent in her little finger than all of Hollywood!"

She blasted in this vein for a good three or four minutes, while Rossen watched, amazed and delighted.

She got the role, and without a test, and from then on things were different for Mercedes McCambridge. (She and Rossen became and still are, incidentally, close friends.)

It's sometimes hard for her to believe that Sadie Burke did so much for her. Close on the sensation she caused in her first role, Mercedes (1) won the Look Magazine Award for the year's best supporting performance by an actress; (2) won the Foreign Correspondents' Awards for the best supporting performance and the most promising newcomer, and (3) of course, The Academy Oscar.
These are all achievements that Mercedes was unknowingly headed for ever since she came to life on St. Patrick's Day, 1918, in Joliet, Illinois, the daughter of Marie and John Patrick McCambridge. Her first taste of the drama came when she played Petruchio in a Mundelein College production of "The Taming Of The Shrew." This and subsequent performances won her a radio contract with NBC to do ten broadcasts a week for five years—practically unheard of at that time.

She got her Bachelor's Degree at Mundelein, and 14 credits toward a master's degree. "If I get that's about as close as I'll ever come to it," she adds.

At Mundelein, Mercedes met the woman who has had more influence on her life probably than any other single person. It was Sister Leola, the head of the school's dramatic department. "Sister Leola was always my inspiration," Mercy explains. Her eyes filling up as she thinks of the nun who's been dangerously ill in a Midwest sanitarium.

Sister Leola continuously prodded the fiery young girl—"and hammered more dramatic knowledge into my hard head than anybody believed possible. The nun was also a never-ending source of spiritual guidance, which Mercedes still clings to today. When she was presented with the Look Award early this year, the actress immediately had an appropriate inscription engraved on it to Sister Leola and forwarded it to the ill woman.

After her first Hollywood film, she fled back to New York and her apartment near Central Park, which was always filled with John Lawrence's toys, books, and a voodoo drum. "I thought I'd had it," she says, meaning Hollywood.

When Warners offered her the role in "Lightning Strikes Twice," in which she plays a "nice" menace with Richard Todd and Ruth Roman, she figured she might as well give Hollywood another whirl. About the same time, Fletcher Markle, an attractive and successful young radio producer, who had been haunting the McCambridge doorstep off and on for several years, came to Hollywood, too.

This time she said yes, and after going through the Saturday-Sunday-Monday routine, Mercedes McCambridge became Mrs. Fletcher Markle on February 20th.

Right then the settling influence began to take effect, and the first thing the Markles did was rent a nice big house in West Los Angeles, and send for John Lawrence who was living with his grandparents.

"It's beginning to look as though my browsing around days are over," she said. "A wife's got to stay with her husband, hasn't she?"

The brilliant Markle will undoubtedly be around Hollywood for some time to come because he was given an associate producer's berth with MGM the day before they eloped.

Mercedes McCambridge is uninhibited and has liberal ideas and talks fast and breathlessly and looks you straight in the eye with her own clear blue, piercing eyes. She has definite ideas about most everything except herself.

"One thing I have decided about me," she says, "is that if I've any neuroses, I might as well live to work with them—and forget them.

She has a great and lively sense of humor, an almost uncontrollable enthusiasm for life and things in general, and she wins friends quickly. She is unpretentious and honest to the point of exasperation. She doesn't like to dress up and she never shops for clothes. She says, "Clothes just happen to be there when I'm passing by." She asks for a size 10 and takes it home without trying it on. She hates incompetence and respects talent above everything—"with the possible exception of kindness, the kind of kindness my son has.

Mercedes' periodic flights to Europe and faraway places are not so impulsive as they may seem. She has a great feeling for what she calls "universal loneliness," and she feels that getting close to everyday, everywhere will somehow lead her to a deeper understanding of "why everyone cries the same in his sleep." May she always be—coming "home".

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Hairdresser Eleanor Edwards prepares Lucille Ball for scene in Columbia's "The Fuller Brush Girl," in which she plays title role. Eddie Albert is in it, too.
Johnnie Weissmuller, now touring the country with his own water show, leaving Gotham with his aquanymphs where no show was allowed because of water shortage.

"I'm Not The Husband Type"

Continued from page 47

So many women become possessive when they become serious. Or they become demanding. Or they try to make a man over. Why do they refuse to accept a man the way he is? A woman wants a man to become the way she thinks him to be. I don't like to have to account for every minute of my time, or, in other words, punch a matrimonial time clock! I like to be free to drive all night in a convertible—go fishing at dawn—or listen to music for hours. Or do anything without planning ahead.

"Now, I don't want to sound conceited, because, honestly, I'm no bargain. Ask either of my former wives. I was impossible!"

"You never know a person until you live under one roof," Steve continued. "You can go with a girl for days, weeks, months, or years, but you really don't know her until you live together. Only then do you discover her phobias and disposition. The advisability of going together for a long time results in liking a person. It is necessary to like someone, as well as love someone."

"I'm just a fellow who wanted to become an actor," Steve revealed. "And it's not been easy. In fact, it's been tough going. I was born in Eureka, California. When I was eight the family moved to Laramie, Wyoming. In high school I became interested in theatre dramas. Some said I should be in pictures. So I tried Hollywood. After living luxuriously on a loaf of bread for three days, and no butter, I went in for hard labor that provided a pay check every Saturday night. I was a ranch hand, a railroad section hand, a carpenter, a shipyard worker—almost anything—as the occasion demanded. Then I became interested in little theatre work. I toured, tried stock and still kept pitching for a chance in pictures. That was when I met my first wife. She was the daughter of a famous portrait artist. I was twenty-one, knew very little about women except, I liked her. We were attending the same dramatic school. She was blonde, medium height, with blue gray eyes. I loved her. Strangely, she looked enough like me to be my sister. Often we were mistaken for brother and sister. Men are often attracted to girls who look very much like them."

"The going was not easy. We lived in a cheap little house, and wondered why we were unhappy. Looking back now I realize that I was not mature enough for marriage. After four years, we decided to separate. She became interested in painting and I joined a stock company and went on the road. There was a blonde girl in that stock company who was younger than I, but much more experienced. We used to have long talks. She finally showed me what was wrong with my marriage, what was wrong with me—I had been just plain naive. When I realized that I had really been at fault in not being a good husband, I was anxious to make it up to my wife. I persuaded her to go back to me. I thought that, fully realizing my mistakes in my first attempt at marriage, a second try would be successful and happy."

"We had a baby girl whom we christened Xandra Diane. Even though we both tried for the next four years to make a successful marriage, it didn't work. Rather than have a child grow up in unhappy surroundings, we agreed to a friendly divorce. My mother-in-law had given us a pet dog, Tchaikowsky. I took Tchaikowsky—and my wife took our daughter. I was the first wife, and in my way I still love her—love her as a man would love a sister. A deep bond of affection still holds us. She has never remarried, and seems to have become absorbed in raising our child and in her paintings."

"I'm not a marrying man," I told myself after that. Tchaikowsky and I became confirmed bachelors. I followed the theatre to New York. I landed a job with the road company of "My Sister Eileen." Incredibly enough I wound up working at Macy's Department Store. Then I went back to Hollywood. It was still no go. I gave what money I had to my wife for our daughter, and, with six dollars in my pocket, I hoboed back to New York. This time luck was with me. They were looking for a six-footer and dark complexioned actor to play opposite Constance Bennett in "No Time For Love." I won the role, and we played in Columbus, Chicago, and Los Angeles. In Los Angeles, talent scouts from Samuel Goldwyn signed me for pictures."

Being the home loving type, Steve bought himself a house in Benedict Canyon. It was a most unconventional house—clinging to a slope of hill, with a wealth of tall trees—with friendly squirrels running in and out of the door. The living room had a big fireplace, a Capehart and an extensive library of symphonic recordings. Every Saturday night Steve held open house. There was a tiny kitchen and a large bedroom with windows on all sides, opening out onto a balcony.

It was during this time, when Steve and Tchaikowsky were thus enconced, that Steve, as Goldwyn's new star, be-
camed the romantic target for many a movie miss. Steve invited them all up to his house. "There'd be three or four movie beauties individually accustomed to being spoiled. People marveled. "How can she talk to five girls at a time when no man can't please one?"

"I just like people—to have people around to sit in the sun and listen to music and talk and eat when they feel like it," Steve would reply nonchalantly. If any one girl demanded too much attention, she found herself ignored. When came the day that five girls donned shorts to scrub and paint Steve's small yacht in Santa Monica Harbor, Hollywood was agog. "How does he do it? He charms them!"—for all five girls seemed to be having a good time, preferring to be in Steve's company rather than on individual dates. With Steve, it was all good fun and pleasant companionship.

Along came Fay McKenzie. She was an actress and a redhead, and apparently fell for Steve. For two years these two dated and fought and separated and kissed and made up again, with plenty of resounding romantic headlines. Like all girls, Fay hoped to marry. But Steve's divorce wasn't final and Steve told her he wasn't the marrying kind. Then came her birthday and along with it his final decree, so Steve, because he thought she was one of the sweetest girls, most beautiful besides, and because he was very fond of her, eloped with Fay to Las Vegas.

"I think I married on the rebound," said Steve quietly, seemingly unaware that Ruth Roman and other beauties, respectively lunching at other tables, cast frequent glances in his direction. "I don't know why I let Fay in for a marriage with me," Steve said gallantly. "I explained that I was not the kind of a man who liked to live a conventional life, liked to have my meals on time, call on friends, entertain them back, do this and that as expected. He's in business to do certain things or budget. I like to do things on the spur of the moment, be free to make any decisions that might effect me, without having to stop because of what another person wants to do. I am perfectly miserable across a breakfast table. I like to breakfast alone. And I am moody and like to be left alone at times. If I had loved Fay enough, I wouldn't have minded living her life. She was actually making me do everything any average wife expects from a husband, take care of clothes, to be left around by the nose—and I guess I resented it. When she started working I was jealous of her work. I didn't want to leave her to me when I wanted to be with her. Then she left me go on tour with a show, and, well—that ended it."

"My dog Tchaikowsky seems to be the only one to understand me and put up with me. He sedom approves of any one feminine around. He's anti-social. He thinks people are dogs and he's people."

"Perhaps I am an idealist with preconceived notions of an ultra-wonderful woman. Some men marry, not because they love the girl, but because they have found a woman who loves them and who fits perfectly in their plans. Of course that is a selfish marriage to an egotist won't work. I'm no egotist, so I don't think that is where I'm lacking as a husband. Some women expect to be constantly pampered, humored and assured that they are the most beautiful in the world. I don't go for that type. I once read where a man wants a woman so beautiful that all will admire her, and yet so chaste that none can have her; so gifted that all will respect her, and yet so humble that she herself will acknowledge her husband her superior. Where can a man find a woman like that?"

Steve hasn't dated any one girl exclusively for the past two years. He is also not attracted to big name movie stars. Elizabeth Taylor has been sufficient so that he prefers a girl who looks up to him as the "man"—not just a glorified escort to be led around to Hollywood parties. Therefore, several big name glamour girls not only have been amazed but disappointed to find Steve oblivious to their famous charms and quite silent at jingling their telephones—even when they give him the number. "But think of the publicity you'd get going out and being seen with me," one told him. With Steve, however, it's, "If I'm not worth it on my own, then I'll go without until I am."

"I like girls who cook and keep house," Steve said. "I have a tremendous admiration for Russian and French girls. They can whip up the tastiest dinner—and in twenty minutes look chic and smart—as though they'd taken all day getting dressed to go out. I know a cute little Russian girl in New York who looks like the best Russian food. We'll have an early dinner at her place, and then go to the theatre. She was clever with a needle. She would sew up a little dress and hat, and look like she'd just walked out of Hattie Carnegie's. I was proud to be seen with her. The spoiled ones are not for me."

"I know," Steve concluded, "that my character and habits are permanently formed. I am forty-two, and if I should ever marry again, the girl will have to accept me for what I am. It is too late to change me. I wish," he mused, "that I could find some of the qualities in one girl that I've known in several. There's Mae West with a wonderful sense of humor, Grace with her intelligent beauty, Joan Crawford who has a complete honesty and understanding of people, who helps them, and Connie Bennett who has great determination and ambition. And then the little Russian girl who sews and cooks and makes a man comfortable and happy. Take those qualities in one woman and I guess even Tchaikowsky would decide that after all, I am a marrying man."
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings having lunch at the Sherry-Netherland during recent visit to Manhattan. Bob's latest offering is "The Pirates Of Capri."

Don't Let The Gleam Fool You!

Continued from page 45

the ring of the telephone. It was an assignment: Would I go over to the Algonguin and interview Zack Scott? The fog lifted miraculously and in my before-coffee voice I Tallulah-ed "Would I?" I hung up.

"Aha!" I thought villainously, with a shake of my curlers, "now I'll find out, first-hand." So... notebook clasped in my perspiring little paw I saith forth with a "Mush" attitude and not much else in the way of a mental format. Well, I came, I saw, and he conquered me!

Perhaps it was the sincere, reserved manner or his easy graciousness, but, five minutes after I met him, I would have sworn that this was a "wonderful guy" (with all due respect to Messrs. Rodgers & Hammerstein). He was smooth, but straightforward.

As soon as I could, politely, and after gulping some Coke, I veered back to the subject, namely: Zachary Scott, the epitome of the cliche "tall, dark and handsome.

It was raining outside, the atmosphere was cozy, so I thought... now?... now I will ask him what's been on my mind since I saw him at the Copa.

"Zack, meeting you has made me realize a man may give a wicked appearance and really have a heart of gold and a character above reproach. Has the impression you give the movie public affected your private life?"

There was a distinct gleam underneath those spirally eyelashes.

"Well, I hope that through the medium of films I've convinced a number of people that I'm a snake in the grass, a worm in the weeds, etc., but, actually, I'm a conservative, law-abiding fellow with no more evil intent than to steal a scene here and there and, then, only if someone else had started it! Since I don't take my menacing scowls off the studio lot, I don't have any trouble."

"What would you say for the young gal on the lookout for The Right Man? How seriously should she take that wolfish gleam in a man's eye?"

He looked thoughtful, then ventured, "You know, some men work at looking villainous, rakish or wolfish, as you call it. They seem to think it gives them that debonair, cosmopolitan, man-about-town expression. And it may be a front to cover up shyness or an inferiority complex. As for advice to girls, at the risk of sounding ponderous, I'd like to say that while in school and college we see things in a much different perspective than later in life. And if you hope to meet your life partner there don’t eat your heart out for the B.M.O.C. (Big Man On Campus) . . . or the football hero. This is usually the type that spends the rest of his life baring people with his school-day escapades because he’s never accomplished anything else since then. Chances are the nice, quiet, studious guy who sits next to you is the one that will have Wall Street by the tail or at least wind up with a department store or two!"

I agreed on that point, remembering a few college charm boys who shrieked into big nothings later on. Then Zack said, "A parallel would be, for instance, dogs. The most vicious looking ones always have the sweetest natures. However, I play it safe. I have a white French poodle and a black cocker spaniel. I found, after seeing my own hard, sinister eyes in the rashes, I liked to have four soft brown eyes to assure me I'm not as tough as I'm supposed to be."

"How do you feel about first impressions?" I asked.

"I usually have a pretty good eye for people. I'm quite open with them. If I
seem to be wrong about someone I'm very stubborn in admitting it and it's very hard for me to break off with someone, even if I've been shown good reason to. I have no known enemy.

"I remember a guy," he went on, "a lecherous looking individual who will do a double-take at any girl walking down the street... but it's strictly a gag with him. He's happily married, has a lovely disposition and a pixie sense of humor."

He relaxed with a "what-a-character" expression on his face. "Oh!" he said, coming back with a start, "I'm overlooking the most obvious examples... the movie tough guys. It's a well-known fact that the movie tough guys aren't as bad as they're painted. Sydney Greenstreet probably qualified for B.M.O.C. literally in his day, but he's really a softie in spite of that sneer. Edward G. Robinson is famous for his private art collection, which scarcely fits in with his usual characterizations. Eduardo Cianelli, who's certainly one of the most despised of the movie underworld, is wonderfully well liked by the crew. He's also incomparably fond of children, a fact that hardly shows in his face. And I have yet to see Dick Widmark, the newest convert to the hateful crop, haul off with his famous backhand slap on any of our mutual friends."

So, April 10, 1946, this Austin, Texas, product has been busy going from one film to another. And he's established a record for good pictures, besides. After "Cass Timberlane," he had five weeks' rest and since then only a six-weeks' vacation.

"Recently I was in New York," he recalled; "then went home to California and did two pictures in a row. They had loaned me out to MGM and RKO. I finished a week ago Saturday... taped a radio show on Sunday... didn't get any sleep, leaving early Monday. Tomorrow I take a train to Washington and head for ye olde home in Virginia for a reunion, the first in twenty years."

"But I never heard of your farm in Virginia?" (and I had thought I'd boked up thoroughly on his past history.)

"It's been in the family for years," he smiled, "and was presented to me when I was married 15 years ago. (He's now separated from his wife). I never have any time to spend on it. It just makes itself pay. And I think it'll be kinda fun to give it to Waverly, my daughter, some day. She may even want to hide out there to write a book or something, who knows?"

Right then, I established a bond between us by announcing that I had two daughters. He sat forward, clasped his hands, and even asked to see pictures (and, of course I always follow my Girl Scout motto: Be Prepared!). "I love women and girls... and you can quote me on that. I really do. They're wonderful."

"Do you and Waverly have any special dates together?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a lot of them. We go horseback riding at night a lot and about once every two months I invite her best gal friend and maybe Cesar Romero or some other pal of mine and all go for dinner and dancing. Not to a night club, but a hotel dining room like the Biltmore, Town House or the Coconut Grove. At the rate she's growing up; any time now I expect to find myself reported in a column as seen out with a strange, devastating blonde!"

But we had been discussing how deceiving that wolfish gleam in a man's eye can be. I reminded Zack. Did he think the meanies were the only ones to be wary of? Did he think some of the most open faces cover some of the real gutter type of minds?

"That was the idea of the character I portrayed in 'Those Endearing Young Charms' on Broadway," Zack nodded. "There was a guy with a sincere approach who deliberately led this girl on with no serious intent and broke her heart. Beware of those!"

As an afterthought he added, "Pretty Boy Floyd is the prime example of that and he has been the basis for a number..."
of stories on his type."

I shuddered at the thought. So that's why I never went for "pretty boys."

"And since we mentioned college," he recalled, "another innocent fiend was in the fraternity house. He had the face of an angel and he loved fudge. He also existed on it almost solely when he was broke. He kept five to ten girls on the string all the time, told each one she made the best fudge in the world and always had a stack of boxes in his room—labelled correctly, I might add. The minute a box became empty he took it back and fractionally wheeled a refill!"

"A more stark example occurred on a train—steamer trip. There was a baby-faced Filipino boy on the kitchen crew who was a great favorite of mine and everyone else's. Three days offshore he went berserk and killed a man. Am I frightening you?" Zac rearranged his long legs to make a fuller use of the sofa and said, "My disillusionment with the regular guy type came when I was on the road in England with a show. In rehearsals this ruddy character talked about his wife and four children and I thought he was a solid citizen. After we hit the road, the minute we arrived in a town he'd annex a new girl. By the end of the tour the whole company was disgusted with him."

"I must have looked distressed enough for our whole race of Hopeful Hannas, for he laughed out loud and said, "You didn't ask me to describe all the wonderful people I've met, now did you? And they far overbalance the misfits I've been describing. The thing I wanted to get across to your gal readers is not to be fooled by the look in a man's eye. Dig below that wofish exterior or don't be too taken in by the ingenious lad. For, often, the man with the hero's look is really a villain at heart and the man with the villainous look has a soul that is 99 and 44/100% pure."

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**Song Poems Wanted**

**Heard No Evil**

**American Cancer Society**

His advice was right. I later got the break he believed would come. If I hadn't listened to him I doubt very much if I'd be where I am today. Oddly enough, he and I are working together now on the Bob Hope radio show—and we're still and always will be the greatest of friends.

It was through Les that I met Manny Sachs who became a tremendous influence in my life. Manny believed so much about that particular business from him. For a while, he acted as my manager, but then he introduced me to Al Levy. Manny thought I should have a regular agent and he felt Al was the best person for me.

I am as much faith in me as Manny and Les had had. He needed that faith, for I gave him a few rugged moments. You see, I'm kind of a character. I don't like to work any more than is absolutely necessary. I was living in California at the time and was perfectly content to stay here. However, Al had different ideas. He promptly lined up a job for me at the Little Club in New York.

This would have been considered a great break by any performer, but to me the whole thing was catastrophic. I tearfully insisted that I didn't want to go to New York. Al was surprised, but he stuck his guns and made me realize that if I wanted to amount to something in California I had better take the job at the Little Club. That would be the turning point in my career—he pointed out. Very reluctantly I agreed to give it a try. This spot was my big break. Many important people heard me there and I began to get offers from the studios again—but this time with the right kinds of..."
The course I learned was principally about how to keep my face somewhere within camera range.

Jack Carson was equally considerate and helpful. The way he threw scenes my way was like letting me commit grand larceny. Jack's kindness began even before I entered the picture. He called me one night after I had made the test and told me he had seen it and thought I had done a good job. In fact, Jack told me I had been chosen for the part before Mike had a chance to deliver the news.

People like Jack and Mike are conclusively the reason there are many people in Hollywood who are anxious to help a newcomer. They make it hard for me to believe the stories about throat-cutting one hears.

I’ve stressed mainly those men who have influenced my career—but there were others who were typecasting. Many personal life, some rather stormily, who left with something of the same effect.

I guess I’ve always been a romanticist and as a result I’ve been rather impulsive at times. But I never liked a lot of beau—instead I preferred to go steady with one boy, like the first boy I dated. He was my best friend’s brother. I was all of fifteen, and as far as I was concerned, this was the man I was going to live and die for! I dreamed—an old Darduk custom—of marriage, home, kiddies, roses ‘round the door. Who knows—I might have married him if he hadn’t called me morning phone! And though I may have been a bit of a plume, but he became such a pest that, instead of looking forward to those calls, I ran out the back door when I heard the phone ring. Suddenly one night, I looked at this boy and, for the first time, I saw him as he was—not as I wanted him to be. “You’re a nice boy,” I told him, “but will you please do me a favor and don’t call me again.” He was as surprised when I said it as I was hearing myself saying it. I never saw him again!

Yet, three years didn’t change me too much, for when I was seventeen I married. Mother knew and said I was too young, but my only answer was that I was mad about him and that was all that mattered. Oh, I thought I was so mature and wise in those days!

The whole basis of our relationship was wrong. He was traveling with a band, and our courtship was conducted somewhat like a correspondence school course. After we were married for a while I realized that we didn’t actually know each other. We were later divorced. My marriage taught me that you must like a person—that the surge of emotion isn’t enough. I also learned that caution and an evaluation of my own and another person’s shortcomings were advisable.

But I guess I was still too young and still too optimistic, for I married again—and all I can say about that experience was that living in a trailer, as we did,

Vera-Ellen, co-starring with Fred Astaire in MGM’s “Three Little Words,” limbers up.
isn't the most congenial state in the world. You're forever getting in each other's way. This marriage was very shortlived. Recently, I met my second husband again and found he had changed his whole philosophy. He was so tolerant and kind that I discovered some of his ideals could be successfully applied to my own life. But there was no question, of course, of our getting together again.

My two marriages possibly could be considered excellent arguments against marrying young. But I'd never issue any iron-clad rules about marrying or not marrying when you're young. What applied to me may not work at all for anyone else. Each of us is different. I can only say that I was too impulsive, too young. I thought I knew everything. I now realize I knew very little. Youth is an imputious state, so perhaps in that respect it cannot accept completely the maturity marriage demands.

Marty Melcher replaced Al Levy as my manager at a time when I was mixed up and unhappy. Not long after I met him, he said, "You aren't happy, are you?" Suddenly, I found I could talk to him. I found I now had an excellent manager who had the unique ability to also be a good friend. Marty respected my confidence and never betrayed my trust. I could talk and he understood. He understood, and this is very important when two people are closely associated in business.

Marty straightened me out completely. He advised me about the kinds of pictures I should do—and he even told me what types of records to make. For a while I chose my own songs and none of my selections seemed to sell well. Yet, the one's he picked out for me were invariably best sellers.

He also straightened me out financially. I hate handling bills and taking on responsibilities. I'm always throwing out important papers. I get my mail in the morning and then toss most of it into the fireplace. Mother usually stands by to grab! I have a safety box, but I don't know what it contains or where the key is. Nor do I really know how much money I make.

Marty accepts all this with a sense of humor but he is trying to make me wake up. He once said in a kidding way, "If you ever give up your career I'd like you to be my filing clerk." He knows my filing is all done in the fireplace.

He keeps an eagle eye on my purchases too. Recently, I wanted to buy a fur coat and I asked him if I could afford it. He promptly said, "No," and I just as promptly forgot about it. I accept his judgment completely. Since he started managing me, I have had far less worries.

Naturally, no list of important men in my life would be complete without some remarks concerning one Robert Hope. Bob, whom I call Dad—to his annoyance—is a great person. He taught me everything about radio, and he also has been trying to show me how to conserve my energy. Bob is a tireless worker, but he knows how to relax. I work hard, when I have to, but I never slow down. Bob constantly impresses me with his character and his talent.

Of course, working with him is one long gag after another. There was the time, for instance, when he dunked me in a pool at Palm Springs—with all my clothes on. No, I wasn't annoyed. You don't get mad at Bob. He's forever keeping me hopping during his radio shows. Often, when we're singing a duet and there's only one copy of the song between us, he'll finish his part of the number and then hide the music behind his back when it comes my turn. You should see me trying frantically to get it away from him! When we do previews of the shows, he stands behind me and makes faces to get the audience to laugh while I'm singing. Even so, I do love his gags, so I put him high on my list.

Last, but not least of my favorite men, is my eight-year-old son Terry. We were separated until I became established in Hollywood, and since he has come to live with me he has shown me the value of patience and tolerance. He has made me more flexible in my daily attitude. Even more important, because he's with me I have learned to love home life. It's so wonderful to have someone like Terry to come home to. I recently bought a house in the valley primarily because of him. He has made my life rich and complete—and of all the thrills I can look forward to, nothing is as important as the chance I will have of watching him develop, I hope, into a fine young man.

I think that a woman reflects the influences of men who have crossed her path. At least, I realize that without the men I have known Doris Day would not mean a thing today. Their faith gave me a sense of completeness. What more can any woman say?

How To Pick A Husband

Continued from page 48

Long before Linda Darnell became Mrs. Pev. Marley, one of her favorite boyfriends was Dick Paxton. He's now cast as her ex-husband in "No Way Out."
me to tell the waiter if we're in a hurry or not!

It didn't take me long to decide this would be my first and last date with this gentleman. He was too possessive and demanding. I should have known he'd be like this, for his appearance—of overly-fastidious dress and manner—alone should have told me what to expect.

"If you pick this type as your life partner, you'll spend most of your day trying to stay on his perfect budget. He's the type who puts his wife on an allowance.

"A man's appearance is an important keynote to his true nature. Everyone's known some fellow who fits into the rumpled clothes, hatless, philosophical description.

"This one always prefers to eat a home-cooked meal at your place. He sits on the floor, wears your record collection out and eats like a condemned man stalling for a reprieve.

"If he does take you out, it's always to some little coffee shop where he assures you 'oozing with atmosphere.' Always take along some extra change when you date this type, for he invariably has to ask you to tip the waiter or car park. If you marry this type, better keep your job or have a thriving bank account.

"There are several other types that go on my condemned list as far as making ideal husbands. There is the man who wants a shoulder to cry on and to be babied—he wants more of a mother than a wife. There is the scholarly soul. If you date him, spend less time at the beauty parlor and more time browsing at the library. He's searching for a female encyclopedia.

"And, of course, there's the joker who floods his conversation with a thousand jokes—all old. He constantly interrupts with 'did I tell you this one?... ' You'd do better to curl up with Joe Miller's Joke Book than to marry this fellow.

"We've a fat list on what NOT to look for in your future husband: the husband—choosing issue?" we asked.

"To me, the essential things a girl should look for in a husband are consideration, generosity, intelligence, sensitiveness and a sense of humor.

"Perhaps, I can explain what I mean by giving you an illustration of actors I've worked with who embody these characteristics.

"For consideration I would pick Howard Duff. He is not only thoughtful, but chivalrous, like a gentleman out of some history book.

"We've appeared in two films together so we are very good friends. Even when the camera is trained on me and he's saying his dialogue in the background, he always gives just as much as if it were his close-up.

"Jeff Chandler, who I starred with in 'Deported,' is the most generous person I know. He does so many nice things, but doesn't make any production over it. I remember when we were located in Italy, he bought a huge leather suitcase and completely filled it with gifts for the crew.

"There was another time when we were buying souvenirs for our families and friends that I noticed a beautiful tooled-leather evening purse. It was so lovely. I looked at the change I had left after buying the gifts and discovered I didn't have enough to buy it.

"On our way back to the studio, Jeff showed me a huge pocketbook he had purchased for a relative and insisted that I look inside and see how well made it is. I did and there was the evening purse. He'd seen me looking at it and knew I'd wanted it.

"James Mason exemplifies the intelligent qualification and Stephen McNally the sensitive. If a man is intelligent he makes an effort to understand your side of an issue and if he is also sensitive it is so much the better.

"Then, Marta added, "Maybe I should have placed intelligence at the top of the list. I certainly would never marry a man who couldn't a... a... a..." She paused, searching for the right word.

"Stimulate your thinking?" we volunteered.

"That's it," she replied. "An intelligent man could massage my brain."

"What actress illustrates sense of humor?"

"Need you ask?" replied Marta. "Of course, it is Vincent Price. We appeared together in 'Rogues Regiment' and what a hilarious set that was. There was one scene, especially, that lingers in my memory. I was supposed to run into a room, see Vincent had been killed and start to cry."
"The cameras started, and I, on cue, ran into the room, saw Vincent crumpled on the floor, went over to him, but instead of crying I screamed with terror.

"Vincent had put two flash bulbs on his eyelids—one was red and one green. He had concealed a battery in his pocket. When I bent over—bang!—his eyes lit up.

"I think a girl should consider well, if her husband-to-be has these qualities. Maybe he has a few of the antagonizing characteristics similar to the types I mentioned earlier. But remember, no one is perfect. If he rates on intelligence, generosity, consideration, sensitiveness and a sense of humor, he passes the husband-eligibility list. Probably the worst thing that could befal a girl would be to draw a too-perfect spouse.

"It is also helpful to consider your future husband's age. Scientists say a woman is mentally four years ahead of a man the same age. So before vowing for 'better or for worse' better consider the ratio."

We knew Marta was educated in Sweden and we wanted to find out how American men rated in comparison with European men.

"In Sweden a couple are usually engaged for at least three months before marrying. The European male is more romantic in his courtship. There are the strolls through the park, the gallant practice of kissing milady's hand and other little flirtatious manners that make it more like a leaf from a story-book romance.

"As to which make the better husbands, I vote for the Americans. In the United States the man puts his wife more on a pedestal and he respects her position in society."

"What do you think about marrying an actor—two careers in one family—and all that?" we continued.

"If one believes in love at first sight, as I do, who knows if it will be an actor, a doctor, a lawyer or a worker who will make your heart start to pound? Just be sure you like your husband-to-be as well as love him."

"I haven't any other particular requirements that a man should fulfill, except," she smiled, "personally, I hope mine will be over six feet tall."

Summing up, Marta concluded, "The most important item to remember in how to pick a husband is to let him pick you."

"Then, giving us a wicked little wink, she added, "At least, let him think he does."

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Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 18

The Lawless

Paramount

WHAT happens when a small-town newspaper publisher, Macdonald Carey, sides with the underdog foreign population of his city, becomes only too apparent. His newspaper offices are completely demolished by irate citizens because he takes up the cudgel for a Mexican teen-aged boy falsely accused of being a mad-dog rapist. Helping Carey in his fight against intolerance and false propaganda is newspaperwoman Gail Russell.

The Men

United Artists

DEEPLY moving story about a paraplegic war veteran, Marlon Brando, and his fight to overcome not only his physical handicap, but also his bleak outlook for a future of being a hopelessly wheelchair case. Full of resentment and bitterness, the only person who finally causes him to make the necessary adjustment, is his fiancée, Teresa Wright. A courageous, hard-punching semi-documentary, this was filmed around the paraplegic work done at the Birmingham Veterans Hospital.

Tops In Movie Music

"ANNIE Get Your Gun" album, starring Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, Keenan Wynn and Louis Calhern, for MGM... Johnnie Johnston's "Melancholy Rhapsody," from "Young Man With A Horn," and "As We Are Today" for MGM... "Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year," from "Christmas Holiday," and "Joshua" by Ralph Flanagan for Victor... Gene Krupa's "Dust," from "Under Western Stars," and "These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You" for Victor... "I Wish I Could Slimmy Like My Sister Kate," from "Wabash Avenue," and "More Than I Should" by Helen Forrest for MGM... Danny Kaye's "Wilhelmina," from "Wabash Avenue" and "C'mon Si Boy," for Decca... Roy Rogers' "Peter Cottontail" and "Next To The X In Texas" for Victor... Margaret Whiting's "My Foolish Heart," from film of same name, and "Stay With The Happy People" for Capitol... "Baby, Won't You Say You Love Me?" from "Wabash Avenue," and "The Flying Dutchman" by Herbert Jeffries for Columbia... Gordon MacRae's "Oh! Oh! Ophelia" and "Two-Faced Heart" for Capitol...

Tops In Pops

DINAH SHORE-Dusty Walker doing "Ask Me No Questions" and "You've Been Playing Checkers" for Columbia... Doris Day's "Hoop-Dee-Doo" and "Marriage Ties" for Columbia... Jack Fina's "Dreamboat Rendezvous" and "That's A Plenty" for MGM... Freddy Martin's "Knees Up, Mother Brown" and "Did A Tree Fall" for Victor... Gordon Jenkins' "Bevchited" and "Where In The World" for Decca... "Rain" and "A Precious Little Thing Called Love" by the Frank Petit Trio for MGM... "Take Off Your High Hat" and "I Leave To Rumba" by Vincent Lopez for Columbia... Peggy Lee's "Them There Eyes" and "Crazy He Calls Me" for Capitol... Vic Damone's "God's Country" and "Where I Belong" for Mercury... Eddie Cantor, Lisa Kirk and Sammy Kaye doing "The Old Piano Roll Blues" and "Juke Box Annie" for Victor...

Other Toppers

VICTOR'S "Designed For Dancing" albums... MacKinlay Marrow's "When We're Dancing" and "La Vie En Rose" for Mercury... John D'Acquisto's "A Paper Full Of Fish And Chips" and "Confidentially For Decca... Arthur Godfrey's "Scattered Toys" and "'Cn I Canoe Up The River?" for Columbia... Russ Morgan's "Pavanne" and "Pirisionero Del Mar" for Decca...
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THE QUEEN BEE, by Gene Lee—Eva Avery's lovely body concealed a ruthless heart which stopped at nothing to destroy the man who loved her, and the lonely young woman she left penniless, then vanished.

Why did she give men such a thrill?—Why shuns him to die on the battlefields?
of course you can go in Swimming with Tampax!

Don't be timid. Don't you give up swimming for whole week-ends or a good part of your vacation just because it's the wrong time of the month.
You can go in the water any day—if you use Tampax for sanitary protection.
Many women have no hesitation about wearing Tampax in swimming. There's nothing to give them away!
Tampax is worn internally. It has no belts, pins or outside pads. Nothing to cause embarrassment in bathing suits, wet or dry. Try it yourself and see.
Made of highly absorbent cotton, Tampax is compressed in easy-to-use applicators. Quick to change. No disposal trouble. Wonderful relief on a hot day. No extra warmth. No chafing. No odor. Neither soft dresses nor snug shorts will show any "edge-lines."
It was a doctor who perfected Tampax. Millions of women have adopted it. Get it yourself. You will never want to go back to the other method. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply fits in purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
DID YOU EVER DREAM
of Esther Williams?

ESTHER and VAN make your dreams come true in M-G-M's spectacular Sun Valley Musical in COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR
(You'll see Esther Williams swim and ski and skate and do a dozen thrilling things!)

DUCHESS OF IDAHO

STARRING

ESTHER WILLIAMS • VAN JOHNSON

JOHN LUND

WITH PAULA RAYMOND

CONNIE HAINES • CLINTON SUNDBERG

AND GUEST STARS

LENA HORNE • ELEANOR POWELL

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION
Written by DOROTHY COOPER and JERRY DAVIS
Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Sensational Songs, including: "Let's Choo Choo Choo To Idaho", "Of All Things"
"You Can't Do Wrong Doin' Right" . . . Hear the hits on M-G-M Records
TONI TWINS
Discover New Shampoo Magic

Soft Water Shampooing
Even in Hardest Water

"Toni Creme Shampoo really worked wonders the very first time we tried it," say beautiful twins Joan and Jean McMillan of Houston. "Our hair was so shining soft... as if we washed it in rain water. And that really marvelous softness made it much easier to manage, too."

Soft Water Shampooing... that's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo. Even in the hardest water, you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dandruff instantly. Never leaves a soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

TONI CREME SHAMPOO
- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights.

By Helen Hendricks

Gossip in the Lobby

VAN and Evie Johnson had themselves a time in England when they went for the British premiere of MGM's "Battleground." Seems Princess Margaret was but dying to meet Van and it was arranged through the very attractive and social Sharman Douglas. My spies tell me their evening out was très gay, with dinner and dancing clean through till the early morning hours. Van and Evie also spent a weekend with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh at their place in the country and later dined with the suave Noel Coward. Van's the kind of guy who forgets his own importance as a celebrity and gets a great thrill from meeting glamorous people, so I reckon he's a happy character.

Bossman Howard Hughes of RKO is so fond of Janet Leigh as an actress that he's practically kidnapped her from her home lot—MGM. And Janet's right thrilled over the fact that she's going into a musical which will give her a chance to sing on screen for the first time. She did quite a lot of spade work to get the opportunity, the little smoothie. Seems that between every scene of "Jet Pilot," Janet exercised her lungs good and loud. So naturally visiting studio execs heard her and when "Two Tickets To Broadway" was put on the production slate they remembered that the gal was a canary and she was in. Janet and her beau, Arthur Lowe,
Best Deodorant News Ever!

New finer Mum
more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—better, longer. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that cause underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

Brod Crawford admires portrait of himself by Nick Volpe for Beverly Hills Brown Derby.

Jr., have developed a song-and-dance routine which they are always glad to do at the drop of a benefit—and they do all right, too.

When Gordon MacRae went to Washington, D. C., on a p.a. for the Brothers Warner he phoned his grandmother, Mrs. Janet MacRae, in New York and asked her how she'd like to fly back to Hollywood with him for a visit. The lady, who is only 88, accepted with alacrity and bustled around to get ready for her first airplane ride and her introduction to the film capital.

Joan Crawford's kids whipped her up a good-luck offering for the opening day of "Harriet Craig," her new pic for Columbia. The g.l.o. consisted of four horseshoes garlanded with flowers which the young 'uns plucked from the Crawford garden.

Among Howard Duff's many rabid admirers (including your columnist) is one who generates a great and disturbing air of mystery. Evidently, the admirer is a close neighbor of his and knows a lot about the guy, especially that he's mad for cats. When Duffy opened his mailbox one morning, was he surprised to find a tiny Persian kitten and a lovely-dovey note. He's had the notes before but this live stuff is kinda bewildering and he's glad he isn't crazy for elephants. (Please turn to page 10)

Janet Leigh doing her best to cheer up dependent-looking date, John Agar, at Ciro's.
"The woman goes with me," he shouted.

AND A THOUSAND FLAMES LIGHTED HIS WAY...!

All the adventure a man can live he lives!
Two breathless hours of the most far-flung excitement ever within theatre walls!

Burt LANCASTER
performing actual feats of daring unmatched by any star

and Virginia MAYO

from WARNER BROS. comes

THE FLAME AND THE ARROW
ALL ITS COUNTRYLESS SPLENDORS IN COLOR BY

Technicolor

DIRECTED BY JACQUES TOURREUR
PRODUCED BY HAROLD HECHT & FRANK ROSS
WRITTEN BY MALEO SALT-MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

A NORMA-F.R. Production
Distributed by WARNER BROS.
We spent a mad, wonderful, gay afternoon with Rosalind Russell not so long ago and caught her looking chic as usual in a veddy handsome print bathing suit, which is her gardening costume. She brought us the very first bloom off the rose bush which was named the Rosalind Russell, and, being an authority on rose varieties, we are just coming right out and saying this delicate pink number is one of the most beautiful. We got devilish, too—she had a glass of ginger ale and we wildly dissipated with a glass of water.

Luscious Corinne Calvet, one of the reasons you mustn’t miss, “My Friend Irma Goes West.”

Bill Holden and wife, formerly Brenda Marshall, at Stork Club on trip to Manhattan.

Ann Blyth was scared stiff that she’d lose her voice when her tonsils were removed, but everything is okay and U-I has decided at last to let the little gal do some singing in a picture, still untitled. High time, we say, on account of she’s really one of the best of the young warblers in the business.

Start rummaging in your grandmother’s trunk, gals, on account of a new fad is on the way. We’re supposed to start carrying fans again yet. And one femme in Hollywood is all prepared for the craze. She’s Faith Domergue, who has one of the best collections anywhere. Lots of them were acquired in South America while Faith and hubby Hugo Fregonese were living there. She’s got one for every outfit and, what’s more, she carries ‘em when she’s gussied up. They’re mighty good girtting fodder, Faith, we hear, is terrific in her new picture, “Where Danger Lives,” and her leading man is RKO’s prize boy, Bob Mitchum. (Please turn to page 16)

Roy Rogers with Trigger trophy for second Nat’l Safety Campaign for Elementary Schools.

Are you always lovely to love?

See page 15
a completely new experience between men and women!...
For your enchanted moment (and it may come any moment) only one lipstick will do. It is Tangee! Because it is made by a newly perfected secret formula, you will discover:

(1) A finer texture…making it easier to apply. Still more important, it does not smear.

(2) Stays on longer…longer than any lipstick you have ever used.

(3) Comes in enchanting colors—the pink of perfection, Tangee Pink Queen—and six other glamour shades.

By Rahna Maughan

James Stewart, a frontiersman in sympathy with the Apache cause, falls in love with and marries Indian maid Debra Paget in "Broken Arrow," unusual Western.

Spencer Tracy and Elizabeth Taylor in "Father Of The Bride." Spence is terrific as the harassed father who tries to remain sane during pre-wedding fol-de-rol.

Broken Arrow
(technicolor)
20th Century-Fox

NOT just a Western or an "Indian" picture, it's one of the most sensitively drawn films of the era when the white men and the Indians resented one another with bitter hatred. For years, savage wars were waged between the Apaches and settlers of Arizona. Out of the debris of death, torture and destruction rose a mutual trust and understanding between two men: frontiersman James Stewart and Jeff Chandler, leader of the Apaches. Both saw into the future and both knew the impossible would have to take place: a peace treaty, even though their peoples distrusted such a move. How Stewart and Chandler attained the impossible is something to be seen, rather than told. Exceptional in every way, including the tender romance between Stewart and Indian maid Debra Paget, this leaves nothing to be asked for.

Night And The City
20th Century-Fox

Filmed in London with American stars Gene Tierney, Richard Widmark and Hugh Marlowe, this shows a...
side of London far different from that which is ordinarily seen. It digs deep into the dregs of human society and comes up with Widmark, a cheap clip joint employee who dreams big, but who hasn't a shilling to back it. Sans morals or scruples, Widmark finally maneuvers himself into being a wrestling promoter, plays it straight for a while, then the Double-X backs him up against an insurmountable wall. Unsavory characters (except Miss Tierney, of course), unpleasant surroundings and thoroughly vicious doings create a memorable picture not to be viewed lightly.

Patricia Neal and Gary Cooper toast each other after their marriage in "Bright Leaf."

Storm Warning
Warner Brothers

VISITING her sister, Doris Day, in a small Southern town, Ginger Rogers is an unintentional eyewitness to a cold-blooded lynching by a band of Klu Klux Klanners. Doris' husband, Steve Cochran, is one of the hooded murderers, but because Ginger fears her sister's life will be ruined, she withholds all the information from county prosecutor Ronald Reagan. Having thus protected him from the authorities, Cochran decides Ginger goes for him and attempts to seduce her. His innate rottenness adds up to Ginger seeing how wrong she was in not telling Reagan the truth. By then, it's too late. A frightening example of the Klan in action, with Cochran's performance especially good.

(Please turn to next page)

Mike Mazurki about to settle a score with Richard Widmark in "Night And The City."

Your mouth and breath are more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don't risk halfway dental care. Rely on doubly-effective Ipana care for better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!

Naturally, you'd like to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth. And you will have, if you do what dentists advise: fight not only tooth decay but gum troubles, too.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or any other—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums.

So be sure of double protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome."

IPANA
For healthier teeth, healthier gums

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of the teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums both. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

"I have lots of confidence in Ipana...it's made by Bristol-Myers," says Miss Pat Barnard of Great Neck, N. Y.
DeLong bob pins
stronger grip—won't slip out

You don't need a flair for hair styling
to set this newest hair fashion. It's
a breeze with De Long bob pins.

Alluring, natural curls last longer,
for De Long's grip holds hair tighter.
Take the blue De Long card home today.

How to set the "U" Bob—styled by Mr. Larry,
eminent New York hairdresser...
Set top hair in two rows, turning
first row toward face, next row
away from face. (Work with
even strands.) Pin two vertical
rows at left temple, the first row
toward face, second away.
Make circlets across the back to
two cheekline rows.
Do right temple like left. To
comb out—brush hair up briskly,
then down into a soft halo.

The Glass Menagerie
Warner Brothers

IT'S DIFFICULT to judge how "good"
are good intentions especially when
they make the receivers miserable. Such
is the case with slum-dweller Gertrude
Lawrence who lives in a fantasy of
elegance and social grace. Daughter Jane
Wyman is a cripple suffering from an
inferiority complex, and son Arthur Ken-
nedy resents giving up what he wants to
do in order to support the family. Nei-
ther drawback hinders Miss Lawrence in
trying to turn Jane into a social belle
and Arthur into a Jr. vice-president.
Frustrations mark their entire family life,
but extrovert Kirk Douglas manages to
get Jane to face reality.

Father Of The Bride
MGM

SPENCER TRACY shines in this
sprightly, hilarious comedy about a
wedding—specifically that of Elizabeth
Taylor. Liz's marriage to be comes as
a shock to Father Tracy and Mother
Joan Bennett, but that's nothing com-
pared to what Father discovers happens
to him in the interim. He becomes a lost
man in a woman's paradise of engage-
ment parties, trousseaux, church arrange-
ments and receptions. The only use the
head of the house has in all this fol-de-
rol, as Tracy patiently sees it, is to keep
signing checks. In short, Tracy is terrific.
Bennett is beautiful and Liz couldn't have
had a nicer preview to her own mar-
riage.

Three Secrets
Warner Brothers

A PLANE crashes in the Sierras and
the sole survivor is a 5-year-old
adopted boy. Trapped on an inaccessible
mountain peak with his dead foster par-
ents, the child's plight becomes a head-
line item. Each of three women, Eleanor
Parker, Patricia Neal, and Ruth Roman,
all of whom gave up a son for adoption to the same foundling home on the same day, believes the boy to be hers. With no way of finding out who the real mother is, the three wait together while rescuers try to save the lad. Lots of tearful moments when the anguished trio start letting down their hair and giving vent to suppressed maternal instincts. Primarily a woman's picture.

**Bright Leaf**

*Warner Brothers*

THis is perhaps the greatest expose in the cigarette business since paw caught Junior smoking corn silk in the woodshed. Gary Cooper plays the hardbitten gent who wants to ruin tobacco tycoon Donald Crisp for running him out of town years back. When Gary gets an opportunity to open the first cigarette manufacturing plant in the country, he not only breaks Crisp, but also his chums.

Wendell Corey and Barbara Stanwyck in sizzling love scene in Paramount's "The Furies."

Lauren Bacall, Jack Carson and Jeff Corey. The only person who makes Gary suffer for a change is Patricia Neal, Crisp's wilful child. A snarling saga of early cigarette days—and, no ifs, no ands, no butts, it's really slow-burning.

**Treasure Island**

*(Technicolor)*

*RKO*

BASED on the Robert Louis Stevenson classic about a youngster, played by Bobby Driscoll, and his adventures with pirates and lost treasure. A map, given to Bobby by a dying man, shows where a fortune in stolen treasure has been hidden. Owning such vital information, Bobby soon becomes the bone of contention between some good, honest gold-hunters, Denis O'Dea and Walter Fitzgerald, and a shipload of scurvy pirates headed by Robert Newton. A Walt Disney production minus animated cartoons, it's a treasure in the excitement and escapism department.

(pleASe turn to page 73)

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced ... held ... kissed. Perhaps tonight. Be sure you're always lovely to love, sweet ... alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant.

Test FRESH against any deodorant—see which stops perspiration, prevents odor better! FRESH is creamier, more luxurious and really effective.

**Are you always Lovely to Love?**

See for yourself how really effective FRESH is! Make this simple test.

Put your present deodorant under one arm. Put FRESH under the other arm. See which stops perspiration, prevents odor better.

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle to sensitive skin.
You too, can enjoy the natural beauty of waves and curls by using Calo curl clips. Just slide Calo over any size curl; do as many curls as you wish and you'll be amazed at the new found beauty of your hair. And Calo curl clips can be used safely with any type home permanent; cannot rust and will not streak or mark any shade of hair.

**ASK FOR CALO TODAY!**
**AT YOUR 5 & 10, DRUG OR NOTION STORE**

Calo Co. Massapequa, L.I.

---

Ricardo Montalban and his wife, Georgianna, with Marshall Thompson and his wife at the polo matches. Ricardo and Marshall figure brightly in MGM's forthcoming schedule.

Joan Dixon, with envied narrow hip line, has top role in RKO's thriller, "Bunco Squad."

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**Gossip in the Lobby**

Continued from page 10

Betty Hutton's added another, and a very impressive, scalp to her belt—the distinction of being the only femme ever to appear at a Friars' Frolic. At the last minute, Al Jolson couldn't show because of laryngitis, and Betty stepped in and wowed the huge audience with songs from "Annie Get Your Gun." The best part of it is that Betty was just as thrilled to receive the honor as the boys were to have her in the show.

Letter from Coleen Gray from San Remo, Italy, where she's making a picture with George Raft says she's had three picture offers in England and that she might take a couple of them. If so, she'll send for her four-year-old daughter Susie so the little gal can absorb some Continental sophistication.

Miss Ethel Barrymore has sent to New York for all the beautiful furnishings, antiques, and the famous collection of fight pictures which belonged to her father. She plans to reproduce the decor of her Gracie Square apartment in the new home she has in Pacific Palisades and that'll be something. One of the greatest experiences your columnist ever had was visiting Miss Barrymore in that New York apartment.

As of about now, Barbara Stanwyck is with Bob Taylor in Rome, where he's making "Quo Vadis," Stanny took a long rest after she made "To Please A Lady" so she'd be in shape to sight-see around the Italian city.

Some years ago Gene Tierney lost her designer-hubby, Oleg Cassini, a big job on a Broadway show. She and Oleg were lunching at a swank New York restaur-
real, hairy spiders, and all sorts of nonsense made the party one of the gayest we've been to in a long time. Maggie Whiting, with Janet Blair's ex-husband Lou Busch, was so intrigued with the teeth that she conned Keogh out of them. Said she wanted to use 'em on song pluggers who gave her too big a pitch. John Hodiak (Anne was in San Francisco) had more fun with his paper gun than Hop-along Cassidy with a real one. John Emery was a-tellin' us that he and his wife, Tintanara Geva, were leaving Hollywood to live in New York, but at the clip he's going in pictures, maybe he'll change his mind and stay here. Everyone, including Jayne Meadows and her charming Milton Kims, was talking that diet routine, but nobody did anything about it. Who could eat with all that beautiful food around!

Letter from Paris: A pal, Mel Dinelli, who authored "The Spiral Staircase" and "The Window," pulled a pearl—said he was going to Venice, even though he heard all the streets were flooded there. Also a communiqué from talented actor Mel Ferrer in Mexico City, where he was doing "The Brave Bulls," allowing he'd be home soon if the bulls kept charging and the actors' lines kept being cut down.

The Betty Grable-Harry James seventh wedding anniversary—on July 5—was spent in their new Beverly house. Betty had the time of her life furnishing and redecorating the manse since their other places were already furnished. "My Blue Heaven," la Grable's latest musical, is being tagged her best and goody, goody it's a modern one.

All Arlene Dahl's chums are going crazy over the new personalized stationery she dreamed up and was showing around the set of "Three Little Words." It's a very pastely blue, marked with the Dahl's lip imprint and that famous mole. Pretty jazzy, huh?

TCF's top designer, Eddie Stevenson, has a few hundred words to say about a rather fascinating subject—women's shoulders. Boiled down, he says Ann Sheridan, Linda Darnell and Maureen O'Hara have the classiest shoulders anywhere and that none of these girls has ever needed shoulder or any other kind of padding. He oughta know—he's dressed (and we do not mean it literally) most of the greatest glamour girls. Moreover, Eddie tells me, Ann Sheridan has the ideal American streamlined figure. The statistics are: 5'6"; bust, 37"; waist, 26"; hips, 34". How do you compare? Eddie also allows that the next fashion craze will be for wide, revealing and very low necklines for the gals who are well endowed. To the ones who have sharp bones, his message is "cover 'em up."

Ricardo Montalban was still combing tapioca pudding out of his hair when we saw him on the MGM lot. He had just finished a scene in "The Tender Hours"
in which Jane Powell dumped a bowl of pudding on top of him. Don't waste any sympathy on Ricky, however, for the next shot had him pushing Janie out of a canoe in the middle of a lake!

Doris Day's fan mail—averages 5,000 letters weekly—has driven her out of her house. Her six-room bungalow shared with her mother and son just grew too small, since her mother answers the mail and needed an entire room to do so. Doris has purchased a new house in Toluca Lake with 12-rooms of space for the family and fan mail.

* * *

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, David Brian, Adrian Booth, John Wayne, Adele Mara and Forrest Tucker all trained out for the premiere of "Rock Island Trail" in Rock Island, Ill. The town was prepared for this Hollywood invasion. They had false fronts put up along main street to convert the city into a replica 1850 frontier town, and all the local citizenry donned old-fashioned costumes. The stars were driven to the theatre in stage coaches, and arrived slightly disheveled but happy.


** RECORD ROUNUP **

** Tops In Movie Music **

"NO SAD Songs For Me," from the movie of the same name, and "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" by Al Jolson for Decca ... "Pagan Love Song," from film of same name, and "Simple Melody" by Jo Stafford for Capitol ... Bing Crosby's "Home Cookin'," from Bob Hope's "Fancy Pants," and "When The Sun Goes Down" for Decca ... "Wilhelmina" from Betty Grable's, "Wabash Avenue," and "Santa Catalina" by Freddy Martin for Victor ... Roy Rogers' "Buffalo Billy" and "Me And My Teddy Bear" for Victor ... Betty Garrett and Larry Parks doing "Home Cookin'," from "Fancy Pants," and "Written Guarantee" for MGM ... Dean Martin's "Baby, Obey Me!" and "I'll Always Love You," both from Paramount's "My Friend Irma Goes West" ... Gordon MacRae's "Stars And Stripes Forever" and "Hongi Tongi Hoki Poki" for Capitol ... "I'll Get By," from film of same name, and "Blue Prelude" by Arthur Morton for Capitol ... "I Was A Male War Horse" and "Shelley Winters" for Decca ... "Francis The Talking Mule" and "Pudgy The Whistling Piggy" by Rufe Davis for Columbia ...

** Tops In Pops **

BENNY GOODMAN'S "Dewitched" and "Blues In The Night" for Columbia ... Billy Eckstine's "My Destiny" and "Rosey" for MGM ... "An Ordinary Broom" and "I Thatch" by Tony Martin and Frank Warren for Victor ... Frankie Laine's "Stars And Stripes Forever" and "Thanks For Your Kisses" ... Vaughn Monroe's "Tell Her You Love Her" and "Thanks, Mister Florist" for Victor ... "Ride The Magic Carpet" and "Today, Tomorrow And Forever" by Alan Dale for Columbia ... Bill Faye's "Baby, What Else Can I Do?" and "Don't Say Manana Tonight" for MGM ... Larry Green's "Sunshower" and "I'm Gonna Paper All My Walls With Your Love Letter" for Victor ... Lisa Kirk's "Love Me A Little Bit" and "Faith And Determination" for Victor ... Doris Day's "I Didn't Slip" and "Before I Loved You" for Columbia ...

** Other Toppers **

COLUMBIA'S "Arthur Godfrey And His Friends" album ... Victor's "Gene Krupa Plays Fats Waller" album ... Frankie Carle's two new Victor albums, "Sweethearts" and "Frankie Carle Plays Frank Loesser" ... Gordon MacRae-Lucille Norman "Vagabond King" album for Capitol ... MGM's "Piano Playhouse" album ...

BERT BROWN
The bride and groom, Elisabeth Taylor and Conrad Hilton, Jr., leaving the Church of the Good Shepherd, Beverly Hills, after their double-ring marriage ceremony in which the traditional "obey" was omitted. Pebble Beach was first stop on their honeymoon.

Among the 700 invited guests were Ginger Rogers and her now-constant companion, Attorney Greg Bautzer.

Van Johnson and his wife, Evie; Rosalind Russell and her husband, Fred Brisson. Champagne reception followed at Bel Air Country Club.

Ricardo Montalban and his wife, Georgiana, arriving at church. Crowd of 3,000 jammed outside to watch stars.

Three of the six bridesmaids, Mrs. Marshall Thompson, Jane Powell and Betty Sullivan, arrive for the ceremony.
The stars themselves love to discuss what's going on as much as you do

By Lynn Bowers

... ITES are having more fun than anybody with all the gags that are being pulled while "Harvey" is being filmed. Driving in at the main studio auto gate, the traffic is greeted by a giant and very benign rabbit. But the real gala happened in the commissary on the first day of shooting. Jimmy Stewart's table was decorated with huge brandy snifters filled with celery, carrots and lettuce leaves, with a nice note from the mythical hare. Across from Jas. is an empty chair, which no one is allowed to occupy on account of it belongs to the invisible rabbit. Also on the set is a director's chair which is exclusively Harvey's. At this pernt, nobody will say whether the movie audience will ever actually get a glimpse of this famous character, but my vote is to keep him just as he was in the stage show—out of sight, but very much in mind.

Evidently there exists a slight misapprehension in the minds of a great many people about the rewards which come with an Oscar. At least Brod Crawford believes this is a true thing. Since cropping off the golden statue Brod and his wife have been besieged by eager beavers wanting to sell them cars, houses, oil wells, toothbrushes and diamond tiaras. Brod has been acting for a good number of years, but he just ain't that rich. He has, however, treated himself and the family to a house in Balboa, modest type, from which he commutes when working.

Ty Power got a taste of the real thing during the filming of "American Guerilla In The Philippines." Word came that the com... (Please turn to page 72)
Van Johnson, one of the entertainers, gets hysterical over Brod Crawford impersonating Gracie Allen.

Betty Hutton, with Errol Flynn, Van Johnson, Harpo Marx and M.C. George Jessel, was only girl in show.

Errol looks scared stiff between the two Amazons, Bob Mitchum and Burt Lancaster, at Friars' Frolic.

Errol Flynn is entranced by the charms of Madame Broderick Crawford at Friars' Frolic charity show.
How Far Should A Girl Go?

Some sensible suggestions for teenage girls who want to be popular both with boys and with girls

Ever since a picture entitled "My Foolish Heart" was released, I have been receiving "query" mail from high school and college girls. In general the letters have been much alike. It would seem that the aim of most girls during their teens is to be popular, both with boys and with girls, and it would also seem that popularity is regarded as a prize, shining at the end of a distant road.

Most girls seem to wonder how far along that road they should go. Should they put up with the selfishness and rudeness of certain girls in order to be invited to their parties? How should they go about "getting into" certain school cliques? Should they kow-tow to a girl who has the use of her family's car, even though riding with the girl is flirting with suicide? What chance do they have to be sought after when they don't have pretty clothing because of family financial problems?

Most serious of all are the boy problems. If a girl sees a boy at school, whom she has no way of meeting, how can she attract his attention? Should a girl go steady? If she has one date with a boy and he never calls again, how far should she go in trying to find out why the boy hasn't called? If, after dating a boy regularly for months, a girl quarrels with him, how far should she go in attempting to mend the quarrel? Should a girl remember a boy's birthday, and how generous should she be at Christmas?

These and scores of similar questions have been posed by the letters.

At first I was, naturally, flattered by this avalanche of attention. Then, as the letters piled up, I began to feel nervous. After all, I'm an actress, not an oracle. My lines are written for me by a professional story-teller. However, when I talked it over with my husband he said sensibly, (Please turn to page 55)
By Susan Hayward

No girl should ever do anything which she would be ashamed to tell her husband about,” confidentially advises Susan.
LANA TURNER returns to the screen after an absence of two years in "A Life Of Her Own." A small town girl, she becomes a famed New York model and loses her heart to Ray Milland, a mining engineer. He returns her love, but refuses to divorce his wife, who was crippled in an accident which was his fault. So they break off. Later, Lana learns Ray is broke and goes to him. He turns her down because he'll never be free. Dazed, she roams the streets, gradually giving way to the suicidal thoughts in her mind.

Lana’s Back Again

Ray explains about his wife, but Lana, refusing to face facts, is determined to find some way out.
Betty And Dan Go Native

For the third time, Betty Grable and Dan Dailey share singing, dancing and acting honors. Their latest film, "My Blue Heaven," is about a happily married radio team who get tangled up in all sorts of situations, some amusing, some sad, when they decide, because of the busy life they lead, to become parents by adoption.

But Mr. Stork has other ideas and does a fine job of upsetting their plan.

One of the dances done by Betty and Dan as a radio team appearing on television program in "My Blue Heaven," is a humorous version of a tropical island dance.

As in all the Grable pictures, the famous million dollar legs are very much on view.

Right: Betty, in black wig and feathers, and Dan go through their exaggerated gyrations in "The Friendly Islands" number in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor musical.

Happy that their dream will soon come true the team does their number with gay abandon.

Betty and Dan dance on, unaware that trouble looms ahead.
When the unexpected crosses his path Dana Andrews manages to view it calmly, because he’s been expecting it anyway

with Producer Samuel Goldwyn, Toland and Miss Gurie. He was so excited, he could hardly eat. Back on the set after the mid-day snack, the cameras were set up and ready to grind.

“Sit here, Mr. Andrews,” said Gregg Toland, indicating a tall revolving stool. “Now—smile.” Dana obediently spread his lips in a wide smile. The cameraman threw up his hands in horror. “Great Caesar! What happened to you?” he gasped. Where there once had been beautiful, evenly spaced teeth, there were now beautiful, but widely parted, teeth. In his excitement Dana had swallowed his precious cap with an uneasy mouthful of food.

“That was the most expensive lunch I ever had,” he recalls, still wincing a little at the memory.

The test was made without the cap. A few days later, when the film was ready for Mr. Boss-man, Samuel Goldwyn, Dana asked permission to bring his girl-friend with him to the showing. The three of them, Mr. Goldwyn, Dana and Mary Todd (who is now Mrs. Dana Andrews), sat in the darkened projection room at the studio. A light flashed on the screen and the figure of a man was seen perched atop a high stool. He produced a variety of facial expressions while a prop man turned the stool to permit the cameraman to get various angles.

Dana was floored, to put it mildly.

“I thought that the test they were showing was actually of someone else,” he said. “I had never seen myself on the screen before and had no idea I looked anything like that. Mary just sat there pointing at me and laughing like crazy. Mr. Goldwyn looked at her kind of funny and said, ‘Here I am trying to sign him up and you sit there and laugh at him!’ ”

Despite Dana’s shocked discovery of himself on the screen and his girl-friend’s spontaneous (Please turn to page 56)

In "Where The Sidewalk Ends," with Gene Tierney, he’s a hard-boiled detective. After three years of second leads, Dana unexpectedly got his big break playing opposite Gene in "Laura."

By Terri Lee Randall

In HIS ten years as a movie actor (which has coincided with his ten years as a happily married man), Dana Andrews has learned to expect the unexpected at most any time. This, he finds, is part of the business of making pictures. From the time of his first screen test until his present assignment—that of playing a hard-boiled detective in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Where The Sidewalk Ends"—Dana’s career has handed him one surprise after another.

Take that test for example. He was fortunate enough to have Gregg Toland as his cameraman and Sigrid Gurie, then an exciting foreign actress, to make the test with him. Dana had been wearing braces at the time in an effort to close in a bit of a gap between his two front teeth. That brace, of course, had to come off for the screen test, so the young actor had to plunk out seventy-five hard-to-come-by shekels for a special cap to hide the gap.

On the morning of the big day there were rehearsals; then Dana went to lunch.

Detective Andrews with Gary Merrill. Dana’s first sight of himself on screen shocked him
Stephen and Kathy, two of his brood of four. The Andrews were surprised by her advent.

Mary and Dana, married ten years, take parenthood seriously.

One Surprise After Another

An unexpected change of pace in his roles this year hasn't perturbed Dana; he serenely considers it a part of the business of making pictures.
Deborah's Now Going Places

Deborah, Stewart Granger flew to Africa for filming of MGM's "King Solomon's Mines."

Left: She survived 5,000-mile safari in African interior with amazing hardihood

Right: "Edward, My Son," opposite Spencer Tracy, got her nominated for an Oscar.

After many acting successes in England, Deborah Kerr made a somewhat unfortunate American debut cast as a preposterously refined society woman in "The Hucksters." It, and several flops thereafter, did her career no good; but a brilliant performance in "Edward, My Son" returned the formerly fine actress Kerr to her public.

Right: She is admired by Robert Walker and Peter Lawford in "Please Believe Me."

With Cobina Wright. Deborah was born in Scotland; first film was "Major Barbara."
WHO better than Gloria Swanson typifies glamour? This 51-year-old grandmother has just finished starring in “Sunset Boulevard,” for Paramount, and granny is as glamorous today as she was when she made her first film—63 movies ago. . . .

Glamour—if you wish to care to check with Mr. Webster—is magic; a spell or charm. Also something about something in which someone appears delusively glorified—having a deceptive or enticing charm, as it were.

Who better then, in view of the above, than Gloria Swanson to handle the glamour department? The inevitable answer is, no one, but no one else.

The lady herself has said that she’s not beautiful, and perhaps she’s not. But she’s loaded with magic, assorted spells and charm galore. Gloria is even delusively glorified—Noah Webster would be the first to say so, if he were about the premises.

None of which is meant to imply that Miss S. is a delusion. She is actually genuine, even very frank. Plus that, the lady is intelligent, witty, friendly and an able business executive (she’s batty about machinery).

How—she was asked—did the glamour of the silent-film era contrast with the ditto of today’s (Please turn to page 01)
Magic Spell

At 51, Gloria Swanson has returned for greatest triumph.

Gloria and Bill in relaxed moment in "Sunset Boulevard," one of the season's best pictures.

Gloria and Bill get set for exciting love scene as Director Billy Wilder and crew prepare for "action."

By William Lynch Vallee
Revenge Is Sour

Ambition, hate and revenge run rampant in Gary Cooper's new picture, "Bright Leaf." Only one person, Lauren Bacall, is happy over Gary's return to Kingsmont. Lauren loves him, but he's determined to wed Pat Neal, whose tobacco tycoon father had him banished from the town. Gary forms a cigarette company, rises to wealth and power, breaks Pat's dad and forces her to marry him. Pat gets revenge by ruining him. Although Lauren's bitter over Gary's rejection of her, she still loves him and goes to him when he needs her.

Gary Cooper, star of the Warner film, "Bright Leaf." Ruined, Gary confronts Lauren and admits his biggest mistake was in not marrying her.
Turnabout For Ty

In two new 20th Century-Fox offerings, "The Black Rose" and "Rawhide," you will meet Tyrone Power in vastly different surroundings. In the first he's an Oxford scholar of the 13th Century who journeys to Cathay for riches, acquiring Cecile Aubry en route; the latter has him driving Western stagecoach.

Cecile, as The Black Rose, is fated to be a gift to Mongolian Kahn, but Tyrone saves her. He took Linda to Africa and later to "Rawhide" location.

After 120° heat of French Morocco, the "Rawhide" location in California was very cold.
The fact that she's a star, Gene Tierney feels, doesn't entitle her to be a show-off

By Patricia Keats

BEFORE the ink was dry on the contract, a Hollywood star used to rush out and buy a beautiful $125,000 home for $250,000, complete with tennis court and swimming pool, a swank new car, and some little minor items such as a mink coat, a diamond necklace, or a stable of racing nags. On borrowed money, of course. The studios were glad to advance a couple of years' salary, for obvious reasons.

Naturally, Miss Movie Star would throw a big party for the Big Names who needed a party like a hole in the head, with a Cellophane tent, an orchestra, and enough rich and exotic food to guarantee indigestion to the entire guest list.

Some stars still do this. But they're in the minority now. Whereas it used to be smart to be lush and loaded, it is now very chic to be thrifty.

A member of the new cash-and-carry set is Gene Tierney. Gene and her attractive husband, Oleg Cassini, belong to that group of young married couples in Hollywood who don't believe that you have to show off just because you're movie folk; and who do believe that you can be perfectly happy living like normal married people live all over the United States.

"People now want simplicity," says Gene. "Especially in their mode of life."

At a restaurant the other evening I overheard several of the big mouth boys, agents and bankrupt producers, trying to argue Gene into buying a large glamour car. The fancy gadgets left her cold. The plastic panel bored her. But when one of the boys said, "It's a good investment, Gene, a big car lasts longer," she did pay attention for a few seconds. Then she

Her "Where The Sidewalk Ends" co-star, Dana Andrews, is the only actor whose picture Gene owns.
Gene likes simplicity in clothes, hairdos.

smiled and shook her head. "I'll keep the old job," she said. "A big car won't last me any longer. I always drive with my brakes on anyway."

Gene once threw the customary big glamour party with the Cellophane tent, the rented butlers, and all the expensive trimmings. For Gene and Oleg it was just a headache and a lot of bills. Today Gene entertains in her small, attractive home (the dining room and living room are merged as happily as brandy and soda) at simple buffet affairs for a few congenial people. Recently, she had a dinner for twelve, inspired by Producer Samuel Goldwyn. The week before she had heard Mr. Goldwyn complain that no one in Hollywood ever served dinner on time—if you're invited for eight you're lucky to get fed by ten. "The Cassini motto," Gene told him, "is to eat well and eat on time." Mr. Goldwyn took her up on it. Dinner was served right on the dot, it was delicious without sending the guests to bicarbonate of soda, and Gene, who used to sit up all night, was in bed before twelve.

"Mal Milland phoned me the next day," she said, "and said that before Ray got their car started my lights were out." And added with a smile, "Giddy old stay-up, aren't I?"

This going to (Please turn to page 64)

"The Snake Pit," with Olivia de Havilland, Celeste Holm, was expose of state hospitals.

Jane Darwell, Russell Simpson, Henry Fonda, Frank Darien in 20th's "Grapes Of Wrath."

Donald Crisp, Roddy McDowall, Sara Allgood in "How Green Was My Valley," Oscar winner.

Darryl F. Zanuck, guiding genius of 20th Century-Fox with two prize trophies. He's also won Irving Thalberg Award for consistent high quality productions.

"Gentleman's Agreement," another 20th production, starring Dorothy McGuire and Gregory Peck, won an Academy Award as the best picture of 1947.
FIFTEEN years ago when 20th Century moved into the old Fox company, Darryl Zanuck was vice-president in charge of production. Ever since then, Mr. Zanuck has been busy turning out one success after another. Under his aegis, 20th Century-Fox has been one of the most important studios in Hollywood. Among his early hits were such films as "Lloyds of London," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "In Old Chicago," "The Story Of Alexander Graham Bell," "The Purple Heart," "Winged Victory," "An Affair To Remember," "King Of Siam." No one has done more to provide solid entertainment to the public than Mr. Zanuck. Hollywood and 20th Century-Fox can well be proud of him.

Dean Jagger and Gregory Peck in "Twelve O'Clock High". Peck's performance was so good he won an Award as Best Supporting Actor.
Joan Dixon on the set of "Bunco Squad," an RKO gossip columnists to various girls he's never even met.

Playboy!

By Robert Sterling

JUST before I left New York I picked up a paper to find that my "romance with Miss X, the blonde night club singer has progressed beyond the hand-holding stage."

The week before, I was reported as paying steady court to a soybean heiress... making time with a model... and carrying on a big thing with the daughter of a famous father. Four romance items in a week and a half—and one thing in common about them all. I have never so much as taken one of the four around the corner for an ice cream soda. Three of them I had not only never met, but had never heard of before I read their names so cozily linked with mine.

I'm sure they're all lovely, alluring and deserving girls, but I'm getting a little tired of them. I wish they'd carry on their columnar love affairs with somebody else. I'm not interested. What's more, I'm pretty damned annoyed.

I know just what they're thinking—people whose opinion I value. It's "What's happened to Sterling? He's going hog-wild in New York—turning into just another playboy." I know because I've felt the same way myself when I've read of someone whose legion of romances was so faithfully reported in the public prints.

It happens in Hollywood, too, of course—but at least there they've latched on to the one girl I do date and they're sticking to items about us. That wasn't the way in New York.

Now that it's happened to me, I'm inclined to wonder how many of our more publicized play. (Please turn to page 66)
Joan Dixon and Bob in "Bunco Squad." He's a young cop who's after unusual racketeers.

Says Bob, "I work hard and I'm serious about it." He has an utter dislike for all night clubs.

Left: Bob marries Joan in "Bunco Squad." In real life his career's more important than marriage.

"Granted New York gives you plenty of opportunities for the gay life," admits Bob. "Once upon a time I might have taken them, not now."
Ruth Roman, with Director Ed Marin, prepares for a scene in "Colt .45."

Ruth and her boy friend, Ronald Reagan, at Ciro's.

Should A Woman Tell Her Past?

By Ruth Roman

I SAY yes! About anything that matters, I always have been boldly truthful. I never give a phoney build-up to cushion any fact. If I am going to disturb anyone, I'd rather do it now than later. Why be afraid to be absolutely honest about your real self and exactly what you have done?

After all, there's no one else in the world just like you. It is your own personality, with all its faults, that distinguishes you. At some time everything in our past is liable to come out. So, I say emphatically, it's better to reveal than conceal.

If you tell a lie, you have to live a lie. Why torture yourself into suppression and frustration? I'll have none of either.

There is nothing that has happened that can't be talked over sympathetically. There were reasons. Tell them. If you are liked or loved enough, you will be accepted at your true worth. If you are ashamed of the way you behaved, or the thoughts you once held, admit it and (Please turn to page 68)

"If you tell a lie, you have to live a lie. Why torture yourself?"
Ruth Roman and Pat Neal in "Three Secrets," a story of three women with a past. With Zachary Scott in "Colt .45," a Warner Brothers Western. She was a tomboy as a kid.

"A husband deserves to know everything of any importance about his wife," says Ruth.

“I had jobs as a waitress, soda jerk, salesgirl, night club photographer.”

Ruth Roman and Dane Clark in "Barricade." Says Ruth, "It's better to reveal than conceal."
BETWEEN pictures lately Jan Sterling betook herself to Lake Gregory near Hollywood. Lazy days of sunning, swimming and trout fishing afforded Jan time to think over her answer to an important question: Would she become Mrs. Paul Douglas? She told Paul yes on her return.

Left: Jan takes lightweight motor aboard as she readies boat for a day on the Lake.

After 80-mile drive from Hollywood Jan gets help in unloading boat from car.

With a good shove she gets underway for trial jaunt in the boat.

Jan launches her bark. She is in Paramount's "Union Station."

Jan. Paul, who married May twelfth, were both in play, "Born Yesterday," though with different companies.
Debbie, who looks like father Bill Dozier, is telephone fan.

Left: The bath is a ritual Debbie and mother both enjoy.

A BROKEN marriage is an excuse for many women to embark on a frenzied round of parties and night life in order to forget their heartache and perhaps to snare another husband. But Joan Fontaine doesn’t see it that way. To Joan, her daughter Deborah is more important than anything a gadabout life can offer her. That’s why she’s at home as often as possible, giving Deborah the love and care that makes her such a contented little girl.

Left: Joan hopes Debbie will like music just as she does.

Right: They cooperate on one of Debbie’s favorite pastimes.
ALL of his life he has had to fight “Pretty Boy” tag.

**DARK DAYS FOR DEREK**

A year of disheartening experiences has wrought one major change in John

On set of “Knock On Any Door” with Lelia Goldoni. John hoped for, but did not get, a role in “The Brave Bulls.”

By Dorothy O’Leary

EVERYBODY who isn’t in movies assumes that everybody who is in movies leads a bed-of-roses life, complete with mink-lined swimming pool, a different Cadillac for each day of the week—and without a worry in the world. ’Tain’t so, gentle reader, ’tain’t so.

Admittedly there are lots of swimming pools and expensive cars in Hollywood, just as there are in other cities—and there are just as many ulcers and headaches that go with them. Some salaries are enormous, and lots of them are not; then there’s the matter of taxes. There are roles an actor sets his heart on—and doesn’t get, which is just as soul-searing as not getting a raise or promotion at the office.

All of which adds up to the fact that Fate often delivers a kick in the teeth even to someone who seems, to the casual observer, to “have everything.” Even to someone as handsome and swoon-provoking
Though he was cast as Brod Crawford's son in "All The King's Men," one of 1949's best pictures, the role did little to further John's career.

as John Derek. When we mentioned to John that there have been some pretty dark days for Derek in the last year, he said "Nuts, that's sob stuff. Everybody has 'em. Now things are fine."

It's true, of course, that in his twenty-four years of life John has had so many ups and downs in luck that he's used to dark days. He learned early in life to fight, make the best of things; he has now learned that out of every set-back has evolved something better. But that takes a lot of learning, and out of the last year's experiences has come one major change in John: it's made him mature, really grow up.

(He might not like that, but it happens to be true!)

John had a peripatetic childhood and youth. Sometimes finances were good and he'd have a tutor or go to private school; when they weren't he'd go back to public school. Sometimes he'd have an allowance of $100 a month, but more often, in high school, it was zero. For a while he thought he'd like to be an artist, but his real interest was in horses—he became an expert rider at a very early age—and his real ambition was to be a horse wrangler. When he finally got a picture contract he was more fascinated in the potential salary than in the acting, he now admits.

With such factors predominant, he wasn't exactly the model of the Solid Citizen. He was a right nice guy, mind you, rugged, affable, something of the soldier of fortune, content to drift along without much pattern in life. Even when he married he was only twenty-two, which is not exactly an advanced age to assume marital responsibilities.

When he finally got a real picture break in "Knock On Any Door"—and he had had two bad (Please turn to page 70)

He's determined to be a genuine actor, not just a handsome juvenile. In "Rogues" Diana Lynn is leading lady, indicating his luck has improved.
On "Winchester 73" set Jimmy's disreputable attire for role of frontiersman is greatly admired by Michael, 4, and Ronald, 6, as Jimmy talks with Gloria.

The Stewart family at party given by Harvey for the Hollywood younger set.

Left: Though he embraces Shelley Winters for "Winchester" it is traditional kissless Western.

Below: A boy's fondest dream is father's victory over a villain, like Jimmy over Steve McNally.

If Jimmy Stewart's two step-sons had picked out a new father on their own hook they couldn't have improved on mother Gloria's choice. Affable Jimmy would make a perfect dad for any little boy, especially when he happens to be the hero of a hair-
Made-To-Order Father

raising Western picture like "Winchester 73," or the cinematic
pal of the world's most engaging rabbit. While Jimmy was star-
ing in "Winchester" and "Harvey" for U-I, Michael and Ronald
visited him on both sets. Jimmy, in turn, got paternal thrill
of showing his saucer-eyed chillun such male items of interest
as a 70-year-old Winchester, introducing them to elusive Harvey.

At the "Harvey" party, Jimmy prevails upon the host to let Ronald and
Michael sit on his lap. In film, Harvey is only an imaginary rabbit.

Wringing confession from Dan Duryea
is a dramatic chore for him in film.

Jimmy and Shelley were honor guests at the Tucson
Annual Rodeo when headquarters there for picture.
With full cooperation and personnel, as well, of the Army Air Forces, 20th Century-Fox has produced as authentic, unbiased and exciting a picture as you'll ever see. Except for Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas, the entire cast is made of members of the Army Air Forces and a few German players recruited in Berlin. There is no pulling of punches. It could only have been made for a democracy.

Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas are co-starred in "The Big Lift," documentary thriller of the all-weather Berlin Airlift, filmed at actual locale.

Below: Cornell Borchers and Monty are lovers in this realistic film. She all but misleads him into a marriage that would have broken his heart.

Brini Lobel, German actress; Paul, Monty in "The Big Lift."
Are you in the know?

How should you greet your date mate?

- Dosh out when he ‘‘honks’’
- Ask him into the house
- Take your own sweet time

“One toot and ye’re oot!” (As the Scottish lecturer said—to the old lady with the ear trumpet.) Does the toot of your man’s jalopy send you scurrying out? That’s unsmart. Ask him into the house for a word with the family. Then leave promptly, on your merry way. Even on “difficult” days you’ll be poised, comfortable. For Kotex gives softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

Which neckline’s best for your figure?

- Halter
- Camisole
- “Little Boy”

Could be you’re the buxom type? Or maybe a build-up is what your figure lacks. No matter. Choose a “Little Boy” neckline and laments no more. It’s camouflage for either figure fault. And for solving “certain” problems, why not let Kotex be your choice? You see, the extra protection you get with Kotex helps add seeds of self-assurance . . . belittles accident” misgivings, thanks to that special safety center.

What helps, if you’ve that “lobster” look?

- Antiseptic lotion
- Tinted makeup base
- A flame-colored formal

You get yourself barbecued just before the big dance! And with white marks left by your swim-suit straps and bracelet. Next time, take your sunning sensibly. Meantime, ease the broil with antiseptic lotion; plus a tinted makeup base, to cover up. The first two answers above are right. Always right for your sanitary protection needs is one of the 3 Kotex absorbencies. You’ll find Regular, Junior or Super just suited to you.

Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven’t met?

- Check with your hostess
- Give him the deep freeze
- Defrost

He didn’t happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks—you’re a snub-deb. Defrost! According to Emily you-know-who, it’s correct to talk with any guest. Even if you haven’t met officially. You can talk back to your calendar, too (when it taunts you with “outline” qualms.) Just remember, Kotex has flat pressed ends that prevent revealing outlines. Unquestionably. Lets you stay in the party picture . . . luster-proof . . . and so self possesssed!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

For extra comfort on “those” days, should you—

- Stay in bed
- Go square-dancing
- Buy a nylon belt

Comfort doesn’t call for coddling—or “square” facts. Your best bet’s a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It’s made with DuPont nylon elastic—non-twisting—non-curling! Gives 118% stretch, yet it’s strong, smooth-feeling; wisp-weight. Dries fast, Stays flat even after many tubbings. And see how much easier, quicker the new firm-grip fastener is to use! For extra comfort—buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES:
Pin style and with new safety fastener

Kotex Wonderform* Belt
Buy two—for a change
Back-to-School
FORMALS


Fashion Selection #173 Gigi Durston, television songstress (right) selects Beautime Formal of non-crushable transparent velvet. Black only with peacock or American Beauty trim lining the bertha collar and pick-up skirt. Worn on or off shoulders. Sizes 9 to 15 (10 to 16) $35.00.

Jewelry by Coro—Gloves by Wear-Right—Hitchcock chair by Duffy's, New York

YOU MAY ORDER these fashion selections from Saks 34th St., 100 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y.
Fashion Selection #174 Gigi, shown above, graces another Fred Perlberg Original. Of dotted Swiss imported rayon net with gay bouffant skirt, equally charming worn with or without a hoop. The soft, slim bodice has a graceful, flattering stole attached at the left shoulder. In a variety of heavenly pastel shades accentuated by positive color dots of good neighbor deeper tones. Also can be had in black with white dots. Sizes 9 to 15 (10 to 16). $35.00.

Fashion Selection #175 Edie adores her Barbara Dance Frock (right) of multicolored plaid taffeta with happy black velveteen dots. Black velveteen collar frames the neckline. The fitted bodice is accentuated by crinoline hoops at hip line. Has saucy bustle caught up with velveteen bows. Zipper up back insures a neat, smooth waist line. Plaid’s dominant colors are royal with red, gold stripe and some green. Sizes 9 to 15 (10 to 16). Price only $25.00.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT ROCKFIELD
Basics for Formals

Fashion Selection #176
Molla-Kaye camisole of delicate multifilament crepe with broad shoulder straps and beading edge of Alencon lace with draw-ribbons. White or pink. 32 to 38, price $2.98. Slimming evening petticoat also of multifilament crepe with scalloped 2-inch Alencon lace edge. Smooth front—elasticized back. White or black. Waist measurements 24 to 32 (sizes 10 to 38) only $4.98. Both Molla-Kaye by Al Jaffen Co.

Fashion Selection #177
Lovely long-line strapless satin evening bra forms sleek smooth lines. Satin elastic gusset center front, slightly boned. Elastic generously fitted in back, adjustable hook and eye closing. White only—32 to 40 in B cup, 34 to 42 in C cup. Priced $5.00. An original Warner Bros. design.

Fashion Selection #178
Warner Bros. slimming step-in girdle with "Veil of Youth" side sections has satin elastic panels both front and back. The hug-me-tight 2-inch waist band and short soft boning comforts any figure. Comes in white and pink. Sizes 24 to 32. Priced only $7.50.

Fashion Selection #179
This delicate Molla-Kaye slip of nylon was made for day or evening comfort. Specially designed broad lace shoulder straps and high back quietly conceal the bra. Molded of woven nylon with fluffy nylon lace trim and piquant net flutting around top and bottom. Easy to care for on busy days . . . always has that fresh-as-a-daisy look. White or pink. Sizes 32 to 40. Price $7.98. Designed by Al Jaffen Company.

Photographs by Bert Rockfield

YOU MAY ORDER these fashion selections from Saks 34th St., 100 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y.
“I suppose the girls want to know about your personal experience. Why don’t you answer them in the way you would talk to a daughter of your own. Suppose our twin boys were girls, how would you advise them when the time came?”

That made my problem easy to solve. Before I go into the girls’ side of it, however, I want to say that I’m bringing up my boys to be the sort of people who will understand the hopes and the reservations, the alternate boldnesses and timidity of other human beings. I am trying to teach them goodness, not only surface good manners, which impel a man to show a woman the usual courtesies, but consideration from the heart, which is also called integrity. It seems to me that one of the discouraging situations between boys and girls, and between men and women, is the too-frequent absence of kindly honesty. A lot of confusion would be avoided if people, in a nice way, said what they thought.

But this isn’t answering, specifically, the letters the girls have written to me, and that I want to do.

Let’s take the queries up one at a time. Suppose a girl sees a boy at school and she wants him to notice her. There are a number of things she can do. She can find out what his hobbies are. If he plays tennis, she can learn to play tennis; in that way she will meet him at the school courts sooner or later. If he doesn’t have a pet, chances are he will spend a good deal of time at the local petter counter. If he’s a stamp collector and the girl has been writing to an overseas friend (which all high school people should be doing right now to advance international understanding) there is no reason why she shouldn’t stop the boy in the school halls at some convenient time and say, “I understand you collect stamps. I have a quite a few foreign specimens to which you are welcome if they would be of interest to you. How about it?”

The boy may not be interested in the stamps, but he may be impressed by your thoughtfulness.

The key to meeting a person in the first place, and the key to the inner room of retained friendship is always INTEREST IN THE OTHER PERSON. What is it? What does he like? What does he think?

Too many girls go at this business of attracting someone in exactly the wrong way. I know I made a mistake of that sort. When I was a freshman, I took admiring note of a senior who was captain of the football team, and I made up my mind I was going to make him notice me. Whenever he was around I made it a point to pass him swiftly, my head in the air, humming as if I had swallowed a little jive box. I would toss my head and flirt my skirts, and be busier than a bee.

One day he caught my arm and said, “Honey’child, why don’t you try out for the school band? Bet they could use you.”

Nowadays I think he was as rude as I was silly, but both of us were at fault. I was embarrassed then, but in later years I was exasperated with myself because I knew all the time that he collected the cartoons which are published in magazines. Our family had old copies of The New Yorker stacked in the attic; if I had been using my head, I would have told him about them, politely, and I would have asked if he would like to see them. If he had said “Yes” I could have delivered the periodicals, one at a time, for weeks. We could have become friends that way.

If a business girl sees a man in an elevator whom she likes, she should assume from the first that he is decent. On that basis she should merely smile after she has seen him a number of times. Eventually, she may say “Good morning.”

If the man wishes to avail himself of this casual acknowledgement and start an occasional conversation, that is good, but the girl should still think of him as just “someone” until his conversation indicates that he is interested. Too many sad situations have developed as the result of a girl assuming that a man was single, and the man’s allowing her to be mistaken until emotional interest had developed.

The old rule still stands. “Be wary of a stranger.”

Be wary also of confiding your romantic thoughts to your girl friends. If you are intrigued by the tall senior with the dark eyes and tell your best friend, she will tell her best friend, and she will happen to be the sister of the senior’s best friend. The news of your interest will get back to the boy, and he will avoid you like the plague . . . or misunderstand your attentions and make life difficult for you.

Let us say that a girl has been wise, and has interested a boy to the point of his asking for a date. Perhaps they go to a movie or to a school party, and the girl has a de-vine time. But, to her consternation, the boy doesn’t ask for a second date. How far can she go in finding out what went wrong?

Personally, I don’t think she can do a thing except continue to be casual and friendly when she sees him. Certainly she can’t telephone; certainly she can’t—unless she wants to look foolish—ask around among her friends to learn whether he has let some indicative remark fall.

Everyone has to face this fact sometime in life: there are some people with whom we, naturally, click. There are some people with whom we don’t. Chili is good with beans; it would be horrible on chocolate cake. Some combinations don’t work out.

A girl simply MUST accept this fact. She will only make a spectacle of herself if she tries to fight a law of nature and insists upon pursuing the boy.

The situation is slightly different if a boy and a girl have been dating for
days when I was flush if I had seventy-nine cents in my purse, she was getting an allowance of ten dollars a week. One Spring she remembered her heart's birthday by giving him a watch. It was a dazzling affair and must have cost a huge sum.

Shortly afterward they broke up. She indicated the reason to me: "He seemed to think that I liked him... well, too much. He expected me to show it far more than I could and keep my self-respect, so we broke up."

A year or two later she married a wonderful boy and they were completely happy—except for one slight flaw. I was Christmas shopping with her one season, and she said she didn’t know what to buy for Don, her husband, for Christmas. I suggested a really beautiful watch because I had noticed that his timepiece was the same one he had worn in high school.

She shook her head. It seems that they had been out on a double date with Bud, the old boy friend, and his new gal one night, and Bud had shown Don the watch, saying, "Your wife thought a lot of me in those days."

She ended by saying regretfully, "I’ve wanted to buy Don a watch dozens of times, but he has a complex about it. He always says he’ll pick something that he can bang around because he is so hard on watches, but I know he doesn’t want to be put in the same class, sort of, with that heel, Bud."

I think this story illustrates another point which I wish to make. Many girls have also written to ask how far I think a girl should go to be popular with boys. Well, I think that—after a third or fourth date—a goodnight kiss is a pleasant way to thank a boy for a happy evening, and then I think demonstrations of affection should end. No girl should ever do anything which she would be ashamed to tell her husband about, after they are married. I have saved until the last the few comments I think should be made about a girl and her girl friends. It is true that in a happy marriage a girl’s best friend is her husband, but it is also true that there are vast differences between a man’s world and the world in which a woman’s life is spent.

If a girl keeps house and has children, it is pleasant to discuss recipes, formulas and child psychology with another young mother. If a girl seeks a career, it is stimulating to exchange professional gab and gossip with a trusted colleague. Throughout life, one of the most valuable assets a girl can have is a worthwhile circle of friends and the time to collect them is during high school and college days.

However, to make friends with the prettiest or the most popular or the wealthiest girl in school, simply because she is pretty or popular or wealthy strikes me as being shabby, superficial and just plain foolish.

Friendship, to be the full and satisfactory thing it can be, must be based upon equality. I don’t mean financial or social equality, but equality in mental, emotional and ethical approach to the business of life. If you are honest, you can’t be friends with another girl if you are already cheerful and progressive, you won’t be able to endure a pessimistic, hang-backer. If you are hard-working and sincere, you won’t be able to get along with a sluggard.

I suppose it all comes to this: the answer to the question “How Far Should You Go To Get Married?” is simple. She must go all the way down the rough, difficult road to acceptance of herself and understanding of what is best for her, and to the understanding of the nature of other human beings.

P.S. It isn’t easy, but then worthwhile accomplishment seldom is.

One Surprise After Another

Continued from page 26

laughter at his discomfiture on the rotating stool, the film test was obviously a success, for Sam Goldwyn inked his signature on Dana’s first contract. Dana and Mary, who had been sweethearts for a long time, looked on as this new contract was the break for which they had been waiting. Then along came Mr. Unexpected.

“You’d better forget about getting married for awhile,” a studio executive advised. “You’re a handsome young actor trying to establish yourself in a tough game. You need a lot of publicity. Start being seen around the night spots with name actresses. It’s what you need.”

But Dana discovered that, career or no career, he didn’t want to spend time with any girl but Mary.

Nearly a year went by before the subject of his marriage came up again, and it was Dana who brought it up. He and Mary felt they had waited long enough. Dana prepared—and memorized—a speech that said, eloquently, everything he wanted to say.

Importantly, he made an appointment
with Mr. Goldwyn for ten-thirty the following morning. Dana got himself all spruced up and, as was his habit, he was punctually at Mr. Goldwyn's office at the appointed time. Then came a wait—a long wait. Dana fidgeted and mopped occasional beads of moisture from his brow.

Suddenly, the quiet was shattered by the shrill whistles of a fire alarm. Now any fire on a movie lot is no small matter. It is strictly a three-alarm deal every time. Mr. Goldwyn ran from his office to the street scene below, followed by the intrepid Mr. Andrews.

There, amidst all the confusion that accompanies any conflagration, Goldwyn motioned to the young actor to come over to his side.

"What's on your mind, Dana?" he asked, shouting in order to be heard above the noise.

"I'd like to 'beard the lion in his den.' I'll see you later in your office."

"Never mind that," Mr. Goldwyn replied. "Beard me now. What's the matter, you worried about going to work?"

"No, not that," Dana yelled again, "I just want to get married."

"Well, I'll think it over," Goldwyn said, "and I'll let you know."

Another month went by with no further word on the matter. Finally Dana broached the subject again.

"Oh, that—I forgot all about it—sure, go ahead," was Goldwyn's reply. "You might as well get married, you're certainly no good at getting your name in the columns."

Plans were made for a lovely, big wedding. Mary's family lived in Santa Monica and wanted everything beautiful and perfect for their daughter. Nothing would be too good. Everything looked rosy—until along came Mr. Unexpected again.

It was ten days before the wedding. The invitations were all addressed and ready to be mailed to some two hundred guests. Dana received a memo on an order—from the front office.

"Let your hair and beard grow. You're going to be in 'The Westerner.' Shooting begins November 21st."

The wedding was scheduled for November 17th, but Dana could never meet all those strangers with a ragged, ten-day growth of beard. Those guests were people outside of the movies. They would never comprehend the bridegroom's beard without detailed explanation. So the list of wedding guests was cut down to a mere thirty.

An amusing incident happened just following the ceremony that bears repeating. Dana had a six-year-old son by a previous wife (who had died while the boy was still a baby). Young David had known and loved Mary for almost as long a time as had his father. He looked on her as his mother, the only one he had known.

Just after the clergyman had said, "I now pronounce you man and wife," the bewhiskered groom took his beautiful blonde wife in his arms and kissed her tenderly. Little David, beaming happily, touched the hand of the Reverend.

"Thank you so much," the boy said quite solemnly, "for what you have just done for my father and mother."

Following the three-day honeymoon, and still in whiskers, Dana was back in Hollywood hustling out to his first location for "The Westerner." The director of this picture greeted Dana's appearance with some speculation. He looked around at Gary Cooper and three or four other members of the cast who had all been given the same no-shave order. He stroked his own smooth chin for a moment, then said to Dana.

"There are too many beards here, shave yours off."

During that first year of virtual unemployment while under contract, Dana learned more about gardening than he did about picture making. In fact, he got to be quite a gardener while waiting. And he learned a lot about waiting, too. He recalls one Sunday morning following a big Saturday night, when he received a seven o'clock phone call from the studio to appear at nine for a screen test of a young actress. The boy originally scheduled to make the test with her had advised the studio that he would be unable to appear.

Dana arrived promptly at nine, went to his dressing room, was made up and sat down to wait to be called. Ten o'clock came, and no word from the director. Eleven o'clock—twelve o'clock—one o'clock! Four hours he waited. Forgotten—because the other boy had shown up after all.

Following his bit role in "The Westerner," Dana never again played less than second lead in any picture, even though many of those first films might not have been considered top box-office attractions. For three solid years the studio gave him the same routine with each screen assignment. "This is really a great part!" "You'll be tops now!" "It's a great opportunity!" "This is it!" And for three solid years, he stayed in the same rut of second leads in B pictures.

Then, unexpectedly, came his big break when he was given a top role in "Laura" at 20th Century-Fox Studio, which by then shared his contract with Goldwyn. After that, career-wise, things took a definite upward swing. He soon appeared in Goldwyn's Academy Award winner, "The Best Years Of Our Lives." More recently he has played opposite the enchantress, Susan Hayward, in the never-to-be-forgotten "My Foolish Heart." This year has given him a swift change of pace from a priest in "The Edge Of Doom" to his current tough guy detective role in "Where The Sidewalk Ends."

There have been great changes in his married life, too. Mary Andrews, who is an only child and had always had things done for her, knew little or nothing about homemaking. However, she was very willing and eager to learn. Before their marriage, Mary had been a promising young actress at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where she and Dana first met. It was mutually agreed, however, that she would give up her career and be just plain Mrs. Andrews.

(Please turn to page 59)
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In those first months there were lots of amusing adjustments to be made. The Andrews worked out a budget system with a series of envelopes in which, weekly, they would put the amount allotted to that particular expense: so much for groceries, so much for rent, so much for entertainment, etc. Then, to keep things on the up and up, there was always the interesting procedure of 'borrowing' from various envelopes, leaving I.O.U.'s to make up the deficits the following week or the week after.

Their first home was a small, one-bedroom apartment on Doheny Drive, that lies on the borderline between Beverly Hills city limits and Los Angeles. Just around the corner they had noticed a restaurant which seemed to draw a goodly crowd every night. One evening the Andrews decided to celebrate by eating out. So they drove around the corner to this restaurant. The sign above the door read: "Chase's."

Dana drove up to the parking attendant and asked him, "Is this place expensive?"

The parking attendant replied, "That depends on what you call expensive."

Dana said, "I mean, can you get a dinner here for three dollars?"

"Well, I rather doubt it," the parking attendant said. Dana put the car in gear and hurriedly drove away. It was a year later before they could afford a dinner in Chase's.

Prior to his marriage, Dana and his small son had made their home with his former mother-in-law. She had counselled Mary in many ways regarding the groom's likes and dislikes. One thing she had stressed was his healthy appetite. Mary, eager to please her husband in every way, attempted bacon and eggs for their first breakfast in their own home. The amount she planned to prepare had her momentarily stumped. But only momentarily. She computed that, since one pound of steak was ample serving for two, a like amount of bacon would probably be about right. Dana's eyes still open wide with wonder as he recalls the sight of that platter heaped high with the whole pound of bacon for that first breakfast.

The Andrews had planned to have a nice size family, but after two years of marriage it looked as though there wouldn't be any children. So they built their first home, a cottage with two bedrooms upstairs—one for themselves and one for son David, with an additional guest room downstairs. Shortly after completion of the house, the Andrews went on a motor trip to Dana's native Texas. On their return Mary said to her husband one day, "I've got a surprise for you, Daddy!!"

Their first child, Katharine, was born the following July. So David moved into the guest room downstairs and that dainty little Katharine was put in the strictly masculine boy's room upstairs.

Dana and Mary were very happy hav-
To surmount the heat, resort to remedies put out by the beauty makers and to reviving treatments of your own devising.

On her wrist was lilac perfume. Instantly, it reminded her of her Canadian home with lilacs in the garden, and, with memory, all fright vanished. Almost all the Hollywood girls are perfume collectors at heart, and that is why you so often see their dressing tables loaded with beautiful bottles.

The beauty business, however, carries its cooling, refreshing theme into far more products than fragrance, alone. There are several delightful skin lotions, designed to be used after cleansing cream, that incorporate special cooling ingredients for the hot months. I have one now, aquamarine in color, that lends a welcome chill to hot, "restless" skin. Then, new out of Hollywood, but a long favorite formula with a lengthy list of glamorous stars, is a facial that looks and feels like pink ice and takes only

**By Courtenay Marvin**

**THERE is now an old-fashioned idea that everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it. Concerning Nature, this was true until the rainmakers recently came into vogue. However, long before artificial precipitation was anticipated, the beauty industry had promoted many ways and means of keeping yourself both comfortable and charming in spite of heat and humidity. In fact, every Summer for a long time has brought forth new ideas in cooler-offers and, because of them, it may be honestly said that hot weather is far easier on the girls than the boys.**

Consider the wealth of eau de Cologne available to shower us with cool, refreshing sweetness. Consider the modern form of the cologne or perfume stick, little ones to fit conveniently into purse or pocket and go wherever we go to pick us up, but quick, at a mere touch to the skin, big ones for home use. Some of these have an ingredient in the base that cools at its touch, beside offering fragrance that has the magic to lift and inspire above depressing heat and dampness. This lift, this lift, which is the magic of perfume, a magic about which many beautiful words have been printed but which nobody but the ones involved can quite experience, is literally a life saver in trying late Summer. It seems to me that perfume, mild as in your cologne, skin sachet or the little sachets you use in your dresser drawers, or the luscious, luxurious depth of perfume itself, is a heady power and that with a consciousness of it about you, sagging spirits, ill humor or even dull eyes and drooping mouths can't help but lift and brighten.

So take to the warm weather scents in liquid, powder, cream and stick form and discover the clink of ice, the suggestion of wind blown spray from a fountain, the song of a mountain brook, plus flowers under sun or moon that they all have the power to evoke. I dare say there is not a star or starlet in Hollywood who is not acutely aware of the inspiring power of perfume. Long ago, Norma Shearer told me of a terrific attack of stage fright when she was beginning her career. She lifted her hand to her face.

**Face lotions, cologne and lipsticks thrive if left in the refrigerator on torrid days.**
five minutes to give you a practically new face. This is one of those true joys when weather, fatigue or plain wear and tear have left a dull skin tone and a texture far from fine. You hardly know yourself after five minutes, and a jar will give you plenty of wonderful treatments.

Our mothers resorted to cooling off a hot skin with ice, with the added idea that its use contracted pores and made skin look finer. While cold applied to the skin has a temporary contracting action, ice should never be used directly on the skin, especially the face. Ice will cause too violent reaction in the tiny capillaries near the skin surface and its continued use can cause those purple-red, so-called broken veins that also have a way of appearing on thighs for other reasons. Cold water, however, is a wonderful astringent and refreshing, and aside from its beauty value in rinsing has another good use in "setting" makeup. Before we had the effective bases and foundations of today, the glamour girls knew a trick worth knowing now. After makeup was completed, they gently applied very cold water to the face then carefully patted it dry. Though the very best idea for a fresh, radiant look is to renew makeup completely, when you find yourself in a spot for time you can do wonders to renew a fresh look by simply laving cold water gently over your face, then blotting dry. Do this carefully and you will not disturb makeup but that hot, moist look will vanish.

Another wonderful cooler-offer is the refrigerator. Hollywood first let me in on this secret but now it is common knowledge that face lotions, Colognes and even lipsticks all improve in hot weather by the cold treatment. Even the finest of lipsticks, exposed to severe heat, may get a little soft. Just remembering now and then to steal a few square inches of mother's food space and leave your beauty there for a little while will give it refreshing rest.

Our feet often really take it in hot weather, especially after a shopping tour or if the job requires long standing, and this applies to the young mother or wife at home as well as the career girl. Here is a cooling-off rest period practically guaranteed to make a new person of you in fifteen minutes: When you are home and can give yourself a breather, remove all constraining clothing, including shoes and nylons. Seek the coolest room you can find and lie flat on your back on the floor, with no pillow under your head but with your feet propped up on two! Spread out your arms and just give up. You will probably drop right off into a cat nap. This position is especially helpful to feet that swell with heat, and it also throws your whole body into good position for complete relaxation. If you have time to cleanse your face first and apply a cool cream, so much the better. After your minutes flat, followed by a tepid shower, you can rise and shine in a glow of renewed energy.

P.S. By the way, the beautiful, brilliant color on Elizabeth Taylor's lips and nails, shown on the cover, is similar to the shade Red Bud by Milkmaid. It's ideal with Summer-kissed skin.

talkie (and double-talkie) age?

"People have a way of adjusting themselves to the times," said Gloria. "In the Twenties, extravagant clothes were the rage. People wore six flowers instead of one—it was the so-right thing to do. In that respect, movie stars were simply acting like everyone else. Then, when hard times fell upon us, tailored suits were more in tune with the prevalent austerity. With increased athletics for women, clothes were adapted to suit riding and other outdoor goings-on.

"Slacks became fashionable—regardless of the too-obvious fact that most women don't look their best in them. Something they'd realize if they had triple mirrors. As for me, I don't wear them in the city; possibly at a place like Cannes—but, even there, I usually tie a scarf around my waist so they look less like a man's trousers than a divided skirt. Slacks! All right to slip on and run down to the corner for groceries, but not for all-time wear."

"Most people, she thinks, picture her as eternally lolling in gilded bath tubs, or athwart swan beds, while C. B. DeMille stomped about in megaphones, shouting through puttees—or vice-versa.

"I made six pictures for Mr. DeMille," she said, "which is, in itself, a record. I was 18 when I worked in his 'Don't Change Your Husband,' and it was not a glamour deal. I was playing character parts. Certainly—I was an 18-year-old playing a woman of 35."

"I made those six DeMilles in three years and was a blacksmith's daughter in one—didn't dress up at all. In 'Why Change Your Wife,' I was a frowsy wife—who said gilded bath tub?"

"And most of the highly-touted 'Male And Female,'" she added, with emphasis, "was shot on an island where we wore leopard skins. So you see . . ."

Gloria began her movie career in 1913, with the old, and top-notch, Essanay Company, in Chicago. Signed as an extra, she lasted only one day—was a stock player second day out, soon won small parts and then leads. Hollywood met her in 1915; she soared to terrific heights—was a fabulous screen queen in a fabulous era.

She left pictures in the early Thirties, turned to the stage, to business, to television and is now back in films again. She has starred in but two movies since 1934—one, "Father Takes A Wife," for RKO in 1941, and now in "Sunset Boulevard," directing duo of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, a la Paramount.

It's axiomatic that she has always been the Glorious Gloria and the Glamorous Gloria—two labels that are still sewn
Oddly enough, when she first went to Hollywood, it was to study voice and become a professional singer. Instead of which, she found herself in Keystone-Sennett flickers, became an accomplished comedienne with — remember? — Bobby Vernon. Her films bore such impressive and apt titles as "The Pullman Bride," "The Nick Of Time Baby," "Teddy At The Throttle." She followed them with such serious, dramatic jobs (for Triangle) as "Station Content," "Her Decision," "Every Woman's Husband" and others.

Popular legends to the contrary, Gloria was never a Sennett Bathing Beauty—though she did play the lead in one movie with that fay crew. It was a right nice custard pie opus with the enormous Mack Swain and included one (1) beach scene. And she posed for seaside bathing art...

The DeMille era followed—then Paramount. "I was Paramount's 'program girl,'" Gloria says. "None of the movies I made ever approached epic stature." But the fans ate them up; they were sell-outs—of which Hollywood could use a few.

This was the period when she won horrendous fame as Gloria The Clothes Horse—a reputation which she has maintained, but in her own, good-taste way—preferring and looking tres chic in black or dark colors.

"I was in 'A Goose For The Gander,' a Broadway play in the mid-Forties," Gloria says, "and, because of it, Hollywood insists on giving New York sole credit for whatever acting ability I have.

Hollywood is forgetting, of course, that Gloria starred in "Madame Sans Gene," in France, in 1924—being the first American star to make a movie in La Belle. Also disregarding the fact that she had organized her own producing company—releasing through United Artists—when she was only 25 or so. Her company, among others, turned out "Sadie Thompson," first screen version of "Rain," with Lionel Barrymore as the Reverend Davidson.

The talks were no obstacle. Gloria sang and talked in "The Trespasser," an early such (1929)—made others, including "Perfect Understanding," first talkie made by a U.S. actress in London. "I was born with a low voice," she says, "a prime sound-motion angle, but vocal study, as a soprano, upped it. My daughter Michelle has a deep voice."

She was asked about her diamond-sharp imitation of Charles Chaplin's "little woman" in "Sunset Boulevard." "I'd never tried it before," she said. "It was a routine I worked up during a lunch hour and it was a lot of fun doing it." What she dismisses as a lot of fun is a devastating sample of expert mimicry. She admits, however, that comedy involves the most difficult acting of all—even if drama rates the loud critical bravos. Timing in comedy, she says, is terribly important. "Good comics," she points out, "are essentially dancers." An interesting observation.

To get back to glamour—it's more than just clothes, furs or $30,000 emeralds. It's also the way you talk, act, sit and walk.

"The way you walk," says the woman with a perfect carriage, "is most important. I was brought up on an Army post (she's the daughter of Captain Joseph Swanson), where slouching was a major sin—in our household as well as on the parade ground. When we were stationed in Puerto Rico, I used to admire the natiwes carrying things on their heads, imitated them with schoolbooks balanced above. Nowadays it's fashionable to slouch in your chair. I have to speak to," she paused and grinned, "my own Michelle.

"Your attitude," Gloria went on, "has a great deal to do with your looks—specifically your height. I'm convinced that you can 'think tall.'"

"Mary Pickford once told someone that I was four inches taller than she. Next time Mary stopped by our lot (at United Artists), I settled the matter. In our stocking feet, back to back, I was only half-an-inch taller than she.

"Again, attitude—plus the high heels I wore for my sophisticated roles. Mary always wore low heels as America's Sweetheart and as the shy little girls she played. I was 5 ft. 1½ in. tall, then—grew an inch-and-a-half after I was 38—after I'd been a silent star for some time! How? Massage treatments may have had something to do with it."

Which makes her 5 ft. 1½ in. now. She wears a size 4 shoe—wore a size 9½ in the mid-Twenties. Recently slipped on a pair of her old shoes—which the Paramount wardrobe department had dug up—and wore them comfortably all one afternoon. What is it about G. S. that adds up to neon glamour?

Small feet? Blue eyes? Dark brown hair? Lovely white teeth? Good skin? The answer would include all of those, but would be plus a combination of style, color, personality, charm—and a few dozen other plusses that amount to Swanson.

"I had to take a screen test for 'Sunset Boulevard,'" she said, with a twinkle in her eye. "Of course, they didn't know how I'd look on a screen or if I could act.

Glamour plus a sense of humor—she took the screen test (her first), was ecstatic that she made good and could, at long last, crash the screenwaves!

"They're tough on young people, though," she said. "Tests scare them silly—it's difficult to act under such conditions. That mad Wilder—when he found that I photographed like a woman of 35, he did his best to make me look like an old bag, even ordered artificial gray for my hair.

"I didn't understand why, since there's plenty of it there anyway. I'm not sweet sixteen, don't pretend to be. His explanation was that my gray hair didn't show up sufficiently, so...

"Anyway, Wilder and Brackett did a wonderful job with the movie. I'm the type of actress who goes to see her films, also the daily rushes. With the inevitable result that I always leave, muttering, 'I wish I'd..."

"My mother describes my film Norma as a characterization, but not me. And she isn't, though Norma would have loved a stable return to old everyone was as nice as pie and it was grand working with that fine actor, C. B. DeMille.

"As for Bill Holden, he's perfection—young, able and intelligent. Bill was a wonderful choice for Joseph Gilfill."
ity with crew members is a silver cigarette box—their gift—engraved: To The Greatest Star Of Them All.

"I gave Billy Wilder," she says, "a complete set of door knobs for the house he's building. It's a good gag in view of the fact that our movie house was sans knobs."

As a 14k Hollywood pioneer, Gloria is credited with a long list of firsts. First top movie queen to have a child, first to adopt a baby, first to become a grandmother, first to marry a title. First American to make a film in France, first to make a talkie in England, first voice radio from England to America (via a program in the Twenties), first to enter the patent field and to successfully operate her own commercial venture. Among the first with her own producing company, among the earliest to successfully hurdle the arrival of the talkies. The first name movie actress to enter television with her own program and, finally, first to play the role of a one-time silent screen star, such as Norma Desmond.

The television show—"Gloria Swanson's Hour"—was a New York program, ostensibly taking place in her apartment, where interesting callers dropped in—such as players, playwrights, chefs, fashion experts, dancers, open singers, transatlantic pilots, authors, etc., with all dialogue ad-libbed. An appendectomy forced her to quit TV last holiday season and a second operation definitely knitted the program for the time being. Luckily—actually—since it made the "Sunset" picture possible.

"I can't do both pictures and television," she says. "What sponsor would put up with a couple of months' absence while I made a movie?" Five will get you ten that G. S. will stay with the movies.

Speaking of glamour, this glamorous lady is also an astute business woman. She formed Multiprise, Inc., where inventions were tested and the worthy such manufactured by our tinsel tycoon. Although she recently closed the Multiprise office, she still has an interest in a button factory, travel agency, cutting tool patent.

The button factory—no press agent's dream—is the Lindenhurst Button Co. of New York and the cutting tool thing, the Forged Carbide Co. "Points," she explained, "for cutting steel, tungsten, etc."

Gloria's working motto insists that nothing is impossible and she means it. "After the War," she said, "there were no servants to be had, so when the bath tub got dirty, I scrubbed it, went on to do the floor was fascinated and ended up washing the walls.

"I'd been working harder than a longshoreman in the movies since I was 14½, remember, so forgive my colossal ignorance about scrubbing—and cooking, too. I couldn't boil water then, but now I've invented a super onion soup—may even market it."

A tall friend of Gloria's, named Jane, a Vogue editor, can make a dress in a day. A challenge that was too much for small Gloria, who had once seen a sewing machine in "Bertha The Sewing Machine Girl."

"I didn't know a sewing machine from a cold oven," Gloria admits, "but since
I wanted to make a dress, I laid the material on the floor, cut it, finally found out how to thread the sewing machine needle and, zoom, zoom, it was purring away like a kitten sitting on the scene. We both doubled up with laughter, but I later made two suits!"

Three things, she says, account for her youthful appearance—to diet, mental attitude and heredity.

Diet (intelligent eating, she says) infers a hereditary selection for no one (why pickle your food?). Prefers vegetables cooked in pressure cooker for vitamins and better taste. She's a tea drinker.

Doesn't believe in living in the past or standing still in the now. Is always planning something new. Insists it's foolish to fight age, especially since it's happening to all of us.

As to heredity—her mother, who's 70, looks 50. Her grandmother had a youthful complexion in her eighties.

Miss Gloria hates exercise, but loves to dance and says she "feels well" after dancing. Don't get the idea that she's perfect — Miss Gloria admittedly hates calisthenics.

In Hollywood, she lives in a rented, hilltop house (with swimming pool). She
owns an apartment on Fifth Avenue in New York.

Love to travel, does so when the mood seizes her—flew to Paris once just for the weekend. Recently made an
extraordinary tour to ballyhoo Paramount's "The Heiress" and proved to be an excellent good-will ambassador
for the entire movie industry. Makes a first-class public appearance—chats easily, intelligently, with business men, teenagers, club women and even writers. At one Hollywood function, since her return—attended by the starriest of current stars, Gloria has unfailingly been
the center of attraction.

She's been married, divorced, five times
to: Wallace Beery, Herbert Sornborn, the
Marquis de la Falaise de la Cordyand,
Michael Farmer and William Davey.

Hers into comedy is Mrs. Robert
Anderson (mother of her three grand-
children); Joseph Swanson (adopted) and
Michelle Bridgit Swanson, living with her
mother and a possible movie actress.

It's been a rich, full life that's just
beginning—in a way—for Gloria Swanson.
She gets a kick out of meeting people who
think she was dead.

She might win the 1951 Academy
Award.

She ain't dead. . .

Down-To-Earth Goddess

Continued from page 37

bed early is quite typical of present-day
Hollywood. Sort of tough for the night
clubs, but awfully good for the health.

Gene and Oleg live in a small house,
which they bought two years ago, on an
unpretentious street in the hilly part of
Beverly Hills where the houses are close
and humpy. There are big back yards
for the most part, but the houses are
right on the street, and the street is so
hilly one often might find oneself.
joined a hack of a time trying to
make it. They don't try. That's fine
with Gene and the neighbors. The houses
are separated by driveways and Gene's
neighbors on both sides could easily hear
her voice if she lifted it in anger. She
doesn't. There are a lot of little kids in
the neighborhood, scooters and bikes
and red wagons, and lots of laundry waving
in the backyard breezes.

Besides liking it herself, Gene thinks
it's a wonderful neighborhood for Tina,
her little sixteen-months-old daughter.
Tina is a dainty, pretty little girl,
friendly, and Gene enjoys a romp
with the neighborhood kids.

"This bringing up kids in the country
is greatly over-rated," says Gene. "I was
brought up in Connecticut and I know.
Tina has lots more fun than I had. Most
of my married friends in the East feel
that they must live out of town because
of the children. The men knock them
selves out commuting twice a day in all
dangerous weather—just so the chil-
dren can be happy. The children would
be much happier on the streets of New
York."

Tina, unlike her mother, is a great one
for telephones. The afternoon I spent
with Gene, Tina was constantly on the
phone—she holds it like a mike—talking,
in some strange language, to the neigh-
borhood kids. "That child will grow up
to be an actress and win an Academy
Award," I predicted. The fact that she
keeps the phone off the hook for hours
at a time (no calls can come through)
doesn't disturb Gene in the least. "I in-
herit my dislike of phones from my
great-grandfather Taylor," she said. "He
used to say, 'I'll have the con-
traptions in my house.' The only house
on the 103rd Street block that didn't
have a phone was the Taylor's."

When Tina hears the phone ring she
picks it up, if it's within her reach, and
says "Goodbye." Which throws Gene's
son into complete confusion, often
causing them to hang up. Whlich, secretly,
is all right with Gene.

As an aftermath of the War (Gene was
a devoted war wife and followed her hus-
band to Fort Riley, Kansas), she is
strictly anti-waste. Waste of anything.
But especially food. When she splurges
on a roast pig, she figures it on its lasting
through the week. With her herbs, which Oleg taught her to use, she can do amazing things
with left-overs. As for perishable foods,
well, she has a dreadful confession to
make. "Before I go to bed at night I eat
up the things in the Frigidaire that are
likely to spoil. I should be as big as a
horse." Needless to say she isn't. She
weighs a neat and becoming 112 pounds.
She lost ten pounds while she was in
England last year making "Night And
The City" with Richard Widmark. Un-
doubtedly because there were no Frigida-
ires to raid.

Flattery is a number-one attention get-
The Cassinis have a nurse for Tina and a maid to do the cleaning and cooking. On her nights off Gene and Oleg take turns doing the cooking. The piece de resistance of the House of Cassini is spaghett, Oleg makes it divinely. Movie stars, it's rather my idea to like to believe it or not, are considered very slow payment by the shopkeepers and professional people of Hollywood. Bills just don't get paid on time, often not until the curt "or else" letter arrives. Well, that's beginning to be old hat, and old Hollywood, too. The youngsters today have a lot more responsibility. But Gene, from the day she hit town, has insisted upon paying everything immediately. She's probably the best credit risk in Hollywood, if she wanted credit. "I've never owed anyone five cent," she said. "When I first came to Hollywood, $500 would have made a great difference in my life. I never occurred to me that I would ever borrow it."

Her secretary once said to her, "Miss Tierney, you've got to wait until the bills come in before you can pay them." That came as news to Gene.

One of Gene's inconsistencies is that she will spend money freely on furniture and antique silver, but she won't spend it on cars, for instance. She keeps over her bills carefully, knows to a decimal what her bank balance is, and she never, never gambles. "Sometimes I think I overdo this economy thing," she said with a laugh. "For instance, Oleg and I had been planning a trip to Europe ever since we were married. But I always said, 'Someday the studio will send me to Europe to make a picture, and I'll get my expenses paid.' Well... they did send me to England last year to make 'Night And The City.' Oleg came over and had a fine time on the Continent. But I was kept so busy in London that I only had three days for fun and sightseeing. Served me jolly well right."

Like all movie stars, and even as you and I, Gene gets clipped by the income tax people. What she has managed to salvage she has invested wisely in real estate—an apartment in New York, now rented, a small home near Westport, Connecticut, now rented, and the Hollywood house.

Gene stirred up quite a commotion several years ago when she announced she would live in New York and only come to Hollywood when she was making a picture. At that time she was erroneously quoted as casting aspersions on Hollywood—biting the hand that fed her. Her reason for living in New York was to be with her husband whose wholesale dress manufacturing business is situated there.

"Oleg's business is now doing well," said Gene. "He is the designer, so he only needs to be in New York to create the gowns, and for press showings. His partner can handle the business end, so he can be in Hollywood more often. I have to see to it that Oleg does this commuting between New York and Hollywood. It was exciting and stimulating. But now I am content to stay in Hollywood. It will be our permanent home. My husband and I think the constant traveling we have been doing this past year is bad for Tina. She needs the sense of a permanent home."

Home to children means not only the familiar faces of their parents, but familiar surroundings, familiar friends. Tina is a happy, friendly child. We certainly don't want her to grow up to be a neurotic." Gene fondly regarded her offspring who was reaching again for the telephone. "Look at those legs. They are beautiful and graceful. Betty Grable legs."

Gene thinks that her major faults have stemmed from the fact that she has too much energy. "I overplay the running around," she says. "I've had secretaries tell me that they age ten years while working for me. I used to make a mountain out of every hill I met. But I'm quieting down now."

As a result of this quieting down she rarely talks in her sleep these nights. And, at one time, she was the best little sleep-talker this side of the Rockies. "I used to talk in my sleep about things I had on my mind. Things that worried me. Oleg used to say, 'You must get that off your mind before you go to bed tonight.' I don't want to go through it again."

Gene learned quite a few things about taking life more casually from the English while she was over there making "Night And The City." One day she was riding in a taxi. A truck in front stopped suddenly for a traffic light, and the taxi and truck locked bumpers. Being a New Yorker, Gene braced herself for a fine explosion of rage over her complete bafflement she heard the taxi driver say, "So sorry, old chap." And the truck driver respond with, "Quite all right, old man."

In her newest picture, "Where The Sidewalk Ends," Gene plays a fashion model for the first time on the screen. She was never a model in real life. She plays a girl who makes her living modelling for a Seventh Avenue, New York, wholesale dress manufacturer. At Director Otto Preminger's suggestion, Oleg plays a brief scene in the picture as a dress designer. (When he saw the rushes he commented, "As an actor I'm a good designer.")

As a Cassini model Gene wears the year's most risque evening gown—of American Beauty red Lyons velvet. It's off the shoulder and it's figure-hugging. Preminger calls it "a dangerous dress." "The danger," says Gene, "is walking in it."

Gene loathes nicknames. No one has ever called her "Gene"—not more than once. The reason she spells it Gene instead of Jean is that she was named after an uncle who was supposed to leave her a lot of money, but didn't. Studios have never been able to persuade her to change her name or the color of her hair. If she has to be a blonde in a film she wears..."
boys actually rate the title or whether they're gay blades in the minds of press agents and columnists only. Perhaps they enjoy the reputation. They're welcome to it. But this is to serve notice that I want to be left out of the whole thing.

I have a pretty good idea of the reason for it all. Recently, I was picked by a group of models as one of the "ten most eligible bachelors." But before she can get around to contacting the patent office she invariably learns that her invention has "just been put on the market." She thinks her husband is the best dancer in captivity. "As smooth as maple syrup on pancakes," she describes his dancing.

Their romance started the first time he asked her to dance. She liked to dance, and as soon as she has time she is planning to take a course in ballet dancing.

She has the autographed picture from an actor, and only one. It's from Dana Andrews, and he wrote on it: "To Gene ... with whom I've spent half my movie life with great pleasure, not to mention profit! Love and kisses, Dana."

Continued from page 40

Are you as lovely as you can be?

See page 15
"The Secret Heart" with Claudette Colbert and June Allyson. I played Claudette's step-son and June was my sister whose brooding over her father's death had made her a confused neurotic. My part was that of a sort of sedating influence—the understanding older brother who knows the truth about his father, realizes the tragedy in the life of his sister but realizes also the sacrifice of his step-mother. It was a rewarding role and I was happy to do it.

I left MGM when Dore Schary, for whom I have tremendous admiration, brought me over to RKO. I passed over certain scripts which were lined up for me, but finally settled on "Roughshod," which gave me a chance to establish an entirely new type of characterization. It was a Western, but, I felt, a completely off-the-beaten-track Western. The writing had some guts, so did the direction of Mark Robson, who also made "Champion" and "Home Of The Brave."

My role was a far cry from the routine romantic leads I had played before. I was a horse wrangler, bearded and unkempt, and the picture dealt with my relationship to a young brother, a saloon girl who had attached herself to me, and an escaped convict who had sworn to kill me. I don't think "Roughshod" completely lived up to its promise. But I do feel it was an honest and effective attempt and that playing a completely alien role was an important thing for me.

My next picture, "The Sundowners," was interesting, too. I enjoyed working with John Barrymore, Jr. I was a great admirer of his father and was glad to have been in on the debut of his son. And it was my first Technicolor movie.

Now I have another entirely different type of role. In RKO's "Bunco Squad," I'm a young cop who goes after the racketeers who prey on the people with a belief in, or fear of, the supernatural. It isn't a big picture, but it's different and I, I think, exciting.

Through pictures that I came East and fell under the spell of the stage. I've envied and admired people like Hank Fonda, Madeleine Carroll, Marsha Hunt, Rex Harrison, Johnny (Arthur) Kennedy, Cam Mitchell, Lee J. Cobb, Anne Jefferys, Patricia Morison, June Lockhart, Charles Boyer, Nina Foch and others who have given the lie to those critics who were always so ready to leap upon the back of a Hollywood personality who dared try his luck on the stage. Maybe they'll leap on me. But I'm determined to give them the opportunity.

I've turned down a lot of scripts. On the other hand, I have been turned down myself for a couple of roles that I would have given my two front teeth to play. In both cases, it was the same story. They know me as a Hollywood leading man and were afraid to give me a chance at a role requiring some characteristic feature. Regular roles can be a tremendous handicap. But that's a handicap I have to break down myself with the help of a director or producer like Schary who will give me a chance to try.

The thing I can't fight is the opinion I heard expressed by one producer. "He's right for the part, of course," I was told he had said, "but he's just in New York to have a ball." In other words—just a playboy.

Playboy, hell. My typical day in New York goes something like this. I arise around eight, have my grapefruit and coffee, and then spend about an hour exercising and vocalizing. I walk over to the other end of town—I do a lot of walking in New York—to take my voice lessons.

Luncheon is generally a business thing—an interview or a meeting with someone who has a play or television idea to discuss. The afternoon means more studying, more practice, reading scripts, rehearsing if I'm going to do a radio or television show, working with the New York publicity department on advance publicity for a picture or, when a rare opportunity presents itself, getting in a round of golf.

Recreation? A big night on the town is going out with friends to a movie or over to somebody's apartment to play records or look at television. When friends from the coast, like Zack Scott, "Butch" Romero, Craig Stevens and Alex Smith, come into town, I may take them for a round of night-clubbing. Otherwise, no. I hate the places.

I have three favorite haunts in New York—and I don't think one of them is a typical playboy spot. I go to a restaurant called Danny's Hideaway because I think it has just about the best food in town and because I think Danny is a hell of a swell little guy.

I'm fond of the Cub Room at the Stork—again because I like the food and because I consider Sherman Billingsley the finest host in the country. I like to go in there, sit around with Sherm and other friends and enjoy ball, good, stimulating, friendly conversation.

My third hangout is a little Third Avenue bar called Glennon's—probably the dirtiest, most cluttered, unglamorous little Third Avenue bar of them all. But Glennon's has good draft beer and, although it was called a "sitting bar"—a gathering of celebrities, it also has the "regulars," some of the most wonderful characters I have ever met. I know of no other place with quite its atmosphere.

I'm not trying to disparage the El Morocco and the glamour spots where white ties and orchids are in bloom. They're just not for me. I have no interest in them. I haven't time for them.

Girls? Sure, I go out on dates every so often. I've dated three or four different girls in New York. All of them are good companions, all of them have lives of their own. And all of them are too busy to waste their time with playboys. I think it might be fun sometime to take a month or two off and live on a diet of champagne, rumbas and blue-bows. But I don't see any open time for it for a couple of decades or so.

So let's lose that "playboy" label. I work hard and I'm serious about it. I've never felt the urge to wear sweat shirts and dungarees, speak to people, sit in the corner alone playing bongo drums or doing such things to prove that I'm eccentric and therefore artistic and a hell of an actor. But isn't there a happy medium? I'd love to find it.
should a woman tell her post?

continued from page 42

i believe it's going to be one of the most touching films hollywood has ever made. from this viewpoint, i'm thrilled to be in it, you can bet.

but, in my private opinion, what a terrible mistake all three women committed when they let themselves in for such deals!

i really have to act my role, forget ruth roman and put myself into the mood of the part written for me, because i never, never would do what my character in this picture does.

i delivered only to men who are climbing impatiently in a profession i can admire. since i'm wrapped up in show business, i'm actually interested only in men who are making a name in something related to it. so a racketeer could never dent my dreams. automatically, he'd strike me as a misdirected, not-forgotten soul.

when a girl becomes aware of what she is herself, and of what she wants, she saves herself feelings of futility and a sad waste of her possibilities. when i fall in love, i'll marry the man. or brush him out of my life fast. i think a girl is crazy to attempt compromises. he will hear loud wedding bells ringing in his ears, the moment he becomes sufficiently serious, that male on my horizon.

i'll take a chance on love, of course. it's a gamble, and i'm a great gambler at heart. but taking a big chance, to me, invariably means being brave enough to be the real me, in any situation from the very beginning.

i haven't done anything i have to hide from a man, so i have no awkward, no self-deception pushed down into the depths of my subconscious. but if i had done something dreadfully wrong, i still certainly would not keep it from the man i could love. a husband deserves to know everything important about his wife. and shouldn't be bored with trifle. (naturally, this works both ways!)

to me it is unforgivable for a woman to marry as the eleanor parker character in our film has. before she accepted the man's proposal, she should have told him about her unfortunate love affair, and what she'd done about her baby. if he would have been horrified, then he wasn't worth marrying. perhaps she underestimated him, on the other hand. the partner who's meant for you will stick by you from the start. in the good kind of marriage you can trust, and you can cherish the intimate confidence you will receive in return. you never condescendingly forgive. you simply understand and share.

if i suspect a man disapproves of any of my preferences or habits, or will be upset by anything i have done in my past, i deliberately let him become thoroughly positive about the facts the next time i meet him. i never settle for less than direct outspokenness in a friendship of any degree. then it is obvious to both of us we aren't meant to even enjoy one another's company, much less get romantic.

the slate can be cleaned.

what if you shock the man you can love with your straightforward sincerity? suppose this means losing him because he can't take it? i have my answer for that.

in the film "three secrets," this heart-breaking choice pitilessly plagues patri- cia neal, eleanor parker and the character i play. each of us has stumbled into living a lie because we hadn't dared remain our actual selves.

as the picture opens you will see a plane crash on a towering ledge at the high sierra where a 10-year-old boy is trapped, the sole survivor. his foster parents are killed in the wreck. while the rescue parties are being formed, an energetic reporter tries in vain to discover, from an adoption home, who the real parents of little johnny are.

we three women are most jarred by the radio flashes about the isolated boy. for each of us is sure johnny is our own son, given to that home.

the apparently successful, sophisticated newspaperwoman pat portrays re- members with a pang what a fool she'd been to spoil her marriage. she'd been more interested in spinning around the world after news scoops than in creating a genuine home for her husband. two weeks after he divorced her, she learned she was an expectant mother. she could have asked him for a second chance. instead, the immature sort of pride that makes women suffer made her hide the child's existence from both her father and herself. she's been a lonely career girl ever since.

the outwardly happily married wife eleanor enacts had fallen in love during the war with a lieutenant. they'd planned to marry, but had been torn apart too abruptly. when she had a baby she listened to any boys boasting around the world after news scoops than in creating a genuine home for her husband. two weeks after he divorced her, she learned she was an expectant mother. she could have asked him for a second chance. instead, the immature sort of pride that makes women suffer made her hide the child's existence from both her father and herself. she's been a lonely career girl ever since.

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shall we bust?

"i owe it all to model cream"

miss smiles of 1949

at last a joy and blessing for those embarrassed by unshaped breasts. model cream may be just the thing you have been lacking for. each unit contains the vital milk of pantothenic acid and vitamin d which medical research now proves may be absorbed by the skin when nature's elements are missing. we cannot guarantee that model cream will do wonders but we feel that if you are not pleased with results, your purchase price will be refunded. you are the only judge of its qualities. do not delay. rush your order. and send enclosed $2.00 for full 22-
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model products, dept. 8 224 s. 3rd st. brooklyn, n. y.
When I hear of women building fearfully on lies, on pretenses they are forced to maintain, I once more thank my mother for the conditioning she gave me. My mother is a fiend by being fair with me, always. I recall an incident when I was ten that cinched this streak in me. I had been laughing in class. The teacher ordered the guilty one to stand up. Before I could, someone squealed on me. I had my hands slapped thirty times. I had my teacher. They were so swollen my mother was enraged and hurried to school the following morning to protest such cruelty. However, I'm glad for that episode, glad I discovered early that the slightest resistance with the truth only brings suffering. Ever since, when anyone asks me what I did I get right down to all pertinent details. Then—I relax!

I'm not speaking bluntness. Tacit is one form of charm we all can employ daily. And I recognize that circumstances may produce a pressure that temporarily will warp one's judgment, so I don't condemn.

But I don't stay with people to whom I'd have to lie. Their vanity ruins respect. Until I can escape, I'm entertained watching them make idiots of themselves. If they're fooling others for awhile, they're also kidding themselves that they can get away with the pose. That's dumb in my opinion, for no one has been clever enough to invent the perfect, lasting lie yet. When they're fabricating their false front they are ill at ease underneath their surface flavor. They never can be sure whether or not the listener knows better. Listeners sometimes are maliciously tactful on the outside, while laughing hysterically inwardly.

On my first date with a man I frequently tell him I was married and divorced in my mid-teens. This isn't publicized, because I don't want to be advertised in that manner. But I've never denied it when asked. I believe any man I date should be correctly informed, so he will be conscious I'm not full of more than I've been pressed about what love means to me. I explain it was one of those adolescent things that didn't pan out, back in my home town of Boston.

I don't claim I descended from aristocratic Beacon Hill, either. I tell everyone the truth, that I was born and grew up in the tough West End. My father was a carnival Barker, and after he died we were regularly in my education that are funny to people, because I hated school and played hookey oftener than anyone else on my block. I was a terrific tomboy until I got into plays at neighborhood settlement houses. That led to bits in little theatres and a scholarship at a dramatic school.

The other day I heard my name was up in lights on Broadway, for the first time. I instantly wrote a pal in New York to take a snapshot of the marquee for me. I haven't been able to go back on a vacation. But in my past is the memory of gaily going alone to New York from Boston, at seventeen. I proceeded to fail during the three years I devoted to getting on the Broadway stage. Many Hollywood actresses can boast of an illustrious prelude in the theatre. I can't, and I told the powers-that-be in Hollywood so when they asked for references. In Manhattan I earned an average of nine dollars a week in a soda jerk, candy salesgirl in a theatre lobby, and as a night club photographer.

When I finally saved two hundred dollars, by modeling for the gruesome covers of detective magazines, I spent ninety-six dollars on a Hollywood, four dollars on food en route. I had no contract, no agent, no connections. But when I arrived I did have three outfits in my pastebase suitcase, one hundred dollars in cash, and a determination to rise.

I've seen a studio biography which states: "Only a few times in motion picture days has she won a chance to lie, and that's why the entire film industry has always felt for her, and felt for such an important role on such short notice." They're not kidding me. I clerked in a store here at first. I walked to the studios, I didn't have bus fare. But I like walking, freakishly as that makes me here. I was here more than three years before I got before the cameras, and then I barged into an office so I could be "noticed" unmistakably.

I've no finishing school past. Rather, ours was a swell gang of ambitious girls in the Hollywood boarding house that I stayed in my first three-and-a-half years. I still love those girls, and talk to Marie Cote, the wonderful woman who runs that haven, nearly every day by phone. They all recall my getting a contract at Selznick, where for a year-and-a-half I was assigned nothing. And then I was at Paramount for an idle six months. To be candid, I was up for just over sixty-three roles before I landed my first one. Hollywood saw me and swooned.

It dynamites the traditional struggle story to say I was never sorry for myself. But I must say it. My career—when it was nonexistent to the human eye a year ago—now has become quite real. I'm thankful mine isn't a lavish past, for getting somewhere is what excites me. I've always shied off disappointments, sensing it just wasn't the right move. I always felt I couldn't lose forever. Anybody can figure out that if you keep trying one day you're likely to make it.

It's also a blow to Hollywood hooey to say you don't have to put on airs here. But I know this is so. If a date complimented me on a dress I'd borrowed from another girl, I'd say, "Thanks, but it really isn't mine, you know!" I don't have to assume absurd elegance with today's dates, with Stewart Granger or Ronald Reagan, for example. They're distressed by false pride.

Maybe some men must date fragile females to feel dominant. They're not for me. My dates must be brilliant and ultra-virile, must truly be able to intrigue me. I don't go on a long-engrave route. I never tire, I have the constitution of a rhinoceros. At tennis, I talk down with my racket. If I can't do something, Lady, I learn how. When I was signed for my first Western, I'd never been on a horse except a wooden one on a merry-go-round. The picture started in two days. I took a concentrated, two-day course in horsemanship and could jump on and off...
and ride in the stampede shots in rodeo style. When I must cry in a close-up I don’t wait for drops to induce tears, or for mood music. I ask if they want me to cry with the eye closest to the camera. Then I cry with it, and rest the other. An actress should acquire muscle control.

Men hate women who talk incessantly, it’s said. I talk on and on, and have male listeners. Their only complaint is that I don’t bother establishing my cast in the situation I’m discussing, so for ten minutes they’re in a smog. Men don’t mind mechanically able women, I guarantee you. I’m in this group because in my past I had to even fix a motor. My first car in Hollywood was a beat-up, ten-year-old roadster. For a couple of years here I had to find twenty different ways to start it, because it had the world’s most feebie battery. I could coax it along with practically no gas, too, because I had to.

I’ve no mint coat, but I’ve just earned my first house. I wouldn’t hire a fashionable decorator. I admit I’ve had no decorating training other than peering into store windows and pouring through home beautiful magazines. That’s why I’m so tickled at praise for the way I’ve done my living-room. I can’t wait to tackle the bedroom. And I’ve saved about forty per cent on the cost by buying my furnishings through the studio’s purchasing department.

I tell my past, when anyone asks me about it, so all my energy can zoom into living today to the hilt!

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Dark Days For Derek

Continued from page 47

breaks before—and won the public’s fancy for his work in that, it seemed that everything finally was set for John. It was announced that his studio, Columbia, had bought a football story, “The Hero,” as a starring vehicle for its new find. But it was delayed repeatedly. He was meant to act as Rod Crawford’s spoiled son in “All The King’s Men,” which was one of the best pictures of the year, but the role did little for Derek. Then Columbia bought film rights to “The Brave Bulls” and people interested in his career hoped that John would get the role of the younger brother. Even John admits he wanted and looked forward to the role, which is a strong one. But he didn’t get it.

It was a painful disappointment at the time but, as John points out, if he had won the part he would have had to go to Mexico for a long location stint and would have been away for a few other important items, including the birth of his son.

Young Russell Andre Derek’s advent presented some dark days, too, but happily those also are past. For the first few months of her pregnancy John’s wife, Patti Behrs, was fine, then, unaccountably, complications arose and she was ordered to bed. When John and Patti knew a little Derek was on the way they decided
to move into town to a larger house
than their rented beach cottage.
They looked for weeks, never did find a house
to buy to their liking which was also
within their budget and finally rented
one. Neither could they afford a full time maid.

Never in his life had John been the
least bit domestic. He never even picked
up his clothes and as for cooking, he
couldn't beboor any pictures. He'd get up
early, fix breakfast for himself and Pati
and tidy the house before he left. Then
promptly at 4:30 he would leave the
studio to go home and do any necessary
chores, plus marketing and fixing dinner.
He was genuinely worried about Pati,
made a wonderful adjustment to a
domestic routine which was completely
foreign to him, and it was all a "happy
influence," according to a close friend.

Both John and Pati wanted a boy,
and just a few days before the baby's birth
John told us, "I'm sure it's going to be a
boy: it's got to be," with quiet intensi-
ity. But, oddly, he and Pati had not
chosen a name for the expected heir—
they didn't even consider the possibility of
an heir, according to John—although it didn't
make him any happier. Just weeks after his
birth. (The Russell is for Russell Harlan,
motion picture cameraman and close
friend of the family who did much to
mold young John's life; Andre is a favor-
ite name in Pati's family.)

Certainly Pati is responsible for much
of the maturity John has acquired in the
last two years, beyond her illness which
made his absence more responsible.
John was strictly a Hollywood product,
had grown up here, had never even
been to New York before he started in pictures. His travel, other than in Cali-
ifornia, had been confined to Texas, the
Philippines and Japan—while he was in
the Army, which is not exactly the pleas-
estant or most educational way to travel.

Pati, on the other hand, had the Con-
tinental sophistication of a Georgian
princess—she shortened her name of
Princess Pati Behrs-Eristoff when she went
in pictures—born in Turkey and reared in Paris. She was signed by 20th
Century-Fox in Europe, brought to Hol-
lywood and met John when they were
both in a drama class on that lot. She
gave up her acting career after they may-
ried to concentrate her efforts being a
wife.

It's difficult for any observer to say
precisely what makes a young man de-
velop a singleness of purpose, a tremen-
dous drive in his work, but certainly this
has happened to John in the past year,
and it is feasible to believe the causes
were those of the down-to-earth, worryless attitude which, combined, made him
grow up from a devil-may-care to a man
of responsibility.

At the moment John is working harder
—much harder—at acting. He's deter-
mind to be an actor, not just a hand-
some juvenile. All his life he's had to
fight against the "Pretty Boy" tag and,
fortunately, under the supervision of
Russell Harlan, he learned at an early
tage to do just that. Recently he put
everything he had into final tests for
"The Hero"—and admitted it, comment-
ing that doing that picture really meant
so much to him because "Sid Buchman's
doing the picture and I want to work
with him."

Then he'll go into "The Secret," the
story of a self-centered college boy ad-
dicted to fast motorcycles who acciden-
tally kills a child. It's a good, gutsy part
comparable to his role—although tech-
ically unlike it—in "Knock On Any
Door," and again will be for Sautra
Productions, Humphrey Bogart's outfit,
to which he's under contract, too, for
one picture a year.

John is no Pollyanna: he's too realistic
and tough for that. (He's more rugged
off screen than on.) But he has decided,
through his more mature thinking, that
the dark days in his life have added up
to the longer.

A disrupted, uncertain childhood is not
to be regarded as a precise advantage,
yet it can offer experience of future
value. John's mother and father, both
associated with movies, were divorced
when he was five. Precarious finances
did not add to his security, yet good
friend Russell Harlan wisely guided the
boy. John's first picture was with the
"Pretty Boy" taunt from a school chum,
Harlan told John he'd have to learn how
to overcome it. He taught him not only
to handle his fists but made sure he
learned to ride, hunt, fish, swim, even
practice judo—so that he would be
rugged.

The "Pretty Boy" tag has been an
annoyance all his life, yet John realis-
tically realizes now that if he were not
handsome he would not have been not-
ticed by a talent scout when he was rid-
ing one day. (Even a wis of a horse-
man, which he is, doesn't get a picture
bid if he isn't a camera potential!)

John was only seventeen when he was
signed by David O. Selznick, spent most
of his time in drama classes and did a
couple of "bits" that no one noticed.
A year later he was tapped for Army
service, saw the Philippines during firing
and Japan with the occupation forces.
After he was discharged he went to 20th,
where his experience before a camera was
limited to one scene in which he was
swathed in bandages from head to toe.
"I wasn't exactly happy about going
in the Army. Who was?" he challenges.
"Not that I worried about an 'interrupt-
ion in my career,' but I needed the
money I was making. But now I know
it's probably just as well. I might have
been typed if I'd started in pictures then.
And I might not have gone to 20th later,
then I wouldn't have met Pati. It
all worked out."

But for another disappointment he
might not have married Pati. When John
went in service he had a crush on a
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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 20

young actress, who shall remain nameless, and on his first holiday leave arrived home just before New Year's Eve. He didn't have a date, decided to take a chance and sent the record, "What Are You Going To Do New Year's Eve?" along with flowers and an invitation to said actress, whom he'd never met. He received no acknowledgment and was slightly abashed. Two years later he met her at a party, told of the incident, learned she never received his offering and invitation—she had just moved; John had sent it to her old address.

"Just suppose that date had worked out—then I might not have been interested in Pati when I met her, and where would I be now without Pati?" John comments with a sly grin. "Things always work out for me."

Those dark days seem definitely in the Derek past, now...

Elizabeth Taylor's marriage to Nicky Hilton had some far-reaching effects, one being the Glendale neighborhood where Terry Moore lives. Seems Terry's mother designs and makes all her clothes and she recruited all the women in the block to help whip up the pink organzine number which Terry wore to the wedding. Reason so many hands were needed was that there was much cutout embroidery trimmed in sequins and seed pearls, all handwork yet. Young Mr. Hilton gave his bride a very charming trinket as a wedding present—an emerald-diamond-pearl necklace.

Lanky Jerome Courtland stirred up quite a little excitement when he eloped with Polly Bergin. The two kids met at their singing teacher's, which is as nice a place as any to whip up a romance. The Courtlands took a two-week wedding trip to Oregon and Washington, then it was time to come home because the groom has a fat singing part in Columbia's "When You're Smiling."

More fun than a bucket of champagne with Dinah Shore and George Montgomery out at their charming ranch in the Valley. Dinah had just returned from doing a big fat television show in New York with Bob Hope. She didn't even stop to buy a handkerchief in the big city—too anxious to get back to that nice guy of hers and the baby. How those two keep their fiddles is a large mystery to us. Do they have for lunch—a light snack they call it? Broiled chicken, asparagus, toasted cheese sandwiches, sweet potato pie with whipped cream and milk, yet. "Don't hear anything about the Mayo diet, which is the current rage of Hollywood, at the Montgomery-Shore establishment. That little doll of theirs, Missy, is one of the town's cutest kids and, next to her mom and pop, she likes television best."

Flew down to La Jolla to attend the wedding of Bô Roos, Jr., and pretty Barbara Olson. He's the son of one of our most famous business managers—named oddly enough, Bô Roos, Sr. After the ceremony, which was lovely, we blitzed over to the Valencia Hotel for a small wedding reception, then hit the road for Hollywood, a change of clothes, and the large evening reception in Beverly Hills. In among the several hundred guests scattered around the swimming pool we spied Bill Lundigan, director Leslie Fenton, John Wayne (who could miss that tall one?), Edna Skelton with Merrill Pyle, and Edna's ex, Frank Borzage, producer Bob Fellows, Pat Knowles, David Brian and his wife. After the huge and beautiful cake was cut, the youngsters ducked out for Laguna— as if they hadn't already driven enough miles that day.

Young love, we always say.

I'd like to make a small bet with anybody that youth in this town is no different from that in any other. This is based on something I saw happen at U-I the other day. Peggy Dow, one of the studio's young hopefuls, had just bought herself a brand new, shiny Chevrolet and despite she was driving everyone within range over to admire it. Another young actress, Peggy Castle, lamped the new driving machine, let out a loud scream of admiration and rushed over to toss in her raves. One by one, the little Dow gal dragged Lucille Barkley, Ann Vernon, Piper Laurie, Lois Andrews and Yvonne De Carlo to the Chevy and they sounded just like a bunch of girls at a sorority tea. It was kinda cute, and very refreshing.

Another party that got the young trade was the opening of Wil Wright's new ice cream parlor in the Brascelle snug soda with the technique of a pro—he used to earn his living thataway. In the mob: Ruth Roman with Stewart Granger, the veddy attractive Britisher, Wanda Hendrix, Dick Long, Piper Laurie, Jeff Chandler, Betty Lynn, Bob Arthur and Marie Windsor. This shore is a wild and woolly town.

Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman took what may be their last vacation for quite a spell and went fishing up near Grants Pass, Oregon. When they returned they announced they were expecting their third child. And here Paul had just
You may not believe this, but ’elp us, it’s true. Debbie Reynolds, the 18-year-old actress whom MGM is grooming for singing-dancing parts, is the proud possessor of a Chevrolet sedan which is the same vintage as she—a 1932 model. BUT it’s probably the jazziest number ever seen in flamboyant Hollywood, so distinctive no one would dare steal it. Get this: it’s painted a light blue, has gold six-inch initials on the door. Inside it is furnished in plaid upholstery, sofa pillows, flowered rags and bud vases. It sports a dragon radiator cap and a tire which loses air every night—so little girl has to stop for a refill each morning on her way from Burbank to Culver City. A little barfy, but amusing—at least Debbie is doing it strictly for laughs.

One of the most popular new night spots in town is John Wilmington’s Dauville Club, on the Sunset Strip. It’s the sort of intimate bistro type of place with keen food and wonderful entertainment—a double piano team, guest stars, and it features all the latest song hits, sung by the host. It’s the favorite hangout of Corrine Calvet and John Bromfield, Guy Madison and Gail Russell, who are inseparables. Also, dancer Paul Valentine and Nancy Kelly find it a good spot for romancing.

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

The Furies

Paramount

RAMPAGING personalities are set off every time vast cattle ranch known as The Furies is mentioned. Star of The Furies, the late Walter Huston, stops at nothing to keep his empire and strength intact, and his daughter, Barbara Stanwyck, harbors the selfsame sentiments. So when widower Huston decides to marry adventurous Judith Anderson, Barbara unleashes her own brand of vengeance. Then there’s saloon-owner Wendell Corey, whose father was killed by Huston, who wants to even that score. He does at Barbara’s expense. Full of hellfire and brimstone, the screen just about sizzles, especially in the love scenes.

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The Asphalt Jungle

Warner Brothers

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The Jackie Robinson Story

Eagle Lion

NEEDS little telling as far as the story is concerned since there’s hardly anyone who doesn’t know the Brooklyn Dodgers’ sensational boy, Jackie Robinson. A warm personal biography of the first colored player to crack the big leagues, this stars Jackie himself in the title role, plus a number of other baseball noteworthies. Though baseball looses something when it goes screenwise, this still has plenty of thrilling diamond moments.

Colt .45  
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TRAVELLING gun salesman Randolph Scott gets hijacked by Zachary Scott who steals the only pair of .45s in existence. By the time Randy can catch up with him, Zack has blasted his way through a flock of stagecoach robbers and bank holdups. Things get even more sensational when Randy suspects Ruth Roman of being part of the Zack combine, and the townsfolk suspect Randy of being Zack. Thanks to those .45s though, all the superfluous characters bite the dust leaving a clear field for Randy and Ruth.

Once A Thief

United Artists

HOW rotten a guy can be, is illustrated by Cesar Romero, a bookie who takes poor working girls for all they’re worth. He doesn’t even give them a chance to bet on horses, they just bet on his being a good, sweet lad and wind up minus every cent they’ve saved. June Havoc, an ex-shoplifter, gone straight, falls under Cesar’s spell, too. When she’s broke, he squeals to the police about her former profession, and while June’s in jail, makes time with her best friend. His sudden demise, somehow, seems too nice an end for him.

House By The River

Republic

GOOD, solid murder on the eerie side about writer Louis Hayward and his not quite successful attempts to shift the blame of murder onto his brother. Lee Bowman, the brother, knows Hayward killed an attractive servant girl, but to spare Hayward’s wife, Jane Wyatt, from scandal, he helps dispose of the body. Blame falls on Bowman when the wood sack in which the body is found is traced to him. Gloomy atmosphere and Hayward’s chilling portrayal of a psychopath are tops.

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Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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wear swim suits —
wear thin dresses —
with invisible Tampax!

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Turn to Tampax this month when "those exasperating days" arrive. With this modern method you’ll find no belts or pins to bother you and no external pads to bulge, chafe and cause odor…. An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton, firmly stitched for safety and compressed in easy-to-use applicators. Quick change. Small in size and no trouble to dispose of.

Rely on Tampax at vacation time—on days you might otherwise hesitate to swim. And for cool comfort when the mercury soars. Remember: Tampax has no outside pad! Comes in 3 absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). An average month’s supply slip into purse. Or get the economy box with 4 times this quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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**ON THE COVER, MAUREEN O’HARA, STARRING IN THE RKO PRODUCTION, “SONS OF THE MUSKETEERS”**

SEPTEMBER, 1950

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A WONDERFUL MUSICAL!

2 LOVE STORIES!
The true-life drama of songwriters Kalmar and Ruby, whose hits spanned a lifetime of romance and adventure.

4 BIG STARS!
Fred Astaire dances with Vera-Ellen, the "On The Town" girl! Red Skelton in a new kind of role...Arlene Dahl gorgeous in Technicolor!

15 HIT TUNES!
Including:
"THREE LITTLE WORDS"
"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GIRL?"
"I WANNA BE LOVED BY YOU"
"WHO'S SORRY NOW"
"ALL ALONE MONDAY"
"I LOVE YOU SO MUCH"
Hear the stars sing the hits in the M-G-M Records album!

M-G-M presents
FRED ASTAIRE • RED SKELTON
VERA-ELLEN • ARLENE DAHL
in
THREE LITTLE WORDS
KEENAN WYNN • GALE ROBBINS • GLORIA DE HAVEN

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

Based on the lives and music of
BERT KALMAR and HARRY RUBY
Screen Play by GEORGE WELLS
Directed by RICHARD THORPE
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

1000 LAUGHS!
with that dancing...singing...
laughing team, Fred and Red!
TONI TWINS
Discover New Shampoo Magic

Soft Water Shampooing
Even in Hardest Water

“The first time we tried Toni Creme Shampoo something wonderful happened to our hair,” say beautiful blonde twins Alice and Alva Anderson of Evanston, Ill. “Our hair was so marvelously soft . . . as if we actually washed it in rain water. Its softness made it so much easier to manage.”

That’s the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo . . . Soft-Water Shampooing! Even in hardest water you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That’s why your hair sparkles with all its natural highlights. And it’s so easy to set and style.

- Leaves hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents “take” better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather make hair sparkle with natural highlights.

Enriched with Lanolin

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

By Lynn Bowers

HOLLYWOOD is still gabbing about: the dignified handshaking of the Elizabeth Taylor-Nick Hilton wedding—quite a landmark in filmtown history. When an event of this kind usually is the signal for a lot of bad behavior from a few over-enthusiastic spectators. Some fans naturally were disappointed because they had to view the glammer couple from a distance but on the whole everyone behaved quite well.

 ‘Nuther big event was Dinah Shore’s first local night club appearance—at the Ambassador Hotel’s famed Coconut Grove. That Dinah is one of the best loved personalities around these parts was amply demonstrated by the fabulous turnout of her famous friends and admirers. The lil’ gal from the South could have stayed on at the Grove forever and kept the customers coming in like the waves of the ocean.

‘Trust that rugged individualist Paul Douglas to pull the unexpected. He and his bride, Jan Sterling, had barely announced their engagement—marriage date indefinite, they said—before they up and tied the knot. Shortly after they surprised Hollywood, the happy pair were unhappily separated—Paul went on a New York location for 20th’s “14 Hours” while Jan had to stay here for Paramount’s “A Relative Stranger.”

(Please turn to page 8)

Deborah Kerr, Bob Taylor explore the city of Rome while on location for “Quo Vadis.”

Acting together for Screen Guild Players are Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer.

Edia Pinza, with his wife at the Stork Club, before leaving for Hollywood and film work.
Hit the laff-trail, pardner...

HOPE is whooping it up in the wild, wild west!

Meet the man who's going to teach the West manners!
And the things he's gonna learn from Lucille...you won't find anywhere in books!

Paramount's hilarious successor to "The Paleface"!

Fancy Pants

Color by Technicolor

Starring

BOB HOPE
AND
LUCILLE BALL

with

BRUCE CABOT · JACK KIRKWOOD

Produced by

ROBERT L. WELCH · GEORGE MARSHALL

Directed by

ROBERT L. WELCH · GEORGE MARSHALL

Screenplay by Edmund Hartmann and Robert O'Brien

Based on a Story by Harry Leon Wilson
New finer Mum
more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—better, longer. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that cause underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

Stork Club diners are Hedy Lamarr and her beau, Herbert Klotz, Jr., N. Y. socialite.

About the most exciting set the film colony has seen for many moons is the one for RKO's "His Kind Of Woman." Bossman Howard Hughes must have given with the lavish budget. It's a complete Summer resort with cabanas, bungalows, and a for-real swimming pool. Director John Farrow threw a party there and most of the guests were clamoring to make reservations for a long stay. This atmosphere, lush though it is, must appeal to Bob Mitchum, who has never been one to hold back with the wisecracks. Tim Holt, in his first dude role, was a-braggin' about how smart his Austrian horse, Florian, is. Says Tim, his four-footed pal can execute 102 different maneuvers on command. Mitch drawled that he allowed that was about 139 more than some actors he knows could do and effectively silenced Tim with, "If that horse is so smart, why doesn't he ride you?" Bob also has one of those gruesome false noses that would make Cyrano de Bergerac look like a dreamboat and he's forever scaring visitors away.

Bob and his co-star, Jane Russell, have a ball together bragging about which one of their houses is the farthest from being furnished. Both have taken years, seemingly, to equip. In fact, neither one thinks the job will ever get finished. Jane, by the way, has three songs in this picture and has come out with her second record al-

Two renowned conversationists, Elsa Maxwell and Clifton Webb, at Romanoff party.
JAMES CAGNEY MAKES LOVE TO DANGER IN "KISS TOMORROW GOODBYE"

"Kiss me, honey... I can handle trouble!"

AS 'KILLER' COTTER HE'S EVEN HOTTER THAN IN 'WHITE HEAT'!
You can be sure and safe—no marks or discoloration when you use...

CALO Smarties
CURL CLIPS

GUARANTEED SAFE—with any type of home permanent you choose. Made of aluminum—Smarties will not rust, will not mark or discolor any shade of hair, regardless of the type of wave or curl used. Without assistance, you can easily and quickly set your own waves or curls with a professional touch.

"BUY THE CLIP WITH THE RUBBER HINGE"
ASK FOR CALO TODAY!
CALO COMPANY, L. I., N. Y.

Right: Franchot Tone and his attractive dinner date, Diane Garrett Muntz, reveling in each other's society at Ciro's.

Below: Ann Blyth, one of U-I's greatest assets, at that studio's premiere of "Louisa" with a smiling Ronald Reagan.

Warner Brothers' studio gym gets a workout from French Gaby Andre and Steve Cochran.

Cowboy Holt was a little bothered about playin' a kinda skunky city dude in "His Kind Of Woman" because of his kid fans holding him up as a non-smoker, non-drinker example, but then he decided that when they see him in a business suit they'll know he's just kiddin'.

Vincent Price, also in the picture (wotta cast!), was full of plans to send 150 most representative pieces of his art collection on a tour of schools and colleges around the country. He recently acquired a carved Chinese figure of the Han Dynasty which dates back to 200 B.C. (Please turn to page 16)

Advertisement

ARE YOU lovely...
OR LONELY?
SEE PAGE 17

Dick Haymes making "Saint Benny The Dip" in N. Y., with wife, Nora, at Plaza Hotel.
The Admiral was a Lady but she taught these ex-GI's maneuvers they'll never forget... it's zany in a wandaful sort of way!

ALBERT S. ROGELL AND JACK M. WARNER PRESENT
EDMOND O'BRIEN
WANDA HENDRIX
in
The Admiral was
A Lady

All about the ex-Wave with no place to go... and the guys who helped her get there... fast!

"Where's Henry!!"
Panic In The Streets

20th Century-Fox

WHEN an autopsy on an unidentified murdered man discloses that the victim was also infected by a deadly and highly contagious disease, U.S. Public Health Service doctor Richard Widmark realizes the city and possibly the entire country will be stricken by plague unless the murderer is found. With only the slimmest of clues to trace the last movements of the dead man, Widmark and Detective Paul Douglas have a matter of hours in which to stop wholesale death. Furthermore, should the discovery reach the public, Widmark knows people would flee the city and along with them might be the killer and others who have already been infected. A tough assignment in every respect, the outcome of this suspense-packed thriller is as exceptional as the picture itself—and it's a toss-up as to which is more terrifying, the plague or newcomer Jack Palance.

Pretty Baby

Warner Brothers

MERRY mayhem begins via advertising agency file clerk Betsy Drake when she thinks up a way to be sure of a seat in crowded subways. Through this scheme Betsy inadvertently meets baby-foods tycoon Edmund Gwenn and he takes a fatherly shine to her. Gwenn, the most important client Betsy's bosses, Dennis Morgan and Zachary Scott, have, manages to keep his identity from her, but lets Morgan and Scott know he wants Betsy treated right.

Honorable though Gwenn's intentions might be, Morgan and Scott are inclined to view the relationship with a more sophisticated eye. So, bewildered Betsy finds herself in a slick job plus getting the devoted attention of both her bosses. There's a baby involved, of course, but it wouldn't be fair to spoil the fun with any more clues. A superb comedy about super people.

"The Next Voice You Hear...."

MGM

IN OUR confused times, this comes as a steady reminder that faith above all else can conquer fear. Unusual, yet told with simplicity, the story centers on an average American couple, Joe and Mary Smith, played by James Whitmore and Nancy Davis, are suddenly and drastically forced, along with the rest of the world, to revalue their lives and everything else which they took for granted. Not a preachy picture by any means, this should be shown behind the Iron Curtain; then perhaps a lot of the world's unhappiness would be cured.

Duchess Of Idaho

(Technicolor)

MGM

SPRITELY semi-musical with Esther Williams and Van Johnson, Esther, in order to help Paula Raymond hook her boss, John Lund, pursues playboy-financier Lund to Sun Valley. The object being to get Lund so sick of predatory females, he'll discover how wonderful secretary Paula is. En route to the resort, Esther meets bandleader Van, but she hasn't time for a romance of her own. Then, because she's only human, she succumbs to the Johnson campaign. How to keep a real romance alive and a phoney one smouldering until Paula can fan it into a blaze, is a full-scale headache and poor Esther almost loses everyone up for fair. Gay, colorful fun with guest appearances by Red Skelton, Lena Horne and Eleanor Powell.

Van Johnson and Esther Williams in "Duchess Of Idaho," sprightly Technicolor musical.
the FUNNIEST thing that ever happened to a family!

POP lost his vice-presidency!
MOM lost her peace of mind!
The GROcer lost his heart!
The TYCOON lost his shirt!
SISTER lost her boy friend!
GRANDMA lost her manners!
SONNY lost his appetite!
The BOY FRIEND lost his voice!
The MAID lost her patience!

All because of Louisa

From the Company that gave you such comedy hits as "THE EGG AND I," "FAMILY HONEYMOON," and "FRANCIS."

Starring

Ronald Charles Ruth Edmund Spring
REAGAN · COBURN · HUSSEY · GWENN · BYINGTON

with Piper LAURIE · Scotty BECKETT

Story and Screenplay by STANLEY ROBERTS • Directed by ALEXANDER HALL • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR
UPPITY is the World's Greatest and Most Beautiful Eyelash Curler

In only a few seconds be irresistible—use UPPITY for enhancing beauty to your eyes for that buxom and young "wide-awake" look.

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- UPPITY IS THE ONLY EYELASH CURLER WITH CONTROL WHEEL FOR QUICKLY CHANGING REFILL—LOOK FOR CONTROL WHEEL—ONLY UPPITY HAS IT.

Insist on Uppity — The Patented Eyelash Curler—Pat. No. 2,410,391

$1.25 Value

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with 2 Extra Refills Free

ALL LEADING CHAIN VARIETY, DEPARTMENT AND DRUG STORES OR DESIGNATE YOUR FAVORITE STORE.

CURVEX CORPORATION

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New York 1, N. Y.

711 Ocean Drive

Columbia

BOOKIES and gambling syndicates have always been a thorn in the side of law enforcement. This shows the illegal side of horse-racing, step-by-step, from the time Edmond O'Brien gets a peek at big-time gambling until he's on the top of the heap with no place to go. A smart operator, once he's in, it doesn't take long for O'Brien to control the bookies in his territory. He does so well that he attracts the attention of nationwide syndicate boss Otto Kruger, who wants in on the O'Brien profits. Where Kruger fails, Joanne Dru succeeds in getting O'Brien to join the syndicate. From then on, it's murder and double-cross across the board.

Louisa

Universal-International

OUTH and romance go together like soda pop and hamburgers, but old age and romance are more closely connected to champagne and caviar. So the latter applies to Spring Byington, Edmond Gwenn and Charles Coburn, as they romp through quite an unusual triangle. Miss Byington, the widowed mother of Ronald Reagan, is in a dither trying to select between Gwenn and Coburn. Before she makes her choice, however, love-struck rivals Gwenn and Coburn cavort and carry on with such vigor as to put any teenager to blushing. The only sour note in the proceedings is that all the younger folks concerned are rather dull stinkers—and shame on them! No understanding!

The Happy Years

(Technicolor)

MGM

FOR some strange reason school days are usually recalled with a fond chuckle and wistful memories—yet, at the time they were taking place, the feeling was anything but fond! Look at Master Dean Stockwell! A smart-aleck, he was booted out of nearly every school for young gentlemen, then he went to Lawrenceville. There, not only were the other lads bigger than he, but twice as sharp. Dean absorbs a good deal of physical pounding before he's accepted by his fellow-students; and a combina-

Unsavory looking MacDonald Carey and calculating Hedy Lamarr try to outsmart crack-shot Ray Milland in "Copper Canyon."

Dancshall girl Shelley Winters finds bullet ridden body of Charles Drake, her fiance in "Winchester 73." Universal-International's super Western thriller.

Winchester 73

(Technicolor)

Universal-International

REVENGE at best is a vicious way of evening the score, and the grimmess of this situation is heightened even more as James Stewart tracks down his brother, Stephen McNally. The feud had been going on between the brothers since McNally shot their father in the back, and becomes further intensified when McNally steals a prize Winchester rifle from Stewart. Robust and rugged, this also has an Indian raid, a bank holdup, and Shelley Winters, Dan Duryea, and Mil-

TROUBLE looms ahead for Edmond O'Brien in person of Joanne Dru in "711 Ocean Drive."
Life in a boys' school is anything but happy for Dean Stockwell in "The Happy Years."

lard Mitchell lending some capable assists.

My Friend Irma Goes West
Paramount

WHAT could be a better start to this sort of thing than an escaped lunatic, who thinks he's a movie producer, swooping down on Marie Irma Wilson, Diana Lynn, John Lund, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis? The peculiar gentleman promptly signs Dean to a Hollywood contract, and not knowing any better, the five friends go into hock to finance the trip out West. In Albuquerque, N.M., the horrible truth is learned. At that point, Lund also becomes a crooked roulette wheel operator—not that he wants to—and Irma gets kidnapped by some gangsters. The highlight of all this wackiness is Jerry Lewis, natch, and when he teams up with a chimpanzee named Pierre, you've seen everything!

Love That Brute
20th Century-Fox

BIG, tough racketeer Paul Douglas falls for a nursemaid, Jean Peters. A man of quick-trigger decisions, Paul decides to hire Jean to take care of his children. So what? So Paul ain't got no kids! He's a bachelor with a mansion full of gunmen and is usually awakened (Please turn to page 70)

Corinne Calvet and Dean Martin add to the excitement in "My Friend Irma Goes West."

Don't look now...

Esther Williams, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor Musical "PAGAN LOVE SONG"

You're at Malibu Beach, near Hollywood, when your eyes stumble on a beauty to rival Esther Williams! It is Esther Williams with Ben Gage! Lucky her head is turned. You can see she's as beautiful as Technicolor insists. Past, Esther knows you're staring! Her complexion is glowingly groomed with Coquette, exciting new golden rachel shade of satiny Woodbury Powder.

Esther is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey. A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish. No "powdery look"! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 8 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.

there's
Esther Williams...

* IN HOLLYWOOD STARS CHOSE
WOODBURY POWDER 6 TO 1
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 10

B. C. and also took off on an exploring trip to Mexico to see what interesting ancient numbers he could pick up down there. This is one boy who takes his art seriously.

—

When the Princess Irene Ghika, Errol Flynn’s heart, blew into town she stirred up quite a social storm. Also, she met Errol’s kids, his former mother-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Eddington, and was quite properly chaperoned by Errol’s parents. The Flynn has a dandy nickname for his Princess. He affectionately calls her “The Geek!”

—

That wandering boy, Ty Power, shore felt like a yokel in Manila when he was invited by some of the residents to play the Lizard Game. Seems this game is popular at stag dinners. A lizard is let out of a darkened box on the table, whereupon he starts crawling toward one guest or another. Whoever Mr. Lizard chooses gets to pay the check. Ty got stuck with the tab four times before he discovered the con gimmick. All the Manila contingent were wearing white clothes. Ty was dressed in dark ones. The lizard crawled to him, looking for a dark place to hide. Some fun, eh, Kid? Mrs. P. couldn’t stand the hot, steamy climate of the Philippines and went to Hong Kong, thence to England, where Ty joined her.

Photographers snap some Crosby leg art as Bing returns to N. Y. on Queen Elizabeth.

Dottie Lamour’s trek to London and her appearance at the famous Palladium was, to put it mildly, an unqualified success. Miss L. didn’t even think about taking a sarong along but, on her arrival, she was besieged with questions concerning the sexy garment. Upshot was that she borrowed a hunk of material and had a dressmaker whip one up. Needless to say, this was really the sensational part of her act.

—

Joan Crawford spent several nights on the couch in her dressing room just before she finished “Harriet Craig” at Columbia. Some of her five kids came down with the mumps! And Doris Day was scared to death when she heard Gordon MacRae’s kids had the measles. D. and G. are in “Tea For Two” together and Doris figured she might carry this ornery disease back to her young son.

—

Gordon’s party wife, Sheila, who gave up her own career when they were married, is about to launch into the production field with Joy Orr, daughter of

Joan Fontaine and Dana Andrews just before a Radio Theatre broadcast. Her next film is “Born To Be Bad”; he will be seen in “Edge Of Doom.”

A three-way discussion is held by Ruth Roman, Robert Rossen and Bred Crawford at the Screen Directors Guild party at Beverly Hills Hotel.
Mona Freeman shows off portrait she painted of her daughter, Mona Jr., now almost three.

the Jack Warners. The two gals are hoping to put on a musical, with a completely unknown cast, that will score the same kind of success Bill Eythe’s “Lend An Ear” enjoyed.

No one in Hollywood was more surprised than the expectant parents, June Allyson and Dick Powell, when they learned they were expecting. They’d planned to adopt another child when the good news came. This flipped the plans for little Junie to do “Royal Wedding” with Fred Astaire on account of the too-strenuous dance routines. So Jane Powell will play the role instead. However, the picture won’t go into production just yet because Jane is also expecting a visit from the long-legged bird, but since her baby will arrive before June’s she’ll be able to return to work that much sooner.

(Please turn to page 72)

England-bound to make a film, Cesar Romero visits the Stork Club with Betty Furness.

Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you’ll be embraced... held... kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That’s why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration... prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.
MAN-BAIT!

Trouble never came in a more desirable package!

The rare and racy adventures of a female savage in a jungle of intrigue!

JOAN FONTAINE
ROBERT RYAN • ZACHARY SCOTT
in "Born to be Bad"

and JOAN LESLIE • MEL FERRER

Produced by Robert Sparks • Directed by Nicholas Ray • Screenplay by Edith Sommer
NEWSREEL

Unpredictable Peter Lawford dining at Felix Young's with Michele Farmer, the daughter of Gloria Swanson.

Dan Dailey and his wife, with Dan's agent, Al Maltz, at Ciro's. Dan's currently in "My Blue Heaven."

Dick Powell and his wife, June Allyson, who's expecting the Edgar Bergen at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The Powells are both in "The Pecks return from England on Queen Elizabeth—Greg, his wife, Greta, Jonathan, 5½, Stephen, 3½. Greg made "Captain Horatio Hornblower" over there.
Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield examine tickets for "The Glass Menagerie" preview.


Here The Sidewalk Ends," with Gene Tierney, and his ad on the skaters during performance at "Icecapades."

Peter Lawford, mum on Sharman Douglas, escorts Ruth Roman to "The Glass Menagerie."

Evelyn Keyes and Bill Dozier, a constant duo, at a special screening of "The Men."
Geary Steffen and Jane Powell having fun with a Disney character at the "Icecapades." Jane is expecting a visit from the long legged bird.

Interest in the problems of the paraplegics brought Diana Lj and husband, John Lindsay, to the private showing of "The Men.

Another couple enjoying the "Icecapades" are Paul Brinkman and Jeanne Crain. They're also on the stork's list—it'll be their third child.


Jane Wyman, star of "The Glass Menagerie," attended the preview of her latest Warner Brothers film with boy friend, Clark Hardwicke.

Jane Russell and her pro football playing husband, Bob Waterfield, on their arrival at "The Men." Jane's in "His Kind Of Woman."
By Kirk Douglas

The trouble with women is that their sense of values is all wrong. Whatever put the idea in a woman’s head that if she outshines a man in any activity or endeavor she is greatly enhanced, more desirable and more romantic in his eyes? Does she ever consider male pride and the whole psychology of male ego?

A girl can beat my ears down at tennis and, sure, I take it. But I can’t imagine a guy going out with a woman who makes more money than he does, who has a more important job than he has. I couldn’t take it dating a girl who makes as much money as I do, let alone more. I want to be the man—the one who provides, protects and shoulders responsibilities. Sure, it’s all right for women to fight for what they want. No man wants a docile, meek, spiritless woman, but he does want a female woman so he can be a he-male man.

“The way it’s going, women have only themselves to blame for their unromantic lives and (Please turn to page 61)
"Any man knows that as soon as he gives in to a woman she doesn't want whatever it was anyway."

Kirk firmly believes that women basically do not hanker for equality with men.

Kirk, Lauren Bacall in "Young Man With A Horn." "A woman should look after a man."


Kirk and Jane in "Glass Menagerie." Says he, "A man's only motive in marrying is for love."
Ida shows Mala Powers (back to camera) how to begin scene for "Outrage" wherein Mala tries to elude attentions of Jerry Paris.

The scene is shot, with Mala on her own after director Lupino's demonstration. Now, a heavy wrench figures in the proceedings.

IDA LUPINO, who has distinguished herself in Hollywood directorial circles with two pictures already, is about to come up with a third, "Outrage," for RKO release. Forthright Ida has chosen a script equally forthright, for this story deals with the rape of a young girl and its serious psychological effect on her. Again, Ida combines forces with Collier Young, her producer-husband. They are partners of Filmakers, under whose banner the new Lupino-directed picture is being made. Thespians are almost never credited with the brains to do anything but memorize lines, and directors supposedly are awful actors, but Ida is an exception to both old adages.

Ida and members of the technical crew plan out a forthcoming take.

Checking her next scene through camera. Mala is seated by her.
Ida has instructed Mala how to fake a blow on side of Jerry's head with the wrench without actually demolishing fellow actor.

An expert judge of the drama and timing that add up to a powerful scene, Ida critically surveys the results of her direction.

Long discussions about lighting, makeup, other production details went on between Ida and Collier Young in rest intervals.
Corporation Hope is unlike any in the world because it has a soul, lavishly supplied by the warm-hearted Bob Hope.


TO COUNT a few famous noses, I will of course start with Cyrano de Bergerac. I'll then skip a few years and name several contemporaries, which will include "Schmozzle" Durante's two-way stretch, W. C. Field's Neon Nose, and also the late John Barrymore's classic beak, which he dipped deep into the cup of life.

However, the real proboscis is the one that grew on Bob Hope. It is the only nose on record that has been subdivided. Everyone has a chunk of it, including the Cleveland Indians. Paramount has the first lien on it. Jimmie Sappher and Louie Schurr, his agents, get their respective per cents.

An oil man by the name of Moncrief, from Fort Worth, Texas, when all signs had failed, called upon Hope and his magic nose. Bob went down to Scurry County, sniffed a few locations and said, "You can't miss if you sink a well here." Sure enough, they hit a gusher, so now he is considered a pretty fair geologist. Dolores, his beautiful wife, has been rubbing noses with him for the past fift-
Bob with Lucille Ball, his co-star in "Fancy Pants." They kidded each other throughout. He devotes himself unsparring to each personal appearance, like this with Jack Benny.

Bob, Alan Ladd. Hope's safe holds all his pictures, scripts since Bob came to Hollywood.

ten years. She still retains her own classic profile, so you can see that there is no danger of catching a nose like this one.

After a few years Bob became so attached to his nose that he formed a corporation, and called it Hope Enterprises. The entire Hope clan bought into it. Also a few close friends, such as Bing Crosby and Dave Butler. I guess they figured that anyone that could run a disaster into a dividend would be a good guy to tag along with.

Legally, a corporation is not supposed to have a soul, but this one is the exception. The nucleus of it is two of the biggest hearts in the entire world, namely Bob and Dolores. At the foot of their family tree you will find four little children, all adopted. Linda, Tony, Kelly and Nora. When the two little fellows came into the household, Tony and Linda were henceforth known as the "old folks." They didn't seem to mind. On the nurse's day off they did their share of baby sitting. Linda can even show you the proper way to fold a diaper. Just like an ordinary household where there are older brothers and sisters, who help their mother when the family increases.

Linda is her dad's number one fan. When she hears his buzz at the electrically-controlled entry gate, she whips off to meet him so she can get a (Please turn to page 58)

By

Mildred

MacArthur
Julie London rebuffs the advances of Dick Eagan in "Return Of The Frontiersman."

Dick isn't one to be brushed off easily and Julie, scared and on verge of hysteria, screams for help.

Gordon's a two-fisted fight- ing man in the exciting film.

Although he's in Julie's bad graces, Gordon, the sheriff's son, comes to her aid.

ALTHOUGH he's enjoyed considerable success as a radio singer, Gordon MacRae knew he never would be completely happy until he had a fling at acting—a yen he's had ever since he left school. Other crooners made good when they'd turned their talents to histrionics, so why couldn't he? His chance came when Warners offered him a contract. Of the five films he's made, only two were musicals. In his latest, "Return Of The Frontiersman," he goes Western. Some day he'd like to do a comedy. Of course, he hasn't deserted radio, but it's his movie career that has him all hepped up.

Gordon MacRae and Julie London in a romantic scene in Warner Bros.' "Return Of The Frontiersman."
I have always thought that a boy who makes a date and then "stands up" a girl is, to put it mildly, a cad and a bounder! According to Dale, my father, those are decadent terms of expression, but if there is one thing I hate—it is a phoney!

Since I am barely sixteen, it is quite apparent that I am not an authority on men. But since I am in pictures I find myself being interviewed on many subjects. I have, however, had dates with boys as young as fourteen to as old as twenty-four. So I am forming some very decided views on what I love and hate in men, based on my own experience.

Everyone warned me that I'd have a big crush on Farley Granger. Now he is a wonderful, sweet guy, and when we first worked together in "Roseanna McCoy" I fully expected to swoon in our love scenes. But Farley was so friendly that my heart behaved as a fourteen-year-old's should.

Farley unexpectedly proved to be my first real hero—outside of my father. On the last day of shooting location scenes for Samuel Goldwyn's "Roseanna McCoy," Farley and I were running up and down the rocks when I made a wrong turn and the pistol he was carrying went off. The full charge of powder hit my wrist. Farley's concern was one of the most wonderful things that ever happened to me. My arm was bleeding—but numb. I was rushed to the hospital and Farley stood faithfully by.

There were no florist shops open so Farley looked all over the tiny town and finally scrounged some fresh peach blossoms. They were there when I came out of the anaesthetic. And so was Farley. "You had to have flowers," was his explanation. I shall never forget the anxiety and concern in his eyes, and in his voice when he said, "Can you ever forgive me? It was all my fault."

Of course, it wasn't. It was an accident, but I loved his sense of responsibility and I hope I fall in love with a man someday who will be as sensitive as he. Farley later gave me a silver bracelet with an inscribed medallion. I know that I am lucky not to have fallen in love, because I now realize that he thinks of me more as a kid sister.

Already I am being asked when I may marry. With Shirley Temple, Jane Powell and Elizabeth Taylor becoming engaged at seventeen—everyone says I'm next. To my way of thinking, age will have nothing to do with it. It's when the right person comes along. So far I have yet to fall in love. I've had crushes, but that's all. My father, Dale, is my ideal—and, well, it will be very hard for any boy to measure up to him.

I have always called my father Dale and my mother Katherine. Both are well established writers and they are very intelligent and stimulating people.

Father is very handsome. He resembles Ronald Colman. He is not very tall but his carriage and poise are such that he seems tall. Dale is always beautifully (Please turn to page 65)
Ever since the days when Vera-Ellen was one of Broadway's busiest musical comedy dancers, she has admired veteran hoofer Fred Astaire and hoped to be able to work with him. To modest Vera, however, the chance of ever being teamed with her idol seemed very remote. But now that she is one of filmdom's top dancers, Vera deserves only the best. Astaire is her partner in MGM's new musical, "Three Little Words."
Why I Had To Change

"Now I find I get a glow when I make a sincere effort to overcome my reserve," says Yvonne De Carlo.
If you haven't the courage to change, I don't think you are brave enough for this world. To be perfectly honest, I had to alter a great many things in and around myself. This isn't patting myself on the back. I just couldn't put up indefinitely with what I had. Now I'm firmly convinced we should accept nothing as a decision of fate. My own experiences have taught me we must think through on how we want to live. Then we ought to scheme, and redirect our ways, to escape what's frustrating us.

If I want something to happen, I can't forget it, nor fool myself with sorry substitutes. I follow my inner urge to figure out how I can make it be. I switch systems. That's why I've never been neatly cataloged. I never stay the same too long. Purposefully, I'm not a placid person, would dread being one.

When I came to Hollywood, after graduating from high school in Vancouver, I had adolescent ideas. I was an eager dancer who could sing, besides. I wanted the moon on my own terms, quickly. Fame, and a story-book romance, were to be automatic rewards, somehow, someway. I found out, as I grew up mentally and emotionally, that the real side of life is far more demanding, and exciting. It is a series of new steps, and a hesitant heart is a foolish loser.

I had to earn my living, but I wasn't at all content with the tap and Spanish and South American numbers with which I started in night clubs here. Persistence paid off. Paramount noticed me in them and I imagined I was set.

If, like me, you prefer listening to the challenges of adventure, instead of dozing, dully and suppressed, you are headed for big disappointments, also. But I'd rather be jolted than become bitter from routine. I had to change from an overly sensitive girl into a woman who could take the cold rejections that are half of living. I had been signed as a threat to Dorothy Lamour, who'd refused to play in any more sarong pictures. While they were grooming me for her spot, she relented and returned. So the dazzling screen debut I'd expected was a mirage. I was assigned to humble film tests with actors being considered for roles. Then I was fired.

My adolescent notions about easy success collapsed. I'm glad. After that I never wasted another minute on daydreaming. I realized good luck can't be commanded, that plain, old-fashioned preparation is one's best ally.

Ace director-producer Billy Wilder thought I had possibilities and sent me to his agent, who, in turn, had his assistant take me around to other studios. At Universal they were searching for a "wolf woman" and tested me. While waiting in the casting department for the news as to whether I was menacing enough, and I wasn't, I was seen by Walter Wanger. He was looking for an unknown to star (Please turn to page 61)
Bob finds Faith desirable but about as docile as a wildcat.

Her moods soon become increasingly violent and irrational.

He thought he would escape danger but actually goes toward it with Faith.

As they battle, Bob is fully aware of error of casting in his lot with her.

Though Bob, as a doctor, has noted Faith’s erratic behavior, he’s been too enamored to foresee its danger.

THE struggle going on here between Faith Domergue and Robert Mitchum is the ultimate result of an ill-fated romance in RKO's “Where Danger Lives.” Bewitched by beauteous Faith, Bob has abandoned a promising doctor's career and a more reliable sweetheart, Maureen O'Sullivan, to flee with Faith after the murder of her husband. Bob thinks he's responsible until he really gets to know Faith's secret self.

What The Doctor Didn’t Order
A female Russian officer is someone an American in Europe might care even less to meet than her male counterpart. That is why Captain Janet Leigh is something of a surprise to John Wayne in "Jet Pilot." From these shots of Janet, though, you can see that he will easily survive, she being the most delectable member of the military ever to come out from behind the Iron Curtain.

Officer Leigh thaws out after a long Russian Winter and reveals some warmer characteristics of Cold War.

Left: When not in Army uniform Janet wears some alluring costumes expressly ordered for her by Director Josef von Sternberg, who wanted to stress her beauty of face and figure.

Right: Hostilities take place briefly, RKO head Howard Hughes, has kept "Jet Pilot" plot a dark secret from all but those closely concerned in filming the Technicolor opus.
If You're About To Be Married-

"A woman should make her man happy!" And Corinne Calvet tells why she thinks so and how it's done

Corinne is with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in the riotous new Hal Wallis comedy, "My Friend Irma Goes West."

By Alice L. Tildesley

She was a tomboy, but changed her ways when first beau came along. Here, on steed Lewis.

Right: "My mother explained to me that marriage should be romantic and beautiful, and that it is the woman's duty to make it so."

Below: Siren Calvet and funnyman Lewis enrols the "Irma" location. Corinne deplores co-educational schooling as a damper on romance.
seemed always my mother, too. My brother and three sisters are all happily married now, as I am. There has never been a divorce in our family, and there never will be!

French children go to school together until they are ten; then, no more mixed classes, for co-education makes friends or buddies of the sexes, which Corinne believes is bad for romance.

"They see one another at the awkward age, observe that this one seems stupid, that one slightly ridiculous, the other flies into tempers; they know the worst about each other and lose respect. Being separated builds up mystery, and in youth, mystery is romantic. I remember I used to send little notes and stand by my window to wave at boy friends, all very exciting, because forbidden.

"When I was thirteen, my important moment was five o'clock, when I could put on lipstick and powder, fix my hair and walk very slowly down the street so that my boy friend could join me to walk me home from school. Because no boys were at our elbows all day, we had to use our heads to attract them, and that made life interesting."

Corinne was fourteen when war came. The French children who were fourteen when war broke out had no youth. Suddenly they were twenty, facing each other as man and woman. Suddenly, there was no good food, no fine clothes, no parties, no dancing. All that parents could give their children was a little joy and a little freedom. The teenagers were permitted to go off on bicycles for weekend picnics. What kept them straight, Corinne is sure, was their Catholic religion which made confession mandatory. "I must tell somebody about this," a girl would think, and she would not do what she could not tell.

Corinne be- (Please turn to page 67)
"IF YOU'RE honest with yourself first, you can't help being honest with other people!"

To see an idea catch Lizabeth Scott's quick mind is like watching an agreeable, ash-blonde panther push a bunny around. You know she's just playing with it now: she could tear it to pieces if she wanted to.

In random talk, we'd come to the question of whether a girl can be honest in love. Liz says "Yes," absolutely and positively; the rules on how to get your man say "No"—definitely.

Three years have made great changes in this vibrant girl who was starred in the first picture she made. She's absorbed three years of intensive training in the mechanics of her business as an important player just as a thirsty sponge soaks up water.

With the completion of "Dark City," a Hal Wallis production for Paramount release, she's gained new dramatic stature as well. When "Pitfall," "Interference" and "Too Late For Tears" (all made on loan-out to other studios) were seen, she became an actress to be reckoned with. Her schedule has been heavy and, frankly, she's tired, a little jittery; a short rest is just what she needs.

But you all know the rules about how to get your man. As Liz says, they're flung at you—along with "How To Be Popular," "How To Be Glamourous"—from the printed page every day of your life.

For instance, if he's the serious type, you—though life is real and life is earnest—must be giddy and gay and win him by degrees. If he's sophisticated, you must whet his jaded appetite by being enthusiastic about every little thing and win him by subtlety.

And if he's the he-man type, you win him by your helpless femininity, even though you can swing an ax with one hand. If he's a chaser, you must treat him like a dog and make him so jealous he'll take pot-shots at you and all your gentlemen friends.

Above all, if he's just a big kid, you'll kill yourself laughing at all his corny jokes—so he marries you as the biggest gag of all.

Roughly, these are the rules. But to make (Please turn to page 62)

"The Wall Outside" for RKO, with Dennis O'Keefe. She says, "The rules work all right. But after you've gotten a man that way, do you really want him?"
The rules on how to get your man say no, but Lizabeth Scott has another answer.

Several times she would have married, but for frank soul searching.

Lizabeth has just finished "Dark City," a Hal Wallis production.
What Linda Has Done For Ty

By living primarily for her husband, Linda Christian has given Tyrone Power self-confidence and a new aim in life.

Ty and Linda in London. Her ability to make home for him any place is her biggest success.

By Robert Peer

"Just another romance," commented the skeptics about Tyrone Power and Linda Christian. That was in 1947. Their backgrounds were too different, it was claimed. Linda was European. Tyrone's first marriage to Annabella, another European, had ended in divorce. He wouldn't make the same mistake twice. Also, they said his restlessness would never be cured, and even if it could be, Ty just didn't want to change. And, finally, he would never again marry a career girl.

A year later, when Linda and Tyrone announced their engagement, the same voices still kept proclaiming their doubts. And even when Linda and Ty got married in Rome, in the Spring of 1949, they agreed: Linda was smart enough to get Tyrone—but she would never keep him.

To those who believed in rumors, three months after the wedding the predictions seemed to come true. Called to Meknes, French Morocco, to start work in "The Black Rose," Tyrone left Linda behind alone in Rome. Quickly, columnists broadcasted that Linda and Ty had separated because their marriage had gone on the rocks. Actually, Linda wasn't permitted to follow her husband till two weeks after he had taken off by plane for North Africa. Having lived in Mexico and accepted that country's citizenship before coming to Hollywood, Linda had to wait for a special visa which proved more difficult to get than Tyrone's—two weeks more difficult!

But the ugly rumors kept persisting—all the way to Africa, England, France, where Linda lost her baby, back to the United States and finally to the Philippines. When it became known that Linda had gone to Hong Kong for a couple of weeks while Tyrone was making "An American Guerrilla In The Philippines," again it was said she and Ty had broken
up for good; that Tyrone was going on alone to play the title role in "Mr. Roberts" in London as soon as he finished the picture.

So much for the rumors. Now let us look at the facts. Linda and Ty never had an argument more serious than the little, everyday disagreements 99 couples out of 100 have experienced everywhere in the world. What about other reasons given by skeptics before their marriage? Linda’s European background only intrigued Tyrone. Her career she gave up gladly. She tried neither to “reform” Tyrone, nor keep him from travelling. On the contrary, Linda has become a most enthusiastic travelling companion.

During their eighteen months of married life, Linda has given Tyrone a feeling of security, responsibility, self-confidence—and a new aim in life. She has made a home for him wherever they went—Italy, Austria, the Sahara Desert, the Philippine jungle.

Once again Tyrone has found himself. His restlessness is gone. He knows what Linda has done for him, even if the world doesn’t. That’s why they have remained together. Become one of Hollywood’s most happily married couples. The rumors will go on—but so will the Tyrone Powers. Gossips are always in search of drama—even if they have to make it up.

Linda’s biggest success has been in making a home for Tyrone in the four corners of the world. Whether sightseeing in Bavaria or locationing in the Philippines, she has devoted all her time and efforts to fixing up his living quarters, seeing that he gets the right kind of food, taking care of all the little tasks that can make life easy and pleasant, or difficult and aggravating.

Sometimes she had servants to help her. More often she has had to do everything herself—not an easy task for a woman used to maids, cooks and governesses.

Realizing that (Please turn to page 68)
Her Strange Desire

Florence Marly, born Hana Smekalova in Czechoslovakia, is one of Hollywood's most exotic personalities. Currently making "The Highwayman" for Allied Artists, Florence, following huge success in French and South American films, made her American debut with Ray Milland in "Sealed Verdict." She followed this playing opposite Humphrey Bogart in "Tokyo Joe." She loves Westerns. It is her desire that soon she will play in one, let glamour fall where it may, for primarily she's an actress.

Many believe that Florence looks like a young Garbo, not only in appearance but in talent, as well. She's friendly, however.

Would you let Your Man take the first flight to the Moon?

IT'S CLOSER THAN YOU THINK! Rocket experts say that in our lifetime the moon-trip will be made exactly as you see it in this tense, believable picture! Will you have to say woman's most heart-breaking good-bye? Will your man take off on man's adventure into tomorrow? (2 years in the making—the picture you've been reading about.)

DESTINATION MOON

Produced by GEORGE PAL. Directed by IRVING PICHÉL. Screenplay by RIP VAN RONKEL, ROBERT HEINLEIN and JAMES O'HANLON
As Luis, Mel blows his top when his life suddenly is filled with disillusionment.

Eugene Iglesias, who plays role of Pepe, Luis' younger brother, in saga of bullring.

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Be the girl who's heaven to kiss. Try Irresistible Lipstick and instantly your lips are lovelier...more inviting, more exciting to kiss! For Irresistible Lipstick is softer, creamier, easier to apply. Whip-ten for the smoother, longer-lasting color you find only in Irresistible!

There's romance in the air when you wear heart-stirring 39¢

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Look years younger today!

**Nestle Colortint** blends in Graying Hair

adds deeper, richer, more lasting color

More than a rinse, but not a dye...

Every age is a glamour age when hair gleams with younger, more natural-looking color! Triple-strength Colortint is safer...easier to use than a dye. No patch tests needed! It lasts thru a shampoo, yet it lathers out when you want it to.
"The Brave Bulls" Gets Under Way

As Luis Bello, ace matador in "The Brave Bulls," Mel Ferrer has one of the most sought-after roles in years. Film is being made in Mexico.

YOU'LL ADORE THIS
Heavenly Fragrant
COOLING TALC!

Ah, how glamorous, how deliciously cool you are when you shower yourself from head to toe with Mavis Talc!

This exquisitely fine imported talc is perfumed with the alluring fragrance of roses, jasmine, and sweet peas.

It's a heavenly bouquet!

And Mavis caresses your skin to satin softness... absorbs moisture... helps prevent chafing. You look and feel like a cool, sweet angel!

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COLORINSE YOUR HAIR to Shining Glory
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One minute to use Nestle Colorinse can make a thrilling difference in your looks and in your life!

Men adore the gorgeous, natural-looking color Nestle Colorinse secretly gives. Reveals dazzling natural lustre.

Rinse in! Shampoos out! No other way glorifies your hair so quickly, so easily, so safely. Ten enchanting shades.

Insist on genuine Colorinse... made only by Nestle.

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ADDs COLOR...LUSTRE...HIGHLIGHTS

6 times 25¢
AFTER watching Jimmy Cagney be his exciting, ruthless self again in the recent "White Heat," moviegoers begged for another such thriller, with the lovably contemptible guy, before too long a wait. He'd been making so few pictures lately. Their pleas were soon answered, for "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," Jimmy's latest melodrama, has all of the stirring ingredients that made "White Heat" and other Cagney classics surefire entertainment.

As Ralph Cotter, Jimmy's college professor gone wrong. He escapes from prison farm, leads hectic life of crime.

Jimmy weds Helena Carter, cast as daughter of multi-millionaire in action-packed film.

Jimmy gets pushing around from Ward Bond, crooked detective, in "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye."

He gives Barbara Peyton a rough time. He outsmarts the law for a time; then is killed.
NEW HOME FACIAL

Look lovelier in 10 days...or your money back!
Read these 4 simple steps developed by a doctor

- No need for a lot of elaborate preparations...no complicated rituals! With one cream, you can cleanse...help protect...and help heal!

Yes, here's a wonderful aid to more beautiful-looking skin. Now, you can help your complexion look not only softer and smoother, but fresher, too...with just one dainty, snow-white cream—greaseless Noxzema. And the way to use it is as quick and easy as washing your face. It's the new Noxzema Home Facial—and it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back!

**Here's All You Do**
A skin doctor developed this new Noxzema Home Facial. When it was tested on 181 girls and women, 4 out of 5 showed marked skin improvement—in 2 weeks or less! The secret? Noxzema is a unique medicated formula—a marvelous oil-and-moisture emulsion.

Noxzema not only helps supply a light film of oil and moisture to the skin's outer surface...but it helps heal externally-caused blemishes,* too. That's why daily use of Noxzema, in this easy Home Facial, can help your skin look lovelier, too!

**Morning—Step 1—**Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "cream-wash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse well and dry gently with a clean towel. "Cream-washing" cleanses so thoroughly, Why, Noxzema even smells clean!

**Step 2—**After drying, smoothly apply a light film of greaseless Noxzema for your make-up foundation. This invisible film of Noxzema not only holds make-up beautifully, but it also helps to protect your skin—helps protect it all day!

**Evening—Step 3—**At bedtime, "cream-wash" again with Noxzema. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's accumula-

**Money Back Offer!** Try the new Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If your skin doesn't show real improvement, return your jar of Noxzema, with the unused contents, to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Get Noxzema today. 40¢, 60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.

* Blemishes—Charm School Director Patricia Vance of Chicago, Ill., says, "I've used Noxzema for years for blemishes* and for cleansing. I've found it such an excellent and reliable all-purpose cream that I recommend it to my students!"

**Dry Skin—**"The new Noxzema Home Facial is wonderful," says Colleen Nelson of Sacramento, Cal. "It helped make my skin look softer and smoother and was extremely helpful in relieving a very dry condition. And it feels so refreshing, too!"

Fashion Selection #187 Beautiful Francey Lane (above), star of NBC television show "Easy Does It," is wearing a Dan Gertsman block plaid ensemble of all wool. Looks like homespun. Knitted ribbed woolen collar, cuffs and waist band. In brown and blue, or red and green plaid combinations—both beige trimmed. Sizes 9 to 15 or 10 to 18. At about $18.00.

Fashion Selections

by

Kay Brunell

FOR INFORMATION where to purchase your fashion selections on these pages in or near your city, write to Kay Brunell, Fashion Editor, Screenland, 444 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
Fashion Selection #190 Francey (left) travels in a Fashion Towne suit of oxford grey. Tailored of Susquehanna fabric—100 percent new wool. Dark, medium or light grey. Sizes 9 to 15 or 10 to 18. About $30.00.

Francey's new and durable luggage is Samsonite. It's modern and it's streamlined. It was made for hard knocks and comes in young, bright, original colors. At reasonable prices.

Fashion Selection #189 Pert Francey (above) studies the world in a frock of pin whale corduroy—a Betty Barclay design. Smartly trimmed with large brass hooks and eyes. Collar may be worn open or closed. Has short sleeves and narrow matching belt. In green, red, copper or grey. 9 to 15—about $13.00.

Francey Lane's Hats are by Dani—Shoes by Wahl—Gloves by Wear-Right—Makeup, Westmore Cosmetics.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT ROCKFIELD
Ginger Rogers Wears
A Screenland Selection

Kay Brunell selects this fashion from the picture "Storm Warning," soon to be released by Warner Bros.

Fashion Selection  #191 Ginger Rogers is pictured (right) in the Bedford Dress Company's adaptation of the original dress she wears in the film "Storm Warning." The sleeveless three-quarter-length jacket has a full flared back. A smooth slimming pencil skirt accentuates the jacket's fullness. Suit is fashioned from a Cohama fabric of blended wool and rayon. The 100 percent worsted woolen jersey blouse is vest-type with self-covered buttons. Suit available in black background with yellow, red, blue or green checks and comes in sizes 10 to 18 for $19.95. The blouse is available in black only and comes in sizes 10 to 18 for $8.75. For a list of stores in or near your city where you may purchase this fashion see page 70 in this issue.

Ginger Rogers (below) as she appears in the film, with Stuart Randall.
Bedford does a "double take"

starring
Cohama's rayon
Bonnie
Brook
Houndstooth

A. The Buttoned-front Beauty, bound in braid.
Slim as a cigarette holder, and just as chic. $16.95
B. Shirtwaist dress de-luxe, glamour-touched with velvet. Wonderfully flattering to wear! $14.95
BOTH in RED, GREEN, ROYAL, SIZES 10 to 20

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Meet The Prexy
Of Ski-Nose, Inc.

Continued from page 27

fifty-yard ride from the gate to the house. He opens the car door for her, and she slides across the seat and snuggles up close to him. Bob's car is her Pumpkin Coach.

While this is going on, Tony tries to be nonchalant. He continues to ride his bike (so fond of it), or his father's benefit. To make his act complete he says, "Hi, Dad." That's all, but you should hear him brag when Bob isn't around.

Kelly, the tiny boy, looks like a small edition of the late Irvin S. Cobb. He has more hats than Winston Churchill. He appears with various ones at odd times during the day. Sometimes it is a Mexican sombrero, later a jockey cap, or it might be an old baseball cap, or a discarded beret. No hat is sacred or safe, and they don't have to fit. He peers out from under the strangest creations, waiting for his laughs.

Nora looks and acts like an angel that has been caught in a butterfly net. Don't be deceived. She can extricate herself from anything, by just saying, "Please." Her favorite dish is ice cream which, by the way, is Bob's too. Hers is served in small portions, so she can ask for her seconds and thirds. It is a real production, as Bob says.

By now I am sure that people must know that Bob is very funny without a script in sight. He is also intensely human.

The War's been over now for some years, but the boys that he visited overseas, on every front, still bombarded him with trophies, letters and mementos of the various places where he pumped his nose, when the going was really tough.

In fact, one of the reasons for his huge new offices, adjoining his home in North Hollywood, was to build a suitable place to house his gifts, which continue to come in. The day that he was shown the completed edifice, he tripped from room to room and appraised the inlaid floors, the deep fireplace, the trophy cases, the bookshelves and the large glass windows looking out into the yard where he intends to put his putting green. He settled down long enough to pull a Hope classic. From behind his new desk, one of the biggest ever made, he surveyed the entire room, slowly shook his head and said, "Nobody can be this rich."

While this was going on, his secretary, Marjorie Hughes, came in and coaxed.

"Now, Mr. Hope, while I have you for a few seconds, I'd like to show you the combination to the safe." As he stood there with her, memorizing the combination, he cracked, "Wouldn't Milton Berle love to know this?"

His vault, twenty by fifteen, holds all of his scripts, gags, recordings and pictures since his arrival in Hollywood. His doctor, Tom Hearn, and his boyhood friend from Cleveland, Charley Cooley, went into the files with him. At random they opened a few of the large envelopes. One marked Germany, showed the hor-
rors of the prisons. Emaciated bodies, piled high. Tortured, thin humans dragging the lucky dead to the kilns to be burned. Bob made a wry face and said with great humility, and sadness, “Brothers, I saw a lot of stuff over there that really made me sick. Walls with finger nail scratches, and human flesh and hair strewn about. I guess it’s a good thing that time makes people forget.” This clown is a very solid, citizen.

The group that went through the files is typical of the man. He never outgrows a locale, or changes an old friend for a new one. His home is his castle, and he prowls over each inch of it upon his return from his forays into the far and troubled places. He greets the gateman, his three secretaries, the cook, the butler and the various maids and gardeners. Not just hello. Each one gets his own separate greeting. He even puts his arms around the dog’s neck, and kneels down to ask him how they’ve been treating him during his absence.

Charley Cooley was his pal in school, so Charley works for him now. Tom Hearn was his doctor when he first came here, so to Bob, Dr. Hearn is all of the Mayo Brothers done up in a package deal. His secretary is still the same one he started with. Wherever he speaks to her he says, “She’s great. Really great.” Even if you are new to your job at Hope’s you are still in for consideration.

A glowing example of this was the day that the new laundress, unfamiliar with the bus schedule, found herself standing on the corner in front of the house for what promised to be a forty-five minute wait. Bob was on his way to his broadcast. He drove out the gate, drew up beside her and said, “Hollywood?”

Every night is Christmas at Bob’s. There is a watchman on duty at all times. Seldom does a night pass that several people don’t come, bearing gifts. Just before Easter, Bob Cobb, of the Brown Derby, sent him a ham. Dolores was at Palm Springs with the children, so Bob was holding down the fort. The ham sounded like a good idea, so he saw no reason for waiting until Easter morning breakfast. So on his way to bed he left the ham in the kitchen, with a note for Katherine, the cook. It read, “Call me at 9:30, Ham for breakfast?”

When he came down the next morning he rubbed his hands together and said, “Ham?”

Katherine looked at him sadly and said, “Mr. Hope, this is Good Friday.”

“So it is,” laughed Bob. “Not even cannibals eat meat today.”

This same Katherine asked him for tickets to one of his broadcasts. He obliged. One day he got around to asking her how she liked his show.

Without any hesitation she said, “Wonderful, wonderful, Mr. Hope. You are the only picture star I ever saw who looks worse on the stage than you do at home.”

She is still on the staff, so you see he can take it too.

When Bob and Dolores are preparing to take off on one of their junkets, cross-country, to Europe, or to South America, the household takes on the aspect of a comic version of “The Snake Pit.” Noth-

Are you in the know?

When shaking hands do you think it’s smooth to—

Remove your mitt or apologize for same?

‘Tain’t fittin’, kitten! A lady’s gloves should “stay put.” At least ‘til she’s seated in the theatre, or at a restaurant table. To stay hand-in-glove with confidence on “trying” days—put certain worries out of mind.

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Which color compliments a suntan?

- Orange
- Chartreuse
- Cerise

To flatter your suntan — thumbs down on all three answers above (fooled you!). Choose cool hues; blues, for instance. White out-wows them all. And on certain days, it pays to be choosy—about sanitary protection. Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies (different sizes, for different days), so you can select what’s best for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super. Each has a special safety center—for your extra protection.

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Why I Had To Change

Continued from page 37

as Salome. After at least a dozen tests and two and a half months of suspense, I got the part and have been at U-I ever since.

I must honestly add that I haven't stopped changing since.

With the money from my film career, I've bought a home and traveled as treats to myself.

I'd always lived in rented rooms or crowded apartments, and yearned passionately for roots. When I began my contract I moved into a motel right across the street from the studio. Then, as soon as I could, I gave myself a new deal in living conditions. I bought a house for my mother and at last I had some roots. Only now that I seem old enough to her to live alone, she has gone East and I have the house to myself. An aunt and her son, my favorite cousin who thoughtfully attends to details I can't catch up with and is my companion on my trips to Europe, are often welcome visitors.

It's such a wonderful feeling to be able to come back to my own place. This is invariably the true climax to going away. This privacy awaiting me still looms like a miracle. Atmosphere is very important to me, so furnishing it has intrigued me. At first I bought all modern things, for they were all I could afford. But I like antiques better, so I have been collecting them, and, amazingly, they blend beautifully. Whenever I travel I find another stunning antique, and have it grated and headed home. It's true that someone in Iran sent me a valuable rug, not as a gift, and that I redecorated my living-room wholly around it. Why not change on receiving such a present?

However, because the house was intended for Mother, it isn't what I'd pick out for myself. So I intend to change my residence, moving to a place where I can keep horses. Along with a stable, I want a swimming pool. I have my eyes on five acres of hillside up in secluded Coldwater Canyon, above Beverly. There are rugged trees on that property, which has a marvelous mountainous mood. When I move my roots, all my beloved antiques will go with me. If I make this particular choice, I can revel in my own bit of nature, not be restricted by a lawn and a garden.

At the risk of sounding corny, I love nature. Wandering around in the hills, riding or hiking, is the outdoor exhilaration I miss in movies. I've aced the Hollywood habit of seeing the new plays each year in Manhattan, but New York City makes me nervous. Its noise and fast pace gradually make me too tense. So, if I can have a home in the middle of nature, I'll be so happy!

The fabulous sights of our earth are the magnets drawing me out of Hollywood. I first began traveling by driving back to Canada, up the thousand-mile Pacific Coast. The Redwood Highway in Northern California, and the forests of Oregon are breathtaking. Then I began driving out of New York to see the countryside. Flying overseas to Europe means a fantastic introduction to foreign lands, and I changed into a regular traveler abroad the minute I could. I have my car shipped across the Atlantic. I changed from street-car to bus to cheap car to Cadillac convertible to my present English MG roadster, which is exactly the right size for European touring. It looks so silly when my cousin straps thirteen pieces of luggage on it. You'd be sure we'd topple over backwards, but we don't. We climbed a winding highway to the top of the highest mountain in Austria, loaded that way. All that baggage contains the two wardrobes I have to cart along. I take clothes for two people, my glamorous and my gypsy self. When my cousin and I are in Rome, Paris, or London, or any of the fashionable resorts, I dully wear what moviegoers suppose a Hollywood person should. I owe that to my profession. But when we are out of the cities, where I won't be recognized, I'm casually comfortable in pedal-pushers, a sweater, and not even a trace of makeup.

As fascinating as the capitals of the world have seemed to me, with all their history, magnificent architecture, and cosmopolitan elegance, I think it might be more restful to linger for a few months in some of the small, quaint European towns I have seen. They have all the old world charm, and no bustle to hurry you.

This is one of the real joys of travel, stumbling upon the surprises the world holds for us. So many things I imagined must be great—weren't! We presume so much that isn't so, and we're apt to go on, deluded forever, if we don't really start to travel. What does Iran mean to you, for instance? Does Persia, today, seem mostly a desert, with oil pipelines stretching over sunbaked plains? I was dumbfounded and delighted with Northern Iran. Especially along the Caspian Sea, it's a gorgeous fairyland, scenically. I've never seen a greener countryside. Thanks to the manner in which picture schedules are constantly juggled, I never can plan far ahead on my trips. But I get ready to take off by plane when I can. I've learned to be prepared this way for everything in life. I used to fancy I could live without planning for impulsiveness.

Since I have shopped in Paris, and have seen that I do have more flair in a Jacques Fath design than in a bargain hastily snatched from a rack in Bishop (the California mountain town where I used to vacation when I couldn't go no further), I no longer am careless about dressing appropriately right here in Hollywood. I no longer dash into the studio cafe in the first handy garment. I had to make this change, become style-conscientious, because after a woman is exposed to Paris finery she positively cannot hang onto poor taste.

One encounters unsuspected food delicacies in traveling. If you aren't horribly one-track, you try eating in Rome as the Romans do. Like the English, I now pour vinegar on my French fried...
potatoes. It adds a strangely beguiling flavor.

Of course, traveling has had a deeper effect. Since I have seen for myself the tremendous variety in our fellow men and women, I have changed into a tolerant human being. Now, before committing myself, I want to hear both sides of any matter. So many facts—aren't! So many attitudes and arguments are based only on sheer ignorance. And so I am finished with blind, provincial prejudices. When I don't know, I can admit it humbly, without chancing on absurd, false pride.

You may not be aware of it as I am, but I am changing from picture to picture. The three films I've done in black-and-white have been an advance into straight drama for me. I didn't depend on the flattery of color and glamorous costumes.

For the past three years I have had a marvelous coach. George Shdanoff is the mystery man in the background of a lot of other stars. He likes to remain there. But I claim it's time he should be given full credit for what he has done for us. He has taught me the fundamental technique of acting, how to distinguish first-class acting from the obvious gestures amateurs drift into.

Before I began studying with him, I was in a daze, I functioned on a set by instinct. Now, when I walk on, I am prepared. He and I have worked out the character's motives and mannerisms in our conferences. He has taught me to be flexible, too, since a director may decide to transpose lines and action. I can adjust on the set without forgetting the basic facets of the character. Now I know that everybody responds to the skillful performer, with whom nothing is accidental. Accidental actors are pitiful. They have to do each take differently, because they can't repeat artfully. They rely on inspiration, and lacking it are helpless. I was like that once.

I'm pleased now with some opportunities to inject good comedy touches. This ability to portray lighter moods is a deliberate attempt. I'll be thrilled when I can do a musical in modern clothes. In "The Desert Hawk" I'm once again the fairytale princess, but less reel, more real, I hope!

Singing good music is my ultimate career goal. I want to sing it both on the screen and in person in concerts. I always have done my own singing in pictures, but since dubbing is such a common occurrence few people have taken my singing as a vital part of the true me. Yet it is. The other day I had my palm read. The career line in my hand changes half-way through my life. I'm not astonished. I have been taking serious singing lessons for six years and plan giving my first concert quite soon. Outward change is always preceded by tentative and then continuous practice.

I certainly have had to change my ideas about marriage! I no longer think of it as a swooping up into the clouds. I've seen too many couples disillusioned. I'd like nothing better than the right man for a husband, but I just couldn't put up with the wrong one. He'll have to willingly give me a lot of freedom. I know I'll always want to develop my interests, and that I'll always be finding new ones. I could never wholly abandon the rest of the world, or the rest of myself. A good companion, as a lasting husband must be, would never ask that sacrifice.

Although I am still single, I have no desire to dominate the men I date. I'm not vain, not spoiled. I'm pliable, fitting in with a date's program with no compulsion to bend him to anything that bores him. I used to be extremely gullible. I have changed. Experience made me wiser! Now I'm sorry, but not schoolgirlishly shocked, if a man turns out to be a complete heel. I've learned never to be surprised, having been surprised sufficiently to get this way!

I date the type of man I like, someone who is self-assured, daring, unpredictable, and an interesting conversationalist. The silent ones aren't any more mysterious to me than the spineless, in-a-rut fellows. I don't want to be taken to night clubs or premières, but to a good restaurant for dinner. I like daytime dates to ride, swim, play tennis and fly.

When I marry, I bet I'll elope. Where onlookers are concerned, I'm my original, shy self. To me a wedding should be a private union. Until that moment arrives, I'm not going to settle down into domesticity. I do my own cooking at home, but make no production of it and eat out much more than I do in.

One more noticeable change might be worth mentioning, I have become much more sociable. All actresses wanting screen popularity theoretically dote on everyone who will admire them. I can't call everybody darling. I've always been extremely grateful for any enthusiasm about my work, but I've been disinterested in people in general. Happenings, not people, and places aroused my curiosity. When I was introduced to someone I resented rather than enjoyed the meeting. That goes back to an early fear of being disliked. Gradually I've become wiser along this line. Now I find I get a glow when I make a sincere effort to overcome my reserve.

To illustrate, my good friend, Rock Hudson, is so good-natured, likes to laugh, and keeps me bubbling. I am glad I didn't meet him with suspicion!

I believe we change for the better only when we understand what we are missing by stubbornly limiting ourselves.

___

**Can A Girl Be Honest?**

Continued from page 42

them work, you have to dress provocatively and always be just late enough for dates to make it intriguing. You have to play hard to get, too, and seem a lot busier than you really are. And don't forget that smile. Even though you've lost your job and next month's rent just isn't, don't forget that smile!

"But don't you see how dishonest all that is?" Liz demanded indignantly. "Oh, yes, the rules work all right! But after you've gotten a man that way, do you really want him? Do you really want the sort of person who's been won by deceit?

---

Phyllis Thaxter and Patricia Neal on set of "The Breaking Point," Warner thriller.
and trickery, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera?"

Liz's etceteras are a device of her rapid-fire brain to get from that point to the next very quickly.

"And does a man want to marry a girl who's been married in every relationship they've had since they met? So far, all he knows is an insincere, undependable and shiftless female who keeps him in constant turmoil. Is this the kind of woman he wants to spend the rest of his life with?"

"You must be honest in your approach to life. You mustn't expect too much and you must learn to give with your whole heart and soul. And, even though whole columns and pages are used up to tell you it isn't so, I believe you must be honest in love!"

"As for me, if a man looks particularly well, I tell him so. I don't add that his suit needs pressing. His face looks fine, so I say so and that's honest and it pleases him. There's no point in adding the bit about the suit. That's where honesty spills over into frankness—which, after all, is criticism that can hurt a person's feelings.

When Producer Hal Wallis signed Liz to starring roles in 1947, the motion picture was a new medium for her. The stage—"Hellzapoppin" for Olson and Johnson and understudy to Tallulah Bankhead for "Skin Of Our Teeth" and a brief stock stint, intense as Sadie Thompson in "Rain"—was familiar. Modelling sleek clothes and having Harper's Bazaar full of her magnificent bone-structure and wind-blown hair were all in the day's work for Liz.

But a motion picture set was something else and I didn't dare to ask," she confessed. "In 'You Came Along,' the director told me to walk over there—so I walked without an idea of why. When he told me to cry, I cried. I laughed and frowned, looked thoughtful or rebellious—ectera, ectera, ectera—but hadn't a glimmer of why.

"And do you know the reason? Because I was afraid people would think I was stupid if I asked questions! I was afraid to show them I didn't know everything there was to know about the picture business!"

"But I think all kids are like that—they're afraid to show how naive they are. I know I was even worse than that in the early days in New York, and I've seen young people here trying to appear so much wiser than they can possibly be.

"You see, they're being dishonest with themselves. I know, because when I wanted to find out something I'd spend hours of thought figuring out some devious, indirect way to approach a totally disinterested person. Then I'd frame the question in such a roundabout way that he couldn't possibly guess that I was trying to find out a simple fact I didn't know!"

"As if it mattered!"

"But, believe me, I don't do that now! If I want to know the how or the why or the meaning or the reason for this or that, I ask! No more beating around the bush. 'Look,' I say, 'I don't understand. Please tell me!'"

"That's being honest with yourself—and when you are, you're not afraid of anything or anybody.

"It's just as important to be honest in little things as in the big ones. Why, even washing your face every single night before you go to bed—no matter how tired and sleepy you are—is being honest with yourself," Liz went on earnestly. "They say cleanliness is next to godliness, so keeping yourself and the place where you live scrupulously clean is a sort of honest thank-you for the good things God gives you.

"Your attitude toward life must be honest, too. For me, tomorrow used to hold all the best, everything I was longing for—until I suddenly realized there isn't any tomorrow. It's always today that matters. Today must be lived to its very fullest. If it is, tomorrow will take care of itself.

"For a very small example, if I find I've picked up two extra pounds, diet doesn't begin tomorrow. It begins today—now. If I'm in the gallery for por-traits, that's my sole, intense interest as long as the sitting lasts. I give the same concentration to everything—working, playing, reading a marvelous book, sleeping, eating, ectera, ectera, ectera."

"Liz laughed as she said that, adding, "—And I love good food! It's lucky for me I'm so energetic that I burn it up right away!"

"Another thing I learned in those New York days, she continued, returning to her subject, "was to be honest in what I said about other people. I lived then in a girl's residence, a kind of supervised boarding-house where everyone gossiped and talked with everyone else. One day I dropped an idle remark about another girl there. It was nothing really—perhaps 'Oh, she dyes her eyebrows!'—but it was repeated and the girl was dreadfully hurt."

"It taught me not one, but two lessons. The first was that I hadn't been honest. Did I know that the girl dyed her eyebrows? And if she did, was it any of my business?"

"And the second lesson was even more valuable; never, never have I had a woman-confidante since.

"Oh, don't misunderstand me! It's not that women aren't fine and true and wonderful. It's just better not to confide in one."

"Women have a great capacity for friendship and they appreciate being told honestly nice things about themselves. For instance, if a girl has fine eyes, tell her so—but don't add that it's too bad her nose is so big! Perhaps it isn't by some standards; everyone's standards are different anyway."

"On the other hand, it's not honest to tell a girl she looks wonderful when she knows darn well she doesn't. I hate that in people myself and think it's an insult to my intelligence."

"I dislike avaricious, grasping people, too. It's all right to hug the good things of life to you—work and ambition and striving to reason and think and improve. But to love money for money's sake, to
be mean and deceitful and unethical, to my mind, too despicable for understanding. Through his dishonesty to himself, that person loses all right to fellowship and love.

“And love? What is that, you ask? Why, love is that mysterious thing they try to make the rules for. Love is a deep affinity, a feeling of great happiness and warmth between a man and a woman. It’s a slurring and a desire to share. It’s a liking of the same thing—perhaps not always agreement, but with room left for respect for the other’s point of view. It’s a great excitement and glow at the thought and the nearness of the other. I do believe girls can actually be in love when they marry. Maybe they marry for companionship or because of propinquity or because they think it’s the thing to do.

“They believe that love will come later—but it never will. If they don’t feel that great, overwhelming, engulfing surge of emotion before marriage, they’ll never know it later.

“And that’s why I, Liz Scott, have never married. Several times I’ve come right up to the barricade—and then I’ve stopped and looked over it into the future. What about those years ahead? Am I ready now, I ask myself, to assume all the responsibilities of a lifetime marriage. the ties, the closeness, the day-by-day association, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera?

“So far the answer’s always been honestly ‘No’—but when it’s ‘Yes,’ Liz Scott will have found her man!”

What I Don’t Like About Women!

Continued from page 22

neurosis—which they carry out in torchy tunes. If you think I’m wrong then note the popularity of songs like, “My Bill,” “Jim Never Sends Me Flowers,” “Crazy He Calls Me.” Women may not realize it, but it is as man would bring male cause, subconsciously, women want it that way. They want to be loved and emotionally secure. But do they realize they are forfeiting all that by their quest for feminine power in the mistaken belief it will create male admiration?

Any man with experience with women knows that as soon as he gives in to a woman she doesn’t want whatever it was anyway. Contrary, yes. Women fight for so-called women’s rights and equality with men, but I don’t think that basically they really want it that way.

I’m only a guy shooting off my mouth about how I feel. I don’t set myself up as an authority. But are women looking ahead? Take the Broadway hit, “Annie Get Your Gun,” which was filmed, starring Betty Hutton. Betty’s superior skill with a gun kept her from getting her man. When he proudly brought her his three gold shooting medals and she pulled off her coat and showed him twelve of her own set with diamonds, he shrank away like a heat pup. That picture is a valuable lesson for every woman. Later, because he loved her, he “sounded off.” She had beat down his ego—and he raged back at her. When a man becomes so indignant and righteously so that he’s mad enough to slap a woman down, she usually revets back to being a female woman and bursts into tears. Then she says, “I love you.”

A few women’s problems could be solved by a good whack every now and then. For when a woman can so upset a man to cause him to assert his male authority with raging indignation, she knows he really cares. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be emotionally upset.

Dominant women are creating a mass of inhibitions in the American male, giving him an inferiority complex. And who likes to “lose face?” How can a woman, wholly involved and absorbed in her own activities with no interest or time for a man’s, be feminine and lovely? Most men consider her a bore, a “hyena in petticoats.” She certainly doesn’t add up to thoughts of kissable lips, desirable arms and romance.

Women should remember that in all male activity, from the beginning of time, the male has always been the aggressor. A woman has always been a lovely, beautiful being to be won, possessed and cherished. His incentive to fight for a place in the world!

Women suffragettes long ago started this trend, and some isolated women, bereft of romance, have been fighting the fight to the death. To the death of American manhood.

If you think a career makes a woman happy, just take a look around. You see the anxious faces of beautiful career girls who are restless, unhappy; dissatisfied, frustrated. They have complicated themselves in trying to compete in business, banking, politics, military service, medicine. With their more elaborate nervous system they cannot be geared to a man’s work. For a woman and a man are no more emotionally the same than a circle is to a straight line.

The careerist is economically independent, but inside she is fearful and unsure. She fears being unloved and alone. She becomes a problem to the man who loves her. She refuses to give up her independence, even as she realizes she is forfeiting emotional security and a sound life. She becomes a riddle within a riddle and neurotic, besides, because she is such a riddle to herself. She is emotionally adrift.

The most important function of a woman is to look after a man. Actually he’s the weaker of the two. He needs a female woman, someone to be with him, to regard him as her first interest. It is up to a woman if she loses her man. Remember, a man’s only motive in marrying is for love. If he thinks enough of her to marry, then it is up to her to think enough of him to keep him with her. In the emphasis on a career, too many women make the home of today a hollow shell.

One of my pet peeves, I reiterate, is
the fact that women try to excel in things because they think that's what a man wants. A woman should place more value on the femininity that nature gave her. She should know that a man is more impressed with what her relations are to him, rather than what her relation is to the world.

If a woman tries to cater to a man and a career at the same time, she is serving two masters. She eventually becomes a bundle of anxieties due to the conflicting demands upon her.

If she caters to her husband and home she becomes an absentee from her job and loses it. Or if she caters too much to her job, she loses her husband to some other woman who does cater to him. She has to compete, with only part-time attention, to hold her husband's love. Which means her career inevitably receives part-time attention, too. And she becomes harrased, for she is not succeeding with either effort.

Of course, if she becomes a big success, then she competes with big business. She then has to sacrifice her fundamental instinctive strivings to the point where she becomes positively neuritic.

If there is one thing a man requires of a woman, whether she be a housewife, a movie star or a clerk at the dime store, it's that she dress well, be nicely groomed. So some women who get a home, or office, or studio, overdo it and appear like a Madame Du Barry, which is a "come on" invitation to other men. A husband does not want his woman flaunting her sex — she belongs to him. Why can't she relax and be happy in the pride of being a woman mistress of his home? In directing her schedule, cooking his favorite dishes, bearing his children? Conducting their early education and training? He longs for her as a helpmate, in his business and all other endeavors. He seeks her consultation in their mutual interest of being one.

Basically, we are all searching for mastery over self and our environment. We all fear loss of love and loss of a complete life, but women are simply throwing male protectiveness away. A man's attitude towards a self-sufficient woman, who makes more money than he does, becomes less and less protective. Pretty soon he is going elsewhere to prove that he is a he-male, that he is not a Mr. Milquetoast.

Once a man makes a woman respect him as a man, makes her become a female woman, she will be happy. For that is as Nature intended.

That's the difficult thing about being an actor. Someone asks your opinion and you shoot off your mouth as any guy would and not as an expert. Confidently, I'm as much baffled by woman as any of the guys who want to be men, who want women to be women — so men can be men.

What I Love And Hate In Men

Continued from page 39

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Joan Crawford is my godmother and I think I'd also want her approval of a man who might become special. Also, I would want Lucille Ball to approve. Lucille would breeze into New York, call for me and take me on wonderful shopping tours. Then, one Summer, she took me back to California with her. I also came to California once with Joan. Famous people like Jean Parker, Jed Harris, Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball have always been

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in our homes. I was never left out, but was one of the group.

So it is understandable that when you have a father and mother like that, it would take some terrific man to make you leave such a wonderful home for another one. And, too, that if he were famous, I’d not be disappointed.

I love a boy to be thoughtful. I am really thrilled when a messenger arrives with a box of flowers for Miss Evans. A man doesn’t have to spend a lot of money—it’s the thought that’s enough. I remember when Dale’s and Hagar Wilde’s play, “Guest In The House,” opened in New York. Dale gave Katherine a big hunk of topaz ring to celebrate.

I like a man who is a stimulating conversationalist. Dale and Katherine are never bored. They have so much in common that there is never a dull moment between them, I’d like that.

Now that I have given you my impressions of my father, who is my ideal, here are some of the characteristics and incidents that I have encountered in the men in my life to date.

I was thirteen when I went to my first big prom at a prep school in New Hampshire. He was fifteen. I wore my first formal, and as lovely line to the floor. Katherine had a New York dressmaker specially design it for me. I was the youngest girl at the prom, and I have always looked and seemed a couple of years older than my real age. Well, a boy turned to look at another girl breathing by it. He remarked, “she’s beautiful!” and promptly upset his Coke all over my new dress. I hate boys who openly stress admiration for other girls to incite your envy. When accidents are purely accidental, I can understand—but pure carelessness ruined my first formal dress.

Frankly, no boy has ever tried to grab me and kiss me goodnight. I wonder at that, but I am certain that I would hate being forced to kiss anyone. A kiss, I think, should stem from mutual affection.

I love men who take pride in taking a girl on a special date by asking her well in advance to the prom. In my story, Granger invited me to the opening night of “Inside U.S.A.” He called a week and a half ahead of time. “Get yourself gorgeous,” he said. I had time to plan what I would wear. We joined two of his friends at the Encore for dinner and I wore a black velvet dress. Fairley seemed so happy and proud of my appearance that all the effort I had made was more than repaid.

I hate a boy who never comments on what you are wearing, but only asks if his tie is straight, and his hair combed. That makes you feel he is wearing you like a carat of sugar to napel—as to add to his own appearance.

I hate a boy, when I haven’t seen him in weeks, to call and say, “How about a date tonight? And it’s formal.” That means he has tickets and another girl has stood him up. I am a last-minute choker, but I try not to be late. Most of the people I go with know each other well, so a casual evening date is quite okay. Like Carlton Carpenter, or Jerry Paris. If they call and say how about an early movie tonight, why, wonderful! But when a boy says, “I have two tickets to the symphony tonight, will you go?” I know a girl has walked out on him.

My pet peeve is a boy who takes me out and then calls the nearest columns to report that we are “a new item.” It’s obvious he has just used me to get his name in the columns. That does happen, I hate gossipy boys who kiss and tell. When a boy starts confiding that he was dating a certain girl and this and that happened, I think, “What is this character going to say about me?”

No one likes to lose face, and I simply hate a boy who asks me for a date, and then goes all over town to borrow the money “because I’ve got a date with Joan Evans.” When I learned that a certain individual was able to borrow twenty-five dollars, because the other individual didn’t want to see me “stood up,” I was disgusted. It would be very difficult for any boy to spend twenty-five dollars dating me for one evening. A big date with me is a ticket for a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, or a movie, and a steak sandwich afterward. I can spot the type who fiih for things instantly. Like on a first date, “Say, you know Joan Crawford. Let’s go over to Joanie’s house.” Or, “Say how about stopping in on Lucille Ball?” This one doesn’t care for me—he just wants to meet the people I know.

I certainly appreciate a boy who is considerate. Like when a girl is on a diet and the boy insists on her having just one more chocolate soda. Finally her will power goes, and when she steps on the scales she not only hates herself but him.

I certainly think it is most unchal- lengers of a boy’s love letters and show them around. I have seen boys do this. That is why I’ll probably never write any.

I have a charm bracelet, one with little silver charms. I am flattered and pleased.

When one of my real friends adds a charm to it, but nothing elaborate. Nothing that could mean that “Joan is dog-tagged.”

Of course the real pest is the one who keeps you waiting while he is tardy for a date. He asks you for seven-thirty. You are to dine and then attend a première at eight. He calls that he is detained. At eight-thirty, another call. By nine you are still sitting in your best dress and know the opening of the première is over. You finally get there for the last half hour of the show. That’s “making an entrance” all right—but it’s an exit for the boy as far as I’m concerned.

I think one of the worst is the boy who says, “We should give a party.” Then he starts writing down the names we should ask. Of course I like parties and I think it will be fun. He says, “We’ll give it at your house.” That just happened to me. The party was set for a Saturday night. I spent the morning shopping and the afternoon arranging the house for the party. I spent the rest of the day making chili and a fancy salad and a dessert. He had started out with eight guests; now he called that there would be forty. Which meant I had to get a ride (since I couldn’t drive until July 15 when I turned sixteen) down to the market and get some more food to make more chili, more salad and more dessert. The party was great. After midnight I was cleaning up the house so it would look decent on Sunday morning. I was tired out. If he had helped with his share then it would have been “we,” instead of “me,” giving a party.

Nor do I appreciate the “show-off” who invites me for a ride and keeps finding excuses to stop at the house of everyone he knows to say, “This is Joan Evans.” Not that I am particularly important, but he makes it so obvious that he isn’t interested in me—but just wants to show his friends he has a movie actress date. His actions are very unflattering.

I dislike a boy spending his whole month’s allowance on me in one evening. Especially when I perhaps can’t guess at his finances and realize that he has ordered a five dollar steak dinner for me, which means he will have to skimp on his lunches for the rest of the week. I am thrifty myself, due to my Scotch ancestry. I budget my own salary and am careful with my money. I’d enjoy a ten cent hamburger much more, realizing that the boy can afford it—and is enjoying his, too.

I hate men who want to sit in the ear when they take you home and talk on and on. I love to talk—but why not in the house?

I like a man who has a sense of responsibility and doesn’t try to duck out when he’s in error. When I am working or have early school classes, I love a boy who is early and eager.

These are the things about men I like and dislike. And yet I know that when just the right man comes along—some day in the future—I’ll probably be blind to his faults and virtues. I’ll just be in love!
came a tomboy. She never wore a dress, but, attired in slacks, joined a group of youngsters who caroused about the neighborhood on bicycles, after school hours.

A Burgess for many years a student of garment, three, student of engineering, who looked like a movie star much admired by Corinne. She was immediately smitten. He must have felt that Calvet charm, for he began taking her out.

I wonder if that young man and my family got together, perhaps in Corinne, over a stroll of tatting or celery. "After a few weeks he gave me a pair of beautiful nylon. I wore them under my slacks, but no one could see them, so I had to buy a dress and a pair of high-heeled shoes to show them off. I found I rather liked myself in skirts. Up to then, I carried no purse, but tomboy fashion, I tucked my money in my belt. The young man next gave me a lovely bag. It was so nice I had to get a compact and comb, which I faithfully used. In six months, from a tomboy, I turned into the most sophisticated girl you ever saw.

"How wise was the spur? If they had attacked me directly, crying, "Why don't you wear dresses? You look deplorable in trousers. Your hair is a disgrace!" I would not have listened. I am a little strong for a woman... perhaps because I had to fight for something to eat.

Corinne confides that, at this stage, she was a tempestuous, exciting little creature. When she was about fifteen, a boy friend, her first, sent word that he must break a date, as he was ill in bed. All compassion, Corinne gathered up hard-to-get viands and darted to his flat, intent on cooking the sick man a good dinner. "I may hear that of the show was on when I arrived," she recalled. "His evening clothes were laid out, ready to put on, I could see, as I peeked into his bedroom. He had another date!" Eyes flashing, she went furiously to the closest where his clothes were hanging and took all off of it, not missing one pair. The trousers on her arm, she walked out of the house, leaving a note, "I'm sure you couldn't have any other dates tonight, and you won't need any trousers to stay in bed and cure your cold!"

She is, she insists, much calmer now.

There are times, however, when things go wrong and she is less calm.

"Then I run home to Johnny. He takes me in his arms and carries me for five minutes high above the floor, so that presently I relax and feel that all the unpleasantness is far behind me. If that does not help, we go fishing. When I see ocean waves roll in, one after another, never ceasing, eternal, I think: This has gone on for thousands of years; it has outlasted many disasters. What is so important about my trouble? If I can give joy on opening tears to people, that is all I want."

"Fishing teaches patience, which I need. It used to be that if I had to wait fifteen minutes, I wasn't nice to the one who kept me waiting. Now, they can make me wait on the set all day, and I do not care!"

John Bromfield was a commercial fisherman before he became an actor; fishing has become his avocation, and he feels he could not do without it.

"When I realized his love for fishing, I knew I must learn to share it or I would be shut out of an important part of Johnny's life," said Corinne, earnestly. "At first I could not stand the smell of raw fish: I was seasick as soon as I set foot on the boat, but I went with him. The first fish I ever sent me running to the cabin, violently ill. Then I'd come out and fish; again, I'd head for the cabin, come back, and stagger off once more. For six weeks this went on. Then suddenly, I was used to the smell, could take the boat's roll, and began to enjoy myself. Now I am worse than Johnny about going fishing!"

Only recently Corinne was shocked by the views of an American bride-to-be.

"She was a feminist," explained the young actress. "She thought women should have equal rights with men. Since she and her bridegroom-to-be both worked and lived in a roomy apartment, there would be some housework to be done. I will do the dishes the first night, but he must do them the second," she told me, 'We will divide the work. I don't see how a woman can let a man walk over her, and I mean to let mine.'"

"But don't do that!, I warned. You will lose him. He does not want to marry another man, and if you are equal, you will be another man to him.' But she would not listen..."

"I would never ask Johnny to do dishes. Because he likes to be with me, he misses me if I am in the kitchen, and come in to help. If I ask him, it is his duty and he hates it. Now he is happy to help. A woman should make her man happy. You cannot take and get—only if you give, you get!"

The moment Corinne saw John Bromfield, she was attracted. Because of an accident, she was muffed to the eyes in bandages, yet he was quick to feel her charm. She was not certain of this, and confessed, disarmingly, that on their first date she wore a dress with a daring neckline. John still insists that this measure was entirely unnecessary, but Corinne worried, believing that she liked him more than he liked her.

"You see, Johnny already had a girl when we met," she confided. "For a time, his marriage was toward. He spent two of the last part of six days with me, but once a week he had a date with the other girl because he didn't like to hurt her. I would sit and fret over what he was doing or saying, what was happening, and at length I could no longer stand it. I said: 'Johnny, you must choose between me and her. She is the one who pays the rent, and you can think it over and decide which of us you prefer. You cannot have us both.' I was terrified, but I went away, and he spent the weekend trying to find me. When I came back,
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What Linda Has Done For Ty

Continued from page 46

Linda has allotted much of her time since their marriage to collecting Tyrore's favorite recipes. Her method of doing this, however, has confused Tyrore considerably.

At first she tried to collect the recipes secretly, to surprise him later with his favorite dish. But Tyrore could never figure out why Linda disappeared from the table each time he praised a dish. Furthermore, she always stayed away for thirty or forty minutes. For a man like Ty, who doesn't like being left alone, this proved quite irksome. Nevertheless, he took it in Salzburg, while Linda learned to make "Spaetzle," a noodle dish Ty had liked. In Marseilles where the cook gave her the recipe—Vichy cheese. In Portofino, where Linda found out how to make "Fratelli," an Italian ice cream. But when suddenly she dashed into a store in London without a previous explanation, Tyrore blew up.

When Linda showed him the bottle of his favorite mint sauce she had just purchased, Tyrore's complexion reddened with a feeling of guilt. And when she confessed why she had left him waiting in Salzburg, Marseilles and a couple of dozen other places, the red in his face turned into a deep purple. After that,
between London and Manila, husband and wife together third-degreed chefs. 

Linda's presence on Tyrone's trips gives him more than just physical comforts. There are many ways to be lonely, even when surrounded by friends. One such time has always been Ty's birthday. Before their marriage, Linda, he was happy when someone even remembered to slap him on the back with a "Well, how does it feel to be a year older?"

Not anymore. Carefully Linda plans his birthday parties well in advance. No matter whether they celebrate in Africa or America, Tyrone's favorite dishes and at least one present he especially wanted. Like the radio she had sent for from the United States when they were on location in Meknes. With Linda at his side, a birthday for Tyrone is now an occasion to look forward to—not just another lay.

No novice at travelling herself, Linda has alleviated many travel problems for her husband. Languages, for instance. She knows seven languages fluently. There is hardly a spot in the world where she can't act as interpreter. Also, she knows the history, customs and background of many countries they visit, she often knows more about the places than guides—and she's prettier!

Even Tyrone's homecoming has become a special event. Instead of arriving at an empty house, just another place to unpack his clothes, he now comes back to a real home. Almost a month before they arrive, Linda is getting the house ready—by instructing their Swiss couple, and her girl friend, Maya von Horn, to get all the things Ty likes, and by arranging the house so it looks like it is occupied a day or so ago. When Tyrone steps into his living room, he'll find his favorite roses on the window sill. His tobacco urn filled with fresh tobacco, his icebox stored with herring, liverwurst and Swiss cheese. There's his favorite mint candy on the table. Make-up makes the homecoming really complete. Linda always has planned a special surprise. The last time, when Tyrone entered their bedroom, on the wall above the ten foot bed he found a painting of Linda by the famous Mexican painter, Diego de Rivera. Linda had specially bought it for the event. No gift could have pleased him more.

At home and on trips alike, Linda has taught Tyrone how to relax, how to get rid of his tenseness. She has accomplished this mainly by encouraging him to devote more time to leisure and sports. Back at home, Tyrone cherish spent an evening at home. Instead, he went to night clubs, parties, the theatre. Now, while back in Los Angeles, it takes a minor miracle to make him leave his Brentwood home at night. Again he likes to read, listen to music and, laterly, look at art. Linda has given him a love of art during their extensive travels.

When Linda and Tyrone look at their films alone, they huddle together on the couch and watch pictures and memories go by. When they have guests, with the help of a microphone, from the back of the room Tyrone gives a running com-
his career a great boost, Linda's admiration for Tyrone as a man, and actor, was better medicine than any doctor could have prescribed.

This new self-confidence has given Tyrone a greater sense of responsibility, and a new maturity. He doesn't live for the present anymore, as he used to, but for the future—his wife, his career, and the family they hope to have someday.

At last Tyrone Power has found the peace and happiness for which he has always searched—thanks to his wife, Linda Christian Power.

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Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

by the sound of a tommy-gun burst rather than the patter of little feet. Fortunately, his stooge Keenan Wyn finds an adorable 9-year-old monster who opens beer bottles with his little teeth, and Jean is hired. She quits soon after learning Paul has a record of twelve killings to his credit. When the twelve corpses start walking around again, and Paul almost becomes one himself, courtesy of Cesar Romero, Jean breaks down and admits she was wrong in judging Paul.

Peggy

(technicolor)

Universal-International

No Father goes through as much as retired Professor Charles Coburn, but with daughters Diana Lynn and Barbara Lawrence, it's to be expected. Going to Pasadena for rest and quiet, Coburn finds his entire family engulfed in the Pasadena Rose Queen Contest. Both his offspring are selected as contestants, Secretly married, and therefore ineligible to be the Rose Queen. Diana nevertheless enters the contest lest Papa figure out she's Mrs. Football Player, and annul the marriage. Such problems! They're all ironed out, though, just in time for everyone to be deliciously happy at the end.

Devil's Doorway

MGM

The post-Civil War story of a Navajo Indian, Robert Taylor, who is informed he has no legal right to his land. Having fought in the war doesn't lessen his plight one bit as far as the government, and his lawyer, Paula Raymond, know. However, Taylor's major difficulties don't stem from the law prohibiting Indians from owning land; instead it's Indian-hater Louis Calhern who is guilty of initing sheep herders to commit destructive violence against Taylor, and the few remaining members of his tribe. A shocking film because of the injustice meted out and Calhern's evil performance.

Cow Town

Columbia

Being the first rancher who introduced barbed wire fences in his territory, Gene Autry finds that instead of merely having cattle rustlers to contend with, folks are taking pot shots at him. A lady ranch-owner, Gail Davis, acts plenty suspicious, but when her two ranch hands are deliberately killed, Gene does some further investigating. You'd think this is a lot of whoop-de-do over something as uninteresting as barbed wire, but behind it all is a fiendish mind's desire to drive out all cattlemen so sheep can be brought onto the range.

Spy Hunt

Universal-International

Fast-moving escapist drama about spies, escaped man-eating panthers and a congregation of mysterious characters, who are after some important microfilm. Working for British Intelligence, Marta Toren, drugs one of the two panthers innocent by-stander Howard Duff is taking back to the States. She hides the microfilm in the unconscious animal's collar. A few other enemy agents figure out her little trick and the train on which Duff and his black panthers are traveling is wrecked. The panthers get loose, leaving their caretaker Duff up to his virile neck in espionage. He doesn't get the panthers back, but Marta gets kittenish, so it's O.K. by him.

Copper Canyon

(technicolor)

Paramount

Hedy Lamarr, wearing decolletage gowns and a poker face, tries to keep sharp-shooter Ray Milland out of trouble brewing in a mining town where she runs the local saloon. Hedy and sadistic sheriff's deputy Macdonald Carey were sent there to run the small copper mine owners out of business. In that way, the mines could be bought up for cheap. Hedy doesn't approve of Carey's violence, but Carey is a piker compared to what Milland dishes out in trying to help the brow-beaten miners.

Fortunes of Captain Blood

Columbia

Louis Hayward, playing the swashbuckling gentleman-pirate Peter Blood, hero of the Raphiel Sabatini novels, grapples with new adventures on a Caribbean island ruled by cruel George Macready. Six of Captain Blood's men are taken prisoners by Macready's guards and are put to pearl diving in shark infested waters. But he can help them escape, Hayward disguises himself as a fruit peddler. Easy to watch and ideal for those who like their movie fare unsophisticated.
NEW! MAGIC PANEL FEATURE SLIMS LIKE MAGIC!
LOOK SLIMMER, MORE YOUTHFUL
REDUCE
YOUR APPEARANCE!

THE FIGURE-ADJUSTER MUST BE THE BEST GIRDLE YOU EVER WORE... YOU MUST FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE, and you MUST look and feel younger... Your shape MUST be noticeably improved or you get every cent back at once!

No matter how many other girdles you have tried, you can be sure: NO OTHER GIRDLE CAN DO FOR YOU MORE THAN THE FIGURE-ADJUSTER! No other girdle or supporter belt offers you more BELLY CONTROL, BULGE control, HOLD-IN and STAY-UP power... safely, scientifically. No other girdle can begin to approach the miracle-working FIGURE-ADJUSTER feature! Figure-Adjuster is LIGHT in weight (ideal for WARM weather) yet powerfully strong! Figure-Adjuster allows AIR to circulate through it, ABSORBING perspiration, is made by the most skilled craftsmen, and allows you to ADJUST it to just the right amount of BULGE-CONTROL you like and NEED for an IMPROVED FIGURE!

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Read the details of this easy-to-win contest in the September issue of SILVER SCREEN

NOW ON SALE!

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 17

The stork seems to be partial to MGM. Esther Williams is looking forward to her second child in December. Esther, in Honolulu for "Pagan Love Song," got a kick out of the fact that hubby Ben Gage was drafted as an actor in the picture. Director Bob Alton needed a guy as tall as Howard Keel and Ben was the only man around who measured 6'4". The craziest things happen to directors. Alton put in a call for a gang of naves to be all dressed up in their Sunday clothes. So wo' hoppen? They all turn out in Western civilization clothes—maybe like on Hollywood and Vine. The harassed director had to order them back into their everyday jobs, which were strictly Island stuff.

Another mother who plotted her studio was Jeanne Crain. While she was having wardrobe fittings for a new picture it was discovered that she was, well—er—about to knit a third batch of little garments. Jeanne, among other aches and pains, has learned to sew and whipped up quite a maternity wardrobe at the fabulous cost of one hundred bucks. She's real proud of her hemstitching, too. Each time this gal has returned to the screen after motherhood she's latched onto better roles, so perhaps this time she'll grab off an Oscar.

Brod Crawford's so happy with his house at Balboa that it practically takes dynamite to blast him back to movietown. He says the greatest thing except the fishing, is all the no-telephone ringing. Figures anyone who is rash enough to spend a buck to talk over the wires must have something important to say. How right can you be?

Before Larry Parks and Betty Garrett left for England and their Palladium engagement, they had a portrait sitting with their young son as the subject. Seems young Garrett who has learned a minute of it, except when the flash bulbs didn't pop. They left their pride and joy in the care of a nurse and Betty's mother, who could not have been happier to take over with her grandson.

Shelley Winters realized the dream of her career when she finished U-F's "Frenchie" and departed for the Eastern Summer stock circuit. Shelley had a big fat letch to do "Born Yesterday" on Broadway, didn't make it, bucked for understudy to Judy Holliday, who did make it, was turned down. This was slightly frustrating to the ambitious Miss Winters, so when the offer came to play the show in Mass. and Conn. she even passed up a European trip which she'd hoped to make while her feller, Farley Granger, was over thar. Romance can wait, was the gist of her comment, career comes first.

That other bunch of feminine dynamite, Ruth Roman, claims she's overworked—and she's got a point on accounta she's gone from one film right into another out at Mr. Warner Brothers' picture factory. BUT she seems to be roaming the social circles regularly—and with some of the most personable bachelors in town (of whom there are only too few) like Ronnie Reagan, Steve Cochran, Petie Lawford, and her long-time boy friend, Bill Walsh. Wal, come to think of it, there aren't very many single personable gals around this town either.

Speaking of footloose, attractive bachelors around town—Howard Duff was one that wasn't here—for a spell. He finally managed to con his radio producer into taping four Sam Spade shows and promptly set sail for Honolulu on one of the few vacations he's ever had. There's a boy who would really know how to relax in that tropical paradise.

Clifton Webb had the natives up in the mountains at Apple Valley but winging when he went there for a vacation. Every Saturday night the "great big dance" at the swanky Apple Valley Inn and Mr. W. really showed them a few fancy steps during the square dance and Charleston contests. His partner in the capers was the very attractive wife of the Inn's owner, Mrs. Newton Bass. Seems the sophisticated Clifton really went Western, big jeans and all, while Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield went prancing around the lush new golf course.

That cute guy Donald O'Connor is real thrilled about the sequel to "Francis," called "Francis Goes To The Races," a story about a male who talks to horses. Don has the same sort of affection toward this critter that Jimmy Stewart has for Harvey, the invisible bunny of the same picture. Only Don could get kicked by his side-kick, whereas Jas, just has to imagine. Incidentally, everybody at U-I is just crackers about cute Josephine, played by Joanne, who was created on the stage in "Harvey." The rabbit sneezing contest, conducted on the set, was won by crewman Lloyd Hill, but not until director Henry Koster had used up 1200 feet of film and all the hay-fever sufferers on the lot trying to find the explosion that sounded most like a rabbit. How would a rabbit sneeze sound, we wonder??
a new woman out of a woman. If you were Deborah, would you want to be a new woman?

Seems like Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone are getting to be more and more of a smooth-talking, Scott, who acquired a place of his own for the first time in his life, was looking frantically around for a maid service. That idea of his that it would be fun to run his own house faded after he burned his fingers cooking, shrunk all his best Argyles, lost his laundry and generally made a mess of the day's situation. Housemaid's knee can be a horrible thing, see hear.

June Haver's had some pretty tough breaks. Latest one happened when she was dancing in "I'll Get By" and busted a blood vessel in her side. Medics prescribed complete rest in bed, which threw 20th into a tizzy because there was just one dance number to finish, but the hit was that Gloria De Haven, also in the film, and the only one who could substitute for June in the picture's finale, was in Houston on a singing engagement. But 20th contacted her and she flew back.

Bob Ryan, working in RKO's "Mad With Much Heart" (a title most likely to be changed), was on location at Paramount—which is right next door to the home lot—and thought there was something familiar about the stage sound where the company was working. After quite a mental struggle, he recalled that eleven years prior to this moment he had been toiling on the same set as an obscure bit player and it was on this spot that Paramount notified him his option was not being picked up. He also remembered that the gal playing another tiny little bit on Susannah, a gal who's done all right since.

Ann Sheridan's been through quite a lot in her successful picture career, being called on to do practically stunt work at times. And she's taken it all in stride, with accompanying salty comments on the joys of being a picture star. The nearest she ever came to hollering "uncle" was in a scene for 20th's "Woman On The Run." She was obliged to take a just ride on a roller coaster and the curvaceous redhead has nursed a fear of the diabolical things since childhood. It could be said that she emerged from her ordeal game, pale and trembling, which is a true statement.

All the guys working in 20th's "All About Eve" are just real happy. Each thinks she, or he, has the absolute best part in the picture. List of players includes Anne Baxter, Bette Davis, Celeste Holm, George Sanders, Hugh Marlowe, and Marilyn Monroe, and all of them, some kind of regular, since the usual routine is that each actor is forced into something horrible after he's signed up for the pic. Keep your eye on this little Monroe gal. They're calling her the Lana Turner of 20th Century-Fox, although she's got a very individual personality. And Anne Baxter's still going nuts on account of the isn't in her house yet.

```
She won his love because...

Sally was smart. She knew that Monthly Blues, nerves, irritability just don't go over with a man. "He winks," says Sally. "Don't let nervous tension, periodic headache and cramps play havoc with your romance! Instead—help relieve those symptoms with these wonderfully effective Chi-Ches-Ters Pills!" Packed three convenient sizes. Get Chi-Ches-Ters Pills at your druggist today.

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**Tops in Movie Music**

**VAN JOHNSTON'S** "Let's Choo Choo Choo To Idaho" and "You Can't Do Wrong Doin' Right," from "The Duchess Of Idaho," for MGM ... Dean Martin's "Baby, Obey Me!" and "I'll Always Love You," from "My Friend Irma Goes West," for Capitol ... "Our Very Own," from the film of the same name, and "Don't Be Afraid" by Sarah Vaughan for Columbia ... Richard Haynes' "Our Very Own" and "Say When" for Mercury ... Artie Shaw's "I've Got The Sun In The Morning" and "There's No Business Like Show Business," from "Annie Get Your Gun," for MGM ... Gordon MacRae's "Jerry" and "It's Wonderful," from "Annie Get Your Gun," and "Prisoner Of Love" for MGM ... "My Blue Heaven," from film of same name, and "My Melancholy Baby" by Ted Lewis for Decca ... "Let's Choo Choo Choo To Idaho," from "The Duchess Of Idaho," and "Of All Things" by Connie Haines for Coral ... Danny Kaye's "The Hand Out Song" and "The Wreck Of The Old 97" for Decca ... Roy Rogers and Dale Evans singing "The Old Rugged Cross" and "In The Garden" for Victor ... Freddy Martin's "Third Man Theme" and "Home Cookin'" for Victor ..."
The strict code of the Sultan's elite janissary troops forbade marriage, lest family ties stand in the way of a soldier's duty. But nothing in this Oriental code forbade a janissary the pleasure of a female's charms!

Tall, handsome Captain Michael, born of Christian parents but brought up as a Turk, lived by this code until two women took command of his life—two women as different as night and day, as different as East and West! The dusky-skinned, passionate Aeshia, whose conduct was the scandal of the Empire, would have him either way—as husband or lover. But Angelica, the slender, blonde Venetian girl, who coolly risked her life for him, had a code—and a technique—that not even a toughened warrior could withstand!

You will thrill to every page of Lawrence Schoonover's romantic new best-seller, The Gentle Infidel! You will visit the forbidden bawdy of the old Orient; see the splendors and barbarisms of the Sultan: the fantastic Moslem customs of love and marriage! Although The Gentle Infidel costs $3.00 in the publisher's retail edition, you may have a copy, together with Daphne du Maurier's newest hit, The Parasites, for just a 3-cent stamp with this wonderful membership offer of the Dollar Book Club!

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City and Zone

If under 21,
Occupation...age, please.

"If he's not a Moslem, let's see you kiss him!" shouted the angry mob. And Angelica submitted to the handsome barbarian, although he was her enemy sent here to kill her father!

Du Maurier's Greatest Hit Since Rebecca!
The Parasites

THE PARASITES

The story of the fabulous Delaneys—an uproarious, cheerfully impossible family—and of an incredible love affair as intense as it was forbidden! Mamma was a dancer, Pappy a singer—and neither had the slightest regard for convention. No wonder the Delaney children were wild, uninhibited—and destined for trouble both The Parasites and The Gentle Infidel are yours for just a 3-cent stamp, if you join the Dollar Book Club now!

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Keeps you dainty all over with a “fragrance men love”!

Spring-morning freshness, and fragrance, too—no matter how hot the day! A wonderful dream come true, thanks to satin-soft Cashmere Bouquet Talc!

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There's something so freshening and so cleansing, so delightfully exhilarating about Listerine Antiseptic that countless fastidious women make it a daily "must". They consider it a first-aid to charm.

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There were many men in her life...but with him she knew love—and its heartbreak!...
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"Toni Creme Shampoo won us with its very first performance" say radiant brunet twins Katherine and Kathieene Ring of Chicago. "Our hair was so beautifully soft... as if we washed it in rainwater. And that wonderful softness made it much easier to manage."

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- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
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- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights

Enriched with Lanolin

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

By Lynn Bowers

QUITE a novel idea Columbia Studios had when they were prepping the picture version of the hit Broadway show, "Born Yesterday," with Judy Holliday, Broderick Crawford and Bill Holden. Instead of just plain old ordinary methods the cast put on the play, an easy deal for Judy who had only played it something over a thousand performances, for Columbia employees and their friends. This was a bit rough on Brod and Bill who were also learning their lines from the movie script. One night Brod did the whole first act from the movie script instead of the play version, throwing everyone into a tizzy. He also lost fifteen pounds while sweating out this double chore. We hear the experiment was a big success, but can't say from first hand knowledge on account of no mere press or writers were allowed through the sacred portals.

Judy's got quite a wardrobe for "Born." One outfit designer Jean Louis whipped up for her is a pair of white sequin pajamas, for standing up in only. The little garment has up to 350,000 sequins (at the last count) all stitched on by hand. Then there's another number, a black dress covered entirely with bugle beads. Sounds noisy, doesn't it?

During the filming of "A Life Of Her Own," Lana Turner visits the soda fountain where she was first discovered by talent scout.

Ida Lupino with Ward Bond and Robert Ryan who appear with her in RKO's "Mad With Much Heart." Ida's not directing this time, just acting.

Left: Joan Evans, starring in "Our Very Own" and "Edge Of Doom," gets some time off from studio work and spends it having fun at the beach.
...Where hundreds of thousands of people pass through every day...

...AND THIS DAY...
ONE OF THEM WAS A DANGEROUS KILLER!

A Paramount Picture starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN
Nancy Olson
Barry Fitzgerald
with
LYLE BETTGER
JAN STERLING

Produced by
Directed by
JULES SCHERMER • RUDOLPH MATE
Screenplay by Sydney Boehm

JAN STERLING...
That Blonde Dynamite you can't forget!

Straight from the pages of the "Saturday Evening Post," and best-selling novel, "Nightmare in Manhattan," acclaimed by millions of readers...comes a story of suspense!
for lasting
PIN CURL BEAUTY...

DeLong bob pins
stronger grip—won’t slip out
You don’t need a flair for hair styling
to set this newest hair fashion. It’s
a breeze with De Long bob pins.
Alluring, natural curls last longer,
for De Long’s grip holds hair tighter.
Take the blue De Long card home today.

How to set the "Up Bob"—styled by Mr. Larry,
eminent New York hairdresser...
Set top hair in two rows, turning
first row toward face, next row
away from face. (Work with
even strands.) Pin two vertical
rows at back, the first row
toward face, second away.
Make circles across the back to
right ear, in two clockwise rows.
Do right temple like left. To
comb out—brush hair up briskly,
then down into a soft halo.

Jane Powell, hubby Geary Steffen, Betty
Lynn, Brett King at Deauville Beach Club.

Bill, Judy, and Brod had a ball in Wash-
ington, being photographed in front of all
the capital’s historical spots—this for
atmosphere in the picture. All three had
visited there before but had whirled so on
the Washington merry-go-round that they’d
never had a chance to go sightseeing.

* * *

King Clark Gable was sans shave-and-
a-hairstyle for quite a spell before “Across
The Wide Missouri” started filming in
the wilds of Montana. You’ll see that
man with a nature-boy hairstyle and beard
in the first scenes and you’ll also hear
him sing. But Mr. G. doesn’t wear the
hair mattress all through the picture.
He polishes himself up when he meets
the Indian maiden with whom he falls
in love.

* * *

John Derek, who loathes the tag
“pretty boy” as intensely as Bob Taylor
used to, won’t have to worry about that
moniker in “The Hero.” He’s a rugged
football player in this one and actually
had to learn all the tricks. This cost him
a black eye, a chipped shin, and pulled
muscles. He got rid of his long, roman-
tique locks—traded for a crew cut. All
this makes him very happy—except that
he gets to see his young son only about
once a week. The youngster, by the
way, is all better from that second op-
eration he had.

* * *

Swimming Pool Scoops: Van and Evie

Lex (Tarzan) Barker dining with Anne Jef-
freys, “Kiss Me Kate!” star, at the Stork.

Johnson have moved their three kids into
a house in Beverly, sans swimming pool
and tennis court. Esther Williams is hav-
ing three pools at her new house—a big
one for her private mermaid, a small
one for young Benjie, and a wading pool
for the new youngster. Ruth Roman set-
tled for a modest number—one pool—at
her new house. The Roman gal wasn’t
beside the door when the brains were passed

Below: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello clown as they sail on Queen Mary for vacation.

Alex Runciman with Marie Windsor at Deau-
ville Beach Club. They’re steady twosome.
Here are three girls who never met before. They are brought together by a strange quirk of fate. Each in her past hid the one reckless mis-step that seals a girl’s reputation. Here in one of the most heart-stopping pictures in the long history of Warner Bros. are three girls whose pasts cannot be judged until you know their

Three Secrets

Starring Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal, Ruth Roman

With Frank Lovejoy, Leif Erickson

Written by Martin Rackin and Gina Kaus

Directed by Robert Wise

Produced by Milton Sperling

Distributed by Warner Bros.
GIVE YOUR CURLS A "PROFESSIONAL" LOOK!

Softer, more natural curls every time are easy when you use the only curl clips guaranteed safe for use with any type of home-permanent you may buy.

CALO CURL CLIPS

CALO "Smarties"

CURL CLIPS - all aluminum - will not snag your hair, will not streak or mark your hair.

8 for 25¢

CALO Plastic

CURL CLIPS - in crystal, shell or ivory - with the same safe features as the "Smarties" - but in plastic.

10 for 25¢

CALO CURL CLIPS glide easily into your hair, and hold any size curl securely - no shifting or creeping. They are so comfortable you can sleep on them!

Calo Co., Massapequa, L. I.

Alexis Smith, in old-fashioned undies, is nonchalant between scenes of "Wyoming Mail."

Tony Martin and his wife, Cyd Charisse, who’s expecting, at "Three Secrets" premiere.

The usual routine with most of the film colony is always to have a big, fancy outdoor barbecue. Well, Doris Day’s different. She’s had a bulldozer romping through her backyard tearing a barbecue out to make room for a volley ball court. Doris’ young son, Terry, is driving her slightly nuts by singing hymns off-key. He also has taken up shoe-stringing in the neighborhood to earn enough money for a present for Marty Milcher, his mother’s new heart interest. Terry scrounges his crew haircut at Warner Bros., right along with Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson and the other guys who are in “The West Point Story.”

Sarah Churchill and her husband, Tony BeauChamp, who is a photographer and handsome enough to be an actor, took a quick trip to England before she started work in MGM’s “Royal Wedding.” Object of the trip was to introduce Tony to her family. Her father is quite a well-known gentleman named Winston Churchill.

June Allyson received a gift from one of her fans just a few days after it was announced she was expecting. The baby present was a pink hand-knit sweater with a Peter Pan collar, which pleased June because she wears nothing but Peter Pan collars herself.

Jimmy Stewart up and rented a beach house in the Malibu film colony for (Please turn to page 16)
The Stars of "The 3rd Man"
in a NEW exciting adventure!

She surrendered herself to him
... and then his dark past rolled in
like a black fog!

JOSEPH COTTEN and VALLI
in
WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER

with SPRING BYINGTON • PAUL STEWART • A DORE SCHARY Presentation
Produced by ROBERT SPARKS • Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON • Screen Play by FRANK FENTON
By Rahna Maughan

Thespian Bob Hope is forced to become a butler, but wins Lucille Ball in "Fancy Pants."

Fancy Pants
(Technicolor)
Paramount

IT COULDN'T and it shouldn't happen to anyone else but Mr. Robert Hope, and whaddayah know—it does! Bob, a bankrupt American actor, is hired by a Britisher to impersonate a butler. The object is to impress nouveau riche Lea Penman and her daughter, Lucille Ball. The fortune-hunter doesn't get mama into as much a tizz as Bob does. She wants him to butle for the family in Big Squaw, N.M. It's the only way Bob can get back to America, so he starches his upper lip, and it's Westward Ho-Ho! In Big Squaw, before he has a chance to be a butler, word gets around that he's an Earl—yoicks, gad-zooks! The resulting predicaments are some of the funniest Bob has ever gone through. Side-splitting comedy with a sprinkling of cute songs, it's everything, and even more, than expected.

No Way Out
20th Century-Fox

FOR sheer unwatered viciousness and blinding hatred, nothing can surpass this latest ripping away of the remaining shrouds which cloak racial prejudice. A Negro doctor, Sidney Poitier, serving his residency in a city hospital, is on duty in the criminal ward when two gunmen are brought in. Brothers, both are suffering from leg wounds inflicted by the arresting officer. However, upon examining the younger brother, Poitier

Fred Astaire longs to be a magician, despite skeptic Vera-Ellen, in "Three Little Words," and he winds up being a famed songwriter in this film life of the team of Kalmar and Ruby.
HUNTED! HAUNTED! HOUNDED!

The UNKNOWN, the UNSEEN, HAUNTED his footsteps... PERILED his life...
DARED him to expose them!

STARRING

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.

in

HIGH LONESOME

Color by Technicolor

COSTARRING

CHILL WILLS

JOHN ARCHER • LOIS BUTLER • KRISTINE MILLER

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ALAN LE MAY • PRODUCED BY GEORGE TEMPLETON • A LE MAY-TEMPLETON PICTURE
Richard Widmark is dangerous racial bigot, beloved of Linda Darnell, in "No Way Out."

New type of detective is Dana Andrews, with Gene Tierney, in "Where the Sidewalk Ends."

Richard Widmark, a self-avowed Negro-hater, accuses Poitier of deliberately killing his brother. The screen seethes with Widmark's insane hatred which finally begets a monster in the shape of a race war, which is shocking beyond belief. The performances turned in by Widmark, Stephen McNally, Linda Darnell and Poitier, are so sharply executed as to sear a lasting memory of horror.

King Solomon's Mines

(MGM)

This probably has more thrills than a hot rod that's minus two wheels and the brake. Filmed in Equatorial Africa, it has charging elephants, man-crushing pythons, rivers infested with crocodiles and cannibal tribes. It also has Stewart Granger, usually clad in a becoming bare, brawny chest, strangling a cobra, then with nostrils twitching, making subdued but passionate love to Deborah Kerr. All is made possible when Deborah prevails upon Granger, a hunter-guide, to take her and brother Richard Carlson into unexplored territory in search of her missing husband. No man is worth what the three go through, but the audience has such a wonderful time, it's a shame Deborah didn't have a few more diamond-seeking husbands who got themselves lost in Equatorial Africa.

The White Tower

(RKO)

Tells how six people meet the challenge of climbing a towering, treacherous mountain which looms high above the Alps. The six—Valli, Glenn Ford, Claude Rains, Oscar Homolka, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Joan Fontaine—set out to conquer the peak and, as they make the ascent, find love, jealousy, hate, and desire hundreds of feet above the earth. The story is set against the magnificent backdrop of the Swiss Alps, with magnificent mountain scenery and the towering spires of the Matterhorn.
ric Hardwick, and Lloyd Bridges—comprise the group determined to reach the peak. Ford, an ex-GI, goes because he's fascinated by Valli. Valli's reason for scaling the mountain is her father. He died trying to reach the top, and she wants to finish the job for him. So it goes with the rest of the six, all have their own reasons. The choice is yours as to whether you want to accept this as straight adventure—in which case it's undeniably exciting—or, as a symbolic treatment of Life. In either way, you've made a wise selection.

Three Little Words
(Technicolor)
MGM

Based on the lives of songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby with Fred Astaire and Red Skelton in the title roles, this is an above average musical. A dancer who harbors a secret yen to be a magician, Astaire (Kalmar) is forced to give up dancing due to a bad leg. Since he can't be a magician, stagehand Skelton (Ruby) being responsible for fouling up his act, Astaire turns to writing lyrics, and who else but Red gets to write the music. With female

Deborah Kerr seeks a lost husband with guide Stewart Granger in "King Solomon's Mines."

Almost unattainable mountain top challenges Valli and Glenn Ford in "The White Tower."

You can count on keeping your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—if you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use dually-effective Ipana care for better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both.

For a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you must fight tooth decay. But, dentists warn—you must fight gum troubles, too!

With one famous tooth paste—*with* Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums both.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

New, today, start this double protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome;" you'll like Ipana's refreshing flavor, too.

Ipana
For healthier teeth, healthier gums

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23c
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About
Continued from page 10

Gloria, the two kids, and members of his wife's family. His new picture is really type casting. It's called "Jackpot" and in it he's a family man with two children. Barbara Hale's his wife in this one, a story about a guy who wins one of those fabulous radio quiz contests and nearly flips his lid getting rid of the stuff.

That long stay in England, where Greg Peck made "Captain Horatio Hornblower," had little effect on his two oldest sons. Jonathan and Steven went right back to playing cowboys as soon as they hit Hollywood. Jonathan thinks his pop is pretty keen, now that Greg's done a couple of Westerns. Greg, who was under contract to more different studios than any living actor, has about worked off all his commitments and will be a free man before long, able to pick and choose any picture he wants to do. One that he plans to do for 20th is "David And Bathsheba," which will be made in the Holy Land.

Meanwhile, Greg's favorite project, the La Jolla Playhouse, started off a successful season with Bob Ryan and Marie MacDonald doing "Born Yesterday." The Ryans, Bob and Jess, were posing

Jane Wyman has become quite the photog-rapher with her three dimensional camera.

for some studio publicity pictures and had to borrow a deck of cards from their cook on account of the photog wanted a picture of them "playing" canasta. The Ryans have never learned any card games.

Lauren Bacall presented a new Al Kramer original painting called "Skating Scene" to the Motion Picture Relief Fund for their Country Home. This is the second time artist Kramer has contributed a painting to the outfit, which reproduces the scene for their Christmas cards. Last Christmas the MPRF made just wads of money from the sale of the cards to the industry. This year they hope to pass the record. The money is used to help homeless and broke actors.

That cute girl singer, Margaret Whiting, cut short a personal appearance tour to entertain the gals of the Hollywood Wom-en's Press Club at their party for new members. Maggie and Buddy Pepper, her accompanist and arranger, put on quite a show for us and no gang of gals could have been more appreciative than this bunch, who have practically adopted the dear doll. After the meeting, we went shopping at Magnin's with Maggie and Buddy. She went in to buy a pair of gloves and came out with the whole store. Then we went over to inspect her new apartment in Beverly, which is real jazzy. The Whiting gal sold her home in Westwood—too derin far
for one who spends most of her time in
Hollywood for recording and radio.

* * *

Another cute little femme, Joan Evans,
whom the Club has adopted, was at this
session. Her ma, writer Katherine Albert,
told me an amusing story about her
kid. Joan's been taking voice coaching,
at her boss Sam Goldwyn's expense, to
change her register from a high to a low
key, which she accomplished with great
pride. At the luncheon, a solicitous wait-
er kept urging Joan to have a cup of cof-
fee. Joan kept thanking him but refus-
ing. Finally the waiter said, "Have some,
it'll be good for your cold." For this she
took voice culture!

* * *

The boy who holds the championship
in looting, Howard Duff, didn't lose his
amateur standing during his vacation in
Honolulu. He had a lot of fun doing noth-
ing, but even so he had to work at it.
The first blow came when his plane land-
ed at the Islands in the early morning
hours and he had to wake up to get off.
Next time he disturbed his routine of idleness
was when he arose at six a.m. to go fishing. Guess this casual kind
of vacation is Ida Lupino's dish of tea, too,
because she seemed to have quite a bit
of fun doing nothing with Duff.
(Please turn to page 70)

Yvonne De Carlo, of "The Desert Hawk," suns
self in bathing suit with peek-a-boo bra.

Irritated skin. "I have skin allergy
problems," says Mrs. V. M. Brathauer of Miami Shores. "Noxzema helps re-
lieve the itching of the resultant skin
irritation. It's my stand-by as an aid to
softer, smoother looking skin."

NEW HOME FACIAL

Look lovelier in 10 days with
this Quick Beauty Routine
—or your money back!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With one cream
you can cleanse . . . help protect . . . and help
heal! The secret is a marvelous new Home
Facial, using only greaseless Noxzema.
And it can help bring you lovelier-looking
skin in 10 days—or your money back!

Here's all you do:

1. Morning—Apply Noxzema over face
and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash"
just as you would with soap and water.
Rinse. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thor-
oughly.

After drying, smooth on a light film of
Noxzema for your powder base. It not only
holds make-up beautifully, but it also helps
protect your skin—all day!

2. Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash"
with Noxzema again. How clean your skin
looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've
washed away makeup, the day's dirt and
grease—without rubbing!

Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face
and neck. Pat a little extra over blemishes.*
While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal them
—helps your skin look softer, smoother. It's
greaseless! No "smearly" face or pillow!

A skin doctor developed this new Nox-
زمة Home Facial. In clinical tests it
helped 4 out of 5 women to lovelier-look-
ing skin. And you'll be thrilled to see how
it can help your skin look lovelier, too!
Noxzema is a medicated formula—a unique
oil-and-moisture emulsion—helps normal-
ize both dry and oily skin.

Money-back Offer! Try the new Nox-
زمة Home Facial for 10 days. If your
skin doesn't show real improvement, re-
turn the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—
your money cheerfully refunded. But you
will be delighted! Get Noxzema today—
while you can get the 85¢ jar for only 59¢
—almost half again as much for your money
as in the Small size! Limited time only—
at any drug or cosmetic counter.

No complexion trou-
bles for Betty Jane
Hokenstrom of Minne-
apolis who says, "I use
Noxzema every night
and morning to help
my skin look soft and
smooth. I keep a jar han-
dy in my desk at work."

*externally-caused.

MONEY SAVING OFFER

BIG 85¢ JAR

now only 59¢ plu.

Limited offer—stock up now!
This is an adult picture
...with a great courageous theme
...with seven new conceptions
of dramatic portrayal that
reach new heights of screen dynamics
an Entertainment that
challenges your own ability to experience
the emotions of others

Darryl F. Zanuck presents No Way Out
starring: Richard Widmark
         Linda Darnell
         Stephen McNally
with: Sidney Poitier, Mildred Joanne Smith
     Harry Bellaver, Stanley Ridges, Dots Johnson

produced by: Darryl F. Zanuck
directed by: Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Written by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels
Faye Emerson shows her elation over Faith's success by happily bussing her at the party. They're old friends.

Sultry Faith Domergue, Howard Hughes' new discovery who makes film debut co-starring with Bob Mitchum in RKO's "Where Danger Lives."

While on recent N.Y. visit, Faith was tendered party by Sherman Billingsley. Below: Betty Underwood and Wendy Barrie chat with her.

Faith, host Billingsley greet Anne Jeffreys of "Kiss Me Kate," and Lex Barker.

Kenny Delmar, radio's Senator Claghorn, gets a kick out of Faith Domergue's story-telling at the Billingsley party at Stork Club.
Gloria De Haven, next to be seen in "I'll Get By," 20th Century-Fox musical, nightclubbing with Sid Chaplin, son of the famed comedian.

Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd fixes the bonnet of an admirer, Sherman Billingsley, daughter of the swank Stork Club's proprietor.

Lucille Ball having dinner with her husband, Desi Arnaz. They made personal appearances at Roxy in New York.

Clark Gable was at the pier to meet his wife, Sylvia, when she recently returned from England on the Queen Mary. He's in "To Please A Lady."

(Please turn to page 22)
The most provocative shade yet... is new Woodbury Coquette

Maybe they'll call you a flirt...
when you willfully, wilefully wear Woodbury's tantalizing new powder shade... Coquette!... No man or mirror ever saw your skin glow with such exciting, inviting color! For Coquette is a provocative new mood in powder—warm, golden rachel—charming as a blush and not half so innocent!... Remember—it's Woodbury... the powder with a unique ingredient that gives your skin a satiny-smooth sheen with no "powdery" look... finer texture, delightful fragrance, longer cling!... Whatever your complexion, see it lovelier in Coquette!
Try it today—15¢, 30¢, $1.00, plus tax.

... in cream make-up, too

Try Coquette Woodbury Cream Make-Up, in a warm peach of a rachel! A complete make-up that veils blemishes and tiny lines. Or match it with Woodbury Powder for a "beauty look" so glamorous, it's unfair to other women! Only 39¢ plus tax.
George Raft, Coleen Gray and Dirk Bogarde at Theatrical Garden Party in England at which Hollywood stars and those of England had gay time together.

NEWSREEL

Diana Hart, Jean Kent, Cesar Romero and Vera-Ellen at recent Garden Party held annually in England and attended by the top stars of the entertainment world.

Dirk Bogarde, Ann Todd, Dane Clark, Margaret Lockwood, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Merle Oberon having a bumper crop of fun with Garden Party attraction.

Left: J. Arthur Rank star Margaret Lockwood introduces her daughter to Dane Clark, her American co-star in "Highly Dangerous," produced in England.

Right: Merle Oberon with Dirk Bogarde, who just finished "Woman in Question" with Jean Kent. George Raft and Coleen Gray had made a film in Italy.
Alluringly styled, enduringly crafted, they'll thrill you with their vibrant colors, their graceful, glamorous lines... their soft leathers... so expensive to the eye, so easy on the pocket! Paris Fashions are the smartest shoes you've ever worn... the best 'buy' you'll find at a tiny $4 and $5.

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI
How You Can Tell You’re In Love

“I don’t mind going on record with my stated belief that true permanent love is possible and that it is desirable above all else in this world.”

Joan, daughter Christina and pals at play rehearsal. “I hope to prepare Christina well in advance,” says Joan anent romantic pitfalls.

Joan with Franchot Tone, her second husband. She admits she’s no example of luck in love.

Joan’s third try at happiness was with Phil Terry. “Many people DO find the perfect mate.”
One of the easiest ways to find out what true love really is, is to learn what it is NOT

By Joan Crawford

RECENTLY I picked up my morning paper and read an item with unbelieving eyes. The headline read, “Falling In Love A Myth, Bobby Soxers Advised.” The article beneath this startling statement was, in my opinion, an expression of total disillusion, frustration, and bitter nonsense. The writer argued that the American notion, handed down from mother to daughter, that the right man exists in the world for every girl and that some day he will come along and be recognized, is absurd. He seemed to take the stand that practically any girl could marry practically any man and maintain a marriage (maybe not happy but at least without divorce) if both would grit their teeth, be courteous to one another, and never, never quarrel over ANYTHING.

This writer added that love at first sight simply doesn’t exist and, besides, love of any kind is almost never permanent.

I should like to disagree, violently, with the author of such statements. Naturally, I have no way of knowing anything about his personal background, but I believe it is fair to assume that he is allowing individual experience to inspire his sweeping generalizations. His conclusions, I feel, are all wrong.

Certainly I have no wish to set myself up as an example of luck in love, but I don’t mind going on record with my stated belief that true, permanent love is (Please turn to page 31)
The Truth About Screen Kisses

In Columbia picture, "The Petty Girl," Bob is often found cheek to cheek with Joan Caulfield, his co-star.

He's kissed some of the world's most beautiful ladies, lists them here.

He kissed Margaret Sullavan before he was introduced. Here, he's with Joan.
And its devastating effect on one actor, who says, "If this be treason let moviegoers make the most of it"

By Robert Cummings

DURING the War I met many men whose only previous contact with the motion picture industry had taken place at a double feature on Saturday night. From their questions, I gathered that the entire field of motion picture kissing (before a camera, that is) was fraught with interest.

The most frequently asked question, placed with delicacy and a charming indirectness, concerned the average caloric content of a screen kiss.

It happens that I have been a fortunate participant in kissing sequences with some of the most beautiful women in the world, so—from a professional standpoint—I am a logical person to make a few tactful, perhaps even wistful, remarks on the subject.

Among those whose lipstick it has been my good fortune to smear are Margaret Sullavan, Jean Arthur, Marsha Hunt, Marjorie Reynolds, Betty Grable, Ruth Hussey, Laraine Day, Sonja Henie, Michele Morgan, Deanna Durbin (in four pictures), Susan Hayward, Olivia de Havilland, Jane Wyman, Hedy Lamarr, Ann Sheridan, Loretta Young, Rosalind Russell, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Diana Lynn, Ann Blyth, Elizabeth Scott and Joan Caulfield.

It is my sincere belief that the girls and I emerged from these experiences with nothing but the kindest of attitudes toward one another, great as the provocation sometimes was... for murder.

My disillusionment with the potential of the screen kiss came early in my career: during my first picture, to be exact. This was a Civil War drama called "So Red The Rose" which might just as well have been called "Gone With The Thorn." The setting was romantic: the veranda of a pillared Southern mansion which was surrounded by magnolia, crepe myrtle, honeysuckle and yellow roses. There was also a moon, achieved by running sky film against a process screen.

I was done up in a grey uniform with a gold silk sash and a sabre to complicate my problems.

The star of the picture, Margaret Sullavan, was gownned in a floating white thing over hoops.

I had never met Miss Sullavan formally, but I was diffident about mentioning this to the director while he was busy explaining the action to me. I was to charge down the central corridor of the mansion, shoot across the veranda (on foot, not with a gun), seize Miss Sullavan and kiss her goodbye—twice—then hasten off to war.

When you read about an actor and an actress kissing and then being introduced afterward, you don't believe it. Very well, don't believe it.

Yet it's true that I was introduced to Miss Sullavan about thirty minutes after I had stumbled over my sabre, fallen against her hoop with the darnedest results, and then fled to a war in which she (Please turn to page 55)
"A LADY Without Passport," new MGM film, presents the romantic adventures of Hedy Lamarr when she meets John Hodiak, who co-stars as an immigration inspector. An illegal alien, Hedy masquerades as a Cuban nightclub entertainer in order to further her chances of getting into the United States. This project becomes complicated when she falls in love with John who is under orders not to allow any one of a dubious nature to slip by the officials. Hedy's exotic beauty, her spangled after-dark costumes, the Cuban and Florida backgrounds make a drama with a high temperature.

Hedy and John Hodiak, as two lovers, are confronted with tough problem.

In pin curls and old shirt, Hedy dispenses with glamour between takes for the picture.

Below: While she waits call to work she reads fan letters in her dressing room.

Above: In "A Lady Without Passport" she meets John Hodiak via George Macready.
WHEN you admire someone’s work, there is nothing too unusual in expecting that you will like that someone should you have the privilege of meeting her in person. I had admired Jane Wyman’s work on the screen in everything I had seen her do. I admired her sincerity and the genuineness of her performances. I fully expected to find, behind the actress, a fine person, and to like her.

At the moment I can’t remember just where or when our first meeting took place. It was most casual. I said, “How do you do, Miss Wyman.” Nothing more world-shaking than that. It seems, at the time, we were both busy, at separate studios, with very little opportunity to follow up the introduction. I remember wanting to and making a mental note to do so as soon as my picture was finished.

Freed from work, at last, we began running into each other at social gatherings. There was a luncheon arrangement, then visits and get-togethers. From my first visit with Jane I found it so easy to like her that I felt I had known her for a long time. My expectations were realized: Jane is a sweet, lovely, generous girl, with a fine sense of humor and a charming reserve that borders on shyness.

It would be difficult indeed to select Jane’s most admirable characteristic, but one that stands out so prominently that none could miss it is her wonderful generosity. Not only does Jane give unstintingly of her material possessions, she is just as generous with her time. Jane never seems to mind being inconvenienced when she can help anyone, or make someone happy.

For instance, Jane and I were playing golf one day. I had on a pair of gloves that had most decidedly seen better days. There were holes in all (Please turn to page 58)
About Jane

“I have a feeling that Jane is the type of girl who would shrink from injecting her personal problems into her friendships. But I imagine that her marvelous, resilient sense of humor must have carried her through trying times.”

Ginger says, “A career in Hollywood affords very little time to form deep friendships.”

Congratulations from Ida Lupino on “Johnny Belinda.” Jane won Academy Award for role.

Ginger’s own story of how two stars got to know and to like each other.

By Ginger Rogers
Despite her exotic look, Joan's an outdoor girl. Loves swimming, flying.

Joan Dixon, glamorous newcomer who makes her screen debut in RKO's "Bunco Squad," has a perfect right to believe that thirteen is her lucky number. She was signed by RKO on the 13th of January, 1950, and promptly thereafter was starring in her first movie. Born in Norfolk, Virginia, she's wanted to be an actress ever since she was 3.

Before shooting of film started, Joan was shown mechanics of picture-making.

Glamorous Newcomer

With co-star Bob Sterling, who was most helpful to Joan in screen debut. She hoped to be stage actress, but studio scout spotted her two months after her arrival in N. Y.

David, Claudia Barrett in "Jewel Robber." He grew up in N. Y. is 6' 11½".

At "Glass Menagerie" premiere with wife, Adrian, Shelley Winters, Sidney Greenstreet. He sees magic in show people.

Supernaturally, considering lack of experience, he got first job, in a chorus.
As Horatio Hornblower of the C. S. Forester stories, Gregory Peck takes his ship out of an English harbor under secret orders. With Napoleon's Army poised on the Continent to make invasion attempt, he's been delegated to procure aid in the way of gold and ships from England's distant colonies. He's forced to sail around Cape Horn to elude French enemies, his men become demoralized and there are numerous tribulations. However, the gloom is brightened by the addition, en route, of lovely Virginia Mayo to ship's complement. All this happens in Warner Bros. "Captain Horatio Hornblower," an adventurous sea saga filmed both in England and the Mediterranean.
MY FIRST recollection of becoming clothes conscious was at the ripe old age of twelve, when I was as straight and as flat, but not as wide, as a board. I also had a generous supply of freckles and a sunburned, peeling nose. Just the type for a chic getup. But this particular occasion called for something rather more brief than an elaborate costume. It was a diving contest, staged by the summer colonists of Laurel Beach, near Milford, Connecticut.

I had a pretty good opinion of my diving ability and had entered the teen-age class, where I didn't belong, very sure in my own mind that I would win over everybody and particularly over a very shapely eighteen-year-old who had the looks I lacked. I was progressing very well until I went into my ninth dive—a back jack-knife. One more after this one and I'd be champ!

Just as I had assumed my best form and was about to waft gracefully into the water, the button on my shoulder strap flew off and, simultaneously, I flew off the board in what is probably the most inept exhibition of form ever seen.

Shattered, I took off for shore, adding my tears to the ocean's salt water and leaving all honors to my rival. The first thing I saw when I hit the beach was a pair of feet, encased in brown and white sport shoes. They belonged to my male parent, who looked at me balefully and said, "Don't you know a quitter never wins and a winner never quits?" After digesting this bit of sympathetic wisdom I came to a conclusion that had absolutely nothing to do with the point I was trying to make or, for that matter, with my future as a diving champ. I decided that clothes were merely something to be put on and forgotten and that they should never be allowed to interfere with progress.

My next phase of clothes-consciousness struck me a couple of years later. I was going to my first Yale prom. My costume was an inexpensive pink satin number, very girlish, silver slippers with Louis heels, and a silver ribbon with dangles for my hair—heaven knows why the dangles. I felt like Elsie Dinsmore, contrasted with my (Please turn to page 63)
NOW that all the furore’s died down over her winning an Academy Award for her very first screen performance, Mercedes McCambridge is ready to spring another surprise on Hollywood. She’s going to sing in her new picture, "The Scarf." No one even guessed Mercedes knew the first thing about warbling, but, as she explains it, the girl in the picture is a tough singing waitress in a Los Angeles dive and hasn’t much of a voice, anyway, so she’s quite convinced she can handle it. That’s Mercedes all over—she hates incompetence. Spontaneous and uninhibited, Mercedes loves life and has a grand sense of humor. As for her career, that’s going along in the same manner as she talks—fast and breathlessly. So, although she hates to stay put in one place, it looks like she’s going to be around Hollywood for quite a spell.

Mercedes, an inveterate traveler in real life, does it the inexpensive way in the picture.

Although a strong individualist, Mercy makes friends easily.

Below: Mercedes with Frank Jenks and Richard Wessell in a scene in "The Scarf."

Below: King Donovan accompanies Mercedes, who does her own singing in the picture.
Warm And Emotional, Yet Cold And Direct

The suave, insouciant men about town have had their day and now it's the tall, dark and virile guys who are coming into their own. And when that type man has a voice that can be warm and emotional and then cold and direct the effect on the gals is lethal. It was Frank Lovejoy's soft, yet crisp manner of speaking that won him outstanding success on the radio. But standing in front of a microphone didn't give Frank the satisfaction he craved. So he went on the stage where he could perform as well as talk. Then, he was offered a part in "Home Of The Brave." He went to Hollywood, did a fine job in the film. Next came "South Sea Sinner." Now he's starring in "Sound Of Fury," U.A. release. Frank's popularity as a movie personality is growing and if his film career is anything like his radio career, he'll be on the top in no time.
The Number One Man in Arlene’s life, apparently, is Lex “Tarzan” Barker.
To A Man's Heart

"Don't let him know you think he's your knight in shining armor," says Arlene Dahl

THE regulars at the MGM commissary are used to seeing beautiful girls for under those portals pass... on those chairs reside... and over those menus lean some of the loveliest girls in the world. To draw a thimble-full of attention from this crowd is praise indeed.

Arlene Dahl couldn't have stirred up any more excitement if she'd been announced by a trumpeter. She was wearing a black dress with a deep-cut square neckline, matching black gloves, shoes and cartwheel hat. Fastened snugly to her narrow patent leather belt were two vibrant carnations—the exact shade as her hair.

As she made her way to our table, we couldn't help but pat ourselves on the back. "Yes, siree," we noted boastfully, "you've picked the ideal bachelor-girl to discuss the way to a man's heart."

We all ordered salads as our main entree—the kind that's supposed to keep the curves in the right places, and then munched and launched into the subject of men.

"Have you ever noticed," asked Arlene, "that men are to blame for most of our dilemmas?" Pointing to her salad she continued, "We eat this, because men like slim women... we cut our hair short or leave it long depending on his dictates... and we revamp our wardrobes depending on trends from Paris. And who are behind these trends? Male designers, male manufacturers and just males.

"I think one of the main avenues to a man's heart isn't through meat or victuals as the old proverb goes, but by NOT pleasing him too much. If a man knows you're in love with him—madly and completely—then the chase is over. He'll begin to feel sure you'll always feel this way and take advantage of you. First, by being late for dates, then by not keeping them at all, and finally, by dropping you for some other (Please turn to page 65)

By Reba and Bonnie Churchill

Arlene with Red Skelton and Fred Astaire having fun between scenes of "Three Little Words," MGM's Technicolor musical, in which all three co-star with Vera-Ellen.

Fred Astaire and Arlene in "Three Little Words." Be nonchalant and aloof with men, advises Arlene.
Debra Paget made her screen debut opposite Richard Conte in "House of Strangers" for 20th Century-Fox. She's now to be starred in "Bird of Paradise," her role being an outstanding one.

Right: As leading lady for Jimmy Stewart in "Broken Arrow," one of the year's finest pictures. Debra made her stage debut at age of eleven with Charles Coburn in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

The pretentious plans under way for gifted newcomer, Debra Paget, lead safely to stardom.

By Helen Hendricks
WITHOUT benefit of crystal ball or awning-striped tent, we venture to predict that Debra Paget will be a topflight star on the 20th Century-Fox lot within two years. For, when Debra is being ambitious, diligent and persevering—which is just about sixteen hours a day—she is doing what comes naturally. She doesn't have to exert will power or exercise self-control, for the twin bugaboos are natively hers. She is their mistress and no effort is required to keep them in line.

Since Debra has just turned seventeen, these seemingly dreary virtues could tend to make her sound precocious or prudish. She is neither. She is a very pretty girl whose blue eyes photograph brown in the Technicolored "Broken Arrow," due to the use of contact lenses, she will tell you, because no Apache Indian ever had blue eyes no matter how wild his forebears may have been.

Her naturally red-gold hair has been dyed black for the movies and the effect so enhanced her photogenically that it remains that color, even when she is "between pictures."

We recently met little Miss Paget, nee Griffin, on her first trip to New York. Accompanied by her mother and tutor, she was living in the style to which movie stars soon become accustomed, at the St. Moritz, a very cosmopolitan hostelry opposite Central Park. They were here on location for "Fourteen Hours," a thriller which Henry Hathaway is directing and in which Debra plays just another of the teeming city's stenographers, the pert little girls who swarm into thousands of offices each day at nine and whoop out at five to dine, launder slips and socks and see a movie. A great many of them are (Please turn to page 67)
Fun furs to be taken in earnest because they behave like real ones

THAT wonders will never cease is illustrated by the uncanny resemblance these chic costumes bear to genuine furs. They are the brain children of an enterprising stylist, who faces the fact that not every woman can own the real article. A happy mixture of faultless lines and sturdy, crush resistant fabric makes the varied modes now available fashion headliners of the Season. As for lining, they all boast Cohama Sunny crepe.

Fashion Selection #198 Carol Ohmart of NBC television show, “Bonny Maid Versatile Varieties,” strolls with its star, Harold Barry, in Fabulous Fake Fur broadtail greatcoat with raglan sleeve style. Comes interlined, too. 10-18; red, beige, black or navy. About $70.00.

Fashion Selection #199 F.F.F. broadtail again. Carol in one-button, shawl-collared smoking jacket, designed for Fall days in town. Can be obtained in black, navy, beige or bright red. Sizes 10-18 at about $40.00. A slim, matching skirt of the same fabric is only $15.00.
Fashion Selection #200
Left, flight jacket sells for about $30; vest about $16, and tapered slacks about $18. All pretend broadtail. Sizes 10-18; navy, beige and black. Vest in red and white as well.

Fashion Selection #201
Right, conferring on doorstep with Harold, Carol wears her Fake Fur Baron Duki. Its sleeves are raglan variety; its cuffs convertible and pockets roomy. Sizes 10-18 at about $50.00.

Fashion Selection #202
Below, most extravagant of all furs, chinchilla, is emulated by a cape jacket, with Fake Furs worked in horizontally. It has a graceful shawl collar. Sizes 10-18 for about $300.00.

Hats by Dani—Gloves by Wear-Right—Makeup by Cashmere Bouquet

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT ROCKFIELD

Screenland
Fashion Selections
by Kay Brunell

PLEASE TURN TO page 79 in this issue for information where to purchase these fashion selections in or near your own city.
Screenland Salutes

"Destination Moon"

Right: Having arrived on the Moon, the explorers begin their photographic expedition.

"Destination Moon" is not a Buck Rogers type thriller, but rather a highly entertaining documentary film, with a plausible story, done in Technicolor and based on the latest solar discoveries of today's top scientists. It's an accurate and believable account of man's first successful attempt to place a rocket ship upon the surface of the moon. What you see in "Destination Moon," a George Pal production, is not fantasy, but precisely what scientists claim we may expect before long.

Our well-equipped moon visitors inspect the desolate sun-baked waste of the moon's surface.

Below: John Archer, captain of space travelers in film, finds that beyond earth's gravity there is no up or down.

Below: Industrialist John Archer gives Tom Powers okay for full speed ahead on the Moon Rocket project.
How You Can Tell You’re In Love

Continued from page 23

possible, and that it is desirable above all else in this world.

I believe that many people do find the perfect mate. Of course there are
reasons--it is likely, also, there are always
many people in hospitals. Yet the fact
remains that more people stay married
than seek divorce, and there are more
well people in the world at any given
time than there are patients in hospitals.

I am teaching my children that there is
such a thing as complete and per-
manent love, and I am trying to teach
them the signs by which to tell when
that love has arrived.

One of the easiest ways to explain to
children what love is, is to explain what
love is not.

First of all, in almost every girl’s life
there comes a Spring when she falls in
love with a boy. A wise and witty man
once said that quite a few people would
never know what love was if they hadn’t
seen a picture of it on an April mag-
zine cover.

Falling in love with a boy, and then
fitting the mask of that love--exactly
as if it were one of those Halloween
facial disguises--over some boy, is nor-
mal. A girl doesn’t really see the boy
in this case; she sees only a roseate
image incorporating all of those
attributes of Clark Gable, Ronald Col-
man, Montgomery Clift, Don Juan, Sir
Anthony Eden, and Santa Claus.

In this evanescent state a girl likes to
whisper to her mirrored self, watch-
her own changing expressions. She
weeps soft tears at thought of the boy
going away forever, or dying, or marry-
ing another girl. She doesn’t hear her
family when they speak to her, and she
is inclined to play Debussy and Schu-
mann recordings on the phonograph.

I think it is important for a girl to
go through such a stage, but I think it
is also a duty for her to know deep
within herself, that this is merely a
phase. Her mother, her older sister, or
someone else who has her interests at
heart should mention the truth that
every girl goes through this experience
in mild or serious form and that it is
a delightful part of growing up. Under
no circumstance should the girl marry
the boy who happens to be around at
the time, and upon whose thin shoulders
she has draped her fantasies. Both
the girl and the boy may believe that This
Is The Real Thing, but they should
be persuaded to wait for at least two
years before taking a definite step. Dur-
ing that two years, they should date
other people.

Another manifestation of a girl’s grow-
ing up is her inclination to consider her-
sel desperately in love with a boy to
whom the girl’s parents object.

Usually parents have an excellent rea-
son for objecting to a boy when they
pass a family rule that the girl is not
to see him. However, a girl often rebels
—not so much because she is convinced
that her parents are wrong—but because
she has reached that stage of de-
velopment in which she wishes to be con-
sidered a reasoning individual. She is
trying to be a person. She is building a
personality for herself, and she is setting
the foundations of character. She is often
impractically idealistic. She mistakes
her eagerness to be considered adult for
genuine regard for the boy in the case.

In her imagination she and the boy be-
come star-crossed lovers.

If the girl really respects parental au-
thority, she is likely to sulk or to de-
scend into moods. She is likely to as-
sume the melancholy martyrdom of an
Heloise, and bore everyone around her
to tears.

If she is resentful of parental author-
ity, she may try to sneak out and meet
the forbidden boy on the sly. This is
of course, utterly foolish, and can only
lead to further trouble.

I hope to prepare my Christina well
in advance for the appearance in her
life of the exciting scoundrel. Or perhaps
he won’t even be important enough for
such a designation; he may only be The
Wrong Person.

I hope to teach her that just because
a thing is forbidden, it is not necessarily
delightful. I want her to know that real
love is not made up of rebellion, danger,
and deception.

Christina and I will be spared one
facet of the difficulties in such a situ-
ation. Christina knows now that my
major concerns are her happiness and
her unfolding into successful woman-
hood. She knows that rules we make
in our home are for the good of all.

However, I realize that occasionally
parents object to their daughters’ beaux
because the family doesn’t want to lose
a breadwinner or a household slave. In
such a case, a girl must ask herself this
question, “Do my parents object to this
boy because of him, individually, or
would they object to any boy who was
attentive to me?”

Most girls know when their families
are interested in them as persons, and
not as economic assets. Yet even if a
girl’s family is unfair to her, she should
not misinterpret her rebellion against
them as love for some boy.

When a girl is tempted to marry a
boy to spite her family or to get away
from them, she should think it over for
a long time. Frequently a girl’s deter-
mination to escape is not related in any
way to lasting love for the boy to whom
she is escaping. (The love of Elizabeth
Barrett for Robert Browning is one of
the celebrated exceptions.)

There is another sort of mirage-love
which a girl should be taught to rec-
ognize, and of which she should be
wary. It is easy to fancy oneself in
love with the captain of the football
team, or with the handsome new algebra
prof, or with the college brother of the
girl next door, or with the exciting new
movie star.

The enthusiasm a normal girl feels for
such individuals is hero worship—not
love. Usually the “beloved” man is
totally unaware of the girl, so she never
has an opportunity to check her dreams
about him against actual fact. Hero
worship is sort of a mental magnifying
glass which makes a man seem better
in every way than any human being.

(Please turn to page 54)
Be Yourself!

says

Kay Brunell

Fashion Selection #203 Sagging bust-line of model at left is corrected by the Peter Pan Hidden Treasure bra at right. Without any extra pads your bust appears full. Has four-sectional stitched cup. Many tubings and its shape is intact. White only. 32-36 A cup; 32-38 B cup. In nylon taffeta $3.95 or cotton $3.00.

Photos by Bert Rockfield.

YOU MAY ORDER any of the fashion selections on this page through Ellen Gilson at Saks 34th, New York, N. Y.

Fashion Selection #204 Another sleek new design to meet fashion demands is the rayon satin bra below, with reinforced cup. This has 2-section cup, elastic center gore and adjustable straps. The "Magicup" is non-detectable sorcery. In white or black. 32-36 A cup and 32-38 B cup. Priced at $2.00.

Fashion Selection #205 An elasticized panel band supports the four-section stitched "Magicup" strapless bra. It has a separator that guarantees support and security. And like the other 2 Peter Pans, completely washable, sure to hold its shape. In white or black. 32-36 A cup; 32-38 B cup. Its price, $5.00.
You'll be the center of attraction, the envy of all... in these glamorous skating costumes. They're cut for full freedom of action along curve-hugging Princess lines, and move with you in exciting rhythm. Convenient back zipper for jiffy changing. You'll be the most courted queen of the rink... and for such a small price, too!

WILCO FASHIONS, Dept. S356M, 45 East 17th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

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Colors: WHIRLAWAY
- Grey with Red Sash and Silver Sequins
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Colors: WHIRLABOUT
- Green with Beige top + Grey with Pink top
- Black with Aqua top + Brown with Aqua top
- All with glittering gold braid

Junior Dress Sizes 7, 9, 11, 13, 15
Misses Dress Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16
could be. To "fall in love" with such a person is much like placing a dollar bill under a magnifying glass and then trying to buy a Cadillac with it. It won't work out—and neither will a love affair with an illusion.

There is another familiar situation in which the thing a girl interprets as love is really shadow, not substance. Suppose that a girl's best friend was married last year; her sister was married last Christmas, her cousin was married in the Spring, her second best girl friend is being married in June, and there are two or three weddings scheduled for the late Summer.

This girl has attended all the showers, and has been a member of most of the wedding parties. She has worn blue, pink, yellow, and lilac bouffant dresses. She has caught the bride's bouquet twice.

The girl is in danger. If she has a steady boy friend, she is likely to become infected by the idea that maybe the calm, pleasant friendship she feels for him is the apex of her potential romantic reaction. "I've never felt the way a girl in love is supposed to feel, so maybe I'm not built that way—maybe I'm the casual type," she is likely to tell herself.

The boy, too, may be caught up in the romantic atmosphere. He may think, "Well, a man has to marry sometime. I like Janet and I know she likes me. We've known one another a long time—so why not?" And, after the wedding toast, he may ask the girl why they don't collect rice and old shoes on their own account.

It is fairly safe to prophesy that, within two or three years, either the man or the girl in this case will have met the person who has the indescribable ability to awaken the latent emotional response which exists in everyone. But by that time, the elements of tragedy also exist in the situation.

Every girl should be taught that social response to the romance of others should not be confused with love, love, in the personal sense. After all, no sensible person who looks out of window to find the rain pelting down, goes at once to stand under the shower just to be wet, too.

The same warning should be issued to a girl who takes the first long trip of her life. The term "shipboard romance" has come to mean any transitory emotional connection which has come to nothing, and that should be pointed out to the breathless traveler standing amid her shiny new hat boxes and steamer trunks.

It is easy for a girl to think she has fallen in love with a cowboy at a dude ranch, or with a lifeguard at the beach, or with a Mountie in the Canadian Rockies, but this reaction isn't love at all. It is merely a favorable emotional response to newness, strangeness, and natural beauty of vacation spots; it is only the heart's announcement that all of nature is inspiring and that, in its midst, we—who are a part of mankind—admire our fellow creatures.

The "love" felt under such circumstances should be put to the test of meeting the man in scenes with which the girl is entirely familiar. During the War, many a marriage which had been contracted when the man wore khaki went to pieces when his back-to-earth-at-last wife saw him in jeans and a plaid shirt driving a hot rod when he was supposed to be selling groceries.

At this point I can imagine that a good many girls would like to observe, "If all of these things AREN'T love, then what is?"

Again, let me say that I'm not an authority, but it seems to me that it is true love if love goes on, smiling and proud, when the questions listed below can be answered with a positive "Yes." Do you have many tastes and interests in common?

Does being with him give you a feeling of ease and assurance?

Does he expect to live up to ideals which you have expressed, and does he expect you to live up to the highest...
ideals of womanhood?
Are his manners nice? Does he show you the courtesies a girl has a right to expect, and is he deferential with older people?
Does he confide in you, and when you confide in him does he show a sincere interest?
Is he well-liked by someone whose judgment you respect?
Have you seen him work out a difficult problem, or have you been with him in a character-testing position in which he behaved admirably?
Are you proud of him or apologetic for him?
Does he have enough masculine dominance to be head of a family, but does he have enough masculine sweetness to be tender, solicitous, provident and fair?
If you can answer yes to all of these questions, the boy you have chosen certainly would seem to be worthy of love.
To test your own readiness for true love, you should be able to agree with the following thoughts expressed by a well-known author. I do not recall the exact words, but love in action was described as "the tender, unselfish deed done in secret; the generous heart overflowing with warmth and compassion: the soft hand opening the door that turns toward sickness and sorrow; the never ending prayer which lights the dark places of the earth."
This is the final exam which a girl should be able to pass before she can regard herself as being truly in love.

The Truth About Screen Kisses
Continued from page 27

hoped, I am sure, that I would be quickly killed off.

We had to do the scene over and over and over and over, ...

I learned about the "heat" of Hollywood kisses. We were working under third degree lights that would have wrung a confession from Dick Tracy. Every few minutes a makeup man would rush in to blot the perspiration from our damp faces. Every few minutes the hairdresser would hurry into the scene to repair Miss Sullivan's coiffure and to give me a look which said eloquently,

"You clumsy oaf."

As man to man I ask you, how could a man entertain so much as a mildly carnal thought under such misery?

Everyone who has ever attempted such a thing on an amateur basis knows that a love scene is something spoken in muted voices. Whispered against an alabaster throat. Breathed into an eager ear. A rapport is established, a magic created of quiet, of intimacy, of oblivion to the world. That is the ideal love scene situation in daily life.

Do you get that on a sound stage? Just like you get lullabies from Spike Jones.
In the long shots for the love scenes, the illusion is established for the audience: a mysterious room in which a fireplace is aglow, perhaps, or a moonlit night amid the pines, or two people on a desert island at twilight. However, when the camera dollies in for the closeup, it is more than likely that the principals are actually sitting on a pine board over two apple boxes. Instead of whispering words of woo, the actor must speak to his beloved in the voice of a heavyweight champion hauling a taxi on a wintry night.

Just for kicks, try caroling "I love you, honey," with the same vocal force applicable to a fellow motorist who makes a left turn in front of you from the right lane.

Romantic, huh? However, the reason is not to be argued: the sound man has his troubles, too. Soundproofing is little more than a word on many stages; the microphone is bedeviled by the roar of planes passing overhead and by heavy truck traffic on nearby boulevards. If a scene is being shot outdoors, the mike is the victim—the actors of every passing bee.

Heavy breathing is picked up on the sound track; a suddenly screaming chair, a shrill shoe, even the popping of a petal in the back of one's neck sounds like target practice.

On one memorable occasion Deanna Durbin and I—held prisoners on a love seat with the camera so close it could count the hairs in our eyebrows—were playing a romantic sequence at love's 1:50 in the morning. We were expecting, even praying for the lunchon break.

Deanna's tummy was even more interested in food than mine was, and it kept saying so in the complaining voice of a starved lion cub. The director wanted to complete our love scene before the lunchen break because he wanted to strike that set and move on to another stage in the afternoon. Every time Deanna and I would go into our sweet dalliance, Deanna's tummy would repeat what the Governor of North Dakota said to the Governor of South Dakota: "It's a long time between sporting a man's underwear.

At one o'clock we were still trying to get my proposal recorded. The director was white, and the sound man had gone into a state of approximate shock. It might have been funny if we hadn't realized that the delay was costing the company about three thousand dollars an hour. At such prices a stomach is just talking itself into permanent unemployment if it complains about lunchen being late.

Hunger is not the only love scene hazard. Having satisfied one's hunger may cause quite as much trouble. I have worked with high-flying ladies who, because of nervous tension, developed hiccoughs after lunchen. I have worked with beautiful girls who looked at me woefully and confided, "My salad had garlic in it!"

In general, an actor—remain on speaking terms with the lady he is about to clinic—must plan his menu several days in advance of the kissing sequence. He must forego anything cooked with onion or garlic, anchovies, and—in some cases—milk products.

I suppose acrobats fall in love and that it is mightily thrilling, after having been through a true somersault, to be caught by the ankles and held—every sinew pulled taut—by one's beloved.

Acrobats can have it. Actors would prefer to play love scenes while lounging in a Barwa napper (a canvas relaxing chair for one passenger) and exchanging lazy smiles across a perfumed expanse of Spring air.

This, they never get to do.

Motion picture love scenes test every sinew in an actor's protesting body. It took me months to recover from a love scene I enacted with Joan Bennett in "The Texans." This picture was a Western epic filled with horses, horseboys with spikes long enough for dressing purposes, rain for weeks, and tribulations enough to stymie even a soap opera hero.

The scene of my romantic experience with Joan was laid on the lone prairie in the dead of night with cowboys to match.

According to the script I was supposed to have escaped from some malefactors who had planned to nail my pelt to a local tree. I was in poor condition, having been kicked, beaten, mauled and left to die for so long that I had produced a three days' growth of beard in protest. The beard was my own, but the mustache was attached to me by use of spirit gum which produced fever blisters on my skin after twenty minutes' contact.

I was wearing a pair of jeans smeared with "Fuller's Earth," a compound in which no earthworm could grow, and a real old leather "character coat" which had been used by several generations of heartily perspiring extras.

No words have been invented to describe exactly how I looked and smelled.

Joan was supposed to find me as I crawled back to camp. At that tense moment our magnificent smooch scene was scheduled to take place. There were inhibiting factors: I was arthritic from lying on the damp ground, and Joan could not force herself to kiss me. Every time she came near, she fell back with a wall, crying, "I can't. . . . I just can't TOUCH him."

This disinterested me in love of any kind for three days.

Don't think for a moment that all
movie love scenes are cold.

In Hollywood we like diversity. Sometimes we cook 'em up red hot. Like my clinches with Ann Blyth in “Free For All.” That particular love scene was enacted under the cherry trees in Washington, D. C., in July. The mercury was standing at 99 degrees, but because the sunshine was hazy the technicians had found it necessary to set up additional lights and reflectors.

Both the privacy in which we were working and the general intimacy of the situation were great because we only had two or three hundred fascinated sidewalk superintendents drawn up around us in full circle, and a block away a street was being broken up by jack hammers.

All I had to do in the midst of this was take Ann into my arms, which were being reduced to a fine, crisp beef roast state, give her a kiss to be felt unto the fourth generation, and ask her to marry me. This sort of thing is no fair test of love because Ann would have, at that point, gladly agreed to marry Gargantúa if he had been able to give her an ice cream cone and a cold shower, at the same time of course.

One of the nicest girls in Hollywood is Lizabeth Scott, even if she has given me some difficulty in love scenes. When she and I were working in “You Came Along,” our big love passage was supposed to take place in the back of an airplane. I was the pilot and she was the passenger. (As the pilot, I had presumably turned the operation of the plane over to the automatic pilot, an act of which I, as an actual pilot, totally disapproved.)

Pretty fascinating situation, huh?

Well, Liz had flu and was working only because she was determined not to cost the company money by staying away from the job. She was running a temperature of 101.

The next day I was bettering her record by two degrees, and I spent three weeks in a state of semi-invalidism, demanding sympathy from my real life wife.

One of the love scenes I remember most vividly was that I did with Barbara Stanwyck in “The Bride Wore Boots.” The situation was this: we had married for a second time (after having divorced one another), and things weren’t going so well at the beginning of this repeat marriage. We were getting looped (only in the mind of the script-writer) on champagne; people were knocking on the walls of our honeymoon suite, and servants were delivering parcels to our door.

Our love scene was to be accomplished with me sitting in a huge armchair, and with Barbara sitting on my lap. I can’t remember what brought it about, but I’ll never forget the hysterical laughter with which Miss Stanwyck reacted to my screen kisses.

To add to the general confusion, her laughter made me laugh and the result was that before order was restored nearly everyone on the sound stage had laughed rivulets down his cheeks and into the dust of the boards.

This gave me no reputation as the screen’s greatest lover—which is prob-
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**Let Me Tell You About Jane**

Continued from page 30

self a part like Julie Harris is playing in "Member Of The Wedding" on Broadway...a role with meaty drama and a touch of comedy.

When we can't get together, we talk on the telephone, and these gab sessions go on forever unless something concerning our work puts a sudden period to them. "Did you see...?" "Have you read...?" "Did you like...?" We talk about food and what we had for break-

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Geraldine Knapp is one of the beauties in "Abbott And Costello In Foreign Legion."
fast. I find Jane doesn’t like coffee. She drinks tea. Her pet breakfast is cream cheese and jelly spread on toast and a cup of tea. I confided that my breakfast, compared to hers, sounded like a fitting fare for threshers: a fruit juice, hot or cold cereal, toast, occasionally eggs, and more fruit.

We talk about sports, which, come to think of it, is our favorite topic. Jane plays a splendid game of golf. She’s just beginning at tennis. I’d like to do some tennis practicing with Jane, but it seems, whenever we have time for a game, we wind up playing golf.

In our fashion, we take our game seriously. You never find us, on the golf course, magnanimously throwing games to each other. We definitely go at it to win.

By no stretch of the imagination could you call me a consistent golfer. I will play lazily up to one hole, be intense on the next, and alternate between humor and seriousness on the others—this I know about myself.

It may be Jane’s natural generosity that prompts her to react to my moods, but she does. If I find it all very funny, Jane finds it funny. If I’m intense, Jane’s intense. Thus, we thoroughly enjoy ourselves while we try diligently to best each other’s score.

I’m an avid football fan. Jane isn’t. I love fishing. Jane has never been introduced to this sport. I’m planning to correct that oversight just as soon as we can arrange for vacations at the same time. I shall take Jane up to my ranch on the Rogue River in Oregon and give her a thorough initiation. Knowing Jane, I’m pretty sure she’s going to like fishing, the big outdoors and trampling through the woods.

One thing I’m sure of. Jane is going to adore my ranch. I burst with pride over its 680 big acres, its fat and sassy herd of Herefords, its incomparable fishing holes on the Rogue. Of course, I’ve met some Texans who consider it a passable residential lot, but to me it’s big and roomy and I love it. Be she ever so confirmed a city-dweller, Jane is going to love it, too.

The more I think of our friendship, Jane’s and mine, the more I’m persuaded that it is rather unusual. There are many things on which our tastes seem to coincide, yes; but there are many where we seem to be entirely different.

We have found tacit agreement on one major point: We seldom go out together on double dates. We have never demanded, because of our friendship, that our evenings be joined, socially. We’ve never imposed our friendship on our other friends. We’ve never felt that, because we like each other, Jane’s other friends must be mine, and mine Jane’s.

We’ve never gone shopping together, and women friends are supposed to revel in that “sport.” We’ve talked about shopping, and Jane feels much about it as I do. Shopping is a difficult chore! The time when I’m driven to shop, from sheer necessity, I brace myself with what sales resistance I can muster, then wade in and try to settle the shopping problem for the next six months. I never do, but I try. (Please turn to next page)
Jane loves the social life, parties, nightclubs. She really enjoys them. I'm not too intrigued with clubs and parties. I guess I'm more the outdoor type. Maybe Jane hasn't had the time to be properly introduced to the great outdoors, what with the demands a picture career makes upon an actress, and the additional responsibility of home and children.

Jane's home and children! No complete picture of Jane Wyman could ever be drawn without including her handsome little family, her well-run home, and her relationship to them.

I'm sure Jane's career in motion pictures is very important to her. I know how hard she works to make each role she plays stand out above the one before; how studiously she strives to bring to the screen a well-rounded, complete portrayal of the character she is given to play. But, I know also, that all this, to Jane Wyman, is secondary in importance in her life. With Jane, her children come first.

What a joy it is to know a family where the mother and children know and understand each other! Jane knows her children, and they know her. To me, this is an achievement that can come only through constant and intelligent companionship. You could never imagine Jane stooping to the convenient routine of a nurse bringing the children to her at bedtime for a fast "Goodnight, dear."

Jane isn't a "hovering" mother. She's never "fussy" with her children; "naggy." She never talks down to them. She tells them as though they had minds and the power to use them properly and do a little thinking for themselves.

Several times Jane has brought her small son, Mike, to my house. There is nothing precious about Mike. He's a well-behaved, well-brought-up child. He seems perfectly content to amuse himself about the house while Jane and I talk of grown-up things. If some small correction is necessary, there are no threats, no belittling. Jane knows that a child has dignity and respects it. In his turn, Mike respects his mother's wishes. To me, all this is an index to a self-disciplined mother; one who "thinks" her way through her relationship with her children.

I count having Jane Wyman as my friend as one of my special privileges. A career in Hollywood affords very little time to form deep friendships; to get to really know people. And that is a great pity, for you meet so many wonderful people here, each one with something good and lasting to contribute to a friendship. But, where's the time?

I'm so glad Jane and I have taken the time and had the opportunities to get to know each other. I wouldn't have missed it for the world!

Why, we even laugh at each other's jokes!

Presenting The Magic Man!

Continued from page 37
The Catholic children, by custom, participated chiefly in activities sponsored by their own church, but once the priest had investigated the Y pool in comparison with the Hudson, he wholeheartedly recommended to his parish boys that they join the Y, and he got them into a fund-raising drive to secure and equip a convenient neighborhood recreation center with a swimming pool. This series of events equipped David with the powerful swimming ability which was to save his life during the War. (He served as an underwater demolition instructor for the Coast Guard and saw duty both in England and France. Currently he doesn't like to talk about it, but everyone knows that the frog men who cleared the beach approaches had to carry plenty of magic in their flippers to come out alive.)

During his elementary and high school days David was too busy with athletics to go in for dramatics, but after attending City College of New York, he took a job as ticket-taker and doorman at the Roxy Theatre. This was a job for which he was qualified by his height, his easy charm of manner, and his interest in watching the people who might appear there. Unfortunately the magician season was poor.

One morning David was strolling along 46th Street when he noticed a crowd gathered around the Imperial Theatre. It turned out that the mass meeting was hoping to be cast in the chorus of "New Moon." By a stroke of some sort of magic, David won a job. Once he had familiarized himself with his chorus duties, he signed up for an understudy job, and then for a second. His friends decided that he was crazy, and the opinion clung until one of these principals was favored with a Hollywood bill and left the cast, giving David his first singing and speaking part.

David's luck extended through eight Broadway shows, including one with the Lunts, before his luck ran out. In a way, though, the magic continued. David was sharing diggings with "the 'Til Liberty" artie... .

This simple instrument made the difference between hunger and feasting.

By ingenious planning, the percolator could be made to produce a feast. Well in advance of the dinner hour the cook (chosen by lot) boiled peeled potatoes, carrots, and turnips—perhaps a cut of cheap meat together in the percolator to make a fine, savory stew. Just before dinner canned soup was heated in the percolator—first course. The stew was the second course. The percolator was washed and coffee was boiled.

During these hilarious dinners David discovered that there is a sort of magic in people who will not give up a dream. The people with whom David spent his time knew in their hearts, far better than anyone could tell them, how great the odds against their eventual success in the theatre were, but they believed in themselves and in the magic of their destinies.

In those days an Equity card entitled the holder to a gallery seat at any Broadway production, so students of drama saw everything being played behind the scenes. After a play, a group of actors, directors, and members of the cast drifted over to a percolator feast—to discuss the cast, the business, the staging, the direction, the script. Both the stew and the conversation were savored with leisure and the magical conviction that, in the stillness of night and the richness of the evening's experience, nothing was impossible to the one who could dream.

As many a player before him had done, David discovered the magic which resides in show people. He reached a practical conclusion: if an individual cannot manage to become a performer, at least he can always participate in the theatre by being a knowing audience.

However, feeling that the audience phase of his life should be postponed as long as possible, David toured Eastern nightclubs with a song and dance act.

An event occurred during this period which convinced David that some sort of kindly necromancy was still working on his side. Upon returning to his hotel one afternoon, he noticed a cat which appeared with her in the lobby are also in this comedy.
night after the performance, he accepted his key from the night clerk and went to the second floor where he had his room. Inserting the key into the lock of 294, he turned the catch and the door swung open. As he placed the key on the dresser he noted the number on the large brass tag: 734.

He mused on this momentarily, wondering if every key fitted every door in the hotel, or if only the room numbers terminating in like digits (234, 334, 434, etc.) responded to the same key. Out of curiosity he opened the door and tried the key again. It wouldn't fit.

For several moments he worked fruitlessly to operate the lock. Finally he returned to the desk and exchanged the key for 294.

The night clerk laughed, "Too bad you couldn't get in with the wrong key," he said jokingly. "Each lock in this hotel is different. Only the master key will work on every lock."

David slipped his protest. The fact remained, however, that he had opened 294 with the key for 734 by use of some magic process which he couldn't repeat on second trial, and in which no one would believe if he tried to tell the story.

Shortly after this experience David secured a job as master of ceremonies in a series of nightclubs in Buenos Aires and Rio. He picked up a nice assortment of Spanish (if no new keys to the situation) and was going great when the War broke out.

After he had been honorably discharged, David tried Broadway, but Broadway was in no mood to do the same. The magic seemed to have vanished. After one fast flop of "Of All People," David decided to give up show business for construction. (He had learned carpentry when he was in high school.) He and a wartime buddy had saved enough to go into business for themselves, but the question was, where?

They studied statistics and graphs. Said David, in the general direction of his fairy godmother, "The West Coast is showing plenty of activity. Let's build our houses under some of that California sunshine."

It turned out that, during their first few months in Los Angeles, there was more rain than sunshine and more trouble than either. The boys selected a site for their first speculative house, dug the excavations for the foundation, built the forms, and waited for their cement to be delivered.

No cement. No wimanized lumber. No more nails. Not even one small cusu tomar. Obviously it was time for magic.

One night David had a dream. It made no sense, as those things usually go, but it seemed that he met one of his old friends, a Broadway friend, on the street in Hollywood. When the man removed a bushy head there revealed an egg-bald head, through David remembered him as a singer from Stockholm, Sweden. Wryly he described a recent catastrophe. He had bought a bottle of "shampoo" from a Swedish druggist, who apparently, had misunderstood the actor's request. The shampoo had turned out to be mucilage and the actor had been forced to have a barber shave the top of his head to get rid of the chaos.

During the ensuing week another of David's long-time Broadway friends, and a chap who had known the hairless one quite well, got in touch with David to suggest a reunion gag fest. He added that a singer whom both of them had known in New York had secured a Los Angeles nightclub engagement and suggested that they swell the crowd and give the girl a good send-off.

On that outing—undertaken as much to bring his friend up to date on shampoo conditions in Scandinavia as for any other reason—David was placed at table next to a pretty girl who was a registered nurse. She and David exchanged biographical information, so that she learned about his previous acting experience and his losing bout with the construction business.

A few weeks later this nurse accepted a position with Joan Crawford, who was in the market not only for expert care for her children, but for a dynamic leading man to play opposite her in "Flamingo Road."

"I know just the man," said the nurse. "We happened to be guests at the same dinner party a few weeks ago."

Magic. Complicated—therefore magic. But that was not to be the end.

Just before his break in "Flamingo Road" David was alone and lonely one evening. He stopped at the desk at his hotel and asked the clerk to recommend a spot where he could get a good steak and where there was some atmosphere.

"The Bantam Cock on La Cienega has a fine reputation," the clerk said.

David strolled into the restaurant and spoke.
join them and introduced David to the beautiful girl at their table: Miss Adrian Booth, a star in Republic Pictures.

It was her first visit to the restaurant, just as it was David's. They were married a year later.

More magic.

Now: about that childhood ambition of David's to be able to perform the feat of levitation. It has become a larger part of his repertoire than he ever dreamed possible. Of course his performance is mental rather than physical, but vast numbers of women wrote to tell David that whenever they see him on the screen, they experience that mesmerizing, floating-through-the-air sensation. "You have," they say, "a magical influence."

And who was that poor man named Houdini?

Confessions Of A Best Dressed Woman

Continued from page 41

older sister Clara (the Duchess) who was very sleek in a beautiful white satin gown with a red slash inset to the hip on one side. Why, I asked plaintively, couldn't I have a dress like that? Because I wasn't old enough, came the prompt, authoritative response from my mother. I would wear the clothes that suited my age, she said.

It was then that I resolved to become soignée (or whatever the word was at the time) at the earliest possible moment. Clara and I still laugh about those days, and I never let an opportunity slip by to remind her that my clothes complexes are entirely her fault.

There was yet another interlude before I began to indulge in my liking for simple clothes. While I was still a teenager I was hurriedly dressing for an important date. My mother cast a critical eye at the way I was sitting, said, "Sit down, young lady." It seemed I'd been "sewing" some of my unmentionables with safety pins and this was strictly against regulations. "What," Mrs. Russell scolded, "if you were in an accident?"
The implication was that it didn't matter whether I was fatally injured, just as long as what was underneath the outer facade was in good order.

There and then I learned to sew. Sketchily, I admit, but well enough to "latch" things together. I learned from this that there's a fine sense of security in knowing everything is firmly in place; that my mind was settled by going to the moorings; that a trick safety pin isn't going to come undone suddenly, stick me and bring an unexplainable cry of pain to my lips.

I've been asked whether I ever consciously tried to make the "Best Dressed Woman" lists. The answer is—heavens, no. How in the world would you do that? It's quite a different thing from say, honestly and consciously bucking for an Academy Award. This latter is a tangible thing, a goal, an achievement which every actor worth his celluloid hopes to realize. Being "Best Dressed" is a distinction and a very flattering one, but it isn't essential to a career or to one's happiness.

But a matter of fact, I'm surprised I've been included on these lists through the years. Certainly it isn't because I've displayed great chic in pictures, with all due apologies to the motion picture dress designers. Until recently I've had little opportunity to drape the designers' beautiful creations on my torso. Going as far back as "My Sister Eileen," I've been rather basically confined to clothes in "Eileen" which were hiked up a little. The pencil slim skirts were let out in the wrong places and the suit jackets were just ever so slightly wrong. I was not gowned in the Hollywood tradition for either "Sister Kenny" or "Mourning Becomes Electra." In "I Remember Mama" my clothes were flashy. Finally, I got dressed up for "Tell It To The Judge" and "Woman Of Distinction" and was I happy!

I've also been asked to give out with a formula for maintaining a wardrobe at its peak of chic and to give my views on what the best dressed woman should wear. So here goes.

I enjoy clothes and they do much for my morale. But they're really only a symbol, a part of your personality. When they possess you, instead of the reverse, that can be disastrous. You know the women who are tagged "clothes horses?"

They wear clothes till they come into a room. And, may I add, the men usually stay dead. Man is too conscious of his own ego to pay homage and give dog-like devotion to a woman who gives herself up exclusively to looking perfect.

We all know women who are downright ugly but who are so interesting and charming that the handsome males literally flock around, leaving the remotely elegant clothes horse alone, to flick imaginary specks of dust from her laboriously got-up get-up. The ugly woman may or may not be chic, but she possesses something—call it warmth, intelligence, wit, or magnetism, which makes the desirable males gravitate her way.

I believe a good starting point of looking well dressed is—you own individual taste (or style) which you've thought about and developed through the years. Never mind what's in, mode today. Does it look well on you? If not, ignore it. American women are independent enough to recognize this, to take what they like from current fashion, and discard that which is unbecoming.

An outstanding example today of the American woman's emancipation from style dictates is the short evening dress. Where can't it be worn in the evening? How wonderful to put one on, go to cocktails, have dinner, attend the theatre; go to a formal party or a night club and know you are properly dressed for each part of the evening. How wonderful to be able to sit in a theatre without being mashed and crushed into an unrecognizable mass of fabric; without having your portly neighbor squeeze by and catch his heel in the delicate hem of your skirt.

Point Two in my book is Simplicity. You've seen the ones who bedeck themselves in everything but the tea cozy. And sometimes I think those are the basis for those ever-so-clever little hats. This is what I term the 'what she didn't wear'
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she carried’ school of dress. Or "now
that she’s got up like a Christmas tree,
what she’s going to wear New Year’s
Eve?" To me, a simple frock, one perfect
jewel, a lovely handbag which is not
thrown on the bed but carried and part
of the costume, represents the ultimate in
good taste and I think such an outfit
rates more mental whirls than all the
flounces and furbelows in the world. Suits,
tailored or dressmaker, specially designed
or off the peg, are the greatest asset to
most daytime wardrobes.

You can look like what you are or what
you aren’t, depending on the clothes you
wear. A racy hat, for instance, can illus-
trate in a motion picture what a woman’s
character is far better than a zillion lines
of dialogue. So it is in real life.

It is not necessary to spend a fortune
on clothes. Planned buying is the thing. I
prefer to shop four times a year. Then I
don’t have to bother with shopping for
another three months and I don’t have to
try frantically to decide when I’m going
to carry that red purse I got off a bargain
counter last week (and it goes with noth-
ing I own).

A last minute purchase of the wardrobe after
it’s bought is as vital as regularly watering
the aspidistra in the living room. I
air mine on a line and I keep the windows
open in my closets. Fresh, well-pressed
clothes, even vintage ones, stack up well
against the latest numbers. I keep my
clothes for years. I can wear a long
eyelash without actually five years old,
although I get a bit sly and say it’s eight.
Another trick I’ve learned is to convert
a useless wardrobe into a useful one. I’ve
taken my too-short suit skirts and had them
made into smart shorts. They’re
inexpensive, different, and extremely
comfortable in August.

An item of dress which I think women
treat rather too casually is stockings.

How many times have we seen women with
large legs wearing light colored hose
which only accentuate the size of their
legs! And others with pipe stems wear
the dark shades, which make their legs
look much too long. So far, I’ve re-
sisted the impulse to give unsolicited
advice to women who could be decidedly
smart with a bit more thought.

Color can ruin or make clothes attrac-
tive. Let’s face it, there are many shades
which bring out all the wrong things
about us. They conflict with our com-
plexions, the color of our eyes, or they’re
just plain unflatteringly gaunt. A
becoming color can disguise the flaws in
a dress simply by diverting the eye. So
if it’s navy, pink, or puce, that becomes
you, it use to advantage.

Also, as long as finding such an oracle I’d
like to point out from my soap-box that
there are other things besides clothes
which add up to the total sum of being
well-dressed. Posture is one. A
woman who carries herself well and with
authority is going to be noticed. A
shining example is my favorite star, Kenny.
And, as another example, here is a woman
who has made a trademark of her hats. She’s
a big, commanding woman and her cha-
peaux really are exact for her individual
style. How would she look in a small,
close-fitting hat? There’s no use denying
it, and I hate myself for bringing this
point up, but we tall women have an
edge over our shorter sisters for wearing
clothes. Two exceptions are when the
long and lucky try to look short or when
the tall and lissome decide to get very
girlish and rush to ruffles.

Aplomb is another handy thing to have.
It can carry the well-dressed woman
through many a crisis. From my own per-
sonal experience I know this. The
most serious mishap I can recall since the
case of the errant button occurred to me at
a large cocktail party in London last
Spring. Then again a girl there for the
Command Performance. To illustrate
a conversational point I made a broad,
weeping gesture and came in contact
with a tray of cocktails being passed by
a butler. The whole works cascaded over
me like champagne on the bow of a ship
at a launching. Mastering a certain
amount of inconsequence, I swept my hair
back, brushed a few jiggers of sticky cock-
tails from my costume and went right
on talking as if nothing more disastrous
than an earthquake had happened.
The people around me knew, but the rest
of the room remained unaware of my
shame. A motion picture before you is avail-
able, concentration can get you through
many a difficult social ordeal. Have you
ever stood quietly at a large gathering
and watched the expressions on people’s
faces when their guards are down? You
see some amazing ones, considering that
everyone is supposed to be having a jolly
time.

There’s boredom, unhappiness,
blankness, shyness. It makes me wonder
why the human being exposes himself to
such misery. It pays to think about what
you’re wearing on your face as well as on
your back. You can have the most ex-
ensive ensemble in the room and still
look as if you were drooping and your eyes
hold discontent.

It’s fairly simple to keep a wardrobe in
good order at home. Ah, but when you
travel—that’s a different thing. You must
learn how to pack and what to take.
A trip can be agony or joy, depending
on how well you travel. It is well
worth while to系统的 amount calls for a bit of study
and planning in advance, and it’s amazing
how few articles of clothing can serve.

During the War when I went on numer-
cious camp tours, I found that to be
absolutely well-groomed I had to learn how
to manage my own clothes in so little
time on a tour of that kind, so I made
myself master the intricacies of turning
a curl. I find I can always keep my
coiffure in order between trips to the
hairdresser. The standard practice of go-
ing to the beauty salon once a week has
its drawbacks. For fear of losing my hair
look, I should and then it starts to
drop, and by the next appointment
the hairdo really looks sad, unless we give it
a boost.

One more admonishment. Don’t be afraid
of the unusual, provided you don’t go
grotesque. Before my husband and I were
married, my mother gave me a gift she had
for me. She wanted me to wear it
at our wedding. It sounded intriguing
but impractical. It was a silver helmet,
dating back to 1560, which a Viking
queen wore at her wedding. Since
Fred-die and I were being married at Solvang,
a little Danish settlement north of Santa
Barbara. I felt it would be too ornate. So I went to a library and looked up Danish costumes. I found two wedding caps which I thought had possibilities. One was just wonderful but it looked a bit too musical comedy, so I chose the simpler one.

Later, when my mother-in-law presented me with the Viking helmet, I kicked myself. It was light as a feather and exquisitely simple. Furthermore, it’s becoming. I reserve it to wear on special occasions, like the Command Performance. Of course I haven’t always been lucky enough to find something of this sort, but there are loads of unusual accessories which are effective and not eccentric if one has the time, the imagination, and the flair for finding them.

It’s not so much what you wear but how and where you wear it!

Way To A Man’s Heart

Continued from page 43

girl who keeps him guessing and doesn’t wear her emotions on her sleeve. I’ve seen this happen to some of my friends.

“Don’t let him know you think he’s your knight in shining armor and don’t let your face light up like neon when he suggests a date. Be a little nonchalant... a trifle aloof... and he’ll come running.”

“But,” we pointed out, “how about the girl who is average looking, but not outstanding enough to rate a second look? Just how does she wangle her way into a man’s heart?”

“I think she too can follow the same advice of not pleasing him too much, but with a little different approach. If you make absolutely no impression, then why not talk about this or that until you find a subject he’s particularly interested in. Take the opposite view from his and get into a debate.

“It’s stimulating and, what’s more, you’ve made some sort of an impression. Even if at first he thinks of you in a slightly irritating light—he’s at least thinking of you. And once a girl’s campaign has started who is to stop her from changing HIS mind?”

Don’t carry this debating business too far. It’s okay to disagree as long as you keep it on the fun side. It’s diplomatic always to put your sense of humor in the foreground.”

Arlene had a chance to practice this last suggestion while making her latest MGM film, “Watch the Birdie.” She co-stars with Red Skelton in it and everyone knows Red’s set you have to be prepared for all sorts of clowning.

Skelton heard someone tell Arlene that Lex “Taran” Barker wanted to talk to her on the set telephone. From that pinpoint he was off. “I don’t know how he found out, but everytime Lex called, Red was on the phone before I could get to it. He chatted to Lex about everything from tree swinging to French bathing suits.”

Arlene didn’t let Red’s clowning get the best of her. In fact, with the aid of her
LIFE TODAY comes to grips with the vital problem—"mercy deaths"

DID I KILL MY FATHER?

—asks a woman who tells how her father died. If you or someone you love were hopelessly stricken, and suffering, would you want life prolonged, or should death come as blessed relief? A noted counselor writes in LIFE TODAY that the extremists who sponsor euthanasia (mercy-killing) and who oppose it fail to realize that the real problem is between those extremes, and has no "name." You may never be faced with the question of ENDING a loved-one's life, or your own, but you may have to decide whether or not it should be brutally prolonged.

This, and twenty-seven other interesting, inspiring and helpful articles for better living are in the October issue of Life TODAY Magazine.

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Charles Boyer, who returns to the screen in "The First Legion," at the Brown Derby.

hairdresser and a propman she was able to top the nimble-tongued Skelton in the gag department.

"When Lex came to visit me on the set, I had my hairdresser quickly escort him to my portable dressing room. As soon as I was finished before the camera, I had the propman bring out a chair with the name "Tarzan" painted on it and a palm tree nailed to the back that towered five feet into the air. Then, when Red and the crew turned around they were greeted by Lex sitting nonchalantly before them. They laughed so hard, they didn't have time to tease me."

We were a little startled when Arlene gave us her opinions on going steady.

"I don't," she announced softly, but firmly, "think any girl should go steady until she's engaged. It seems to be the accepted thing to go 'steady.' They are paired off with the same fellow through school and frequently marry the boy after graduation. Sometimes this works out wonderfully, while other times something like this happens... after the marriage, the girl begins to discover there are many different types of males that she had not known about. I maintain if you go out with more than just one fellow—then you have more of a basis for comparison.

"Can you truthfully tell yourself you've found 'the' man, if he's the only one you've ever dated?"

"I'm old-fashioned—I'd like one marriage and that one to last. I think by not rushing to the minister with your first date you have a much greater chance for a lasting marriage. If you have dated several fellows then you have an opportunity for comparison.

"Going steady offers another drawback. If you and the boy quarrel and decide to go your separate ways, you'll have a hard time getting out from under the tag of 'his' girl. It will take time before any other boy asks you for a date because he'll think you'll probably be going back to your steady and he doesn't wish to interfere in a lovers' quarrel.

"The only means of comparison is to get out and meet a variety of people. That's where going to parties or hosting them yourself comes in."

Each year Arlene gives a party just before Christmas. She invites all of her old and new friends to an open house at her apartment. The guests in turn bring one guest. This way there's never just one set group but a variety of people to meet and chat with.

Since she is of Norwegian descent, Arlene always has smorgasbord and other tempting Scandinavian foods that line the buffet.

"Don't think you have to have a huge house to give a party," warns Arlene. "My cousin and I share an apartment and by careful manipulation we've had as many as 55 guests at one time. It's best to have open house. This way the guests don't all come and leave at the same hour and you have more of a chance to see everyone."

It was at one of these parties of Arlene's that a studio friend brought writer-producer, Bob Thomaan, along. He and Arlene met and have been good friends ever since. She was also introduced to Lex Barker at a holiday party.

"The thing that scuttles many girls' romantic chances is once they've dated a boy of their liking they're afraid of losing him. This attitude is fatal. They agree too readily... become jelly fish in his hands... and generally become a doormat in their eagerness to retain his interest and affection.

"I once saw a girl, who wasn't an athlete at all, wear herself out trying to keep up with her outdoor Romeo. I think if you're not good at a sport or game, there's nothing wrong with admitting you don't know how to do it.

"One of the scenes in 'Watch The Birdie' called for me to man a two-masted schooner just like an old salt. I didn't have the least idea how so I asked for help. After some instruction, I learned how and had a lot of fun. I also acquired a new hobby—boating.

"Admitting you can't do something isn't any reflection on your intelligence for, given an opportunity to learn, you could do it as well as the next person.

"Also if a girl loses her self-confidence, she might just as well give up. I remember once in Washburn High School, in my native Minnesota, I had a crush on the valedictorian. He was so smart and although I was an honor student, I got tongue-tied before him. I was afraid I'd say the wrong thing.

"If you don't talk and act natural, the boy will notice it. If he thinks you've gone overboard for him, then it's bad. Always leave a little doubt as to whether he's your extra special favorite."

Arlene firmly believes the man should be the breadwinner in the family.

"There's nothing wrong with two careers in one family as long as things go smoothly. But the minute friction starts as a result of the dual professions, then it is up to the woman to give up her position.

"And," said Arlene her eyes shining, "there's just one more thing I must add. If you ever hear a man say he's a woman-hater, you might as well realize he'd be the very easiest catch. Remember, the emotional line of demarcation between
love and hate is very small."
From our chat with Arlene, we'd summarize the boy wins girl and vice-versa issue like this...Don't be too anxious for a date...don't let him be too sure of himself—at least as far as you're concerned...don't try and remake yourself to his specifications and become a doormat...and above all, be yourself at all times.

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A Young Lady Who Is Headed For Fame
Continued from page 47

spoiled by a doting mother who would be the last to admit that she secretly feared her Mary's new financial independence—that young lady's earning capacity being in the neighborhood of a fast thirty dollars a week.

Debra's mother has no worry on this score, though her daughter's take-home pay is considerably more. She explains right in the young lady's presence that anyone who gets a head too big to fit comfortably into a misses' size sports hat will leave home immediately—and not entirely of her own volition or necessarily under her own steam.

Somehow you realize that mother isn't talking to improve her dictation or to increase her vocabulary, and her talented daughter would be the last to put her to the veracity test. However, since Debra is wholly sweet and rather shy, there is no need to apply the legendary spared rod.

Debra had won a bout with French verbs as we arrived and was preparing to return a hat to a Fifth Avenue shop. Nine had been added to the return trip, for Mr. Hathaway could not be suited. The director, you see, selects a starlet's wardrobe. He had already okayed a California coat which he instructed Debra to wear on the trip East so as to give it the beat up look which stenogs' clothes acquire after a single trip on the crowded subway.

Debra's mother, who is jolly and smart and a former thespian herself, presided over the interview, which seemed to relieve and please the girl. She said that her gifted child had always wanted to be an actress, but had been advised to take it easy and to consider the hard work and disappointments which the precarious profession entailed. Debra promptly went into a serious bumble with herself and came up with the same resolve. So—at the ripe old age of eleven, she began.

She was put into the hands of Queenie Smith of the Theatre Guild and her first footlights appearance was in "The Merry Wives Of Windsor," with Charles Coburn. She learned a lot of great value, among the most difficult of the lessons being that the talent of listening is a real art which must be cultivated.

"If you listen attentively to the player who is speaking to you," Debra remarked, "you can't go wrong, for then you naturally register reaction. There is nothing forced about it. I discovered early that many young players think only of the lines they themselves are to say in dialogue and so don't project the feeling that goes on behind them. In other words, they give the answer without actually hearing the question."

And so, when you see her portrayal of the Indian maiden in "Broken Arrow," you will recognize the reason for the maturity of her performance. She listens and thinks before she speaks and when she speaks every word "rings true."

Debra's entrance into the movies might well be termed a happy accident. Her older sister was slated for a test at 20th Century-Fox and Debra went along literally for the ride. When the astute test director saw her sitting quietly and unobtrusively on the sidelines, he definitely liked what he saw and tested her, too. She proved to be future movie material, but since she was only fourteen, her test was merely filed. This had an effect similar to a body blow on the ambitious youngster, who was sure it would be labeled File and Forget. So many tests have been pigeon-holed because of a long time lapse, she figured. In this case, her logic was strong, but wrong.

However, it was nearly two years later that she made her first debut, in a role for which the studio had spent months testing other players, both established actresses and newcomers. It was her quiet beauty which most lived up to the ethereal quality required in the "House Of Strangers" script that spoke volumes for her. And so, Debra was cast opposite the picture's star, Richard Conte, which casting position started her practically at the top of the movie ladder.

20th Century-Fox has never been accused of being slow on the uptake and recognition of what they had in Debra Paget was instant. They are giving her a build-up comparable to that which Jeanne Crain received two years ago.

Debra takes it all in her stride. She is enthusiastic, of course. She's vitally interested in practically everything. While in New York, she found time to do the things most players are publicized as doing, but often don't get around to on their first trip to the big city—riding the subway, visiting the Statue of Liberty, tripping to the top of the Empire State Building—in short, the works.

"It was thrilling and fun," she says, "and way downtown at Broadway and Cedar Street, where we made 'Fourteen Hours' scenes, was truly exciting. Paul Douglas, who plays a policeman, joined us there and when Mr. Douglas is around, it can never be dull."

Each day Debra fitted in her school work, with her tutor, as required by California state law. She did not neglect it. Often when she was "resting" between scenes, she sat in a limousine studying tomorrow's lessons. The work
assists by pert Vera-Ellen and Arlene Dahl, the picture zips along its merry way, and there's an extra kick to the way Red shines in his new type role.

Where The Sidewalk Ends
20th Century-Fox

UNUSUAL, off-the-beaten-track detective mystery starring Dana Andrews and Gene Tierney. Sent to find the Number One suspect in a murder, Detective Andrews accidentally kills the man wanted for questioning. Having the reputation for using his fists, and having been warned repeatedly by his superiors for excessive brutality, Andrews attempts to cover up the killing. To a certain point he's successful but when the death is discovered and the blame is placed on Miss Tierney's father, Andrews attempts to clear up single-handed the mess he's made of the original murder investigation. Fast-moving, grade A mystery entertainment with the accent on a truly different detective.

The Flame And The Arrow
(The Technicolor)
Warner Brothers

RIP-SNORTIN', swashbuckling film set in ancient Italy where Burt Lancaster comes as close to being a study in perpetual motion as any previous hero who has worked for an oppressed people. Burt's acrobatic training certainly stands him in good stead what with swinging from tree to tree, climbing up castle walls and leaping down flights of stairs. As an acrobat, he gains entrance to the castle where his young son is being held by the
ruthless district ruler. Even noblewoman Virginia Mayo gets thrown around some when Burt captures her. Like most women, she winds up loving that type of treatment. Proof of which lies in the fact that she helps Burt get back his son and to overpower the villains.

Crisis

WHEN brain surgeon Cary Grant and his wife, Paula Raymond, find their South American vacation interrupted by some military strong-arm men, the big question is: Why? Hustled to the reigning dictator, Jose Ferrer, the answer becomes apparent. He's suffering from a brain tumor which will kill him unless it's removed. Ferrer's wife, Signe Hasso, insists that Grant operate. Kept virtually a prisoner until the operation is performed, Grant develops an intense dislike for Ferrer, a feeling duplicated far more violently by the country's revolutionary forces. They take Grant's wife as hostage with her death as penalty for a successful operation. Engrossing drama with several scenes emphatically not for the squeamish.

Union Station

Paramount

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl, the blind daughter of a millionaire, is kidnapped. Because the kidnappers intend to contact her father in the large metropolitan railroad station, the Union Station police, headed by Detective Lieutenant William Holden, are called into the case. Working with Inspector Barry Fitzgerald, and given unwanted assistance by Nancy Olson, Holden tries desperately to track down the kidnapped before the girl is slain. Tough, hard-bitten, this pack more than its quota of hair-raising moments and has plenty of shrewd, de glamourous detective work.

Right Cross

MG

FIGHT promoter Lionel Barrymore has trouble unlimited with boxer Ricardo Montalban. First off, Ricardo and Lionel's daughter, June Allyson, are slightly ga-ga over one another. Then, there's another fight promoter trying to get Ricardo to cancel his contact with Lionel and sign up with him. As if that isn't enough, reporter Dick Powell, Ricardo's pal, has a bad case over June. All is stirred up violently when Ricardo, who suffers from a persecution complex, finds out his fighting days are numbered because of a hand injury. It's a slick version of the fight game, and gay, charming newspaper characters. Who gets June? Well, wouldn't you like to know....

Madeleine

Universal-International

BORN of respectable, prosperous parents, wasp-waisted, bosomy Ann Todd fails heartily in love with an impoverished social-climber, Ivan Desny. Knowing her Victorian parents would never accept Desny, Ann proposes, after frequent secret meetings, that they elope. Desny not only turns down the idea, but threatens to show papa the packet of lusty letters she had written him. Fortunately, he soon dies of arsenic poisoning. Not so fortunate, Ann goes to trial for his murder, and even less fortunate is the moviegoer who has to decide for himself: Is Ann Guilty or Not Guilty?

Fifty Years Before Your Eyes

Warner Brothers

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Where Danger Lives

DOCTOR ROBERT MITCHUM takes more than just a medical interest in Faith Domergue after she is brought to the hospital following a suicide attempt. Healthy again, Faith pursues him, until he's snared. She even gets him to believe he killed her husband, Claude Rains, and that they had best not tell police. Together, they flee for Mexico, but before they are smuggled across the border, Faith goes into a psychiatric wing-ding, revealing all. Shuddering at his narrow escape, Mitchum limps back to ever-understanding Maureen O'Sullivan, the nurse whom he forsook for Faith.

Eye Witness

A MERICAN lawyer Robert Montgomery undertakes to vindicate his wartime English buddy from a murder charge. Montgomery believes it was a matter of self-defense, and from what his buddy tells him, there was a witness to prove it. The catch is, what woman will admit she was in a man's bedroom the night he was slain? It's disconcerting to Montgomery when he uncovers evidence that points to Patricia Wayne—a nifty dish of tea. Anyhow, truth does out, and all that wizard sort of thing, but, tell me—for this Montgomery had to go to England?!

Three Husbands

United Artists

THE day after his death, dazzling millionairess Emlyn Williams has his attorney give letters to his three friends. Briefly, the letters state that he had been carrying on torrid romances with each of their wives. Not exactly ideal mates they are, the injured husbands demand explanations from their wives, and via the expedient of flashback, you learn just what Williams meant to each of the women. It's a broad comedy, sometimes good and sometimes bad, with Eve Arden, Billie Burke, Vanessa Brown, Ruth Warrick, Sheppard Strudwick and Howard Da Silva.

Armored Car Robbery

RKO

THERE'S a lot of work to thinking up a plan whereby a heist can be pulled on an armored car, and everyone knows the final score is far from worth the effort. However, criminal mind Wil-
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cold running Indiana and the boys competed with one another to see which tent was the most distinctive. Cornell painted murals of the New Mexican scenery and Joe Cotten, who is mad for clovers, painted dozens of them on the walls of his tent.

* * *

Ann Blyth bit off a little more than she could chew when she became honorary mayor of Toluca. Seems all the stray cats and dogs of the community found their way to her backyard, to the point where she had a miniature animal shelter at home. But what tore it was when one of the citizens brought her a stray pony to bed and board until the owner was found. Ann's aunt and uncle put their foot down and the entire menagerie was moved to the official animal shelter. Annie's planning a trip to Ireland after she finishes "Katie" at U-I. She wants to visit Dublin, where her mother was born.

* * *

Mark Stevens is co-starred with Ann in "Katie" and he painted the portrait of her which appears in the picture. Mark used to be a commercial artist and his portrait is so good that Ann conned the studio out of it. This may be a local joke, but if there's anyone in the country who hasn't heard of Los Angeles' famous smog I'd like to meet 'em. There's a guy working in "Katie" named Samuel Smogg. He took the inevitable kidding from the company with good grace—he's used to it.

* * *

When Frankie Sinatra paid a visit to Hollywood he didn't have any dates, but spent much of his time with Cleatus Caldwell and songwriter Jimmy van Heusen at their favorite hangout, the Deauville. Frankie made no bones about the fact that from now on his headquarters would be in New York and Europe. Hollywood, or so it seems, is definitely off his list.

* * *

When director Tay Garnett and producer Tom Lewis wound up their picture "Cause For Alarm" at MGM, they tossed quite a party for seventy-four members of the cast and crew. Each one received a gift of a set of monogrammed crystal highball glasses. One member of the company who got the present was Loretta Young, who is married to Tom Lewis.

* * *

Paul Douglas, who had an unbreakable rule about lunching with "dames" in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox, finally gave over and was caught lunching with a blonde there. The blonde, of course, was his new bride, Jan Sterling. Paul's got himself a big, fat part in "Fourteen Hours." He's the cop who tries to lure Richard Baschert off the ledge of a high building when he's fixin' to jump. Dick operates in the smallest space ever known to the cinema. He perches on an eight-foot balcony throughout the picture. Confusing, isn't it?

* * *

Twenty-one-year-old Robert Wagner, who's being hailed as a new heartthrob by 20th Century-Fox, gets his big chance in "Halls Of Montezuma." He's handsome, comes from a very wealthy Bel-

Air family, and had been idly toying with the idea of becoming an actor. He'd done nothing about it, however, but one night he was dining out with his family and was spotted by Henry Wilson, an agent who is responsible for discovering young, new talent. Henry introduced himself, made an appointment with 20th for him. They were so sold they financed two months of drama lessons, tested him and he was in. This can still happen in Hollywood, but it very seldom does.

* * *

Practically the same thing happened to Marilyn Monroe, but sort of in reverse. Marilyn was under contract to 20th, was dropped because she didn't know anything about acting. Then MGM got interested and gave her a part in "Asphalt Jungle," after which they dropped her. Now comes the happy part—40th got interested in her, again, gave her a good role in "All About Eve" and now she's set for a good long time at her home studio.

* * *

It'll be some time before Ty Power comes to Hollywood. He paused here briefly to finish up "An American Guerrilla In The Philippines," went to New York to rehearse for his London opening of "Meet The Flynns," and then returned to his hotel to rip out his reservations on shipboard. Most of his time in New York was spent at a health farm, where the "Roberts" cast was working out, getting muscles and tan. He shore is about the traveling-est man in the picture business.

* * *

Frank Fontaine, the new comedy sensation of Hollywood, got time off between "Stella" and "Call Me Mister," in which he'll appear with Dan Dailey and Betty Grable, to go back to Medford, Massachusetts, and pick up his family of one wife and seven children. With that kind of a family, Mr. P. realized he'd have to buy a place to live in, so he did it the right way and found himself a ranch with plenty of room for his brood to run wild. His oldest child is twelve. When he and Betty Grable were discussing their respective homes Betty remarked that none of her furniture had been put in the house yet. Said Betty, "All there is so far in the house is me. To which Mr. Fontaine cracked, "With you in the house who needs anything else."

* * *

Romanoff's was jumpin' the day we had lunch with the Bob O' Donnells—he's that dynamo from Texas who operates the Interstate Theatre Circuit and the big gun of the National Variety Clubs. Others in the bunch: femme producers Harriet Parsons, Joan Harrison, and Mrs. Peter Rathvon, male producer Paul Short, Ann Miller, Ann Rutherford, Lisa Ferraday with restaurateur Jay de Laval, and Humphrey Bogart, who took a day off from his favorite hangout, the Balboa Bay Club, where he and his Betty park their boat. We saw Glenn Ford outside Prince Mike's, getting that ever-put of his tanned by driving around Beverly Hills in an open convertible.

* * *

Preview stuff: Bobby Driscoll getting as much of a kick out of watching again "Treasure Island" as if he hadn't been

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(Shown on pages 48 and 49)

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St. Louis, Mo.

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Spokane, Wash.

NEIMAN MARCUS
Dallas, Tex.
the star of this wonderful picture. Lizabeth Scott was also in the preview audience and looked as if she were having quite a time herself. Esther Williams and Ben Gage took in the preview of "Duchess Of Idaho" and Esther must have been quite happy, hearing the audience's reaction. Dennis Morgan probably felt the same way at the preview of "Pretty Baby," which was attended by an unusual number of stars. We went with Richard Foote to a showing of "Sideline" in which he has a big part. This time Dick was able to watch the picture—at the first preview he was completely unconscious from excitement.

Another spot that's catching us with celebrities is the novel new theatre, The Players' Ring, which is occupied by a bunch of ambitious actors. One night in the audience for "Androcles And The Lion" were Shelley Winters with two beaux, the Ricardo Montalban, Ann Blyth with Dick Clayton, Roddy McDowall and Amanda Blake, two of the Marx Brothers—Groucho and Harpo Grady Steffen and Jane Powell, Marshall and Barbara Thompson, cute Elizabeth Patterson, Betty Lynn and Dick Long. This theatre is particularly attractive to the younger bunch in pictures who are mad to do some work on the stage.

In our next issue JUNE HAVER tells HOW INDEPENDENT SHOULD A GIRL BE?

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You Don’t STAY—You Can LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES SAFELY without making yourself uncomfortable or exercising. Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—Massage! With the Spot Reducer you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FAT! TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fats—helps you rest and keep a firmer and more GRACiFul FIGURE.

Your Own Private Masseur at Home
When you use the Spot Reducer, it’s almost like having your own private masseur at home. It’s fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains and tired nerves that can be helped by massage. The Spot Reducer is handsomely made in red light weight aluminum and rubber and is a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own.

AC 110 Volts.

MUSCULAR ACHES: A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

RECORD ROUNDUP

TOPS IN MOVIE MUSIC
LOVE LIKE OURS, from "The Men," and "I Didn’t Sleep," from "Little Big Man," for Victor... "Dig-Dig-Dig For Your Dinner," from "Summer Stock," and "I’ve Been Floating Down The Old Green River," from "Wabash Avenue," by Phil Harris for Victor... "Tex Beneke’s The Tunnel Of Love," from "Let’s Dance."

"I’m a Wilma," from "The Baby, Obey Me!" from "Mr. Friend Irma Goes West," and "I Like That:" from Russ Case for MGM... "Mexicali Train," from "Singing Guns," and "The Phantom Stage-Coach" by Vaughn Monroe for Victor... "Mem’ry Island," from "Sugar Stock," and "Jazz Parcels" by Freddy Martin for Victor... "You Wonderful You!" from "Summer Stock," and "Hawaii" by Don Cornell for Victor... Gary and Bing Crosby singing "Play A Simple Melody" and "Sam’s Song" for Decca... Doris Day’s "Darn That Dream" and "When You're From Columbia... Al Goodman’s "Annie Get Your Gun" album for Victor... for Victor... "Coney Island Washboard Blues" and "Some Days There Just Ain’t No Fish!" by Hoagy Carmichael and Four Hits And A Miss for Decca... Tony Martin’s "La Vie En Rose" and "Tonight" for Victor... Frank Sinatra’s "Goodnight Irene" and "My Blue Heaven" for Columbia... "Francis" and "I Remember" by Larry Green for Victor... Ray Anthony’s "Lazy Old Tune" and "Lackawanna" for Capitol... Dinah Shore’s "Cotton Candy And A Toy Balloon..." for Columbia... Carmen Cavallaro’s "Let’s Have A Party" and "I Told Them All About You" for Decca... Perry Como’s "If You Were My Girl" and "I Cross My Fingers" for Victor... Ken Griffin’s "Josiepah" and "Harbor Lights" for Columbia... Guy Lombardo’s "Our Little Ranch House" and "Here, Pretty Kitty" for Decca...

GRABBAG
TONY MARTIN’S "Dream Girls" album for Victor... Louis Armstrong’s "'Cest Si Bon!" and "La Vie En Rose" for Decca... Herb Jeffries’ "Dancing With You!" and "My Mother Singing." for Columbia... Arthur Godfrey’s "Hawaiian Driftin’ Down The Dreamy Ol’ Ohio" for Columbia... Percy Faith’s "If I Had A Magic Carpet" and "They Can’t Take That Away From Me" for Columbia... "Dreamin’ Is My Business" and "You" by Francis Craig for MGM... Frankie Laine and Patti Page singing "I Love You For That" and "If I Were You Baby" for Mercury...

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